You lunatics!

by charmingplanes

Summary

Scott went missing and Stiles is doing everything he can to find him but after year gone people are caring less and less. Nobody listens to him anymore. So Stiles has to go alone to find him. And find him he will!

But the wolf finds Stiles first.

Before he can process what is happening, Stiles is trapped with a madman deep in the forest surrounded only by his crazy followers, who are sporting some serious claws and canines, if he's seeing correctly.

And Scott is there too.

Stiles needs to get the both of them out as soon as possible, before madman Derek returns and bites his head off.

He just need to convince his best friend to leave these lunatics behind. That's all.

He needs a plan.
Chapter 1

As soon as he got home, Stiles run up to his room, threw his backpack into the corner and powered up his computer.

He couldn't believe that he forgot to bring it to school. Maybe it has to do something with the sleep deprivation he subjected himself to previous night researching all the cases of disappearances which occurred during the last 2 years on the West Coast. And there was quite a few of them. Many in fact. Stiles never knew that Beacon Hills was such a dangerous place to live in. It seems that at least 5 people disappeared every year from around here. And not to go on the unannounced around the world trip, studying in Europe or search for their selves in some obscure asian temples. No. They disappeared without a trace. Leaving behind promises to hang out for lunch the next day, unfinished garage clean-up or unpaid police tickets.

Including Scott, his best friend. Who walked out of the lacrosse practice, which the both of them spent embarrassingly benched-again- with his usual dopey but determined smile and promise to hang out after dinner. To never be seen again.

Scott's mom said that he never made it home for that dinner.

Stiles got a little worried when he didn't show up at his house like usual. But when he called him, he got only his voicemail. After few tries he just sent him a text and gave up. He figured that something came up and Scott will tell him tomorrow at school.

When he didn't come to classes, Stiles tried to call again without success. He was getting really worried and a little pissed of. He was determined to go to Scott's house and get some pretty long and detailed explanation of why his best friend is ignoring him all of a sudden. He didn't even reach his jeep when police cruiser round up and his dad of all people stalked right to him. He's got the apology for whatever he did ready on his tongue when the look at his dad's face stopped him.

"Son, Scott's gone missing." Sheriff Stilinski's steady hand on his shoulder offered little comfort. Quite the opposite.

"Wha? Dad, what are you-" He floundered for words.

"What are you talking about?" He wanted to shrug his hand away, but Sheriff's grip didn't falter.

"He,... Scott didn't come home last night." Stiles heard the words pass his father's lips but he didn't got them.

"But-but, what does it-" He felt himself going into shock. His heartbeat sped up and his vision
started to blur at the corners.

"Stiles, son," his dad put a second heavy hand on his shoulder and lowered himself a little so he could look into Stiles' panicked eyes.

"Breathe," he commanded and Stiles tried to listen, but it was so hard.

"Take a breath and count to 3," Sheriff voice was calm and deep, but Stiles heard the worried undertone anyway. And rising commotion on the school parking lot where they stood didn't help. Through panicked beats in his rib cage Stiles heard new deputy, probably Parish was his name, ordering the gawking students to keep the distance.

"One," his dad counted. "Two. Three." Stiles breathed out and his dad's hands heavy on his shoulders kept him upright. He can do this. He has to do this. He WILL keep his calm.

They went through it for a few more minutes, as they had to many times before since his mom's death. But once his calm returned, Stiles' gaze sharpened and he frowned at his dad who let out a breath.

"What happened?" His dad straightened and started to head for the cruiser.

"We will take it to the station."

"But -station? Why the station?" Stiles clumsily jogged up after him.

"We need your statement," he announced as he got behind the wheel.

"My statement?" Stiles spit out incredulously.

"You were the last one who'd seen him," his voice carried forced neutrality. Stiles hated that neutrality. It was the same neutrality he used when apprehending suspects. And Stiles definitely wasn't the suspect. More importantly, Scott went missing and he needed to find him.

"Fine," he said and moved to sit in front at his usual place when dad took him out to the dinner.

"At the back, please." Stiles turned to glare at Parish's polite smile. He grudgingly climbed in back and continued to glare at Parish's handsome head for the rest of the silent ride to the station. At least it was something to focus on instead of imminent disappearance of his best friend.

And Stiles needed clear head, so he didn't want to risk next panic attack thinking about it.
They took his statement and dad had dropped him home with apologetic wave that he can't stay with him. But Stiles understood. This time he even needed him to go to find Scott. And he may be underaged but he was adult enough in this. And he needed to do his own thing.

As soon as the door closed behind sheriff, he run up to his room and fished out the old radio which he tweaked ages ago to pick up the Beacon Hills Police Department radio communication.

He listened whole night desperately temped to go out himself to help the search, but his dad would easily find out with all the deputies out and ground him at home. So he listened to the 'Nos', 'clears', 'no ones' and 'nothings' deputies uttered to the radios.

He listened that night, the following night, the week, the month but nothing.

They found his inhaler in forrest the third night after he went missing. Stiles felt the chill reaching up his spine at the discovery. He knew Scott would die without it. His dad hugged him after he delivered the news and kept him breathing through the next inevitable panic attack.

The worst thing was, Stiles has seen how everybody slowly started to give up on Scott after that. With high probability that he's already dead, they stopped searching for him and started to search for the body instead. Even his dad. Only Stiles and Melissa McCall, Scott's mother, fiercely believed that he's ok. That he's out there somewhere waiting for the rescue. That he is not dead.

Police didn't find anything besides the inhaler, which was found way off from Scott's normal trail home- but police thought some animal randomly carried it there- and didn't pay any mind to Stiles's speculation that Scott may have been pursued by someone to run in that direction instead. After they didn't find any witness of what may have happened and forest rangers confirmed that there was nothing unusual which may speak of human interference in the forest, they started volunteer search. For the body.

Stiles was there too, even when he didn't believe one bit that Scott was dead. He gripped both hands with other volunteers and together they created a human chain and marched through the bushes. He desperately tried not to stumble, but was little successful. Last glare Allison Argent threw him was rather murderous. He briefly wondered what is she even doing there. It was not like she and Scott were friends or anything. How could they be? He just handed her the pencil the day before he was gone. Not even Lydia Martin came. With her uncanny ability to show up where dead bodies turn up too. And she, at least, knew Scott from the third grade. Well, Stiles considered it a good sign.

Of course, they didn't find anything. Not that day. Not later.

After that, it was just worse. People thought it a lost cause and stopped showing any interest. The posters with Scott's gentle smile were slowly loosing colors in the rain and wind. Police had to deal with other things too, even as Stiles found it astonishing that some robbery is more important than Scott's wellbeing. And he let dad hear his opinion. They started to argue a lot after that. Especially because his dad had banished him from the station to keep him from "pestering the deputies" as he said. And refused to give him any new information about the case.
Stiles couldn't believe it. His dad didn't understand how important this is. So Stiles has to resort to hacking the Police forces network obviously. He was not very adept in it at first and he was afraid he'd be caught if it was too unskilled. He tried to ask Danny, school's infamous, only suspected though, hacker for help, but he refused.

"Hacking the school board for the exam papers is one thing, Stilinski. Hacking Police Department, another," he said. Then he smiled charmingly, which Stiles ignored in favor of glaring at him and turned the corner to the library. Probably to flirt with the new transfer from Phoenix or something.

So Stiles had to do it himself, no problem. He learned fast. And apparently, he indeed learned very fast, he had to acknowledge with surprise on his part, when he looked on computer screen and seen the thing do his bidding. It looked like he's got some sort of intuition on what to do, where to turn, because it worked. Stiles had to throw his fist into the air when it first happened and he managed to mix up all the orders of local online sex toy shop. He just needed to built up his strength before attempting the police department.

Two weeks after that, Jackson Whittemore went missing. The guy was asshole and under any other circumstances Stiles would be glad not to see his annoying face ever again, but this was different. This was a connection to Scott.

Police did again the usual thing. Took the statements, looked at surveillance camera logs and searched the forest. Lydia Martin's teary face was almost daily on the local news channel and Stiles felt a pang of deep sadness when he passed her in the school halls and seen her hunched shoulders. He wanted to touch her shoulder, to offer reassurance, but he didn't know how. So he just tensely stood next to his locker.

She turned her face up then. Something passed in her eyes when she's seen him, but was gone before he could decipher what was it. He frowned when she hurried down the hall without looking anyone else in the eyes.

"I'm in," Danny's normally gentle voice was chilled when he spoke to his ear. Stiles abruptly turned and flushed against unexpected closeness. He took a few steps back and gave him a nod.

"Ok, at my house?" If Danny noticed that he's flustered, he ignored it.

"No, I have a better computer," after that he stalked away. When somebody messes with Danny's best friend, there's hell to pay apparently.

Stiles regarded his rigid back before he lost him between other students and bumped his fist in the air. He paid no attention to strange glances he received from bystanders as he determinately made his way to the parking lot. Danny's help would bring him closer to Scott. It must.

He was right. Danny was the hacking king. Getting to the police restricted files was suddenly a piece of cake. Danny grinned at him when the pages opened and listed the case files. They found the photos of the crime scene. Jackson's crashed car. Nobody knew why he decided to head out of
the town in the middle of the night and without anything. He was not going to run away from home, anybody who knew Jackson would know that. He liked too much his family's status and money to try a stunt like that. And he's got Lydia. He wouldn't abandon a women like her nor would she let herself be abandoned. So Stiles discarded the running away from home as possibility almost immediately.

He studied the angle under which the car was wrapped around the tree. It must have been pretty bad. There was very low chance getting out alive from the driver's seat. Yet they hadn't found the body. According to the reports, there were drops of blood, mainly from impact with shattered glass, but that was too little. It looked like Jackson got out and walked away on his own. But where?

Danny kept rapidly clicking through the detailed pictures as if the sight was causing him pain. Even thought it was just a wreckage. Police were still in the phase of questioning the witnesses, so there was not a lot on this. Apart from boring surveillance camera footage which followed Jackson's car through the town, but lost him once he got closer to the forest reservation. there was nothing to reveal why did he go out that night.

"Do you have some idea?" He asked Danny but he shook his head.

"I don't know," he replied with his eyes glued to the screen. "I mean, he was a little...tense last few weeks, but.. I thought, it has to do something with the finals. His dad puts a lot of pressure on him for the grades and lacrosse both, you know?" Stiles didn't particularly care, but nodded anyway.

"He stopped hanging out with us so much," he brushed his neck as if uncomfortable to be speaking about it with Stiles.

"I thought it was because he wanted to spend time with Lydia more, but… apparently he was brushing her off too." Stiles let out a long breath. This looks like Jackson was hiding something. Something he didn't want his friends or his girlfriend to know about. Something that warranted the meet up with the tree? But there was no body. And not a sign of another person in the vicinity. So Jackson had to walk away from it by himself.

When they couldn't find anything more, Danny clicked on Scott's file. Stiles held his breath when it opened. He wanted to believe that his dad wouldn't keep it a secret, if there was some major breakthrough but he wanted to make sure.

There were photos of the inhaler and the place in forest where it was discovered. There was a footage from the school entrance hall showing Scott's retreating back. Then there were statements of witnesses. His, Melissa's and school teachers. They didn't say anything he hadn't already known. Scott was same as always, nothing unusual in his behavior prior to the disappearance, nothing abnormal. Which supported Stiles's conviction that he was kidnapped.

But why? And why nobody asked for ransom? He refused to accept the possibility that they may have killed him. That's not possible. He would know if he was dead. And he wasn't, so.

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They kept the track of anything new police discovered regarding the case, but this also trickled out quickly. After few weeks there was nothing new and police directed attention to more current cases. Danny and Stiles kept watch nevertheless while Stiles kept an eye on his dad, in case he's got a wind of someone breaking into their system.

After a while, Stiles started to consider asking Lydia for help. She walked around as if she had lost her soul. Stiles was quite amazed that someone like Jackson could mean so much to her. Maybe, if
he asked her, she would get out of her despair and lend him her brilliant mind in process - two birds with one stone.

But before he could act on it, Jackson reappeared. After missing for almost two months.
Chapter 2

Jackson was different.

Stiles noticed as soon as he's seen him walking down the school hall surrounded by his usual lacrosse buddies, flanked by happily grinning Danny from one side and smiling Lydia from the other.

Stiles imagined he would be showing his old-knew admirers his usual cocky smile returning after long disappearance as a victor of some grandiose fight he only could win. Telling people stories about how he escaped or what he witnessed. But no. Jackson was unusually tight lipped.

He blatantly refused to speak to the media which gathered on his front lawn expecting some huge revelation or at least teary story of the survival. He went so far that he brushed away his father's hand when he tried to get him to talk to them, probably hoping that this would get him more support in the upcoming city hall elections. After Jackson loudly closed the front door to everyone's face, live, his dad explained that of course he's glad that his son is safe and back where he belongs again. And Stiles believed him, when he watched his relieved face in front the microphones. But elections were there too and Jackson's dad wasn't the sort to forget about them. Under any circumstances.

Jackson stayed home for a week after that. Recovering, they said. Stiles had to fight the urge to show up at his house the second he found out Jackson's back. It was not because he wanted to be considerate towards his hardship or something. No, Stiles was as inconsiderate as he could when it came to Jackson. Only the stern look he got from his father warned him to stay back, when he put on his police cap and headed out to interrogate the guy. That and the dense presence of scoop smelling journalists on Jackson's front yard.

Stiles could wait. He's got the access to the police network now, so anything Jackson says in his statement would be there for him to read. And he would have questions of his own. And he would get his answers.

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As Stiles observed him walking through the halls, his progress could be tracked simply by the commotion it caused, he had to admit that Jackson was indeed different. Not only the sharpness of his cheekbones, suddenly giving him more dangerous look, which could be caused simply by his time away from his professional housekeeper's cooking. The way he moved now seemed more predatory. When before he marched around as a king arrogantly looking for someone to bully, now it looked like...he is stalking something. Or someone. Anyone. Prepared to sneak up on his prey and...Stiles didn't know how to finnish this disturbing thought, or he didn't want to. So he just frowned and uneasily adjusted his backpack.

This wasn't the only thing which was different though. Jackson's hollywood smile was gone and in it's place was close lipped polite thing, which usually put on employees in electronics stores when forced to explain for the ninetieth time the process of operating the washing machine. And Jackson's hand was gripping Lydia's too tightly, judging by how she winced.

Stiles pursed his lips in dismay when he saw that she's apparently planning to endure it for the rest of their walk to class, maybe even after they get there. But he needn't to worry much, because Jackson noticed and set her palm on his forearm and caressed it in wordless apology. Stiles swallowed the wave of jealousy at the sight. He knew it was totally irrational since Lydia never
paid him any attention and with high probability never would, but Jackson? He couldn't stand Jackson. And he was at his limit cutting him some slack after apparent nightmare he probably lived through.

Stiles had to resist the urge to walk up to him right there in front of everyone and demand what happened. He knew it wouldn't be easy, as Jackson didn't tell nobody anything. Or he did, but not really.

Based on his statement, which Stiles read as soon as he got to his computer, he decided to "experience life out there", going to L.A., play a gangster, try some new things.

Obvious loud of bullshit.

Jackson said that we wanted to hang out with the cool crowd (of some teenage thugs in big city according to him) to finally leave behind these all proper and neat posh kids in Beacon Hills High School. That's also why he didn't care about his smashed sports car being left behind, apparently.

Stiles barked out harsh laugh when he read that part. Jackson was the king of the neat and posh kids of the school. His car was like a status symbol he used to rule over these other kids with not so expensive toys. He would never relinquish the opportunity to be fawned over and envied by his usual large group of followers. Definitely not for the chance to hide in dirty mega city back alleys to deal drugs or to get a tattoo and become the king of the thieves of L.A. or something.

So again, load of bull.

In last part Jackson explained that he had seen error in his ways and decided to come back to his family where he truly belonged.

Stiles just couldn't believe that police ate it up. That his dad had ate it up. His dad, who had a long practice of uncovering Stiles' many, according to him, wrongdoings and grounding him for them. Stiles even tried to talk to him about it, to make his dad see that Jackson must be lying, but he didn't listen. Under Stiles' eagerness, sheriff's seen -correctly- his obsession with Scott's case. And he decided that the best thing he can do is to forbid Stiles to talk about it or ask any questions.

"Until after investigation is over. And I mean it, son", he said. With a stern look in his eyes.

Yeah. Well, dad. That's not going to happen. Stiles had no slightest intention to stop looking until he found what he was searching for. Until Scott's back here or until he finds his…

No. He's not going to think about that.

Until Scott's back, he won't stop.

So. Next course of action would be getting Jackson to talk to him. Stiles observed the cluster of admirers currently surrounding him with annoyance. Well, he was always watching Jackson's stupid fan club with annoyance, but today more so. They represented the obstacle in his path to the truth, in this specific minute.

Nevertheless, he decided that he's had enough observation and moved to approach the group. Jackson looked up then. When their eyes met, Stiles was kind of expecting his usual sneer which he so frequently directed at him before, but now Jackson just frowned and after few seconds looked away.

Stiles was suddenly certain that he knows something. He determinately started towards him, but at that moment the school bell rang and Jackson with majority of his entourage disappeared into the
classroom. Still he was on the verge of following him in there.

"Stilinski!" Stiles turned at Finstock's annoyed tone of voice.

"Care to explain to me, why are you not in the class?" Stiles jumped away when he moved uncomfortably close.

"Well, coach, I-

"I don't care about your excuses!" He pointed down the hall. "March to class. And pronto! I don't need anymore players suspended because of grades. Then I would be left only with...Greenberg."

He looked up in the air as if asking the heavens for mercy.

"What are you looking at?" He turned to him again surprised that he's still standing there.

"Class, Stilinski! Class!" Stiles broke into uncoordinated dash, half-afraid that coach is going to literally run him in there. God knows he's capable of it.

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Stiles didn't think that Jackson would show up for lacrosse practice today. He himself considered to skip in favor of his investigation but fear of Finstock's death glare compelled him to arrive. And good that he did, because Jackson was also there. With his suddenly more defined back he was taking the lacrosse stick out of his locker and putting on the sweatshirt.

Stiles gazed at his back so intensely that he almost thought he would burn a hole in there. Jackson suddenly straightened and looked his way. Then frowned.

"What do you want, Stilinski?" He said with a good old sneer in his voice. Stiles was almost comforted.

"What happened, Jackson?" He got up and took a few steps to him.

"Where have you been? What did you do?" Stiles had to almost bite his tongue to stop the massive flood of questions which burned at the back of his throat. He forced himself to stay silent waiting for Jackson to talk.

"Didn't your dad tell you?" Jackson snorted and started to walk to the door.

"I told Sheriff everything. And I'm pretty sure it would come out in next week's Beacon Hills paper, so why don't you go and read that?"

"Bullshit," he spat out. "It's bullshit and we both know it, so why don't you admit-"

"Shut your mouth, Stilinski," Jackson almost snarled at him. "I don't care what your little brain thinks it knows, but it's definitely not much." With that he turned away and marched to the door.

"You asshole, why don't you-" Jackson's head snapped back to him again and the look in his eyes made Stiles step back almost immediately. For an instant he thought they changed color, but before he could make sure, Jackson was out of there. The asshole.

Stiles angrily put on his gear and marched to the field after him. He will make him talk. He just needed a plan.
It seemed like the two months spent who knows where made Jackson more aggressive then before. And that was saying something. Now Jackson threw to the ground not only other teams players, but his own too. Finstock was shouting at him so loudly, that Stiles was a little surprised he didn't shout his lungs out.

But Jackson didn't seem to care. The only times he avoided tackling somebody and actually played according to the rules was not when he heard Finstock's voice threatening to put him off the team, it was when he glanced at the stands. At Lydia. She was sitting there with a journal spread on her knees sketching something. Pursing her lips occasionally in a thought. Or when Jackson tackled yet another person.

Stiles frowned. As if the purse of her lips made Jackson gain a little calm, judging by the exact timing of the two. Strange coincidence. Stiles filed the thought away for later. Now he had to avoid Greenberg's lacrosse stick swinging for his head.

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Next opportunity to question Jackson arrived one week later, after history class they shared. When the bell rang and released all bored students to the few minutes of freedom, Stiles threw all of his things in backpack and hurried after Jackson who stomped out of the class as soon as he's got a chance. Probably to find Lydia.

It was so strange how attached he got to her after his return. Of course, she was his girlfriend also before his disappearance but Jackson then acted as a high school king who values the time spent with his buddies over that with his girlfriend. Although, it may have been only on the surface. Stiles doubted that Lydia would let him put her on second place.

But now, now, it was perfectly clear to anyone with eyes that Jackson is Lydia's lapdog, tied perfectly to the leash with her polished fingers. Stiles would almost feel bad for the guy, if it wasn't so hilarious.

So now, after history class, he's got to catch up to him before he gets to his mistress.

"Jackson," he tried to catch his shoulder, but came few millimeters short.

"Go away, Stilinski," if anything his pace got more determined.

"Could you just-"

"No, I couldn't." Stiles was getting angry. Why can't he just answer the damn question?

"Where were you for the past two months?" He was getting out of breath by the pace Jackson set and he hated every second of it.

"I told you." Jackson said through gritted teeth.

"Yep, you said some made up bullshit, that's true. But I want the real story, ok?" He said harshly. He needed the real story and he was sure that Jackson has it. Somehow. But Jackson continued to ignore him.

"Listen, I need you to-" Jackson suddenly stopped and tiles almost collided with his back. then he was rapidly turning around and grabbing the front of his T-shirt.
"If you don't stop with these annoying stupid questions, I will-" 

"Jackson. Stop." Lydia's voice made both of them turn to her standing just next to them. 

She pursed her lips and said: "Let him go." 

Jackson's fingers in his T-shirt loosened and almost hesitantly released him. Lydia rolled her eyes on him, but looked at Stiles sharply. 

"Let's go," she linked her arm with Jackson and moved to drag him away, but Stiles stopped them. 

"Lydia, I really need to talk with Jackson," he turned to her and hoped she can convince her boyfriend to be, at least once in his life, helpful. 

"I need to talk to him about what happened, when he disappeared," Pain briefly passed in her face upon hearing that last word, but Stiles couldn't stop now. 

"I mean, it can be very important. It can, it can lead to Scott." He knew everyone would see his pain right now. Every passing student and Lydia and Jackson too. It didn't heal at the year that passed. And Stiles was certain it wouldn't until he's got his answers. 

He's seen it then, in a way that Lydia was suddenly staring into his eyes, the depth of something unknown, and wrong. He blinked and it was gone. Lydia's face closed off and Jackson's lips pressed together as if he wanted to bare his teeth on him. 

"We can't help you, Stiles." She was turning away from him. 

"I'm sorry," and Jackson followed her. Stiles stood rooted to the spot in the busy hallway, with other students giving him odd glances while passing by. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. This was worse then when Jackson was missing too. Now, not only he has to see his face almost everyday, he has to deal with his shut mouth too. 

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When he got home that day, he immersed himself in the intense research burning his frustration on every new page it showed. But all the disappearance cases which came up, he already knew. There was nothing new in police files too. And to his dismay completely unrelated pages started to pop up and ruin his concentration for it. Like weather forecast site showing the phases of the moon. Or how to create and amulet to ward off evil spirits. Well, while he studied police investigation methods and cases about trespassing (it could lead to kidnappers for example, if somebody was somewhere where he shouldn't be- yeah, Stiles was catching on straws) but why would the amulet creation new age bullshit come out there Stiles had no clue. 

When he got another random pop-up explaining the power of Gaia and how to tap into it, he shut his computer off and threw himself on the bed in frustration. 

Then he heard his dad opening the front door. He tensed a little. Their relationship grew sour after sheriff's unwillingness to…just let Stiles help. Stiles just wanted to contribute, to be useful to the investigation. But his dad considered him some weak flower which falls into panic attacks the moment something happens. And that's why he decided to keep him away. And Stiles hated that. 

He braced himself and walked down the stairs to greet his dad. And casually ask if there's some new development. 

"Hi dad," he said from the kitchen door to his dad's back. He noticed how his dad sighed even
without being able to hear it.

"Hello, son." He turned to him with raised eyebrows as if expecting him to get some reason overnight.

"So, how's work?" Stiles fidgeted under his father's gaze, but he's got to ask. It was a thing he asked every evening, for months.

"As always," sheriff replied and took a sip from him warm tea. Stiles suspected there's a rum in it too.

"Sooo, is there something...new?" Subtlety, your name is Stiles.

Sheriff signed again and this time Stiles heard it.

"No, nothing. I would have told you if there was." Stiles wasn't so sure about that anymore. He wouldn't put it past his dad to hide things from him "until the right time". But he needed to know as soon as possible, to do something, to help somehow, to be prepared, even for the worst. Especially for the worst.

"Uh-huh," Stiles moved around his dad and started to heat up the dinner for both of them. He cooked yesterday and there were still some leftovers.

When they sat up at the table and started to eat, Stiles try to future out how to breach the subject which he knew his dad doesn't want to talk about, most safely.

"So. Uhm, today at school, during history class, or rather after it- you know I don't really enjoy history, but today was somehow different, because, you know, there is this thing that I really want to do. More like have to do, so-"

Stiles had an unfortunate habit to go into blabbering when he didn't really want to start the topic, but he didn't really have a choice now.

"The thing is, that after the history class, where we covered really not so interesting topic on Chang dynasty, who's only good point are the vases, I believe-"

"Stiles," his dad stopped him although his eyebrows got high in amusement.

"What is it," Stiles exhaled at the words and tried to calm his nervous heartbeat.

"I talked with Jackson," His dad frowned at him and lowered his beer down.

"You talked with him."

"Yes, and I think there's really something else going on. He's hiding something. I'm sure of it."

"Stiles, he already gave his statement." Sheriff tiredly brushed his hand over his forehead.

"I know, but that's load off bullshit, if you want to hear my opinion," he frowned at his dad across the desk and hoped that he would listen, at least a little.

"We talked about it already many times, son, and you know that I can't call Jackson to the station again."

"But he lied, dad!" His dad shakes his head in exasperation.
"He lied and he is keeping some secrets from us and-"

"Stiles, enough. You are not seeing clearly. You want to see something which is not there," he looked back at him now with pity. Stiles hated that look. It reminded him of defeat, and he was not defeated. Not yet.

"Dad, listen to me- today at school, when I talked to him-"

"Maybe you shouldn't." His dad raised a voice on him.

"What?" He was frozen with shock, because his dad rarely raised his voice. Stiles could count the occasions from his whole life on one hand.

"I said, maybe you shouldn't talk to him anymore. It's obviously not helping. It's not healthy." Stiles lost words. What the hell did he just say? He needed to talk to Jackson, about Scott about what the fuck has happened and if there is some connection. He knew there is, but he had no way to prove it yet. And for that he needed to talk with Jackson.

"What do you mean "not healthy"? He felt himself rising from the chair.

"Look at you," his dad gestured to him angrily. "It's like you are obsessed since Scott disappeared, you care about nothing else."

"I care about him," his voice got intense and he could feel the anger burning in his throat. "I care what happens to him- how could I not, he's like my brother!" He wanted to say that sheriff also considered him a son once upon a time, but apparently not so much. Would he also forget Stiles, if he disappeared?

"Stiles, listen-" Sheriff tried to get closer, but Stiles had enough.

"No dad! I don't want to listen! I had enough listening to people saying there's nothing to be done, there's nothing new about it. Telling me to let it go, to forget, to move on-"

"Stiles, son-"

"No dad, I can't just let it go! I need to find him-"

"What if he's already dead?" His father's voice roared in the kitchen and left the shocked silence behind.

That was the last straw. Stiles heart started beating faster and for a moment he thought it's the next panic attack, but no. It was anger. All of his pent up frustration, helplessness and fear boiled into white anger.

He run up to his room and threw on his black hoodie. He stuffed the computer in his backpack and then run back down the stairs, through his living room to the front yard, where his jeep was parked.

He heard his dad calling his name, but he didn't care. He started the engine and drove the hell away. If nobody would help him, he would help himself. Alone.

He will find his answers. But he wouldn't find them here, where everyone tries to keep them away from him. He needs to get out.

***
Stiles didn't know how he avoided being caught despite his speedy driving and sheriff's active pursuit (he must have been pursuing him although Stiles didn't see him) during the whole drive through the Beacon Hills.

His anger made him clench his fingers on the steering wheel. How could his dad be so wrong about this? How could he not listen to him?

His peered onto the dark road ahead. It was already late when he got out of the town's borders some 5 minutes ago and lighting on the roads close to the preserve was sparse. And the lights on the jeep kept flickering. He should have them changed.

It looked like nobody had followed him out of the town though. He would have heard the sirens otherwise. Stiles' mind cleared somehow here, when he was away from everything. He breathed deeply a few times to try to calm his reeling anger. Soon there should be the tree Jackson's car got an unfortunate encounter with.

Stiles suddenly felt quite creeped out being out here so late at night. He could see very little of the trees lining up the road. They felt dense and overbearing.

That was when he heard it first. The howl.
Chapter 3

Stiles flinched when he heard the first howl. And it definitely was a howl. He recognized the sound clearly from the documentaries his dad watched sometimes outside of football season. What they didn't mention in those documentaries was that wolf inhabited also California. Actually, Stiles was quite certain they didn't.

So. What the hell was that?

He continued to drive through the dark forest and was very sorry the authorities decided to make a preserve out of it and not to cut it down completely. It freaked him out now.

What should make him feel better was the light of the full moon shining here and there through the clouds, making the road ahead of him more clear, but it didn't. Exact opposite. It gave him the goosebumps.

His anger started to trickle out and gave way to worry. He shouldn't be out here this late. He didn't even know where he was going, for fuck's sake.

He sped up a little. Maybe if he'll get to the other side of the preserve, to the highway, he would find some parking lot or car rest, where he could spend the night. Far away from his father and far away from the creepy forest.

The howling got louder. While before, Stiles had an impression of more wolves, a wolf pack or something, now he heard only one. And it looked like it was trailing his jeep. How can some wolf keep up with his speed, Stiles had no idea. But he was sure he didn't want it getting any closer.

He sped up to the limit, his heart suddenly trying to beat out of his chest, but his old jeep couldn't handle much. And the last fucking thing Stiles needed right now, was for his car to break down.

Something black jumped out from the sidewalk and landed with the crushing sound right on the front of Stiles's car. He screamed and turned the wheel, he couldn't remember if in the reflex to avoid it or to shake it off. But his turn was too sharp. Before he realized what is happening, the jeep started to spin out of control until finally crashing loudly to the trees.

Stiles felt blood trailing down his temple. Most likely some glass from the side window, which completely shattered struck him. But he didn't have time to contemplate it or to complain to himself about the lousy airbags, which didn't open up. Because there was some kind of monster staring at him with bloody red eyes through the front window.

His head still fuzzy from the impact rapidly cleared up at the sight. He backed up against his driver's seat in a reflexive attempt to get as far away as possible. But the space of the jeep didn't provide much options.

The creature - the wolf, Stiles realized, kept staring at him with barred teeth. Stiles' breath hitched and his cold sweat started to mix with the blood reaching his jaw. In front of his horrified eyes the wolf started to move his head as if trying to find the way inside. Stiles was unbelievably relieved that the shuttered window was barred by huge tree trunk his jeep smashed into.

Nevertheless, his heart started to speed up, when the wolf didn't give up and growled angrily. It started to beat on the front glass with its paws. Trying to break it to get to him. Stiles rationally knew it's not possible- his dad, the sheriff, had made special order to have the front glass bullet resistant. But he was afraid, so freaked out.
He pressed his head against the seat staring at the unnaturally red eyes of the …thing. He was sure it wasn't normal wolf. Normal wolfs don't have eyes like that.

He didn't know what to do, he felt himself falling into panic. His heartbeat was rapid and his breathing shallow and the thumping in his head was getting louder then the wolf’s beating on the glass.

The creature increased it's pace and…it broke. The glass shattered.

Stiles didn't wait until the creature gets in and shreds his throat. He was out of there in a second running away in panic. He heard wolf snarl behind him and sped up.

He avoided trees and jumped over their roots and stones. His clumsiness suddenly gone in the face of mortal danger. He would be dead already otherwise, thanks god.

He didn't know why the fuck did he decided to run deeper into the forest instead of back to Beacon Hills. Although, maybe the trees in the way would slow the wolf down. Even as the thought passed through his mind he didn't believe it. He got sudden unnecessary flashback to Jackson's trashed car. It filled him with dread.

He run.

The moon was helping him, illuminating the right path and making him faster somehow. Behind him, he heard the trashing of the wolf and his angry snarls when he crushed into threes or some other obstacles.

Behind the blood rapidly moving in his veins Stiles heard every sound. Every jump, every snarl and every rustle of aggressively broken branches and kicked away little stones. It was making him crazy.

He heard people in danger focus on only one thing, or things which are of imminent importance to them at the moment, and doesn't perceive anything else until it's over. So why the fuck does he hear everything?!

He finally stumbled on a fallen branch.

In a few seconds, when he almost got back up, the wolf was on him. He felt his paws on his chest and then he landed into the dirt again. He screamed and tried to get it off with panicked punches and he was partly successful when he painfully hit it's jaw. But then the wolf snarled and barred his teeth on him and Stiles was certain he was going to die.

He kicked him, when he felt the the white unimaginable pain in his leg where wolf's fangs sunk in growl. Then nothing. He blacked out.

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Stiles was disoriented when he first woke up. He thought he is still in his room and was surprised to find rough dirt under his let cheek instead of a pillow.

Then it came back to him. The dark road. Ominous feeling the forest gave him. The car crash. The wolf.

He scrambled to sit at the memory of the wolf's huge body mass pressing in on him. Then the
intense burning pain in his left leg made him remember wolf's fangs sinking into his muscles. Without thinking he reached out to touch it and hissed at the pain jolt it produced. He tried to examine the wound more carefully without touching it, which was a little bit difficult since every simple movement made him feel it. It hurt like hell.

It seemed like it was not bleeding anymore, which was good, Stiles supposed. He couldn't see very well in the sparse greenish light available. He looked up in puzzlement that thought produced. It was surprising there was any light at all aside from the moonlight. And moonlight was not there.

Stiles looked around for the first time since he woke up, swearing under his breath. He was not in the forest anymore. Whether that was a good thing or bad thing, remains to be seen. The ground under him could as well be forest bed, that's how dirty it was. But he was definitely in a room with electricity as the single light bulb illuminating everything in greenish tint suggested. Behind the bars. Yes, that would be considered as a bad thing. Definitely a bad thing. He crawled towards them and tried the lock. Of course they were secured and the key nowhere in sight.

He remembered the phone in his pocket and quickly went for it. But it was gone. Of course. Either it fell out during his rapid flight through the woods or they've taken it.

He swallowed anxiously and felt the looming panic attack in his chest. His breathing quickened the longer he stared on the bars. He grabbed his chest and tightly closed his eyes. He tried to breathe calmly, to exhale with control, but it was so hard.

He didn't know where the fuck he was. Who had brought him there. How they rescued him from the wolf and why. And what is going to happen. His dad must be searching for him now. How they searched for Scott.

…who was never found.

Oh my God, he cannot be thinking that now. He cannot.

He clenched his fist and struck the ground. He did it again and again. Until not only his leg was bloody, but his knuckles too.

"Fuck," he whispered, glad that he found his bearing.

There was nothing in the room besides his cell, the light bulb and wobbly looking chair next to the door. He refused to acknowledge ugly looking collection of chains hanging from the wall on the other side. He would think about them later. Or never, if he could help it.

He examined the door opposite his cell instead. It looked like they were made from metal, with a solid looking bolt in the middle. He couldn't see any other lock or way how to open it from the inside.

He had no idea how long has he been locked in there, but it couldn't be a while, because his pants were still wet with fresh blood from the wound. Or his wound was still bleeding somewhere, he just didn't see it. He sincerely hoped it's not. It would be a little more difficult to run away with blood gushing out of him. And to run away he planned. As soon as he finds out how to get out of this room. Well, his wound would probably re-open while running, but he counted on to at least get closer to the civilization, with it's law and order-namely his dad- until it does. And then, he will just let himself be discovered by fellow citizens of Beacon Hills and be rescued. That was the plan. So far. Minor details, like discovering how to unlock the bars to his cell will come later. He knew.
He was not certain how long is it since he got back his consciousness, but it must be hours by now. He didn't dare to fall asleep. Firstly, he was afraid he may bleed out in his sleep, secondly he wanted to be aware the exact moment the door to his prison opens. But the time was slowly ticking, somewhere where he couldn't verify it unfortunately - to a guy who normally didn't let go of his cellphone even on the loo, it was utterly miserable and frustrating- and nobody showed up.

He got fed up with the silent anticipation eventually and shouted for them.

"Open the damn door!" After a minute of nervous silence on his part, when he expected someone to threw the door open or tell him to shut it, and nothing happened, he tried again. After a while of being relatively polite, he just threw caution through the window and let his frustration out in the string of insults.

His swearing continued until his voice got rough and he had to swallow to try relax his suddenly dry throat.

Nobody answered him.

He got even more anxious, if that was even possible. He remembered what his history teacher briefly mentioned in last class. Oubliettes. The holes in the ground with bars on top, where prisoners were thrown not to be killed or detained for a time. They were thrown there just to be forgotten. Forever.

Before he could start panic over that thought however, the door to the room made a screeching sound and started moving inwards.

Stiles tensed with his look pinned into the sudden warm light which slowly poured out of the entrance.

"Hello, Stiles." Said Dr. Deaton, local Beacon Hills vet and politely smiled down at him. Stiles frowned up at him in puzzlement.

"Dr. Deaton? What are you doing here?" He asked stupidly. Dr. Deaton just smiled again and moved towards the bars.

"I am here to have a look at your leg, I believe," he turned away in question to the man behind him. Stiles haven't even noticed him at first, it was as if he materialized out of the shadows in his prison cell. But it was the most gorgeous man he had ever seen. His tight black T-shirt and dark jeans didn't leave anything to the imagination of how beautifully shaped he was. And his face, even when it was still partly hidden in the dark by light shining from the stairs behind him, Stiles was certain it would be ranked the top ten in any model magazine. Stiles had never ever felt such an instant lust for someone before.

The man gave a nod to Dr. Deaton, who took out the keys then and opened the cell. He kneeled next to Stiles and gingerly touched the glistened flesh. Stiles hissed at the impact and Deaton quickly moved away.

"Let me see," he muttered to himself and fished out small flash light out of his pocket to peer at Stiles's wound. Stiles glimpsed the opened fangs marks and rapidly looked away. Otherwise he may loose his dinner. That brought his attention back to the man standing in front of the open door with crossed arms and the look of the doom and gloom on his attractive face.

"Hm?" Dr. Deaton poked a little on the red edges and Stiles almost shouted at the jolt of pain it caused.
"It seems to be healing well." Stiles didn't know how, since it still hurt like hell.

"How unusual," he continued in strangely interested tone and looked Stiles in the face now as if he hoped to find the answer there. To what, Stiles had no idea. Nor did he care. He was glad he's healing, but he wanted to know where the hell is this place.

"Dr. Deaton, where are we?" His voice was still a little rough from earlier shouting and he coughed to clear it a little bit.

"I think, you would need to drink," he looked again at the man with raised eyebrows. The man just said something Stiles didn't catch and didn't move an inch from his stance by the door. But the doc seemed satisfied with it and started to clean out the dried blood and dirt from his skin. It hurt again.

However, Stiles wasn't so distracted as not to notice, that someone else ventured down the stairs visible from the doorway and handed the man a bottle of water, then disappeared up again. Do they have ear microphones or something, Stiles thought annoyed at the pain and too slow approach of the man with the bottle. He realized just now how thirsty he is.

Super attractive man opened the bottle when he finally got into the cell and handed it to him.

"Thank you, Derek," Dr. Deaton said as he continued his work. The man just grunted and continued to glower at Stiles from much closer distance. Which didn't help at all, because it only mixed the pain with out of the place arousal.

"Even though it's healing very fast, we would need to bandage it." Stiles thought as much, so he just gave a brief nod.

"For that I would need to cut off your pants." Stiles almost choked on that one. Before he could open his mount to protest, Deaton beat him to it.

"Getting them of normally could tear up your wound again and that would not be comfortable." Stiles closed his mouth and gulped. He didn't want anymore painful if he could help it.

"But...I don't have anything spare to wear," he had to admit. And this time of the year it was good idea to wear something more then his undies if he didn't want to freeze his balls off. And that he didn't, very much so.

"Derek would take care of it, right?" Deaton turned again to the supermodel standing next to him, who started glowering even more at the words. Deaton just waited with raised eyebrows until he lost his internal battle or something, because he kind of growled- that's the word Stiles mind supplied at the sound Derek produced- and was gone. Before Stiles could ponder too much about the strangeness of the exchange, he was back with the similar pants he was currently wearing and thrown them at him. Stiles frowned at him and posed them aside.

"So then, let's get to it." Deaton started to rummage in his briefcase for the scissors.

"I must warn you, though, that even when we cut them off, it would not be painless." Stiles gulped and started to prepare for it at least. Deaton finally found the scissors and moved to cut Stiles' attire to pieces. In front of Derek. Stiles felt suddenly very embarrassed. Well, he was used to undress in front of the whole lacrosse team and though nothing of it, even when he considered some of the guys very attractive, but this was different. This whole situation was wrong on so many levels and he didn't want Derek to watch him this way.

He stopped Deaton with the scissors and looked insistently at Derek. Deaton turned as well to him
in polite attention.

"Could you just...?" Stiles had to force himself to say. Derek frowned at Stiles, then at the scissors in Deaton's hand. Then he finally turned away and walked out. Stiles let out a breath and looked at Deaton.

"Ok, let's get it over with."

Deaton worked quickly and despite the occasional pain jolts, when he had to tear away the cloth stuck by dried blood to his skin, he was free very quickly. After it was done, he applied some kind of foul smelling paste on the wound and moved to bandage it.

"Dr. Deaton? Where are we?" Stiles didn't let the pain distract him this time.

"What is this place?" Deaton tied up the loose ends of the bandages and carefully examined his handiwork.

"It looks good." He smiled at Stiles who was growing frustrated again.

"Where is this?" He asked again.

"I will need your help getting you in those jeans," he continued as if he didn't hear him.

"Can you lift your undamaged leg?" Stiles grudgingly did as told. He continued his stream of the questions, but Deaton always answered with other instructions, until they managed to get Stiles safely with as little pain as possible- which was not so little because his flesh was still sensitive despite the numbing effect of the paste- into borrowed pants. Luckily they were loose around him, so he felt not so uncomfortable.

"What happened to the wolf?" Stiles blurted out. Maybe at least this question would be answered. Because Deaton didn't ask what happened to him, Stiles assumed he knew about the animal. Deaton stopped for a second with putting away his tools at the question, then continued without answering again.

"Did you kill it?"

"No." It was Derek who answered. Stiles looked up startled. He didn't notice that he'd returned. Based on the way, he trailed his gaze along the lines of Stiles' body, he kept away until he was dressed at least.

"Then what happened?" Stiles started to get angry. Nobody answering his questions, ever, was apparently becoming a thing, and he hated it.

"We found you and dragged you here," he crossed his arms as if in challenge.

"What about the wolf," he insisted. Finally somebody started to talk to him at least.

"He was gone," Derek answered flatly.

"Just like that, leaving me there," Stiles sounded blatantly unconvinced.

"For you to take." Something flashed in Derek's eyes at that, but he didn't reply.

"Again, where is this place?" He decided to let the matter of the wolf rest. After all, it wasn't here anymore, so..not important.
"The preserve," Derek grunted out the response then glowered obviously not happy that he did and frowned at Deaton accusingly. Doc just shrugged. Again, load of strangeness happening here. Now, that the pain stopped clouding his mind as much, Stiles was getting more and more uneasy.

"So, you saved me from the wolf," the questioning tone at the end was left unanswered. Derek and Deaton just looked at him not agreeing nor denying his statement.

"Soo, when I received all the medical attention necessary, I think I should go home now." He plastered a smile on his face and looked up at them. Derek just frowned more and visibly tensed.

"I'm afraid, that is not possible, Stiles," Deaton shook his head. Stiles thought he forgot the add the "yet" in the sentence. He would understand if he wouldn't be allowed to move his wounded leg, so they would have to wait for the ambulance with the stretcher to arrive, or somebody with car. Walking through the woods would damage the tissue after all, right?

"Right, we would have to wait until someone with car would pick me up, right? Like my dad, the sheriff?" He added for good measure and looked at them expectantly. Derek let out somehow unhappy sound at the mention of the sheriff, but otherwise nothing changed.

"We will have to keep you here…for the time being." Deaton answered and walked out of the cell.

"What do you mean?" He stared at his retreating back and then snapped his eyes to Derek who walked out after him and closed the cell bars. With the key. He was so surprised that he attempted to stand and rush to them, but the pain made him fall down.

"You shouldn't be moving so much in your current state." Deaton informed him already from the other side of the room.

"I will come to look at it in a few days," he said. "Try to get some sleep, it will fasten the healing."

After that he disappeared from sight. Derek gave him one last look and closed the door taking the warm light away.

Stiles stared at the closed door in shocked silence. He heard him say, "a few days", right? But did he intend to keep Stiles in this..prison all the time? And it was a prison, all right, with the cell, locks and..chains. Stiles glanced at them uneasily.

This didn't look like friendly neighborly rescue at all. Stiles’ heart started to speed up again. He swallowed the bile in his throat and tried to calm down. This sudden frequency of panic attacks may kill him someday. Maybe very early. He tried to chase away last though and focus at the situation at hand. He needed to think. He was good at it. So now, he needs to clear his mind and concentrate.

The fact that they saved him from the wolf, or found him wounded and brought him here, meant that they have some…use of him. They clearly cared about his health, other wise they wouldn't have treated his wounds. At least, they cared for the time being. But. They are keeping him locked up. And he had not the slightest idea why. One thing was certain, that it was nothing good.

Stiles still didn't quite understand Dr. Deaton's involvement. Why would the local vet agree to keep his presence here under wraps? And it didn't seem like he was under any sort of pressure, quite the opposite.

Derek was obviously the authority here. Stiles recognized it just from the way how he moved. He didn't need to see how Deaton almost always asked for his permission in anything. And the way Derek kept his silence was disconcerting. Even more so, when Stiles had to be aware of his silent
presence with every fiber of his body. He immediately had to separate his uncomfortable and sudden lust for the guy from his rational mind. Derek was obviously his captor, therefore, to Stiles' deep regret, the enemy. And he needed to outsmart his enemies in order to escape, not fall for them. There is no falling for Derek happening, ever.

So. They should be in the preserve, if Derek spoke the truth. Which is really curious, because there is not any building or anything where people could live in the preserve. And Stiles would know, since he personally went through every map available of the place where Scott disappeared and where Jackson has crushed his car. Stiles thought that the remnants of his jeep are probably at the roughly same location. And that was super creepy. He looked around his current prison and felt the new wave of unease in his stomach. When they did the volunteer searches for Scott they must have missed this. It's possible that it was built after, but Stiles doubted it.

Just how could they missed this? It didn't make a sense.

Stiles felt so exhausted. Despite the pain numbly pulsing in his leg, he couldn't stop his eye lids from falling down. Ok, he will get some sleep in this nightmarish place, he obviously needed it. He found an acceptable position on the dirty floor and fall asleep desperately wishing for a blanket.

***

He woke up some time later terribly sour, cold and hungry. He shivered and looked around to see that nothing changed in his lonely abode. He struggled up to get into, if not at least comfortable one, the different position. He hissed at the pang in his left leg and breathed it out for some minutes.

"Can't I get at least some breakfast here?" He called out annoyed. He couldn't be sure whether it's time for breakfast or not, but he couldn't tell with only the artificial light shining in the room. Shining was a too strong word for the little bit of space Stiles could see with that light, but ok.

Hunger never made him too hospitable person. Scott was the same. Whether they were hungry, they would snap at each other until they got to the dinner and could stuff themselves with curly fries. Stiles laughed sadly at the unexpected memory.

He was almost startled when the door started to open again revealing someone with wild long blond curls.

"Hello, sweetcheeks!" Very…sexy was the right term to describe her, girl dressed in some leather jacket and miniskirt came closer to his cell and offered him a platter of food. He was so distracted by the smell of fresh waffles that he forgot to be offended by the ill-advised nickname.

"Oh, thanks!" The girl pushed the plate through narrow space under the bars designed for that purpose.

"Hello, sweetcheeks!" Very…sexy was the right term to describe her, girl dressed in some leather jacket and miniskirt came closer to his cell and offered him a platter of food. He was so distracted by the smell of fresh waffles that he forgot to be offended by the ill-advised nickname.

"Oh, thanks!" The girl pushed the plate through narrow space under the bars designed for that purpose.

"Why, you are most welcome, Stiles," Her smile looked almost predatory now. As if it could be totally ordinary if she took a bite- of him. Stiles was suddenly glad that there are bars separating them. He cautiously took a waffle and bit into it. She smiled even wider at that moment and Stiles did a double take.

"Erica Reyes?!” He almost choked on his waffle and looked again at the bombshell who's got nothing in common with the sickly girl in baggy clothes he used to know.

"You look…different."

"Yeah. I got better," she looked away for a second but then she fixed him again and the dangerous
vibe surrounding her was back. He tried to eat but it was as if the food got stuck in his throat and it was difficult to swallow.

"So, the treatment was successful?" He managed and wished to have something to drink.

"...yes." She dropped elegantly to sit opposite him and watched him eat. It was all very freaky and uncomfortable. Erika was studying in Beacon Hills High School and Stiles didn't remember much about her, because she often had to skip classes to go to doctors and when she was attending, it was as if she tried to melt into background and disappear. Nothing like the girl sitting there now totally comfortable with him being so uncomfortable.

Half a year ago, her parents took her out of school to undergo a special experimental treatment in some faraway facility. Stiles hadn't seen her since. Until now.

"How come you are here?" He came straight to the point.

"I live here," she laughed.

"You live here. In the preserve," He watched her carefully to try decipher if there's something hidden in her expression. But she was almost uncomfortably open, like she didn't care what he thought. And she didn't, obviously.

"Yep." He finally finished one waffle and moved on another munching unhappily pondering this new development. Erika Reyes who was supposed to be in some research experimental medical centre is actually at her top form, perfectly heathy hiding out in the preserve just a few kilometers form her hometown. And it must be hiding, because nobody ever heard of someone living out here.

"How long are you here already?" He tried to sound easygoing as if they were chatting in the coffee shop and not sitting on the dirty floor of his prison. He knew he didn't quite manage by the way she smiled wider.

"A few months, actually." It was obvious she was giving him an information she's not supposed to, but she looked quite happy breaking rules.

"Why are you here, Stiles?" He blinked and she laughed at his expression.

"Why do you think?" He gestured to the bars. "It's definitely not because I want to." He stuffed his mouth with the third waffle and munched angrily. He would be out of here in a heartbeat if he could help it. And then he would lead the police forces directly to this hideout to uncover it's secrets. Although everybody he met by now could be here technically legally, the thing that they are keeping him here against his will without proper medical aid - Stiles would not acknowledge the vet as proper medical aid - , in inhuman conditions, and that this building is built here without any building permit- and Stiles would know, he went through Beacon Hills records- looked a lot like unlawful conduct. Not just looked like, his dad would say. It was unlawful conduct.

"No, I mean- why did you come here in the first place," She started to scratch the floor tiles with her nails to kill time, it seemed.

"Um, Erica?" He looked at the unusually deep marks her nails left on the wood.

"Hm?"

"What are you doing?"
"Just, it feels good," Stiles was very disturbed by that statement. Maybe they used some not really ok drugs on her in that medical facility?

"Isn't it hurting?" His nails would be off probably, if he tried the same stunt.

"Oh, not at all- I'm covered," she showed him her hand and flashed her nails which looked like claws now. Stiles was startled by the sight, but before he could say something, she put her hand back on her knees and it was again normal hand with nice red nail polish on her fingernails.

"What was that?" He looked at her hand and back at Erica's face again.

"What?"

"You had some..claws on there a second ago," He was startled to hear loud crashing noise from above at his exclamation and looked up. Erica just looked annoyed at the sound.

"Ok, ok, no big deal," she sounded exasperated and dropped her hand to the floor again.

"What? It is kind of strange, no?" He looked back at her hand.

"No, not you," she flinched now for some reason and Stiles thought to himself that when he gets to the police station he should also advice them to have a look at that facility Erica was in because these drugs can't be ok.

"So tell me, why did you decide to come to the preserve?" She asked again with a slight flirtatious undertone. Stiles thought that there's no reason to keep silent about that really.

"I had a fight with my dad," He looked away and shivered. This place looked much colder now when he remembered his dad. Does he know what happened to him? They must have found the wreck of his jeep by now. He must be mad with worry. Stiles was so, so sorry. He didn't want his dad to ever feel the same as what he felt when he lost Scott. Loosing a member of your family without anything to give you…closure, was maddening.

"A fight, huh."

"Yep, pretty much,"

"So, you took your jeep and…"

"I just drove. Away." He didn't want to tell her what they fought about. Especially because she knew he drove the jeep here. How did she know that? After they found him unconscious in the forest, did they trail his path to the jeep or something?

"Uh-huh." His heartbeat started to speed up and Erica looked at his chest as if she heard it.

"What was the fight about?" She asked finally, but Stiles just looked at her silently.

"Ok, it was a pleasure, Stiles," She said and stood up graciously and started to walk away.

"Erica, wait," she turned to look at him over her shoulder.

"Why exactly are you here?" She just smiled and shook her head.

"If you're not talking, I'm not talking either," she moved away swaying her hips which Stiles would have taken notice if he wasn't glaring at her back.
"Kidnappers," he muttered angrily under his breath.

"I heard that," she laughed and closed the door behind her.

***

Stiles was surprised that not long after she was gone, the door on his prison were opening again. It was Derek this time and Stiles had to bite back the wave of arousal which unexpectedly hit him. What the fuck is wrong with him? It was not like he never saw someone of Derek's league before. So why his kidnapper of all people?

Derek tensed at the doorway and then slowly approached Stiles' cell as if he was afraid Stiles would bite him. Which - laughable, ok? If one of them is to be afraid, it would be Stiles. With Derek's size he could easily overpower him. He didn't expect the anticipating pleasure that thought provoked. He swallowed uncomfortably and tried to focus on something else, like the blanket in Derek's hands.

"Erica said you looked cold," he grunted out and handed him the thick blanket through the bars.

"Thank you," he took the offering with some surprise. His kidnappers were so far unusually kind to him. Setting aside his current living quarters, it was unexpected. It may be just Stockholm syndrome talking thought. Stiles have to keep his wits with him if he planned to escape. And he very well planned to do so. But he wouldn't refuse a warm blanket. He tried to get it under him too, so he wouldn't need to sit at the cold floor, but it was hard to do with his injury.

"Wait," said Derek from where he was frowning at him.

"I will help you." He took out the keys from his pocket and opened the cell. Stiles watched with slight distrust as he step into his cell and moved a few step to bend over his hunched form. He took the blanket form him and put his hand behind Stiles to lift him from the floor. It seemed so easy for him to do and Stiles felt only slight jolt of pain at the movement. He then swiftly put blanket in a place and set Stiles slowly back. Then he wrapped the ends around and Stiles immediately felt warmer.

"Thank you," he said again and felt a pang of regret, when Derek moved away. Derek lingered in the cell for a few seconds, but then he walked out and locked it again. Stiles expected him to leave the room then, but was surprised when he saw him grab the chair and sit on it backwards directly in front of him.

"Who are you?" He asked without preamble.

"I thought, you knew," Stiles frowned in confusion. Dr. Deaton and Erica both knew very well who he was.

"I want you to tell me," there was again some accusation on Derek's face and Stiles warm feeling he got at the kind gesture before turned into irritation. It wasn't like he waltzed in here for a sleepover. And if he did, he wouldn't ask for this room certainly.

"I'm Stiles, as you have heard," he gritted out.

"Stiles? Who?" It was like interrogation, honestly. State your full name and the name of your legal guardian, like on the station or something.

"Stiles Stilinski, the son of the Beacon Hills sheriff, John Stilinski." He'd bitten out with a glare.
"What kind of a name is 'Stiles', is that a nickname?" Derek said doubtfully.

"It's a name, alright? My name," he said defensively. Nobody but his dad and Scott knew his real name because it was unpronounceable. His polish grandmother insisted he would be named that and his parents indulged her. But Stiles won't put up being called that his whole life, ok? So, he made his own name. And he won't be telling any of this his captors either.

Derek just glowered at him, but when he'd seen that Stiles won't budge, he huffed out a breath.

"So, Stiles," he said and Stiles really shouldn't like the sound of his own name on Derek's lips so much.

"What?" he crossed his arms under the blanket.

"Why are you here?" Honestly? Stiles had enough of this stupid question.

"I assure you, I don't want to be here," he spit out and frowned up at him, which Derek returned with equal measure.

"I don't want to be here," he continued rashly. "I never planned to be here and I would gladly leave if you'd let me."

Derek just listened intently as if he could hear more then just the words. Stiles continued frowning at him. After a few seconds of silence, Derek spoke again:

"What are you, then?"

"Seriously? What kind of question is that?"

"Answer," He glowered at him stubbornly. Stiles couldn't believe this. These people are crazy, not normal. He didn't want to play this game anymore, but the look on Derek's face told him that he won't leave until he does. So fine. Stiles is going to answer all the weird questions these criminals have for him. Why the hell not.

"So, I'm a student?" At Derek's insistent glare, he added: " A human?" He couldn't even answer with a serious tone of voice. It was ridiculous. Derek just frowned.

"You don't smell like one." He declared and Stiles was offended.

"Ok, maybe after few hours-days?- in this fine establishment," he gestured around his dirty cell. "I would not come to the higher standard of personal hygiene, but if I got a bath I would smell much nicer." He spat out and looked away in embarrassment.

Derek coughed at that and Stiles forced himself to look up, because he has his pride, ok? And he won't let Derek look down on him especially if it was not his fault in the first place. But Derek wasn't looking at him anymore, he was quite intensely studying a spot somewhere over Stiles' right shoulder.

After silence grew heavy without anyone of them willing to break it, Derek got up and put the chair back next to the door.

"Wait," Stiles blurted out. Derek stopped and looked at him.

"That's it? No more questions?" When he didn't answer and started to open the door, Stiles rushed on: "When are you going to let me go? What do you want from me?"
After none of these were answered, he added desperately: "Can I have a bath?"

There was a red glint in Derek’s eyes suddenly and something pulled at Stiles' memory at the sight. He blinked and it was gone.

"I could arrange that," he closed the door behind him.

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After an hour or so, Stiles' door- he couldn't believe he started to referring to them as his door, for God's sake- opened again and Derek stepped inside. Again.

He didn't stop for the normal hello either. He just walked over to his cell and opened it. Then he moved towards Stiles who tensed and tried to scramble away. He didn't know what Derek wanted to do to him. But it was no use. Derek just had to make one additional step and he was taking him up to his arms. Stiles' leg hurt when Derek squeezed it when he had to adjust him in his embrace and Stiles cried out a little. He felt Derek tensing against him and then he felt his hot fingers on his elbow. Somehow with this touch, the pain in his leg dissipated strangely. Stiles would wonder about why later, but he was too grateful to worry about it now.

"Where are you taking me?" He finally got out, when Derek stepped with him through the open bars. But he just ignored him and continued marching to the door and up the stair. Stiles was getting worried.

"Derek, what do you plan to do with me?" His heartbeat sped up and he tried to push at Derek to get him to release him, but it was like pushing on the stone.

"I thought you wanted a bath," he glowered down on him sounding confused.

"Ah," Stiles wasn't sure if he should be relieved just yet, but ok. "Yeah, that would be nice." He just said and started to pay attention to his surroundings now, that he was not in mortal danger for the moment.

Derek brought him upstairs. They emerged in the hallway covered in the tin carpet and Stiles glimpsed the bright kitchen situated just next to it. Derek quickly crossed to the other set of stairs at the end, but Stiles had still time to see the bigger room full of sofas and cushions which must serve as a living room. It was weird how ordinary it all seemed. As if the house didn't have the secret basement to hide the captives in.

Derek walked up the stairs with him. Stiles was amazed that his breathing didn't change even a little, he knew he must be heavy. But Derek, the superhuman, seemed perfectly fine handling it. Another of his qualities Stiles didn't need to know about.

He walked to one of the rooms upstairs and pushed the door open. Stiles saw very large bed in the centre of spacious bedroom and felt immediate desire to bury himself under the comfy looking sheets and never emerge. Especially after horrible time he had sleeping in the dungeon.

But too soon lovely bed disappeared from sight when Derek walked into bathroom. The tub was already half filled with water. Derek lowered him carefully on the floor still tugged in the blanket he gave him before and looked at him.

"Undress." Stiles stared up at him incredulously.

"Seriously? That's all you have to say? Just one word?" Derek grunted and continued staring him down. This was ridiculous.
"At least the bouquet before would be nice," he muttered under his breath. Derek actually snorted at that.

"Fine." He said annoyed. "I will undress, but not with you in here." Stiles frowned up at him decisively. He would not start to loose his clothes in front of Derek. Not now, not ever. If Derek was surprised to hear it, he didn't show it. After few seconds of consideration he just nodded and closed the door behind him.

Stiles started to carefully undress trying not to touch the wound, but it was extremely difficult without help. But he could handle the pain if it would stop Derek from touching him. He was sure that that would quickly reveal that he was not straight...and interested. Not matter how many times he willed his body to stop feeling this way. Really stupid.

When he finally got it down to his briefs, his troubled gaze fall onto the bathtub. It would be difficult to get in. And he didn't want to risk getting his bandaged leg wet either. But he also really didn't want to call Derek for help.

He must have sat there in silence for too long, because Derek called out from behind the door:

"Everything alright?"

"Yeah," Stiles still had no idea what to do. "I just don't know how to get into the bathtub.." he finished almost certain Derek couldn't hear him, wishing that he didn't. But he did.

"Do you need help?" He asked, but didn't wait for the reply and opened the door.

"Hey!" Stiles reflexively tried to fever himself with the towels. "Don't you know how to knock or something?"

"This is my bathroom," he said as if it was the answer.

"That's not what is the problem here," Stiles felt himself getting red. Derek was in small room with him and he was practically naked.

"Let me lift you," he moved towards him, but Stiles quickly stopped him with outstretched hand.

"Hey, careful, man. I'm almost naked!"

"I can see that," Derek's eyes trailed the lines covered under the towels and then snapped to his face as if he himself didn't realized what he was doing. Stiles swallowed emptily.

Derek shook of his strange daze and offer him a hand. This time Stiles forced himself to take it. Otherwise he may never get clean again.

"You are going in wearing that?" Derek pointed to the black stripe of his briefs visible from under the towel.

"Oh- no. I forgot." Stiles was sure he would die of embarrassment or arousal at that moment. He gulped and quickly tugged the piece down. He tightened the towel around his hips very much aware of his naked chest on the display. Trying not to think too much about Derek so close to him, he gingerly stepped into the bathtub while Derek's hot hand gripped his arm to provide some balance. Stiles slowly lowered himself down keeping his injured leg out.

When Derek finally stopped touching him, Stiles was very relieved.
"Do you need help?" Derek asked tightly. "To wash?" Stiles just stared at him uncomprehendingly for a few seconds. Then the embarrassment hit him with full force.

"No, Derek. No, thank you," The last thing he would need at this moment would be Derek touching him again.

"I think I can handle it myself, thank you very much. Now, if you'd leave me to do just that, it would be quite awesome." Derek seemed reluctant to leave but Stiles stared up at him expectantly until he did just that. Thanks God.

When the door finally closed behind him, Stiles covered his eyes with his hand. This is so fucked up.
Stiles tried to carefully scrub away the dirtiness off his skin. And when he finally did, it was such a pleasure he let out satisfied groan. He finally felt somewhat better about the whole situation.

And when people are relatively comfortable, minus the injured leg, their mind clears up. Stiles started to assess his surroundings. It was just a normal bathroom, with very big bathtub.

He knew that he has to get out of there. He was already forming the plan in his head. Because this may be his last chance. Once Derek puts him back to the cell, he'd be at their mercy. So. He started to look for weapons.

There were some sprays on the shelf in the corner. He could grab one and with a lighter he could struck his captors with fire. But, he didn't have the lighter. Today he regretted that he ever listened to his father's "Smoking is unhealthy, Stiles. Don't you ever start!"

It could save his life now!

Ok, so no sprays- unless he could spray them in Derek's eyes and run for it. Hm. Maybe he shouldn't dismiss them so quickly.

He continued washing his skin while looking around. There were many closed containers for stuff. But he couldn't quite explore them from his position in the bathtub. Frankly, he almost couldn't move. But like hell he would let this insignificant detail stop him.

He grabbed on the side of the bathtub and tried to lift himself up. He whimpered when it resulted in friction in his injury, but didn't stop. He was almost there. Stiles gritted his teeth and supported himself as much as he could on his hand and healthy leg trying to get out of the bathtub. But everything was slippery with soap and he lost his balance. He landed back in there with quite loud splash.

"Stiles?" Came Derek's unhappy sounding voice from behind the door. Stiles grunted with pain.

"Yeah, yeah!" He called out quickly. Last thing he needed was Derek coming in now.

"I just slipped, in the bathtub. I'm fine! Totally!" He almost felt Derek's scowl at that moment.

After a few moments, Stiles forced himself to try again. This time he didn't slip, but still it hurt. He panted when he finally got out of the water and prayed that Derek won't come investigate the noise.

Stiles stayed upright only with effort. He looked around once more and approached the closest container. He tried the handle and it easily opened. Inside were some lotions and tissues and other stuff not looking any useful. In the next one, there were towels, in the other one hairproducts.

When he was almost prepared to climb out of the window and break his other leg in an attempt to escape, he finally got what he was looking for.

The nail scissors.

He reached for the towel to dry himself up and hide them somehow. That was when Derek decided to open the door.
Stiles gasped in surprise and quickly covered himself with the towel while hastily hiding the nail scissors in a fist behind his back.

Derek coughed a little when he was presented with the Stiles' skin still covered in droplets of water. He looked him up and down and then quickly looked away as if embarrassed.

"You shouldn't be moving," he just said while fixing the window behind Stiles' with the glare.

"Oh, yeah," Stiles was trying not to look at Derek while he was so naked, but he couldn't quite help it. As if the current state of his nakedness made him seek out Derek's gaze more, made him wanting Derek to look at him more.

He had to snap out of it.

"I know," he continued in an attempt to distract himself and also Derek from finding out.

"I was just looking for the towel." Derek's sight returned to his torso again and then slowly up to his eyes. He moved closer to him suddenly. Stiles attempted to step back out of the reach, but it was too late. His chest was almost touching Derek's now, when the man grabbed his shoulder to keep him from moving. He then reached behind him and trailed his arm with his palm. It may have been almost a caress if not for the forceful way he stopped at Stiles' closed fist.

"Give it to me," Derek's lips were just a few millimeters from his ear.

"What?" Stiles still had the guts to ask. But his breathing quickened giving him definitely away. Derek chuckled.

"You know very well what, Stiles." His voice got that specific undertone now Stiles had never heard before directed at himself. He swallowed and tried to get some control over his nerves. Derek suddenly breathed uncharacteristically deep next to his ear. Then he pried the scissors out of his grasp and stepped away. His glare looked heated.

"Don't ever try that again." Derek said in a flat voice. Stiles frowned up at him. Of course he would try again. And again and again. As many times as will be required to get out of here.

"Get dressed," he already turned his back to him and walked out while shutting the door firmly behind. Stiles showed door the finger and then proceeded to explore all the remaining containers in hope of finding the second scissors. No such luck. He didn't find anything which would somehow help him. In the corner of his mind he regretted Lydia Martin wasn't kidnapped together with him, because she would surely find a way how to make some use of this stuff. Stiles sighed in frustration. The pain in his leg got worse the longer he was standing up.

He at least got a look out of the window. That made him even more unhappy- he was on the third floor apparently with nothing to hold on if he wanted to climb down. And if he managed it somehow, there were only trees visible everywhere. Loads of trees. Jesus.

He remembered some of basic orienteering in the woods thanks to the trips he taken with his dad and mom, when she was still alive. The sheriff thought it was a good experience to have, to be able to survive if one gets lost in the forest. But. Stiles at that time didn't plan ever getting lost in the woods, nor he planned to visit them again if he could help it and he thought his killer GPS app would lead him out of any obscure place far away from the civilization he would get into. So, he paid not much attention to his dad talking about the position of the sun or river flow. Huge mistake, it seemed.

He thought that his dad may be tracking him at this same moment in these same woods he was
looking at. They probably towed his jeep already. Maybe they already found the blood on the place where the wolf got to him.

Stiles shook his head to clear it. He couldn't simply hope for the rescue, he had to escape. And he will!

"Stiles?" Derek's growly voice sounded from behind the shut door.

"Yeah?" He quickly hobbled to the pile of his dirty clothes in the corner. "I'm getting dressed! Don't come in!" He hoped very much that Derek wouldn't come in because lately that man was causing pretty uncomfortable stirs in his cock and it could get very awkward if he chose to appear just as Stiles was getting into his oversized jeans.

He safely closed the fly and turned to his old T-shirt laying on the floor. It was rumpled and dirty with sweat and the time spent in his prison cell. He wrinkled his nose when he took it to hands.

"This is gross," he muttered and started to pull it on. When he was finally wearing it, he felt dirty again.

"Are you done?" Stiles head snapped out from examining the dirty spots to Derek leaning against the doorway. He was frowning again, probably still unhappy about the scissors incident. Serves him right, Stiles thought. The jerk.

"Get it off," Derek said.

"What?" What the fuck is he talking about now?

"I said, get it off," Derek glowered on the T-shirt. His nostrils genuinely flared at the moment and Stiles was offended.

"As much as I would love to, this" he gestured to his T angrily. "Is the only thing available. So, I'm sorry to have offended your senses or something. But maybe, if you'd let me go-" He didn't get to finish, because Derek was turning away. Before Stiles could get even more worked up, he was back and something soft slapped Stiles hardly into face.

"Get this on then," Derek sounded very unhappy that he was giving him something. But whatever. Stiles looked at the clean dark blue T-shirt he was suddenly holding and huffed. It was bigger than the ones he normally wore but it would do. He glared at Derek for the last time and stripped. He really didn't want to wear that dirty rag if he could help it, so yeah- he's going to accept the gifts from his kidnapper.

Derek didn't turn away this time, and Stiles found that he had to suppress his desire to be as slow as he could with it. This definitely wasn't normal.

When he was dressed, finally, Derek looked him over once and then got closer. Again.

"Can you walk?" Stiles shrugged and made a demonstrative step or two. He still limped but it wasn't as horrible as he thought it would.

Derek nodded and somehow reluctantly turned.

"Follow me." He lead him out of the room and then down the hall deliberately slowly, so Stiles could follow. But still looking over his shoulder to keep an eye on him.

Nevertheless, Stiles was on the look out for anything useful. He was already forming the plan of
the house in his head. Meanwhile he considered what he knew already. So far, he met only Erica and Derek. Dr. Deaton was still working at the veterinary clinic in the town like always, so this probably wasn't his home. Most likely. But Derek and Erica lived here. Derek for certain, based on the way he moved around and the things Stiles've seen in his bedroom. And it was his bedroom, no doubt about it. And Stiles suspected he's actually wearing his clothes now. Ok, he won't complain about that. They smelled nice.

But back to the topic at hand- there were other rooms, all with the doors closed, which must belong to other people besides Erica and Derek. Stiles counted 5 separate doors in total just on this floor. There was faint sound of music behind at least one of them. Was it Erica? Stiles couldn't tell. True, not all of them had to be occupied, but Stiles had a feeling this was quite a lived in house. There was the…essence of life in the air.

He extended the arm to open one of the doors, but before he could, Derek turned and stared. Stiles immediately pretended that he was just reaching for support of his weight, with him being injured and all that. But he wasn't so sure Derek ate it up. Well, he continued glaring until Stiles resumed his hobbling and came closer. Then he swiftly turned away and Stiles showed him the finger. He will find out what is in these rooms sooner or later anyway.

When they got to the stairs, Derek stopped and waited until Stiles comes close enough to bent over and take him up in the arms.

"Whoa-!" He shouted when he found himself pressed against strong chest.

"What are you doing? I can walk," he struggled to get out of Derek's hold. This was really awkward.

"Dude, put me down!" But Derek ignored his squirming and simply descended the stairs. If somebody from school saw him right now, Stiles would die of embarrassment. Really, the dude being carried by another dude. Classic. Jeez.

Then he saw where Derek was carrying him. Back to the prison. His eyes snapped back to Derek's face, but there was nothing there. Only the tightened jaw. He swallowed the nauseous taste of fear which suddenly gripped him. What would Derek do to him? Why had he carried him back to the dirty cell just after he allowed him to take a bath?

"Let me go," Stiles hissed and started to trash more violently, but Derek's grip was like iron. Even Stiles' fear reserve had it's limits- he punched Derek in that tight jaw. Pain immediately exploded on his knuckles and Derek looked down at him angrily. Despite the pain, Stiles went for a hit again but Derek gripped his arm and didn't let him. Stiles weakly kicked with his injured leg and trashed and squirmed so much that Derek had to stop to actually keep a hold of him. And he did it, the bastard. Restrained, with the fear spiked fury, Stiles showed his teeth and bit him into the shoulder.

Time seemed to stop for a second, when Derek looked incredulously down at him. Other than surprise, Stiles' bite didn't seem to have any uncomfortable effect on the asshole. He just adjusted his weight a bit to make him stop gripping his flesh and moved down with much more determined stride then before. Derek opened the cell with one hand, deposited Stiles on the ground and before he could move to at least try to stop him, he locked the damn door.

"Where are you going, asshole!" He shouted after his retreating back but Derek just shook his head and without a glance left him there again only with the greenish lamp to keep him company.
Dr. Deaton came to check up on him once again. But no matter how many time Stiles asked, he didn't say a word about what the hell is going on here. Clearly keeping mum with his criminal buddies. Stiles swore that he was going to press charges against every single one of them. Especially Derek, who was again looming in the corner while the doc looked him over.

"So Stiles, with the speed you are healing, you could be up and running," he chuckled at the word, the asshole. "Within the week." Even Derek raised eyebrows at that.

"Within the week? Really?" Stiles examined his leg which didn't show any signs of getting back to normal in such an immediate future.

"What do you mean, Deaton?" Derek asked with the glower. "How could that be possible? With that kind of...bite." He finished and looked at Stiles as if he should feel guilty about being able to heal so quickly. Stiles just return the glare with equal distaste.

"Frankly, I don't know. Yet. But I have a few theories," Dr. Deaton smiled politely at the both of them. Stiles frowned. What kind of theories?

"What theories?" Derek echoed his thoughts.

"It's not...usual. But I have a reason to believe his blood may be responsible for this exceptional healing speed." He lowered his voice and Stiles strained to hear from his sitting position in the cell.

"What is he?" Derek asked as if his tongue tasted something disgusting. Stiles shivered uncomfortably when he heard that tone of voice, he didn't like it at all.

"No, nothing like that," Deaton answered quickly. "He's human, just...not entirely, I would say." And what? What the hell are they talking about. Stiles was sure he didn't catch that right. Their voices were considerably lowered now.

"There's," Deaton continued in low reassurance. "...magic...I believe..." Stiles was now certain he misheard. Damn.

"With sufficient training-" Deaton was stopped by Derek's raised hand.

"We will talk about that later." He told, or rather ordered him. Deaton just sighed and gave Stiles one last look before leaving the basement.

Stiles looked at Derek defiantly when he came closer to his cell and leaned down to him. His nostrils flared and he breathed in deeply as if...he was smelling him. Stiles fought the urge to come closer to the bars by pressing his back against the wall on the side. Derek straightened suddenly conflicted and gripped one of the bars. For a moment it seemed like he wanted to open the door and come inside. But he just gripped the metal harder. Then he turned quickly and was gone. Stiles didn't feel relieved at all.

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Stiles started to shiver in his cell. He thought it would be better after he took his bath and it was, but not by much.

He was there at least 3 days by now. He'd seen Derek a few times, but the asshole just loomed in the corner and refused to speak a word to him. He was just glaring at him as if the sight was personally offending. Why is he coming down here then was beyond Stiles.

But he didn't call him out on it. Any company was better then nothing, so.

Erica was much more entertaining visitor. But still she declined answering any of his questions with wolfish smile.

Stiles sometime heard other people from upper floor when they were being a little loud. Once he even heard something sounding very familiar but he couldn't quite place it. But still it was gnawing at the corner of his mind.

The other day, he was talking with Erica and she was keeping up her disturbing trick with the claws.

"I heard about your… specialty, so you could stop maybe pretending? " was what she responded with a dangerous smile, when he asked her again about it. Stiles had no idea what she was implying. But Erica didn't believe him in the slightest. She looked so sure about herself that Stiles started to seriously think she was... no good, well, not normal.

Before he could retort for her unvalidated suspicion of some pretending on his part however, very tall guy appeared in the doorway. He was stealthily silent and Stiles noticed him only because he was exactly in the direction of his sight. He regarded Stiles with curiosity and Stiles just stared. In the door stood Isaac Lahey, the guy who's dad was found dead under strange circumstances and who supposedly moved away stray after the incident two years ago.

"You are here already too long, Erica," He cleared his throat. Erica didn't turn on the intrusion, she just smiled wider as if he didn't surprise her.

"And that's why you came down here to get me, right sugar?" She grinned at him mockingly.

"Isaac Lahey?!!" He blurted out. Both of them turned to him in surprise.

"Do I know you?" Isaac asked, but to Stiles his tone seemed carefully bland. Unnatural.

"We were going to school together," he frowned at him. He remembered they even talked a few times, when Stiles tried to find out what is wrong with him. That is, why does he never take off his long sleeved T-shirts in the gym. Because Stiles can't resist the mystery. Later, after his dad was found dead, he got the answer to that question like everybody else. of course, he was very sorry for him and honestly thought that it's better that the guy moved away, after all that happened here and after the rumors. He even felt a little bad about how he was pestering him before, but... maybe he should have tried harder to find out what is wrong. But now Isaac was standing here, just a few kilometers from the Beacon Hills looking totally different than the pale broken kid Stiles remembered. His blue eyes were calm, not hunted, and there was confidence in his stance which
Stiles didn't recognize from before.

And now Isaac was pretending not to know him.

"Maybe," he finally allowed and regarded him neutrally. It was pissing Stiles off.

"Come on, Isaac, be nicer," Erica smiled and flexed her...claws again. Isaac just flashed eyes at her. And Stiles did the double take because his previously blue eyes turned bright yellow for a few seconds.

"What is that?" When Isaac just looked at him, he insisted:

"Did your eyes just turned ...yellow?"

"Are we seriously going with the red riding hood/bad wolf just now?" Erica snorted and Stiles gulped at that. It seemed uncomfortably familiar, the bad wolf that is.

"Come on, Erica," Isaac turned to her finally.

"Why, Isaac?" She asked unhappily.

"Puppy is getting restless," he shrugged. Erica sighed and stood.

"The puppy, huh." She looked at Stiles and pressed her lips.

"I think it won't take too much time," she said to Isaac.

"You know how Derek is," he replied and the two of them started to walk away.

"Yeah, I know exactly how he is." Even when turned away Stiles could hear the glee in her voice. Isaac just looked at her weirdly, but she ignored him and jumped up the stairs.

"See you later!" Stiles called grumpily after them. "Don't bother to say bye next time too!" Isaac just raised eyebrow at him obviously amused and trailed out after Erica.

Isaac was living in the mansion of doom as well. Stiles was still rattled from the discovery. It seemed so weird to see someone who he was sure will never step into Beacon Hills again, here. And apparently quite comfortable and cozy with Erica and Derek. It was bizarre. Too strange a coincidence.

That made already two people who he thought were...gone.

He sighed uneasily and turned his mind to something else for a moment.

Other unnecessary information he got out of this session was that they have a pet. Great. The dog who requires a lot of the attention and who would pry Erica away from chatting with him. Truthfully, playing with the dog is probably much more entertaining then hanging out with Stiles, he knew. But he was getting lonely a little. Being in his cell all alone was definitely not much fun.

And Erica started to grow on him too, he liked her company.

But before he could get too anxious again, Derek came to see him. Stiles' heart jumped up when he's seen him. Apparently, he was so glad he didn't mind seeing literally anyone. He groaned internally.

"What do you want?" He frowned at him. Derek stopped at the doorway at his tone, but came to sit at Erica's place after few seconds anyway. It was weird seeing him sprawled down on the floor
when he usually stood farther away. Weird and sexy. Stiles bit his lip. Darek followed the movement with his eyes.

"Just talk to you," he allowed finally and Stiles raised his eyebrows this time.

"You want to talk. To me." Derek apparently missed his sarcasm and simply nodded.

"Like - talk, using words and such?" This time Derek got it because he growled. It was strangely canine, the sound. And intimidatingly hot. Maybe it showed on his face, how he actually feels about that or something, because Derek stopped abruptly and his nostrils flared. Then he moved closer to the bars. Stiles had to fight with every last bit of his willpower not to follow his example.

"When are you going to release me?" He asked a little breathless. Derek didn't reply. He was silent for such a long time that Stiles was on the verge of starting very long speech about why Derek should do just that.

"You don't like it here?" Stiles was aware of these words being spoken, but they were so unreal that he was shocked into silence.

"Are you for real?" He finally snapped. Derek just looked at him blankly.

"Of course, I don't!" He gestured to the basement. "It's dark, dirty and humid in here. It's cold- I will get a flu sooner or later I can assure you. Nobody visits, only to interrogate me! I can't even see the sunlight, I'm so low on vitamin D by now and that's not a good thing. Food sucks. I could cook better then that. It's the worst place I was ever sleeping in!" He was still sore from the morning. His whole body started to hurt lately, not just the injured leg. And lack of sunlight started to get to him too. It sucked. It really sucked. And now, Derek is asking him, if he likes it - unbelievable.

"Unbelievable," he muttered and looked away. Derek took it all in and then slowly breathed out. When he still didn't say anything, Stiles forced himself to look back.

"I understand," Derek said when he had his attention and moved to stand. Stiles didn't look how his muscles flexed under that tight T-shirt of his. He absolutely didn't.

"That's it?" He asked his retreating back. "You just say that and go away?" He couldn't believe it. Next time he won't bother telling the asshole anything.

"Fine! Go away you jerk!" Derek had actual guts to laugh at that. Then he closed the door and left Stiles alone. Again. Fine. Stiles will get his revenge, he will!

***

Next time he saw him in a few hours. Derek came in, opened the door to his cell and unceremonously took him into arms.

"Whoa-!" Stiles could only quickly grab onto his shoulders to not to fall. Although he doubted Derek would let him. The man carried him kicking and screaming without a flinch the other day after all.

"Where are you taking me now?" He asked the stony face that was Derek.

"What are you planning this time? Show me the backyard garden before you throw me back in?" He spat out, but Derek just carried on as if he hadn't even spoken.
"By the way, I can walk!" He could now more or less. And he would much enjoy if he could try to run away however soon would the asshole catch him in the end.

They came up the stairs from the basement prison, then they came up another stairs again, then they crossed the hallway to the room where Stiles already was before.

Maybe it was time for another bath? Stiles thought and was getting utterly annoyed at Derek for treating him as a pet.

But Derek didn't carry him in the bathroom like before. No. He came to the large bed in the centre of the room and dropped him there. Just like that.

Stiles scrambled to quickly sit up and frowned at Derek who now stood over him with a smirk.

"What the hell, Derek!" He looked around but there was really nothing that changed in the room really.

"What is this supposed to mean?" He gestured around impatiently and glowered at him. He had very uncomfortable feeling in his stomach.

"Your new quarters." Derek finally announced.

"What?" He didn't understand anything.

"You said you didn't like it down there-" Well, duh. "- so you can stay here." He smirked again. Stiles glowerred around.

"Whose room is it?" He asked suspiciously.

"Mine." Derek's smirk got feral. Stiles shouldn't feel the spike of the arousal the word induced, but he did. There was strange light in Derek's eyes at that moment as he gazed at his body dumped on his bed. But then he shook his head and turned away.

"B-but, where are you going to sleep?" Stiles clunched the sheets in his fists. Derek just raised eyebrows at the question as if he didn't get it.

"Not here, right?" There was slightly high pitch in Stiles' formerly manly voice. He couldn't handle it of Derek would sleep in the same room. He wouldn't be able to sleep then at all.

"And where else should I sleep?" Derek crossed his arms.

"I don't know, ok?" He was getting flustered and his heartbeat started to speed up.

"I don't know, but it's your house, no?" He hated when his heart did that, it remained him awfully lot of the panic attack. And now Derek was also concentrating on his chest as if he could hear it.

"You should find some other place to be, to stay to, I want to say, to sleep-" His breathing was getting shallow when Derek started to move closer.

"Stiles-" He was sitting down next to him.
"It doesn't need to be here, right?" He turned to him quickly and it surprised him how close his face suddenly was.

"Stiles, breathe." Derek soothingly comanded. It was irritating.

"Don't tell me what to do," he wanted to recoil but Derek took a hold of his arm.

"Calm down then," he continued despite Stiles' struggles.

"I am calm, Derek." His heartbeat was rapid but Derek couldn't know that.

"So why don't you go and find yourself nice bed to sleep," at this point Stiles was even willing to return to his cell. At the back of his mind he knew he was being hysterical but he couldn't quite help it. That much for the later embarassement. He may throw himself of the roof after but for the time being he carried on.

"Derek-"

"I will sleep here." He was unbelievably close. Stiles felt his breath on his neck. It should make him nervous. It really should. But that together with soothing firm touch of his palm on Stiles' arm was making him oddly relaxed.

"Where?" His voice was small. "Where in here?"

"In this bed," he said as if it was obvious. Ok, Stiles was still confused here and Derek touching him didn't help at all.

"Ok, ok - then I will take t-the floor." Derek was silent for a few seconds, then:

"No."

Stiles waited a little, but since he got no explanation of this ridiculousness, he attempted to get out of his hold.

"But? But you would be the one sleeping in the bed," he reasoned very logically with him. It would not make any sense for them to sleep in one bed together. But apparently to Derek it made a lot of sense because he just looked at him with raised brows.

"It would be cramped," he said petulantly. And most of all, it would be difficult avoid touching Derek at all. He knew his limbs were getting super violent in the sleeping state. Scott's bruises spoke for many things when they woke up after the many sleepovers they spent together.

He bit his lip and the wave of coldness swept over him when he remembered Scott.

"It's fine, Stiles. I'm used to it." So he's used to it. Used to sleeping with his captives. That sounded so wrong when Stiles played it in his head. The worst part was that Stiles didn't feel at all disgusted at the prospect. He was more afraid he would be the one to start something. It was his kidnapper for fuck's sake!

But Stiles' cock was of different opinion, he was becoming even more aroused when he knew he was sitting on Derek's bed.

"Maybe you are used to it, but I'm not." He tried to put some distance between them, but it was difficult when Derek was holding him close and kind of refused to let go.

"Um, could you..." he tried to take his hand away. Really, that was weird. He was not on the verge
of the panic attack anymore, so Derek should let go, yes?

"Could you let me go already?" Derek looked at his hand still gripping Stiles' arm in surprise and abruptly stood up letting go. Stiles observed him in puzzlement. That was weird again.

Derek coughed and looked at his night stand.

"I have something to do, so I'll leave you here." He finally got out and when Stiles didn't say anything he turned to leave.

"But what about our discussion?" Stiles couldn't believe that Derek would walk away just like that. They weren't finished! Derek stopped in the opened door and half turned back.

"...there's no discussion." He closed the door behind him and left Stiles sitting in shock on his bed. There was the sound of the lock falling to it's place. Of course!

"Asshole," he muttered to the empty space.

Stiles was never one to pass up the opportunity like this though. He jumped out of the bed, or rather rolled off of it, and went to explore Derek's room. There was nothing really remarkable about it. The bed made the most beautiful piece of furniture, with rumpled and almost unresistably comfy looking sheets. Derek had just one night stand and on it a few piled up paperbacks. There was a wardrobe in the corner. When Stiles opened it, he found that it was full of clothes suspiciously similar to what he was now wearing. No wonder Erica kept smirking whenever she looked at him. Should have guessed.

The window looking down to the front of the house was slightly opened inviting chill inside. Outside was again full of trees. Joy.

Well, that was unremarkable. Even though Stiles rumaged through Derek's clothes, he didn't find anything useful. No weapon, no lighter, not anything heavy. There was not even a fucking chair in the room which he could have thrown on him.

Only strange thing he found, was a pile of thorn T-shirts and jeans in the corner. Well, Derek could use them for cleaning, for all Stiles could know. But still, the way how they were damaged... it looked like they were somehow torn from the inside and not from the sides as one usually tears up the old clothes when he wants to use them otherwise.

Ok. He left the clothes be. He turned to the bathroom where he was before and which was connected to the room. He explored it previously, true, but maybe something changed?

On the way he tried the entrance door handle. Locked safely. Despite being sure that that would be the case, he still gritted his teeth in displeasure.

He explored the bathroom again without finding anything useful.Great. He is stuck here in this... love-suite - Oh my god! How the hell did he just called it? He swore that he'll never call it like that again. Really, what the actual fuck. This is again his cell! Maybe comfier and less health hazardous, but it's still the prison.

He returned to the closed door again.

"Hey! Is someone there?" He called, but no one answered.

"Could you open the door?" He considered faking illness next time, if nobody would come. really, why not?
"I'm claustrophobic!" He called out. "I will pass out, if you don't open the door!" He wasn't so sure if it would help playing on his kidnappers soft side, but it went well with Derek. He gave him his room after all. Although, he expected to sleep there too, which wasn't very knightly of him. But. The point is that he gave him a room with a bed in it and no dirt. So. His kidnappers had the soft side. And of course he was not above using it.

"Stiles?" The unmistakable voice called from behind the door. "I know you and you were never claustrophobic."

He stared at the door shocked into silence. He couldn't quite believe it, but it was him. It had to be him.

"Scott?" He wanted to shout his name, but only a whisper left his mouth. He swallowed and prepared to say it again, because he was sure it was undecipherable, but Scott must have heard him anyway.

"Hello Stiles," he heard the chuckle in his voice. That's weird, no? Why is he chuckling now?

"I'm so glad, you are here man." He sighed and Stiles pressed himself on the door to hear better.

"Why is there the door again? They have to talk face to face now! He couldn't believe he's finally having epic bro reunion with the door between them! Hell, Scott is not dead!

"Scott," he started urgently. "Open the door!"

There was silence for a moment, then Scott groaned as if fighting with himself.

"Sorry man, I can't."

"Why the hell not?"

"I don't have the key." Stiles sensed there was something more to it and he pressed.

"But- where is it?"

"Derek has it." Figures. Of course Derek, the king of the landing, has the fucking key.

"Then steal it!" Stiles thought he shouldn't have to spell that one out, but Scott was obviously too long in the captivity. Maybe he was brainwashed. Oh my god, Stiles hoped that he wasn't. Someone would have to pay for it then. And he sure as hell would make them.

"I'm sorry, Stiles- that can't happen." He said and Stiles could hear the regret and…resolve in his voice. Oh my god, what happened to him?

"What?" He took a step away from the door and looked at them as if his frown could pass through to Scott.

"Sorry," He heard again.

"I have to go- talk to you later, man." Stiles heard his footsteps getting further away.

"Wait- Scott?" He desperately pressed against the door again. "Scott! Why are you- what are you talking about?!" But he couldn't hear him anymore.

What the hell just happened? That was Scott, right? And he is here. He was here maybe the entire time. Why didn't he come back home? Is he also the hostage? Of course, he's the hostage! Stiles was angry at himself that he could doubt it for a second- Scott would return home, to his family.
and friends, if he got the opportunity. This means just that so far, he hadn't got one. But now, that
Stiles is here he will make their escape possible. He was quite good at it, if you count his years of
experience in evading the law enforcement- namely his dad. But what. That has to count too!

So. It looked like Scott has certain freedom in moving around the house. Maybe he lulled the
kidnappers- Derek, Erica, Isaac and Dr.Deaton- into false belief that he was now "with them". Stiles refused to consider possibility of Scott having the Stockholm syndrome, no way.

So now, he had to form a new plan how to get out. For both of them.

He gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. He will.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys, sorry- for the following week I won't be updating, so that's like 1-2 week
break. For the Christmas! :) Anyway, enjoy the wait!
Chapter 6

Before Stiles could plan how to do anything, Derek was back.

He watched Stiles carefully when he locked the door behind him.

"It's late", he announced and passed him to get into bathroom.

"You should sleep," he called from there and Stiles glared at the ceiling. How could he sleep when he knew he was in biggest temptation and danger in his life - Derek's room?!

When Derek came back, Stiles' mouth hanged open. Derek was shirtless. And man, that was something to look at or simply to spend eternity observing subtle movements of the hot muscles on his abdomen. Stiles tracked the line of from his shoulders through his chest and the super hot six pack he wanted to imidiatelly touch, down to the line of his sweat pants. And then a little more. He swallowed when he imagined what is hiding in there.

"Are you done?" Derek asked and Stiles' gaze snapped to his face. Derek was gritting his teeth and looked mad. Stiles was hit by the wave of embarassement too late. But before he could force himself to look away and pretend that it never happened, he noticed that there's heat in Derek's eyes. Anger, but not quite. It went straight to his groin. Oh my god, what is wrong with him?! He quickly turned away.

It still took a few seconds until he heard Derek move behind him. The rustle of sheets and the weight forcing the mattress to bend.

"Stiles." He wanted to ignore him and continued to pretend that the empty white wall is very very interesting thing to look at.

"Stiles," he growled. Stiles just shook his head as in 'I don't wanna talk to you'.

"Stiles!" Derek snapped.

"Yes?" He turned to him now and smiled trying to look innocently surprised. It seemed that made Derek growl at him more.

"Come to bed." He ordered and even opened the sheets for him. In any other situation he would be overjoyed to hear these words from such a guy. And his cock was definitely overjoyed hearing them from him. But no. Stiles had some principles.

"No," He smiled politely. Derek frowned.

"Come to the bed now." He half-rose from the said bed making Stiles take the step closer to the door shaking his head.

"Thank you for the offer, but-" Derek got to him in almost a blink. Stiles didn't even have time to shriek before he was manhandled to the sheets. Derek's weight was arousingly pressing him down to the matress.

"Derek!" He spat out angrily and tried to kick him but he almost couldn't move.

"Let me go, asshole." He glared up at him. But Derek's hand began to caress his side as if he didn't hear him.
"I'm not going to sleep with you!" He shouted to his face. That must have got to him because Derek's hand stopped and he looked down at Stiles in surprised dismay. Stiles didn't believe him for a second. But at least, Derek got off him, he just glared at him to keep him in place. Not that some glare could ever make Stiles do anything, but when he remembered Derek's inhuman speed when he got to him, he stayed put - simply to reconsider his options, of course.

"I wouldn't," Derek said and looked down.

"Wouldn't what?" Stiles was really getting annoyed this lack of words.

"Sleep with you- you are underaged." Stiles had to laugh at that. Seriously? Is Derek, whose hand was just now almost caressing his butt, trying to convince him that he wouldn't touch him?

Derek just glared at him once again and stood up to put out the light. When he turned back to Stiles, who had to get used to sudden darkness, his eyes were shining. Like animal's. But then it was gone and Derek's weight bended the mattress slightly making Stiles roll down towards him a little. before he could scramble away, as was his every intention, Derek put hand on his waist and pulled him closer.

"Derek, what are you doing?" His heart started to beat faster. He was really not ok with what was happening.

"Didn't you just say that-"

"Shh," he felt his breath on his ear and it should frighten him, not arouse for god's sake!

"I'm preventing your escape." Sure, and Stiles is actual magician.

"Ok. Ok, Derek - listen. I won't try to escape," he lied desperately. "Just let me go to the side of the bed, ok?" Derek snorted apparently amused, the bastard. Stiles was starting to sweat. It was uncomfortably hot under the sheets and under Derek's arm. His heartbeat turned jittery and he swallowed with dry mouth. Really. This was going to be the worst night ever. He tried to get away from Derek, but he was having none of it. His arm tightened and Stiles really wanted to kick him, but it was difficult when his back was turned away.

"Stiles, relax." He commanded. Really, why does he think that Stiles would ever follow his stupid orders? He tried to push his arm away and ignored Derek exasperated sigh. Then he felt the teeth in his neck. But before he could scream in outrage, the unexpected wave of weird content swept over him and he went limp. Derek adjusted them so they could lie more comfortably and it took only few minutes until Stiles was sound asleep.

***

Stiles woke up pinned down under huge body mass. He was surprised... and weirded out by how good did it make him feel. Derek's arm was thrown over his chest grabbing the pillow above Stiles's shoulder in the slumber. One of his legs was lying atop over the two of his effectivelly caging him in. He was so glad that Derek wears the sweat pants. Otherwise, he was not sure what he'd do.

Now, he just tried to wiggle out from under Derek without waking him up. But upon attempt Derek's grip just became firmer. Stiles huffed in frustration. He used a gentle pressure to lift Derek's arm of off him. Then stronger pressure without success.

When he was resolved to kick him, Derek's sleepy voice sounded above his ear:

"What are you doing?"
"Trying to get you off, jackass!" Just as he realised what he actually said, the tremor of amusement shook Derek's body pressed to him.

"You should try harder," he said laughing. Stiles was not amused.

"Are you seriously flirting with me?" Derek just continued to laugh and it was making Stiles uncomfortably hot.

"Oh, come on! Let me go!" He pushed against him.

"Derek!" this was really annoying. The man finally relented and rolled over to the side. Stiles took a huge breath and glared. Then he quickly got up and moved away.

"Where are you going?" There was still this annoying smile in his voice.

"Can't a man go to the bathroom?" He asked sarcastically and left him there.

While he did his business, Stiles listened carefully to the sounds from the bedroom. Derek was actually being quite loud. While the other times, when Stiles inhabited his cell, he moved silently like a snake, now he was kicking his furniture, loudly putting his clothes on and grunting all the time. It almost looked like he's trying to put out the sounds from the bathroom, and Stiles would be very embarrassed if that was the case. But it wasn't possible, Stiles could also be very quiet.

When he finally reluctantly emerged, Derek stood in the centre of the piece with his back turned on him.

"I have a work to do, so...make yourself comfortable." He locked the door behind him. Stiles showed door the tongue.

***

After much exploring done in the hours Derek has left him alone, Stiles formed the plan. There were some things he could use after all. The most difficult part would probably be getting Scott to run away with him. The man was acting very weird. Old Scott, his best friend, would normally jump at the opportunity to escape, not mentioning helping Stiles with all he can. But this Scott... there was something wrong about him. Stiles didn't even need to see his face to understand it. Derek,... or maybe Erica with Isaac must have done something to him. And Stiles would get to the bottom of it. The next thing in order is-

Loud crash from downstairs interrupted his thoughts. He quickly walked to the door to see if he can decipher more. There was another crash and Stiles knew some chair or table just broke down. He heard loud growling - did they raise fighting dogs or something? That may alter his plans- The crashing was getting uncomfortably closer. Stiles carefully backed away from the door. And frowned at the sounds of tearing and shouting.

The sight of his door crashing down made him jump and somehow leap over Derek's huge bed and fall behind it. And good thing he did, because the...person who tore the door down was suddenly on the bed reaching for him. Stiles screamed in fright. It didn't have the face of a human.

"Wha-" He couldn't even finish the word, before the monster was thrown away into the wall. He quickly backed away from the bed and stared in shock as another person walked snarling towards the intruder. Both of their faces were inhuman, animalistic and their eyes were shining with unnatural yellow. The one with light brown hair snarled back at the dark-haired one and went for his knees with his claws. The fucking claws! But he quickly evaded it, too quickly to be normal. Stiles watched with his heart speeding up as the light haired...guy got up and behind the other's
back who quickly turned and punched him in the stomach. That didn't do too much of a damage, it just made him angrier.

"Liam!" Stiles heard suddenly very familiar voice. But his mind didn't have the will to make a connection just yet, what was happening in front of his eyes was just too unreal. Liam opened the mouth exposing dangerous looking canines and went for the other's throat. But he quickly put his arm in the way and Stiles actually heard the teeth sinking into the flesh. The blood splattered to both of their T-shirts as he threw Liam of his arm into the bookshelf.

Stiles needed to stop staring and start to think. He needed to get away as soon as possible. As much as he would like to stay and observe this nature's crazyness, he'd prefer to do it from save distance and with some gun ready. The two were fighting with inhuman speed blocking the exit. His only option was the bathroom, maybe he could somehow jump of the window. He began to move towards the bathroom door without letting the others from his sight.

"Liam, snap out of it!" Stiles finally got to the door. But before he could turn the handle Liam got thrown in his direction. He quickly jumped out of the way as the door crumpled under his weight. He got almost back on his feet snarling but the dark-haired one came on him and punched him in the face. Stiles saw his opportunity. The way to the exit door was finally cleared. He clumsily jumped over the bed and made the beeline towards safety.

But he made a mistake of looking one last time behind him just before he could be out of the door. He collided with something solid. Just as he looked up, Derek's hand fell on his waist pressing him close. But he wasn't looking at Stiles, he was glaring into the room.

"Stop it," He said and his eyes filled with red. Stiles freaked out. What the hell is happening?! He tried to push Derek away, but he didn't pay him any attention. Stiles' skin turned damp and his heart sped like rabbit especially when that Liam guy turned to them and snarled. Derek pushed Stiles away from his chest at that, but his arm kept him firmly pressed to his side.

"I said, stop it!" He roared and Stiles could just try to breath somehow when Derek's features turned rigid and predatory, dangerous canines growing out of his mouth and his eyebrows disappeared. That was funny. Stiles almost smacked himself at the last thought. Nothing in this situation is funny. He needs to get away as soon as possible, but his struggling didn't have any fucking effect on that mountain of Derek!

The two stopped fighting. Which was good because there is less chance of Stiles accidentally dying but also bad, because the distraction for his possible escape is also gone. Liam whined from his position on the ground and the dark-haired guy carefully released him. He slowly stood up and backed away, but still kept fixing Liam with his eyes prepared to stop him again if necessary. But Liam didn't seem prepared to attack anymore. He just stayed on the floor looking like a kicked puppy- which he apparently was.

"What happened, Scott?" And what? Did he hear that right? Stiles frowned in confusion and felt the cold sweat prickle up from under his hairline.

The dark-haired guy sighed and looked back at Liam. His features got softer, more human every second as the yellow in his eyes faded away. Stiles gasped. Scott looked at him with sadness.

"Scott?" Derek prompted impatiently. His own face looking again as a human.

"We were just training," Scott started to explain putting the hand through his hair.

"We were training the control downstairs in the basement as usual, now that Stiles vacated it." And
what? They were actually using that filthy dump for something other then torturing the prisoners? The picture of chains and other weird metal objects flew through his mind. He as hell hoped it was not the kind of the training his mind pictured for him just now.

"Then Liam lost it."

Nobody said anything for a few seconds but the tension was louder then any words.

"And why the hell," Derek's voice trembled in anger. "Did you decide to fight it out here of all places?" Liam whined at his tone.

"I don't know," Scott sighed apologetically. "I mean, the basement is still full of Stiles' smell. I guess, Liam got… confused and he just followed it here." Stiles got all cold at hearing that. His eyes fixed Liam, who apparently crushed through the door because he followed his smell. Oh my god.

"Change back," Derek seethed at Liam who just whined again.

"Change. Back." He repeated and something deep down in Stiles shivered at that undertone. Liam's features started to morph into softer lines and the yellow in his eyes was melting away. After the change he shakily breathed out and got up. Nobody said anything again. Stiles started to feel very awkward still being plastered to Derek in this situation. He desperately wanted to say something - he had so many questions, but he struggled to contain them until more appropriate time. Because now, if he drew attention to himself, they may turn on him and eat him or something. Although, he really hoped that Scott wouldn't let them do it. But he wasn't so sure now...and that scared him.

"Sorry," Scott offered when the silence was becoming almost unbearable. Derek looked at him and nodded.

"Liam?" Scott turned to him expectantly. This is like in school, Stiles thought and tried to push Derek away again without much success.

"Sorry," Liam mumbled to his feet. Derek sighed and relaxed, but Stiles still felt the pulsing anger beneath.

"What are you?" He blurted out. Apparently his mouth wasn't in on the conversation he had in his head, or it'd gone rouge. He wanted to take the question immediately back, he was really not sure if he wants to hear the answer. Now, it was too damn late, but nobody said anything. Scott looked at him with his mouth pressed thin as if he was trying to stop himself saying anything at all.

"Come on, people- I saw you do ...crazy stuff. So, what is it? What does it mean?" He was getting seriously angry at their silence. "I mean, your whole face changed- it was not exactly normal, ok?!" Liam frowned and looked sideways. Scott just had this pained expression which Stiles hated to see on him. He was not the cause of that, was he? But he just couldn't stop now.

"Scott, your arm is not bleeding anymore," he pointed out at the bloody but perfectly intact skin. Scott quickly covered it with another hand in reflex. Stiles felt the pang of pain seeing that reaction. They were still friends, weren't they?

"Don't think, I didn't notice that there are not even bite marks anymore," his voice started to tremble. What the hell is this? What is happening here.

"Scott, you have to tell me-"

"Werewolves." It was Derek who replied. Scott and Liam breathed out at the declaration, but Stiles
body still pressed to Derek got rigid.

"What." He managed to get out.

"You heard me." That was all what Stiles needed. He started to struggle out of his hold violently. It was like some madness took over him and he stopped feeling the slight pain in his leg from the bite - oh my god, was it also the werewolf? Is he going to end up like them? - and adrenaline rush made him strong enough to be able to land a punch in Derek's biceps.

"Let me go!" He screamed.

"Like hell I would!" Derek snarled and tried to take his arms. But Stiles wouldn't have any of it. He is getting out of this place today- now. He managed to push away from him. And made just a few steps away before Derek caught him. He pressed him against his chest in an attempt to stifle his furious moves, but Stiles would stop struggling only if they'd manage to kill him now. But then Derek moved down and he felt his teeth sink into the side of his neck. As soon as they drew blood the wave of soft dizziness started to take him over.

*What did he do again?!* Was Stiles' last clear thought before his body involuntarily relaxed and softened in Derek's arms.

"Scott, Liam, bring a new door." Stiles felt the soft mattress of Derek's bed underneath him and curled on it comfortably. He was so sleepy. He heard Scott and Liam walking away into distance. Derek sighed somewhere close. Then his palm was placed on Stiles' hip. Even more comfortable.

"What the hell am I doing?" He heard and vaguely agreed. Then he just slept.
Chapter 7

Stiles slowly and lazily got his consciousness back. Derek's arm was comfortable weight on his chest and he curled around it half asleep. He heard a pleased sound from the werewolf and sighed.

Werewolf.

Stiles opened his eyes in alarm. He entertained the possibility that the last day was just a dream, the figment of his crazy imagination, hallucination provoked by his imprisonment. But no. He could see the broken bathroom door, there was still the fight debris. (Doesn't Derek bother to clean or something?) And the destroyed door to Derek's room were replaced by ill fitting green monstrosity. Probably from the attic judging by the spider's webs still covering the panels. Stiles absorbed all of this in a second. Then he allowed himself to freak out that he is in quite literal grasp of the werewolf. Actual werewolf!

He tried not to hyperventilate. Last thing he needed was for Derek to wake up while he's getting away. And he is getting away. This was no joke. These people were crazy, unnatural super humans - werewolves. And Stiles was in their midst! Don't get him wrong- he would be all for support of minorities and supernatural, it's really cool and that, but not when he is held captive by the said supernatural minority. God, he hoped it's just a minority!

So, for now, he needs to get the hell away. Then he can asses the situation from safe distance. And then he will... he needs to get away for starters.

Oh my god, what if he's going to change too?!

No. He can't be thinking these disturbing thoughts. He had to find the best way of escape now.

Stiles heart beat like crazy. He was really surprised Derek's arm on his chest is not vibrating with it. He carefully slid his arm down and slipped out of the bed. He immediately took a few steps backwards in case Derek decides to wake up that same moment and tries to grab him. His face looked so handsome and so human in sleep. Stiles swallowed the wave of lust which was making him track the lines of his hot male body covered just by the tiny linen sheets.

He tore his eyes away. No, he definitely won't return to touch the scrubby stubble or the sexy line of Derek's throat, just no.

He silently moved to the door. He had to be extremely silent, Stiles didn't even understand how can he get so stealthy suddenly- normal Stiles would stumble and fell down with a surprised cry by now- but the imminent danger makes people do crazy cool stuff apparently. And, the important thing - he was almost certain that Derek would have superior hearing. And all the others too.

He touched the door lightly, seeing if he can push or pull them open. He was sure that Erica and Isaac are werewolves too. The yellowish eyes and claws were quite telling.

He touched the door lightly, seeing if he can push or pull them open. He was sure that Erica and Isaac are werewolves too. The yellowish eyes and claws were quite telling.

So. He's now captured in the house full of weres, with superhuman speed, hearing and deadly claws, not to forget the fucking canines and weird eyecolor changing ability. He was not sure what the last one was for, but it would be definitely something dangerous.

Stiles' got to get away and tell somebody. Tell somebody quickly before it spreads. What if it is like some contagious disease which turns people into werewolves upon- he didn't know - fluids exchange or something! Stiles may be in danger too! He was bitten by werewolf for god's sake! Already multiple times on the neck. Does Derek take him for some food or something? Oh my
god, maybe he does. Stiles was freaking out again and he couldn't help it. He also very well remembered the beast that bit his leg. Stiles knew the wolf was nothing less then supernatural, just remembering the eyes - his breath hitched at the thought and his eyes flickered to Derek sleeping in the bed. It can't be -

Stiles didn't know what to think right now. The sweat on his neck turned cold and his hands started to tremble. He gritted his teeth and looked back towards the door. It didn't fit the frame very well and he could easily push it out. He winced when they softly screeched and anxiously looked over the shoulder. But Derek didn't wake up, he just snuggled the pillow Stiles was sleeping on more. Stiles took a relieved breath and kept softly pushing until he could slip outside.

He went through the hallway trying to be as silent as possible. There were multiple doors on the way, Stiles guessed they belonged to the others.

He got to the end and slowly crept down the stairs. He was trying desperately not to run. He knew it would be just inviting disaster to happen.

He needed to get help - he didn't know what exactly happened to Scott, turning werewolf and all that. But, he had to help him. And the first step would be to get his dad.

He stopped abruptly when he heard the voices. Yes, it was already bright outside, so it was not strange that somebody is having breakfast already, but still Stiles gritted his teeth in frustration. Anyway, he had to go around whoever was in the kitchen, so he stealthily sneaked closer and willed them not to hear him.

"...still searching," he heard Erica's voice, when he stepped closer.

"They found his car?" male voice he didn't recognize.

"Yep." She must have started to prepare her sandwich or something, and Stiles frowned. He wanted her- needed her to continue.

"It's the same like with Jackson." And what? Stiles gripped his arm. He knew that Jackson had to be connected somehow, and here was fucking proof.

"They called him in for the questioning," Erica said with obvious glee.

"He's struggling," said the guy with sympathy.

"Yeah, whatever."

"You know, it's important- we would be done for if he let something slip."

"Then Derek shouldn't have let him go," she must have strucked something while saying that.

"You know, he had to, Erica." There was silence for a while and Stiles was on the verge of running in demanding answers. But he was well aware of how stupid that would be, so he stayed were he was.

"Yeah," her voice got a small dreamy vibe to it, as if she was forgetting herself there for a second. It was so not like Erica that Stiles almost got concerned for her. Almost.

"He would definitely die without her." She finished suddenly slightly annoyed, but serious.

After a while Stiles heard some characteristic rustling and moaning. They were snogging. That
must be his perfect opportunity to go.

Stiles could see the front door from where he was standing. He quickly flew through open space where they could spot him by any chance and silently but very quickly advanced to the front door. Just when he was halfway there, his ankle finally managed to keep his reputation intact and stumbled. He brushed against the dark wood cabinet or shoe locker or whatever it was. The empty vase posed on it wavered and Stiles caught it just so-so before it could crush to the ground and bring the bloodthirsty werewolves on his head. He let out shaky breath and returned the vase safely to its position. Then he continued to the front door. God, he was so glad Erica and whoever that was, were still snogging.

He got out of the house.

He would have bumped his fist in the air, but it was not safe yet. Nothing was safe until he got to his dad, who was probably in these forrest searching for him with the other deputies. Stiles looked behind to the windows, tracking if there's somebody looking. But nobody was there. If there was, Stiles knew for sure, he would not get far. So, now is the time to run like crazy.

He broke into spring directly into the woods. He didn't care which direction, getting away as far as possible from that house, was all that mattered. He reached the first line of the forrest and passed only a few trees when he felt it. The strange shimmer in the air. As if he crossed some kind of border, where he left behind silence and rushed into the noise. But Stiles didn't have time to think about that. He had to run.

He jumped over fallen branches, evaded the trunks appearing unexpectedly in his way, again with the same agility as when he run from the wolf the first time. His wound started to throb more with his muscles straining. He almost didn't feel it last few days. Sometimes even completely forgot that it's even there, but now the sensation was coming back with each jump. Stiles was certain that it's tearing again, he just hoped he'd hold until he got to safety. Because he had to.

Suddenly he heard a roar in the distance from the direction of the house. He looked over the shoulder, which was a mistake because then he didn't see the small rock which made him stumble. Stiles fell on his knees with a new pain in one of his feet.

"Fuck," he muttered and quickly got up. It was now difficult to run when it jolted with fresh pain every step. He forced himself to limp forward as quickly as he could. But he didn't cross even 10 meters when he heard the sharp rustling of leaves and branches being swiftly pulled aside or broken down. He heard it once before. No. He made himself go faster despite the pain killing now both of his legs.

The black shadow overpassed him and the black wolf stood in his path, Stiles almost fell on his back trying to evade the collision.

"Good doggie," he breathed out shakily with outstretched arms. The wolf growled upon hearing his voice. It was the same one as before- the same one who bit him. Stiles swallowed hard and found the courage to step on the side, but the wolf moved with him keeping him face to face.

"Let me pass, ok? Be a good champ," he continued trying for very calm and steady voice, a master's voice- if that can even work for a wolf. But his efforts were futile based on the increase of said wolf's growling. He probably didn't like the nicknames. Oh God, those red eyes were so distracting. Stiles stiffened suddenly. He looked at the wolf sharply and licked his lips in disturbing thought.

"…Derek?" He didn't want to say it. But wolf stopped growling for a second, then huffed. Like in
agreement.

"Oh God," Stiles breathed out and backed away when Derek/wolf? - he still didn't believe it, moved towards him. He couldn't accept this. There's still possibility that it's just a coincidence. That wolf didn't actually react to Derek's name. But if it's real, he's got not only dangerous predator in his way, he's got the intelligent predator. He couldn't decide what is worse.

Growling wolf/Derek kept coming closer and Stiles kept backing away. Just when Derek/wolf has got enough of the tension, he moved with menacing speed which Stiles just couldn't withstand. He turned and run. He almost didn't hear how Derek/wolf growled behind him because of wind and rustling leafs and his own pulse. He dodged the trunks, run over the stones not surprised anymore how good he is in that. Mortal danger must be helping. He clung to the crazy almost fanatical belief that he can outrun the beast behind him.

Soon, as the wolf was getting closer, his paws changed into human legs and there was man chasing Stiles instead. That made him more frightened and strangely excited. He almost stumbled on the rock in the way because of that, but dodged it last millisecond. But Derek didn't waver at all. He got closer and closer. Stiles could almost feel his breath on his neck however impossible in their speed it may be. Then strong arm grabbed him by the shoulder and Derek pressed him against his chest.

"Do you think, it was a good idea to give me the chase?" He breathed into Stiles' disheveled hair and his arm caressed his front.

"Let me go," his voice was all breathy, not convincing at all. Stiles tried to kick him with his good leg, but couldn't aim very well in such a position. Derek was holding him too strong.

He didn't reply anyway. He brought his mouth to his neck so roughly as if he couldn't resist. When the teeth sank in, Stiles felt it in his cock. He pressed back to Derek getting closer, without actual intention. Derek growled into him and sucked. He was making his mark on Stiles, and that made him almost loose it. Derek's hands restraining him a moment before started to feel the patterns of his chest. One of them climbed up and he pressed his two fingers against Stiles's nipple through the T-shirt.

Oh my god, oh my god was the only other thing Stiles could hear through his treacherous mind screaming More!

His breathing got shallow and skin almost uncomfortably hot. He didn't care that Derek is an inhuman werewolf, he needed his hands on his body. Yesterday was too late.

"What are you doing to me," Derek whispered breathily and licked the wound. Stiles didn't care to find an answer when his hands reached under the T and pushed it up uncovering his chest for the cold air. Derek growled when his nipples hardened in exposure.

"So beautiful," Derek breathed in his hair not even realizing he is saying something. Stiles' skin under his touch was so hot. It burned his fingertips and the press of Stiles' ass against his groin was deliciously painful. When he'd seen him running away before, his wolf couldn't resist such an invitation. But even without it, his scent was too strong. Derek was lost in it. His hands mapped Stiles' chest almost without his volition. He could hear his soft shallow breathing and strong beats of the heart and above all, he could smell his arousal.

Derek took his right nipple between two fingers and squeezed. Stiles involuntarily moaned.

"Derek," he wanted to tell him to stop, but didn't have enough strength to finish the sentence.
Derek growled into his neck, where he must have created such a bruise with his lips. Stiles was sure of that. And it was scary how much he liked the idea.

"Please," his cock was so hard. He wanted Derek to let him touch it, to let him relieve it, but he was restraining his arms. Or he wanted to escape, he wasn't sure. He never got this far with anyone. He didn't want to get this far with Derek.

"Let me go," he moaned. Derek almost lost it when he heard that breathless tone. Stiles' pheromones were attacking all his willpower. He wanted to press him against the nearest tree, pull down his pants and fuck his tight little ass right there. But he shouldn't do it. He was trying very much not to.

"Derek, please…" Derek suddenly left his neck and Stiles almost whined at the loss of his hot lips on the spot. But before he could accidentally do that, Derek turned him around. Stiles had just enough time to glimpse his heated face before Derek kissed him hard. Stiles didn't even think about it. He opened mouth automatically and moaned around Derek's invading tongue. His rationality was officially done. He pressed his face under Derek's jaw and moaned when he felt his finger frantically move up and down as if his was almost fucking him with it.

"Stiles," Derek pronounced his name with such a need that it made him whimper even more. Stiles wanted him to put his finger in, god, how he wanted it.

"Derek, please," he wasn't asking him to release him this time, he was asking for more. Derek wanted to press in, just one digit, just one to feel how it would be inside him, doing him. But he's got to resist this, or he would really put his cock in, he knew, and that would be the end. He can't let that happen.

It was obvious that Stiles was not thinking rationally anymore. His mind was focusing on only one thing. And he was underaged. Derek is going to kill himself as soon as they get out of these woods. But it was impossible for him to stop touching Stiles now. So Derek extracted his fingers from Stiles' sweet cleft ignoring his disapointed whimper at the loss. He moved to his front and Stiles gasped when his fingers encircled his hard cock.

"Derek," he growled hearing his name from that sexy mouth and sunk his teeth back on the spot on Stiles' neck. He moaned again. The teeth didn't hurt him at all, it was as if new wave of soft arousal was flowing down. Stiles wanted Derek to move his hand, he needed touch. And Derek obliged him soon.

"Oh, fuck," the feeling of Derek's hands on his cock were nothing like what he experienced before. It didn't compare at all to his own hand, to anything.

Stiles was moaning at the movements, barely recognizing the soft breaths and gasps as his own. And Derek growling to his neck spreading the vibration down his spine was so, so arousing.

The next stroke made him come. He gasped when Derek didn't let go amd continued to massage it out of him. Every last drop.
When Stiles breathing calmed down, Derek extracted his teeth from his flesh and wiped his hand on his tight. Stiles was all mewled out. Honestly, he didn't care at all that his kidnapper got him off. Or that Derek was kind of naked. Apparently, when one changes into wolf, his clothes don't change with him. Stiles wanted to just lie down there and sleep.

"Oh, gross," said the female voice from behind the trees. Based on the glee, it was Erica.

"You couldn't wait until you get back to the room?" Smirk on her face when she appeared, huge dark guy trailing behind her, was revealing. Stiles hastily covered himself up and tried not to die from mortification.

"So, you got him?" Said the guy fixing Stiles with unwavering gaze. He throw Derek a set of clothes.

"Thanks, Boyd." Derek started to dress up and Stiles was distracted by the way his muscles played when he had to bend over to do it. Oh, that body was on his body! And apparently, the excitement still didn't go entirely away. When he noticed Erica is smirking at him, the blood rushed to his face and he forced himself to look away.

"What took you?" Derek asked and regarded his betas with discontent. He was sure that if they hurried a little, he wouldn't be so temped to get his hands on Stiles. Who was trying very hard not to look his way, now.

"I knew, you got it," Erica replied confidently. He would love to strangle her at that moment, but then Boyd would feel obliged to take revenge and Derek really didn't want to break his neck. He liked Boyd. Unlike the majority of his inherited pack. Erica knew it too, because she winked at Stiles, who was becoming redder with every passing second - oh, how Derek liked that look on him- and turned leading the way back to the house.

Stiles contemplated escape - he wasn't brain dead just from some awesome sexual pleasure. He could still turn and run for it. He would probably be caught again, but he could try. Out of the principle. But before he could move a muscle, Derek turned back to him.

"Don't even think about it," he glared at him and grabbed his arm. Derek started to pull him behind him like a child.

"I can walk," Stiles winced when pain jolted through his ankle. Derek stopped and looked almost worried for a second, but then he turned his glare back on again. Like a fucking charm.

"Are you hurt?" He glanced at his ankle and bend down to touch it.

"Don't-" but Derek already reached down and pain intensified tenfold. And then suddenly decreased to practically nothing. Stiles was so surprised that he almost missed black veins appearing on Derek's arm.

"What is that?" He asked curiously. Derek didn't reply immediately. He glanced up at him, then back down.

"We take pain," he stated flatly and moved up so suddenly that Stiles almost stumbled. When he moved away, Stiles' pain returned and he gritted his teeth to stop himself from whimpering.

"You shouldn't have run," Derek glared at him again, what Stiles returned with his own glare. Sure he should, obviously.

"Come on," Derek took his arm under his shoulders now and made him hobble back to where he so
painstakingly escaped from. Well, Stiles didn't plan to give up ever, so. Now, he had to focus on
toning down his excitement from the close proximity. The man had his hands on his dick! And
now he's acting like nothing happened! Stiles was almost grateful for his injury, because it helped
diminishing the arousal. Not by much, but at least some. That was very little consolation, though.

As they came closer to his prison, Stiles felt that strange shimmer in the air again. This time he
curiously looked around. He had all the time in the world now, to investigate, he swallowed bitterly.

"What is this?" He turned to Derek, when the noise of the forrest abruptly stopped. Derek's face
was surprisingly close, now that he was frowning at him again.

"You feel it?"

"Yeah?" Derek huffed and looked like all his problems suddenly increased.

When they came back to the house, Stiles had the first opportunity to look at it from the outside
actually. It was quite impressive. The house had two floors with the nice front porch, where there
were left 2 old chairs for someone to sit on and enjoy the view to the garden. Or to the trees to be
more precise. Ground floor was lined with big size windows belonging to the kitchen and the living
room. Stiles wasn't sure if there are also other rooms. Second floor had a little less big windows
and there was more of them. Every individual room had to have at least one.

When they hobbled out from behind the trees, Erica and Boyd waited for them. Is she ever
planning to stop smirking or what? Stiles thought annoyed. He decided he liked Boyd more, the
man just watched him and Derek with neutral, kind - if one can even consider a member of
supernatural kidnapper circle as a kind- eyes. While possessively wrapping his arm around Erica's
waist. Erica was still smirking, of course.

Scott and Liam came from behind the house, obviously in high spirit with their T-shirts wet from
sweat. Coming back from the training? Stiles felt a pang of jealousy. Scott was his best friend and
he spent a year desperately searching for him, while he was enjoying himself here being a
werewolf with superpowers. Scott noticed him then, and his easygoing smile disappearing when he
saw Derek holding him. He scrunched his face in concern. Was it that apparent that Stiles hurt his
ankle? Stiles felt both annoyed and grateful for his friend's everlasting need to heal people- or
animals, if his asthma would allow it.

"Stiles, are you-" Scott halted after 2 steps. Stiles raised eyebrows in confusion, and then Scott's
face heated up and he looked away. Oh my god, don't tell me- Stiles felt his own face getting red
and he would have jumped away from Derek if the man wouldn't hold him so firmly.

"Are you ok?" Scott finally managed and looked at him, then at Derek and then at Liam and
basically everyone.

"Oh, I think he is more then alright," Erica laughed. Boyd released her waist and went sighing
inside. Apparently, he's not going to try to rein his girlfriend in. Great.

"Keep it down, Erica," Derek glared at her and resumed march towards the front stairs taking Stiles
with him.

"What? I'm speaking normally," she replied with smirk when they passed her.

"I'm ok, Scott," Stiles called after him and really, Derek could slow down a bit. Stiles is injured
here!

"I'll get you some ice on it," Scott said anyway and rushed to the house before them.
"Thanks! That's my man," Stiles would feel almost like during the old times, if it weren't for Derek glaring daggers in his forehead. He could literally feel it! What's his problem now.

"Hello, Stiles." Dr. Deaton suddenly appeared on the porch effectively blocking them from entering. Stiles raised eyebrows again at the sight of his very polite smile.

"Uh, hi doc," Derek stopped them and huffed. No one said anything and for the time being there were only noises of probably Scott rummaging in the kitchen and the TV. Although, Stiles could still hear Erica's smirk.

"So, I am here as discussed," Dr. Deaton's words were obviously directed at Derek, but his eyes never left Stiles.

"Yeah, I know," Derek sounded very unhappy. Stiles glanced at him, but he couldn't find anything in his unreadable face. His pulse quickened and he felt new drops of sweat form on his neck. He didn't like the way Deaton was looking at him at all. Derek must have realized sudden tension in Stiles because he subtly lifted his hand and pressed his fingers to the back of his neck in, what was supposed to be reassurance. Stiles hated that it partly worked.

"Shall we go to…the living room?" Dr. Deaton asked when none of them said anything. Derek sighed and steered Stiles in that direction. They entered a nice looking big space full of comfy looking sofas with large couch situated in the centre in front of big plasma. Isaac was sitting there with a sandwich in hand.

"Isaac, out," Derek commanded which made the guy slowly close his mouth from attempting to take a bite out of the said sandwich.

"But, I was watching-"

"Out." Isaac shut his mouth annoyed.

"We will hear everything anyway," he tried.

"Out, I said."

"Ok, ok, I'm going." He frowned at Stiles as if this was his fault. Which it wasn't ok? He was the victim in all this!

"I'll just give Stiles the ice," Scott rushed in almost colliding with Isaac. Stiles sat down on the couch and he would have slept right then and there, but all the tension in the room made him quite alert. Derek dropped down next to him and helped Scott press the ice on the swelling ankle. Honestly, Stiles would much more preferred if Derek took another sofa or stood in the corner like before or something. He cannot very well concentrate if the man's presence would continue to oppress him.

"So Stiles," Dr. Deaton positioned himself directly in front of the plasma looking ready for some sinister speech pronounced with polite smile.

"Derek and I had a chance to discuss your potential," he begun.

"My... potential." Stiles was liking this less and less.

"Yes," Dr. Deaton looked at him expectantly.

"What sort of… potential?" Dr. Deaton glanced at Derek and then took a deep breath.
"Your magical potential."

"Excuse me?" Stiles was sure he misheard. He looked at Deaton and when his expression didn't change, to Derek. Not one of them looked like they may shout "april's fool" anytime soon. Maybe they are crazy? Well, of course they are. Being werewolves and federal offenders and all that.

"You are joking, right?" Stiles was not amused.

"No, Stiles. I am very serious." Dr. Deaton clasped his arms and looked at him with hope. That was also disturbing.

"You are, what we call a "spark"."

And what again?
"You are, what we call "spark".

"What." Stiles felt himself tensing the more eager Dr. Deaton seemed.

"A spark. It is a person with potential magical abilities, which can be either developed or forgotten. The reason why these individuals are called sparks is because it is entirely subjective whether the spark becomes a flame or remains dormant."

"Uh, ok." Stiles was very curious, but he was also freaked out a little. Why is he telling him all this?

"I want to express," Dr. Deaton took a breath and looked very serious suddenly. "That you could be… useful, Stiles."

"Ok," Stiles said cautiously. "What exactly do you mean?"

Derek sighed and Dr. Deaton grinned.

Stiles really didn't like this at all.

"How useful?" He looked suspiciously from one to another.

"With the specified training you could be able to do magic." Dr. Deaton continued in all seriousness.

"You're kidding, right?" Really, this nonsense was going too far.

"No, Stiles. I am afraid I am not."

"Yeah? So you are saying I, Stiles Stilinski, can do magic." He really expected them to start laughing now. He pressed his lips together more when Derek's expression didn't change at all. That clearly means that not only did he partake in sexy activities with his kidnapper, but also a crazy lunatic. Great, Stiles. Way to go! Have your first second hand wank with hot werewolf madman.

"Yes," Deaton answered, obviously not privy to his personal thoughts. Lucky! Stiles thought sarcastically.

"Uh-uh," he curled up the corner of his mouth.

"Then prove it." He comfortably leaned his back to the couch. And then he sprung up glaring at Derek whose arm was draped over it. The man just stared back at him, but after a few seconds of staring contest he eventually put his hand away. Ok, Stiles could now comfortably press to the cushions and observe Deaton expectantly. Not that he would produce anything, the second lunatic.

"The proof is in front of my eyes," he gestured at Stiles sitting there, who then uncomfortably looked down at himself trying to decide what about this borrowed T-shirt says- "I'm magic."

"Just simple truth that you rejected the bite and didn't become a werewolf, plus there are not any signs of you dying-" Stiles did the double take at that. "Is the proof that your blood is magic. Such blood is not changed easily."

And of course. There is not any glitters or small stars appearing around Stiles' body or anything.
The proof that he is magic is in that he is completely normal. Stiles snorted.

"Why does it seems like you don't believe me," Deaton examined him from behind his proud standing nose.

"Of course, I don't believe you!" Is that even a question? Stiles couldn't believe that they are honestly trying to persuade him about this ridiculousness.

"Stiles, there are werewolves." Derek told him sternly.

"And what?" He snapped his face at him. "Does that mean I have to be magic too?"

Derek just sighed exasperated and run his hand through his hair. Quite a sexy move, huh? No, Stiles- focus. So he turned his attention to Deaton, who now regarded him with immense disappointment.

Whatever. He was supposed to get away, but Derek caught him. And now, not only is Stiles' dad out there searching for him, while Stiles is receiving a hand job from his fucking kidnapper, but local vet is trying to brainwash him into thinking that he's an actual magician! He really does not give a fuck about what Deaton has to say right now.

"You felt the wards," Derek said to him with sigh.

"The …wards." Stiles frowned at Deaton who looked very pleased by Derek's statement. "Like what is that?"

"It is the protection, a barrier of sorts," Deaton leaned in closer from his standing point and it looked quite creepy with that "I know everything" glint in his eye.

"I set around the house."

"You admitted that you can feel it, when we came back," Derek looked at him sideways. "It was another give-away."

"What? Just that I could feel weird shimmer in the air, doesn't mean anything!"

"You felt the shimmer?" Deaton looked at him with renewed interest. Oh my god, Stiles cursed his uncontrollable mouth.

"Yeah…?"

"That means that you could recognize the magic set in place. Not simply feel the effect it had." Oh great. Stiles pushed himself further into the couch as if he could somehow disappear from the immense attention he was receiving right now.

"Werewolves can only hear the sudden silence." Derek stated unhappily. Stiles could see in his scrunched face how he wished they could do more. Well, he certainly did not- they were terrifying as it is.

"This is very outstanding, Stiles." Deaton pressed his hands together in consideration.

"Of course, your magical ability was obvious from the speed of your healing." Stiles looked at his leg, where Derek bit him and he had to recognize that there is something to it. He knew with a wound like that, he should be healing at least a few weeks before he could stand up. But here he was, running through the forest like nothing ever happened. Well, not nothing- he could still feel a
"And when you didn't turn, that was a final proof." Stiles was still skeptical of this being proof of anything, but ok - he will let him speak for a moment. The more the information, the better.

"So, you can't turn, ehm, ...sparks?"

"No, we can't." Derek relaxed on the couch, as if Stiles asking questions was a good sign- he is in for a big surprise, then. Stiles glanced at him and the soft touch he felt for the entire time on the back of his neck made him suddenly super irritated. He tried to put some subtle distance between his neck and Derek's arm, but Derek kept moving with him. God.

"Can you put your arm away?" He asked, or more like, demanded. Derek frowned, but did as he asked after a few seconds. Stiles let out a soft sigh feeling liberated. But scrunched up his face the moment after, because the sting from the bite intensified and the pain in his ankle was abruptly back. Deaton was looking at him with compassion, and Stiles immediately hated it. So he sculpted his face into neutrality and looked at the doctor defensively.

"No magical creature can change the other to it's image," Deaton said sounding like a quote from some schoolbook. "Only vampires are rumored to have this ability, but that is not yet proven." A what? Are the fucking vampires real too? God, he really needs a break from all of this. His heartbeat was also acting all abnormal lately. He should have died from a heart attack long time ago being exposed to this fucking nonsense. But here he is, and his heart only did a mildly stronger jolt upon hearing the word "vampires". Great, he's becoming insane.

"Stiles," he hated how his name dropped down from Deaton's mouth just now- it sounded exactly how someone sounds when they want to use you.

"I could train you in magic." If he expected applause or Stiles gratefully dropping to his knees in front of him, he was solely mistaken.

"And do what," Stiles crossed his arms on his chest and observed him defensively.

"It would be great waste of talent if you remained ignorant." Deaton looked genuinely surprised there's even a question. But yeah, he didn't know Stiles. At all.

"Pfft, yeah, sure. Teach me magic, oh great vet." Deaton frowned at him, then looked at Derek, which pissed off Stiles even more.

"I don't understand where is the problem," Deaton's arms fell to his sides.

"Really? I will tell you- whole this!" Stiles encompassed entire room, Derek and Deaton in the sweep of hand. "First of all, why do you want to teach me anything? And I tell you, I don't believe that idealistic nonsense about spreading knowledge. What do you want from me?" He looked at Deaton, then at Derek who hardened his jaw.

"Really what." He fell silent but when neither of them answer, he gritted his teeth and shrugged in annoyed fashion which left no doubt.

"You know what? It doesn't even matter, because I won't help you in any way. I won't become your magical pet or anything, do you get it?" He was breathing hard. Oh god, he was so furious. How can it even come to their minds, that he would assist them while being held there against his will. Are they nuts?! Jesus.

No one said anything for the time being. Deaton was looking from Stiles to Derek, obviously
expecting Derek to interfere.

"You can start teaching tomorrow Deaton." Stiles gaped at him.

"What? Didn't you hear what I just-"

"It doesn't matter what you think, Stiles." Derek turned to him staring hard into his eyes.

"The fact is that I need you, and you're going to learn." Stiles would love to step back a little, but he could only push himself more into the sofa. Not that it did anything to lessen the intensity of that uncomfortable stare.

"So I will arrive at noon, I suppose." Deaton said in very professional manner and left the room. Stiles would much more preferred if he stayed. Derek was still staring at him and Stiles didn't seem to break the contact between them. It started to stir the want in his body again. Damn it.

"Ok," he somehow managed to tear away. "Just so you know, I have no intention to learn anything. I will plug my ears if I'll have to." Derek just snorted. Than he stood up and offered Stiles his hand. Before Stiles had a chance to refuse and stare at him like he was crazy, the door left slightly open behind Deaton swung wider letting Erica, Isaac and Scott in.

"So I heard you're gonna study magic," from Erica's lips it sounded like the inevitable thing, which is by all means going to happen. He glared at her.

"Stiles, that's amazing," Scott added and-seriously? Does his best friend want to support this...this propaganda brainwash?! Because that's exactly what this is going to be.

"It's not amazing, Scott." Scott gave him his brand of sad puppy look just than and Stiles almost went to comfort him, but at last moment he made himself stop. Scott was... not like himself here. And Stiles didn't know how to fix it yet.

"Anyway, I'm not going to study anything." Isaac simply rolled his eyes in "yeah, sure" kind of way and put his palm on Scott's shoulder giving him friendly support. Stiles glared at him. That one simple gesture spoke volumes about their friendship, about the long time they spent together, about all the time Stiles was away refusing to believe his best friend- or former best friend by the look of things- was dead. It almost made him punch Isaac in the face. Or Scott. Or both of them. Before he could decide though, Derek touched him lightly on the neck and immediately a calming sensation spread all over his limbs.

"Stop it," he snapped at him instead and stepped away, out of his reach. But the urge to smash something went out of him already. Really, this voodoo of Derek's made him so irritated. Maybe Deaton would know how to shield against it or something. And that was another annoying thought - by the time he realizes what's happening, he'd turn into a wicca supporter. Over his dead body.

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He did study the magic. At least Deaton was too persistent and Stiles too curious for his own good. Dr. Deaton showed up as promised the next day. Stiles seriously wondered how is it possible that Police department didn't notice at all local vet's frequent visits into the woods. Isn't it like a really suspicious thing to do? Especially at this time? When Scott and Stiles both are officially missing? Jesus.

He thought of Jackson. Stiles didn't forget that little piece of information he got eavesdropping on Erica and Boyd. Jackson who was in on all of this and who was apparently allowed to walk away. Why? What was so special about the asshole that they let him out? He was mad just thinking about
it. That Jackson had all the info and he just let Stiles in the dark, eventually causing his kidnapping! He never liked the dick.

"Stiles, pay attention please," Deaton waved his hand in front of him and made him snap out of his reverie.

"Yeah, what?" he sat straighter subconsciously. His respect for "the teacher" couldn't be be so easily suppressed.

"I was explaining the importance of the self consciousness. If you want to draw magic, you will have to pay attention to your inner self and mind not to draw to much. Many had already died that way."

Stiles didn't even know how to draw anything yet, so he was clearly out of the danger due to the excess power usage. But Deaton apparently didn't care, because he continued explaining all the "not-to-dos".

He and Stiles were sitting in the study. Stiles was still amazed that there was a study to begin with. The walls were filled with books, some of them were in little decayed looking state, though. He honestly wondered if the werewolves don't mind the smell of it, even he could smell it. Derek didn't move a muscle, when he showed him in, so he was probably used to it. Ok, not his business anyway.

The majority of the books was looking great. They were old, the oldest of them bound in wrinkled leather and Stiles wanted to immediately touch them, but Deaton's stare and Stiles' pretense that he was not at all interested in any of this, was keeping him away with his hands tucked forcibly into the pockets of his jeans. Well, not his, again borrowed ones. And again too big for him. He really didn't get why anybody at least roughly his size wouldn't let him borrow his stuff. Come on, Scott should lend him clothes, no? But the only ones he was allowed to wear were Derek's. Talk about discrimination. Nobody else was forced to look like a midget stuffed in oversized street wear.

So back to the books- aside from leather-bound volumes, library contained old school fabric covered ones and newer editions in shiny paper covers. And some office looking facsimiles and files. Stiles felt strong desire to examine the last group - that was interesting stuff. Maybe he could get to some important proofs he could later use during criminal investigation which would undoubtedly take place once he's done with this.

"So, in order to manifest the pull, you have to extract the energy from within," Deaton's voice resonated through Stiles' busy calculating mind.

"Sorry, what?"

"You were not paying attention again?" Deaton dropped his gesticulating hands down.

"Eh…no?"

"Stiles, you want to learn, don't you?" He had to snort at that. He did not want to learn. That was the problem.

"Come on, you seriously can't convince me that magic - maybe aside from that werewolf stuff - is real." He crossed his arms in a chair opposite the huge wooden desk he was sprawled in.

"Even, when I do this?" Deaton lifted his finger and small candle like flame came out of the tip. When it then lifted up and separated from the skin to form a small ball of fire traveling in smooth motion towards his face, Stiles gasped. And moved quickly out of the way. But the ball gained the
speed and quickly circled him until it disappeared with the sucking sound. Like when the fire is put out.

"Whoa," was all he managed to say to that.

"So, are you willing to learn seriously now?" Deaton asked him and Stiles couldn't answer honesty. He didn't want to but he did. It was all so weird. So strange. Crazy.

"Ok," he said very unhappily after a while and Deaton showed him thin-lipped victorious smile. Stiles knew he is betraying himself by accepting this, but he was just, he just couldn't pass this up, after what he's seen. It was impossible. Even though he had no idea why would Deaton want to teach him this so much, if he. Stiles Stilinski, could do magic, that would by fucking awesome!

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He walked up the stairs in the evening quite exhausted. Deaton left home few minutes ago, finally. By the end of it, Stiles was really hoping he would go home already and leave him alone with all that new information and strange sensations his brain literally felt now. Deaton kept teaching him the use of energy and Stiles felt drained, even though, he did nothing, just stood there in the study. But Deaton seemed satisfied. Not that Stiles would be pleased by that, not at all. Really.

He opened the door to Derek's room automatically. By the time he realized what he'd done, he already stepped in. Well, to his defense, it was not like he had anywhere else to sleep. And he would not voluntarily return to the basement, thank you very much. He looked at Derek, who was sprawled on the bed reading something, almost defiantly.

"You finished early," he said calmly and looked up from his book. Derek didn't seem at all surprised that Stiles came to his room. Yeah, he was the one who ordered him to stay there for the first time, but still. It's weird.

"Early?" His brain finally caught on after being distracted by Derek's six pac being kind of on display under the thin fabric of the old T-shirt. "We were there for hours!"

"Still, that's early." He sat up and put the paperback aside. "I expected you to be done after eleven, or so."

"Yeah, maybe I am too weak for such long lesson," Stiles snapped at him and looked sideways. He didn't know what to do with his body. Like, to sit or to stand, or to leave or what. This was so awkward. Speaking of awkward, he remembered the scene from the forest now. His face heated up he sighed, what the hell was he thinking? Allowing Derek to touch him like that. While his dad was probably somewhere nearby searching for his body. That last thought effectively killed his rising boner and he glared at the source of all his problems.

"Why don't you let me go?" He didn't even meant to ask it, such a stupid question, but it was out now. Derek's jaw hardened and he trailed his gaze along Stiles throat down his torso and lower. Stiles gulped. This was certainly not the answer he was expecting.

"What do you want from me?" It was just a whisper, but it made Derek snap his eyes back to his face and Stiles was so grateful for that.

"Enough," Derek growled. "I can smell your exhaustion," really? He could? Stiles did not like that.

"Just come sleep," Stiles looked at him, then at the place on the bed next to Derek, then back at him.
"Oh, for god's sake," before he could move, Derek was out of bed reaching for him.

"Wait! Can't we just-" He was shown unceremoniously under the blanket. The light switched off.

"No." Derek said from behind him sounding irritatingly satisfied. What the hell is wrong with him?

"I haves still my shoes on!"

"Then get them off," without waiting for his answer, Derek's arm crawled up on his waist.

"What? Derek, stop touching me, ok?" Even to his ears it sounded like a useless whining. What the fuck is his life now, seriously. He got his shoes off with some difficulties, because he was trying to avoid any additional contact with Derek as much as possible. The worst thing was, he knew hundred percent he's gay now. Especially with Derek's arm pressing him towards man's six pac.

"Asshole," he muttered to the pillow and that was it. Derek's arm on him just tightened.
The days he was held were slowly turning to weeks and Stiles was becoming more and more agitated. He was constantly watched. After a few day when Derek didn't let him leave his bedroom, only for Deaton's visits, he finally cracked - Stiles' almost constant rants and the fact, that he had found multiple members of the pack at different times a day camping out in front of his door talking to Stiles through them, may be a part of the reason for alpha's change of heart - and he could finally move around. At least inside the house. Whether he tried to go outside, a pack member would appear out of nowhere to "gently" lead him back inside. Stiles liked - no, disliked - disliked! - when the said member was Derek, who would just grab him and carry him inside. Really disgraceful, he could walk ok?! But yeah, he could at least move freely inside the house. It was totally different change of perspective for him. He can now snoop around! Whoo-ho!

First place he checked, was the study obviously. He already had many opportunities to do just that, when Derek left him there to wait for Deaton. But these opportunities were too small. Just a few minutes, and he preferred to look through library first, just in case Derek would return with Deaton quicker- he could then pretend to be interested in them, not just Derek's secrets.

To say the truth, he was very much interested in the books. There were multiple volumes on werewolves tucked in various places on the bookshelf. And only a handful of them were in english. One thick monster sized book bound in red leather, was in the language he identified as french and then at least four older and more shabby looking books were either in polish or other slavic language. He cursed himself for not listening to his dad when he wanted him to speak with grandma more frequently. If he did, he would be able to read the damn thing.

What's done, is done. He could do nothing about it for the moment, so he grabbed the english publications - or hand written journals, or whatever- and ruffled through them. He was most interested in the process of creation of a werewolf. How did Scott become one? There were only two ways- being born or bitten. So remembering Scott's asthma, he ruled out the first option (and of course, it would be impossible for Scott to hide something this huge from him, so). That left "being bitten" option.

Ok.

Who bit him? Was it Derek? Probably. Stiles himself being a constant victim of his biting could say that it was very likely. Although he didn't understand why does Derek keep it up, when he knows it's not going to make him a werewolf. Like ever. Apart from making Stiles feel disturbing intense pleasure and general numbing sensation, it didn't do much.

Does Derek also feel pleasure when he bites him? Stiles' face had gone red from the thought.

Jesus. He has to snap out of this! He is on the serious mission here - to get away, with Scott. But he is getting nowhere close to his objective sitting in the study fantasizing about Derek's canines. He must be sick or something.

"Whatcha doin'" Erica asked from between the doors and Stiles almost fell off chair in surprise.

"Just studying," he grumbled at her ruffled that he didn't notice her coming. Not that it's hard to notice a were creature sneaking up on you.
"What happened to you?" He raised an eyebrow finally noticing her disheveled and dirty appearance.

"Oh-this?" She glanced at her muddy T-shirt and took out small branch of leaves which somehow got into her hair.

"I was just running a perimeter- it's my turn today."

"Running a perimeter? Why?"

"To keep watch," she winked and stretched her legs.

"For what?" Erica frowned at him then. Stiles knew he can be annoying with his many questions, but what? He wanted to know. And this looked important.

"Mainly for your human friends now," Stiles felt cold come over his stomach.

"What do you mean?"

"We don't want them to come too close," she said and checked her nails. Not a one of them broken- that was a small miracle if she was circling the house this whole time, but Stiles needed to focus.

"Wouldn't Deaton's wards take care of it?" He gritted the question through his teeth. He asked the vet about that to the utmost detail, and was very unhappy discovering that they were so to say unpenetrable. Damn it.

"Yeah, they would," she replied easily.

"Normally. But occasionally there can be some humans like yourself, who could sniff us out even with them out there." She laughed at his unhappy expression.

"I'm gonna get a shower now," then Erica finally left him alone mulling over this inconvenient informations. So. Some people could get past wards? Like him. Ok, he was a magician, or a spark or whatever. He's going to have to accept the reality. When he tried to think about who else possibly could get past wards, the first person who popped into his mind was Lydia. Lydia Martin- his unrequited love, the girlfriend of known supernatural - Jackson- and a girl with the sharpest mind he knew, and..with sometimes scary look in the eyes. Of course. Stiles didn't know how, but he knew.

"You studying? Voluntarily?" Derek's voice had the hair on his neck stand up straight. In a good way, however uncomfortable was Stiles about that. He turned to see the man slowly come into his study searching for something on his desk in somewhat hesitant way. As if Stiles being here made him nervous. Stiles had to snort at the ridiculous thought.

"Something funny?" Derek asked grumpily and his hand stopped above the crumpled paper he was about to pick up.

"No, just- no, nothing funny," Stiles meant it. There was nothing funny about Derek bending over his desk. It was only extremely hot. Derek nostrils flared two seconds after the thought passed his mind and he immediately straightened up and backed away from Stiles.

Stiles frowned in puzzlement. Was he…? No. No, no, no, no, please no!

"Derek…" He had to know, even if it kills him.
"Do werewolves- do you.." oh god, this was so uncomfortable. "I mean, can you...?" Derek glanced at him and then looked at the books. Stiles bit his lip waiting, both of them knew what he was asking.

"Yeah," Derek looked up at the roof and Stiles face was suddenly at least four shades of red darker. Oh my God.

"Oh my God." Derek's shoulders sagged. He really looked relieved. Like Stiles not realizing was some huge embarrassing burden or something. The bastard.

"Now?" He hated how small does his voice sound. Derek stiffly nodded.

Stiles stood up and left immediately. He heard Erica and probably Isaac laughing loudly- probably for his benefit. One in the kitchen, the other in the bathroom. He swore under his breath.

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Stiles was looking out of the living room window into the trees. He has seen Boyd and Isaac disappearing between them a few minutes earlier, running the perimeter just like Erica did the day before. Why do they even bother? With the wards in the place, it was almost impossible to get in here, as Deaton explained to him yesterday. Stiles gritted his teeth in frustration- his dad was out there searching for him and he couldn't let him know in any way where the fuck he is! Sheriff may have been just a hundred meters away, but he wouldn't hear or see anything, even if Stiles blew up the whole house down.

Thanks to his magic lessons, which now contained an enormous amount of self study - once Stiles could admit to himself how useful it could be - he picked up a few tricks. One of which was listening in on the secret conversations. Although werewolves could clearly hear him wherever he was and they were careful not to speak about anything important when he could overhear (if they weren't distracted like Erica with Boyd that one time), they weren't very knowledgeable about sparks. They definitely did not realize what Stiles was now capable of. He needed to just tune in on specific direction and he could pick up the sounds. Firstly it was more like a broken radio kind of thing, but he was getting better.

Now, as he was standing in front of the window, he listened to Derek speaking with Deaton in the study, from where he was banished just a few minutes ago.

"How is the situation?" Derek's voice got that worried undertone Stiles started to notice only recently.

"Not very good, to tell you the truth." Deaton voice was strangely muffled. "It is worse than it was with Scott. This time, it's sheriff's kid who is missing and people take that more...seriously."

Stiles clenched his fists in a burst of anger his words provoked, even after all the time that passed. Just because he is son of the sheriff, does it mean he's more important than Scott? That his disappearance is more serious matter? What the fuck?

"What are they doing now," Derek's sigh was clear enough.

"Like before, taking the witness statements and trying to trace Stiles' exact path and where he got from the car."

"Erica told me that they already picked up his jeep."

"Yes, they are still searching it over for evidence."
There was silence for such a long moment that Stiles was worried he somehow lost connection. But then Deaton spoke again:

"This time, they are suspecting a turf war."

"What?" Yeah, even Stiles was surprised by that one.

"Yes. They think that the sheriff was the real target and that's why Stiles was taken- as a warning."

"That's ridiculous."

Again a long moment of silence. Stiles heard someone approaching by his normal sense of sound. His heart sped up, the living room was not one of the best places he could choose to listen in on someone. Well, not that anyone aside from Deaton would even suspect he was capable of such a thing.

"It was an accident," Derek continued.

"It was more than that," Deaton sighed. "Right?"

Stiles didn't believe one bit that his kidnapping was some kind of an accident. God, he was chased directly into the tree by a fucking werewolf! Who, he found out was Derek, the alpha, the leader of this criminal supernatural cult. But he couldn't understand why would Deaton feel the need to contradict Derek's ridiculous statement and using such a soft tone to do it as well.

"Deaton, you have to understand."

"Hi man," Scott's voice sounded behind him and Stiles rapidly turned, automatically shutting up the connection. Damn.

"Hi Scott," he looked at his best friend standing there hesitantly. After the revelation of his lycanthropy (yeah, he was now aware of the term) Stiles really looked at him for the first time. He was Scott, without doubt. But he was changed. Nothing on his body reminded Stiles of the gangly and a little unsure boy who hanged out with him after school. He could see the toned muscle one gets only in regular training, also his shoulders were no longer hunched. There was sudden presence in him that made people around feel safe - Stiles was a little worried especially about that part. And there was pain in his eyes he didn't remember from before.

He sighed and walked closer to him. Then he pulled him into the hug. It was their thing before, they hugged when they met up and also when they parted ways. Stiles missed it so much. And Scott must too, because he hugged him back and there was relief as the tension from his muscles dissipated a little.

But then he abruptly stepped back leaving at least a meter distance between them.

"What's wrong?" Stiles asked puzzled. Scott put his palm back on his neck in embarrassment and kind of looked sideways. In the direction of the study. Stiles narrowed his eyes at him. Really? Is there some no touch rule on Derek's orders? His lackeys can't be friendly towards his prisoner? Fuck that. He made a step towards Scott but he resolutely sidestepped him and sat on the couch.

Yep. Stiles and Derek are going to have a chat.

"So, what's up?" He asked sitting annoyed next to him. It was unusual for Scott to be here, this time of the day he normally trained Liam or worked out with Erica.
"I just though… that we could talk," Scott looked down at his hands.

"Yeah…” They really didn't talk that much after Stiles was captured. It looked like Scott has always something to do. And now, that Stiles started taking Magic 101, he was stuck in the study with Deaton to no end.

But Scott didn't say anything for a long, long moment. Well, it was just a few seconds probably, but Stiles was too impatient to deal with any sensibilities now that he finally got him to talk to him.

"What happened Scott? Why are you here, how did it- why?" Scott looked up at him after a long moment that had Stiles vibrate with anxiety and gave him a weak smile.

"I'm so glad to see you," he said instead of an answer. And Stiles was very glad too. He was. But he needed the answers to decide what is the best direction of action.

"I thought that maybe I want be able to talk to any of you anymore," he continued and Stiles knew he meant his mom, Mrs. McCall.

"Why would you think that?"

"Because… because it's dangerous. I didn't want to drag you into this," he waved a hand around encompassing the whole situation and smiled at Stiles apologetically.

"We will help you Scott," he looked at him at earnest and wished that he learned already how to guard the room against the eavesdropping werewolves.

"Just give me time until I figure out how to get out of here and then we-"

"Stiles, it's not that," Scott shook his head and straightened up gazing at him steadily. "I am not held here. I can leave anytime I want."

Stiles recoiled at that. What the fuck is he talking about? Does he mean he could come home wherever he wished during last year, when he and Melissa were searching for him, and didn't? He better not be saying that.

"What the fuck, Scott?"

"It's not that simple." And what?

"What is not simple about the decision to let your best friend, not to mention your mother, know that you're not dead?" He stood up and started to pace. Scott was looking at him like a kicked puppy, but that won't for this time.

"I couldn't tell you before, because…” he glanced at the direction of the study again and Stiles nodded angrily.

"But you can now?"

"Yeah. Now that you are here… and kind of also supernatural," he waved a hand again at him and Stiles was so, so over this.

"So, if I was just a stupid weak human, you'd leave me forever in ignorance- is that it?"

"No! Not forever, I mean- I would have found a way, once it's safe and … all." Stiles was fuming and stopped even try to keep it down. Everyone in this fucking mansion can hear like he cares.
"What do you mean- safe?" He snapped at him. "When you'd stop being a werewolf? When you stop playing house in here? When is the "safe" part you're talking about?"

"When we would not be hunted anymore." Stiles stopped pacing and raised eyebrows incredulously.

"You mean by The Police?" Because that would never happen- at least until his dad is breathing. His expression turned sour when Scott laughed at him. It sounded rather dismissive. Police forces of the Beacon Hills were quite good in Stiles' opinion. And he was not at all biased. Not at all.

"Not the police," Scott looked as if he wished the opposite though.

"Then what?" But instead of answering, Scott rapidly turned his head towards the window. And then stood up in the alert. Before Stiles could ask him what's wrong, Derek rushed into the door.

"They broke the perimeter." He said throughout gritted teeth. "Deaton sensed the broken barrier."

"What's happening?" Stiles asked. He didn't like how tense both of them suddenly looked. He walked closer to Derek who frowned at him like he didn't want to see him there.

"I'm going out to support Boyd and Isaac," Scott said and he was out the door even before Derek could nod.

"Erica, go with him," Derek said and a second after, they heard her running out around the living room with not at all cheerful: "Yes, boss," on her lips.

"Derek, what's happening," Stiles grabbed his arm to get his attention. What he probably shouldn't have done, because in one breath Derek put him over his shoulder and carried him up to his room. There, he dumped him on the bed.

"What the hell, Derek?!" While he was clumsily trying to stand up from the fluffy sheets again, Derek got back to the door.

"Don't move," he pointed a finger- a finger!- at him. "Stay here and don't try anything stupid."

"What- why?" Stiles was getting furious again. What the hell is wrong with these people?

"We've got company," Derek felt fit to tell him and shut the door behind him. Before Stiles managed to get to them, he heard the lock being put in place. That asshole!

He ran towards the window just in time to see Derek disappearing into the trees. What the actual fuck?

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Derek changed his form as soon as he got behind the tree line. He started to run towards Isaac. He could feel them, him and Boyd and their pain. He could also feel Erica's anguish and Scott's worry as they were also approaching. He pushed away Liam's frustrated fear - he left him guiding the house. He was still too uncontrolled to be allowed to join them now.

The stench of the wolfsbane hit him as soon as he crossed the wards. Hunters. But how did they find them? Deaton assured him that that wards would keep anyone out, that they will make them going around thinking they covered the whole area without realizing otherwise. That's why the police couldn't find anything, that's why any number of volunteers marching in lines wasn't able to stumble upon them when they were searching for Scott and Stiles. This was bad, very bad.
He could now smell the blood. When he got to the clearing, the sight of Boyd motionless body made him howl in rage. Erica got there before him and her blond curls were getting soaked in blood while she was trying to stop his bleeding without success. He must have been struck by wolfsbane.

Isaac was a few meters away trying to keep upright, but he managed only to get on one knee as the wound on his leg made it almost unbearable to stand. It should be healing. Why is it still bleeding? Derek thought angrily. He assessed the whole situation of his betas in one second - where the hell is Scott - and jumped out of the way of the silver bullet which aimed straight at him.

There were three of them. Three hunters. The woman with short red hair was pointing her blade at Isaac waiting for him to pounce. And he was still trying - it was evident from the cold angry way he was waiting for an opening. But she was not giving him any.

"We finally got you," the man who fired at him said. His blue eyes regarded Derek steadily as he pointed his gun again at him.

"You are the alpha, right?" Derek had no intention to reply. He wanted to tear the man's throat apart, that's the only fucking thing to do. He just needs an opening.

"Give up and we will not harm you," the man continued. If Derek wasn't in his wolf form, he would have laughed. The man's heartbeat was calm, but even if he thought he is telling the truth, the redhead's smirk as she observed Isaac betrayed the lie.

He wasn't going to wait anymore. He jumped and the man fired.

Derek dodged and got to him - now was the time to get close and personal - as he liked the best. Tearing these fucking hunters apart, limb to limb, how they deserved. At the same time Isaac moved and engaged woman in close combat. Apparently he was overplaying his injury. Smart. Derek will praise him for it later, as soon as he'll be done with this coldblooded asshole.

The third hunter, woman with brown hair falling of her shoulders, disappeared into the forest. But Derek didn't have time to worry about it. Bloodlust was waiting to consume him and he let it. Who cares about these people - he didn't even want to accord them the status of humans, they were the monsters - they were the ones who hurt Boyd and Isaac now. They killed his family. And they deserved to die.

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Scott was running towards Boyd and Isaac as fast as he could in his human form - and that was still inhumanly fast. He wanted to asses the situation first with his human reasoning, and his wolf instincts were clouding his judgement way too often.

The guys were further then they should be. Something must led them of the trail. He knew it was the trap, but even so, he had to get to them and save them. He heard a whizz in the air and jumped back just in time to avoid the arrow which blocked his path. He looked up and frowned at the hunter squatting on the tree branch few meters above him.

He growled as she - it was obvious it's a she with her feminine slim figure and long black hair curling on her chest - calmly took out another silver arrow and pointed the bow at him.

"What have you done with them?" She asked and he frowned at the familiarity of the voice. He flashed his beta eyes up at her, but he still couldn't see her face because of the sunlight shining to her back.

"Answer," she was getting pissed of, he could hear it. But he really didn't know what she was
talking about. Apparently, she got enough of his silence because she fired a rapid round of shots, but his werewolf agility helped him evade all of them gracefully. Scott was still aware of his pack anguish and pain and that was all that kept him from smiling right now. He felt super weird. The woman - or a girl more likely - up in the trees should make him angry and scared, but he felt the opposite. He was enjoying it.

He smirked when he heard her angry mutter realizing she spent all of her arrows already. Now, she's gotta get down to get them. He was prepared.

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Stiles tried to not fall into stress induced panic. He counted his heartbeats and breathed long in and out while watching Liam who was pacing outside looking out into the woods. At least he could pace. Stiles could only stand next to this super small window- why can't Derek get bigger windows, really? - otherwise he could miss something.

He was almost vibrating with the frustration. Not only did Derek lock him up here, he also didn't give him any information on what's happening! Stiles hated being left ignorant. It was the opposite of anything he, like, believed in- he was on this planet to be informed if anything. Oh my god, he really hated this.

And he knew something was wrong. The way how everyone reacted and suddenly run out of the house was a telling sign. And before he could entertain a nice possibility of, perhaps, The Police Department of Beacon Hills finally showing up to arrest all these people, he felt it. The barrier was under attack.

Someone was steadily firing shots of pulsating energy to disrupt it. Stiles could feel every one of them as well as Deaton, who was downstairs in the study, mending it and supporting it with additional strength. Deaton taught him enough about the wards and the barrier they were creating. Not enough that Stiles would be able to dissolve it on his own free will, of course- and he would at the first opportunity, if it helped humans finally getting to them. But not like this. Stiles was quite certain, that the law enforcement was not employing any magicians able to do that at the moment.

Which meant that something much worse then Derek was coming for him. Really, Derek he at least knew. This, on the other hand, was an unknown, quite powerful unknown, apparently.

He could almost hear it when the barrier ripped. There was no new pulses of power streaming from Deaton to it, he must have used up all of his juice. Stiles was scared now. He ran towards the door trying to open them, but they were well shut. He cursed Derek for locking him up here.

"Let me out!" he kicked at the door, but Deaton didn't answer. Maybe he lost consciousness? God, he hoped he's not dead.

Hu run back towards the window determine to break the glass and climb out of it, when he'd seen the outside scene has changed. There was a woman standing in front of the tree line now. Dressed in the leather with straight brown hair up to the shoulder. She faced Liam directly. He was already long in his beta form, crunched up ready to pounce at her. Stiles noticed she doesn't have any weapons. Is she crazy?

In one swift motion she lifted her arm and send Liam flying through the air. Ok, she's not crazy, and Stiles is fucked.

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Derek tore the weapon out of the man's grasp. But he found himself soon facing the second one. Fucking hunters. The shot pierced his shoulder and he growled in pain. He knew the bullet lodged itself into his flesh spreading the poison to his body, he could feel his arm slowly getting numb. But before he would lose the sense in it, he could still tear this man's throat out. With pleasure.

Isaac whined in pain as he got sliced with redhead's silver blade on the chest. He extracted his claws and went for her throat. She jumped back when he drew blood. Not enough to kill her unfortunately. But it distracted her partner enough that Derek got his leg and clawed a deep lovely looking wound in there. The man screamed in pain.

"Chris!" Woman shouted and tried to rush to him but Isaac kept her occupied. Man was backing away trying to get a shot at Derek but he was too quick to evade. And too intent to kill. Especially when he could smell the weakness spreading in his prey.

Redhead somehow managed to escape from Isaac - true, he was steadily bleeding from the wounds on his both legs and chest now- to support the man.

"Chris, we've got to go!" She looked around angrily, grabbing his arm to steady him. They were losing. Derek knew he would kill them here, on this clearing, he needed just a little time. But Chris must have agreed with her, because he let her drag him up and started to back away covering them with fire.

No! Derek couldn't let them escape, not when he's so close. He bought the second shot to his leg, again lodging in there, slowly filling his veins with poison. But he could still go, his bloodlust will help him.

"Derek," Erica's anguished voice made him hesitate. The hunters were almost out of the view, the leaves covering their escape.

"I can't stop it," she was crying. He tore his eyes away and looked behind at her. Still in her human form, her cheek was smeared in blood and the front of her T-shirt and jeans were damp with it. The black veins were running up her arms, as she was taking Boyd's pain.

He couldn't chase after them, he had to help Boyd.

He changed back to his human form and rushed towards them.

"Isaac, we have to carry him back to Deaton, quickly," the damage was too wide for normal werewolf healing to help. Isaac grunted out his assent and moved to help him.

Scott was not prepared for the huntress to jump and land directly on his back. He lost balance and landed face down on the dirt.

"Where is he?" She whispered to his ear as she pressed the silver knife to his throat.

"I don't know what you are talking about." He managed to reply trying not to touch the burning metal. It must have been laced with wolfsbane. He didn't like how close it was, at all. But the strange thing was, he liked how close she was. He could feel her curls lying on his back and her breath on his neck, and he didn't feel at all threatened. He must have gone mad.

"I'm asking," she continued angrily. "Where is Stiles Stilinski? I am sure, you are the ones who got him." Scott stiffened under her. He didn't reply. The girl must have realized he won't say anything, because she pressed the blade to his neck and this time she drew the blood. Scott felt the painful
sensation of poison flowing into his body.

"Ok then," she spat angrily and tugged at his hair. "Where is...Scott McCall? Tell me that and I will let you go." Scott opened the eyes in surprise. He could not only hear, but also feel her heartbeat and she was telling the truth. She would let him go, if he gave her this information. Why?

"Answer me!" Her knee rugged into his back and if he wasn't a werewolf it could have been quite painful. He contemplated staying silent- really it was not smart giving his identity to a hunter, especially when he was so lucky that they didn't recognize him anymore.

But smart wasn't what he was - in her presence, apparently:

"I'm Scott McCall," he grunted out. He must have caught her in surprise because the blade wavered and Scott seized the opportunity. He grasped her arm and rolled her on her back. He was looking into the face of Allison Argent. He still remembered how beautiful he thought she was when he first saw her in a classroom. And that was when he had only his human senses. And now he knew, it was nothing in comparison to this moment.

"Scott?" Allison was so astonished she forgot to fight his hold.

"Hi Allison," he smiled. He couldn't help it, she was just too ravishing.

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Stiles clenched his fists when Liam didn't get back up. This was not good, not good. His one and only sentry was down. Deaton was probably unconscious and Stiles was here all alone.

Woman started to march towards the house. Maybe if Stiles stayed silent, she wouldn't find him. As soon as the hopeful thought crossed his mind, the woman looked up directly at him. Fuck. She raised her arm and Stiles managed to jump back just as the ball of lighting or fire or whatever blew away the window.

"This is crazy," he whispered in contrast to the rabbit beats of his heart. When another ball followed soon after, he wasn't prepared and couldn't raise the shield how Deaton had taught him. He reacted in basic human fashion and dived out of the way. Still, his T-shirt almost caught on fire judging by the black stain speed suddenly on the side. Speaking of fire, it started to spread across the room. Stiles had to get out as soon as possible.

He was expecting the third ball and got up the shield in time. The impact pushed him back and ate away from his magic, but it held.

Why the fuck is this witch attacking him and not Deaton?! He surely is better magician then Stiles. He didn't start learning just a few days ago! And where the hell is Derek in all this mess?! He felt a strange sensation of a rage in the back of his mind at the thought of Derek. Like Derek's rage, but that must be just his imagination. Nevertheless, he took that rage- his instincts were telling him to embrace it. And he did. It was better then fear, better then frustration.

Stiles was fed up with all of this. With his captivity, with not being able to let his dad now he's alive, with these supernaturals, and with this bitch throwing fireballs at him. He clenched his fist so much, he probably made little blood half-moons on his palm, but he didn't fucking care. He raised a fist up in front of him and released the palm full of red-black energy. He didn't know what that was, the only important part was that it is was nasty. He walked back towards the opening were the window was before and threw it into the bitch's face.
Derek and Isaac were carrying Boyd between them, Erica walking in the front to lead the way on the lookout for any other threat.

Normally, Derek would be able to carry Boyd alone, but with his injuries, it needed both of them to handle such a huge body mass. They didn't dare walk faster in worry that the movement would make Boyd's wounds worse.

The sound of an explosion in the direction of the house made them all stop in puzzlement. What the- Stiles, Derek felt immediate anguish which evolved rapidly into fear- he locked him up in the room, but if they got to him despite that- he sped up. Isaac and Erica too, without question.

They heard a few smaller explosions on a way and Derek preyed to get there on time. He can't let anything happen to him. He can't.

When they got close enough, he left Boyd to Erica and Isaac and ran forward. He came just in time to see Stiles standing in the place where was supposed to be the wall of his bedroom raising his arm with something lightening in it and throwing it on the woman bellow. The explosion that followed shook the ground. But when the dust cleared out, he could still see the hunter there, a little crunched but protected by some invisible bubble.

That's it. Derek launched and changed into wolf mid-air racing straight for her. She must have sensed him because she turned and threw fire at him already running away. He evaded one, two fireballs, before the third one licked his flank. He would have pursued her further, but the bullets still lodged in his limbs were seriously scrunching down his strength. Fuck it, fuck all of this.

He stopped himself breathing hard looking murderously after her. He will get her - everyone - for this.

When Derek finally got himself back to the house, he was barely able to walk. He'd need someone to pull these bullets out quickly.

"Derek," Liam ran up to him.

"Are you ok?" Finally, someone from the pack. Derek changed back to his human form and collapsed.

Stiles was in shock. That was the only explanation he could give to himself, when he observed all the carnage around and didn't have a breakdown at the sight. The damage on the house was the smallest thing. When he'd seen Erica's bloodied clothes and Boyd being carried around with blood streaming from his belly to be posed on the kitchen table, he almost threw up. When he later noticed Isaac with cuts all over his body, it was almost nothing compared to Boyd.

Deaton regained his consciousness - they found him collapsed in Derek's study, after Liam finally unlocked Stiles' room. The vet immediately rushed to Boyd. His open wounds were covered in wolfsbane powder, what didn't let him close them up. Deaton had to clean it manually using some kind of healing spell on his palms doing it. Really, Stiles was feeling nauseous just standing next to the door looking at it.

"Stiles, do me a favor," Deaton said not looking up from the body on the table.
"And get the barrier back up." Stiles hesitated for a second then turned and walked out to do just
that.

It gave him excuse not to be in the kitchen turned operation room. And, his sly mind supplied, if
he's the one doing the barrier, he could put in some kind of a trick to dissolve it at the will. It didn't
matter now that he didn't know how to dissolve the barriers in general. He'd create his own back
door.

When he finished, he was almost drained. He turned his head just in time to see black wolf limping
back. Finally. He and Derek need to have some words about him shutting people up in the
bedrooms in the times of imminent danger. And not giving them any information- Stiles was still
the most pissed about this.

But Liam got there sooner. Then Derek changed and before Stiles' face could redden again being
exposed to his nudity, the man collapsed.

Stiles' feet just moved on their own and raced towards the alpha.

He needed to help him and he wanted some explanations.
Chapter 10

Stiles was sitting on the edge of a bed where Derek was sleeping in Scott's room. His bedroom was more or less burned down from the fireball the magic fireball. So until they can repair the damage, Derek had to be put somewhere and Scott's room was the most logical solution. Well, at least Scott said so, when he was taking his stuff to Isaac.

Derek was still under the recovery spell, Deaton put him into. Without it, he would have woken up - due to his annoying werewolfishness - and started barking orders walking around and maybe attempt to go after the bad guys again, so, they had to prevent him from doing that -for his own good as Deaton put it.

So now, Stiles was sitting next to him. He was not entirely sure why doesn't he go and do something else. Normally, he'd try to use this precious distraction to escape, but given the hostility with which he was attacked by that witch- crazy fireball throwing bitch- it would probably not be the smartest choice. The other bad guys may be still laying in wait. Even Deaton didn't dare use his magical door to the vet clinic, or whichever way is he actually coming in here, yet. He was in the library downstairs reading up some materials on wound cleaning. Apparently, Boyd's wounds weren't healing as fast as they should have with all the wolfsbane cleaned away.

Stiles glanced at Derek's handsomely toned body and looked away after he felt the new rush of the excitement at the sight. Oh God, the man was injured and Stiles is admiring his muscles - something is seriously wrong with him. He turned his attention to Scott's modest collection of books for a few moments before he was compelled to look back. Derek doesn't see him- or sense him, for that matter - now. It's a great opportunity to …have a proper look.

So Stiles looked. Derek was beautiful. He didn't seemed injured at all. His wounds closed up after Deaton extracted the bullets and his simple spell sucked out the poison from his veins. He looked like he was just asleep. Maybe too still, if not for the soft breaths escaping his mouth. He appeared unusually vulnerable like this. Of course, Stiles was very well aware that the man can easily snap him in half if he'd want to. But so far, he didn't. Stiles considered himself lucky in this regard - he knew he'd run most people insane. Although, now the picture of Derek putting his hands on him to do…something made his breath quicken.

Stiles glanced at Derek's face and confirming that he is sound asleep, he slowly extended his hand and touched him. He didn't know why. He ran his hand gingerly from his shoulder, through his chest to his abdomen feeling the muscles underneath his clothes. After a moment, Stiles went to take his hand away- he wasn't some kind of a pervert after all- but Derek's arm snapped up and kept him in the place. Stiles gasped and looked up at him ready for utter mortification, but Derek's eyes were firmly shut. He was still sleeping! Maybe it's the werewolf superpower to feel his touch even in deep drug/magic induced sleep and kill any unfortunate toucher. Stiles was certainly not going to wait for that to happen. He started to carefully extract his wrist from Derek's hold, but it was so difficult. It was as if the alpha realized what was he doing and moved his fingers in time to prevent him from succeeding. After few seconds of sweaty struggle, Stiles got enough and prepared himself to just tear out of his grasp. But Derek twisted his arm and before Stiles could react in any way, he was laying on top of the man being pinned to him by the arm encircling his waist.

"Derek," he whispered, because that's how you are supposed to communicate with crazy patients-whisper to them. "Let me go, man," he tried to wiggle free without much success.

"You will make your injuries reopen," he hissed at him then, again receiving no response.
Seriously? Is this his life now? Does he have to call for help or something? But he didn't want to. Calling for help would be embarrassing and he, not that he would ever admit it to anyone- even under the threat of the death - kind of... liked it. The way Derek’s body was suddenly pressed against him. This close his nose was filled with his seductive smell. It was almost irresistible. And, Stiles being teenage boy who was never this close to anybody, if he doesn't count Scott when he came for sleepover- and he didn't, that was nothing like this- reacted. His breathing got suddenly more shallow, no matter how much he tried to keep it normal like nothing’s happening. His skin felt hotter than usual making his clothes uncomfortable. And certain parts of his body got rigid.

Stiles tried to desperately wiggle out, he would die of mortification if Derek would have woken up now. But Derek just adjusted his position to be more comfortable and started to snore. To snore! As if Stiles wasn't pressing his rock hard cock on his side! The nerve. Now he was getting pissed of.

"Derek, if you don't let me go, I'll curse you!" He hissed at him.

"Hmm," was all he said to that. Great. Stiles didn't know how to curse somebody. Yet. Apparently, it's a thing he's got to devote some attention to. As soon as the friggin' werewolf lets go of him.

After tiring himself up unsuccessfully trying to get away from Derek, Stiles just let himself collapse on top of him. Fucking werewolf strength. Even unconscious they were like metal bricks. He as hell prayed that no one would discover them like this. And that his erection would calm down sometimes soon.

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Derek felt wonderful. He was lying in warm and soft bed surrounded by the safe smell of his pack. And he smelled something delicious too. He knew that smell, it was the best thing ever. He wanted to lose himself in it- such a seductive thought.

As his half sleepy thoughts became a little more focused, Derek realized there's a body pressed to him. Before he could think about who exactly is this person, he pressed his nose to the crook of the neck and inhaled. Delicious. He felt his canines to emerge with an urge to sink them in. Not to hurt, but to claim. Show everyone what's his.

"Hmm…" The sleepy sound came to his ears making him a little more alert.

"Derek...?" Nice weight on him moved a little in a stretch.

"You awake, man?" Derek's senses were rapidly turning back online. It's Stiles.

"Maybe...you could let go of me now?" Even though he heard certain reluctance for being released in Stiles' voice, he couldn't help but realize exactly what he was engaging in. Derek was keeping an underaged boy plastered to his side against his will. No matter that he smelled the subtle arousal coming off of him, it couldn't be considered consensual. Derek's own experience proved that. That last thought made him react without thinking. He pushed Stiles quickly away making him fall off the bed with surprised cry.

"What the hell, man?!" Stiles frowned at him from the floor. Before Derek could feel bad about what he'd impulsively done, Stiles clumsily got up and massaged the butt he fell on. Derek swallowed following the movement of his hand. It shouldn't be so erotic. But it was.

"What are you doing?" Stiles' hand stopped and he looked at him suspiciously. Derek smelled his
arousal rising and turned away.

"What happened?" He got up from bed without batting an eye to Stiles' direction.

"Seriously?" Stiles stared at him until he finally turned and looked back at him. "Not even an apology for throwing me down on the floor?"

"I didn't throw you down on the floor, Stiles." He raised his impervious eyebrow.

"How do you call that then?!" He gestured wildly to the place his butt made a painful contact with.

"You fell, on your own," Derek shrugged. He shrugged! Really- first, he has to spend the night involuntarily plastered to his kidnapper, who is too hot for Stiles' health, to be just thrown on the floor the next morning!

"I did not, Derek," he puts his arms on his hips and Derek smirks for some crazy reason. He looked almost amused, for fuck's sake.

"Derek-" Before he could finish the sentence, Isaac rushed in without knocking.

"Are you done, lovebirds?" He looked from one to the other with a half-smirk. Derek's face immediately turned sour. But before Stiles could even comprehend how he just called them, he continued: "Boyd's awake."

Derek stiffened at that and Stiles could practically see him start listening- werewolf style. Then he nodded and headed out of the room with just one incomprehensible glance in Stiles' direction. Well, Stiles was going to follow. They got down to the kitchen, where Boyd spent the night. The evening before, they were afraid to move him to his room, because the wounds could reopen easily fresh after wolfsbane attack. Especially if Deaton hadn't figured out yet why they are not healing as they should.

Derek with Isaac were already standing next to him when Stiles finally got there, fucking werewolf speed.

He could see also Erica standing next to Boyd, clutching his arm with tears in her eyes. Stiles knew, she would never have anyone see her cry in any other circumstances. That's how horribly this effected her. He frowned thinking of Boyd's wounds. How can someone do such a thing to another being? It was horrible, inhuman. Inflicting injuries to his stomach, preventing them from closing up. If they did it to anyone else- any human, they would be dead. Only Boyd's werewolf strength and resilience kept him alive for so long that Deaton could somehow help him.

Erica stayed there whole night in her blood drenched clothes. It was horrifying sight. Stiles could see from the look on Derek's face that the alpha won't allow it so much longer. And frankly, he agreed with him. Erica's appearance may traumatize Boyd or something. It was certainly traumatizing Stiles.

God, he would need so much therapy after this. Although, he'd need to find some supernatural therapist, otherwise they would throw him up straight to the madhouse.

"Erica, go change," Derek ordered her sternly. And really? Can't he be a little kinder? Erica almost lost her lover for God's sake.

"No, I have to stay with him," she glared at Derek and clutched Boyd's arm afraid to let him go for one second.
"Erica," Derek started angrily, and Stiles just couldn't bear to watch this wrong example of alpha support any longer.

"Erica," he approached her in what he hoped was gentle manner. Derek looked at him surprised, but didn't try to talk over him so Stiles counted that as a win. He touched her on the shoulder. She tensed a little bit but didn't shrug him off.

"You need to rest a bit," he could see that she was about to start arguing, so he quickly added: "Boyd is already out of the danger. See?" He glanced at Boyd who looked still in pain but awake. Although, he couldn't tell whether he agrees or not about Erica going away from him. Really, he had to do something about his expressionless face.

"At least go change your clothes, ok?" He pointed to her ruined T-shirt. Erica glanced down and looked surprised that she's basically wearing dried blood. Stiles tugged her arm until she reluctantly released Boyd.

"Ok," she said defeated and let Stiles lead her away from the kitchen. They'd gone up the stairs and Stiles took her directly to the big bathroom, which was shared by everyone. Well, apart from Stiles and Derek, who were still using the one in Derek's room. Luckily, fire didn't damage it too badly.

He allowed himself a huge sigh once Erica closed the door behind her and slowly sunk to the floor. He'd wait until she's ready to get back out.

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Derek was very dismayed how much his wolf liked what Stiles did for Erica. Derek's rational mind knew very well who Stiles is. He didn't care that that was exactly how his wolf would imagine his ma- eh, Stiles handle such situations. Oh god, a teenager. Derek shook his head in an attempt to clear it and look at the situation at hand. Which was Boyd.

"How are you feeling?" He asked him and put a hand on his shoulder. Boyd relaxed at the touch as his beta reacted to the comforting presence of the alpha.

"Not my best," Boyd attempted a smile, which was proof enough that its bad- really bad. Boyd never smiles.

"Deaton may be onto something," Isaac told them. "He left 30 minutes ago to get some supplies."

"Did he tell you how long it would take?" Derek asked him.

"You know him, it may be ...a while." Isaac said looking at Boyd apologetically.

"As long as he," Boyd said pronouncing with some difficulty. "doesn't need to go to China,...for them- I'm, uf, fine." He snorted.

"You shouldn't talk," Derek told him frowning.

"Hang in there, man," Isaac added and put his palm on Boyd's arm drawing the pain from him. Derek immediately helped him too berating himself for not thinking about it first. Boyd relaxed in a second. Both of the werewolves kept at it for a few minutes, but they couldn't hold too long. It was drawing from their strength too. Derek wished that Deaton would soon come back with the solution and tell them what to do to make it hurt less. Maybe there's some spell or anything.

"Boyd!" Erica rushed to them smelling fresh and clean with hair still damp from the shower. Stiles appeared few seconds behind her and walked over to Derek leaning over Boyd. He frowned
watching now three arms outstretched to Boyd with the web of black veins darkening them.

"Is there something I can do?" He asked Derek looking up at him.

"No," he shook his head. "Maybe, if there's a spell…" Derek didn't even let himself finish. He knew Stiles won't be able to do anything, he was studying magic only for a little bit. He should just ask Stiles to find out how is Deaton progressing.

"Ok, I'm on it." Stiles said and before anyone could react, he disappeared in Derek's study. His betas glanced at him mirroring different degrees of surprise, only Erica was slightly smirking. It was still strange how cooperative Stiles suddenly became. Derek was still suspicious - he wouldn't put it past him to try to use this situation for the escape. But the truth is, he couldn't smell any deception in him. Although, if someone would be able to elude his senses, it would be Stiles.

Derek stretched his hearing and once he confirmed that Stiles is indeed rummaging through the books and not plotting anything, he left his shoulders slump in relief.

Then he looked at his betas again- Erica snorted and Isaac just rolled his eyes. Apparently, they didn't realize how dangerously unpredictable Stiles could be. Clearly, he still needed to babysit them. He sighed again.

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Stiles was browsing the fifth book by the time he heard the noise. He felt like he is on to something, he just needed to read up a little more, but the voices in the hallway kept distracting him. Really, had Scott returned from where he disappeared to again? If he did, he should keep it down. And Stiles apparently needed to tell him that.

He resolutely walked out of the study, heavy dusty book in hand ready to put an end to the commotion. His mouth fell open at the sight of almost everyone surrounding Jackson who was standing there with Lydia worriedly clutching his hand.

"Lydia?" Stiles called out confused. "What are you doing here?" She glanced at him, not as surprised to see him there as he was. She bit her lip, but before she could reply, Derek turned on Jackson:

"Exactly. What are you doing here? Didn't I tell you to lay low?" He was obviously not happy seeing them.

"Yeah," Only Jackson could pull that kind of still arrogant but sorry look. "Lydia was agitated and I… I had to bring her here." He covered her trembling hand protectively.

"What?" Derek looked at her sharply. "What's wrong Lydia, did you see something?"

"I don't…I don't know," she was obviously very flustered. Stiles made an impulsive step towards her, but Jackson's glare halted him.

"I just have a feeling that something very wrong is going to happen," she looked around the room. "There's... death in this place. But not,…in here?" She looked back at the floor frowning. Derek looked at Stiles then and he suddenly seemed very worried.

Stiles didn't like it.

"How can you know this?" He asked her coming closer.

There was a moment of silence.
"She's a banshee," Jackson replied to him looking annoyed having to do so.

"A what?" Stiles have never heard of such a thing and he's studying magic a few weeks already, ok?

"A banshee," Isaac said leaning on the doorway to the kitchen. "According to the mythology, a banshee-"

"I can just see the death, ok?" Lydia interrupted him forcefully. She looked Stiles straight to the eye and he believed her. There was something in the depths of her eyes, something which spoke to him more loudly now than when he'd first seen it that day at school. Maybe because of his awakened magic?

"Do we have something more concrete?" Derek asked them.

"Sorry, not yet," Lydia was sizing all of them up with intensity though.

"I just had to come, to be certain nothing happened." Stiles had to frown at that. Everything about this exchange was pointing at how close all of them are. As if they were in the contact the whole time. Well, they obviously were- Stiles suspected that being the case even before he was kidnapped. But that didn't mean he couldn't feeling betrayed about it. Technically, he was still held hostage - he had not illusions about what would Derek do if he tried to leave- and they were the accomplices to the kidnappers.

"We should just eat something," Erica's annoyed voice called from the kitchen.

"If you'd be just standing in the hallway we won't figure anything out anyway." Isaac was vigorously nodding hearing that. And Stiles was also not against, although the stuff he usually gets served here is really authentic prison food, in his opinion. Plus, the junk. Anyway, he needed to think. To think about Jackson and Lydia and to think about spells and potions, about anything which may help Boyd.

"Can we just order pizza?" Scott, appearing out of nowhere asked Derek pleadingly.

Swallowing the surprise, even Stiles knew that idea was nuts. But yeah- he supported the idea! Just call the pizza guy and not only will he deliver the pizza, he could also lead the police in here! His dad, the sheriff! Oh, he must eat so much junk food these days, Stiles thought and his mood soured considerably. Derek glanced his way then, and Stiles just gave him a shrug. He tried not to think about his dad too much. Otherwise…he didn't know how he could deal with all this.

"No pizza, Scott," at Derek's words everyone groaned although they probably knew that's exactly what's coming.

"We will make dinner like usual. We have the supplies." He marched straight to the kitchen with everyone reluctantly following behind. Jackson looked reconsidering his visit, but Lydia just grabbed his arm and made him follow her with meaningful stare.

Stiles followed behind not at all happy at the prospect of the food, even when he was hungry. It generally tended to be meat, too bloody- like steak rare, but worse. He was almost sure that they just kill something in the woods and bring it to the table. Barbaric. He was quite content though, that he never caught anyone during skinning. Ugh.

Derek and Isaac moved Boyd away from the kitchen table to the couch nearby. He groaned at being moved and frowned at Erica when she rushed over to take his pain away.
"Stop..that," he growled, but Erica just showed him teeth in ferocious smile.

"Don't order me around, honey."

Stiles looked at them from his position next to fridge and despite everything, felt a pang of jealousy. It was obvious how the two of them cared for each other. He didn't even need to witness their steamy exchange the day of his failed escape. Just from looking at them now, he knew they would die for each other.

And he wanted that. To feel like he belonged to someone. He never even had a girlfriend before. The closest people to him was his dad, who is probably crazy with worry right now- he stopped himself before he could follow that anxious train of thought. He couldn't deal with it, not now.

The next closest person he had, was Scott. And Scott...was different. He still loved him as a brother, but...there was something uneasy between them from the moment Stiles understood that Scott was essentially keeping him and everyone else in the dark about his whereabouts for a year. While Stiles was getting crazy not getting any closer, frustrated from not getting out anything from Jackson, Scott was here training his werewolf superpowers. It was... it didn't feel at all good.

Basically, he felt he's got no one to rely on anymore. Stiles caught Derek looking at him over his shoulder and twitched uncomfortably. Yeah, he didn't need the translation of what that stare meant- apparently he was displaying his emotions to werewolfish smelling mood sensors. He looked away, he refused to control himself even in this. The alpha can just deal with it.

That's why he was caught by surprise when Derek suddenly appeared next to him sneaking his palm up his arm, to shoulder blade and finally to his neck. He suddenly felt better, much better. Stiles just heard himself sigh and leaned into the touch without thinking.

"So, it's like that Stilinski?" Jackson's annoying voice asked from behind them.

"You becoming an alpha bitch?" Before Stiles could react- like what the fuck did he just say- Derek launched after him. Stiles just felt a swish of wind by his side signaling Derek's unnaturally fast movement and then he'd seen him on top of Jackson punching him into face.

"Jackson!" Lydia's cry didn't sound too scared, more like a warning and Stiles could quickly understand why. In the motion, Jackson's skin started to turn sleek and cold, not at all hot and fury as he expected. And soon there was a lizard in clothes snarling at Derek angrily from the corner.

"What the hell," Stiles muttered and made a step back just in time to avoid flying plate which was the courtesy of Derek launching over the kitchen table.

"It's a kanima, bro," Scott grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him farther away from where Jackson and Derek were suddenly circling each other.

"Ok," he said. "And what the hell is a kanima?" He kept his eyes trained on both shape shifters so he doesn't miss an instant when kanima is going to be thrown his way. And Stiles knew it will- well maybe not his way- but Derek will beat the hell out of that.

"Jackson rejected the bite, and turned into...that," Scott waved his hand at the kanima who snarled their way like it was listening to their conversation. Well, Jackson probably did. Maybe. Stiles was not certain, because the movements looked quite feral, there was not ... an intelligence he usually perceived in werewolves.

"So- that would happen to anyone rejecting the bite?" That thought made him uneasy. This kind of creatures running around, well, not his preference for distopian reality.
"No- they would normally die." Isaac said from the left, also watching the match between Derek and Jackson with mild interest. "Jackson accepted the bite, per se, but his inner…issues, made him unable to turn into werewolf."

"Issues? What kind of issues?" Stiles knew Jackson was an asshole, so he's got to have many issues, but he'd never thought it possible for mental state to alter someone's DNA. Interesting.

"Who knows," Scott replied just as the kanima attacked Derek more aggressively. He flashed his alpha's eyes on it, but it made Jackson just more angry. Derek was preparing for a launch. Stiles could see from his stance, that this time he's going for the throat. Apparently, he's got enough of playing around. That's gonna be nasty.

"Jackson!" Lydia's angry voice ringed in the kitchen. The kanima snapped his attention directly to her and Stiles was preparing to step in front of the crazy girl- what does she think, she'd accomplish drawing the attention of that monster?!

"Stop it," her authoritative voice made Jackson hesitate. Something actually got through to him, wow. Derek also stopped, assessing how is the situation going to play out.

"Come here, and stop destroying the furniture," she ordered her boyfriend turned monster and Stiles almost couldn't believe his eyes when the kanima got down, looking almost remorseful, and approached Lydia's waiting hand to be petted on the head. Petted!

Lydia sighed in exasperation and pierced the people standing around, or lying around in Boyd's case, with her glare. Somehow apologetic looking glare. Stiles was more and more impressed.

Derek changed back from his beta form and shot the kanima a glare of his own.

"Change back, love," she whispered and with just her word Jackson started to turn into his human form again. Looking confused he grabbed on Lydia's arm and pulled himself up, automatically wrapping her in the embrace.

"Now, apologize." She said softly. Jackson looked around the room noticing people giving him huge width of space, chairs fallen or pushed out of it's place and frowned, looking scared. Stiles understood, he wasn't aware of what he was doing.

Jackson looked at Stiles, then passed him by to look at Derek.

"I'm sorry," he said to him. Apparently, being in traumatic aftershock didn't lessen his assholishness. Stiles had the insult ready on the tip of his tongue, but Derek was faster:

"Apologize to Stiles," he ordered him and he still hasn't calmed down from the fight, because the red flame in his irises was still there, hidden in the background. Stiles gulped.

"Stilinski," he snapped his attention back to Jackson. It was definitely not the best idea to get hot and bothered in the room full of werewolves.

"I'm sorry," Jackson was very reluctant saying that. But it was the best he could manage at the time, so Stiles nodded.

"Come on, man," Isaac walked over to Jackson. "I'll lend you some of my clothes." Jackson's own expensive brand T and jeans and everything was in tatters. But still he had to raise his arrogant eyebrows at the prospect of someone else's definitely not expensive clothes being generously offered to him. Isaac just rolled his eyes and dragged him away from Lydia. who also rolled her eyes. Really, how can she stand such a boyfriend, Stiles would never get it.
The rest of them turned eyes to the fridge, once the commotion was over. They really wanted to eat something now.

"So, what do we have here?" Lydia approached the opened fridge and examined the contents.

"Really, you have almost nothing!" She exclaimed and all of the others groaned at this harsh truth. Erica sitting next to Boyd just glared at her.

"Yeah, it's not much," Scott palmed his neck embarrassed and glanced back at Stiles in apology. Stiles sighed and stepped forward to have a look himself. Yeah, it wasn't much, but surely this didn't deserve the disappointment everyone was expressing. Sometimes, he and his dad don't have more in the fridge then that. Especially when Stiles forgets to go for the groceries.

But guys were still looking sad and hungry and apparently didn't see all the possibilities.

"Ok, guys," he said resolutely and pushed Scott and Liam aside to reach for the cooking ingredients.

"We can make something out of this," Derek looked at him surprised. Stiles understood that before it was him who cooked, or directed people to help him. In Stiles' opinion Scott was much better cook then Derek could ever be- and that was to say something, unsupervised Scott's food was hardly edible. But, he will give it to him- Derek was at least trying. One cannot eat freshly killed deer all the time. Ugh.

Still he was expecting some objections, and was quite surprised that Derek let him take this on without any. He just nodded and looked relieved. Come on, he should not trust anybody with food so easily- he could poison them all! Well, Stiles wouldn't, but.

He got to it. Stiles actually enjoyed cooking. After his mom died, it was rough for a while. His dad was trying, but all the pancakes he made were slightly burned and lunch was always too salty. Few weeks later, he just gave up and ordered a take out for them. The food from delivery was tasty, but Stiles realized quite soon that it won't be good to continue like this. This food made him feel heavy and sleepy, when mom's didn't. Also his dad was looking tired. Well, that was not just because of the food, unfortunately.

Stiles found in this a way how to remember and protect the memory of his mom. In cooking like her. He never could make it exactly like she did though, and it always brought back a bit of sadness when he noticed. But it was also the way how to help his dad. How to be useful when she's gone.

He chased away the memories avoiding Derek's confused gaze- he should stop being so attuned to his emotions, out of politeness at least!- and took out the pot. He tried not to focus on how it reminded him, that he is not there to cook for his dad anymore.

Scott, who knew about Stiles’ incredible cooking skills was the first to volunteer himself to help. And seeing his obvious eagerness others followed suit. And Stiles started his magic. Wait. Could he really infuse his magic in his cooking? Wow, that would be awesome! Maybe not today, but Stiles' as hell gonna try it.

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Stiles was surprised how pleased he was seeing everyone digging in. Never before had he cooked for such a large number of people. It was strange and happy feeling at the back of his head. Impulsively, he took Derek's plate and put a bigger piece of meat soaked in his special recipe sauce on it.
Here you are, dude," he handed the plate to him with large smile. Derek looked at him strangely and hesitantly accepted the plate. What is he hesitant about? Stiles has seen how he was salivating over the cooking pot before. Weirdly, there was sudden lull in conversation at that moment. Stiles looked around noticing everyone eyeing the plate in Derek’s hands, then looking through both of them.

"What?" He said being suddenly the point of this weird attention.

"Help yourselves," he gestured to the food. "I'm not going to serve everyone else." Really, he's not a canteen lady.

Derek smirked at his words giving him the shivers.

"What are you waiting for? Dig in," he ordered to his pack and started to pull Stiles to the table.

"Wait, Derek, I've got to get my plate," Stiles reached for it, but the man was faster. He posed his full plate on the side, put on Stiles' helping and showed the full plate to his hands.

"Now, let's go sit." He put his hand on the small of Stiles' back and gently pushed him towards the table. Stiles felt his touch like it was a fire on his skin. He attempted to escape, but too much movement would probably result in him sprawling down in the puddle of his food, so he was forced to withstand it at least until he got to his chair.

Derek walked them to his usual chair at the head of the table and Stiles immediately dropped next to him, not having to be touched any longer. Derek looked at him amused by his glare.

"Stiles, it's amazing," Liam said with mouth full of food walking to them with a plate in his hand.

"I didn't even know we could make something like this!" He smiled at him, which Stiles would welcome if he would refrain from it, because with food in between his teeth it was kind of gross.

"Yeah, it's great," Erica added from the couch already eating from the plate she shared with Boyd. "You should cook for us all the time!"

"Glad, you're here man," Scott sat opposite him next to Derek. "I missed this." He inhaled with pleasure.

"Yes, I didn't expect this," Lydia added nibbling from her huge chunk of meat Jackson put on her plate when he returned in Isaac's clothes. He obviously felt she needed to eat more or something. Stiles would almost laugh at this example of adorable primitive providing for the mate if he wasn't still pissed about what Jackson said earlier.

"Thanks," he mumbled when Derek added more veggies to his dish from the salad bowl passed around. Is his dad still eating some veggies? Probably not.

They ate in nice atmosphere. Stiles' cooking skills made everyone more relaxed and soon they started to tease each other, talking over others heads and bumping each other shoulders. Stiles felt weird. This nice harmony around was getting to him, he felt himself relaxing in the easy joking between Erica, Scott and Isaac, half listening to silent more serious talk on Lydia's and Boyd's end, laughing at Liam taunting Jackson with green beans projectiles and Derek's content presence next to him. It made him forget that he should not feel so comfortable here and that these people shouldn't feel like his friends. And most of all, it made him feel guilty.

At that moment, Derek put his hand on his knee. Stiles sucked in breath and his eyes snapped to him.
What the hell does he think he's doing.
Chapter 11

Derek didn't know what the hell was he doing.

It was as if his hand moved on its own and landed on Stiles' knee. Stiles immediately looked at him and Derek was prepared to snap his arm away from the teenager's knee, but then he caught subtle pheromones in the air. His hand didn't move. By the way how Stiles looked at him, he hadn't yet noticed his own arousal. Oh, but Derek did. And this of all things was turning him on so much.

His hand moved further up by its own volition. Stiles inhaled deeply and his tights got rigid. His breath quickened when he let hand with the fork drop down on the table. He glared at Derek trying to wiggle his leg free. But Derek didn't want to let him go. He said to himself that it was simply because Stiles resisted, so Derek wanted to be difficult, like a child maybe. But it was more than that. Suddenly having his arm on Stiles' knee was important for some reason. More than anything.

Stiles was becoming redder by the minute. He glanced around the chattering table and caught Lydia looking at him with raised eyebrows. Then her gaze slowly turned to Derek and back. She cut a piece away from her impressive chunk of meat, pinned it on the fork and put it in her mouth all the while maintaining eye contact. Then started to chew on it delicately. Normally, Stiles would handle such a contest quite easily, but not today. Not when Derek's fingers burned on his flesh.

Since he couldn't shake the man off, he tried to focus on the food. He devoured his plate almost in seconds. But before he could jump away- after declaring his food finished- Derek reached for some more grilled potatoes and added it on his empty plate. He did it almost absentmindedly, returning to chewing his own food immediately and listening to Erica and Isaac bickering.

Stiles noticed Scott looking at him with not quite comfortable expression. But when Stiles raised eyebrows in question - Scott couldn't see Derek's hand on his knee, thanks god- he turned away pretending to take a part in conversation. But Stiles could see the mild pink on his cheeks. Oh no. Does this mean he emits some kind of pheromones right now or something? He hurriedly examined everyone around the table, and really- all of them were stealing glances at him. Even fucking Jackson. Stiles felt as if the temperature in the room rose by at least ten degrees in a few seconds. He tried to shake Derek's hand off with renewed energy, but the guy was the only one not paying him currently any attention. Aside from holding his knee, of course. But seriously? Stiles' going to kill him. This was all Derek's fault and he's seriously going to kill him.

"So, how did they find us?" asked Jackson of all people. But Stiles was nevertheless grateful for his incentive, because Derek at least let his leg be finally.

"Yeah, how could they?" Added Isaac with a mouth full of potatoes. Gross. Well, everybody else was paying attention to the alpha now, who was not saying anything.

"They have a witch," said Stiles then and all the faces turned to him again. "It was probably her, no?" He looked around. Well, to be fair-it was quite obvious answer.

"They had a witch?" Lydia seemed mildly surprised.

"Yeah, she blown away part of the wall on Derek and Stiles' room," said Liam. Stiles looked at him incredulously - it was not Derek and Stiles' room, ok? But apparently no one else recognized the craziness of that implication. This sucks.
"That changes situation," Lydia put her manicured finger to her lower lip in thought. "Since, she blown away part of your room, she must have gotten past the barrier." Stiles grudgingly nodded.

"I felt it when it collapsed," he added. Deaton, who was keeping it upright, fainted from the assault, which meant that the witch was super strong.

"But it's back in place, right?" Asked Lydia and uneasily looked out through the window. The prospect of the barrier not being there seemed seriously to worry her. Stiles didn't quite understand why, because she was only visiting no? It's the people permanently hiding in the house who have to worry.

"Yeah," Derek answered her. "Stiles put it back up."

That visibly calmed her down. That and Jackson's gentle caress on her shoulder. Stiles was thorn a little though. Was it the right decision to cover them all, himself included, in the obscurity? Invisible and inaccessible to all outside the pack? At the time, he had to do it - hunters attacked him too. He could still remember the smell of smoke, when magical fire burned the room. But at least now he knew how to dissolve the thing.

"Why did you come, Lydia? Specifically," Derek leaned away from the table regarding her somberly. He knew she would not come if it could be helped. She was not stupid.

"I had a nightmare," she said and Stiles would have almost laughed if all the others haven't tensed at the words.

"What did you see?" asked her Erica and clutched Boyd's hand more strongly.

"Nothing specific," Lydia sighed. "It was more like a feeling of foreboding and I've felt this, this house and you," she looked around the table at each of them as if trying to find or remember something and failing. "And you know how it is when I ...have a feeling."

"Nothing good," Isaac said sounding hollow.

"...yes," Lydia glanced at Stiles then and he could see that darkness again. He blinked. It was gone.

They were silent for a while. Liam was just playing with his food and looked as if he lost appetite.

"But when we came," Lydia took a breath. "It was different. It's not here anymore, that feeling. Or it never was?" She looked unsure.

"But, I don't know, something is going to happen. But I don't know what it is," she looked at Derek desperately. He gazed at her and then slowly nodded. Stiles almost jumped when his hand sneaked up on his tight again. He looked at him sharply, but Derek seemed lost in thought.

Seriously? He's grabbing him subconsciously now like Stiles is conveniently place piece of furniture or what? But the man had certainly a way how to make him forget about the bizarre gloomy and foreboding atmosphere Stiles found himself in.

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Stiles was in the library again. He came in to research more on the barriers. It's apparently a thing quite necessary for their survival. And he was particulary intrested in whether he can create a smaller barrier for one individual person. It would be great when the time for his escape comes.
But he got distracted by the entry on gnomes, he discovered by chance and now it was already quite long that he started to read. Well, the explanation of their sexual life and behaviour was quite long to be fair. And fascinating. He never would have thought that they-

That was when he noticed Derek standing with a sour expression in the doorway.

"What?" he asked and adjusted quite heavy book in his arms. Now that he thought about it, why doesn't he sit down? Stiles turned to the table and did just that. The general magical encyclopedia made a thumping sound being finally posed on the table.

Then, Stiles looked up at Derek again noticing his expression soured even more.

"What is it?" He asked again, managing somehow to stop himself before calling him a sourwolf. That would be so weird.

"You're here quite long," Derek told him and pointedly looked at antique clock standing in the corner. Stiles was surprised that it was already 2 o clock. Normally, he doesn't stay up so late. Only if he's playing The Call of Duty or having access to a computer in general, of course.

"Oh, right. I was researching the...gnomes." Said Stiles looking sideways. He was definitely not about to admit he was there to research the barrier actually. Not that it would be anything wrong if he did. He's the one who's supporting the damn thing right now.

Derek cocked an eyebrow at him feeling his uneasiness. Which was making him even more uncomfortable. He frowned at him annoyed.

"Why are you studying gnomes at 2 am Stiles?" He stepped closer making Stiles lean back in his chair.

"Why? It's a crime or something?" He was really not in the mood to explain his every move. To anybody. He was so fucking tired suddenly.

"You're tired," Derek stated.

"Pointing out obvious?" Stiles really didn't know what made him so snappy. Derek just kept moving closer, slowly and it drew Stiles nuts.

When he finally reached him, Stiles almost couldn't move out of the tension. It was harder to breath with him standing so close.

"You shouldn't stay up so late, it's not healthy," Derek's statement sounded unbelievably awkward. Stiles would have laughed if something wasn't stuck in his throath. Now, he couldn't help noticing how Derek himself looks tired. The skin under his eyes was darker and he was still wearing his T-shirt and jeans. He looked a little ruffled though, like someone who was lying on his couch too long.

"Why do you care?" This was getting on his nerves.

Derek huffed and resolutely pulled him out of the chair. Stiles' trying to struggle not having any effect on him at all.

"Let me go Derek!" Being the teenager that he was, Stiles kicks him in the leg. Derek just gave him an eye, almost looking amused. Amused! Stiles forced himself to calm down, he won't give the man the pleasure. And he grabbed a smaller book on the way out just to prove he can.
When Derek showed him towards the bed - why is he always showing him on things- Stiles marked how the sheets are crumbled on one part and one of Derek's paperbacks was left open upside-down under the lamp. What injustice, Derek can read until whenever he wants and Stiles couldn't?

He glared at him for a good measure. Derek ignored him and pulled his T-shirt off. Stiles' pulse sped up.

"What are you doing?" Derek stopped and looked up at him. Then to his chest. He hesitated a little but then continued anyway.

"What does it look like to you?" He grumbled.

When Stiles kept just standing there, he sighed.

"Are you planning to sleep in that?" Stiles didn't answer. For the millionth time he asked himself, why he couldn't just room with Scott. It would make much more sense for him to move to Scott's room after the fire and for Derek to move in with Isaac. That would be just two people changing places. But with Scott going to Isaac to give them "space" it's three. It was totally unnecessary and it's making him uncomfortable. Mainly in his lower parts. Thinking of his lower parts made him remember the episode in the forest. His breathing quickened and his hands started to sweat.

Derek stiffened at the massive spike in Stiles' arousal. He could always feel it, as a delicious tempting layer in the air. He could choose to ignore it then. But this time, it may be difficult. He clenched his fists and his nostril involuntarily widened to take in more of that sinful smell.

Before he realized it, he was standing closer to him. Dangerously close.

"Derek?" Stiles' first reflex was to back away, but Derek was faster. He closed his fingers around his wrist and tugged him closer. He could feel the energy which was pulling him towards Stiles, like a magnet.

Before he could notice and stop it, his nose was in Stiles' hair inhaling that irresistible smell. He didn't remember hearing his gasp, maybe he was too gone then.

The attack, the worry for everyone in pack and being constantly aware of Stiles' inner turmoil made him...weak. He could not help this- his free hand grabbing Stiles' waist to tug him closer. He didn't find it within himself continue excersise the willpower as he did for the last few days, maybe weeks. Stiles was just too tempting.

"Derek," hearing his breathy voice made him hard. And when he felt how weakly he tried to push him away, it made him even harder.

"Stiles," He breathed his name and buried his nose into the nook of his neck. So sexy.

"We shouldn't be doing this," Stiles said trying to push him away and Derek wholeheartedly agreed. But his body didn't care. He found the healing scar on Stiles' neck and touched it with his tongue. Stiles gasped. His whole body got rigid when he felt Derek's tongue on his neck.

He tried to push him away, maybe kick him, but without success. And the worst thing was that he really was not trying too hard. No matter how many time he told himself how stupid this idea was, his body never listened. It always got hot and bothered whenever Derek breathed a fucking word. So in this situation - pressed against the sexiest man Stiles ever seen- it was quite difficult not to cooperate.
"Stiles," Derek breathed his name. Stiles felt his calves touch the bed and he was done. All of this was too much. Being captured, betrayed by his best friend, away from his dad, having his life threatened by supernatural crazy witches while sharing his living space with the walking temptation on earth was just too overwhelming, he couldn't withstand this. He wanted, needed to let go. His arms encircled Derek's torso tugging him closer. Derek breathed in air like the man deprived of oxygen and they stumbled to fall behind on bed.

Derek tore himself away from his neck and Stiles had just a second to notice the red burning behind his irises before he pressed his mouth to his. He moaned. It was the first time he was kissed like this. It just made him stop thinking. He caught Derek's head in his hands to keep him in the place. Derek must have been in agreement because he growled and sneaked his palm under Stiles shirt - it was in fact Derek's shirt, he refused to let Stiles wear anyone else's clothes- and tugged it up, above his nipples. He so much wanted to see his nipples. It was killing him anytime he caught the outline of them under the loose cloth. He pressed one between his thumb and index finger eliciting the moan from Stiles writhing under him. He was hard, Derek could feel his erection against his tight. He tore his lips away from him to give a lick both of his delicious nipples. Oh my god, he wanted to lick all of him.

"Derek," his moan was so sinful. Like a little slut who wants to get fucked. He put both of his legs between his tights, making him spread them further. He grinded his own huge erection on his. It felt so good, yet it was not enough. He looked at Stiles lying under him, not trying to fight anymore. His skin got heated and his eyes were glazed over with arousal. His lips were still wet. Irresistible. He plunged his tongue in his mouth again. Not caring that he is teenager, that this is immoral. He just wanted to fuck him. To burry his cock in his tight asshole and make him moan like a slut for Derek. Only for Derek.

His hands found the button on Stiles jeans, desperate to get to his prize. He unzipped him and took his cock out. It was standing in pure hardness and Derek could not stop looking at a it. At Stiles lying there, under him, with his legs spread, his t-shirt tugged above his wet nipples and his cock released from his jeans. And his aroused desperate face. Priceless. He would hang this picture in his study and look at it everyday. He so would. But now, he had more pressing concerns- like how to make Stiles writhe under him even more.

Derek took his cock in hand and started to pump him. Each caress equaled the moan or bitten lip making Stiles look so unbelievably sexy. Derek needed more. He needed to taste that cock.

When Stiles noticed what he's about to do, he stopped breathing for a second. Only when Derek's lips touched the tip he breathed in rapidly. Then Derek kissed him - he french-kissed the head of his cock. Stiles almost came then. Just in the last second he managed to stop himself. He wanted this to last longer. Forever. Derek's hands on him left the burning trace. His superior weight made him want to submit, to just lie there and take it- the thought utterly foreign to Stiles. But in this moment he would have done anything Derek asked him to, just to get fucked.

Derek grasped the base of his cock and leaned in further until he could get all length into his throat. Stiles bit his own hand not to cry out at the sensation. Seeing Derek's head bobbing up and down between his legs was too much. He started to rock his hips in order to meet him, but Derek's hold on him didn't let him to move much.

"Derek," he didn't recognize his own voice.

"Please Derek," Derek growled on his cock sending timbers down to the base and the intense pleasure he couldn't handle anymore.

"I'm coming," he said rapidly, expecting Derek to move out of the way. But his words only made
him burry his nose in his hair and Stiles felt his chin on his balls when he came. The wave of
pleasure surged through his body, loosening his muscles making him just lie in there coming into
Derek’s mouth.

When he finally stopped, Derek took his placid cock out letting a little bit of cum trickling down
from the corner of his mouth. It was obscene. Stiles tensed when he leaned down on him again, but
opened his lips when Derek pressed them together. His tongue reached inside and Stiles felt his
own cum in his mouth. He shouldn't be letting him do this, it was supposed to make him feel
disgusting, but he felt none of it. He just felt spent.

Derek hadn't cum yet, Stiles felt his erection on the tight.

"Derek," he said weakly. "Do you want me to…"

"No, I will take care of it," Derek said and Stiles heard the dark smile in his voice. Derek let him
go to kneel in between his legs taking his cock out of his jeans. It was huge. Stiles looked at it in
transfixed desire. He didn't thing he could want it so soon after he came, but apparently yes. Derek
started to pump it looking down at him, tracing his lean spent body with hungry eyes. He felt Stiles'
subdued arousal stir again. He intensified his movements and then he came. Coming directly on
Stiles' flaccid cock, then on his abdomen and chest.

Stiles' breathing spiked when he felt first round of Derek's cum on him. It was making him so hot.
Derek let his body weight pin him to the bed, covering almost all of him. His canines lengthened
and he lazily sunk them down into the usual place on Stiles' neck. Stiles breathed in on the first
impact, but then he felt the exhaustion of all day, deep night and satisfaction weight on him. He
wanted to clean up before the cum turns sticky, but he was too tired. He fall asleep with Derek
lazily massaging his cum into the skin on his hip.

***

Stiles woke up feeling sated. He stretched lazily on the bed deciding whether he should open his
eyes or not. He felt sleepy-good, exactly as he was supposed to feel after - he sat up rapidly on the
bed. He remembered just then. Only then! How is it possible that it wasn't on his mind whole night
weighing on him, not letting him sleep? Because that's what he would expect normally to happen
after spending the night with the guy- fucking alpha werewolf- who kidnapped him! But no. Stiles
was sleeping like a baby. That too is Derek's fault, he was sure of it. Whenever he bit him, it was
like receiving drogue to his system. It made him feel so pliant and secure, that he apparently forgot
how to think.

He pulled up the covers to look under them and frowned confused when he didn't find dry cum all
over him. Derek must have cleaned him up, for which Stiles was grudgingly grateful, because the
alternative would mean he's got to go out to the hallway to slip in their old room to get rid of all the
evidence.

Speaking of which- where was Derek? He was certainly not in the room. Stiles let out a sigh of
relief after he confirmed it at least twice (well, you never know- maybe werewolves can turn
invisible). Then he dropped his face in his palms and groaned. What the fuck is wrong with him?

***

Derek transformed into his full wolf form and was running the perimeter, relieving smirking Isaac
of his duty. He needed fresh air. The room was full of his and Stiles mixed smell and it was killing
him. What the hell was he thinking? That's the thing- he was not thinking at all. Otherwise, how
could he touch an underaged person?
Remembering Kate was always full of regret, anger and guilt. She seduced him, when he didn't know better. When he thought she actually liked him and then she killed his whole family. He shook his head and ran faster making his paws hit the ground harder extorting as much energy as he could while running.

And he went and did the same to Stiles. The amazing, sexy, smart, unattainable Stiles. Whenever he walked into the room, Derek's body tensed and he had to argue himself down to not go to him and put a possessive arm around his waist. But he was confident he could do it. Aside from that one episode in forest, when Stiles tried to escape and worked up his wolf too much with the chase, Derek was certain he could handle being in his presence and not to put a finger on him.

But now, this. He couldn't let this continue. He decided that once he returns to the house, he will move his things to his old destroyed room and sleep there. Alone. It's not like there's a storm coming which would make being in the room without a wall a stupid thing to do.

Then he smelled it. He stopped abruptly in his tracks and growled subconsciously. The smell was unmistakable - werewolf. But none of his. He proceeded cautiously further on the trail. More then one. He didn't like it one bit. This many unknown werewolves so close to his territory. Something was riling him up from the inside about it. He got closer and understood what was making him so uncomfortable- all of the wolves were alphas.

Unnatural.

"Derek Hale, I presume." The man with the cane and sunglasses suddenly appeared in front of him. Derek tensed, not liking one bit being so surprised and growled.

"Oh, let's be civilized here." The man smiled and behind him more figures made themselves known. Most of them was looking and him coldly with a stony face and some of them were smiling - it was not a nice smile. He didn't even think of fighting, there were too many. But maybe he could outrun them.

"No need to be so jumpy," said the apparent leader. "We are just…visiting." He smiled. The others started to move away to encircle him. Damn.

"My name is Deucalion." He paused.

"We have something to discuss with you."

Derek didn't like this one bit.
Chapter 12

When Stiles looked up from the book he was reading outside on a porch, under the watchful eye of Liam of course, he's seen Derek running up to him from the woods. He changed midjump to his human form and Stiles mouth fell unwillingly open.

Why does he do that? Seriously. He should be aware that there are quite sensible human beings around. And the last thing Stiles needed was to be exposed to his nudity. He put the book down to cover his waking boner, but still could see Liam smirking down at him. And ostentatively flaring his nostrils. Jerk.

"Stiles, what kind of a barrier did you put up?" Derek stomped quickly to him.

"Oh, well," Stiles struggled to think about something else being so close to Derek's manly bits.

"Let me think, ok," He looked at the barier then back at Derek and then back at the barier. Liam was frowning now, coming closer to Derek. Sniffing.

"Can you cover yourself or something?" Stiles, with great exercise of the willpower had to turn away from him in his sitting position.

"I can't focus like this," that resulted in Liam snikering, but Derek was not in the mood, because he growled.

"We don't have time for this." Stiles glared at the forest - 'cause he didn't have confidence not to ogle Derek's manliness if he faced him straight on.

"I guess, the same as Deaton?" He copied it almost completely from the older dude. That was the easiest and fastest thing to do at the time.

"Change it," Derek started to move towards entrance forcing Stiles to get up from his seat and follow him.

"What, why?" He struggled to keep up. If Derek wanted him to do something, he should at least slow down, geez.

"It can't let the werewolves in." Now Stiles was confused.

"But, hate to break it to you buddy- you are the werewolves."

"I meant the others," Derek abruptly turned to him staring closely in his face. "I need to have a barier which will not let anyone, aside from the pack to pass."

"Ok...," Stiles was still confused but he caught on quick. But he will ask a lot of questions later.

"How fast you need it?"

"Yesterday was too late," Derek snapped. Which, weirdly, elicited a smirk from Stiles. Maybe he discovered a new kink.

"Cute. I'll get it done," He said already rapidly moving towards the library. Good thing he checked out the barriers before, because now at least he knew where to search. And he needed to confirm some stuff, if he wanted to evade closing all of them in The Dome style glass bubble.
"Fast, Stiles!" Derek called after him.

"I got it, sourwolf. Put something on, will you?" Derek heard his exasperated sigh as Stiles moved away muttering something about too much exposure under his breath.

Derek ran upstairs closely followed by Liam and threw something on. This morning he woke up quite early and went to run just like that. Normally, there wasn't anyone whose sensibilities he needed to care for, he thought annoyed.

"What happened?" Asked Liam wrinkling his nose when he stepped into the room. Then his worried expression morphed into sly grin.

"Did you? Finally?" Derek didn't dignify that with a response and bummered his way out of the door to join Stiles in the library. Liam just laughed like a maniac behind him. Well, if he didn't catch the smell he so meticulously massaged into Stiles skin last night, then he still has a lot to learn. The puppy, thought Derek. The memory made him feel shame and guilt. And arousal. Whatever. He's got more pressing things to do now.

"Stiles? You've got something?" The kid looked up from the huge dusty book he was studying on Derek's table.

"Yeah, I mean there's not written anything specific. But if we take into consideration the law of physics - which is exactly what I mean by magic, because that's what we do, willing the magnetic field natural to our bodies to-"

"Stiles." Derek glowered making him stop his wonderful explanation of the way how things work, in his opinion. And Stiles is mostly right.

"Ok, ok. So basically, I can make the expulsion." Stiles looked at their blank faces and sighed.

"I will change the barrier to allow passing of the members of the pack only." And himself, of course, but he didn't say that one aloud.

"Whenever some other werewolf or werecreature-" because now he knew there are more species, look at fucking Jackson! "- tries to pass through, they would be, ehm, electroluted, and thrown out." Derek nodded already feeling better.

"But," Derek tensed again. "I can't make them blind to it." That was real bummer. He couldn't find a way how to make other different, no-pack wereis insensible to the fact that there is the barrier. Like Derek's pack, they were supernaturals and they would feel the change in the atmosphere around it. He couldn't make it the same as it is for normal humans, who not only didn't feel it, they just bypassed it completely without noticing there even was anything to bypass.

Well, it's not perfect. Yet, anyway.

"Do it." Derek told him and turned to Liam.

"Where is everyone? I thought they would already barge through the door by now."

"No idea where is Scott, haven't seen him from yesterday." Liam looked out through the window as if Scott would come running out of the forest any second. "Isaac is sleeping-"

"What? How can he sleep until noon?" Derek was really exasperated with his teenage pack.

"I tell you, it's entirely possible," Stiles interrupted. "Not everyone-"
"Stiles, focus." Derek gave him an eye and prompted his beta to continue.

"Erica and Boyd-"

"We are in the kitchen," Said Erica making both of the werewolves pause. Stiles raised an eyebrow at them. But when Derek glanced at him again he focused on the spell he was supposed to be making right now.

"We're listening," joined in Boyd. Derek gritted his teeth when he remembered why none of the two is joining them in the study. He will get rid of the hunters once for good, he swore. But now, he's got the different problem.

"What happened?" Asked Boyd.

"We have a company," Derek replied. Stiles frowned at him. He would have tuned in on their conversation, but when he had to focus on changing the barrier's attributes, it would be difficult.

But the statement of "we have a company" never foretold anything good so Stiles forced himself to focus on the magic at work. He felt each layer of the barrier and found multiple connections how these layers fell into each other. He just needed to add something - the restriction.

Derek looked at Stiles who faced the window. He looked like he can clearly see the barrier. Probably he did. He watched him exhale and glance at him over his shoulder.

"It's done, I think."

"You think?" Derek wanted to be sure.

"I didn't do anything like this before, so I can't tell for sure." Stiles frowned and Derek could feel the wave of frustration which overcame the him. He just wasn't certain if it was because of Derek or the situation at hand.

"Ok, we will have to prepare in case that, I can't tell for sure, our unexpected visitors decide to knock on the damn door."

"What visitors?" Both Stiles and Liam asked at the same time.

"Yeah, what are you talking about?" Added the sleepy voice of Isaac from his bedroom. Derek raised eyes to the ceiling as if piercing through to where his uncompetent beta was still unbelievably not getting up.

"Everyone, to the kitchen- I'm tired speaking to you through the walls."

"That's the two of us," muttered Stiles. Catching Derek's unimpressed look he gave him a blinding smile passing him by to the door.

They gathered around the kitchen table, Stiles helping himself to the chips -with everyone else stealing from his bag once he opened it- and turned to Derek. Isaac joined them still with sleepy eyes.

"Do you know where is Scott?" Derek asked him.

"No idea," he yawned oblivious to Derek's unhappy expression.

"Where is that guy," Stiles muttered to himself. He was becoming quite sensitive to his disappearances. Once was enough. They apparently need to have some talk or he will have to
attach the bell to Scott's neck. Or tracking device to his ankle.

"There is a pack of wolves in the territory," Derek began obviously deciding that he's not waiting.

"Who are they?" asked Liam crossing his arms trying to look very mature. Stiles almost rolled his eyes at the sight. But at least he was being cute.

"They are led by the man named Deucalion. I stumbled upon them when I was running…the perimeter," Derek sighed. Really the problems just kept piling up.

"What do they want?" asked Isaac looking considerably more alert.

"They said they just want to talk."

"Bunch of crap," Erica spat out. Derek nodded in agreement.

"They are camped outside for now, but they said they want to start the …diplomatic relations,"

"What the hell does that mean?" Erica was standing now. All of them were quite agitated. Liam was biting his lip forgetting the mature act for now, Isaac's jaw was clenched and Boyd was - although still lying on the bed- looking ready to battle. Stiles hoped that is not what they are going to do… first try to talk things out, then battle. Or not? Maybe they were just peaceful oblivious pack trying to find some friends.

"Another strange thing, every one of them smelled like…an alpha." After Derek's declaration, there was shocked silence.

"What?" Erica gasped.

"But that's impossible," stated Boyd, talking for the first time.

"Yeah I know, yet they did." Derek shook his head. Stiles frowned. Even he knew that there can't be two alphas in one wolf pack, they would kill each other. Or they would kill until only one alpha remained.

"That's unnatural.." Stiles heard Isaac murmur before he straightened his head: "How could they gather so many alphas in the first place?"

"I don't know," Derek looked him in the eyes. "To be an alpha, you have to have a pack and stand at the top of it. Without a pack, one would usually become an omega." Stiles shivered when Derek's gaze fell on him choosing to stare at Isaac's profile instead. He preferred not to be reminded of the last night at the time of seemingly very serious, maybe life threatening discussion, ok?

"So, how do they want to establish this…diplomatic relations?" He decided to ask him in stead of having him stare too much.

"They want to kind of send some two people in here , we will spend the time together- the idea is to get friendly and then, they are on their way." At his announcement a cacophony of protesting voices filled the kitchen. Even Boyd with somehow scratchy voice kept on talking. Stiles decided to sit this one out. He didn't have any good feeling about this.

"And if we don't let them in?" Asked Erica putting her hands on her hips.

"The things will not turn out pretty." Derek's eyes swept all of them. "I could smell their
aggression, it looked like the majority of them wanted me not to agree to it just so they can start to
fight." All of them silently mulled over this for a while.

"So you agreed already?" The question just fell out of Stiles' lips. All of their eyes snapped towards
him then back to Derek. Derek reluctantly nodded. This meant another cacophony of whys and
whats. But Stiles already deducted that Derek wouldn't have a choice.

That was the time when Scott decided is the best to appear.

"Where have you been?" Asked him Derek sternly. Scott just looked sideways searching Stiles'
supporting gaze. But well, Stiles was not happy with him either so, too bad man.

"I was around- I guess I fall asleep in the woods." He smiled sheepishly, his cheeks turning pink.
This time not many people were swayed though, especially not Derek.

"You fell asleep in the woods?" He said in very cold voice. "Are you joking? Do you know why
there is a barrier in the first place?" Scott hunched his shoulders under his scrutiny, he looked quite
apologetic. But Stiles could recognize the defiance in his eyes, somehow stronger then how he
remembered it from before. He knew that Scott would do as he pleases. He groaned.

At that both of them turned to him. This time it was Stiles whose cheeks were pink when Scotts
nostrils flared and his eyes widened. Stiles looked away waiting for the remark, but none came.

"The situation at hand is this- the alpha pack is out in the woods, demanding access to the house in
order to establish friendly relations." Scott frowned. Stiles could clearly see that his best friend
doesn't like this either. And that raised his hackles even more- reconfirming his own suspicion. He
did not know these people/ supernaturals, with Derek's pack he at least knew them. Knew some of
them from before even, still he didn't trust them. And these new arrivals he had no reason to trust
whatsoever. With them waiting behind the barrier if he managed to cross it, it would be even
harder to get home. Well, he could try to blast them into oblivion. But.

"I have to get out there to negotiate the condition," said Derek and Stiles felt surprised by the wave
of uneasiness which overcame him.

"Can I come with you?" He asked without meaning to and got embarrassed when all of them turned
to him. Derek was staring for too long.

"No," he finally said and Stiles didn't know if he's feeling relieved or frustrated. The sooner he gets
away from him the better, for his sanity at least.

"I need somebody to inform Lydia and Jackson not to show up here," Derek looked at Isaac.

"I can go," Scott jumped in quickly, but Derek shook his head. "I need you here as a second now.
So Isaac, go as soon as possible," Isaac nodded happy at least to have something to do.
"Stiles," Stiles was again surprised hearing his own name. "Go research something, anything about protection against them while they are here." Derek pointed his chin to the library. Stiles felt a little like being sent to the kitchens, but he let it slide this time in favor of more important matters.

"You sure?" He had to ask, because, well, a captive being assigned to the task of defending the fortress was very unconventional. Frankly, it was weird.

"Yeah, I cannot reach Deaton and I think if he were to come here he'd be intercepted and we'd be screwed."

"Ok, I can do that," he said reluctantly. Because well, what else should he do. And he already helped them before (well, his life was in danger too then, but still). The ugliest feeling of it was, how natural it felt.

Isaac disappeared through the backdoor by then. Derek put his hands on the shoulders of Scott and Liam standing side by side, somehow it seemed more then a gesture of support. Then he ruffled Erica's head, she snapped her teeth at him playfully. And he took a little of Boyd's pain, which made Boyd paradoxically more unhappy.

Then he moved towards Stiles. He forced himself to stay put, however much he wanted to step out of the way or at least make a step backwards. So he was standing there rigidly, when Derek stopped in front of him.

"What are you doing? The research?" asked Derek in a you-should-have-been-buried-under-the-books-by-now tone.

"Oh right," Stiles blundered. "The library. I'm going there. Now." He turned abruptly to get away as soon as possible from his embarrassment. When he stumbled, Derek caught him, before he could splatter on the floor. But Derek didn't let go making Stiles swallow his tongue until they got to the library.

"Ok, so here we are," Stiles muttered.

"You can let go now." His skin was tingling and it was too hot in his clothes. But Derek stepped closer moving somehow too naturally, almost inhumanly- pressing his cheek lightly against Stiles jaw, going up until he could inhale the smell from his hair. Stiles inhaled rapidly and clenched his fists.

Then Derek stepped away looking almost mad and when Stiles blinked he was out.

Stiles closed his arms around his chest and swallowed. Fuck.

***

Scott waited until Derek was in safe distance. Then he waited some more until, well until his gut told him it's ok to sneak out.

When he returned last time he smelt something different then usual, something mad, agitated and dangerous. He knew Derek's right, the alpha pack is no good news. And he knew very well he should stay in the house and protect it. But he just couldn't help himself. He needed to see her one last time before they fortify down.

He ran quickly through the trees not minding the alpha smell close around their barrier. Then further, where it dissipated, where also the smell of his own pack was not so prevalent. And then further until the stench of the city reached in between the branches. He slowed down cautiously.
There were still some deputies on the lookout for Stiles and even occasional volunteers formed a search party again to try.

His search parties have given up long time ago. He was relieved, but still it was a little sad. He shook his head and stepped in between the buildings. He had to find Allison.

***

Derek stepped into the lion's den again. Deucalion was already waiting for him. He sat in the circle of all his followers, alphas themselves, as a king.

"Have you decided, Derek?" Deucalion smiled. Derek pressed his lips thin.

"Yes." He looked him straight into the eyes refusing to acknowledge anyone else.

"I invite you to spent some time with me and my pack," saying it he tried not to feel like doing the biggest mistake ever, but he couldn't help it. In any sense.

"You made a right decision, Derek," Deucalion stood up not using his blind man cane for show.

"Me and my pack will be happy to be your guest." He made a step forward but Derek stopped him with raised hand.

"I invite only you, as a leader of your pack," he ignored snarling from the others and continued: "To be the honorable guest at my residence, as a gesture of a good faith." He gritted his teeth silently. He refused to let whole pack of strangers in- over his dead body.

Deucalion was silent. Derek didn't know what he's thinking behind his sunglasses and his emotions also didn't betray anything.

Deucalion smiled slowly.

"I understand, Derek, of course." He waved back at his pack members glaring at Derek from behind him. Their emotions, he could clearly decipher.

"Allow me to take simply Kali, my right hand with me." He gestured and a tall woman with long straight hair stepped forward. She smirked at Derek with her teeth. Derek was silent for a moment, but he knew he doesn't have very good leverage to refuse, so he nodded. Remembering Deucalion can't see him - probably- he said:

"Alright."

When the two approached to be guided towards Derek's house, he couldn't stop the goosebumps.

***

Derek run ahead of the two other werewolves. He had to prepare the others for their arrival.

"Stiles!" he run through the house to the library.

"What? What's happening? Are we under the attack?" Stiles appeared in the door with his hair standing in all directions and Derek felt crazy urge to press his face towards him, but this time he resisted.
"Two werewolves are coming with me - their are going to be my guests," he ignored his muttering 'like I'm your guest' and continued on: "I need you to let them pass." Stiles looked at him and Derek already saw how possibilities are running through his head.

"Ok, I can do that - but I'll have to have a visual contact when they'll be on the breakpoint."

"Fine - you could look from the window of the bedroom," Stiles knew he meant his old kind off destroyed bedroom. He gave him a nod.

"Do you know where's Scott? I can't hear his heartbeat."

"I'll ignore this disturbing thing you just said and just tell you that no - I have no idea where he'd gone to." Derek could smell how frustrated Stiles felt about it. He clenched his fists in order not to fall to the urge to comfort him.

"Where is he all the time?" He muttered to himself unhappily and turned to Stiles again:

"Go prepare and don't let them off your sight, I need to round the welcome party," his tone was so dry Stiles had to chuckle.

"Sure man, I'm on the way." and he turned towards the stairs moving slowly already thinking how exactly is he going to do it.

"Stiles," he turned towards Derek's impatient tone raising eyebrow at him.

"Don't waste the time. I would prefer them not to notice we can bar them from entering altogether." Stiles just huffed and quickened his pace. He almost forgot how that guy can push his buttons.

***

Standing upstairs in the hole where Derek's wall was, Stiles could see two figures approaching the barrier. He focused his energy - it was much harder then he thought - and created the hole in the barrier to let them pass. They didn't seem like they noticed any sort of resistance. He let the barrier slide back to the place behind them.

Now, the only problem would be if they wanted to leave unexpectedly. But well. Let's prepare for the party.
Stiles stepped out to join the pack facing the two strangers.

The old guy was smiling up at them in a disturbing sort of way raising Stiles' hackles more than the lithe woman standing right next to him.

"This is Deucalion and Kali," Derek said not glancing at his pack but keeping the two in his line of vision.

Kali, what a name, Stiles thought. She looked at him then and he immediately felt the sort of nausea. He would have withstood it but when Liam steadied him with supporting hand on his shoulder he looked at him gratefully.

Derek glared at Liam for some reason and young wolf immediatelly stepped away. Stiles gave Derek a frown, it's going to be his fault if he looses balance now. And in front of the enemies.

Speaking of enemies, he seriously didn't like that woman, Kali. At all. Especially when she pointedly smiled at him with her sharp teeth.

"They are going to be our guests for a short time," Stiles hoped that the mentioned short time isn't just Derek's wishful thinking.

"I will show you to your room," he added unhappily and turned to make them follow. Deucalion gracefully obliged giving all of them polite smile. Pack moved out of the way to let them pass inside the house with super great reluctance. Stiles thought Erica would snap when Kali walked past her.

Thanks to Stiles' immersion in werewolf studies, he knew that this was almost a violation of a The Pack Law. Nobody, not even a pack of friends could stay in other pack's den. And now they are letting the enemies in.

Derek knew this, felt it, but he didn't have much of a choice. As much as he was bitter about it. Stiles didn't need the wolf senses to recognize the tension in his shoulders as he led them further in. He felt surprised by sudden need to walk over and comfort him somehow. Maybe by touching his arm, maybe by leaning closer, maybe by a ki- no. Bad Stiles. What the hell was he thinking?!

Snapp out of it Stiles! This is still your enemy. Even thought Deucalion with his arm candy are worse enemies, Derek is still in the enemy category too and Stiles would do better to remember it. Whatever may have happened in the past few days. Stiles shook his head trying to clear it of any crazy thoughts.

Derek led Deucalion and Kali inside trying not to show how tense he was. He personally allowed the enemies - because that's what they were, he didn't have any illusions whatsoever about their intentions - to enter his den and to share the space with his pack. With Stiles. If something happens, it will be his fault again. He clenched his teeth.

He showed Deucalion and Kali the smallest room available downstairs. He refused to let them sleep upstairs where the bedrooms of the pack were. Even if he could maybe have them under better surveillance there… he just couldn't allow them to stay so close to anyone. Now, only Boyd would remain downstairs in kitchen. He didn't like his beta staying so close to them. The only pack member who was injured would be easy prey for Kali if Deucalion told her to attack. He'll have to move him upstairs somehow. He'll ask Scott and Isaac to move him up. Erica will definitely assist
with the task. She would definitely not let him stay alone down there.

"I will leave you to get…comfortable," he said to them through clenched teeth. Deucalion showed him his brand close lipped smile and nodded in approval - as if Derek was his personal beta - closing the door behind Kali and himself in Derek's face. Derek barely fought of the desire to tear down the door and bury his teeth in his fucking eyes. Derek silently let out a deep breath and returned quickly to others.

Boyd tried to sit straighter when Derek appeared, probably to show that he's not incapable of fighting back but nobody was fooled. Derek glanced at Stiles, who was standing somehow more in the back now and immediately felt himself relax at least a little.

"Where's Scott?" Derek asked Isaac. He and Scott became roommates when Derek's room was destroyed. They didn't mind at all having to share the personal space. Werewolves in general were not particular about it, especially among the pack, and Isaac with Scott were roughly the same age. Both of them lost parents one way or the other, so it was not surprising that they got along a lot. Isaac really helped Derek out a lot when he managed to convince Scott to stay put for last year and not to try seek out his mom or best friend. Isaac was the person who'd most likely know where the hell he disappeared to.

That's why he was unpleasantly surprised to hear again he doesn't know.

"What?" He looked at his beta's aristocratic face.

"What the fuck is he thinking?" He started to pace. Stiles didn't like this at all. Where is he? This is really odd time to play hide and seek.

Stiles almost started to mirror Derek in his agitation. This wasn't like Scott at all. He knew the enemies were coming yet he sneaked out again. What's happening? While Derek let out his frustration about unreliable betas and teenagers under which Stiles could sense badly hidden worry, he thought about this some more. He knew Scott must be hiding something. The question is what.

***

Scott set a quick pace to reach the Argents house. He tugged his hoodie down a little more so there would be less chance he'd be recognized. At the end of the street he turned around the lamppost where the old dirty poster showing his own face was partly hidden behind a newer one showing Stiles. Noticing the two of them he sped up.

He really shouldn't be here. He was fully aware it was the worst idea ever when there is hostile group of werewolves camping at their doorsteps. But he needed to see Allison. The strange thing was that the more danger he sensed coming his way, the more he needed to see her- to affirm her existence, to know that she is still there, that she is safe. This was something he never felt before. It was like a pull making him disregard everything else.

Scott rounded the corner and saw the Allison's house.

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Stiles couldn't very well go out and search for Scott himself. First, Derek wouldn't allow it, second, he had no idea where to begin. And he knew Scott would reappear after a while. This time he wasn't forced to stay away so... to forget worrying about his best buddy's whereabouts he started to look into the alphas more. Stiles was determined to research the alphas the deepest he could
actually. He wanted to know about every possible weakness he could use against Deucalion and his pack of fuckers.

Once in the study he opened up two books he already knew could contain some information on the topic and dived in. Too bad he can’t use wikipedia here. When his busy mind offered him another passing idea that he could put some magical tracker on them, the door opened.

Expecting Derek, Stiles froze when he saw Deucalion instead.

"Hello…Stiles, is it?" Deucalion smiled politely and stepped in.

"This is a private library," Stiles said instead of answering.

"And you are a spark," Deucalion replied without replying in amused tone.

"How do you know that?" Stiles frowned pushing himself further in the chair when Deucalion kept on coming closer. The man was blind, but seemingly it didn't pose a problem for him to advance among the furniture.

"I can smell the electricity in you," he inhaled deeply and smiled as if he received a rare treat. Stiles' hands started to sweat. He was alone with a leader of fucking alpha pack in the study. And said alpha was blocking the escape door. Sensing his distress Deucalion smiled wider. He made a few more steps until he stood next to Stiles' chair looming over him. Stiles rapidly stood up and moved to get away from him, but Deucalion was faster.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Not so quick," he caught him by the wrist.

"You have the most intriguing smell," He said and repulsively leaned in again.

"I would have a use for you," he continued cooing.

Stiles was already preparing to blast him into oblivion - he seriously could, he thought- when Derek's growl sounded from the doorway. Before Stiles could decide whether to really blast the repulsive alpha of off him, Deucalion was thrown into the bookshelves and he found himself pressed to Derek on the other side of the room.

Honestly, it was a little hard to breath, but the menacing growls directed towards the man on the floor had such a calming effect. Stiles pressed himself unconsciously closer, hoping that Derek would not notice this satisfaction emanating from his whole body in the mood he's currently in.

"Sorry, I have offended you," Deucalion said it with obvious question mark and when Derek didn't reply, he got up from the pile of books which fell around and on top of him brushing away the dust from his tights looking at them through his sunglasses. Creepy.

"I didn't realize you two were... mates." He smiled apologetically.

Derek didn't believe him one second. He sought out Stiles intentionally, he was sure of it. Maybe he should simply tear his throat out now and be done with it. Fuck the other werewolves outside. Would they even feel it if their leader died? He didn't understand how are they connected, maybe they wouldn't know it the same way Derek's own pack would know if it happened to them.

Stiles in Derek's embrace mulled the words over. Mates? Like pals? Is Deucalion apologizing that he offended their mutual friendship? Weird. He should research that too. But now, his super close proximity to Derek was clouding his otherwise super sharp mind with pleasure. Satisfaction was turning into something more...exciting. He should totally make Derek release him. But he was too
lazy. And they had to stand united against Deucalion of course. Damn the Stockholm syndrome.

"Stay away from him," Derek growled.

"Of course," Deucalion raised hands in non-threatening way. Totally not believable.

"I wouldn't dream to hurt the alpha mate." He smiled again, which made Derek growl more.

Deucalion must have got it, because he backed out circling them from the most possible distance to the door and left them alone. Not glancing back to the pile of books he shattered. Does he expect them to clean up his mess? He totally does. Stiles thought passingly when he inhaled Derek's impossibly good smell. What kind of a cologne is he wearing? Stiles thought he should buy it too.

Derek pressed Stiles closer to him even thought the danger was gone. He would have tore the man to shreds if he'd done something to Stiles. He leaned closer to his hair to inhale that maddening and safe smell again.

"Um, Derek?" Said Stiles getting a little uncomfortable. Derek knew exactly what kind of uncomfortable it is. Tempting.

"Could you let me go?" He shifted in his embrace making both of them feel more of the heat.

"No," he answered bringing his hand down to Stiles' lower back, and down again. Derek's every touch spreading the excitement in whole of his body. He couldn't believe that just after he was so repulsed by one werewolf, he'd be moaning in pleasure pressed to another. Again.

Derek ran his hands all over him, making Stiles moan involuntarily, breathing the subtle smell of their previous encounter. So good. He pressed his jaw to his temple listenning to little whimpers which escaped him.

Derek pressed lips to his making both of them groan. Stiles was caught of guard from the kiss. He thought he should push Derek away for a second- Stiles, remember? The enemy? - but it was just too good. He couldn't help leaning in to get more. Derek's tongue in his mouth was too damn stupid but so sexy.

Stiles' hands somehow wrapped around his neck crushing them together more.

Derek took Stiles who automatically wrapped his legs around his waist and put him on the table. He pressed his lips again on his immediatelly inserting his tongue to that sweet mouth.

When he heard Stiles' moan he groaned in satisfaction. Now, having his body in the arms he immediately forgot about Stiles' age and the fact that he's forcing him to stay in his house. Or, he didn't forget, just his brain was offline.

Derek got his hand under Stiles', or really Derek's jeans. He growled happily when he could easily reach what he wanted in the loose, for Stiles too big fabric. He got under Stiles' boxers hearing him gasp at the touch.

"Derek," he whimpered. "What are you doing?" Derek didn't manage to reply. He just pressed his tongue in Stiles mouth again.

His hand traveled to Stiles butt. He felt the soft skin and grabbed it. Stiles gasped, the rough contact made him remember for a second in whose arms he is. But before he could simply think to push Derek away he felt how his finger got to his buttcrack. And suddenly he couldn't move. Derek encircled his anus once, twice. Once he couldn't wait anymore, he inserted one finger into his
Stiles' hips buckled. Oh my god, he was fucking wet. Derek thought he's going to get crazy. His cock still in his jeans was aching with need. The need to be in that tight hole.

Stiles didn't fucking believe that he has Derek's finger in his asshole. And that the sensation is so hot and maddening immediately. It was weird. It was not supposed to feel so amazing from the start. From the super aroused cloud his brain was swimming in, Stiles remembered that it wasn't supposed to feel this easy. Not without any preparation and he knew it- when he first found out about his boyish preferences, he made a point to research.ok. And Derek getting his finger, his hot finger in without any resistance, was unbelievable. But, he just couldn't think about it now. It was impossible. Derek's scent and the feeling of his body pressing on him made Stiles incapable of rational thinking.

He moaned when Derek's finger began moving inside his asshole. In and out. In and out. Stiles found Derek's neck and bit it. Derek froze for a second and Stiles was instantly afraid that he's going to stop and then started to berate himself for being afraid, but Derek didn't stop. Derek pressed further, Stiles biting his neck awakened his alpha instincts.

He needed to feel his soft skin and all of this clothing was in the way. He lifted his shirt with free hand having Stiles moan in slight heated confusion. He felt too warm, intensely heated and having lost his shirt made it better.

Stiles didn't know why is Derek so irresistible to him. He just was. And with Deucalion threatening him, not being sure his best friend is still his best friend, plus not knowing anything about his father or when can he see him, he found it easier to forget all of that in contact with this body. It was impossible to think about anything but Derek.

Stiles pressed closer and his hands travelled on Derek's chest.

"Derek, please," he moaned breathlessly and Derek groaned. He knew Stiles can't be serious, can't think clearly right now, but it was so tempting.

Derek fell to his knees in front of him and before Stiles could protest loosing contact with his lips, he took out his cock and sucked him in.

Stiles was too sensitive already. He couldn't hold much longer.

"Derek, I'm coming," Derek groaned approvingly and Stiles after useless struggle was forced to let go.

He came with a shout and Derek sucked everything out of him.

He then stood up, looking at Stiles slumped in pleasure on his desk. He was so sexy. He couldn't resist. Derek looked Stiles in the eyes. He touched a trickle of the cum which escaped him from the mouth, he looked at his fingers and silently held them out. Stiles licked them without a word. He had the audacity to smirk at Derek after that. Stiles didn't know what made him do that.

"Tonight, you sleep naked." Derek declared and left the room. He heard Stiles' shocked outcry only when he got up the stairs.

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Stiles was speechless. Is he for real? Did he just order him to sleep naked? Stiles didn't care how hot it sounded. He will not take Derek's orders. Any orders, but especially these kind of orders.
Ridiculous.

He covered himself and jumped of the table. He will not think about what jet happened. Maybe he can pretend that it didn't. And he's got some important research about which he completely forgot in the turn of events, to do. He decided not to ponder useless thoughts which will just make him incapable to do anything at all.

He won't sleep naked tonight and if Derek doesn't like it, he'll just have to suck it up. He certainly did, he smirked. Then immediately reddened. What did he just promise to himself?! Ok, research, research, research!

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During the day, Deucalion and Kali, kept in their room. Luckily. Stiles felt much better not having to bump into the walking killer machines on the way to kitchen. Although Erica loudly complained that she'll have to dezinfect the room entirely afterwards. He had no doubt that they heard every word. Go for it girl!

"Scott?" Derek asked Isaac who was watching the TV in the evening. Isaac just shook his head more interested in the netflix. Derek grinded his teeth and went to grab Stiles by the waist. Forcing him to plaster against his side.

"What the hell, Derek?" This was making him hot and bothered again. Quite unnesesarilly to be exact.

"What?" he said grumpily as if he was one being bothered.

"Can you let me go?" Derek looked at him as if he was being stupid. Then he simply ignored him.

What the hell? Stiles heard the snickering downstairs, but soon he was carried of up the stairs.

"Where are you taking me?" He tried to push him of, but Derek being the iron wall didn't budge at all. Sometimes Stiles hated werewolf strength. Scratch the "sometimes", all the time!

"To bed," he said and before Stiles could gasp at the outrageous words, Derek opened the door to their bedroom and thrown him across it to the sheets.

"What the fuck, Derek?! I could have fallen on the floor!" Really, the man thrown him across the room, for god's sake.

"No, you couldn't. I calculated the distance," Derek smirked and closed the door behind him.

"You- what?!" Stiles' leg got somehow stuck-wrapped in the sheets. He tried to force it out and it distracted him from Derek, who by the time walked over to bed and sat on it with his back turned towards Stiles. he started to get his shoes off. Then his T-shirt. Then his jeans-

"Wait, Derek," Stiles stopped trying to untie his leg from bed sheets and pushed himself away from that muscular body.

"What are you doing?" His voice got higher looking at his sexy back.

"What does it look like? I'm undressing," he snorted.

"I didn't mean that! Why are you undressing?" By this time he almost fell of the bed from the other side. Considering his leg was still wrapped in ridiculous way, his head would hurt pretty bad upon
"Because," and now Derek looked at him over his shoulder. "I'm going to sleep."

"What? It's still early," Stiles complained in high pitch. Even if Derek was indeed preparing to sleep, he didn't need to force Stiles to sleep so early too.

"Doesn't matter," he hesitated and turned completely getting his knee up the bed. Stiles pressed himself to the other corner which made Derek smile savagely.

"You excite me so much," he breathed not realizing what he just said. Stiles tensed, he didn't know what he'd do if Derek touched him. Or, he knew very well what he'd do and that scared him.

Derek shook his head in an attempt to clear it. It was hard, but he was alpha- he can resist. He needed to.

Derek raised his head and looked at Stiles with somewhat clearer expression, then glanced at his clothes disapprovingly. He wanted to, needed to feel Stiles' skin on his. He knew that only his proximity, not his pack's, not anyone else's, could calm his nerves. And alpha needed to have calm nerves to be able to lead, especially with enemies sleeping downstairs and Scott irresponsibly not showing up. Derek wasn't stupid, he had to use every advantage he got, especially one so sweet as Stiles.

"You're not respecting your promise," Derek told him.

"What promise?" Stiles' breathing got uneven.

"To sleep naked," he showed him his teeth. Feeling the pleasure from his suddenly red face and raised heat.

"I didn't promise any such thing!" Stiles pressed himself further away, but his ankle wrapped in the bloody sheets didn't let him close his legs to his chest. Derek immediately seized his chance moving in between them. His abdomen touched Stiles' crotch and made him whimper at the contact. Why can this man make him hard in an instant? It was so unfair.

"You should listen," Derek said and pressed his lips to his neck. Oh my god.

Derek wanted only to feel Stiles naked skin under his arms. That by itself would energize him and calm him down. But now, the opposite started to occur. His breathing elevated without him noticing and he just couldn't simply embrace him, he had to press closer to him.

Stiles felt Derek's fingers under his T-shirt and tried to stop them. But even he knew it was half-hearted attempt. Derek raised the fabric uncovering his nipples and immediately pressed his thumb to the left one massaging it in slow motion.

"Derek," he breathed attempting to tell him to stop and get away from him. Or not.

Derek's lips left his neck. Stiles was sure he's going to have a horrible red mark on there. Derek licked his other nipple instantly emanating a suppressed groan from Stiles. He just couldn't resist trying to feel the texture of the pink skin with his tongue. And the fact that he knew that it was only his touch Stiles ever felt made him so excited.

Derek got enough of the whole T-shirt barrier thing. He pulled away and before Stiles could react, got it off.
"Derek-" by the way his voice got insistent, he got it that Stiles is trying to protest. But before he could listen, his lips pressed on his mouth and stopped him. Derek's arms wrapped around his waist and pressed him to his chest. Stiles moaned feeling his werewolf hard muscles and his rational thinking jumped out of the window.

Suddenly, he felt his fingers browsing through Derek's hair pressing him closer. His one free leg turned around Derek's waist, Derek helped him with one arm to get his tight more up.

"I want you," one of them said and Derek's tongue invaded his mouth. It was so hot, Stiles felt Derek's hard cock through his jeans. Before he could form a thought about the unnecessary clothing being in the way, Derek got his hands down and pulled his oversized jeans off Stiles lean body. His boxers followed soon after.

Stiles skin felt so hot, the sweat was damping his spine and when he felt Derek's own jeans pressing on his nakedness he should feel embraced, but instead he felt immensely aroused.

It was as if Derek completely lost it then. He pulled away from Stiles mouth and pressed his lips to his neck again. Stiles felt his teeth on his skin, as if he was barely resisting pushing them through.

"I want to bite you," he breathed in barely audible whisper. Stiles wanted him to do it, his body wanted to feel that pain. But Derek rapidly pulled away and kissed him instead. Stiles moaned. Being close to Derek just made him lose all reason.

He wanted him. As crazy as it was, he wanted to feel him.

Before he could understand what he's doing, his hands moved to Derek's zipper. When Derek heard the sound of his zipper being moved down by Stiles' hands, he groaned in suppressed arousal. He wanted to press him down and to fuck his ass. To make him his, once and for all. But he had to wait, he had to be careful. He couldn't destroy this. He shouldn't be doing this at all. He should let go of him and let him decide when he's sane and sound. Just looking in Stiles eyes showed him that he's reacting to the heat between them, that he's not capable of thinking clearly.

He really should let him go.

But he couldn't anymore. He was too close. He was touching his naked body and there was Stiles' smell all over. The smell of his fucking mate.

the instinct took over. His hands pushed his jeans down together with boxers and thrown them to the other side of the room. He pressed himself to Stiles' hard cock and both of them groaned again. Derek felt how wet Stiles is already on his balls.

"Derek, please," Stiles said and tried to kiss him, but his face was too far out of reach, so he started to his his collarbone instead. Derek spread his legs and started to grind their cocks together. How he wanted to fuck him. So much.

"Please what," he asked because he was a cruel bastard. Stiles looked at him dizzily and tried to grind to his cock more. But Derek didn't let him, not until he says it.

"Please," Stiles gritted out looking almost angry. "Please...fuck me."

Derek groaned in satisfaction and pressed one hand to Stiles' butt, making it open more, to show his wet hole. Stiles whimpered when he felt cold air on his anus. He never felt this way before, but suddenly he was so empty. He needed something to fill him up.

Derek put in two fingers. Immediately, they went in without any resistance with a slutty sound.
"Ah, ah," he started to whimper, when Derek's fingers paced in and out.

"You're already so wet, so prepared for me," he heard his breathy voice.

He was fucking him with his fingers. Fingering his hole making it loose with a lewd sounds. Stiles moaned more loudly just so he doesn't need to hear it so clearly. Derek smiled savagely quickening his pace, grabbing Stiles' dick with another hand. Stiles almost came then if Derek didn't squeeze at the root.

"No," he ordered. "Not without me inside."

But he still continued to finger him, adding third, then forth finger. Oh my god, Stiles thought he would die from sheer pleasure. His fingers were too much, but too little. He needed something bigger, longer.

"Derek," he whimpered just barely audible. "Please, already…"

Derek swallowed and moved more in between Stiles' spread legs, withdrawing his fingers. Stiles whimpered at the loss. But immediately he felt the head of a cock at his entrance.

"Good, you are so loose already. I will fill you up nicely." He didn't know who's putting this words in his mouth, but he noticed Stiles'arousal is spiking when he whispers them. As if he couldn't wait being fucked by his dick. The thought got to him even more. He pushed in.

Despite Stiles being prepared and wet, it was not so easy. Stiles groaned when Derek's cock filled in his hole and started to push inside. He pushed slowly in, slowly filling up every inch of Stiles with his cock. Stiles was gasping with his every movement.

His balls finally rested against Stiles' buttocks and both of them groaned. In a moment of clarity, Derek almost panicked- his cock is in teenager's asshole. What the hell did he do?! But that moment soon passed, and he was again overwhelmed by the feeling of Stiles' hole around his dick.

"Stiles," he moaned and gave him a thrust. Stiles gasped.

"Ah," he heard his mate say. And then again: "Ah, ah, ah, ah," for every thrust he gave. It was so hot.

He grabbed Stiles' cock and started to jerk him off.

"No, Derek," Stiles managed to say. But Derek knew from his smell that he meant the jerking was too much. His dick was rocking hard. But Derek wanted to make him come first. He will make him come first.

He increased the movement of his hand and then Stiles just couldn't hold out anymore. The feeling of Derek's cock in him was too good, filling him up so nicely and his every move inside him giving him a spike of unbearable pleasure. Then Derek encircled his cock with his fingers and started to jerk him of. Stiles wanted this to take longer, he desperately tried to stop feeling it. But Derek all around him was unbearable.

"I'm, I'm…" he couldn't even finnish. He came. All of his cum splattered on Derek' s chest and some of it came down on his chest too. Derek took it with his palm and massaged it into Stiles chest some more. Stiles honestly thought he'd come again from that.

Derek quickened his pace looking at Stiles cum covered body and his red satisfied face. His body became so lush, so good for fucking. He thrust in, pressing his balls to Stiles but and came. Inside.
Stiles thought maybe he should ask him to come outside, but then gave up. It's werewolves cum, should be fine. And the feeling of him being splattered inside was too hot.

Derek's body fell on top of him making him grunt. Stiles knew he should be freaking out. He just got fucked by his kidnapper, who is a werewolf and who is much older then him. Well, not too much, but Stiles is definitely under the law here. His dad would kill him. Both of them. Oh my god.

Derek moved away so Stiles could breath again. He took him by the waist and pressed him down to the sheets covering both of them with blanket.

"Shouldn't we clean up?" Stiles asked tiredly. Derek snorted.

"No," his nose pressed to the crook of Stiles neck and Stiles felt oddly satisfied. Well, he was definitely used up sexually…but this was something different. Weird.

"But it's gross," he argued. Really, he didn't want to sleep covered in cum inside out. He wanted to stand up and get a shower, but Derek's big hand didn't let him move an inch.

"Derek," he frowned.

"Stiles, sleep," he mumbled and bit him lazily to the shoulder. It hurt a little, but soon the sensation of tiredness intensified and Stiles' body got limp. He yawned, lazily prepared to complain about it in the morning. The heaviness of Derek's hand and his body heat felt so nice, that he soon fell asleep forgetting about everything.

***

Next morning they found out Scott didn't return home.
Stiles woke up very slowly. He didn't remember when was the last time he slept so well. Probably before Scott disappeared, or maybe not even before that. The sheets smelled nice and were warm compared to a little chilly air in the room. There was something very warm next to him, against which he was pressed. It was so comfy and nice, he didn't want to open the eyes. But his mind was getting noisier and noisier with every second. Thinking about it, his pillow was a little too warm.

He tried to stretch, but it was difficult, because something kept him from moving much. He pushed the pillow away with not much of a success. And was very surprised when he heard it rumble under his ear.

That's when he remembered.

Oh my god, what had he done? He slept with Derek! Like - all the way slept with Derek! He tried to push away seriously now, but Derek's were wolfish arms kept him where he was. Really, he hated werewolf strength.

His tummy, where Derek's hand was poised felt sticky and Stiles got red, when Derek unconsciously rubbed it. Seriously, he needed to get away from this bed as soon as possible. In order to start rationally thinking.

He couldn't get away from Derek's embrace by force, so he needed to think something up. Ok, he started to wiggle. Slowly but surely, he wiggled out of Derek's hand and breathed out with satisfaction when he finally stood next to the bed. Derek, the jerk, didn't even notice that he got up. He slept peacefully and sadly covered his exposed abdomen with blanket.

Stiles shook his head and silently and stealthily went to the bathroom. How can he sleep so normally after what he'd done to him? He fucked him for god's sake. But…well, it was equally Stiles' fault… He expressly told him to do it. Stiles groaned when he remembered that part.

He stepped into the shower and warm water covered his bruised body. Strange, he didn't know he had such a soft skin until he met Derek. He could practically trace his touches with his eyes. Unbelievable. Stiles decided not to look and quickly rinsed himself, trying to get the cum off. Strange as it was, he was a little sad to let it go. It was his first time. With the man who holds him captive and a werewolf. Stiles put his forehead on the shower wall and groaned again.

Nobody can find out about this. Not anyone. Not the pack, not Scott and definitely not his dad, the sheriff. He'll take this memory to his grave. Stiles clenched his fist under the water stream, he was determined not to let it happen again. If he can do that, then everyone will be happy. Everything would be super normal. Well, aside from the werewolf bullshit.

He stepped out of the shower feeling great being clean again. Luckily, he didn't meet anyone while going back to his room. He scrubbed himself thoroughly, so he was fairly confident that the werewolf noses won't be able to smell anything funny.

He slipped silently into the room and turned back to Derek, who was still in the same position as he'd left him. That's all good, Stiles preferred not having to face him after what they'd done. But Derek stirred at that second. Stiles froze and looked on in apprehension. Derek stretched his arms, unbelievably covering both sides of the bed- it was large bed- and then frowned when he didn't find what he was looking for.
Stiles consider run for it, but before he could extend his leg in either direction, Derek opened his eyes and looked straight to him. God, even his stupid look was intense.

"What are you doing?" he asked, but Stiles clearly heard "why are you not in bed" instead. He gave him an eye.

"I'm going to dress now," he said and ostentatiously ignoring the huge elephant in the room he went around the sex god resting in bed to take some clothes out of the closet. Derek silently watched him walk around the bed, Stiles felt his gaze travel from his face down his back and stopping at his ass. God, when he felt his cock giving a stir he quickened his pace. He really didn't need Derek looking at him right now.

Stiles looked at the available things, none of it his own, based on the size probably Derek's stuff. Really, he was so tired of walking around in oversized everything.

"I'm going to borrow some of Scott's stuff," he said absentmindedly, just to break the uncomfortable silence, and went on to the other shelves. This was originally Scott's closet, so he should have left here something. Reaching into one drawer, he heard a growl. He stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"What?" Derek was not looking at him, but glaring at his hand.

"What?" He straightened up and glared at the man. Then frowned when he was forced to acknowledge how sexy he was in the sheets again.

"Not Scott's stuff," said Derek in a caveman mode.

"Wha- why?" Stiles put the hands on his hips. Being just in the towel covering him from the waist down was becoming more and more embarrassing. The more Derek traced his own marks on his body, the more excitement traveled down Stiles' spine. He was desperate to cover it somehow, to pretend that it doesn't do anything. But when Derek's nostrils flared almost unnoticeably - if Stiles wasn't looking closely, he'd missed it- and his lips twitched in suppressed grin, he knew he's not fooling anyone. Still, he kept to it. He had his pride, however shattered it now was.

"Fine," Stiles spat out. "So, I'm going to borrow some of Liam's- he's the same height, kinda," maybe, maybe, his clothes would fit, if Scott's were out of question.

"No," Derek said and lazily put his hands behind his head.

"Derek, I have to wear something!" His towel almost fell off when he waived his hands in annoyance. Derek didn't reply for a second, and Stiles opened his mouth in silent outcry- if he's going to say that he doesn't need to wear any clothes, he's seriously going to punch him.

"You have clothes," Derek said finally nodding at the pile at the bottom of the closet behind him. All of it Derek's stuff.

"These are too big," he said grumpily. Seeing that Derek won't budge, he simply decided to ignore him and moved to take some of Scott's T-shirts anyway.

"No," Derek snapped and was out of the bed in a second. Stiles gasped when he'd seen him in all his glory stumping towards him. Then he gasped in surprise when Derek grabbed Scott's T out of his hand and thrown it away.

"Wha-"
"You can wear only my stuff," Derek said grumpily.

"That's ridiculou-"

"I don't want any other but my smell on you," his face got so close to him, that Stiles shut up. He wanted to protest, it's ridiculous, ok? But Derek's presence looming over him made him kind of loose his words. His closeness quickened his heartbeat almost immediately. Then his intoxicating smell started to invade his sense.

"Ok," he heard himself say. "Ok, ok," He repeated just to get away from him in time. Derek looked drawn as well, he leaned in and just when Stiles thought he's gonna kiss him, Derek moved away and quickly walked back to bed.

Stiles rapidly turned away and started to dress. Into Derek's clothes to make him shut up. Not once looking in Derek's direction, he escaped the room and went to search some breakfast.

As soon as he stepped into the kitchen, giving a wide berth to the room Deucalion was staying in, Erica and Boyd raised their heads.

"Somebody had a good night," Erica snickered and swallowed a spoon of cereals. Stiles stopped dead.

"Scott's room isn't sound proof," she added with full mouth. Stiles slapped a palm on his face. Now, he won't be able to look anyone in the face until he's in this house.

"You two had a loud night too," said Derek who appeared behind him. Erica's face got crimson and Boyd just looked at them with poker face. But his eyebrow twitched. At least some solace, Stiles thought and went after Derek to take a piece of bread. Derek made his sandwich with ham, cheese and considerable amount of green salad. Then on second plate added the second sandwich the same kind and pushed it towards Stiles without looking at him.

"...thank you," Stiles said and suspiciously looked at Erica's cheesy looking smirk. But she just showed him the tongue.

When they all started to eat, and before Erica could put in another unnecessary comment, Isaac run down the stairs and threw the kitchen door open.

"Scott didn't come back," he said breathlessly. Stiles body immediately went cold. Isaac's words remanded him of the time one year ago, when he heard similar sentence from his dad.

"Why didn't you report this earlier?" asked Derek with an edge to his voice.

"I..." Isaac hesitated. "I didn't notice until morning."

"How's that even possible?" Snapped Erica looking at him agitated as if it was his fault. Stiles clenched his fists under the table to stop himself from trembling. He didn't want to experience this again. Not again.

"I was trying to sleep," Isaac snapped back at her. "But with the four of you-" He sighed and looked away.

"Wha-" Boyd started to say.

"I put in earplugs, ok." Everyone fell silent. Stiles was so shocked that he didn't have capacity to feel embarrassed anymore.
"Everyone, we are going to run the perimeter," Derek finally said taking things in the hands. Others immediately nodded.

"You two," he looked at Stiles and Boyd. "Stay here and wake up Liam."

"I can search the surroundings," said Boyd and started to move of the couch, but Erica put a hand on him quickly. He frowned and opened the mouth to say something, but Derek stopped him:

"No, you're still injured."

"I could help," Boyd said stubbornly but faces of his alpha and girlfriend were relentless.

"You would help out more if you guided the inside of the house," Derek looked in the direction of guest room and everyone followed his gaze. They completely forgot about uninvited guests staying with them. Derek felt how his stomach clenched when he thought that he has to leave the den unprotected for the time being.

"I could help too," Stiles said quietly but of course all the werewolves heard him. They were somewhat surprised to hear it, Stiles didn't know why. he looked back at them frowning.

"No," Derek said a little softer then when he turned down Boyd. But still it hurt him. He wanted to help Scott. He wanted to find him sooner then before. He needed to find him sooner then he disappears who knows where again.

"But, I can-"

"No," Derek added more strongly. He would not allow Stiles to wonder around forest unprotected, with bunch of alphas sitting just around the corner.

"But-"

"No, Stiles. I need you to find a searching spells in the library. Deaton said there's something like it in there, that would help us out." Others heard a slight lie in his words but nobody said anything. He needed Stiles to be out of the harms way and his pack understood it. He clenched his teeth prepared to lock him up again if he tries to fight. Stiles must have sensed this because he grit his teeth and nodded. And despite Derek using this to get him out of way, he thought Stiles really could find something to help them.

"What a gathering," said annoying voice from the doorway. Stiles turned to see Deucalion and Kali smirking over there.

"Did something happen?" Asked Deucalion walking over to the kitchen counter. Others backed away preferring not to brush against if only accidentally the strange werewolf.

"Nothing to concern you," Erica snapped at him. Kali sneered at her looking like she considered brushing her cheek with her claws. As a beauty addition.

Derek growled looking at Deucalion when the man grabbed the apple of the table and bit it munching noisily.

"We are trying to be friends here, no?" Deucalion smiled more seeing their expression. Stiles glared at him silently and stepped closer to Derek. What if Deucalion had something to do with it? He wouldn't put it past him. Scott's disappearance in this timing weakened Derek's pack and made them much easier prey for the alphas. He shivered uncomfortably when Deucalion's sunglasses pointed his way. Derek slipped his finger behind the belt hook on his jeans and pulled him closer.
Deucalion's smile widened looking at the two of them and Derek felt strong urge to kick him in the balls.

"Have some breakfast," Derek waved dismisingly towards the shelves obviously trying to get rid of them. He took Stiles roughly by the hand and tugged him out towards the library. Stiles' hand burned at the contact, but Derek seemed completely oblivious to that. Once in the library, he released him and motioned for Isaac to close the door.

"They will poison our food," Erica said with suspicious look back.

"Boyd will keep an eye on them," Derek said and moved a little away from Stiles who glanced at him still unhappy being left out of searching mission.

"What do we do?" Isaac asked him clearly tense. It was obvious how he was thrown of the guard by this development. Almost as much as Stiles was. Erica putting a hand on his shoulder in support being clear indication of his distress.

"As I said, we search for him in the woods," Derek said silently.

"Don't you think that they had something to do with this?" Stiles finally voiced what he thought with a glare. Derek growled.

"If they did, they'd pay," Isaac gritted his teeth.

"Ok, first we had to confirm it," Erica said trying to calm him down a little. Stiles thought it's ridiculous, obviously not being calm herself.

"Yeah," Derek solemnly agreed. "We go out, now."

Erica and Isaac nodded and silently slipped out the door. Derek gave Stiles one last warning look and followed them. Stiles' heart sped up when Derek disappeared out the door. He looked on the books around him in agitation, he wanted to do something - go personally out and search for Scott himself, and looking through old rubbish didn't seem like a good enough activity right now. Stiles wasn't even sure if he'd be able to ruffle through the pages with his trembling fingers.

Oh, Liam. He can at least wake the guy up and send out some reinforcements. Yeah, he'd do that.

They didn't find him that day. Derek and others closed up around the alpha pack, but didn't sense a trace of Scott's lingering smell in the air. It looked like he widely avoided them.

Unfortunately, there were too many traces of Scott in wide range around the house lingering from the time he'd done the perimeter. They couldn't even guess which direction he took out of it.

Stiles got more agitated with each passing hour. It's happening again. His best friend, more a brother, was going to disappear again. His heart sped up and he willed it to calm down. After all, he should already have some experience with that after all those instances when search parties returned with no news from the woods. But it was more difficult this time. Because...he found him again. Got relieved. And the he disappeared still.

When Derek walked through the door late in the evening looking dejected, he immediately searched his gaze. They locked the eyes and Stiles crossed his arms when cold shiver passed him.

Derek's heart ached seeing him that way. He looked so small. He almost ached with the need to
walk over and comfort him, to wrap his small frame in his arms. But he shouldn't. Despite the last
night, or maybe because of it, he knew that Stiles still doesn't get what's happening between them.
He thought maybe that he decided himself to sleep with Derek, but it wasn't true. Derek never
knew that kind of heat before. Never ever did he experience such feeling with any of his sexual
partners. This thing between Stiles and him was something entirely else. Something which spoke to
Derek's deepest instincts, something inhuman. And that's why he knew that it was not Stiles that
decided to spread his legs to him. Something else did. Stiles would never rationally think that it's
ok to sleep with Derek. He would never really want him. Derek clenched his fists from the strange
pain this realization caused him.

Stiles was still holding his arms looking lost in the hallway, when Deucalion appeared in the living
room doorway. He looked between the two of them with a soft smile on his lips and stepped closer
to Stiles. Before Derek could think, he moved across the hall and stepped between the two of them
barring Deucalion's access.

"How did the search go?" Asked Deucalion and moved slightly back. Derek could feel how Stiles
is trying to look over his shoulder and tensed when he felt small touch at the back.

"Do you know something about this?" Derek asked and the fingers on his back tensed. Deucalion
seemed mildly surprised by the question.

"Why such a suspicion from the start of our relationship, Derek," he had the guts to smile. Stiles
considered reaching out around Derek who kept moving whenever Stiles tried to step out from
behind him, and frying that smile of his face.

Deucalion must have noticed that neither of them is amused, but he kept on smiling. When Derek
continued to glare at him for good three minutes, he sighed and turned sideways.

"I really don't know what happened to young Scott McCall," he said looking at the through his
sunglasses.

"Why don't I believe you?" Stiles hissed from behind Derek trying to sidestep him again.
Deucalion just curled up the corner of his mouth when Derek stepped in front of Stiles again
almost unconsciously. Seriously, that guy is unbelievable. Stiles put the palms on Derek's hips
trying to forcibly move him, but of course it didn't do a thing. He was getting really pissed off by
this silliness.

"Derek-" he started to complain.

"He's telling the truth," Derek said grudgingly. Deucalion's plus stayed steady and it pissed him
off. If it was indeed Deucalion, he could tear his throat out right now. It would be so justified. He
smelled the anger emanating from Stiles behind him and guessed he must agree.

Stiles was still not convinced. Even if Deucalion personally didn't know what exactly happened to
Scott, his pack mates may know. Stiles was practically expert in lying to Beacon Hills Police
Department, so he knew very well how it goes.

"What about the other alphas?" He asked with narrowed eyes.

Deucalion looked at him and smiled slowly.

"I don't know," he said easily and looked between the both of them. Stiles gritted his teeth, that
asshole. But before he could ponce on him, Derek’s arm reaching behind stopped him.

"To make things clear," Deucalion continued. "I would be greatly disappointed if something
unfortunate happened to young Scott."

Stiles frowned. The way he was saying it didn't sound any good.

"He's got potential," Deucalion gave them a small smile. "Therefore, it's in my interest to keep
him…safe." He added.

Stiles didn't believe him for a second. Deucalion gave him a look as if guessed as much and then
smiled at Derek. Derek just now got enough of this. His hackles were raising just in the presence of
that guy with Stiles here even more. He turned and dragged Stiles away towards library where he
unceremoniously showed him through the door.

"Derek!" Stiles regained his footing quite annoyed. If not for his exceptional reflexes, he could
have bumped into the table and injure himself again. Luckily he was healed mostly. He didn't feel
any serious pain anymore. Stiles turned to flash a glare at the guy and almost jumped when he
discovered Derek is so close behind him. Just a millimeter and his back would be touching his
chest. Stiles immediately felt the effect, when his worries somehow got to the back of his mind and
nice shivers traveled up his spine. Stiles could step away to gain more distance between their
bodies, to regain sharp mind, but his legs didn't move.

Derek leaned in and inhaled Stiles' smell from his tousled hair. Stiles could see how tension in
Derek's shoulders dissipated. He thought he'd touch him, but Derek stepped back and looked him
in the eyes.

"Have you found something?" Stiles took a moment to get out of the daze to understand what is
Derek asking about.

"Um, no. I mean, maybe," He shook his head in super adorable way and looked to the multiple
books Derek didn't even know he owns opened on the table.

"Can't Deaton help?" Asked Stiles, because, really. The old emissary, should know much more
about seeking the disappeared persons and should get it done in the blog of n eye. Why should
everyone rely on him?

Derek clenched his teeth. Although, Deaton helped them before and would help them in the future,
he was impartial. He would equally help an injured hunter or another creature just to keep the
balance. And Derek didn't like it. That's why he preferred to deal with things without him. That is
also why, even if he was not happy about it, he will use Stiles.

"No," he said. Stiles looked at him anticipating some explanation, but getting none he clenched his
fists. This man was so infuriating.

"Why?" He couldn't hold it in anymore. Derek just continued looking at him.

"Hey, this is certainly not the time for your caveman mode," he made a step closer. He needed all
the resources he could get to find out where the hell did Scott disappear again. And he would get
them.

Derek hated when he had to explain himself. Usually, being the alpha meant that he doesn't need
to, but Stiles apparently hadn't got the memo.

"We should get help anywhere where we can, Derek, I don't understand what is the problem here,"
he was getting worked up. Why does nobody ever listen to him?

"He is impartial," he grunted finally. "He wouldn't help us."
"What?"

"He wouldn't help us," Derek repeated looking sideways.

"But-why?" Stiles didn't get it. What does that mean? Scott got disappeared for god's sake.

"The same reason he didn't help you when I got you," Derek said almost inaudibly. Stiles flinched. Suddenly he remembered that night, his crushed car, the wolf - Derek, his dad and his hands started to shake. He unsuccessfully tried to hide it in the folds of too big clothes.

Derek clenched his fists seeing Stiles in that state. He hated that he'd hurt him, that he's still hurting him. But he didn't know how to make it better, because there was no other way than this. For the safety of the pack, he couldn't let him go and he started to ...need him.

Stiles looked down on the floor, trying to regain his composure and that was enough for Derek. He closed the distance between them and barely stopped himself to embrace him. He shouldn't force him to …feel that. So he just put his palm on his shoulder as he'd do if Stiles was any other beta. Which he wasn't. Derek understood it as soon as he touched him from the heat that immediately burned in their contact. But he knew Stiles won't understand it, he wasn't werewolf.

Stiles tensed when he felt Derek's palm on his shoulder. What the hell does he thing he's doing? After all he'd done? They'd done, he thought embarrassed. For the n-th time he thought about what an idiotic thing he got himself into- he slept with Derek and he wanted to. He didn't need to remind himself how crazy that was, but he still felt that stupid heat whenever Derek touched him. Whenever he was near, god.

The most absurd thing was, that even though Derek just reminded him why exactly is Stiles still here, he felt comforted by his mere touch. He had to fight the need to bury his nose in Derek's neck and wrap himself around him like a blanket.

"So, what do we do now?" he brushed Derek's hand of and stepped further away. Well, it didn't help much relieve the tension, but at least he stopped touching him.

"We will continue looking in the woods," Derek looked out the window. "And you will find some magical way to find him, just in case."

When he said it like that, it sounded so simple. Jeez.

"Sure, Derek, anything you command," he said sarcastically and frowned when he received Derek's smirk in return.

"Nice that you got it," he walked around him back to the door.

"What about them," Stiles hissed at him before he could open the door and Derek knew he meant Deucalion and Kali.

"Boyd'll keep an eye on it," he said and closed the door firmly behind him leaving Stiles alone in the library.

***

Stiles thought he spent hours digging in the old spell works and useless information dumps. Really, who cared that fairies were more into pinkish dust then blue one. He certainly did not.

He remembered a few times when Liam brought him a cup of coffee - becoming god in his eyes
for the duration of coffee drink- or Erica bringing him cookies. He told her to bring him sandwich, but she just laughed and didn't bring him any. Well, he decided to let it slide this time, when he saw her running back to the woods from library window.

On occasion, Deucalion tried to visit him, but somebody - probably Liam, his assigned watchdog- made him go away every time. Honestly, Stiles was grateful not having to bother with him. He would just loose his focus for next thirty minutes and he wanted to avoid it. He'd find a way how to help Scott. At all costs.

***

Derek came to the study late in the night. Stiles didn't know what time it is, but his lamp was burning already long through the darkness.

"You've got to sleep," he said and stood next to his chair resolutely. Stiles didn't even look up.

"I got it, just a little…" he moved onto the next page. Derek sighed and run his hand through the hair. Of course, he wanted to find Scott as soon as possible. He was worried and anxious about the fate of his beta, he could still feel him through their beta-alpha bond, but it was getting fainter and that scared him. The most frustrating part was that he couldn't pinpoint the direction where Scott could be. But the sight of Stiles' hunched shoulders was worrying him even more, however unfair towards Scott it was. Derek could smell Stiles' exhaustion.

"Enough," he said and grabbed him by the waist.

"Wha- Derek!" Stiles got angry.

"Just let me- just a little more and I'd get it!" He started to trash so Derek put him over his shoulder ignoring is unbelieving gasp when he turned the light in the study off.

"You're exhausted," he said moving through the house barely registering Stiles' thrown fists in his back. Honestly, he was surprised Stiles could muster some energy to lift the hand at all. Well, maybe he shouldn't be- Stiles is always full of surprises. Figures.

"I could get-" Stiles voice was muffled when he fell on the bed. Derek closed the door behind them and before Stiles could get up from there, he got on top of him and pressed him close so he couldn't struggle anymore. Stiles felt Derek's shirt damp with sweat and smelled the woods on him. His arms embraced him comfortably and he fought against his own arousal, when he was pressed so close to Derek's body. But luckily, or not, depends how you look at it, Derek didn't start to ravish him immediately. He just pressed him closer and breathed in his neck.

"Derek-"

"Shh," he gave him a fleeting kiss on the collarbone and Stiles held his breath, but nothing followed.

"You're stunned to silence right now?" Derek asked and Stiles heard a smile in his voice. He frowned. So what? So what, that he expected something and nothing came - frustrating wolf. He wasn't sure if he's happy or not about it.

"No," he replied with all the dignity once he found his words- unbelievable, he thought Derek would be always the one to be finding his words.

"I just think, that I should-"
"No," Derek said and this time it was final. He covered them with blanket, even when they were dressed as they were. Derek didn't trust Stiles wouldn't attempt to get back to study once he moved enough far away to take the clothes off. Well, he could easily stop him, Derek thought lazily, but this was better. He smelled again the delicious smell of his ma- Stiles and nuzzled his jaw.

"If you don't want me to have other thoughts," Stiles said with strangled voice. "You should stop."

Derek laughed softly and did just that. Stiles was so frustrated. How can he sleep, when he doesn't know where Scott is? Or when he is buried under the mountain of hot muscle? But despite that worry, despite his subdued arousal, he felt the exhaustion on his eyelids and Derek's weight mewed him even more.

He sighed and closed his eyes. Thinking he would open them again, to think some more just after few seconds of rest. But that was it for him.

***

Stiles opened his eyes still buried under Derek's huge body. The light was blaring in his eyes, but he didn't care. He found it. Suddenly, he knew exactly how to locate Scott.
Chapter 15

First thing on the order of the day was to get out from under Derek's sleepy body. Again. Stiles ran his fingers gingerly on Derek's side, his breath catching when he felt the muscle under it.

He abruptly let his arm fall away and swallowed hard. What the hell is Scott thinking? If he was here right now, Stiles would punch him. What is he even doing- first getting kidnapped by werewolf pack and then by somebody else. Well, Stiles got kidnapped right after him. Forced to live in this mansion with the enemy. But was Derek and his pack really enemy? Stiles pulled a deep breath and wiggled out from under Derek's naked chest. It doesn't matter. His best friend was missing fucking again and Stiles was determined to find him. Not in a year, like before, but right now.

He sat on the edge of the bed a pressed his face into palms. Then he glanced at Derek who groaned from sleep when body under him disappeared. Stiles sighed and shook his head. Looking at Derek he thought he would be light sleeper, being werewolf and all supernatural man living in the woods-but apparently, that was not the case.

The important thing was, that he knew how to find Scott.

He quickly threw some clothes on him and rushed to door, just to be stopped by Derek's voice.

"Where are you going?"

Stiles stopped and looked over his shoulder. Derek was looking disheveled, his hair sticking out in weird angles and Stiles shouldn't think it's hot. No, he definitely shouldn't.

Derek felt Stiles' interest, but that was always present in one way or the other. He knew why. But seeing him stand so close to the door out was making him irrationally tense. He didn't think Stiles would run, at least not now when Scott was missing, but … well, he'd simply have to catch him again. Derek didn't show how his last crazy thought made him wince on the inside.

Stiles let out a frustrated breath.

"I know how to get Scott."

"What?" Derek sat up in alert.

"I'm not entirely sure, ok?" Stiles put his hand over his hair and looked around the room, Scott's room, in distress. He wasn't sure, but it's worth a try. Everything is worth a try.

"I found this spell, down in the library- just scribbled next to the printed text. I don't know who wrote it-" Derek narrowed his eyes. This didn't seem too trustworthy.

"Stiles-"

"I know, ok- but it's the only thing…the only thing I could find right now," he made a few steps towards Derek to convince him. Derek stood up from the bed and this time, Stiles was not distracted by his sexy abdomen. At least he pretended not to be. By Derek's flaring nostrils, he knew it wasn't successful attempt. But whatever. For Scott's sake, they both are going to ignore it.

"It's dangerous," Derek growled and crossed his arms.
"It's risky," he countered.

"Dangerous," Derek repeated.

"Ok, Derek," he frowned at him. "that's the only way how to get Scott right now, so we'll have to try it."

"I don't like it," Derek said and frowned.

"Well, me neither, but that's apparently what we've got to do." Stiles turned and opened the door. He didn't really expect Derek to come after him, but well, of course he did. Together they reached the library and Derek tore the said book out of Stiles' hands to look at the spell himself. He frowned studying the words even sniffing them to try figure out who had written it there, but the ink was too old. Figures. Stiles huffed.

"For this to work, I'll need something. Like a pendant, or-or something," muttering to himself Stiles started for the bottom drawer where he'd seen some things, which he possibly could use for this to work. But before he could reach it Derek took him by the wrist to stop him.

"What the fuck, Derek?" Stiles frowned at him, but Derek was looking over his shoulder to the door. Stiles narrowed his gaze when he'd seen Deucalion and Kali standing in the doorway.

"Well, well, well," Deucalion said with a pleasing smile and leaned on his cane as if he was on a fucking picnic.

"Seems a little agitated so early in the morning, don't you think?" Kali asked Deucalion in an easy manner with sharp smile. Stiles really didn't have the time for this. Did they come to taunt them on purpose or something? He tried to tear his wrist out of Derek's grasp, but the man didn't let him. He was fixating alpha werewolves with a frown.

"Derek-" this time Derek forcefully pulled him away from the table and made him stand by his side, just a little behind his back.

"I have important matters to deal with," Derek said to Deucalion slowly.

"I can see that. With an disobedient mate," he quirked his eyebrow at Stiles. He just shook his head in confusion, it was weird for the guy to call pals disobedient. Friends generally are not required to obey one another. They are literally exception to any such rule. Being equal and that. But, Stiles was again getting lost in his own head and he needed to focus.

Derek just frowned. But before he could snap and demand them to leave them alone, Deucalion smirked at them.

"We will entertain ourselves otherwise. Please, don't let us bother you."

They walked out the room leaving the door open. They really came just to annoy them. Stiles couldn't believe it, he was so annoyed. Derek shut the door after them a little too loudly maybe and turned to Stiles.

"I don't like it," Stiles said with eyes still on the closed door. Derek huffed. He didn't have a choice.

"They are plotting something," he continued when Derek didn't say anything. He started to pace to pace. Really, Scott was missing again and they have to deal with these fuckers at the same time.

"Stiles," Derek stepped closer to him but Stiles put his hands up.
"I don't have the time to deal with this," he turned back to the table where he could find necessary item. Derek huffed and stepped closer when Stiles reached into the drawer and rummaged around in it. Stiles felt his breath on his neck, when he leaned closer to peer over his shoulder. The shiver which passed down his spine at that was entirely involuntary.

"Can you move back a little?" He snapped at him. He couldn't honestly focus with Derek looming behind him and breathing down his neck like that.

He felt him leaning away a little and huffed a breath. He straightened holding a small piece of the wire. Derek looked at it frowning in confusion.

"Stiles, is that-"

"I know, ok?" He snapped at him. "But we don't have any pendant ready right now, so this will have to do."

Finally a little breathing space so he can apply his magic. He found the spell and now he's going to try it whatever it takes. Stiles focused on the wire looking and committing to memory every twist it shaped itself into while laying in the drawer.

He took the book where he found the scribbled note and glanced at it again to be sure he's going to do it correctly. He mumbled the words written on the old paper and ignored the way Derek tensed suddenly besides him. The words spoke to his spark and made it wiggle a little inside of him. The weird sensation traveled from his chest to his fingers and he watched eagerly and scared a little as the wire twisted in his hold forming another shape and pointing towards a direction.

Stiles frowned when the sensation left him.

"That's it?" He mumbled. "Weirdly easy."

He looked up at Derek who was glowering on the wire still between Stiles' fingers.

"What?" he asked when the man glowered some more. "We should check it out, man. I mean, it's not certain that it worked, but better to-"

"Are you kidding me? Is this what it was supposed to do?"

"Eh?" Stiles put his hand down but regardless the wire twisted again to point at the same direction. He didn't need to confirm it, he knew that was the searching spell. Rather primitive, but that's all what he got right now.

"Yes, Derek." He glared at him. "That's exactly what it's supposed to do."

Pendant would be better, but he didn't see any such thing around the house. Erica didn't wear any pendants, not any of the guys too. Well, they are going to have to have a talk about their fashion choices. For the sake of the pack, of course.

"It's not telling you where the hell is Scott, it's just pointing you to his direction?" His tone was anything but happy.

"Yes?" Stiles frowned. That should be good enough.

"And what? We are supposed to follow it there?" This time Derek glowered at the wire down in Stiles' hand again.
"Yes?" Stiles felt like a broken record repeating it again and it made him so irritated. They could have already searched for Scott instead of standing here and reconfirming what exactly is his spell doing.

"No." Derek said flatly. Stiles didn't think he heard him right.

"Come again?" He asked cocking his head to the side.

"I said, no." So he did hear him right. But still, it didn't make sense.

"What? Why?"

"It's too dangerous to rely on such a thing." He glared at the wire. Stiles gritted his teeth in annoyance. Then what the hell are they supposed to rely on?!

"Derek what the hell?! How else am i supposed-" But Derek didn't let him finish.

"Ok, if you insist so much," before Stiles could react, he plucked the wire from his hands and moved towards the door ignoring Stiles outraged roar behind him. He made it out to the porch when he realized that it's not moving anymore. He pointed it towards the woods, then towards the house, but the wire didn't twist to show him the way. In his hands it was just a normal wire. He wanted to snap it in two.

Derek returned angrily to the library, where Stiles was waiting for him leaning against the table. His arms crossed angrily over his chest.

"Didn't work for you, wolfy?" Derek frowned.

"Give me that," Stiles snapped and took the wire out of his hands. Upon touch with his fingers it twisted again to reveal the direction. So fucking annoying.

"You have to have the intent for it to point you towards what you need. The spell is fueled by my individual magic, it won't work for anyone else."

Derek didn't like this one bit. He didn't like what this implied. In order to find Scott, he'll have to let Stiles out of his house, out of the woods. His every instinct raved against such a thing. His wolf wanted to keep Stiles hidden, safe within the pack, by his side. However twisted it was.

He hardened his jaw and closed his eyes briefly. When he looked again Stiles was carefully studying his expression. For the first time it dawned on Derek that maybe this was his plan all along. Not Scott disappearance, he couldn't possibly make that happen, because Scott was tied to this pack as a beta and he wouldn't be able to get out of all the bonds that tie him to them. Not without some horrible suffering and sacrifices. Besides, Derek still felt his bond towards Scott being intact. He felt he is hurt somewhere, but still emotionally connected to his pack mates.

But what if Stiles deliberately chose this metode of finding his best friend, so he could walk out of here. Derek couldn't risk that. Not only rationally- allowing Stiles to alert human authorities- but very irrational part of him, a great part, wasn't able to let it happen.

"No," he huffed.

"What no?" Stiles asked silently.

Derek let out a deep breath.
"I won't allow you to run around searching for Scott blindly. It's dangerous." He looked him in the eyes willing him to accept this explanation. But he knew Stiles. It couldn't be so easy as that. Never was.

"But Derek," he started eagerly. "That's our only poss-"

"No." Derek snapped and made a step towards him. Stiles didn't move an inch as if he didn't feel slightest bit threatened. His face morphed into angry grimace.

"Derek," he started menacingly. "Scott is my best friend and I will do everything in my power to save him. You want stop me." He glared at him determined to have his own way.

"So be it," Derek spat out and turned to the door.

"Derek?" Stiles sounded surprised. "What are you doing?" Before he could take the door handle he heard his rapid footsteps behind him.

"What do you think?" He muttered over his shoulder angrily. "I'm going to go get him."

"But. what?" Stiles sputtered. Derek turned towards him annoyed, he wanted to be on his way- the sooner he finds Scott, somehow without involving Stiles in any way, the better.

"How are you even going to find him?" Stiles grabbed his arm, when he tried to leave.

"Werewolf, remember?" He tapped his nose ignoring Stiles disbelieving look.

"But you couldn't find any trace in the woods before." He almost screamed. God, the man made him so angry sometimes. "With many werewolves' noses helping either!"

"The highest probability is him being somewhere in the Beacon Hills," Derek admitted grudgingly. "I'm going there and find him."

He tried to leave again but Stiles grip even thought not so strong that he wouldn't be able to shook him off, made him stop and turn again towards his agitated face.

"How would you even be able to find him, when you have not the slightest idea where to go?"

"I don't know," he admitted before he could think better of that. Stiles was going to say something again but, he had enough of this discussion. He shook Stiles hand of off him.

Stiles thought quickly. he couldn't let Derek go out like that, without any plan. Without anything. Why the fuck is he not listening to him? If Scott didn't returned, he doubted it would be without a strong reason- like being captured again. And the thing that could hold a werewolf somewhere against his will is not something to be taken lightly. And Derek acted like it was a walk on the beach.

What if it were the hunters that attacked them before? Derek was seriously hurt then. Fuck. His whole room with Stiles in it, got destroyed. What if it would happen again? Stiles couldn't handle seeing Derek in such a state again. He didn't want to.

They needed some other plan. Something better then "rush in and maybe we won't die" kind of fucked up plan. But Derek didn't listen, he was too straightforward and he looked damn serious right now. Before Stiles could think it through, he run and literally thrown himself at the man.
"Stiles," Derek let him wrap his arms around his middle in dismayed, but not too dismayed, surprise.

"I'm not letting you go," Stiles said and silently decided to analyze what exactly led him to say that later. When he and possibly the whole pack is not in the danger of being blown up somewhere on his dad's watch. That would be too many bodies for him to handle at the time.

"Stiles," Derek was pushing his hands away. "Scott, my beta, is in danger and I'm going for him."

"Derek," Stiles would not let himself be rid off so easily. He was expert clinger- as his dad and Scott a year ago could testify.

"Scott is my best friend and we need a better plan to save him."

"I already have a plan," Derek again tried to get rid of him and he could if he was really trying but he didn't want to hurt Stiles accidentally.

"Derek, man, you have to come up with better plan then that," Stiles pressed himself closer and was rewarded by Derek's stiffening. He was not above using his body to stop the guy from killing himself and Scott in the process. He was definitely not.

Derek looked down at him and Stiles' hardened jaw and the determination with which he was gazing at him, made him even hotter. But then Stiles started to caress his back and Derek knew.

"Stop it."

Stiles wavered a little at the harshness of his tone. But he didn't have any other way of how to stop him from this craziness. So he plastered himself to Derek's body as much as he could.

Derek frowned. He was so grateful that Stiles doesn't have werewolf senses to know how is this getting to him. His mate is practically wrapping himself around Derek. And it's making him super bothered. But Derek was proud of the control he has around his facial expressions. He didn't let anything show, he just clenched his teeth not to react. He just needed to wait a little more so he could trust his hands to extricate himself from Stiles' embrace and not to grab him and wrap his legs around his hips instead.

Stiles was desperate. Derek was not reacting at all. Well, he counted it a win that he didn't move either, but his self-esteem really suffered now. After the day they had sex to make it worse. Was that is? Was once enough for Derek? Did he just use him and he's not interested anymore, or something? Such a fucking cliche.

Derek wrinkled his nose from the weird emotions which started to dilute Stiles' delicious smell. But it wasn't near enough to put his arousal in rest. He clenched his fists, just a little short to resorting to stab his own claws in his palms to finally force himself away from the kid. Was Derek always so weak? He couldn't believe he can't fucking move.

Stiles was going out of his mind. Ok. Derek is not interested anymore. He tried to not feel how that revelation hurt. It was his fucking kidnapper! Stiles should be happy, he's not into him. But whatever he tried to tell himself, didn't help in not feeling like a sore looser.

Derek raised his arm to slowly force Stiles' hand down and moved to step away. Stiles didn't know what to do anymore. But he just had to stop him. He did the one thing he's seen the others do from time to time, he bared his neck.

Derek stopped dead. His eyes fleshed red and before Stiles could utter a word, he was plastered to
Derek’s chest and his mouth was sucking a deep red hickey in there. He gasped when he sensed the pressure of the table on his ass. Derek wordlessly lifted him up and seated him on the top without loosing contact with his neck.

Oh ok, Stiles didn't know it was going to work so well. But he was not complaining. He was opposite of complaining. He raised his arms and buried his fingers in Derek's hair. Derek pressed closer and Stiles felt his hard cock against his jeans. He spread his legs further apart in the invitation.

Yeah, later he would probably feel guilt about the manipulative little bitch he's being, but not now. Derek was not going to run towards his death and Stiles gained some time. He gasped when Derek's fingers slipped inside his briefs and circled his hole with a groan.

Stiles was just not sure if he can think about something else, like a fucking rescue plan, in this situation.

"Derek," he breathed when two fingers penetrated him. Derek didn't reply, he simply started to move in and out eliciting crazy moans from his mate.

"You are so fucking wet," he whispered harshly to his ear. Stiles just opened his mouth and Derek couldn't resist plunging his tongue in there. So hot.

Somehow they managed to get rid of Stiles jeans, followed swiftly by his briefs and Derek could spread his legs further. Like he wanted. He wanted to see his wet clenching hole, just waiting to be filled with a cock.

"This is what you want, huh?" Derek folded his legs in knees and put them on his shoulders. Stiles' cock was so hard. He wanted, needed to touch it. But Derek forced his hands away.

"No," he growled and Stiles could feel the tip of his cock on his hole. It spread the wetness around the rim in teasing circles. He moaned and felt wetness in his eyes from frustration. He needed to get filled.

"That's what you wanted," Derek breathed on him closely and Stiles pushed himself up to reach his mouth but Derek moved out of the way. "You wanted to be fucked. That's what you're gonna get."

He plunged his cock in him with one smooth move. Stiles cried out when he felt Derek's balls pressed tightly to his ass cheeks. Suddenly he felt so full. Stuffed. But Derek didn't move. He needed him to move.

"What do you want, Stiles?" He smirked at him loving the desperate expression on his flushed face. "Tell me. Otherwise I won't know."

"Derek…" He gasped and tried to move, to fuck himself on Derek's cock. It was something incredible. Just feeling his cock inside his ass was making him see stars. It was unnatural. But Derek didn't let him to move. He stopped his attempts at a grunt and at least Stiles wasn't the only one suffering.

"Please…" he managed. "Please, fuck me."

Derek didn't need more. He moved and started to pound his mate's ass.

Stiles made to grab his own cock again, but Derek took his wrists and stopped him with a moan. Stiles's hole was so tight. It was difficult for him to speak too, but he managed:
"You're coming untouched." He groaned and resumed relentless pounding.

He didn't know how long it took, he lost himself completely in Stiles' heat. He felt the tightening of his balls and tried to stop before he spills himself inside the kid. He wanted him to come first. He pounded his ass with punishing thrusts, that's what he deserves for manipulating him. He did acknowledge it was very pleasing manipulation though.

That's when Derek saw it in Stiles' face. His skin flushed even more and he came. Untouched. The sight of his cum on his chest made Derek lose it too. He groaned and spilled his seed inside Stiles's hole. He rode out the reminders of his orgasm in Stiles' pliant body. He breathed out heavily and lay himself on top of Stiles who was now without any energy sprawled across the library table. Both of them were silent.

Derek would think Stiles fell asleep if not for the beating of his heart which somehow quickened. He sighed and raised his head to look at him. Stiles was watching him with careful expression on his face.

"Don't think I don't know what this was," Derek said and Stiles tensed. Derek leaned down and licked the bruise he left on his neck.

"I'm listening," he grunted out unhappily. "What do you propose we should do?"

He didn't need to even look at his mate's face to smell the glee.

Stiles' plan was insane. If he thinks that Derek will let him go to the town alone to personally search for Scott, he is sorely mistaken.

"No," he repeated for hundredth time.

"But, Derek, it's the only way how it can even work!" Stiles was loosing patience. He was standing with his fists closed and looking at the crazy werewolf who despite his promise to listen to him, was trying to leave.

"Again," Derek turned to him leaning so close that his nose was almost touching him. "I'm not letting you out of this house."

He turned away and stalked out of the door. Stiles couldn't believe it. He ran after him, but stepping into the hall he was faced with Kali trimming her fingernails with a kitchen knife. Talk about stereotype. He glared at her and she smirked. First looking over her shoulder, where Stiles assumed Derek disappeared to, then back at him. Obviously enjoying the situation.

Stiles stalked back to the library, shutting the door after him with a bang. Crazy werewolf. Stiles couldn't understand how he kept being the alpha so long. He just stormed out of the house while conveniently displaying their disagreement in front of the fucking enemies!

Well, Derek and he are going to have the words once he comes back.

Stiles quickly walked over to the window, and go figures - Derek was there in front of the house commanding Erica and Isaac to follow him god knows where. They quickly stalked to the threes and disappeared behind the barrier- Stiles could feel it when they crossed. He was temped to just seal it against the departures, but...well, he wasn't exactly sure how to do that yet and Derek would just come back and forced him to open it anyway. Or he'd at least try and that was just one more
headache.

Stiles will let Derek try to sniff Scott out by himself. If what he suspected was true, it wouldn't be so easy. Not even with the werewolf noses. He just hoped that upon discovering that, Derek wouldn't get hurt. He clenched his fingers in the loops of his oversized jeans and for a hundredth time wished he could have his cellphone back. At least that way he could put a tracker on the man. It would have made him feel much more better.

He purposefully didn't think about the fact that he could also call his dad, if that was the case. No, he couldn't get distracted.

Stiles looked out to the hallway and was relieved not to see any Kali or Deucalion lurking around. He closed the door of the library behind him, intending to have it closed against anyone uninvited. The door made a soft sound as it closed itself against strange alphas. If Derek wasn't out right now doing something crazy, Stiles would smirk at the thought of Deucalion trying to uselessly open it. But as it was, he could only clench his fists and walk out to the front porch.

"Hey," said Liam who was posted there. he glanced at Stiles and then behind him, unconsciously checking if two alphas aren't present. He could hear it, if they were, but human habits don't die so easily.

"Hey," Stiles said and stood next to him looking out to the woods.

"Care to share where the crazy alpha is headed to?" He stopped himself short of saying our crazy alpha. Really, he should get a grip. Derek is not his alpha. Ever. The way how unconvinced that thought sounded even in his own head, made him glare at the trees harder. Liam looked startled to see him disrespect Derek like that but Stiles didn't care. Fucking sour wolf. Liam sniffed oddly and then relaxed his stance.

"Probably to the Beacon Hills," he said and looked out the woods in much relaxed way then Stiles felt he had the right to. Isn't anybody here worried something may go wrong?

Stiles let out a long suffering breath.

Okey. So Derek is going to sneak around the town his dad is the sheriff to. No big deal. he was not even sure if there was a need for him to sneak around since nobody even knew about him. For all they knew, he could be a tourist. He snorted to himself. Liam looked at him oddly. Stiles just shook his head at him.

"I'm going to have a look at Boyd." He said. "Tell me when he's back," he glanced again at the trees and tried not to feel sorry about himself.

"I will," Liam answered as if it was given. Stiles frowned a little. He was still technically a hostage, was he not?

"Thanks," he forced himself to say and stepped inside.

***

Derek didn't come back that night. Nor did Erica or Isaac.

Stiles was out of his mind with worry. He was sitting in the middle of their bed, formerly Scott's bed, and he clutched his fists under his knees.

He will kill Derek. Seriously. If he disappears too, he'll kill him.
Stiles bit his lip and tried to breathe deeply and evenly. But it was harder and harder. Some small part of his mind was almost amused that during his whole captivity, this is the time when he's going to have a panic attack again.

He didn't get it. Why now? Why is this happening? His breathing got shallower and his heart started to beat in crazy uncontrolled patterns. He knew Derek only a few weeks, why is this affecting him this much? It was seriously irrational, abnormal. But there it was.

There was a knock on his door, but Stiles couldn't hear it over the crazy heartbeat in his ribcage. He almost didn't notice Liam opening the door and coming to crouch on the bed besides him.

"Stiles, are you ok?" he couldn't reply to him. He had only enough energy to focus on his breathing. But it was getting more and more difficult.

"Is this a panic attack?" Liam asked and seriously. "Oh my god. Ok. I got this," He heard him say but it sounded Liam is trying more to convince himself then Stiles.

"Breath with me," he said. Apparently the first thing that came to his mind.

"One, two, three," he was saying and Stiles tried to follow. He really did.

"Derek is going to come back," Liam said. That one bit made him oddly more relieved then when he counted. Liam seems to notice because he continued measuring his voice in careful rhythm.

"He's going to be back shortly. Tomorrow we will see him. they are all going to be back. Erica and Isaac too," Stiles felt Liam's arms embrace him in appeasing manner massaging cycles in his back and felt his muscles relaxing more and more.

"Derek's going to be back," he said and Stiles breathing evened out. He breathed one long shattering breath and then one more. He collapsed against Liam and let himself be petted.

He thought he should feel weird. Liam was objectively speaking attractive guy and Stiles should feel awkward being cuddled by him. But he didn't. Honestly, it felt like cuddling with Scott, his almost brother. He knew he shouldn't feel so safe with the member of the illicit group who abducted him. It wasn't even Derek - that he could blame on sexual attraction at least. But he felt oddly safe. Like he belonged.

He was not sure he liked that feeling.

"We should go to Boyd," said Liam after a while. "He was worried when he heard your elevated heartbeat."

Stiles nodded and reluctantly got up. Yeah, they should not be alone when Derek is missing. He clenched his fists to not think about it and Liam put the arm over his shoulder reassuringly.

Boyd didn't say anything when they appeared in the doorway. Liam just pulled Stiles towards his bed and they collapsed onto the sheets making Boyd grunt out more in surprise then the pain. Stiles was startled when he felt Boyd brush his jaw against his arm in a comforting manner. Right, they are the werewolves after all.

Maybe this was what the pack was like? He didn't know. He just let them comfort him and putting the protective charm against Kali's or Deucalion's - or any unknown- intrusion on the room, he somehow fall asleep. But still it was not a nice night.

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"They're back," Boyd's voice announced somewhere over Stiles' ear. He clearly heard his relief that Erica is almost there.

That jolted Stiles out of his sleepiness very quickly. Before any of them could react, he was out the door running towards entrance. He will so punch the guy in the face.

He got out on the porch and saw Derek slowly approaching flanked with Erica and Isaac from both sides. Scott was nowhere to be seen. Figures.

Derek was startled to see Stiles fly out of the house and charge straight for him. He put on defensive stance when he noted the anger in his face and prepared for the punch which was undoubtedly coming. Stiles never seemed to remember that his human fists can hardly hurt him.

But instead of receiving one in the jaw, he was suddenly wrapped in tight embrace. He looked down and it seemed that Stiles himself was surprised by what he'd done before he hid his face in Derek's jacket.

"What the fuck, Derek?" he heard his muffled voice. He sighed and closed his arms around his lithe frame. Erica long disappeared in the house and Isaac just smirked at them over his shoulder.

"Sorry," he said and wanted to smack himself because it sounded vaguely like a question. Well, Stiles smacked him instead, although weakly, so.

"Never do that again," Stiles said. Derek heard his heart pick up slightly after that, but he didn't know why.

"Ok."

They stood there a few minutes until Derek didn't hear Boyd asking how it went. Erica quickly shushed him, presumably to leave them alone for a bit. But Derek was the alpha, so he reluctantly started to walk them back.

Stiles hands refused to unwrap themselves from Derek. He grunted in surprise when the man just hugged him closer lifting his feet from ground slowly walking back.

"This is embarrassing," Stiles grumbled and Derek smirked. Walking a few steps ahead.

"Ok," Stiles started to push him away. "Ok, Derek, I can walk on my own." He complained and squirmed making Derek reluctantly release him. He longed for his scent to be more infused in Stiles skin. It got slightly faint over night and there was a scent of other wolf on him now. He didn't like it.

When they got to the living room where everyone was gathered, Derek's eyes immediately found Liam.

"Why is your scent on my mate?" He asked dangerously low. Liam nervously showed his neck but it didn't appease Derek as it would normally. Despite that he didn't smell anything sexual, aside from what they did earlier in the library, his wolf was agitated. He felt his fangs trying to get out of the control. he rationally knew it's stupid and that Liam would not do anything bad, but Stiles still wasn't mated to him. Not until he'd give him a mating bite. And it made him somehow crazy. Even towards his own pack.

"He was having a panic attack," Liam said quickly.

"What?" Derek frowned and looked at Stiles whose cheeks were red in embarrassment.
“I had to calm him down,” Liam continued and Boyd nodded. Erica petted him approvingly.

Derek breathed out trying to calm his wolf and looked Stiles over listening to his heartbeat checking for any irregularities. Liam breathed out after alpha’s pressure on him loosened.

“Are you ok?” He asked Stiles worriedly and sneaked his arm around his waist. Stiles’ eyes flicked towards everyone witnessing this obvious …behavior and half-heartedly tried to move away. Derek didn't understand what for. Every werewolf knew what they were.

“Yes, I'm fine,” he said quickly and looked away.

“What happened?” Derek asked and frowned when he heard Stiles' heart pick up in agitation.

“He was-” Liam started, but Stiles quickly stopped him.

“Ok, so how did it go?” He asked loudly frowning at Liam daring him to say anything.

“Stiles, what-”

“I'm ok, Derek,” Stiles punched him lightly over the chest, more to make a point then to attempt to really punch him. “We don't need to discuss it. it was stupid,” Derek heard a lie but before he could argue, Stiles blabbered on more.

“Right now, the most important thing is Scott and the situation at hand.” Stiles stepped away from him this time and resolutely looked at Erica and Isaac.

“What happened?”

“It was a bust,” said Erica. Derek glowered at her, but she put her arms on her hips challengingly.

“What, it's the truth,” she continued. Derek sighed exasperated. Honestly, the only one who seems to respect him in this pack is Liam. What is he doing wrong?

“We didn't find a trace,” added Isaac frowning at the floor. “It was weird. As if he never stepped in the city.”

Stiles looked at Derek questioningly.

“Isaac's right,” he said. “It was like our senses stopped working in relation to Scott.”

He clenched his teeth together. His wolf didn't like it one bit. And for him as an alpha, it was even worse. How can he not feel his own beta. Only the sense of the pack bond was still there, but it was making him so mad that he didn't have a way on how to find out where exactly it leads to. It made others agitated as well. Scott's bond to them still intact, yet not there.

Stiles was silent as they listed all the possibilities. Derek looked at him and practically saw how his brain is running over every option.

“Ok, I have a theory,” he glared at Derek for some reason then. “You were blocked.”

He was looking at blank faces.

“Ok, listen,” his hands started to flail. ”There is a possibility that someone, most likely the people who took Scott, blocked your specific senses to his smell.”

“But, how…?” Asked Isaac, but there was clearly hope on his face. He was catching on every
strand to get to Scott. Stiles felt a small sting that they managed to become so close while he was absent searching for him, but he ignored it. Again.

"There could be a witch. There was one, when we were attacked." he glanced around the room.

"Hunters," Derek seethed.

"Of course," Erica glowered.

Stiles waited.

"But how are we going to get around that?" Asked Boyd.

"Magic," Stiles replied flatly. He glared at Derek again for good measure. He may have spared him a panic attack, if he'd just listened from the start. But looking at his face which was slowly but surely hardening into a glower mask, made him harden his jaw.

This time, Derek's going to have to listen. And he'll make him. Maybe he would withhold a sex.

Derek frowned when Stiles face reddened and he smelled sudden arousal from him. His hand automatically reached out for him.

Ok, Stiles thought, he was not sure he'd ever manage to do that.

So he'll just have to convince him using facts. Hard logic. Sense. Yeah. He can do that. Before he was very good at that.
"I need to speak to Lydia," said Stiles looking around them. Derek was startled out of his glowering posture.

"Why?" He snapped, but Stiles just gave him an eye.

"She said something last time. Something about sensing death," Stiles was confused and it worried him.

"Maybe it got…something to do with this," he finished. He hoped it doesn't mean what he initially thought. Derek stepped closer to him and Stiles forgot to move away this time. He subconsciously wanted to be comforted. Derek frowned when he noticed that.

"We can still feel him," he said softly and Stiles quickly nodded. He silently thanked for that knowledge. If he didn't know about Scott's pack bonds and only had Lydia's words, he would lose it. Maybe.

"I have to speak with her, Derek," he said. Derek froze next to him. Stiles clenched his hands, he needed Derek to let him go there. He needed to speak to Lydia, to find out what exactly did she mean by that creepy statement. If it confirms what he thought, he would find Scott fairly quickly. The question was in what state. He shuddered.

"Listen," he turned quickly to Derek before he could snap again. "I have the spark, you saw how I could point to the right direction."

By the looks they pointed at Derek, the pack was surprised by this revelation. Apparently, Derek didn't tell them about Stiles' little discovery.

"What the hell?" Isaac clenched his fists and looked at his alpha with betrayed expression. But Derek's jaw hardened. He had his reasons and the pack should understand them.

"It works only if you personally do it," he said. He was not happy. He'd almost suspected Stiles that he's done it on purpose so derek would have no choice but to let him go. But even so it was the best chance they had to find him.

But he still didn't like it.

"Derek," Stiles huffed out an annoyed breath, then around the room looking for support. Isaac was eyeing Derek angrily a Liam was looking worried but hopeful. Erica avoided her eyes for some reason and Boyd was totally expressionless.

Derek's hand which somehow sneaked on his waist while he wasn't looking gripped him more tightly. Stiles gulped from the soft wave of arousal it started to elicit from his body. Derek didn't acknowledge it though, or he didn't notice, because his eyes were boring into his angrily.

"Ok," Stiles started again and tried to clear his head. He needed his brains right now more than ever.

"I know what worries you." He clenched his teeth.

"What if I promised not to run away?" Derek eyebrows twitched with surprise and Stiles latched onto it.
"I promise I won't use this opportunity to run away," Stiles said and that time he sincerely believed it. He wanted to save Scott more then anything. Derek didn't hear a lie in his heartbeat and the soft smell of his arousal was muffled with desperation.

But Stiles didn't get it.

"It's too dangerous," Derek said flatly.

"What?" Stiles and Isaac both sounded angry.

"Derek, we would protect him," Liam joined. The puppy who should still obey his alpha unquestioningly. Derek glared at him.

"We wouldn't let anything happen to him," added Erica.

Stiles was a little confused at their eagerness to protect his wellbeing aimed at Derek. Really? It would seem more logical for them to convince him that they would keep an eye on Stiles. So he wouldn't even get to run away. Like the good wardens should.

Derek was silent for a long time. Stiles just barely held his tongue in check trying to stop himself to blabber out all the other reasons Derek should know about to let him go find Scott. But he knew that if he said something now, Derek may just lock him in the basement again or something. Well, not the basement, but maybe their bedroom. He meant Scott's bedroom, of course.

During the silent brooding Derek subconsciously pulled Stiles' body closer inhaling his smell, not so subtly.

"Yeah," he breathed out so softly even werewolves had trouble to hear. Stiles heart started to pound harder.

"I will let you go find him," he said eventually. It almost physically pained him to pronounce the words, but Stiles didn't notice. His heartbeat elevated in excitement and adrenaline.

"Ok," Stiles still couldn't quite believe it. "Ok, great," he looked at Derek more closely. "Really?" He said suspiciously before he could stop himself. What the hell is he asking the confirmation for?! Derek could take everything back.

But Derek just nodded in resignation and pressed his jaw to his forehead. Stiles frowned.

"We need to have a plan," he continued a little breathlessly trying to think when Derek was effectively pressing him to his chest. He could use a little space right now. He pushed until he could force him to step away.

"We need to have a detailed plan without them," he snapped a finger behind him to the door where Kali and Deucalion could be listening. They likely were. Pack flicked their eyes that way and Stiles let out a long suffering sigh. They obviously completely forgot about them.

"Ok, let me take care of it," he snapped his fingers again and the door made a whoosh noise.

"Now, nobody outside this room would be able to hear what is said," he silently cursed himself for not thinking about this sooner. But the pack seemed largely impressed.

Derek put his hand again on his hip. Like Stiles was his property or something. He tried not to be pleased by it. Agh, this guy was so annoying. Stiles would have to go to the therapy after this. Or rehab.
"So," he tried to put some distance between them again but this time Derek didn't let him.

"I'll tell you how we're going proceed."

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Derek looked out from the porch at the group of his betas surrounding Stiles as they disappeared between the trees. Stiles didn't look back. Not once. Derek wondered if he was loosing him forever today. If this was not just some large ploy to help Stiles escape. It could be. His mate was not stupid.

His mate.

Derek clenched his his fists. He could only guess what the kid is thinking. He almost didn't look at him during the whole planning session. Only flinching glances here and there. The always present smell of arousal was muffled by desperation and new determination. He couldn't decipher much anything else.

When he couldn't even hear them in the distance, he turned back to the house. for the following few hours…or more, he'd have to control his wolf not to lash out and go after Stiles to bring him back. To lock him in the house. To chain him to his bed.

He closed his eyes to clear his head a little.

"Frustrated much?" Asked Kali with a disgusting drawl. He snapped his gaze on her. This was specifically the reason he couldn't go with them. Kali, Deucalion and the pack of crazies. Fuckers. He knew they would use any advantage to put him down if they could. And he couldn't let them take his territory in his absence. The land was tied to it's alpha. But if the alpha went away, it would be much harder to take it back.

"Not your business," he snapped and walked past her to his study. It was one of the rooms which smelted the most like Stiles. The other was their bedroom, but he couldn't handle that right now.

"Maybe it could be my business," she said with an undertone and started playing with the strand of her hair. Smiling at him. Derek frowned. Wasn't she supposed to be with Deucalion?

He kept on frowning, when she walked into the room and pressed her body against his.

"Derek," she whispered. "We could have so much fun together."

He felt her breasts on his arm then on his chest and smelled her pleasant smell. She was right, maybe they could have fun together. This could make him hot before, maybe he would even take her to his bed if she wasn't Deucalion's second. But not after the kid. Not after Stiles. Her body didn't do anything to him anymore. Not after he remembered the sense of Stiles' flesh on his. His hot little whimper and his reddened skin, the heat in his eyes. How he looked with his cum all over his body.

It was like nothing could ever touch him with that memory imprinted in his mind. His wolf was angry. Derek felt repulsed by her touch. He pushed her away and stepped well out of the reach growling.

Kali laughed.

"Oh, don't be so angry," she smirked. "I just wanted to have little fun with the bond you two have."
"Get out," he said. The bond was sacred. Even if it was still unfounded, to him the bond was sacred. This proved how twisted the alpha pack was. Derek could very well smell the bond of another on Kali, yet she went after him. Twisted bitch.

"Come on, don't be so snappy," she continued taunting him. "I'm sure your mate will come back to be bended over again. I love to hear you two fucking."

Derek growled and threw her out. Fucking bitch.

***

Stiles didn't look back. He needed to focus on the task. Needed his mind clear of any Derek-connected rubbish. He was overjoyed. The big bad wolf was letting him out of the woods.

They walked among the trees to where pack's cars were hidden. Isaac walked as the first to keep the look out. Liam walked beside him and erica flanked him from behind. Their eyes were scanning the forest for any alpha werewolves lurking around trying to get to them outside of the border. That's why Stiles had so many bodyguards, Derek was afraid alpha pack may try something. At least, that's what he said. Although, Stiles was certain they were there to keep him in line as well. Damn sure.

When he promised Derek he wouldn't try to escape, he meant it. That time. But now, he was not so sure. If he managed to save Scott and sneak away afterwards, it would be great, no? After all, this…thing they had wasn't healthy. Normal. It wasn't. He was teenager and Derek was an adult. But this was actually the most normal thing about it. His snort resulted in Erica hissing behind him to shut up.

"Ok," he mouthed at her and surly turned back forward to follow Isaac who was impatiently waiting for them a few meters ahead.

He was kidnapped by them. Him. And…yeah. He should get free. It was his right. They were werewolves. Well, he was also magical, but he chose to ignore that bit in this silent discussion he had with himself. He just couldn't continue to fuck Derek.

Really. He should act like rational member of the society. And as a rational member of the society, he would find out what Lydia knows, use his magical fingers to trace Scott, save him from whomever's got him this time and….run to the police station.

That's exactly what he's gotta do. He looked resolutely forward and hoped they would reach pack's cars soon enough.

"Why are the cars parked so out of the reach anyway?" He asked because, seriously-why?

"Derek thinks it's better," said Liam. Stiles looked at himquestioningly but he just shrugged.

"Really." He said flatly. "That's a stu-"

"Derek," Erica cut him of with a dangerous smile. "Thinks it's best to have the cars out of the way, in case…something goes wrong at the house."

"And we wouldn't be able to come back there," Isaac added. Shivers run down Stiles' back hearing that. What could happen that they wouldn't be able to come back? He was not sure he wanted to know.

They got to them in fifteen minutes of walking. Isaac with Liam pulled down the cover made from
leaves and fallen branches. It was totally hidden. Stiles wouldn't know there was anything, if he wasn't looking directly at it knowing what to search for.

"Ohhh," he cooed. "Whose is this baby?" He rushed towards sleek camarro admiring the awesomeness that was this car.

"That's Derek's," said Erica with a wink. Stiles looked at it again. Figures, that big bad wolf would have such an awesome car. Of course.

Well, he tried to hide his excitement from then on, but judging by the looks Isaac and Liam gave him, he didn't quite manage to do it perfectly.

***

They didn't use the camarro to get out of the forest. To Stiles' chagrin.

Instead Isaac gave him an annoyed look and walked over to a jeep standing just behind it. Erica got the keys out and sat behind the wheel with a smirk. Stiles wanted to sit next to her but Isaac grabbed him and showed him to the back of the car.

"Seriously?" he snarked. "I thought we grew closer during the time forced to spent together, my dear Isaac."

Isaac smirked and sat next to Erica. Seriously, how can Scott be friends with such a snobbish guy. Stiles was sure that he and jackson were getting along very much.

Liam got in next to him and smiled apologetically. Stiles just huffed and looked out to the trees. Erica started the engine silently. Stiles raised the eyebrows hearing the soft sound, werewolves were apparently very good at the cover opt thing.

They were riding for a bit in between the trees. Then they reached the asphalt road. Stiles heart sped up seeing the sign of civilization. Others thankfully ignored it, although Liam gave him a side eye and tensed a little in his seat. How long was he here anyway? Is this the first time since becoming a werewolf that he came back? That was another question Stiles didn't have the time to wonder about. Now, all he focused on was Lydia.

***

They stopped in front of giant house with beautiful english garden at the back. Stiles jumped out of the car before Liam could open the door for him and really, what the hell is the guy's deal?

Erica got to the door, but before she could knock or kick it down or whatever she had planned, Lydia opened the door and snapped her trimmed fingernails at them.

"What the hell are you thinking?" She frowned.

"You are lucky my mother's out," this time she looked directly at Stiles. "Otherwise we all would have some serious explaining to do."

Stiles tensed and looked back the way they came. For a second expecting a police cruiser turning rapidly around the corner. He squelched the disappointment in his chest when it didn't happen. He didn't have the time for it. Yet. First he had to find Scott.

"What are you waiting for," Lydia snapped at him. "Come inside, quickly."
She pulled them in and closed the door behind them giving one last look to the empty driveway. Stiles looked around the huge elegant hallway and fresh flowers in a vase under the mirror which looked so perfect that they seemed almost fake.

"What the hell are you here for," asked a snarky voice from the living room. And of fucking course, Jackson walked over to his girlfriend and sneaked an arm around her waist. Stiles frowned at him.

"Scott's got taken." Isaac said and looked at Jackson with a slight challenge. Although they were on good terms, this time he wasn't going to take his shit.

"I know," He replied.

"Derek let us know," Lydia added. "Told us to lay low."

"Doesn't explain how he would let you out of his sight," Jackson smirked at Stiles. Stiles glared at him, he didn't want to think about this.

"So, Scott got taken," he decided to ignore Jackson through the whole time he was here.

"And I came to Lydia to talk to her about it."

"And why exactly is that," Jackson asked him darkly. As if him merely asking Lydia something was some sort of threat. Really, the douchbag had some serious issues.

"You said something the other day," He stepped closer looking at her intently. "Why did you say that?"

Lydia looked back at him afraid. He could tell she didn't know either.

Jackson looked down at her in worried expression. It was such a foreign sight to Stiles, that he was fascinated for a moment. That's why it startled him when Jackson huffed, let go of Lydia and disappeared upstairs.

"What the-" started Erica, but Jackson was back in a flash. Fucking supernaturals.

He handed to Stiles some paper. It was a sketch of some group of a people.

"What's that?" He asked annoyed. He didn't have time to consider Jackson's artistic aspirations.

"I drew it," his eyes snapped back to Lydia. He looked at the sketch with much more interest. It was roughly done gathering of sort. One of the characters stood aside though and one member of the group looked back at him. None of them had distinguished features. But Stiles knew that this was why he felt the need to pay Lydia a visit.

He somehow knew that the one standing aside was Scott. He counted the others, there were five people in total. So, this could mean that they would have to take down five enemies. Enemies who were able to apprehend Scott, the werewolf. Hmm. Piece of cake. Right.

"Do you have slightest idea where they may have took him? And who?" He looked at them standing tensely there, the soft light of the hallway giving Lydia's hair a special glow.

"Hunters, obviously," said Jackson. Stiles had to agree. It was the most probable conclusion. The trouble was, how could they mislead the werewolves this much. Erica and Liam were visibly
tensed from not sensing Scott as they were used to. And Isaac was basically acting like aristocratic marble, cold all over.

"That's most likely, yeah," he said thinking. "Do you have more of these?" He asked Lydia.

"That's the only one," she shook her head.

"Ok, based on this one- there are probably five people standing between us and Scott."

"How can you be so sure?" Erica snapped. He frowned at her.

"I'm not, ok? But this is the best an indication we have and… I just have the feeling Lydia's right."

"He's the spark after all," said Liam timidly from behind them. Erica and Isaac glared at him. He lowered his gaze and shrugged, not backing down. Stiles liked Liam more and more.

"Ok, let's follow the advice of our personal magician here," Isaac drawled out sarcastically. Jackson snorted.

"Come on, man," he said with a little smirk. "This time I think he's right."

Stiles gave him a flabbergasted look; Jackson thought he's right at something. Jackson never thought he was right at anything. Lydia smirked at her boyfriend and then Stiles got it. Lydia. Of course Jackson is gonna think Stiles was right if it concerns her drawing. Well, small victories.

"So, we are up against some five people," said Erica and rolled her eyes. "What now. How can we even know where they hold him?"

"That's were my magic comes in," Stiles said turning up the corner of his lips. "I can basically trace Scott from here to his exact location." He turned towards the door and started out.

"Wait," Lydia's voice stopped him. He looked back at her impatiently.

"You can't go now!" She hissed. Jackson behind her was putting hand over his eyes as if he didn't even want to witness this embarrassment.

"What? Why?" Stiles was certainly confused.

"If you aren't aware," Jackson informed him. "The whole town is searching for you."

Oh, right.

"If you step out, you'd be apprehended on sight." Isaac added unhelpfully.

"They'd probably take you to the police station right away and-" Stiles didn't let Erica finish.

"And I wouldn't be able to go searching for Scott." Stiles looked away. The thought of his dad desperately searching for him made him clenched his fists. But he couldn't let him find him so fast. Not yet. He clenched his teeth trying not to let out any sound he would regret out of his mouth.

He looked back at them and it didn't escape his attention how desperate they all were too. He knew his spark was their only hope to find him. Even Lydia and Jackson looked worried. Despite not being in the pack house, he sense their connection to Scott too. He didn't know how exactly could he do that, but he did. It made him a little uneasy.

"But what can we do? If I can't go out, then how-" His voice was getting really high and he really
didn't like that.

"We'll have to," Lydia took his arm and squeezed. It brought him unexpected reassurance. "But in the evening, when there wouldn't be so many people out. When it would not be easy to spot something...weird." She said silently.

Stiles let out a huge breath and tried to calm down.

"Ok, we'll wait." He said and let his arms fall to his sides.
They headed out when the night fell, just a little after midnight. Lydia thought that would be the only safe time to do it.

"There are too many eyes in the streets before that," she said. Stiles had to reluctantly agree.

Before they moved out, Isaac took the car somewhere else, to park it far away from Lydia's or Jackson's house, just to be on safe side. When he returned and they could finally go, Stiles was brimming with tension. He borrowed one of Lydia's pendants and did the same thing he did before with the wire. The pack surrounded him and looked as the pendant in his palm moved towards one specific direction, pointing to the east.

"We'll have to turn around the house," he said and stepped throughout the door. The pack surrounded him not letting the pendant out of the sight. And Stiles as well for that matter. The most of the houses on Lydia's street were already dark, and the few that weren't, they simply avoided.

"Why didn't we take the car again?" asked Lydia after some fifteen minutes of walking. Jackson besides her looked very much annoyed.

"Because, princess," Erica turned back at her. "It would be much more suspicious if we moved slowly in a car then when we move by foot." Lydia huffed.

"Would be easy to take the wrong turn, and ..you know," added Liam timidly. Really, this Liam was such a sweet kid. Stiles didn't understand how he ended up werewolf. He'll have to ask Derek when he returns. The thought made him pause. He didn't plan to return… But, what? Suddenly the notion that he wouldn't see Derek again, that he wouldn't be able to touch him again... pained him. He breathed in quickly to get some oxygen. He couldn't think this way. It was stupid.

Scott. He had to focus on Scott. Otherwise the pendant may start to lead him back to Derek and that would be such a fail.

Once they reached the center, "by foot"- he didn't need to hear Jackson's complaining voice, thank you very much- the pack spread out. The Beacon Hills center was still awake after midnight. Just a few people here and there, but still. It would be suspicious if a group of teenagers were slowly and silently stalking the streets. Basically an invitation to the police department deputies to question them.

There were Stiles' posters on practically every corner. The huge letters MISSING smudged from the rain or wind after the weeks they were already on. The others ignored them, but the first time Stiles had noticed that, he went white. It startled him. His face on the posters looked like he was already dead.

Because, that's what they would do after some time - pronounce him dead. Maybe that was what Derek wanted to happen. For all of them, aside from Jackson, to be forgotten about. Stiles clenched his teeth and looked away.

The streets they walked were mostly empty.

From the strangers' point of view it would look like Stiles was alone. A few paces behind him another lonely hunched over figure, probably Erica, looked like she minded her own business. Lydia and Jackson walked ahead being as couply as they could- frankly they were doing too much PDA for Stiles taste. Jackson kept occasionally glancing back to check the direction and keeping
Police car appeared at the end of the street. Stiles tensed. For the first second he didn't know how to react. His head must be really messed up - was he supposed to run for help to them or hide or freeze or what. He saw Lydia and Jackson stop ahead of him. Jackson's eye lightened with supernatural glow as he gave him a warning look. Then he bend down and kissed her.

Stiles hunched his shoulders down and lowered his head under the hoodie to the ground shuffling ahead until the car passed around. He breathed in relief and a bit of disappointment once the sound disappeared around the corner.

They were following the neckless for around an hour, when it shuddered, startling Stiles out of his focus and pointed straight at an old house which looked like it was built in victorian era.

"That's the Argents' house," Lydia hissed and pulled Stiles quickly away. It was too late for anyone to be looking out of the window, but the extra precaution never hurts.

"What?" Stiles blurted out in confusion once he was manhandled by Jackson behind a line of trees growing nearby.

"Why it would lead us to Allison's house?" He asked the faces which now surrounded him. It didn't make sense. Allison moved to Beacon Hills just a little before Scott's disappearance. Although it was slightly strange how she, as a complete stranger, was so invested in finding him - joining all the volunteer search parties and helping putting up the MISSING posters - but Stiles attributed it to the kindness of her heart.

That's why something in the magic which he filled into the neckless must have gone amiss. If Allison met Scott by chance, the first thing she'd do would drag him to the police station or the hospital, not hide him in her house.

But the faces looking at him or back at the manor - because that's the word Stiles was searching for earlier - The Manor, looked grim.

"What," he asked frowning.

"I still can't smell him," Erica said. Jackson nodded in agreement. But Lydia looked back with anguished face.

"I know he's in there," she said and Stiles almost missed that, because she said it so softly.

"But-"

"If it's really the Argents' house, we can be sure of it," Isaac spat out as if the name left a horrible aftertaste in his mouth.

"Wha-why?" Stiles really didn't get it. What's his problem.

"They are hunters," said Liam in small voice.

"The hunters," added Erica with a glare.

"What," Stiles looked at them incredulously. Even Lydia looked a little surprised.

"How can you say that Allison is a hunter?" He put the neckless back to his pocket since for the
time being it was pointing only straight at Allison's house.

"Is she Argent?" Asked Isaac. On Stiles' reluctant nod he huffed. "Then she's a hunter."

"It's the oldest family of hunters in the U.S.," said Liam. "Some say they came with the first settlers," he added. Upon their stares he hunched shoulders a little.

"What? I spent some time in pack's library," he looked sideway. Stiles frowned some more. Allison Argent belongs to the family of hunters. How is it possible that he, who spent practically all of his time in there, missed this small piece of vital information? Well, he was mostly focused on studying magic, but still. Why no one told him?!

Anyway, it was not time for that.

"So, suppose they are the hunters who kidnapped Scott," he started.

"They are," Erica interrupted. He glared at her.

"Fine," he snapped. "They have Scott in that house," he waved an arm that way.

"What do we do?"

He somewhat expected that they would find the place they keep him at, charge in and take him back. But now, it didn't seem like such a good idea. Based on the Liam's and Erica's look, they were ready to knock down the door. But Lydia and Isaac looked a little wary, like coldhearted more calculating people. They looked at each other and shook their heads a little.

"What?" Erica snapped at them angrily. "We have to go now! You don't know what they may be doing to him in there!"

Stiles clenched his fists hearing that. Yeah. What are they doing to him there? He was a werewolf and the hunters didn't have the reputation of treating werewolves kindly.

"We can't rush," Isaac snapped back at her. "It's too well protected, we can't even fucking smell him!"

Erica looked like she was slapped. She pressed her lips together and glared at him. But didn't retort. Werewolves' sense of smell was almost their whole world. Stiles understood that to them smell was something like the sight to humans. They processed much more information using their nose than their eyes.

"We would have to plan it," Stiles said as calmly as he managed, but his heart was beating too much for supernaturals to miss it.

"Take some pics of the house," he turned to Jackson who owned the best phone.

"Who made you the leader-"

"Jackson!" Lydia snapped at him. He glanced down at her and then glared at Stiles. As if being yelled at was his fault. But took his phone out anyway.

"We head back and...regroup," Stiles sighed.

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Deucalion was watching, of course, how Derek paced out in front of the trees. Alpha Hale was clearly not happy being away from his fucktoy. He leaned closer to Kali.

"The spark is gone. We can act when everyone is prepared." He didn't need to turn to know Kali's smiling.

"I informed Julia too, she knows they are coming," Kali traced her fingers on his biceps.

"Good. Of course, the spark would be much more trouble than druid was," he said. Kali silently agreed. But what can they do? The least they managed was to get the spark away from his alpha. The rest was up to Julia. Deucalion and Kali had still Derek to take care of.

"Did you give the beta another dose?" Deucalion asked inaudibly. He was only a little worried Boyd would overhear though. He was too weak as it was.

"Of course," Kali replied. "He won't be a problem."

Deucalion smiled. This was even easier than anticipated. The alphas would tear down the barrier in a few hours.

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Stiles was leading them back to the house a few hours later. They had a sort of a plan and they just couldn't handle doing nothing any longer. Even Jackson was feeling collective nausea from having a pack mate possibly tortured.

They stopped a few paces from it, everything was still surrounded by darkness camouflaging their progress in front of nosy neighbors. But who would be awake at such an ungodly hour? No one, that's who.

Or a hunter.

Stiles focused his mind and tried to feel any kind of magical barrier. And he soon found it. It surrounded whole house, together with the garden at the back. And something else too. Once he focused his mind on any kind of discrepancies around him, he noticed a slight fog hanging around every werewolf. The thing was fogging their mind. He knew this was the thing which stopped them from getting a trace of Scott's smell.

He will get rid of it once the barrier is down. He needed more strength for that. But before he could accumulate enough of energy to throw it against the power-dome, he felt something new. At the edge of his mind where he was still conscious of the barrier around the pack house, he felt a pressure. Something was trying to damage it.

Stiles immediately felt the hair at the back of his head rise in fright. Derek. Someone was attacking him, when Stiles couldn't help.

He looked at Erica and Isaac getting ready to move next to him. They didn't seem to notice anything's off. So that meant Derek probably doesn't know yet either.

"Someone's attacking our barrier," he whispered. They looked at him immediately.

"What?" Erica looked like she is ready to abandon mission and run back.

"We can't," Lydia stopped them. They all, even Stiles, looked at her angrily.
"I'm sorry, but -guys, if we won't attack now, there may not be another chance." There was something in her eyes what made Stiles realize that she knows-feels something they don't. What if she's right? What if, if they turned to help Derek, they may never see Scott breathing again.

"Doesn't he have a phone or something?" Stiles hissed at them. They all looked back tensely.

"Nope," Isaac said.

"What?" Stiles couldn't believe it. "Why?"

"Derek doesn't believe in technology," Lydia said and any different time she would make it mocking, but not now. She was only afraid.

"Why the fuck-"

"We were always together, he didn't needed one," Isaac breathed out. "He could always ask one f us, if he needed."

"Fuck."

They all were silent for a second.

"I feel something," she said and looked back at the dark house in anguish. "Something horrible happening in there." She shivered and Jackson pulled her closer to him in comfort.

"But, Derek-" he stopped himself realizing what he said. He didn't know why he was so afraid something may happen to him. But irrationally-so irrationally- he was more afraid of what may happen to him then, what may happen to Scott. As if Derek did something to him, to ruin whoever he was before their meeting. In a moment of clarity, he knew that.

"We have to get Scott," Isaac said but he wasn't looking at the Argents' house, he was looking back in the direction of their alpha. "We have to do it fast and then, we can help Derek."

Stiles knew he was right. It would be stupid to turn back now. If they did, maybe they would loose both. He ignored the sting in his eyes and nodded. They all breathed out tensely and Liam hunched on himself.

Stiles looked back to the Argents' windows and started to focus his attack.

***

Derek knew something was wrong. He felt the anguish of his pack. The different kind of stress then the one they felt constantly since the day of Scott's disappearance. But he could see nothing out of ordinary- Boyd was up in his room recuperating, he brought him the sandwich from the fridge earlier and Kali with Deucalion were in the living room polluting the space with their ugly smell.

He glared at the living room through the closed door and went up to Boyd.

"How are you feeling?" he asked him and went to sit by his bed. Boyd turned up the corner of his mouth. It was true that the two of them had much more in common than Derek had with the others. Sometimes he thought Boyd understood him the most. Before Stiles came anyway.

Who was he kidding. Stiles still didn't get a thing.

He must have made an expression because Boyd grunted in support. Derek placed a palm on his
shoulder and took some of the pain away. Boyd sighed in temporary relief.

"Once Scott is back I'll have Deaton look at you again," he said. "It's strange that it takes so long."

Boyd nodded. He also found it weird. Despite it being a severe wound, it should heal in a few days. The others were back on their feet practically the next day after the hunter attack. But him, still nothing. There was a time he felt he was finally healing but then it disappeared and he actually got a little worse. Maybe his mood after the alpha pack intrusion got him to regress. He didn't know.

They spent a few minutes in silence together. That was it. Silence. It was their thing. And right now, it was keeping Derek grounded enough not to throw away everything and rush to Stiles' side.

"They are going to come back," Boyd said. Derek solemnly nodded. They better do.

Then they heard front door opening. Derek stood up and looked out of the window frowning. He saw Deucalion leaving. Any other day it would be a marvelous sight. But not today.

He pressed his palm on Boyd's shoulder one last time before heading out to follow him.

Boyd started to slowly getting himself out of bed to get downstairs so he could keep any eye on Kali.

As Derek knew, they understood each other.

***

Stiles tried to ignore the attempts on tearing the pack's barrier, but it was hard. Derek was constantly at the back of his mind stealing his attention with worry.

He felt Erica's calming hand on his arm when his heartbeat sped up beyond normal.

"Stiles," she whispered. "Calm down."

"Yeah, I'm calm. I'm totally calm." He started to hyperventilate. Then Isaac stood closer and Liam crunched ready at his feet so he was almost touching. Even Jackson leaned in in support. Looking at him, it was definitely subconscious on his part.

"I can do this," he said more to himself then to the others. He focused and pressed his energy forward. It bounced of the invisible wall around the Argents' house. Stiles thought he heard the police sirens in the distance and his dad's face briefly passed inside of his mind, but he was too deep already. He kept searching the weak point in the magical barrier. It was tied on itself. There was no one who supported it with their life energy. The person who created it could be far away and the barrier remained intact without his input.

Neat. Stiles was a little angry on himself he didn't think of this too. Keeping barrier up constantly was eating away from his life force- only small bits here and there but still. He could use this in future.

But. Whoever created it, didn't feel anything when Stiles tore it to pieces. Wasn't there to mend it.

"It's done," he breathed out. The wolves nodded already changing to their beta forms. Their noses moved feverishly seeking out Scott's smell. Liam whined softly when it filled his nostrils. It was the smell of pain and death.
They charged ahead into the silent house. Jackson's skin turned slippery and he moved up over the wall climbing towards the back stealthily. When he disappeared behind the roof Lydia's eyes filled with black. Stiles would be probably startled from the sight if he wasn't exhausted from tearing the protections down. And still he had to withstand the attacks their own barrier was under right now. He felt every beat and attempted tear. All filled with power.

He lost footing and fell to his knees.

"Stiles!" Lydia turned black-filled eyes to him in worry. The wolves already disappeared inside and he could suddenly hear the bullets rumble. Lydia's head snapped back to look, but soon she crunched next to him.

"Can you stand?" she asked.

"Yeah," his knees were weak but he forced them to straightened. He flinched when he felt another blow to the barrier, this one particularly strong.

"We have to go inside," she pulled him in the direction of the house. "Scott's going to need our help."

Stiles agreed with her wholeheartedly. He wanted to rush in there, to see that he's fine, that he's healthy. Although, he wasn't sure that werewolves would need their help too much. But Lydia's insistence made him worried. They hurried through the door following the sounds of fighting. Bullets and growls. Whines.

On the stairs was upside down lying one body. Stiles passed it without more then a glance, it was covered in blood and not dangerous. Lydia tightened her hand on his but that was whole sign of her fear.

"Get down!" Isaac's voice was all the warning they got. Lydia dropped down immediately and Stiles somehow fell on top of her. Fresh round of bullets pierced the wall behind them. Then a werewolf jumped over them and rushed inside. They got back on their feet when they heard a snarl. Stiles raised an eyebrow when he realized that it was probably Liam.

Good job, puppy.

One hunter got thrown out of the room and they heard the disgusting snap, when his neck broke upon impact.

That's two down, Stiles thought. Three to go.

Lydia tugged on his arm and pointed through the hall. Stiles nodded and they crept closer.

They didn't hear her approach. Only Lydia started to turn in fright, when she felt the air shift behind her. Stiles prepared to throw the power at whomever was behind them, but it was too late. The bullet was already on it's way to Lydia's heart. The time slowed down. Stiles changed what he wanted to do before- throwing the hunter away from them- and instinctually shifted the way his magic reacted. The bullet stopped midair and after a moment of suspense, dropped down on the floor.

Older woman, must been Allison's mom, looked on in disbelief. But before she could fire again, there was a cold flash of something behind her and she fall down motionless. They followed her with their eyes surprised. Then quickly raised their heads. Lydia smiled brightening hollywood smile on her boyfriend standing there in his lizard form.
"Thanks, honey," She winked and Jackson crept away without a reply. Well, he couldn't talk so much at the moment. Stiles shook his head.

"Thank you too, Stiles," she turned to him and gave him a small smile too.

"My pleasure," he bowed mockingly and suppressed another shudder from the attack on the Hale house. He could feel the barrier bending. It wouldn't take long until they break it.

Derek.

"We have to move," he said and grabbed her hand. They ran in the direction where Lydia's pendant was taking them, tugging in his pocket. Through the hall, down the corridor and into the basement. Stiles thought, ridiculously, that yeah, every supernatural has to have a prison under their house. Basics, like a fridge or something.

They crashed through the door, which wasn't locked.

Chris Argent - that's who he must be, Allison's dad- was there with a gun pressed against Scott's temple. Scott looked unconscious, covered in sweat and riddled with wounds. Lydia gasped and covered her mouth with hand. Stiles felt the bile rising from his throat but the anger he felt suppressed that.

"What the fuck did you do to him?" He asked voice dangerously low.

There was something in Chris' face, like, ridiculously, he would deny it. But he swallowed and pressed his lips thin.

"He didn't cooperate, that's why we had to take special measures." He said and Stiles would be impressed that his voice didn't even waver, if he wasn't in such an immense anger right now. He thought he would strangle him to death. That's when another attack on the barrier came and it took almost all of his power to remain standing. Tiny, almost unnoticeable gap appeared on the bubble.

"What?" Lydia's voice was teary. Stiles squeezed her hand tightly. "How could you do that? He is only a boy…"

"He refused to tell us where the Hale pack is." The hand on the gun tightened, Stiles watched it carefully trying to find a way how to get it away from Scott's head. If Chris fired, he wouldn't have enough time to stop it. And if he tried to stop the shot in the gun, it could explode next to Scott's face. It would still kill him. The worst of all was, that his power was draining away. Keeping the barrier intact and mending broken pieces took almost everything.

"More specifically, he refused to tell us where they are holding you," he frowned at Stiles. His expression was telling him that Stiles should be grateful they tried to locate and save him. Fucking bastard.

"I'll kill you," the words were out of his mouth before he even realized he was saying something. Chris' frown deepened.

"What th-"

"Stop it, dad," Allison's voice ringed in the room. Scott stirred.

Stiles turned to look at her and was startled to see her face covered in tears. But that was the only sign of her distress. She pressed her lips together, they were almost blue and looked at her dad angrily.
"Put that away!" She screamed. Chris flinched.

"Allison, we talked about this," he tried to reason with her and pulled gun a little away in an obvious attempt to appease her. "You don't understand -"

"You know what, fuck you," she stomped to the chair Scott was tied to and without a glance to Stiles and Lydia, moved to untie his hands.

"No," Chris frowned and reached to stop her. But she avoided his hands. He was too busy trying to keep an eye on the intruders and on his daughter at the same time.

"Allison, listen," Chris tried to convince her and Stiles crept to the side to use his magic and cut Scott bounds when they were not paying attention. Lydia followed him, but the older Argent noticed their movement.

"You two, freeze -" before he could finish, Allison moved in flesh. His gun dropped on the floor because his shoulder was suddenly pinned to the wall with a long shiny blade. Stiles had no idea where she took it out from. Chris' surprised cry of pain was a little inhuman.

"Sorry, daddy," she whispered and before he could attempt to stop her, rushed to Scott's side.

"I'm so sorry." She cried and started to untie him quickly. Stiles, a little rattled, went to help her. Together with Lydia, they ignored Chris groaning from behind. Tears fell on Scott's dirty skin and Allison attempted to somehow clean him with her sweaty palms.

"No," Scott struggled to say. Stiles thought he wants to push her away. Who would want the hunter who did this, to touch him. However sorry they were.

"It's not... your fault," he managed to say. Stiles hesitated for a moment hearing that. Then he continued to untie the knot which bound his right leg.

"It is," she hiccuped.

"No -"

"Yes, it is. If I refused to see you -"

"Allison, look at me." She was avoiding his gaze. Her hands trembled and she couldn't untie his wrist properly.

"Look at me," his hand sprang free, his werewolf strength must have helped when the knot was loose enough. He took her chin and forced her to look him in the eyes.

"I'm alright," Stiles couldn't help the snort of derision that escaped him. Scott acknowledged him only by tightening his shoulders. He was fixing Allison with his stare.

"I will be alright," his voice sounded steady as if his wounds were just a figment of their imagination.

"It's not your fault," he repeated. "I would have come for you anyway. Even if I knew what would happen. I would do it again."

It was like everyone disappeared and only Scott and Allison were standing there. Both were silent. Wordless communication flowed in between their eyes. Stiles was feeling super weirded out. Looking at them, he felt something familiar, but for the love of god, he couldn't put his finger on
what it was.

"You are my mate," Scott pronounced every word very carefully. Allison didn't reply. The only sign that she heard, was the way her whole body tensed. Chris Argent still pinned against the wall cried out, but not in pain. In the outrage.

Stiles frowned at him, then at the two of them. He remembered Derek saying the same thing about him. But somehow this didn't seem like the declaration of friendship.

"Wh-" Before he could finish whatever his mouth intended to ask, Lydia interrupted them.

"We've got to go," She already untied the rest of Scott's bounds a tugged him to get him on the feet. Stiles glanced at her thankfully, he didn't have anymore magic to spare on cutting all of it supernaturally.

"Yeah, buddy," Stiles leaned in to help. But gasped when he felt the barrier tear. Scott frowned up at him.

"What-

"The pack house," Lydia said and her eyes filled with black again. "We've got to hurry."

They managed to get Scott to stand up. Both of them put one of his arms over their shoulder. It was horrible. Scott couldn't even walk properly. Stiles felt his anger building up again.

"Allison," Scott tried to move his head to look back but couldn't quite manage.

"Scott," her voice had still that broken angle to it, but she seemed more grounded now that he was standing and in the hands of his friends.

"Allison, come-

"No, I have to stay here." Scott forced them to stop at that.

"What are you talking about," he sounded angry now.

"Look, Scott, I, I have to stay behind…to," she looked back at her father who, by the looks of it, was loosing consciousness. Probably the blood loss. "To take care of them."

"But-

"We have to go, Scott," Lydia's voice turned icy.

Allison quickly closed the distance and pressed her lips against his.

"Go. Take him away," she said and turned to Chris. Stiles didn't need to be told twice. He moved Scott using his confusion against him. When they got out of the door, Isaac still in his beta form was just coming up to them.

"Scott!" His relief quickly turned to worry, turned to rage when he saw the state he's in.

"Take him," Stiles showed Scott against him because he was quickly loosing his own strength. He was continuously mending the barrier, but his attempts were thwarted. As soon as he sewed it back, something followed in his steps and made it all loose again.

"What about-" Isaac looked suspiciously behind their backs to where Allison stayed with Chris.
"It's taken care of," Lydia snapped and her black eyes must have frighten him a little because he quickly avoided his gaze. She took the lead and Isaac followed seemingly effortlessly supporting Scott's weight with Stiles taking the rear.

Liam came rushing by, happily yipping when he saw Scott and then sided with Lydia using his nose to check the security. Stiles didn't know how he managed- it must all smell like blood. He pressed his fists tightly when he felt another attack, this time on different place.

Erica joined them and made them all go a little faster by the pace she set.

When they finally got out the house, Jackson sneaked up to them taking Lydia's hand and changed back to his human form.

"We have to take him to the Lydia's house," Jackson said. "He looks horrible," he frowned at Scott's dirty rumpled form.

They took off, keeping to the shadows. Nobody needed any attention. Especially that of police patrols. Least of all Stiles.

He knew the barrier wouldn't be left standing for much longer.

That Derek didn't have much time.
They were limping back to Lydia's house quickly. Thank god her mom had a fundraiser today and opted to stay the night. Stiles didn't have any energy to cast a silence spell, so she wouldn't notice them, anymore. Speaking of energy, Scott's was rapidly decreasing. Isaac was practically dragging him on the sidewalk. Seems like, whatever they did to Boyd before- the way how his wounds didn't heal immediately- they repeated with Scott.

Stiles shot him a worried glance, but continuous attacks he had to withstand from the preserve, kept his attention away. On Derek. He clenched his fists together. To sustain another blow or to forget his increasing anxiety, he wasn't sure. He was worried sick. Derek made him feel something, he couldn't stand the idea of anything happening to him. No matter what kind of a relationship was between them.

They finally reached Lydia's place. Jackson opened the door and Lydia rushed them to the living room. Stiles almost didn't notice that the black filling her eyes disappeared.

"Here," she pointed at the large sofa. "Put him there."

Scott groaned being manhandled. And Stiles could see the black veins on Isaac's arm as he drew the pain away. His face scrunched up and Stiles felt his plus raising.

"Quickly," Erica came closer and before anyone could react, tore Scott's shirt down. "We need the clean the wounds. Boyd had the same thing," she frowned at the cuts.

"It's laced with wolfsbane," she added and looked at Liam pointedly. He rushed out to bring some water. Isaac touched the corner of one especially deep cut on Scott's chest and hissed. He quickly rubbed his finger to the pillow to get rid of the wolfsbane. His skin got pink, then red and he run out, probably to the kitchen, to clean it with the water.

Stiles swallowed.

"We can't touch it," Erica said, on the edge. Lydia looked at her and nodded. She turned back to Scott with determination. In a moment, Liam came with the bucket full of water, but Lydia shook her head.

"This won't help," she said.

"But what-" started Isaac coming back in, his finger already healed. They all tried unsuccessfully to ignore Scott's painful whimpers.

"We need to get him to the shower," She started and Stiles could hear the nausea in her voice. His eyes glanced at Scott's bloody not healing wounds and he grimaced.

"But," Erica didn't get to finish. Lydia's head immediately snapped to her.

"We won't be able to get it out of him without sufficient pressure." As much as it pained him, Stiles had to agree.

"Let's move him up," she ordered and Isaac reluctantly bend down to help him up. Scott didn't react, he was almost out of it. That worried Stiles even more. Although, maybe he wouldn't have to feel it then.
"Jackson, call Deaton," she turned to her boyfriend.

"Why? He didn't know how to help us at all," he crossed his arms frowning in typical high and mighty fashion.

"Maybe not with finding Scott, but he could help us healing him," she frowned back.

"But he couldn't help Boyd-"

"Just do it!" She snapped and Jackson huffed annoyed, but finally took out his cell.

They moved Scott up to some fancy wide bathroom, but Stiles didn't spare the glance for all the luxury around. His eyes were only on Scott's bloodied form. They put him down in the shower and Isaac moved to discard his clothes. He hissed when his wolfsbane induced clothes burned him again. Stiles pushed him aside and hurried to undress him. Erica turned away to give him some privacy but Lydia didn't care. She was frowning and stomping her foot in worry. It made Stiles nervous. He stood away when Isaac started the water.

The shout which escaped Scott's mouth was horrible. Full of crazy pain the water pressure did on his wounds. But they couldn't do almost anything to ease it. Tranquilizers didn't work for supernaturals. After water poured away the most of the poison, Liam crunched down and closed his hand around his ankle. Black veins immediately resurfaced and he groaned. Isaac put his hand on Scott's shoulder and did the same. Few seconds after Erica joined them, taking his hand.

"Deaton doesn't pick up," Jackson announced suddenly from the door.

"What?" Lydia turned to him. "How could he- oh god, we have to take care of it alone." The "again" was left unsaid. She stepped towards Stiles.

"Stiles, do you know some spell-" She stopped herself and looked at him more closely.

"Stiles? You okay?"

Stiles gave her a confused glance. What was she on about? But the others who looked back at him frowned too. Even Jackson.

"You are pale, man," said Isaac.

"Of course I'm pale- Scott's almost dying," he glared.

"No..," Erica frowned. "That's not it, you were not like this when we got him here."

"Your hands are shaking," Liam added silently. Stiles looked down and they really were.

He didn't notice.

"I don't know…," he whispered putting one of the trembling hands on his forehead.

"It's Derek, isn't it," Lydia stared at him. There was something knowing in her eyes, like her being a banshee could see behind all the pretenses. And suddenly Stiles became conscious of it.

Yeah, it was Derek. Derek and Stiles' gnawing worry about him.

"We need to help him," he looked at Scott saying it, but everyone knew he meant the both of them. He swallowed down sudden dryness in the throat at the thought that something bad could happen.
"Yeah, we will," Erica huffed and focused back on Scott who was whimpering painfully while wolfsbane was being washed out of his open injuries.

"Can you heal him?" Isaac turned around to look at Stiles without letting Scott go. His face was in permanent grimace from pulling the pain out of him. Stiles looked down at Scott in anguish.

"I- I don't know." But he knew he had to. Somehow. But his reserves were very tight by now. He had a juice to withstand the magical attacks on the barrier for some two hours maybe, but definitely not any longer. He clenched his teeth when he felt a knew one, this time angrier. All the wolves whimpered at that same second and looked around a little distracted.

"It's getting bad," Liam said silently what everyone thought. Erica closed her eyes and tightened her face because she was worried about Boyd back at the pack house which was now, judging from the look on Stiles' face, obviously under siege. If something was happening in the preserve, her boyfriend wouldn't be far away from the tick of it.

Stiles walked quickly over to his best friend who was subconsciously trying to hide from the pressing water, which Isaac forcefully aimed at the especially bad places. His skin was trying to heal and some of the edges were coming together. But Stiles had to frown even though his insides relaxed a little in relief. Because this wasn't like Boyd. Boyd was not healing at all for the better part of following days.

Then he realized. The witch. Hunters didn't have the witch when they attacked Argents' house. Or at least, Stiles didn't see her body. He counted quickly. Five people. At least two of them dead. Then Chris and Allison. Then Allison's mother had to be the third. There were five people aside from Scott on Lydia's drawing.

But not the witch.

And suddenly he realized who was attacking Derek. He clenched his fists in sudden rush of anger.

"That bitch," he spat out. Others looked at him in alert.

"Remember the witch who attacked us, me, in the pack house?" He didn't wait for their confirmation. "She is there right now, tearing the barrier."

Attacking Derek.

The thought angered him even more.

"She's there?" Lydia frowned. Although she wasn't present at the time, Deaton filled her in- she wouldn't leave his clinic if he wouldn't. She got worried. There was black again at the back of her mind, swarming with death and hurt. It made her want to scream, but she suppressed the urge. For now.

Stiles could sense it a little and he glanced at her with a spike of worry. It just put him more on the edge. He looked at Scott, checking if he's healing, fighting against the instinct to immediately run back to his alpha. Fuck. It was not supposed to be his alpha, ever. He frowned.

"We need to get there soon," the words were out of his mouth in a rush. All of them looked at him surprised, even Scott.

"Derek needs …the pack," he forced himself to say. He glanced at Scott wanting to apologize that he's leaving him for a while, to make him see that it was important. That Derek…wouldn't make it alone. But he didn't need to. Scott understood. He nodded and suppressed the whimper of pain
which threatened to leave his lips. He understood better then Stiles did. He would have laughed if it wasn't so painful.

"I'll help you," Scott tried to stand, but somehow slipped on the shower floor.

"Shut up, you are not going anywhere," Isaac forced him back down.

"Wha-"

"No, he's right," Stiles shook his head quickly. What is Scott thinking, even nobleness has it's limits. Jesus.

"You stay were you are, ok? And we-we'll have to go. Now, please?"

When nobody moved, he snapped in agitation.

"Move!"

***

They left Beacon Hills as quietly as they came. Stiles didn't even spare glance for the rumpled posters with his photo anymore, he was so worried. They had only an hour till the barrier gave up completely. The possibility of something happening to Derek was eating at his insides. He didn't have the same kind of connection to Derek as his werewolves pack had. He kept checking their faces for the sign of something wrong. For the sign which would tell him if there was anything wrong at all.

They left Scott with Lydia- despite her protests- and piled up in the truck together with Jackson to rush back to the pack house.

Halfway there, Stiles groaned. He couldn't hold it anymore. Barrier was crumbling and whatever Stiles did to repair the damage, didn't last. He had thought he had at least the hour. He thought they could make it. But he was sorely mistaken. In a flash, it was was gone.

"It's down," he said quickly and Erica gasped. Others pressed their lips together and Isaac sped up.

***

Deucalion turned around with twisted smile and faced Derek. Derek frowned in confusion. He thought the man didn't notice him following silently behind. He didn't give him the slightest indication for the past 40 minutes.

He've seen Deucalion stalking the borders of the magical barrier. Derek didn't know how he found out that it was there. But he was sure Deucalion wouldn't get out without Stiles specifically letting him cross. The same for the rest of the alpha pack on the other side.

That's why he didn't like that smile at all.

The pack's fear which was gnawing at the back of his mind didn't help. He stood up prepared to demand what exactly is Deucalion doing there. But before he could, the alpha pack joined their leader from the shadows.

In a second, Derek got what that meant. The barrier was gone, they had a way in- all of them. He cursed and raced back to the house, which he knew was his only chance to get away.

He heard the aggressive paws of transformed alpha wolves behind him and almost smelled their
He clenched his teeth and suppressed the surge of his own fear. If only he could see the barrier, he would know if it was broken. That it was broken. Something grabbed his hind leg but he managed to break free. His wound didn't heal immediately. He didn't even expect it to, the wounds made by alphas were nasty.

He needed his pack. He couldn't fight with all of the alphas alone. As much as he hated the thought he knew he'd loose. But part of his mind was glad, because he wasn't sure if he could beat them even with the others. They were just fucking teenagers. And... he didn't want them to die. He didn't want Stiles to die. God, he hoped he's as far away from here as possible. After, when they are done with him and Boyd...his power would probably move onto Scott. If he's still alive by then.

His legs burned but he ran faster. Scott would make a good alpha. He will take care of them. Take them away from here. Hide them.

Stiles. He will take care of Stiles.

Derek ran and tried not to hear the breathing of the twisted wolves behind him. He was so happy that he didn't have enough time to mate Stiles. If he'd died at least he wouldn't take the kid with him.

His legs started to burn with effort. The house finally came to the view. There were lights in the kitchen and living room. Derek leaped through the door changing in a flash back to his human form. He slammed them behind him and immediately felt the impact of multiple bodies being thrown against the hardened surface.

Thankfully, the magical wards of the house were still intact. Whoever destroyed the barrier, didn't have the time to get to these yet. They were the second line of defense which was ingrained into the walls by his mother's long dead emissary. They weakened through time and wouldn't hold off the alpha pack for too long. But Derek didn't plan to give up so easily. He'd fight till his last damn breath.

"What a little surprise you kept from us," the leering voice made him turn. Kali silently crept up to him. She smiled.

Boyd.

He couldn't hear his heartbeat in there anymore. He couldn't hear him! Derek frantically searched for his pack bond in the back of his mind but couldn't find anything. That could mean only one thing. His muscles tightened in restrained fury. He snarled and launched after her neck.

***

Erica screamed.

It was so sudden that Isaac almost crashed into the tree. Stiles whirled around to her sitting next to him and frantically searched for wounds but couldn't find any.

"Erica-

"Her heart's beating like crazy," Liam interrupted and caught her wrist, but couldn't draw the pain which was not there. "I don't know what's wrong with her."

"Erica," Stiles started again. "What is it? Talk to me, what's happening?" He shook her. But she
didn't reply. Tears bursted from her eyes and she continued screaming.

"Shut her up!" Isaac snarled over his shoulder navigating car around the narrow trunks.

"If they didn't hear us coming," Jackson snapped. "They surely do now."

"Erica," Stiles raised his voice trying to reach her. But she didn't react. He tried to reach inside her with his power, but he didn't have slightest idea what he's doing or what exactly was he supposed to do. There was pain and noise inside her head. That's the only thing he could glimpse before it all shut down completely. He could see the whites of her eyes before she lost consciousness.

"What's wrong with her?" He didn't even expect an answer and shook her again trying to wake her up, but she didn't budge.

"Boyd," Liam's strange voice filled the aftershock. "I lost his pack bond."

"Me too," Jackson said grimly.

"They are mated, must be that." Isaac whispered and continued to drive barely avoiding the large tree suddenly in the way. Stiles' head filled with jumble.

What?

That's what caused this? Again that word. Mate. He remembered Scott saying it about Allison. Her kissing him.

Then he remembered the same word passing Derek's lips. His head was suddenly full of the images, memories of Derek's touches, forcefulness, stares and kisses. Of the way he looked at him.

He didn't understand it. And Erica's limp body next to him made him afraid to understand it.

He needed to focus.

They broke the tree line.

***

Stiles could see them from his backseat. The wolves trying to get into the house forcefully throwing themselves on the door, the windows. Although, for some great lucky reason it didn't work. But he had only one second to contemplate the strangeness of it all before they whirled on them. The sound of the car must have alerted them even in their frenzy. Around half of the pack broke away from useless attempts to slam down the door to meet them halfway.

Jackson shouted. Stiles braced upon impact. Isaac turned the wheel sharply throwing them off. Liam groaned. Erica's limp body bounced.

Fuck. Stiles had to protect her. They would tear her without any resistance if they got too close.

But before he could even budge, the witch threw a ball of lighting against their car. Stiles didn't have time to react. Suddenly they were airborne, turning once, twice and landing on the side in screeching crash.

One good thing about it was that alphas scattered. The other not so good thing was that Stiles' head was a pure mess. His ears were ringing and he couldn't get his eyes to focus.
Jackson and Isaac were out of the car in a flash running towards the house. Liam was already pulling unconscious Erica out of the broken window. In his haste he didn't notice that a piece of glass was slashing up her leg and she was too out of it to tell him. But before Stiles could focus enough to swallow the bile in his throat and to talk, they were out.

He took a quick stabilizing breath and forced himself through the open backdoor.

The crazy bitch was there waiting for him. She didn't wait until he straightened himself, she threw the ball of painful energy straight at his chest. Stiles barely managed to catch that and throw it away from himself, at the woods.

Oh god, he was so weak. He couldn't imagine how he's going to win this in any state. The bitch had the guts to smile.

But he had to win. Somehow. There was Derek somewhere in the house and Stiles needed to get to him. He didn't question himself this time. He glared at the witch and created the small ball of energy in his fist. He quickly aimed it at her face. She screamed and almost didn't dodge. The corners of his lips turned down.

Suddenly there was crackling under her feet, she looked down startled and Stiles yanked. The thread almost slashed the skin of her ankle, but she covered herself too quickly. Still he managed to pull her down. He didn't stop to revel in his handiwork, he just run towards her and kicked. She screamed and tried to send a burning sparkling his way, but he stopped it with quickly made shield. Still he felt uncomfortable heat against his chest.

But his shield made him stop holding her down with the thread. She turned and tried to crawl away. But he couldn't let her. Sweat was damping his forehead and his neck. She must have realized that she can't run too far. The witch turned and threw out her hands. Stiles reacted on instinct alone. He didn't have time to cover and somehow he knew that upon impact he'd be dead. So he reached inside. Inside her and yanked again.

She didn't even scream. The light left her eyes and her hands fell limply to the sides.

Stiles fell to his knees next to her. He was breathing hard and heavy. His head was swimming and there was black at the edge of his vision. He thought he's going to die too. That the energy he'd used was too much.

Fuck, I won't get to see my dad again. His vision swam. There was roar somewhere far away behind him.

Something pulled at him. Someone tugged and he felt Liam's voice calling him.

"Stiles!" It was almost inaudible. It was getting silent.

Derek.

He wanted to see his face one more time. Just once.

Derek. Somehow his vision refocused and he was rapidly getting back to himself.

"Stiles!" He looked at Liam's frantic face.

"Stop shaking me, will you?" He managed annoyed whisper. His head hurt when Liam laughed.

"God, I thought we lost you."
"Me too." He said weakly. He tried to zoom in on what was happening around and was startled to see Erica suddenly in full combat mode fighting with two alphas at the same time.

"Wha-"

"It was the witch," Liam looked to the woman's dead body lying next to them. "She must have done something to Boyd's bond. It was as if he'd died." Stiles could hear the uncomfortable shiver in his voice. Felt the ghost of it too.

"When you got rid of her, it broke or something. And then that," he waved a hand to Erica's current fury being unleashed against the unfortunate alphas. But Stiles' heart sped up in anxiety. Liam frowned when he heard it.

"What-"

"Derek," Stiles interrupted. "Where is he? I don't see him," he frantically searched the battleground. Saw Jackson in his ugly lizard form getting down some unknown werewolf. Isaac was disappearing inside the house running after someone. They heard the huge crush from where they were standing.

"I don't know," said Liam, his voice sounded worried. "I haven't seen him at all."

Stiles scrambled to stand and moved towards the house.

"Wait!" Liam darted after him. "It's too dangerous for you!"

"Fuck that," Stiles snarled and sped up.

"But you almost died!"

Before Stiles could snap at that there was a whipping sound. One of Erica's targets broke away and launched after them. Liam turned in a whirling motion and his jaw snapped. Stiles jumped up quickly moving out of the way. He followed the scuffle with barely suppressed fear. But there was something he feared even more. He turned around and raced into the house.

The signs of battle were all around. Broken furniture. Table, which was thrown into different room. Missing doors. And worst of all, the sounds. The snarling sounds on the upper floor. Stiles didn't stop to think about it too much though. He started up the stairs, but before he could get till the end, Isaac's body came falling down. Stiles quickly jumped out of the way. He didn't even have the time to worry before Isaac stood up and run back up. Intercepting a werewolf on his way.

Stiles energy levels were slowly rising. But still it was at the bare minimum. His magical fight with the witch almost had him drained. The sudden use of the reserves he didn't even know he's got, almost broke him. It was a close one, super close one. His legs were barely moving even thug he willed them to go faster. Even when he wanted to help Isaac to finish the wolf down, he wasn't sure his consciousness would hold up. Stiles didn't have enough of the magic juice to help Isaac. Not anymore.

He raised his brows startled when Isaac jaw snapped and he tore the other werewolf's arm off. Nasty. Wasn't the alpha pack supposed to be stronger then normal werewolves, though? Stiles frowned. It was puzzling, and a little worrisome. But he wasn't going to look the gifted horse into the mouth. No, he was not. At least not until the whole lot of them safely survived, that is. Then, he can exercise his braincells to find a reason why. At least Isaac didn't need any help for now. Luckyyy.
Stiles clenched his teeth and raced up the stairs. His instincts were screaming at him to get to Derek. It was as if he knew exactly where to find him. There was a loud thud. And sudden silence. Stiles swallowed.

"Derek?" He called anxiously.

No reply.

Then a huge crushing sound. As if the window shattered. Stiles run up the stairs, then towards the room where the door were ajar.

"Derek!" He didn't even remember that he shouldn't draw attention of possibly maniacal unknown werewolf to himself. Derek was all that mattered at that moment. He wouldn't survive it, if-

But there was no one. The room was empty besides broken furniture.

He run towards the window with shattered glass to look out. Derek was down in his alpha form fighting with huge werewolf. It had to be Deucalion. Nobody else could look as twisted. Derek was injured. His whole one side was shining with wet blood and Stiles cried out in rage when Deucalion burred his teeth in his leg.

Derek's eyes snapped up at him in surprise and pain and Deucalion used the moment of inattention to claw him in the side. Derek roared and the sound twisted Stiles' gut. Despite his exhaustion he managed a small, smaller then his palm, ball of lightning and threw it at Deucalion's back. He snarled in surprise.

Derek used the advantage and dove for his neck. Deucalion was struggling against his hold to no avail. Stiles couldn't wait for anything anymore when he saw Isaac coming up to them but not helping Derek to finish him off. The guy was just standing there, watching. Stiles rushed back down the stairs as fast as he could.

By the time he reached the threshold, the fighting was over. He turned around the corner and saw Derek transforming back to his human form. Deucalion's wolf was lying motionless at his feet. Stiles hoped he's already dead. Derek's bloodied chest was heaving with overextension, he was pinning Deucalion's body with a hard untrusting stare waiting for him to pounce. But nothing happened. It seemed that all the alphas were down, probably. Boyd slowly limped towards Erica who was holding her leg in an awfully awkward angle. When she saw him, she tried to jump up quickly despite the hiss of pain.

But Stiles was not seeing any of this.

Not really.

He saw only Derek.

He forgot completely his exhaustion going straight for him. He didn't stop until he could press his face into his chest despite all the blood and wrap his arms around him. Derek's reply was a surprised grunt.

"Stiles?"

Stiles didn't answer, just pressed closer. He was so scared, he didn't realize how much until he saw him standing there. Relief didn't have the time to sink in yet and Stiles just needed the proof that Derek's alive. Physical contact was the only thing that could convince his mind.
Derek's arms wrapped around him wearily and he could hear his deep inhale.

Now that Stiles wrapped himself around him, Derek could finally breath. He indulged in deep inhales so that Stiles' delicious smell can fill his nostrils. He smelted anguish, worry, hurt, pain, stress, exhaustion all embedded in his specific fragrance, but nothing could derange the specific scent which was *Stiles*. Stiles, who was alive and well and with Derek.

Derek pressed closer.

"Not that I want to interrupt the two of you," Jackson's annoying voice announced uncomfortably close. Stiles tried to turn to shoot him a deadly glare but Derek sneaked his hand up his neck and wouldn't let him move. Which Stiles was totally okay with.

Still, he had to exhale an annoyed sigh.

"You already did, so- what?" He asked. Derek silently growled above his head.

"Is this over already?" Jackson continued relentlessly despite his alpha's obvious annoyance. "You know, can I change from these rumpled and disgusting clothes and go back to find Lydia?"

There was a long suffering sigh, likely from Isaac's direction.

"Well?" Jackson prompted.

"Fine," snapped Derek. But before Jackson or anyone else could make a beeline out of there, he nudged Stiles for confirmation.

"Stiles?" Stiles honestly didn't had any energy left to check the surroundings for any magical discrepancies or looming sorcerers hiding behind the bushes. He really didn't care honestly. If Jackson wants to get blown up in his hurry to get back to his one and only true love, who was Stiles to stand in his way.

"'S fine," he mumbled and buried his nose more into Derek enticing smell.

There was a "whoosh" sound and Jackson was gone.

Liam snickered somewhere around. Stiles could feel that others are slowly filing back into the house without attempting to clean up the carnage or the dead bodies. For all Stiles cared, that could wait until tomorrow.

"Let's go back inside," Derek said after some five minutes. Stiles didn't reply. He didn't move either, for that matter. After a few seconds of silence, Derek chuckled. He started to move inside lifting Stiles slightly up, so he doesn't trip over him. It must have looked totally undignified and uncool, but Stiles couldn't extricate himself from Derek even if he wanted. Which he really didn't. Such a thought didn't even pass his mind at the moment. That was, he would think afterwards, quite frightening.

They walked inside the house, then into the living room where everyone kind of collapsed onto the available surfaces. Nobody had energy to speak or to simply move. Only Erica whispered something too soft for other werewolves to overhear into Boyd's ear.

Derek walked towards the empty sofa and sat down with a grunt. He manhandled Stiles into more comfortable position on his lap and looked at the others. As if Stiles literally sitting on him in public was not at all strange. For the record, Stiles' body didn't find it as bizarre as his mind did. But Stiles was too mentally exhausted to think about any of that now, so he just slumped against
Derek's dirty chest and tried not to fall asleep. After the power drainage he went through just minutes ago, it was quite a gargantuan task.

"Do you have him?" Derek asked eventually and his chest rumbled as he spoke.

"Yeah, we got him from the hunters just before getting here," said Isaac and rubbed his cheek tiredly.

"And?"

"He's injured," answered Erica in a tight voice. "They tried to do the same thing they did to Boyd."

From his position, Stiles could see how her hand around her boyfriend's wrist tightened.

"What did they do?" Derek's voice got an angry edge making Stiles guts twist uncomfortably. Derek must have noticed because he rubbed a calming circle on his hip.

"The witch," Stiles said and coughed to clear his throat. "She did something, so it wouldn't heal. His wounds couldn't close up. Also, laced with wolfsbane… it looked bad."

Derek growled and frowned at Boyd trying to discern how is he feeling now. If that was what they did to him… But Boyd had a better color then before. Derek couldn't be sure immediately, all the fighting and stress were probably tainting the image, but he seemed better- physically- then he was yesterday.

"How are you feeling?" Asked him Stiles and Boyd grunted. Derek would have laughed if he didn't need the exact confirmation.

"Better, actually," Boyd said looking mildly surprised about it. Derek let out a soft breath. He could practically feel the building of excitement in his not-mate's body.

"Does that mean-" Stiles was again out of breath looking at clearly confused Isaac and frowning Erica. "That could- Yes!" He almost jumped out of Derek's lap. Derek never knew where he's getting all that energy. Was it because he was a spark?

"That's got to mean that Scott is getting better too! He has to! I mean there's a high probability that the magical connection induced during both attacks was, during this battle, broken to bits and pieces and severed all the ties which could bind the witch's power to the two of you and that-"

"Please," Isaac interrupted with annoyed frown, but there was an excited glint in his eyes when he stared at Stiles. "Explain in human words."

Stiles could counter to that, that all of the currently present are not humans but werewolves and one, himself, was a spark, for that matter, but no. He was not that petty. And he had something very important to say.

"I killed her," he ignored the tightening of Derek's hand on his hip. "Killing the witch had to reverse her spell. Your wounds should heal normally now." He surveyed the room and noticed still red blisters and disgustingly cut flesh in some parts. It looked still nasty.

"Well, alpha infected injuries would take longer, I guess," he amended. Everyone leaned back and there was more ease in the atmosphere suddenly. Boyd even managed a small smile. The exhausted but comfortable silence encompassed the room. But before Stiles had any time to doze of, his Derek-pillow rumbled.
"Where is Scott now?"

"At Lydia's," Liam answered and yawned. He was almost laying flat on one of the sofas. Stiles almost winced at the thought that all the furniture was now dirty. It would be such a pain in the ass to wash the blood off of it. Maybe he could use his magic? That gave him a thoughtful pause.

"We took him there, straight after," Liam continued worn out. "He was too beaten…"

Stiles started to seriously doze off. He couldn't force his eyes open anymore.

"…to death…lucky.."

"…I guess," he didn't hear anymore. Derek's breathing calmed him too much. He slept.

***

Derek supported the weight of his sleeping not-mate while he listened to the whole story. Again, his muscles tightened in silent anger when he heard what Scott had to go through. What these monsters did to him. He wanted to kill every single one of them.

The pack's recounts were not clear about whenever one woman hunter survived or not. Certainly, they were very clear about letting Chris Argent live together with that crazy daughter of his. Derek hadn't doubted that her stabbing her own father was some kind of ploy to get his pack to leave. The hunters were already loosing. He was certain that the pack could finish them all off. But for some stupid reason they didn't. And now the hunters can regroup and attack them again. Fuck.

He pressed Stiles' sleeping body closer to him. The thought that they could somehow hurt him stabbed his insides with worry.

"I'm crushing in," announced Isaac after nobody said anything for a long while slowly heading upstairs. Erica and Boyd soon followed him. They were all too exhausted and Liam barely held himself upwards.

Derek took Stiles up to their room and posed him on bed. Stiles mumbled something unintelligible turning to his side.

Derek sighed and got rid of his dirty clothes. He frowned when he noticed Stiles' dirty clothes in contact with Derek's much cleaner sheets. But he quickly pushed away the thought of putting the both of them in the shower. He hadn't any energy for that. Stiles would have to bear with some dirt. He was the one who fell asleep, so. Derek just undressed him and pulled the blanket over both of them grabbing Stiles' waist and pressing his nose to his neck.

He felt exhaustion finally catching up to him. If it was due to the mattress or due to Stiles' body asleep next to him, he wasn't sure.

He felt immense relief that Stiles returned. He was not sure he would. To tell the truth, he was expecting the opposite. Stiles had every opportunity to escape, to go to the police station, to call his dad, to raise alarm. And when they saved Scott, he didn't have any more reason to return. But he did.

Why?

Derek wouldn't return to somewhere he was held a hostage. That would be stupid. But he was so grateful Stiles did. And...suspicious. He pressed closer and inhaled more of his enticing smell. He didn't know what he would do if Stiles didn't come back.
He ignored the lust which was waking him up a little so close to him. Stiles was too tired and needed to rest.

Though, Derek couldn't resist the urge to sink his teeth once again into his collarbone. Not deep enough to mate him. He was not that kind of a bastard to do that without his consent. But his wolf rumbled in satisfaction having marked Stiles at least a little. Stiles whimpered with the contact and Derek could smell the subtle arousal raising from his skin. Even though it didn't wake him up.

Later. They will continue this later.
Stiles pressed closely to the warmth next to him. His whole body was hurting and not in any good sense. Now that he thought about it, the thing next to him was a little too warm to be just a pillow. He inhaled and a delicious intoxicating smell invaded his nostrils more. His cock reacted to the sensation. He managed to open his eyes half-way, then some more.

Morning sun was seriously hurting his eyeballs. Then he finally looked next to him.

Derek. His chest was steadily rising up and down and one of his arms sneaked around Stiles' waist. And he didn't hate it. He never ever hated it, to be exact.

Stiles sighed and snuggled closer. Everything was coming back to him- Scott's abduction and his wounds, the hunters, ripping of the barrier, alpha pack, the fighting, fear for Derek. Subconsciously, he tried to get even closer. But with both if them still wearing their underwear, it was a little frustrating. He was getting harder with every passing second. Seriously. What is this werewolf's deal? How can he make him feel this way every time he's in proximity?

Then he remembered another thing. A little disturbing thought.

Mate.

Erica's scream was still vivid in his ears. That's when Boyd's mating bond to her was -not broken, but concealed by the witch. Made seem as thought it was gone. Then Scott and Allison, how they looked at each other. Stiles didn't have many romantic experiences, not any romantic experiences to state the painful truth, but even he could tell that this was not a kind of high school infatuation. There was something very strange to it.

And then. Derek. He called him that one time. Mate. Stiles thought he was referring to them being pals (as crazy as it was, 'cause they were anything but). Now it seemed to have entirely different meaning, though. Stiles' heart started to beat more. His rationale didn't figure it out yet, but the rest of him apparently started to. He was not liking it. Not one bit.

He extricated himself from the tangle of limbs that was he and Derek and stood next to bed breathing shallowly. Derek didn't notice and thank god didn't wake up. He just turned to the side and continued to sleep. As if nothing happened. As if Stiles' world didn't just turned much more weird. Stiles stepped away and swallowed.

Oh god. Mate. What does that even mean? He was not Derek's mate! He would have known about something like that, wouldn't he? This was just crazy. He needed to think about it, do some research. Maybe he could reverse it or something. Make things right, so he can go back to his normal life. Back to his dad.

Stiles clenched his jaw and turned sharply to go to the bathroom. The thought of his dad at least safely killed his boner.

The warm water pouring down on his scull didn't lessen his anxiety at all. His mind was in pure chaos. They saved Scott and alpha pack was done, probably. There were still bodies lying around which would need some search and getting rid of. Stiles so regretted he cannot call the authorities so that they can dispose of them themselves. But, what would he tell them? 'Look, these are dead alpha werewolves, the crazy long teeth you can see are real, they are supernaturals, which means that they are not completely humans. Haha, just lying around on my backyard, surprise!'
Yeah, right.

So, no calling any human authorities. Stiles was not sure whether he even qualified as a human. Fuck.

The water was now pouring down his skin and he was completely still. How can he even explain this to his dad. Also, there was that mate thing too. He still refused to believe it. Wasn't sure what exactly does that even mean. He could do only one thing about it now, though.

Stiles stepped out of the shower, dried his skin and hair quickly and hastily put some clothes on. Then hurried down to the study.

After hours, if not days of the research spent down there, he had a pretty good idea where to find what he was looking for. He took the chair and moved it next to a huge shelf, it was too high for him to reach otherwise. Then he carefully pulled out a huge darkish tome with withered letters at the back stating: The customs and traditions of supernatural houses.

He wavered under its weight and barely managed to stay upright clutching the fat-ass book to his chest. Carefully stepping off the chair Stiles posed it on the table. Even when he was being careful, it made a rather loud 'thump' sound. He winced and looked at the door expecting someone bursting through demanding why is he reading that.

When nobody did and he couldn't hear a sound in the house of anyone moving about, he turned quickly back to the book. He opened it rifling through the pages searching the correct entry. There it was: Werewolf

He skipped through all the articles describing pack life and hierarchy, the children's upbringing, rituals for the specific times of the year and various types of celebrations and found it. Suddenly there it was: Mate.

Stiles stared at the title a little unwilling to go further. But that took less than a second, because he was nothing if not curious. Damn the consequences.

*Mate:*

- a partner for life
- characterized by specific conditions (scent, attraction, sound, essence, etc.)
- recognizable by a sense of intense attraction (unchangeable)
- exclusively one per person

There were other conditions, but Stiles just run over them with his eyes. His heart started to beat in panic. Every single one of them applied to Derek. His smell was something so alluring that Stiles never felt before in his life. The way how he became aroused whenever he was in the room. Derek was like embodiment of his deepest fantasies he didn't even knew he had until meeting him. The way how his cock filled him up to the brim, how his body fitted exactly to his. How frightened he was when he felt Derek was in danger. How his body moved without any conscious decision on his side to Derek. Automatically.

It was sick. Abnormal. The possibility of someone, anyone, having so much control over him without trying was… terrifying.

*Mating bite*

*In order to complete the promise of the bond, the mate has to bite his partner with the intent of marking him for life. Afterwards the bond is complete and unbreakable.*
Stiles' hand shot up to his neck. Where Derek had bitten him so many times before. Even now it was slightly throbbing. He didn't notice that in the shower, Derek must have repeated it last night.

Stiles' insides turned. Is this the mating bite? Did Derek force him to accept without him noticing? Did he-

He heard a footsteps in the hallway. He quickly turned pages randomly to *The kelpies solstice wedding customs* and hastily put some papers on the whole book to cover it up too.

The door opened.

Derek stood there tiredly and Stiles' treacherous heart skipped a beat.

"Stiles? Why are you here?" He looked around dusty room disapprovingly. Stiles cocked an eyebrow up at him.

"And where else should I be?" He asked.

"In my bed," Derek replied. Just like that. Not any curl of lips, not a hint of flirting glance, nothing. Just that that is exactly, obviously, the place Stiles was to be in. Despite himself Stiles felt a wave of arousal. That's when Derek's gaze turned predatory. He stalked closer.

"You don't have a cell?" Stiles blurted out in an attempt to stall him. Thankfully, the question made Derek stop. Stiles didn't want Derek to touch him now. He knew exactly what would happen if he did, and Stiles needed to think. To somehow get out of all this mess.

"No," was Derek's reply.

"Why the hell not?" Even though, it was just a diversion, Stiles felt irritated by the admission. Who in their right mind wouldn't have a cellphone these days? It could literally save your life for fuck's sake.

"I don't need that," Derek shrugged, but something told Stiles he wasn't being exactly forward.

"What?!" Stiles stepped menacingly closer.

"I don't-"

"If you had a fucking cell phone, *Derek*, I could be spared the aggravation of running to stop the alpha pack from killing you!" He was very close now. Really, he wanted to punch him in the handsome face. If there was just a way of how to get in contact with Derek, before all those crazy killer maniacs came on him, Stiles would have been much happier. He really lost years of his life fearing for this guy's safety. God.

Derek wanted to say something, but Stiles didn't let him.

"I don't care what your reasons are, first thing I'll do after the clean up of the house is getting you a cell," He glared at him.

"After that, you buy them for all the puppies too," he turned and marched back to the table. Arguing made him come too close to Derek and his head started to get wobbly. Even being mad at him didn't help the stupid lusting after his body. He turned away to minimize the impact.

He heard something vaguely resembling a snort behind him, so he whirled around, but Derek had his usual impassive face on. He just raised an eyebrow on him.
"So?" Stiles was fixing him with a stare the lesser men would wither under. He was sure of it.

"Fine," Derek agreed, somehow not enthusiastically enough as such an occasion deserved. But whatever.

"But, what if they put tracers on it?"

"On what?" Stiles looked at him.

"On the cells." Stiles just gaped.

"What? Are you in a fucking spy movie or something?"

"This is not a game, Stiles." Derek glared. "You don't know what are these hunters capable of."

"I assure you I'm very much aware of what can they do," he was growing increasingly annoyed with this whole conversation. He remembered the rooftop being thorn apart by magic, Boyd's unhealing injuries, Erica's skin covered in blood and the worst of all, his best friend being slashed open. Sitting in some torture chair. He put his trembling hand over his eyes.

"They burned my family."

His voice was a little more than a whisper, but Stiles heard it anyway. He put his arm down to look at him.

"What.." He whispered.

Derek looked up startled from when he was fixing the floor with a stare. As if he didn't realize he said it out aloud. He pressed his lips together and left.

Stiles stood silently next to the table.

Erica next to him bend down to look at the dead alpha.

His thoughts were all filled with Derek. He didn't know what to do about this. They burned his family? What? He looked at the house behind them with knew eyes. Were they living inside? Was it destroyed before and rebuild later?

"It's such a hassle to get rid of all this," Erica said and scrunched her nose in disgust. Stiles looked around and yeah, all the dead bodies of alpha werewolves were still around under the sun rotting in breeze. The wind has changed and smashed them with even more of the disgusting rotting smell. He suddenly felt very nauseous. He gulped in quick succession to stop the bile coming up.

"You ok?" Erica looked at him with worry.

"Yeah, fine," he managed. "It's just a few rotting bodies lying around the house, nothing to get upset about."

She barked a laugh. Stiles frowned at her, he wasn't exactly trying to be funny here.

That's when others came over from the house. Stiles thought that it wouldn't be very pleasant breakfast if they've got to smell this while eating sandwiches. Without a word, Boyd, Isaac and Liam passed them and started to haul the werewolves further into the forest. Yeah, they probably thought it would be better to burry them somewhere away from the house. Stiles could breath
much more easily when the bodies disappeared from his sight. The smell faded a little.

That's when Derek came out to join the guys in their efforts. Stiles tried not to look at him. He was still freaking out about the discovery he'd made. Him being Derek's mate. Ridiculous.

Derek passed him and didn't forget to gently slap his ass. Stiles jumped out and his face got red.

"Wha.., Derek-!" he stuttered but the guy disappeared in between the trees without slightest glance back at his direction.

"Jerk," muttered Stiles glaring at the forest. Again he was hurting from the lust for the guy and he wasn't even trying. What the fuck is wrong with his body?!

Then he remembered what he said yesterday. He looked at Erica who stopped chuckling when she noticed his expression.

"What?" She asked. Stiles glanced at the forest not wanting Derek to overhear. But he needed to know.

"Derek's family…" he whispered. Erica tensed and sighed looking at the trees where her alpha disappeared too.

"Come with me," she told him coming to a decision. She brought him straight into the study and closed the door. No one would overhear them in here. Stiles gulped and tried to relax, but couldn't.

"Listen," she frowned. "I'm not sure I'm the one to tell you this, but," she looked out of the window. "I think you need to know in order to work it out with him."

Stiles didn't say anything. He wanted her to continue - being curious was his second nature- but he was dreading the answer too. Well, it never stopped him before, so.

Erica started to talk in hushed voice. And stiles felt worse with every second. She told him how Kate Argent burned down Derek's house with all of his family inside it, how she deceived him and how he changed afterwards, turning more inside. Becoming silent and brooding.

"Come on," said Erica. "Let's get some breakfast now that the air is breathable again."

Stiles nodded and walked out of the study with her. There was lot on his mind. He found himself wanting to wrap around Derek, but not because of lust this time.

They were finally sitting at the huge table and Stiles was showing some cereals with milk down his throat, when Erica looked up at him again. She stopped her hand with sandwich in it halfway (it was filled with some greens Stiles hoped she didn't get in the bushes) and spoke.

"How are you feeling?" Stiles could hear the concern in her voice. When he didn't say anything, she quickly continued.

"I mean, yesterday, if you didn't kill that witch, we all would have…Boyd would have-" she pulled a quick breath.

"Thank you," she said quietly.

Stiles almost choked on his cereals.

"I..it was nothing," he started to cough- a cereal down his throat got stuck-
"No, it was something," she interrupted. "It was everything."

They were silent, just staring at each other, when Erica looked away to continue eating her green, hopefully, health hazard free sandwich.

"So," Stiles said after a while, pushing his empty bowl aside. "You and Boyd, huh."

Erica looked at him with raised eyebrows. Clearly, according to her, it was totally obvious. Even Stiles didn't know what he was playing at. It's just that, he thought they were simply an item, a couple, normal two people in a relationship (well, werewolves but who cares), but he remembered her screaming inside the car. It was anything but normal.

"Yeah," Erica was looking at him suspiciously. "Me and Boyd."

"So, you-eh..you are, eh, mated?" He rubbed his neck and looked at her sideways. Erica's surprise gave quickly way to a smirk. Stiles didn't like that smirk.

"Yeah, we are mates," she said. "What, are you interested?" She waved her eyelashes in a knowing glance. Stiles quickly pushed away from the table to create some distance between them immediately.

"In you?" He blurted out. "No, of course not! I would never do that to Boyd, I-" Erica looked at him for a second too stunned to speak then burst out laughing.

"Of course, not in me," she was still laughing. "Everyone knows in who you are interested, Stiles." She shook her head in laughter.

"What?" Stiles narrowed his eyes. "What do you-"

"Come on," she glanced at him. "It's so obvious. I wouldn't even need to be werewolf to figure it out."

Stiles started to like this conversation less and less every second.

"What do you mean, you wouldn't even need to be werewolf to..." he needed to get this straight.

"Werewolf's heightened senses. Especially that of smell," with her every word Stiles' fear was getting stronger. "Every time certain someone walks into the room, you smell...well, aroused."

Stiles was so mortified. He pressed his face to the table wooden surface and tried to ignore Erica's maniacal laughter.

"Oh, my God," he whined. "This is so horrible."

"If it makes you feel better, he is even worse," she told him in between the laughs. "You don't even need to be in the room for him to annoy us all with his wanting smell. Well, he's a werewolf so, he can smell you almost anywhere in the house by now. And your lust for him only gets him going more. So, too bad, man," she smirked.

"So," Stiles managed to say when he calmed down enough to swallow his humiliation. "Is he like...my mate?"

Erica was silent which made Stiles look at her.

"I think," she said, all the laughter gone. "That you know the answer to that."
Stiles didn't want to hear this. He wanted to hear some clear yes or no, which he can deny then if he wanted. Not this. He didn't want to think about this.

They heard the front door open and the loud sounds of guys coming back. Stiles gulped forcing himself to be calm, to let nothing slip. The door to the kitchen opened in a second and guys filled in loudly complaining about burials and all that work, getting food from fridge which Lydia and Jackson brought a while back. Derek's body slumped automatically next to him. Stiles tried halfheartedly to lean away but Derek's arm sneaked around his waist making him stay put. Despite the sweat and dirt, his smell was the most enticing thing Stiles ever felt. He wanted to press closer just to feel it better.

Erica looked at him knowingly and waved a hand around her nose. Stiles face reddened immediately and then Derek leaned closer to him. Stiles must reek of pheromones. God, Stiles was so screwed. He didn't know what he wanted to do more- to run away and hide in his study or to take Derek with him straight to bed. He strongly preferred the second possibility.

It's not surprise, that as soon as the breakfast ended they couldn't get in each others pants fast enough. Neither of them could help it. Derek could control himself only so well as to show some food in his mouth and dragged Stiles upstairs. His muscles were strained from exhaustion and fighting high and he needed the release. He needed to feel Stiles under him. To know that he is safe, that he is well and that he protected him successfully. And the only way how to convince his wolf of that was to bury his cock up Stiles' ass. To feel his alive body writhing under him.

He ignored Stiles' halfhearted attempts to stall him. He clearly smelled how aroused he was. It filled his nostrils and everyone else's for that matter. Stiles wanted to feel Derek's cock where it belonged. Derek could smell his nervousness, stress and strain. He knew only his weight on Stiles' body and would make him feel better. That was how mates worked. Even if Stiles was not quite realizing that yet.

"Derek…" he moaned his name in that sexy voice, when Derek pressed him down on the mattress. He wanted to make him say it more. Scream it.

And he did it. Fucked his little ass well and good. Pressed his body close, kissing his mouth, his skin, his neck. Sinking his teeth around his collarbone again. He felt a spike of fear from Stiles when he sank his teeth in. It confused him a little because he did it already so many times before. But soon the emotion was suppressed by intensified arousal and limpness.

He released inside. Fucking out every spurt wanting to drench him in his smell so everyone would know who he belongs to.

Stiles felt Derek's weight on him. He couldn't understand why it felt so good. It should be uncomfortable and stuffy, but it wasn't. It lulled him to sleep. Derek's smell, the smell of them filled the room and it felt right. So right.

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Scott came back the next day, having his wounds healed perfectly, dragging Allison on his heels.

And all hell broke loose.

Stiles noticed as soon as Scott crossed the barrier. He put it back up as soon as he had enough energy for it. The barrier was always at the corner of his mind, so he felt it when his best friend came through. Stiles frowned when he felt the presence of another person with him, but let them cross as well. They were with Scott and he would explain soon enough.
All the others noticed a little bit later. Either when they heard the branches creak when Scott passed them or when the wind brought his smell down to the house. All of them raised their heads and sniffed. Then quickly rushed out to touch, to feel, and to reestablish the connection with hurt pack mate because that was what the pack does.

Only Derek wasn't as quick. He actually frowned. And Stiles thought he could guess the reason why.

Derek lifted him of his lap and got up to follow others out from the living room. Stiles tried to make it there before him, but Derek was faster. When Stiles scurried after him, everyone else was already standing outside.

Scott was among them laughing and clapping backs, showing his dimpled smiles. And next to him stood Allison. Derek didn't even gave them time to explain, her smell filled his nostrils and he roared:

"What the hell Scott?!"

Everyone froze and looked at him. Stiles frowned.

"Derek, what-"

Derek didn't let him finish. He walked straight passed him and growled in Allison's face. She quickly stepped out of his reach and adopted the defense stance. The bow appeared in her hand from nowhere with an arrow pointed straight at Derek's face. The time seemed to stop. The jolly atmosphere morphed into lethal tension in just a few seconds.

Stiles stilled and frowned at her. What if she fired? What if Derek didn't dodge? What if-? He needed to do something.

"Derek, what are you doing?" Scott moved closer baring his fangs at him.

"Scott, if you know what's good for you, back off."

"No," Scott sounded dead serious. It was the first time Derek took eyes of Allison to look at him. His face was contorted in rage. Derek didn't understand it. It looked like he wanted to pounce on him, on his alpha. What did the damn hunter do with his fucking brain?

"Derek," Stiles said quietly in warning which made Derek's lips press together. Stiles was here, the hunter could hurt him.

"What do you want, Argent?" But he didn't really want to hear the answer.

"Get the hell off my property," he growled.

"Derek," Stiles' voice started to sound annoyed.

"If you don't want me to tear your throat out," He continued over him.

Scott growled in rage inciting the transformation. His potential allowed him to change rapidly fast. When he hit Derek it was harder then what he'd feel if Boyd, his second, tried it. Derek snarled and took on his beta form from pure anger. How dare Scott stand up to him? Over the Argent murderer?

Allison danced out of the way quickly still trying to point her arrow at Derek but it was difficult
with Scott getting in the way. Stiles couldn't believe what was happening. Derek acted like a
maniac. Stiles could understand why. These people burned down his house with his family inside.
Just the presence of Allison made him relive some of it. How could Scott bring her here, was he
out of his fucking mind?

Stiles glared at Allison, it was all her fault. If she didn't come, if Scott didn't brought her…just
because they were mates—wait.

Mates.

That's why. That's why Scott brought her along. Of course. Stiles was so stupid, how he could
forget such an obvious fact? Derek would have hard time accepting that. Oh God, this was such a
mess.

He tried to follow their scuffle with eyes but it was difficult. They were moving too quickly.
Growls, snarls and painful grunts made it even worse. If they wont stop it soon enough, Stiles was
prepared to step in. Really. He would use his magic mumbo-jumbo and get them back off. The
only comfort he had was that Derek wasn't trying actively to kill Scott, at least not yet.

"Derek? Dererek," he tried to interrupt and noticed Allison's glare as if he was disturbing her
boyfriend's concentration.

"Scooott," he called just to make her mad.

"Maybe we can end this in a discussion? Like civilized people?"

Isaac snorted behind him and Stiles shot him a glare. He's not helping.

"I could prepare some cookies. We all will sit in a living room and have a little chat about it, no?
Derek? Dereek?"

"For God's sake, shut up, Stiles," Derek grunted and thrown Scott away from him for a second. It
didn't last long. Scott's body slammed in him again.

"Jesus," Stiles muttered under his breath. He looked around at others. They seemed less concerned
then a few minutes ago. Maybe it was a normal occasion trying to kill each other—some werewolf
custom or something. God. But really, Stiles was growing more annoyed with every second.

He was concentrating energy in his fingers. His magic would catch them both and keep them away
from each other until he could somehow get them in common ground with this. He had no idea
how he'd manage that, but he'll do it. Stiles just hoped Allison wouldn't shoot him while he'll hold
Scott down.

He took a huge breath, but before he could execute according to plan, Derek and Scott broke away
panting. They were staring angrily at each other, issuing a challenge. Scott broke the eye contact
first. He took a deep breath.

"That's Allison," he said. "My mate."

If he could do something to completely blow Derek's mind, that was it. He just stood there frozen
to the spot in disbelief.

Great, Stiles thought. Just great.
They were in the living room drinking some coffee. Everyone but Derek. Apparently, he preferred facing the trees, instead of Argent in his house politely sipping from her cup. Once he'd get back, he'd probably destroy the cup by his death glare. Or throw it in a ditch somewhere.

"So," Stiles started because everyone else was kind of awkward sitting with the death enemy of their alpha in the pack living room.

"You are mates, huh? Very nice, very nice…. How did you find out?" he asked trying to keep the expectation out of his expression. He would not pass up this opportunity to get the information first hand. Allison wasn't a spark like him, but she was human. She could help him understand how the hell should this mate thing work. Scott looked at him as if he suspected his intentions. Well, they weren't the best friends for nothing.

Allison looked at Scott kind of uncomfortably. It was obvious she didn't know how exactly did it happen that they are mates. Stiles raised an eyebrow at him.

"Well?" he prompted.

"Uh," Scott glanced at Allison lovingly. "You just know." He said.

"What? Is this some cheap romance or something?" He ignored Scott's and Allison's -and Boyd's and Erica's- frown and drilled on:

"How do you know? Give me something, man. I'm sure it had to be very romantic and all that," he smiled at Allison but she didn't return it.

"From the moment I saw her, I knew," Scott said, his voice turning slightly dreamy. "I couldn't think about anything else anymore. It was only her in my mind." Allison was blushing crazily by now. But Stiles frowned.

"I don't think so."

Scott looked at him dangerously as if he was denying their love or something. Which Stiles wasn't, just.. this was a little bit too much, wasn't it?

"You saw her the first time in class, no? You let her borrow a pen, remember? But you seemed very normal afterwards, didn't mention much, just that she's pretty." Scott blushed and Allison graced him with shy smile. As if Stiles revealed a very romantic thing, not a fact. Geez.

"Ok," Scott amended. "I didn't realize it then, but…the moment when we met in woods, when I already had werewolf senses, it was clear. She was the one. The only one I can ever love."

Isaac released a disturbed breath at this confession and Liam silently gagged in a corner. Everyone ignored him.

"Ok. So your werewolfish senses told you?"

Scott just nodded still looking at Allison.

"And you? Allison?" Stiles was determined to annoy them until he'll get at the bottom of this.

"When exactly did you know?"

Everyone looked at him then and he started to feel a little uncomfortable. Exposed. Like everyone knew why was he asking. God, he was so glad Derek decided to sulk in the woods.
"I.." She looked around startled from the attention she was receiving. "I kind of…couldn't get him out of my head. Even before.." she glanced at Scott who took her hand in his.

"I mean, he just handed me a pen, and I..." she laughed awkwardly. "I couldn't stop thinking about him. When I found out he disappeared, it was the worst. Like something gnawed me from inside, and I didn't understand why- I didn't even know him. But I joined all those voluntary search parties and..." her voice sounded out. Stiles let out a breath. He always wondered why she was there. Why she bothered to come for someone she didn't even know.

But, was it the same for Derek and him? First time he saw Derek, the guy in complete wolf transformation attacked his car. He bit him and dragged him to his house. Very medieval. Well, he also couldn't stop thinking about him, but that was probably because he kidnapped him! And Stiles gone and started sleeping with him almost immediately. Ugh, he definitely suffered from Stockholm syndrome. The probability was very extremely high.

As long as Derek wasn't in the room though, Stiles could act reasonable. Otherwise, his alpha's sex hormones will start to taint his judgement dangerously. Still, he wasn't sure was he minded, really.

"Stiles," said Isaac obviously annoyed.

"What?"

"Stop thinking about Derek, will you?" Stiles face heated up. Suddenly he couldn't stop looking around the room just so he doesn't meet anybody's eyes. He heard Erica's giggle and Boyd with Liam chuckling. Luckily, Scott was paying attention only to Allison. Oh my god, if his best friend knew about this...He probably does. He so does. Before Stiles could follow this uncomfortable train of thought, he blabbered quickly:

"So, that's it? You just couldn't get him out of your mind?" He fixed Allison with unwavering stare willing her to save him from this awkward situation. Allison blushed even more. Despite her being the deadly hunter, she suddenly couldn't look at Scott. Shifted her eyes away.

"...uh, well. That's not all.."

Erica cackled.

"Let it go, Stiles. We all know what it's like."

Stiles just glared at her. He didn't know. She just raised an eyebrow at him as if saying Really?

"Well, eh..." Allison continued to squirm. Scott waited for her answer as everyone else, although he looked more smug then curious.

"When I met him in the woods, it was weird," Scott's face fell. He couldn't believe Allison thought of him as weird.

"I mean," she quickly continued noticing his expression. "I kind of wanted to kiss you immediately, even thought I was supposed to kill you." She finished kind of disbelievingly and Scott smiled at her brightly pressing his lips to hers.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you too," she said.

"Oh my god, ok," Stiles jumped out of the couch. "I don't need to see this. Can you just," he waved
"Get a room," Erica finished for him laughing.

Scott and Allison smiled at each other shyly, as if Scott being tortured by her father and Allison stabbing said father almost to death didn't even happen at the beginning of their relationship. But then she shook her head.

"I need to return. Besides, your alpha...," she didn't need to finish. Everyone knew, Derek wouldn't like it.

***

Stiles stood outside on the porch looking out at the dark eery woods. He felt the barrier encompassing everything softly and its presence calmed him down. Despite it being something which held him hostage before, now it was he who kept it up. Closing himself in.

He thought Derek probably expects it to stay that way. Stiles helped the pack, accepted his place in it and in Derek's bed, there's nothing for him out there anymore. Derek probably expects Stiles to stay with him like this. To protect the pack against the human world and to fall in it's hierarchy for all the years to come. Never to be found again.

The trees in the distance shivered and suddenly, there he was. Huge black wolf looking at the house, at Stiles waiting for him there. Stiles watched as Derek took on his human form and quickly put on some clothes he probably left nearby for his return.

Before Allison left with Scott that afternoon, she stopped at the porch and looked at Stiles gravely.

"Stiles, your dad," his heart started to beat faster.

"What about him?" He asked coming closer to her.

"He is so worried about you," she looked sad. Stiles pressed his lips together to stop them tremble. "He doesn't know what happened, but he refuses to think you're dead. Not until he finds your body."

Scott looked at him sadly, his jaw taunt. Melissa also didn't know anything about him. This, they had in common. Both of their parents are trying not to think them dead. But last time Stiles saw Scott's mom, she was getting weaker. She tried not to let it show, but her conviction started to falter.

"I don't know how," she looked sideways inside the house behind him. "But you should somehow let him know-"

"Allison," Scott interrupted dangerously. She frowned at him.

"It's bad," she told Stiles. "His drinking is getting worse."

Those words made his insides clench painfully. He couldn't get it out of his head watching as Derek stomped quickly up to him from the darkened forrest.

"Is she out?" He glared at the windows.

"Hello to you too, Derek," Stiles glared at him ignoring the heat which rose in his body as soon as Derek got close. "Nice that you finally showed up. We spent a wonderful time chatting about you
behind your back, 'cause you were not here, you know. We got snacks and-

"Stiles, is she out?" He growled. Stiles pressed his lips together then nodded.

"Yeah."

Derek didn't reply, just stomped inside and started to open up the windows.

"You're ridiculous," Stiles told him when he watched him marching up to every single window in the kitchen to let out as much of her smell as possible. As quickly as possible.

"Argents burned my family," Derek seethed. Stiles grew rigid.

Derek turned to him. "You know, don't you." It wasn't a question. They were looking at each other without a word.

"It was not her," Stiles said eventually. Derek growled angrily.

"She was just a child then," he continued despite Derek's death glare. "It was her aunt, she was crazy. She's dead."

"What about the rest of them, huh?" Derek stepped closer to him menacingly. "They attacked us. You," he was very close now. Stiles could feel the warmth steaming from his extorted body and his smell filled his nostrils. Despite that Derek was growling at him, he felt his cock stir.

"They joined up with the witch to get us all down," he growled in his face, but Stiles stood his ground.

"She played them too," he said. "It was a farce to make us open the door to the alpha pack."

"They still accepted her help," Derek pressed his tights to him grabbing him by shoulders as if he planed to shook him to make him see the truth. But he didn't move. Just pressed him closer. And Stiles mind started to go sideways again. His thoughts turned to Derek's body. He wanted to be closer to him. He suddenly wanted Derek to be even angrier. Wanted him to bend him over the table and to fuck him until he'd be screaming his name.

He needed to collect his wits. He couldn't fall into this. Not yet.

Derek's nostrils flared and he bend down to breath in more of the pheromones Stiles apparently started producing. Stiles tensed and clenched his jaw. Being close to Derek while trying to argue with him was quite difficult. Fuck.

"Derek, listen," he blabbered feeling the light touch of his lips on his neck.

"It was only because they thought that you are the reason for Scott's and mine disappearance. They thought you ate us or something." His breathing turned shallow when he felt Derek's teeth scraping lightly his collarbone.

"I mean, well," he started to pant when he felt Derek's chest pressing into him. "They were kinda right, but.." Derek growled dangerously and Stiles shouldn't be turned on by it. He really shouldn't.

He didn't realize how he ended up pressed against the kitchen door, but here he was. Derek's hands moved down towards the button of his jeans and opened it, pulling the zipper down. Stiles skin felt too hot, his clothes too uncomfortable. But he needed to finish this discussion. He groaned when Derek reached down his boxers and took his hard cock in hand stroking it.
"But..ah..their intentions were..ah..noble," Derek's fingers pumped.

"I don't care," he growled and sank his teeth in Stiles' flesh. Jesus. Stiles pressed the back of his head into the wall. He felt the pleasure coming from the wound and his limbs were getting heavier. Exactly as Derek wanted. He let go of his hard cock and making Stiles whine from the loss.

"I know what you need," he said and pressed his lips to his. Then he took him up circling his legs around his waist.

"Wha- Derek," he whimpered. But Derek kissed him deep and hard walking back towards the table. He teared away from him and put him down on the hard wooden surface, but didn't bend down to kiss him. He turned him and forced him on his belly bending him over it. Exactly as he wanted. Stiles was down, his chest pressed to the hard wooden surface and his boxers were down. Stiles couldn't believe how is this turning him on.

"You are so wet," Derek whispered and Stiles felt the two of his fingers pressing into his tight hole. How is that possible, he though hazily, he didn't put on any lube. But this strange thing was soon overridden by his need to be filled with something bigger.

"You want my cock, Stiles?" Derek asked and Stiles could hear the arousal in his voice. He heard the clinking of Derek's belt and then the head of his hot cock on his butt.

"Ah," he whined when it didn't press where he wanted it to.

"Say it, Stiles. Say how you want it, how you need me inside," he pressed down on his back and Stiles felt powerless, at his mercy. Just there to be fucked and used. Refusal didn't even occur to him.

"Yeah, I want it," He panted. He felt so empty and he needed something to stuff in. "I want your cock in my hole…Derek."

Derek held his breath hearing him talk like that. It made him feel things. His pulse beat higher, his skin felt hot and his fingers vibrated with the need to touch him, to claim him.

Derek looked down at Stiles' sexy lithe body offering up his tight hole for him to use. He breathed shallowly, wanting. Stiles pheromones were tick and he almost couldn't think. All he could feel was him. Only his self-restraint stopped him from taking Stiles roughly on the porch before. He managed to let him have his say, not liking it one bit. He was so angry with Argent in the house. It made his muscles burn. Only this kid's body could calm down his rage, but he was at his limits already. Stiles talking to him as if he he knew everything. Fuck.

He pressed the head of his fat cock on Stiles' little hole and pressed in. Stiles groaned when he felt Derek's cock up his ass in one single thrust. Derek didn't wait for him to adjust, he started to thrust-in and out- Stiles could take it.

"Ah, ah," his moaning and slapping noises filled the kitchen with deranged sin.

"Oh, Derek. More, harder!" The kid was asking for it. Derek felt his cock in his tight little hole harden at that. Stiles liked it, he knew very well what he was doing to him speaking like that. Saying his name like that.

He fucked him against the table and Stiles tried to grind his hard cock at the wood to get more friction. But it was no use. He could feel almost nothing just Derek's cock filling him up. The friction in his butt. Derek's penis in his ass made him see stars. It felt so good. It felt too good being stuffed with a cock up to a brim. He didn't regret trying to talk some sense into Derek before. If this
is what would happen every time, he was so doing it more often.

Derek panted and his thrusts fastened. Stiles couldn't handle such pleasure much longer. Derek must have got it.

"Cum for me, Stiles. Do it," he tried to resist Derek's voice, but he couldn't. Not for long. In a release he splashed the table with his cum. His body got pliant and the feeling of being well fucked spilled into the very tips of his fingers. He smiled weakly. But Derek wasn't done yet. He fucked harder into his limp body chasing his own release.

"Stiles, you take it so good," he breathed out. He was close. He bend down and locked his teeth in Stiles' collarbone pressing his pelvis to his butt. Stiles hissed from the pain interlaced with pleasure as he felt Derek spilling his cum inside.

They lay there for a few minutes, totally spent. Only their shallow breaths filled the room and despite not so comfortable position, Stiles started to feel rather sleepy. The cold night air flowing in through opened windows send chills up his skin which was not covered by Derek's heavy body.

He shivered when Derek finally straightened up, but didn't have the strength to shift. His right cheek was still pressed into the table when he moved his chin slightly down to look up at him with one eye. Derek looked very satisfied with himself. He surveyed the room as if he purified it by all the sex. Stiles would roll his eyes if he'd have any energy left. He felt so sleepy.

In a second he was lifted up and placed on muscular shoulder.

"Derek," he managed when they were leaving the kitchen to go to their room. "We need to clean up.. all the cum.."

"I will take care of it," he heard the smirk at his voice. God, the others would not let him live this down. Derek positioned him on the mattress in their warm room. Stiles' thoughts became hazy in contact with soft sheets. He closed his eyes feeling Derek move about and fallen asleep in a few seconds.

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A few days later he woke up in the middle of the night strangely alert. Derek's calm breathing next to him and his warm body invited him closer. He wanted to lie back and fell asleep again, but he couldn't. The jumbled thoughts which were gnawing at him from the time Allison came over, were not letting him be.

The kitchen was almost free of the smell of their sex after a few days oaf airing all the windows. Whenever anyone complained about it, Derek just smirked smugly. Scott was staying with Allison hidden in Lydia's house. Her mother left for a few weeks to Europe on a business trip, so Lydia reigned the property. And she could allow them hideaway, when Argent's house was off limits and Derek refused to accept her in here.

Stiles was jealous of Scott. Despite that he had to stay hidden, he was in town, he could see his mom even though he wouldn't reveal his presence. Stiles didn't get it. Why do they need to be so secretive? The alpha pack was taken care of, buried deep under the forrest, their bodies engulfed with wolfsbane. The hunters were almost decimated and Allison practically changed sides. He wanted to meet his dad, he wanted Scott to meet with Mrs. McCall.

But Derek wouldn't hear any of it. Whenever Stiles started to get heated up about it, he would distract him with sex. It worked every damn time. Stiles didn't think it could be so effective if both
of them were humans, he just couldn't imagine such a pure lust as soon as the other came too close. He supposed it was some kind of biological condition or magic or something making them so blind to the outside world.

But he really couldn't help himself. Allison's words haunted him. He loved his dad. He couldn't imagine he would never see him again. He couldn't stand it.

He looked at Derek sleeping calmly next to him. His chest regularly rising and his face relaxed. Stiles heart clenched painfully. He wanted to stay with Derek. He wanted to feel his hands, his gaze on him all the time. Whenever Derek was away from the house Stiles already missed him.

But was it even real?

Would it still be the same if he got away from here? If he stayed out, returned to normal life, saw his dad again, would he still love Derek?

His breath shuttered when he realized it.

He loved him.

He pressed his palms against his face. How could that happen? Derek kidnapped him, made him his hostage and forced him to serve his ends. How could he fall in love with such a man? Yeah, he was sexy as hell and his voice made him shiver on the inside whenever he uttered a word, but there was...something else. Something which made him seek him out with his eyes when he was on the other side of room. Something which made him get closer to him without even realizing his own intention, something undefinable which made him desperate at the simple thought of him.

But...his dad. He couldn't bear the thought of him alone...without anyone to lean on. He couldn't handle imagining his dad wasting away in sorrow for his son, who was hidden in woods, which sheriff searched every day. Hidden by his own damn magic.

His heart started to thump wildly. He couldn't handle this anymore. Stiles slipped out from under the blanket and carefully and silently got dressed. His palms were sticky with sweat, but he didn't look at Derek to check if he's still asleep. He was afraid he would change his mind if he looked at his face, so rarely peaceful.

He crept out of the room and still didn't believe Derek didn't hear his heartbeat. It was so loud. The stairs gave a soft screech under his feet and Stiles winced. He looked up but no one opened the door to check what's happening. The house sometimes gave these strange noises as houses normally do, everyone got used to it and Stiles was glad for it.

He quickly put on his shoes and walked out the front door, closing them carefully with clenched teeth behind him. He stopped for a few seconds listening. There was no one, only him. He started to walk, then broke in a run. The distance between him and Derek grew wider and wider with his every step, but Derek didn't come racing after him. Stiles hated it. He hated that Derek didn't wake up and didn't chase him down. That he didn't hear growls and werewolf's paws running in his footsteps. That he didn't catch him yet. That he didn't stop him. And he hated himself for feeling this way.

Stiles felt it when he crossed the barrier as if something soft stroked his skin. It let him through, of course. He was the one keeping it up. Keeping humans, patrols, police, volunteers and everyone away.

He run and run, with every step feeling the pain in his chest grow. Soon he would reach the
highway. Soon, he would get away. Away from Derek.

He clenched his teeth.
Chapter 20

No cars passed him on the way to the town. It was too early, too dark for anyone to drive to work or anywhere. Nevertheless, Stiles kept to the shadows of the trees just in case. He didn't want anyone to discover him.

He still couldn't believe what he'd done. To escape was his plan all along, but... but it suddenly seemed crazy. And the ache he felt in his ribcage reminded that to him with every step he made. He wasn't sure he'd survive it. He was Derek's mate. True, they haven't bonded but Stiles knew who they are to each other. If he was uncertain before, the pain he'd gone through making the decision to leave him was all he needed as a proof. It hurt as hell.

But he needed to do this. He needed to be absolutely certain that this is not some delusion, some crazy make-believe he created in the captivity. And he will do whatever it takes to be sure.

There was also his dad. His dad, who suffered alone thinking his only son was dead. Likely murdered. Stiles couldn't do this to him. Wouldn't let Derek do this to him. So he was coming back. Even if it hurt. Both ways.

When he reached the first buildings, it was still quiet. The streets were lightening up with a new day and the first early pedestrians were getting out of their doors. Stiles passed the lamppost glancing up at his own faded face on the MISSING poster. It was old and wrinkled. He looked down so no one from passers by could recognize him or connect him with the boy on the posters. Just as he was walking around the corner, hoodie pulled over to cover his head, one of the posters fell down and brushed against his ankle blown by the morning wind. This one had Scott's face on it.

Stiles swallowed uncomfortably. Scott's posters were put up a year before his, his best friend's face less recognizable from the old washed out papers. What would happen if he hadn't come back? Would all the posters eventually fade away and fell down to be treated as rubbish? Would the both of them be forgotten at the end? They would spent their whole lives in the preserve hidden by Stiles' very own magic having their own separate world. Completely cut off from the humans. Maybe over time, when they'd become adults, they could come to the town occasionally, faces kept down and nobody would even think that they were the boys gone missing from years ago. Stiles would try to watch over his dad from afar, looking at him sitting on his porch alone without anyone by his side.

No.

Stiles clenched his fists and stopped that train of thought. He was not dead and he was not going to act like one. He resolutely turned the corner intent on getting to his house as soon as possible. But he was so lost in thought that he didn't pay attention to his surroundings and bumped into someone.

"Sorry," he mumbled keeping his head down. Before he could continue on, though, a strong hand seized him by the shoulder.

"Stiles?" He heard the incredulous question. Oh god, it was Parish. He instinctively tried to fight off his hold, but the deputy was stronger. He was trying to peer inside his hoodie but Stiles was making it difficult by turning his face away.

"Stiles, is that you?" Parish frowned and finally forced him to look at him.
"Um, hi," Stiles said trying not to look guilty. *Um, hi?!* He thought to himself. Who says something stupid like that after missing for months?!

"Stiles, how are you here?" He looked around as if he expected someone else -like his kidnappers- to lurk behind the bins. "Where were you? Are you all right? Are you injured?"

Stiles noticed Parish was holding coffee-to-go in his other hand. The smell of this heavenly goodness filled his nostrils and remembered the flavors he used to get sometimes in one of the coffeshops after school with Scott. Sure, he had some coffee at Derek's too, but not this kind. Filled with caramel, hazelnut, vanilla, cotton candy, chocolate or any sweet thing he could think of. Oh God, how he missed that.

"Eh, coffee," his mouth blabbered before he could stop himself. "I'm dying to get a coffee...."

Parish looked at him as if he lost his mind.

"I'll get you one later," he said and started to drag him in the direction of the police station. "Now, we'll need to get the sheriff," he glanced at him and Stiles felt the painful clench of his insides at the mention of his dad.

"You'll have to give us the witness statement and..."

Stiles kind of stopped. Parish frowned at him impatiently and looked more worried than before.

"Stiles?"

"A witness statement?" He asked his brain loosing his coffee induced craze and setting rapidly online. He didn't thought of this when he slipped out of Derek's bed this night. He planned to go straight to his house, to let dad know he's alive. That's all he thought of. The possibility of running into deputies didn't even occur to him. Really, it didn't. And the fact that his dad is the actual sheriff also kind of slipped his mind. Of course, he'd want him to make a statement. Force him to spill all the details. But what is he even going to tell them? He was definitely not going to be telling anyone anything about Derek or the pack, or Scott for that matter.

"Yes, of course," Parish answered looking at him strangely.

"I know it must have been hard. You went through a lot," he looked him over and Stiles was for the first time in months a little concerned about his appearance. His hair were longer than before, he was wearing Derek's oversized clothes and he surely didn't come through the forest without any dirt catching on. Ugh, he must look like he indeed escaped from some madhouse.

Parish looked at the front of the police station which came into the view. Stiles heartbeat rose nervously from the sight and he visibly blanched. Parish must have mistook it for a shock.

"It would be alright," he said. "You are safe now."

But Stiles felt not safe at all. He felt positively unsafe. God, how is he going to explain this? He hadn't had the slightest intention to tell the authorities anything about werewolves or the supernatural. It seemed like a right thing to do before, when he was held a hostage, but now, when he actually faced such a development in his imminent future, not so much. The best thing they'd do was to throw him in real mad house, like that Eichen House crazy place-Stiles shivered just thinking about it- even worse would be for them to go into preserve to search for Derek's pack. That would be very bad for all the parties concerned.

He still felt the barrier around the Hale territory. And he intended to keep it intact, so no human
would get there without Stiles allowing it. And he didn't plan to allow it.

God, what he'd done? He should have thought a little before acting. But no. Now he's got to figure out a way how to get out of this mess without endangering anyone, himself included, in the process.

When they got to the front door, deputies standing around stopped their conversation looking quite shocked seeing Stiles there. Alive and healthy.

Inside, it was even worse. Stiles was led around the desks straight to the sheriff's office. People stopped and stared. Others shouted out his name incredulously, asking him where he'd been, what happened. Stiles didn't reply to any of it. He pressed his mouth thin and walked straight to his dad's office without looking anyone in the face.

His dad wasn't in yet. Despite guessing he wouldn't be there so early, Stiles felt a little disappointed. It was so long since he'd last seen him. He flopped inside his favorite chair and cautiously looked around. His face was looking at him from various photos on sheriff's desk. The sight produced another jolt of guilt.

"Wait here," said Parish. "I'm going to call your dad straight away."

Stiles' heart beat fastened. Parish rushed out to make a phone call and Stiles was left alone. He licked his lips nervously and looked out through the window. It wasn't high, he could still get out and sneak away. He may disappear before having to face this. He shook his head quickly to get rid of that kind of irrational thoughts. He got this. He got this.

It took just around fifteen minutes until he finally heard a commotion. Parish, who returned to offer him some warm tea straightened his back. The the door blew open and sheriff rushed in.

It took just a pure second of stillness for them to assess each other. Stiles drew in the dark circles under his dad's eyes, his unkept hair and pale skin which was more wrinkled then he remembered.

After a moment, sheriff rushed over and pulled him in a wretched hug. Stiles burried his face in his shoulder and let out a few quick relieved breaths. He didn't realize until this very moment, that he didn't quite believe he'd ever see him again. It was as if his life in the preserve took that possibility away. But not anymore. He was the one who made this possible.

"Stiles, you're here," he heard dad's disbelieving and relieved whisper. "I thought I lost you, I thought it's my fault...my son, my son...I thought I'd never see you again..." He sounded so broken. And Stiles felt the tears welling up in his eyes. This was so horrible, what the fuck. How he could even contemplate the possibility of running again?

"It's my fault, son."

"We argued when you'd disappeared. I made you run away, into the woods. I refused to listen to you about Scott and that Jackson boy and then, you-" He couldn't continue. He just looked at him at loss for words. Stiles took a deep breath and glanced sideways. Yeah, he remembered that. How angry and betrayed he felt. But...it was not...what happened afterwards, wasn't dad's fault.

"It wasn't your fault, dad," he said looking him straight into the eye. "I had a fit of... anger. I shouldn't have run off." He run a hand through his hair. Sheriff watched the unfamiliar movement noticing for the first time how long his hair grew. It must have upset him somehow because he
launched into telling him about work.

"I called Jackson for questioning again. For multiple times, son." Again there was that guilt in his eyes, like he couldn't help himself. And Stiles knew he couldn't probably, because he himself also didn't know how to get rid of it. Especially, seeing as it was completely warranted.

Stiles thought he saw a glint of something else in his eyes too though. Like his dad knew there was something amiss, something he's hiding. Stiles tried not to squirm under that gaze but he was never that good at shutting up before. It must be strange for his dad to see him not running his mouth of, but Stiles didn't know what else to do. How to look normal anymore.

"But he insisted on his old story," dad continued. "There was something strange about him, son. Every next questioning he was more nervous, getting aggressive even." He shook his head as if that also was his fault somehow.

"Well, what could you expect if you'd called him multiple times to ask the same questions?" He laughed nervously. His dad cocked his head at him and Stiles knew at that moment he made a mistake.

"I would never…expect you to defend him," he said slowly, frowning in confusion. Stiles didn't know what to say, so he stayed silent.

"I thought," he continued after a few seconds of tense silence. "You'd want to know about Scott - he's still missing. He never resurfaced during your absence."

Stiles tried to look shocked, sad...anything but knowledgeable of his best friend's whereabouts.

Being naturally suspicious was the trait they had in common, unfortunately. True, Stiles was more prone to suspicion then his dad normally, but he could see now sheriff's eyes narrowing. He clenched his fingers in the fabric of Derek's jeans.

Sheriff must have mistook it for something else because his face softened and he hugged him again.

He pulled away and looked him over. "Are you hurt? Do you need anything?"

Stiles vaguely thought of the slight injuries he sustained over the course of time. They should all be healed by now. He was a spark after all. He shook his head at dad's question.

"Ok," sheriff said. "Just for the peace of my mind, let's get you to the hospital for a check up."

"What? Dad, no," Stiles shook his head. He didn't need to go for a check up. It was literally unnecessary. All his injuries healed faster, now that his spark awakened. Only when Derek bit him the first time it took longer, probably because he was the alpha. As for the bite he received regularly on the neck, that, scarily, he didn't mind. It was still there, almost fresh. What he didn't want to, definitely, was to show this to the hospital people.

"For the peace of my mind, Stiles, we'll do that. Otherwise, I may not fall asleep thinking you have internal bleeding or something."

"What? Of course not-"

"I don't care, let's go, son," he pulled him out of the office and led him through the station, his grip never faltering on his shoulder. As if he was scared he's going to lose him again if he didn't pay attention. It made Stiles feel even crappier.
"But I'm alright," he mumbled. His dad just gave him a look. Stiles sighed and got into the cruiser.

The hospital check up was brief, thankfully. Stiles was glad Melissa McCall was not there. He didn't know how he'd look into her face if she was. They checked over his injuries, just a few scratches here and there. Only his biting wound raised some questions, which Stiles shot down by awkwardly lying he didn't remember how he got that. The anguished look his dad gave him proved that he's not done asking, though. Fuck, maybe Stiles should have asked Deaton if there was a way how to hide that by magic. He's doing it first thing, once he gets a chance to be alone with a phone.

Thankfully, his old healed leg wound was miraculously not discovered. He wondered if it was his spark healing everything, leaving no trace, or if the doctors were just sloppy. He kind of narrowed his eyes at them when they didn't say anything, but ok. This, whenever it was unprofessionalism or just luck, it worked in his favor, so.

After they finally released him, with nothing to left to check anymore, dad signed him out. Stiles was kinda freaking out that he'd take him straight to the station. He didn't want to go there- it made him feel like a criminal. But being the professional he was, sheriff would do just that. But John Stilinski, his dad, took him straight home. Stiles wasn't prematurely happy though, because he could as easily be questioned in their living room as in the station.

Seeing his home after so many months away felt like a punch in the gut. It was so strange. It felt like he wasn't away just a few months, more like a years. Dad opened the door and Stiles trailed inside kind of hesitantly after him. Somehow the space seemed smaller then he remembered. Living room table was almost invisible under the bottles of alcohol and beer cans. Sheriff's cheeks reddened and he rushed to clean it up.

"Dad, I'll help you," said Stiles and quickly grabbed the nearest bottle with brown liquid at the bottom. His heart ached. How could he not try to run away sooner, how could he let his dad feel this way? He hated himself so much that he almost couldn't breath. He stuffed everything into rubbish bag angrily and took it to the garage to throw it out tomorrow.

When they finally sat down opposite each other in the kitchen, Stiles was all tense. He knew what was coming and he didn't like it. His dad seemed getting more uncomfortable with the way how he was not talking. He expected Stiles to rumble his mouth off with all that happened and seeing as that was not the case was getting to him.

"Stiles, what happened?" He asked eventually. Stiles swallowed the nervous gulp in his throat willing his heartbeat to calm down. He looked in his dad's face hesitantly.

"I know it was hard," sheriff clenched his jaw. "But I need to know what happened, to go after those responsible."

Stiles tried to breath calmly but he didn't do a good job because dad looked even more worried.

"Stiles, you need to tell me what happened," he insisted. "You...it may help to let it all out," he looked very uncomfortable trying to mimic the way how police specialist talked to the victims or survivors.
"You can start from the beginning," He told him clearly disconcerted by his uncharacteristic silence. "We argued at home, then you took a jeep and drove into the preserve…"

It sounded rehearsed. Like his dad was going over the events in his head every minute since Stiles disappeared.

"We found your car in the morning," sheriff continued forcing his voice to stay as flat as possible. "There was blood, but you were nowhere. I couldn't find you," his voice got small. And Stiles hated himself for what was he about to do.

"I had an accident," he said. "I…something crossed the road, like…an animal. I didn't see what it was, but I tried to evade it so I turned the wheel too much," he pulled a deep breath. So far, the truth. "And before I noticed I landed in the tree."

He looked at his dad and saw his jaw clenched. It must have been horrible when he found the wreckage. His jeep was trashed and the front window broken splattered with blood.

"We found it," he said stiffly. "Some animal must have broke the window afterwards," he shook his head.

"Uh," Stiles didn't know what to say. "I see." Derek broke the window to get to him. It was the full moon and his wolf couldn't resist the pull. Stiles shivered.

"And then?" his dad asked very softly, as if speaking to someone very fragile.

"I don't remember…how I got out of the car, I was confused…" Stiles lied.

"You were in shock," his dad said.

"Yeah, must be that," he confirmed.

"I tried to get back up the road, to find some help. But I was still angry and everything was hazy I couldn't think straight." He swallowed and looked down at his knees.

"There was a truck passing by," he continued not looking at his dad. "It stopped and the guy took me in. He asked if I want to go to the hospital but I waved him away. He didn't care too much, guess I looked fine to him-not dying I mean- and he was happy to have some company on the way."

The dead silence which filled the room was making him very nervous and uncomfortable, so he quickly continued, spilling more and more lies.

"I didn't wanna go back. I was still so angry and …hurt. I thought, I would snap out of it if I spent some time away. The truck guy didn't mind, so I rode with him up to D.C."

After a few tense seconds he forced himself to look up at his dad. He looked gutted. Betrayed, sad and disappointed. Stiles clenched his teeth forcing himself not to spill the truth. He tried to make up excuses, that his dad wouldn't believe it anyway. And if he did, he'd try to go into preserve and arrest anyone and everyone he came across. In Derek's case it would be even worse, he may kill him if he knew what he'd done. Who he is. And Stiles just couldn't let that happen. So this was the best he managed to come up with in such a short time.

"And you stayed there? All these months?" His dad's voice was so hollow, it was killing Stiles inside. God, why is he doing this to himself. If only he'd talked to Lydia before, surely she'd find different less painful excuse for him.
He just nodded, again looking at his knees. Seconds ticked by in heavy silence.

"I'd need to have your official statement, son," his dad said eventually. And Stiles let out a silent relieved breath.

Stiles let himself look at him for the first time since his horrible lie and the look in sheriff's eyes made him freeze. He was looking at him again that dad's way, like he suspected Stiles is not saying entire truth. Or maybe he just wished it was so. Stiles looked away quickly. He almost felt the way sheriff's eyes narrowed.

"Are you sure, you don't want to say something else to me, Stiles?" He asked quietly. Stiles swallowed and shook his head. Sheriff was silent for a few seconds then sighed and stood up to take a beer from fridge.

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Official questioning was way harder to withstand then his made up trucker story. For one, Parish was there to be witness and take notes if needed. Second, dad asked questions. Like real questions. They were much more detailed and complicated. Like when exactly did this trucker pick Stiles up. What kind of car did he exactly have, what was it's color, what decorations did trucker have inside, how fast they were driving. What states did they pass. Stiles pretended to be sleeping a lot and not remembering, which was somehow believable. (Stiles was known for falling asleep in class, despite having best grades. In his defense, teachers were explaining everything badly. He was much more effective finding out for himself and then use the time in class to get some well deserved sleep.)

When did he arrive at the D.C. How much time did he spent there. What did he do and such.

It was almost obvious his dad didn't believe him. Stiles silently cursed himself for insisting so much that Jackson's own story of running away to L.A. was load of bull before. Now his dad recognized a lot of similarities between the two. Great.

In the middle of the questioning, Stiles felt multiple bodies cross the magical barrier around the pack territory. He stopped his speech and swallowed. Derek must have found out what he'd done. Stiles was surprised he didn't realize sooner where he'd gone. But they were probably searching the pack territory strictly. Derek is certainly not happy. Actually, he's probably super mad right now. Well, Stiles was in the right here, so he was not backing down against any fury Derek can unleash against him. Besides, he was still refusing to acknowledge that, but the mere thought of angry Derek turned him on a little. Ok, maybe more than a little.

"Stiles?" his dad frowned. Stiles blinked at him, trying to refocus on his fake story again. Where was he? Yeah, riding through Alabama.

He glanced at the fake mirror. He wanted to be at home asap. He forgot to put up the wards. The only thought of comfort in being in dad's office was that it was highly unlikely that Derek would charge into the police station in the middle of the day just to get him back. He hoped.

His dad didn't say anything when he drove Stiles home. He took the rest of the day off to be with him today. And Stiles was grateful. He didn't know what he'd do alone with only the thoughts for company. When they parked in front of the house, Stiles got slowly out of the cruiser.

"Come inside, kiddo," dad urged him. "I'll cook something for you."

Stiles forgot to close the mouth.
"Dad, I think we'd better order a take out," he said cautiously and sheriff stepped from one foot to the other.

"You may be right about that," he allowed walking into the kitchen.

"What do you want to eat?" asked dad holding out the phone. Stiles could still read the relief in his eyes that his son is there with him. Ordering food to eat together. Being safe. He looked away.

"Some pizza sounds great," he said quietly. Dad nodded and made the call.

The smell of fresh pizza filled the air when the delivery guy showed up and almost covered the lingering smell of dad's liquor. Stiles couldn't remember the last time he ate this deliciousness. Up in the preserve they ate mostly meat, freshly killed. And some suspicious greens Stiles was half-way convinced are poisonous. Nothing there could compare to this heavenly absolutely unhealthy food.

He took a bite relishing every single second it spent in his mouth.

"You must be tired," said dad when it was long dark already. Stiles wasn't tired. Well, maybe a little, but he wanted to spend the time with his dad whom he not seen for so long.

"I'm fine, dad," he said but sheriff frowned.

"You spent all this time on the road, and hospital check up revealed some injuries you told me nothing about," he looked at his neck making Stiles blush. That was apparently even more confusing for his dad, who pressed his lips together as always when he didn't know what to say to him.

"You need to rest, Stiles," he sighed eventually. Stiles reluctantly nodded.

"Yeah, ok," he didn't want to argue anymore when sheriff was still suspecting him of…something. Best to avoid the discussion until - forever, if he could help it.

"So, I'm off to bed," he said and dad nodded. He quickly walked up the stairs feeling his dad's stare stabbing him in the neck all the way. When he was finally at his room, he collapsed on his old bed. Dad didn't change a thing in here. Even the mess at his table stayed exactly as it was. Stiles felt the lump up in his throat and curled in on himself.

"I'm sorry, dad," he whispered. "I'm so sorry."

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It woke him up in the middle of the night.

Simple wards he silently put up while his dad was in the kitchen, reacted upon the contact and stirred him awake. He was still dressed but dad must have covered him up with blanket some time after he fell asleep. Now, he slowly pulled off the blanket, stood up and listened. He didn't hear anything, of course. But he knew somebody is there. Somebody crossed the wards. Before he could use a simple spell to enhance his hearing though, a shadow snapped his window open and got inside the dark bedroom.

Stiles didn't have time to run, to scream or to simple get out of the way before he was grabbed painfully and pressed to a strong chest breathing heavily.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, Stiles," Derek whispered harshly to his ear. He didn't let
him reply, though. Instead, he covered his mouth with a hand, to keep him quiet.

"I thought something happened to you," he continued, angrily brushing his lips over the red wound visible from under the tee on Stiles' collarbone.

"We searched the forest behind the barrier, but nothing," he said and Stiles found himself wanting Derek to sink his fangs in him again. His heartbeat sped up and he felt the sweat break up in his hairline. Derek took a deep breath and Stiles felt his skin heating up.

"I thought somebody took you," he growled pressing him tighter to his body. "But there was no one else. Not any other smell but yours heading back...here."

Stiles tensed.

"You won't do such a thing ever again," Derek continued harshly. "Now, let's go back." He stepped away from Stiles and grabbed him by the hand heading towards the window.

"No!" Stiles hissed and pulled free.

He couldn't believe Derek looked surprised at that. Really?

"No, Derek," he backed away. "I'm not going anywhere with you."

"What?"

Derek frowned.

"Yes, you are," he moved to grabbed him again but Stiles expected it this time and swiftly moved out of the way.

"Derek, I'm sick of hiding out at the preserve. I can't do that anymore," he ignored the wince of pain on Derek's face, when he said it. He crossed his arms and tried to suppress his own pain. He couldn't let that repeat again. He just couldn't do this to his dad anymore. He needed Derek to understand.

"I want to be with my dad. I never wanted to leave him, Derek, he needs me and I need him. He's not eating properly and he started drinking too much when I was away. I can't-"

"You're mine," Derek growled and Stiles was getting really mad.

"No, Derek!" he hissed angrily despite it feeling like a lie. "I'm no one's. I'm my own person and I don't belong to you or anyone else. And I decided to live here, with my dad." How could Derek not understand this? How could he not understand how Stiles' dad suffers when he's away? He couldn't disappear on his dad again. He will not. It could really kill him this time and he just wouldn't be able to forgive that. Not this.

"I could make you come," Derek said, suddenly appearing taller and bigger. Damn alpha attributes.

Stiles felt the need for him arise in his body again. It started the moment, Derek appeared in his room. He tried to clear his head out of lust, which started to flow his senses the more he stayed in his space. Despite him threatening Stiles, purposefully appearing imposing and scary, it didn't stop Stiles from wanting him. He chuckled bitterly, he was clearly in deep.

"No, you can't," he told him, forcing himself to sound calm. "The wards around the house let you pass just because I designed them that way. But you can't make me go anywhere beyond them.
Anyone who'd try to take me by force, will have to walk away alone."

Derek frowned and in a split of second he looked lost and broken. But he hid it quickly enough. He schooled his expression to the cold sculpture he so liked to wear instead of his face.

Hesitantly, he stepped closer to Stiles, who tensed. Stiles desperately willed his body not to react to anything he may try. Derek's fingers touched his arm running up and across the bite on his collarbone. Stiles couldn't help the following shiver.

"Don't think this is over," Derek said keeping his voice low. Before Stiles could blink he was out the window and his room stayed silent.

Stiles dropped to his bed, exhausted, and pressed his face into the palms. Gulping away the arousal. His own body was trying to betray him. What did that guy do to him? How could he have such a power with just a simple touch?

Stiles hated this mate thing. He hated it.

***

Derek was outside. Stiles didn't even need the magical wards to know about it. He sensed that he's not far. He didn't know how he knew it, but he did. Precisely.

Stiles turned away from the window and tried to busy himself with whatever he could, just so he'd stop thinking about that damn alpha being so close. He needed to focus. Like, his dad was still giving him his space. Despite sheriff's flood of questions - which came at unexpected times, like when he was eating vegetable lasagna of all things - he was still not pressing for answers. He was letting him take his time to come to the terms that he is home, really home, after months, almost a year missing. But Stiles knew it won't be for long, until his dad's gonna have enough of waiting. And he was tensing just from the thought of it.

Sheriff took his clothes - Derek's clothes- to the station when Stiles was in the shower in order to examine them. Stiles got a minor panic attack when he found out about it. It was not about how they can find something out of them, they really couldn't, he didn't think. He just didn't realize how attached he was to their smell. It was like with them gone, something was missing. And Derek was not here to replenish it.

He dropped to the couch in the living room in his old clothes. He wasn't about to lie, it felt good to have his own clothes in his correct size on. It was just that Derek's presence in the delicious, safe smell that he'd gotten used to being encompassed in, was missing.

***

Stiles stepped in school with apprehension. He clutched the backstrap of his backpack more. People were staring. Of course they were. Everyone heard of his miraculous reappearance. And what especially sucked was that they thought he was even bigger looser than before. Nobody took it like when Jackson came back, as if supposedly hanging in Vegas made him badass and even bigger celebrity. Nope. No way in hell. People just straight assumed he wanted the attention, his own 15 minutes of glory. Plus, obviously skipping school too.

Stiles clenched his teeth together and straightened his back. Whatever. He's got far more serious problems then what a few teenagers who he wouldn't even know in a few years thought of him. Fuck.
Well, to be entirely objective, there was a small ridiculous portion of people who thought he was suddenly cool, doing the roundtrip around the states even before he actually graduated. He seriously tried to avoid those even more.

Stiles managed to get through the morning lessons unscathed. He ignored all the snide remarks and teachers' intrigued or disapproving stares. He was getting really hungry but the thought of entering the cafeteria full of students didn't attract him at all. But his stomach grumbled. He swallowed, clenched his teeth and forced himself to enter anyway.

Once he grabbed his food, he made a beeline straight for the table in the darkest corner of the cafeteria, which was miraculously empty.

That's why he jumped a little when suddenly Jackson dropped directly next to him, in a second followed by Lydia sitting much more gracefully opposite him.

"What," he groaned and bit into his sandwich. He didn't want to talk to them. To anyone from the pack really. It made him feel guilty, what just wasn't fair.

"How's your first day?" asked Jackson with a smirk. Stiles glared at him.

"Last time I remember, you didn't even want to talk to me, so- scram. You should stick to the rules," he said and looked pointedly away. Jackson laughed and moved closer to him. In Stiles opinion, he was picking up too much of a shifter's behavioral traits.

"Last time," Jackson said. "You were not one of us. Now, we're a team," from his mouth it didn't sound like a good thing.

"You're on every little of our secrets and you can't just walk away," his voice turned lower.

Stiles rised an eyebrow.

"If you think your little intimidation would work on me, think again." He resolutely chewed on his sandwich hoping Jackson would get bored of this. Really, when he thought about his return to normal society it didn't entail having to hang out with this asshole.

"Stiles," said Lydia, she didn't even touched her salad yet. "Even if you have troubles acknowledging it, you know Jackson is right. You can't walk away from it."

Stiles frowned. He didn't want to listen to any of this.

"I know how you're feeling," she continued and something in her voice made his gaze snap to her. "It hurts you when you're away from him. I would know," she looked at Jackson her eyes full of something startlingly familiar. Then she looked back at Stiles.

"It would grow only worse."

Stiles' heart began beating faster. He didn't want to understand her words. They frightened him. He was feeling anxious, that's true, he also couldn't sleep well and his insides were hurting. Almost literally. But he thought it's gonna go away after he'll... readjust on his old-new life.

This couldn't be caused just by being apart with Derek. He just couldn't believe it.

He could still ignore it, though. He thought it had to get better eventually. That it was just after effect of what he went through. Like some kind of a shock. He thought that when he'll make himself believe that he's safe, that he's back by his father's side, in his childhood home, were there
are no monsters trying to kill him or the people he cares about, that it would get better.

But Lydia sounded so convinced. And if there was someone whose analytical mind he admired, it was her. She would not lie about this.

He swallowed the sudden lump in his throat.

He missed Derek. He couldn't get him out of his head. His senses were alerting him to the man's presence, for fuck's sake. He just didn't want him to come any closer - otherwise Stiles wasn't sure what he'd do. He was desperately clinging to the possibility of normal life. And he still thought that…maybe he could make it happen. To have a normal life. He had to try at least. Even if it hurt.

"If you decided to ignore your bond," Jackson said suddenly all annoyed. "It wouldn't help you. It would just simply kill you. Just like that." He made his fist drop to the table. Stiles glared at him. Lydia sighed.

"You are magic, Stiles," she said. "The supernatural won't leave you alone anymore."

***

Jackson, the asshole, insisted on accompanying him home. He refused to leave him alone no matter how many threats Stiles flipped his way, saying that he's scared more of Derek than him. Apparently, Derek send his dogs to keep an eye on his supposed mate. Stiles was so angry, he ignored not only Jackson but Lydia too. When he'd seen dad just opening the door as he was coming up on the porch, it was even worse.

"Hi dad," he said forcing himself to smile.

"Hi son," sheriff replied slowly looking straight at Jackson over his shoulder.

"What are you doing home so early?" Stiles asked faking cheerfulness trying to distract dad from the sight of Jackson who was still suspiciously linked to the disappearances. It didn't help much. Fucking awesome.

"I forgot some work here," sheriff rised some files to show him, not braking eye contact with Jackson who started to squirm a little.

"You came to hang out?" He asked looking at Stiles again. "The three of you?" His gaze ignored Lydia completely, jumping from Stiles to Jackson and back. Stiles swallowed uncomfortably.

"...yeah. Lydia's going to help me catch up after...you know."

That was completely legitimate excuse. He needed to catch up with school, he just didn't need Lydia for that.

"Uh-huh."

There was tense silence for a few seconds.

"Ok," sheriff said finally. "I've got to go back to the station, but I'll try to be home sooner today."

With one last look at Jackson he got into the cruiser and drove away. Stiles let out a long suffering breath his shoulders slumping. Then he whirled angrily at Jackson.

"Can you not rub the connection between us in my dad's face?!"
Jackson stepped back at the surprising force of Stiles' voice. But he quickly frowned regaining his composure. Stiles being alpha mate had a rather unpleasant consequences. For him, at least. Stiles would snicker, if he wasn't so pissed. Jackson barely resisted the urge to show him his throat.

"We have to keep an eye on you by Derek's orders," he said stiffly.

"I don't care about Derek's orders!" He snapped stomping inside. "If he's got something to say, he can do it himself."

The thought of him just provoked intense longing and emptiness. Stiles wanted Derek to be there, yet he didn't. He didn't know what he's supposed to want or how he's supposed to feel and it was killing him.

He caught Jackson's and Lydia's look. They looked like they knew exactly how he felt.

"Can you leave now?" He said through the clenched teeth. When they didn't move, he forced a breath.

"Listen, I'm at home, between four walls and I have the protective wards and spells around. So, nothing can happen to me here, ok? So just." He couldn't even finish, he was so mad.

After a while he heard the click of the door behind them. He breathed out long and quietly and slumped down on the couch.

He didn't know how's he going to do this. Despite being back home, despite knowing that Scott was alive and well, despite being with his dad again, everything was different. Nothing was the same. He was not the same.

He thought everything would be good once he'd get back. He thought he would feel better. But he felt worse. He felt even worse than when he thought Scott could be dead.

This thought made him stop.

He hated it,... but it was true. And the sole reason for all of his damn feelings was, that he lost Derek. That he couldn't touch him, that he couldn't fuck him, that he couldn't talk to him anymore. And it was not even a week. It was steadily getting worse every next day. What would happen after next two weeks, after a month?

He pressed his face to his palms. It physically pained him.

"Derek…" he whispered.

***

The next day, he run into Dr. Deaton. Or more like, Deaton was just walking around the school gates when Stiles' classes ended. A pure coincidence, yeah sure.

Deaton's face turned determined when he spotted him and he marched quickly up to him.

"Come with me," he said sternly and Stiles frowned.

"No," he circled around him intent to walk straight home.

"Stiles," Deaton was angry but Stiles didn't care. He dodged when the man tried to grab him.

"What should I talk about with the accessory to kidnapping?" He hissed into his face. Deaton
"Keep quiet," he looked around to make sure no one of the passing students heard. Stiles scoffed and started to walk away. Deaton quickly joined him and managed to keep up his quick pace to Stiles' chagrin.

"The pack needs you," he said. "I couldn't help them the way it's supposed to be done. As a druid I have to be impartial, standing aside the conflicts and offering to help every creature that needs it. That's how it is. But they need someone with magic to fulfill the role of emissary."

Stiles listened despite himself.

"The emissary?"

"Yes, emissary," said Deaton keeping his voice down. "The emissary is a person with a magical talent who fills the role of pack healer, advisor to the alpha and spokesperson for the pack in contact between other supernatural groups."

Stiles felt his interest rising. But he quickly stomped it down. He was not going to become emissary, he was going to live with his dad and other humans, in civilization and have a normal life. He already decided. He refused to acknowledge the pain which was coming stronger from his insides. The sweat broke on his forehead and he wiped it of distractedly.

"Are you alright?" Deaton asked him, concern apparent in his voice.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Stiles replied trying to look as normal as possible, because Deaton was looking at him strangely. The man was a druid with longstanding experiences with werewolves and other creatures and Stiles didn't like what he'd seen in his face.

"Stiles," he said. "The longer you are away from him, the more dangerous could it be for you."

Stiles swallowed and looked away. But the words were out of his mouth before he could think about it.

"How is he?"

Deaton just looked at him, as if he was blaming Stiles for not knowing.

"...he suffers," Stiles felt a stab of different pain at his words. "It's getting worse each day. Maybe if you didn't have the...intercourse," Stiles started to blush furiously. "It would not be so hard, but since you did... Your body started to prepare for the forming of the bond and it cannot be undone."

They were standing on the pavement, people curiously glancing up at them. Stiles' heart started to beat faster when he spotted deputy Parish driving around in police car looking at him and Deaton standing there.

"We can't be seen talking like that in public," he said to Deaton and turned to walk away, but he stopped him.

"Stiles, let him at least see you, please..." Stiles stopped but didn't turn to look back. "It's much harder for werewolves to...sustain this kind of separation, it's-" But Stiles didn't want to listen anymore.

"He could come," he said harshly. "It's him who stays away. It's him- It's..argH! I just refuse to be imprisoned in forest anymore!" He snapped and walked away before Deaton could say something
Stiles was so angry. So now it's his fault. Everything is his fault, Derek and pack suffering. But what about him? What about his feelings and needs? He refused to be their stupid pet. He is a free man and it will stay that fucking way.

He got home stomping up to his room and resolutely refusing to emerge before the dinner. Which was delivery food again. Lately he had no energy to even cook like before.

***

It was already a long night when he heard the window to his room silently slide open. His heart sped up, but he didn't turn. He knew very well who was it.

He stopped breathing listening to his quiet steps around the room. Like a predator stalking his unknowing prey. Just Stiles was very much aware. He tried to ignore the arousal which stealthily started emerging from his pores. Ignore the hardening of his cock.

He gasped when he felt Derek's weight press down on him, covering his whole body with his. He desperately tried to ignore how good and right it felt, how his weight eased his ever-present pain immediately.

"You said, I could come," Derek said quietly to his ear making him shiver.

"I never told you to go away," he said angrily trying to wiggle out from under him but Derek didn't let him. "I just said I'm not going back with you."

He felt how Derek stiffened and he thought that he's going to stand up and growl at him. He begged him in his mind not to. Stiles craved his closeness and he didn't realize exactly how much until this very moment. But Derek didn't move away. Thank God. He felt his body relax again, wrapping around him even more if that was possible.

"I miss you," Derek breathed in his ear. Stiles whimpered. He started to lose his focus. He should be more angry. He should stay angry. But Derek was here. Literally pressed against him. It was difficult to focus on anything besides that. His clothes suddenly felt uncomfortably hot. His ass started to feel quite empty. He needed something in there. Something thick and fat to stuff inside.

"Derek…" he whimpered when he felt his tongue on his collarbone. He gasped when he felt his canines on his skin. It was already too long. Derek didn't wait a second for him to say or do anything, he just bit him. As if it was his right. Brief pain receded to pleasure. Stiles couldn't understand, he thought Derek reserved this for the final moment. Always biting him when he came, but today was different. And soon he got it.

Derek's teeth lodged in his flesh spreading immense pleasure all over his body kept him in place. He couldn't fight him off, such a thought didn't even pass his mind, frankly. Nothing, definitely not Stiles, was stopping Derek from tearing the clothes of him. Stiles didn't even quite hear the tearing of the cloth, he just registered Derek's addicting weight and closeness, his hands on him caressing every bit of newly exposed flesh.

He didn't realize it when he was finally naked, at Derek's mercy. But when he did, the scene excited him- Stiles was totally naked, pinned to his bed by Derek whose cock was trying to get in between his ass cheeks throughout the jeans. Stiles managed to press his butt to his groin, impatiently trying to make Derek give him his cock. Make him finally fill up his hole. He was a little bewildered by his dirty mind. Seriously, his thoughts were getting dirtier by minute.
Derek growled sending the tremor through his skin. He let go and his lips started to trail Stiles' skin leaving the hot trail behind them. Stiles wanted to turn his head to kiss him, but Derek didn't let him. He put his fingers through Stiles hair, pressing his face to the mattress. He then used his free hand to open up his jeans, Stiles heard the clinking of his belt. He started to pant heavily. It shouldn't, but it made him so turned on, being at Derek's mercy. He knew he could blast him away by his magic if he needed, but he didn't want to. He wanted him, inside.

His breath turned shallow.

"Derek…"

"Soon," he answered, lust apparent in his voice.

Stiles' breathing turned rushed. His hole was so empty so in need of a good cock.

"I want you," Derek continued harshly. The anger from Stiles leaving him pouring through. He was so gone on him. His wolf wanted to stuff Stiles full of his cum. To let everyone know who he belongs to. To make him never leave him again.

"Stiles," he breathed out and sucked his neck while finally pulling his cock out. Stiles whimpered when it touched his ass globe press in into it drawing some incorrigible pattern. Derek didn't know what turned him so much, but he didn't really care. Stiles was his. Only his.

"Mine," he pressed closer to him tracing his cleft with his hot burning cock.

"Answer me Stiles," he commanded. He forced himself to ignore Stiles attempts to press his tight hole on his penis, withdrawing his cock until he does what he's told for once.

"Yours," Stiles whispered full of lust. "Please..."

Derek massaged his ass, playing with it. He didn't need any lube, Stiles was wet already. His body changed itself to be Derek's mate, so Derek could open his butt cheeks and have a look at his empty fluttering sexy hole.

"Stiles," he put the head of his cock straight to his hole, pressing onto it.

"I won't let you go." By single thrust he was inside. Stiles gasped feeling full again, his eyes filled with tears from slight pain and pleasure mixed together. It was Derek's cock in his ass. Finally.

Derek withdrew almost all the way out, then thrust back inside. Stiles' little gasping and moans filled the quietness of his bedroom.

"Let me hear you," Derek thrust in his mate's ass eliciting wet slapping noises.

Stiles couldn't think. Derek's cock was hitting his prostate all the damn time. He couldn't even close his mouth to wet his tongue, his body was moving up the mattress in times with Derek's thrusts.

"Say it," he commanded and Stiles was so afraid to lose the cock in his hole that he forced himself to answer.

"Yes, Derek," he gasped when he felt the cock moving inside. "I want you. Oh my god, I want you."

The tear of pleasure slid down his cheek. It was true. He so damn wanted him.
"When?" He heard a dark smile in that question.

"All the time."

There was not any other answer to it. He wanted Derek all the damn time.

Derek sped up his thrusts then and Stiles whimpered when he felt his cock getting bigger in his hole. The wet slapping noises were so loud that he thought it may really wake his dad up. But honestly, at that time he was so lost, that he didn't really care.

He didn't even need to touch his cock. It was rubbing on his sheets as he was lying face down on the bed, Derek fucking into him. He felt his pleasure reaching incomprehensible heights. He cried out and came on Derek's dick, without touching.

But Derek was not done. Stiles' limp body made him even more aroused, he took one of his legs and spread him sideways facing the door. His placid cock hanging limply on his tight. Stiles face reddened with the image. Naked and exposed while Derek was still dressed. He felt his open jeans moving up and down his butt while he thrust in him. Then his movements started to get jerky uncoordinated and he bit Stiles again making them both groan filling his ass up with his seed.

Both of them were breathing out heavily, spent and blissed out. Stiles felt so content as he never did from the time he returned back. His eyelids felt heavy and drowsiness was slowly overcoming his used muscles. He felt when Derek slowly released his leg letting him down. He slid out of him slowly. Stiles whimpered at the loss and his body turned around curling around Derek sleepily. He heard the man sigh and the heavy blanket caressed his skin as he pulled it over him. He buried his nose in Derek's neck and his consciousness slipped away into finally calm dreams.

***

When Stiles stirred to lazy consciousness, he pressed himself closely to Derek's body heat. His arm was wrapped around his waist keeping him close. Stiles smiled involuntarily, he felt like he hadn't slept so well in ages. That's when he heard his dad.

"Stiles!" His voice rang from downstairs. "Get down here for breakfast! Or you'll be late for school!"

Stiles widened his eyes when he heard his dad's footsteps coming upstairs, he didn't try to be least quiet about it. He wiggled out from under Derek's arm and hastily started to put some clothes on his sticky skin. He was definitely not turned on by his dad finding them like this, no fucking hell.

"Derek!" He hissed at him. He couldn't believe he's still sleeping- he was supposed to be fucking werewolf! With super hearing!

"Derek!" He bumped his shoulder with full force making him groan and open his sexy sleepy eyes on him.

"What?" He asked with a shadow of a smile on the lips and started to stretch his muscles in his bed. Stiles lost a train of thought there for a moment.

"No," he shook his head trying to get it out of the daze. "Now's not the time to show off your sexy bits, ok?" Derek didn't seem like he took him seriously. He thought they are just going to have a repeat of yesterday's quarrel. But no. This time there was his dad, the sheriff, registered firearm user, coming upstairs.

"No, seriously!" He hissed at him and pushed both hands into his side trying to push him off the
bed possibly hiding him under it. He'd so die if dad'd find out about this. And what about Derek? He's so dead too.

"My dad's coming upstairs," he continued whispering harshly. Derek stopped taking his efforts to get him of his bed for funny and furrowed his eyebrows.

"He can't find you here! Hide, run away, whatever, just don't let him find you!" Stiles felt like his eyes are going to bulge out of his scull from insistence. Derek looked at him kind of undecided for a split second, then he grabbed his clothes and jumped out of the window. Despite Stiles knowing about his werewolf abilities, he run up there and looked outside just to see him disappearing into the bushes.

All this happened in a matter of seconds.

The door behind him opened and Stiles turned around to face his dad.

"Stiles? I was yelling for a good 10 mins there," he frowned at him, then he frowned at the rumpled sheets - Stiles desperately clung to hope that they didn't remind him of sex-rumpled anything- then he frowned at the room in general.

"God, son, you have to clean up once in a while. It's disgusting," Stiles nodded energetically which caused his dad to stop his lecturing at once and look at him suspiciously. Stiles immediately stilled. Like a stone.

"Yeah, sorry," he managed to strangle out of his mouth. He was so relieved Derek didn't put his cock down his throat yesterday, he'd be so soar. Maybe his dad would think it's a flu? He didn't wanna test this hypothesis. Ever.

"Er, I'll clean it up after school today," he said. Sheriff narrowed his eyes looking at him more closely.

"Are you alright, son?"

"Uh, yeah. Why, uh, do you ask?" Sheriff was silent for a second there, traced the room with eyes once again as if suddenly searching for clues. Stiles heartbeat fastened and he swallowed nervously. His dad's searching gaze fell to his digital clock on his nightstand and he swore unexpectedly.

"I've got to run," he said turning away to rush. "Today I've got to get to station sooner."

Stiles nodded but before he could finally relax, his dad turned.

"And air your room out, it smells weird." He turned before he could notice the shade of red Stiles' face suddenly acquired. Oh god, he's so going to kill Derek.

***

The next day in school was the same. Lydia and Jackson came onto him again to try to convince him to return. In addition to that Jackson flared his nostrils when he caught Stiles' smell and dared to smirk at him.

"It seems like you can't resist him either way, Stiles," said Lydia noticing her boyfriend's reaction. "The best would be to get it over with and come with us."

"With you?" Stiles whirled on her. "Last time I checked, you guys were happily living in Beacon
Hills, not forced to hide out in the preserve, were you?"

At least Jackson had the decency to look away.

"Look, I didn't get out of there to just turn right back. I don't want to go through it again."

Lydia looked pained and even Jackson looked at him like *he* of all people, was being a jerk.

"Stiles," she said. "Derek is not handling this well-

Stiles snorted, of course they care about Derek - it's not like Stiles was the kidnapped one, not at all.

"I mean it!" She hissed at him getting worked up. "If he's suffering, we all are. He's our alpha. And I know you suffer too, you can't fool me. He's your mate, for god's sake!"

Stiles looked away. He didn't need Lydia to remind him of that small fact. He was becoming more aware of their connection the more he was away from the guy. Even now, he could feel the empty pit in his stomach getting bigger. Despite that they'd had sex last night.

"You can't do this to him-"

"Lydia," he snapped finally. "What about me? How can he do this to *me*?" He knew it sounded like he was whining, but he couldn't help it. He was not some kind of a doll Derek can place in his house and play with whenever he wants to. He had feelings and other connections here, in this world, the connections he just didn't want to break. He couldn't break them. He loved his dad. He liked to talk with Parish or with the shopping vendors, or saying hello upon entering a coffee shop and meeting different people who passed him in the streets. He couldn't live in some prison hidden in the forests.

But despite all of this, he was afraid. He was so scared that if it would be too long, the separation from Derek, he wouldn't be able to bear it. Sure, he was playing the tough guy right now, but deep inside he knew that he wouldn't be able to stay away from Derek forever. He was just not that strong. He started to need him like the air to breath. One of his greatest worries was the feeling that he himself may wake up one day, walk out of the house and disappear into the forest again. This time for good. Because he knew.

Lydia and Jackson looked at him solemnly not saying anything this time.

"Forget it," he adjusted his backpack turning away. "Say hello, when you see them." He added softly and walked away to his algebra class.

***

When Derek showed up in his room that night again, Stiles kind of expected it. He was waiting for him, actually, leaving his window open. Derek's form appeared in the window, then he slipped silently inside. When he straightened up, they were just looking at each other silently for a few seconds. Then Stiles stood up from the chair next to his desk and walked straight to him wrapping his arms around his waist.

Derek suppressed a surprised breath and returned his hug, hesitant at first, then closing his mate in between his muscular arms, curling his shoulders around his lithe frame.

"Stiles," he murmured. Stiles shuddered at his voice. He wanted Derek to be here with him so much. The trickle of arousal which announced itself as soon as Derek got up the window, grew
steadily. But it was interlaced in desperation which was not there before. Before when he was in Derek's own bed. Now, when he was here, it was maddening.

"Derek," he whined and Derek's eyebrows furrowed. Stiles was distressed, he could smell it as soon as he entered his room. He moved them closer to the bed, turning around to sit and pulled Stiles directly on his lap. His mate's body pressing closer to his made him growl possessively.

"I'm not going to fuck you," said Stiles to his neck. Derek raised the eyebrows. He could smell his arousal all over the place. But it seemed like Stiles was determined not to budge. Derek felt like his arms clutched him around the waist with determination. At least he wasn't pulling away.

"Ok," he growled. Stiles chuckled.

"That didn't sound very ok to me," he taunted him. Derek just let out annoyed breath and pressed him closer. He needed to have him as close as possible. Being away from Stiles made him feel horrible. But little human put wards around his house which stopped Derek from taking him away from here. His wolf didn't understand this logic. He didn't understand why are they not fucking already. And the fact that Derek hadn't given a claiming bite to Stiles yet, made it even worse. If they mated, officially, it would calm down the raging emotions, make them more grounded, more sure of everything. But now, all Derek could do was fighting with his animal instincts and hold Stiles close.

He was so worried about everything. Being away from Stiles will slowly make him lose his mind. He didn't know if Stiles realized that. He probably didn't and Derek won't tell him. He knew his mate was suffering, but he had no idea how to heal that ache. He wanted to have him by his side, in his bed, but Stiles despite all the evidence to the contrary, refused to be taken. He wanted to stay with his dad, in this smelly dirty town. Derek frowned.

"What are you thinking about?" Asked Stiles subconsciously grinding his ass against his groin. Derek gritted his teeth together.

"Nothing," he said.

"Uh-huh," it sounded too much like a moan to him.

"I'm still not going to sleep with you," he repeated breathlessly. Despite that he maneuvered them further up on his bed, making Derek lean back against the pillow. Derek knitted his eyebrows together. This was killing him. Talk about super conflicting signals. Just why?

"Derek," Stiles blurted out in an attempt to distract himself. He was seriously not going to sleep with this guy now. He had his willpower, ok? He could think of something else aside from that hot body under him, yeah? Something else, like something totally unrelated, like - like his best friend, Scott. He was like a brother to him so it should effectively kill his rising boner.

"How did it happen that Scott ended up with you, a werewolf?" He said the first thing on his mind. Derek stiffened. Stiles frowned but not raised his face from Derek's neck. After all this time, he had a right to know.

"I won't tell anyone," he whispered. And surprised himself, because he meant it. He was not going to tell anyone anything about his pack. Not anymore. There was something in him that would stop him. It was his family. Even if he chose to live somewhere else. The truth of that thought hitched his breath.

"He was bitten…when he disappeared from here," Derek started quietly. He didn't want to admit
this to anyone ever. But Stiles was his mate, his only mate and …if anyone has a right to know, it was him.

"It was…" Stiles could feel he doesn't speak about it lightly, that it's hard for him. He tried to be completely still as not to make him stop.

"It was my uncle, Peter," he said and Stiles heart sped up. What?

"He..gone mad. When Kate Argent burned our house down, me and my sister were away, but he was there, inside."

Wait, Derek's got a sister?

"He managed to get out somehow, but he was badly burned. Even his werewolf condition didn't let him heal it. He was in coma for so long, we thought he may never wake up. The alpha power passed to my sister Laura and we went away. I couldn't stay here, stay to remember all these things anytime I looked around."

Stiles heart ached. He pushed himself up and his lips fluttered over Derek's jaw. He wanted to comfort him. Derek's grip on him became slightly painful but he didn't protest, he just pressed closer. Seeking his own comfort in the closeness. He didn't think about what he was doing, his body just moved on its own.

"I needed to get out of here. So Laura and I moved to New York. It was horrible. All those strangers and confusing smells around. We couldn't find peace. We were always stressed, under pressure there." He sighed and pressed his forehead to Stiles' hair.

"Our uncle was in coma and stayed here in hospital. Deaton was coming around to check up on him once in a while, to see if something changed, if he woke up. But even thought his body was healing, he was not waking up."

He took a deep breath moving Stiles' body up simply by filling his lungs.

"What we didn't know was, that he was conscious. He knew exactly what was going on around him all the time, he just couldn't even flutter his eyelids to let us know. Brain scans showed nothing either. We had no idea that he was there screaming at us, at anyone to let him out."

Derek shuddered and Stiles swallowed. That was horrible.

"Eventually, he lost his mind. He was drowning in rage and hate, but he couldn't even lift a finger to do anything about it, so he's lost it." Stiles clutched his waist tighter. He was sensing he's going to hear something horrible right now.

"His mind was so strong, though, and so willful that he made himself heal. Once when Deaton went to check up on him, six years after the fire, he was gone. He immediately called us to let us know. We were overjoyed. Our uncle, our last relative, returned to us." He said bitterly.

"Laura went ahead, I had still some things to take care of in the city, so she booked her flight and went to search for him promising to meet me when I get back too."

Stiles whimpered. He could feel Derek's rage and sadness, it seeped through his clothes.

"When I finally got here, all I found was her corpse."

Stiles gritted his teeth.
"He killed her to steal her alpha power, so he could get revenge from that hunter bitch. And he did. He killed her as soon as he sniffed her out. But he was not done. He was so out of his mind that he wanted to create his own werewolf cult and no one could stand in his way, not even me."

His voice was so unemotional. It sounded like he was reading some news report. Stiles could only feel, somehow, that it had a very deep impact on him.

"That's when he got to Scott. He was walking home, it was already dark, he told me, and he dropped his inhaler. While he was searching for it on the ground, Peter was stalking through the trees not so far away. He caught his smell soon enough and chased him into the woods. He managed to bite him before I got there. I was trying to track him down for weeks already, but this was the only time when he stopped being careful."

He took a deep breath. Stiles was listening intently getting nervous. Derek subconsciously rubbed some calming circles onto his back.

"When I saw him, it was as if it all came back. The intense rage of what that hunter did, of my family burning, of what they did to my uncle, what they made of him, of my sister's body lying in a ditch. I was so full of rage and I think... that allowed me to take him down despite him being alpha. I tore out his throat and buried his body under the wolfsbane roots. My arms hurt as hell for a few hours after that, the poison burned my skin. But I had to."

Stiles wanted to press his lips to his neck, to calm that raising pulse he's seen there, but before he could, Derek continued.

"Scott saw all of it."

It made him stop.

"He was already undergoing change. It surprised me how quickly it happened, it's unusual for newly bitten humans to start changing almost in the minute they got the bite. In this case, it meant he couldn't get away, the fever stopped him from running. I took him to the house and called Deaton. He renewed the wards around the property and looked Scott over if he's got any injuries. But he was already healing quickly."

His voice had a hint of amazement while he was saying it.

"We put him in the basement." Stiles stiffened at that. He didn't like that place and his memories of it were not good. Derek noticed and pulled away to look at him in the darkness. His eyes shone.

"Werewolves are different than you. He could be violent and dangerous. He could hurt others until he managed to control it."

Stiles pressed his lips together but nodded slowly. Derek's strained fingers on his hips proved how good in control of his werewolf was he. And he was getting better the more exposure to Stiles he sustained.

"When he got better, when he acquired control over it, he couldn't come back anymore. He needed an alpha. Every werewolf needs to be part of pack. Otherwise he suffers. Sometimes, I think..." his voice got strained. "If we stayed in Beacon Hills, if we didn't leave my uncle behind, if we visited him more often, maybe he wouldn't-" Derek swallowed painfully.

"It's not your fault, Derek," Stiles caressed his cheek and Derek pressed his face into the contact. But after a few seconds he pulled away, he was still not fine with sharing anything. It was totally foreign concept for him. He was the alpha and alpha keeps his feeling hidden, under the wraps to
lead as a strong front. But something in Stiles made him want to confide in him. It was scary. Weak. But so tempting.

Reluctantly, he gave into it.

"I called Isaac to join us here-"

"Isaac?" Stiles interrupted. "Isaac was already turned?"

"...Yeah," Derek said and something made him look away in shame. Stiles was thinking quickly. Yeah, it's true that Isaac left town 2 years ago, one year before Scott even disappeared. It was huge talk and rumors about it, when his dad's misdeeds showed up. Everyone was so sorry they didn't notice and didn't do something.

"What happened?" He couldn't help himself not to ask.

"It happened when I came visit Peter in hospital," Derek said. "I wasn't coming often, maybe once a year or two. Isaac's house was close by the hospital," Stiles nodded, he knew. It was in the news.

"I was rounding the corner, going to simply pass by it, when I heard crying and some hissing noise. I could smell the burning flesh. From that time, when my house burned down, it was edged in my memory."

Stiles' body got rigid. He didn't want to imagine it. Derek's voice continued emotionlessly on.

"I lost it. I jumped over the fence to their yard and ran behind the house. There was this old man sitting on the porch, holding a boy down pressing a burning cigarette to his skin."

Stiles wanted to vomit. In that one instant, he felt such an intense hate for Isaac's dead father.

"When I came to myself, he was down, lying in his own blood and Isaac was hiding in a corner. He was so scared. I wanted to comfort him, apologize or, I-" He swallowed to continue.

"I went to him, but he flinched, obviously. Despite that I reached for him to take his pain away, the least I could do."

Stiles heart beat so strongly, he thought Derek feels it on his chest.

"I turned away to leave. I though he's in too much shock to call the police immediately and when they'd eventually come, they'd think some animal killed him. No one would believe a kid or come up with any other story," he chuckled humorlessly.

"But before I could walk away, he stopped me. He begged me to take him away. He was scared, yeah, but even so, he knew that he didn't want to be a victim ever again. I was there, just on the way to visit my comatose uncle, and I felt like I understood him. Like the decision to ask his father's killer for help wasn't anything strange and crazy. I was so young and stupid." He chuckled humorlessly.

"It was like I was looking at myself, without family. Hurt and broken. Without thinking... I accepted. I took him to New York to my sister and she, after seeing what it meant to me, turned him. She took care of all the paperwork. She was alway charming," he smiled sadly. "And those bureaucrats wanted to help her, always so likable. So, we had Isaac and our small pack of three."

"How bad it must have been for him to beg me, a monster who just shredded his father to bits, to take him with me?"
Stiles didn't reply. Frankly, he didn't know what to say. He just put his arms around Derek's neck. He idly wondered what would happen if his dad would find them like this. If he knew who Derek was, what he'd done.

"All three of us lived in New York, until Laura got that call from Deaton. Then, when it happened, I had to stay here, take care of Scott. I couldn't take him with me to New York-" Stiles shuddered at these words. He didn't even thought about the possibility of that happening. If Scott went away to New York, he may have never found his best friend again.

"He was still in the early face of being a werewolf. I couldn't leave Isaac there on his own either, so I called him here and he took the earliest flight. It was the three of us then."

Stiles repositioned himself a little to get more comfortable. Derek moved him up and the bed creaked slightly when he put his feet up.

"How about the others?" he asked.

Derek was silent a few seconds and Stiles thought maybe he was done for today, but eventually he spoke.

"It was Scott's fault," he said flatly. Stiles raised the eyebrows.

"How?"

"He was reckless. He didn't respect the boundaries. He overpassed the barrier frequently and once when he did, Erica saw him."

"What? How could she- she was hanging out at the forest? I mean, she was sick before, she wouldn't be-"

"No," he cut him off. "She was upset about something, probably some stupid school shit, so she was walking around the trees. Doing her best to avoid all the search volunteers, 'cause she didn't want to meet with people, apparently." Stiles frowned. So they were already searching for him when she did it.

"Scott wasn't careful," Derek was still a little angry about it. "He was too focused on avoiding the search parties-" Stiles tried to not feel hurt about it- "so he didn't notice a single person coming from another direction. When he did, it was too late. Erica saw him and he couldn't let her go to tell everybody that she even saw him walking around, obviously alive in the forests. It was too close to the pack house. The wards protecting it were still intact, but it would be hard for us to hunt if we'd have to avoid all the people who'd search the area after she alerted them.

He brought her to me. We couldn't let her leave, but...she was sick. Without her medication, she'd be dead sooner or later. Scott asked me to give her a bite. His asthma got cured by it and he was so sorry for her. He has this soft side that wants to save everyone and everything. Sometimes it's hard even to talk to him, he's so stubborn."

Derek growled and cradled Stiles a little up. If the discussion wasn't so serious Stiles would have laughed. That's so Scott. Stiles could imagine him standing there and telling Derek that his alpha bite is the cure for all of the humanity's problems and that it's Derek's duty to help all in need. Stiles could also perfectly imagine how Derek reacted.

"She was so pitiful and she said she wanted to do it. I told her she could die, but ..you know what she said?"
Stiles shook his head.

"That it's better to be dead than living like this." He frowned again angrily.

"Well, it's her choice," Stiles said after a moment. He was not entirely comfortable saying it, but... it was. Kind of. Derek just shook his head.

"They convinced me. Only thing I made her do was to get her parents' permission. I couldn't just take away somebody's kid, not when I had a choice." He frowned and Stiles knew he was hoping that they would not agree to the bite. Obviously, they did.

"She told them and... they were so desperate for her to be healthy and well, that they said yes. Even though it would mean she'd have to stay with me, with the pack." Stiles sighed. He knew that Derek didn't understand this, someone willingly giving up their daughter just to save her. If he could save his mom by... giving her away, he would. He swallowed the sudden lump in his throat. At least Erica's parents knew she is well. There was always hope they would meet her again, no?

Derek nuzzled his temple in silent comfort.

"But," Derek let out a long suffering breath. "She broke the rules. I told her to not tell absolutely anyone about where she was going. Her parents signed her out of the school normally and told everyone who asked that she's undergoing some experimental treatment somewhere. But you know Erica. She couldn't leave without leaving a small clue for Boyd."

He groaned and buried his nose in Stiles hair for a bit. Stiles hid his smile. Despite Derek's display of displeasure, he could tell, he liked the guy. They were both silent types, more grunting then using words. And he secretly thought that if Boyd wasn't there, Derek would go mad surrounded only by sassy teens.

"She swears she didn't tell him exactly where she's going, but he found her here anyway." Derek was frowning at the memory. Erica told him multiple times that she didn't give him the address and he could tell from her heartbeat that she didn't lie, but Boyd somehow managed to get here.

"I didn't know they were so close," Stiles said. He remembered only Erica. Her sickness was quite noticeable among other energetic students to be exact. But Boyd, he was ashamed to admit, he had no memory of.

"Yes," Derek said. "She was the only one who ever saw him. At least, that's what he told me. They were friends, going for lunch together and spending time and all these things kids do at school," he said annoyed and readjusted Stiles, another school kid, in his lap, to be more comfortable. Just so he doesn't sit directly on his painful erection. It was bad enough to endure as it was.

"He," Derek hesitated. Obviously unsure if he should be telling Stiles this. Stiles was curious, but he let the decision on him. He would respect it. Derek nodded slightly to himself and continued.

"He was alone. He didn't have any friends at school and it started to get to him. He was not at a good place. So when she left, obviously leaving him some cryptic message, he couldn't let it go. He wanted to find her, needed to be with her again."

Stiles eyes widened and Derek nodded.

"Yes. It was the bond. Even when they were still humans, they felt the connection, the potential. And when Erica turned, it just got stronger. It couldn't be forgotten once they met, whatever time of their lives they'd meet."
Stiles' heartbeat sped up and he buried his fingers to Derek's side maybe a little painfully. This was as clear as answer as any, that he couldn't reverse the bond with Derek. They not only met, they slept together. Multiple times! Well, he'd need a little more time to process this information. For now, he's going to let Derek talk. He was obviously trying to get everything of his chest and it wasn't often- practically never- that he talked so much, so many words at once, so Stiles let him. Willing himself not to interrupt with any questions which may lead them sideways.

"She met with him by the driveway and walked him into the woods close to the barrier."

Stiles raised an eyebrow. Well, Erica was never the one to respect the rules.

"She told him everything and took him straight to me to demand I turn him into a werewolf too." He shook his head with a groan and Stiles stifled a laugh.

"It's not funny," Derek glared at him. "It's not like I'm some turn-me-into-werewolf on demand clinic."

Stiles couldn't handle it anymore and he gasped in laugh. But before he could get loud, Derek quickly pressed his lips to his. Stiles felt the lust stir immediately and opened them to reach out with his tongue. But Derek pulled away and glared at him.

"You want to wake your dad?"

Stiles eyes widened and he shook his head quickly.

"No! No waking up dad. Yeah. Let's be completely silent, ok?" he nodded vigorously. "Please continue, Derek."

Derek was staring at him trying to decide if he should be angry or laugh. He decided to just caress his tight and continue talking. It felt quite liberating and weird. He never talked so much in his life, he thought it would be exhausting. But with Stiles, everything was easy. Too easy. (Even to fuck him when he shouldn't)

"He didn't say a word during her entire speech about why should I turn Boyd into a werewolf and why he'd be amazing addition to the pack. I could smell his loneliness and all the things he felt towards Erica. I knew that if I didn't agree, he'd come back anyway. Or worse, she'd go out to meet him. It was too dangerous. Their reckless dating would alert all the hunters in vicinity and they'd come knocking on my front doors."

His body hardened and his grip on Stiles became steely. He obviously didn't like that idea.

"She just talked and talked and Scott with Isaac supported her and…"

Stiles pressed his lips together not to betray a hint of smile. And I liked Boyd was left unsaid.

"Well, cool," Stiles said. "Boyd's cool dude, so, all is well." He nuzzled into his neck drowsily. He was falling asleep quickly and Derek's body was warm and comfy. But then a thought stroke him and he straightened his back narrowing his eyes.

"So, as it's said- Boyd is cool dude and all. All the guys are cool and all, but, how the hell did you manage to bite Jackson?"

He didn't get this. Really. How could such an asshole - Stiles ignored the fact that super intelligent Lydia choose this asshole for her boyfriend - be admitted into the pack? It didn't make any sense. You could smell haughtiness from Jackson miles away.
Derek sighed again. As if the weight of the whole world was on his shoulders. And with Jackson it was probably getting close to unbearable, Stiles could understand.

"He's a cunning bastard that one," he said.

"You remember how Boyd thought he was totally invisible to the whole world aside from Erica?"

"Yeah?" Stiles nodded and felt again the stab of shame.

"Well, it turned out he wasn't." At Derek's words Stiles had a bad premonition. Really bad premonition.

"Jackson is unfortunately, much more observant then he seems," Derek shook his head. And Stiles had to admit it's true. Before Jackson disappeared, he liked to taunt people with information no one knew how he could get onto. He was indeed much more observant then most of the people gave him credit for (hence Lydia's lover).

"Later when I questioned him," Derek said and this time Stiles imagined the basement with Jackson in it with much more glee. "He confessed that he first noticed Boyd when he attempted to join the lacrosse team. Boyd confirmed that he hoped to find some friends there. Boyd's got a big frame but he was a little slow for lacrosse so your couch turned him down."

Stiles raised his eyebrows. He didn't know that Derek knew he was on the team too.

"Jackson said that from that time he kind of started seeing Boyd around school. Noticing his presence," he said.

"Not like that," he shook his head when he noticed Stiles' disbelieving stare. "It's like in the bar."

"In a bar? What?"

"You know, when you go to the bar."

"No, I wouldn't," Stiles interrupted smirking. "I'm still underage and my dad, if you forgot, is the sheriff."

Derek stiffened and his rigid cock under Stiles ass got bigger. Well, that was interesting.

"Don't remind me of it," he huffed and attempted to push him a little away, but Stiles was having too much fun. He wiggled his ass in his lap making him swallow painfully.

"Stiles," he growled menacingly.

"In a bar, you were saying," he smiled up at him innocently.

"In a bar," Derek continued sternly apparently decided to pretend Stiles body had not a slightest effect on him. "When you enter, you notice other men," suddenly he gave him a warning look. "You notice how tall or big they are to measure if you could win in a fight."

Stiles nodded. Yeah, he did it too, kind of. He looked instinctively if guys around could beat him up and after he had this estimate, he started to or avoided to notice their sexual attractiveness. Well, in a sense, something like that.

"So Jackson noticed Boyd because he though he had a potential to win at optional fight?" He concluded Derek's statement. Derek nodded.
"That's stupid," he said and Derek just snorted.

"It led him to be aware of him at school, after." Derek started again. "That's why he also noticed how beaten up the guy was. That he had no friends and that the school basically sucked for him."

Stiles was silent. Jackson always had a knack for finding out the weaknesses of others. But Stiles felt kind of sorry now that he was not so observant too.

"That's why Jackson found it extremely interesting when he saw how happy Boyd became suddenly. He didn't have anything to do that day, he told us, so he decided to follow him."

"Why?" Stiles frowned. He imagined that someone like Jackson had always things to do. And if not, he'd spent the time buying expensive stuff or sunbathing by his parents' garden pool.

"Just for the kicks of it," Derek growled. "He thought it may be interesting and that maybe he could use that information later."

"Wow," Stiles said. "That guy's even bigger scumbag then I thought."

"I knew that someone would see them, Erica and Boyd, sooner or later. And it happened to be Jackson of all people. He told us that he immediately recognized her-"

"But she was sick when he last saw her," Stiles argued. "She looked totally different, wore baggy clothes..."

"That's what Scott and Isaac said too, but Jackson just sneered at them that if they can't recognize the shape of a woman's body under any clothes she may have, he's totally disappointed in them."

Despite himself, Stiles felt a moment of admiration for the asshole. He quickly pushed that revolting thought away.

"How come Erica didn't notice him snooping around? She was werewolf already by then, no?"

"She should have," Derek agreed. "But, it was difficult for her. Boyd was - is - her mate and it's kind of difficult for us to focus on anything else than our mate until we are properly bonded."

He looked down at him.

Stiles face reddened and he turned away, grateful that the darkness covered his face at least a little. He got suddenly nervous. He waited for Derek to say something, to demand that he return to him again or to try and claim him. Stiles doubted that he would have enough willpower to resist if Derek indeed would decide to make him accept.

"Jackson didn't admit as much, but I knew he wanted the power," Derek's voice hardened. "He saw what happened to Erica and started to want it for himself. He tried to get in contact with Boyd to make him take him to me, but when Boyd went behind the barrier he was unreachable for him. We thought it may discourage him but he became even more obsessed. He started coming around. He somehow got a ruff feel of where the barrier was."

And once Boyd got turned, Jackson lost even that weak line of contact. Boyd's parents and sibling didn't even bat an eyelid when he told them he's transferring to the boarding school. He handed in the papers and went straight to the preserve."

Stiles felt a jolt of sadness. Boyd's life must have been super lonely despite having lot of siblings and bigger family than usual.
"I questioned Jackson about the barrier to a lot more detail after, because that was a serious security breach if a normal human could sense it. Even Deaton came around to ask some things."

"So how did he do it?" Stiles frowned. He also didn't like this. Maybe he should make a few tweaks to it, so no one else could repeat Jackson's feat again.

"The barrier is designed for people to walk around it without even noticing," he told Derek insistently. "They are not supposed to even notice that they are subconsciously turning away altering their direction."

"I'm not entirely sure, how he did it, Stiles," he frowned. "He just told us that he was keeping clear thoughts in a mind and when he neared the barrier they started to get uncharacteristically fuzzy, so he kept returning to where it happened."

Stiles raised both eyebrows super high. That was great feat indeed. No wonder Lydia choose that guy as a boyfriend.

"I told him that he'd be excellent hunter," Derek growled unhappily.

"Yeah, it's probably for the best that he ended up in our camp," said Stiles and didn't notice how Derek's eyes sparkled when he said our camp.

"But, I'm going to ask about this in detail," he continued oblivious. "I don't like some crazy meditation or zen people coming around noticing the werewolf den disguised behind the fuzziness of their own thoughts." He frowned. Derek didn't entirely understood what he just said. But he didn't want to sidetrack him by asking.

"How did he manage to get turned anyway?" Stiles asked. "If he got behind the barrier you guys could simply hold him there like me, no? There was no need to turn him."

"He didn't get behind the barrier," Derek said and Stiles breath hitched. He forgot about Jackson's car accident.

"We got annoyed about his persistence so we decided to chase him off once he came again. He probably thought that if he comes in the middle of the night he'd have better chance, but we kept lookout all the time. We knew immediately he was there. We gave a chase. At that time he didn't know we transform into werewolves. He just thought we're like super humans." He snorted unhappily.

"So when a pack a wolves started to chase his damn car, he panicked and smashed it straight into the tree." A flashback of picture from police archives with that wreck flashed in front of Stiles' eyes.

"It looked bad," Stiles whispered.

"You've seen it?" Derek glanced at him.

"In police files," he nodded and put his head down on his shoulder.

"It was really bad," he admitted. "He was almost dead." Stiles stiffened. He didn't know that.

"He would have died that night if he didn't get a bite. I was thinking letting him die in there. It would be clean accident. Nothing suspicious. Nothing to draw attention to us."

Stiles hugged him closer. He didn't like him talking like that. Even if it was Jackson.
"But Scott convinced me to save him. He said that he may still die from the bite, and that it's my duty to try to save him." He sighed.

"So I did. But it was not like with others. Jackson couldn't accept the wolf. Something in him rejected it, is still rejecting it. He didn't reject the bite, because he'd be dead if he did, but he couldn't accept the full transformation either."

"Why?"

"I don't know. There was not such a case for hundreds of years and we have only scarce information on that from our family library. Thankfully it was safe from burning in a fire, cause we kept it in the vault under the house."

Stiles eyes sparkled with sudden interest. It would be very interesting to study Jackson. To find out what it is that made him this way. Maybe later.

"Why did you release him?" Asked Stiles after a while trying to disguise his hurt. It was always at the back of his mind. Why could Jackson walk away when others, Stiles included, couldn't.

"I couldn't treat him like others and he couldn't handle being there with us. Kanimas need their master. And he didn't recognize any of us as his master. Only Lydia could be that to him. So I had no choice but allow him to go to her. Otherwise he'd grow volatile, dangerous and eventually mad."

"Do you think that he'd become werewolf one day?"

"I don't know, Stiles," he caressed his back. "Maybe."

"And if he would. Will Lydia be his mate?" Derek just looked at him. They both knew the answer to that question. Despite himself, Stiles felt suddenly sorry for Jackson. Having mate was ...he was not sure how to describe it. But even though he and Derek hadn't formed the bond yet, he felt it. The rightness of that.

He remembered how the two of them looked at each other in cafeteria. Maybe, they know it too.

He felt sleepy. Seriously. His head was dropping down. It was already so late.

"What about Liam," he managed to say. Derek's chest rumbled.

"Maybe later, Stiles," he said and his sexy voice vibrated through his ear. "You need to sleep."

"Hmm-mm," Stiles let his eyelids fall and felt how Derek rearranged them so they were suddenly lying on his bed. His arm circled his waist and he felt how Derek's hot body pressed down on him, covering the both of them with the blanket. Stiles didn't even realize how Derek managed to pull it out from under their joint weight. Damn werewolf strength.

He pressed closer and his breathing turned deeper and deeper. He wanted to think about a lot of things, but his mind was getting seriously fuzzy.

He slept.

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Derek woke him up sometimes later. Stiles drowsily turned around to look at him, but Derek still slept, only his hands wandered. They subconscious caresses were making Stiles hard again and his
sleepiness made him even more hot for it.

"Derek…" he whispered and nudged him to wake him up, but he just breathed in deeper and his right hand moved down between Stiles' legs. Stiles groaned and automatically grinded against him.

He was not sure how he was supposed to feel about this. After all, Derek didn't know what he was doing. But…Stiles wanted it. He always wanted it. Even at the beginning when he woke up injured in Derek's cell.

He thrust in his hands and tried to stifle his moans. Derek growled approvingly as thought it didn't matter that the man is asleep, his wolf was awake. Derek's body moved on instinct. He pulled Stiles briefs down, just a bit to expose his wet hole. Stiles gasped when he felt cold air on his displayed butt cheeks. It didn't stay that way for too long. Soon he felt Derek's hard hot cock pressing at his entrance. He opened his mouth panting, pressing on it, trying to make Derek do it. To put it in him, to fill him up.

The head of his cock passed his entrance and Stiles bit his lip. Derek put his hand on his hip to make him unable to move making Stiles cock glisten with pre-cum. Then he filled him up, his balls pressing on his butt, in one fluid move. He heard his excited breath on his ear, when Derek started to move. In and out, in and out. Stiles tried to meet him halfway despite Derek's fingers burring in his hip to make him completely immobile. The bed was creaking slightly under their movements. Almost every thrust found Stiles prostate and made him see stars.

Derek's pace fastened and their breaths were getting more shallow. Stiles felt it when Derek was getting there, his breath was hotter and the moves of his cock in Stiles' hole more urgent, desperate. It pulled him along. Derek was fucking into him with abandon when his movements became uncoordinated. Then he buried his cock in his tight asshole to the hilt, pressing his balls to his butt emptying them completely inside. Stiles heard his groan at the back of his head and that together with his hot cum in his ass made him come over the top. He came squirting on his sheets and biting his hand to stifle any sound which could wake his dad up.

Oh god. It was awesome.

When he heard Derek's snore, he twisted his head around to look at him in disbelief. He slept through all of it!

"Derek?" He whispered urgently, nudging him to wake him up. "Derek!" But the guy didn't budge.

Unbelievable. He fucked him in his sleep. He didn't even bother to take his spent cock out of his ass! Stiles huffed and turned back around. If Derek thought he's going to clean up after what he, Derek, initiated and practically executed, he's sorely mistaken. Stiles just pressed further back on his chest to keep warm and closed his eyes. He lost too much of a sleep this night already and he needed to catch up if he's going to be at school tomorrow. Or more like, today.

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Derek came to at the dawn, as usual. He breathed in the delicious smell of Stiles, of them, in and opened his eyes taking in his surroundings. Stiles' student bedroom was messy as usual. He couldn't understand how he's able to find anything in here, but whatever. He idly caressed Stiles stomach over which he had his arm.

It was then that he noticed that his placid cock is resting in Stiles sweet little ass. Fuck, after initial surprise which lasted about half a second, it made him hard. His penis in Stiles' tight hole started to
grow and Derek smirked. He loved that tight little ass.

He moved Stiles on his belly, carefully making him facing the door so he could breath and pulled his ass a little higher, moving himself into kneeling position. Then he started to thrust. Slowly at first, then setting a quicker pace.

"Ah, ah," he heard Stiles' soft moans. He took his hips more firmly, noticing for the first time bruises Stiles had on the right hip. The sight turned him on even more. He wanted to make him louder.

"Agh, agh," he was getting there. Derek's cock moved in his wet hole, his balls slapping that ass.

"Derek," Stiles moaned. Derek knew he's waking up already so he increased his pace.

"Derek?" Stiles confused voice watered his mouth. His mate started to thrust back automatically, his body fully on board of what was happening.

"You'll be the death of me," Stiles said drowsily and moved his arms up to support himself on his elbows. Derek chuckled.

"Likewise," he hadn't intended for his voice to sound as breathless, but- it was Stiles.

Derek was getting to the climax. He covered his mate's body with his own, rutting into him and licked his favorite place on his neck. Stiles' gasp was his reward. Then he bit into his flesh, making him tip over the edge. He had just a second to cover his mouth to stop him from shouting out. He buried his cock deep inside him and filled him up with another load of hot cum.

Only after few minutes of getting their breaths back, did he pulled out. Stiles fell on his side and Derek stretched lazily next to him.

"So," said Stiles looking over at him. "You enjoy fucking me in your sleep?" He smirked.

"Apparently," Derek deadpanned. Stiles just looked at him for a stunned second then burst out laughing covering his mouth quickly and looking at the door. It would be the worst if his dad came to investigate right this second.

"Ok, sourwolf," Stiles reluctantly sat up but still with a lingering smile. "I need to get a shower so people at school won't smell anything weird."

Derek's eyes shone crimson for a moment there, giving Stiles pause. He showed him a flirtatious smile.

"And you should get one too, since we're speaking about it," he looked his sexy body in his bed appraisingly.

"We could get one together," Derek suggested and Stiles felt a spike of arousal at that. God, this man, he'll never get enough, apparently. And here he thought he was too spent after two fucks this same night-morning.

"And have my dad get a shock of his life?" Stiles forced himself to shook his head. "I don't think so."

Derek sighed and reluctantly got up. He didn't want to leave. And the look Stiles gave him showed that he didn't want him to leave either. But...there were reasons.
Derek picked up some of his clothes and leather jacket lying around and got dressed. He's gonna have to get a shower at the pack house it seemed. He stepped up to window, his normal way of passage and looked back at Stiles.

The look in his eyes reminded Stiles of lost puppy and before he knew what he was doing he closed the distance between them pressing his lips to Derek's. The kiss quickly turned filthy, Derek pressing on to his mate who still smelled deliciously like him. His cum was trickling down Stiles' tights and it made Derek so hot. But Stiles pulled away breathlessly at the last second.

"Go," he shoed him. "I seriously need to go to school. But come back. Tonight." Stiles swallowed and his cheeks heated up.

Derek looked at him and nodded.

"I will." With that he was out.

Stiles sighed and put his arms around him, shivering a little. Seriously, what was he doing?

He knew one thing though. That he couldn't imagine life without Derek anymore.

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Derek walking swiftly towards the forest thought the exact same thing. He couldn't imagine life without Stiles. And if Stiles wanted to stay in the town with his dad, he refused to be separated from him. He wanted Stiles to be happy, content, safe and cared for. So some things needed to change.

He looked ahead. Maybe he's doing a mistake. Maybe it will blow up in his face, but that's life. If it's for Stiles, he's gonna risk it.

Besides, his wolf was getting restless. It wouldn't be long before he snaps and claims Stiles as his mate whether he'd agree to it or not. And Derek wanted Stiles to say that he wants it. He needed his consent.

And Derek knew exactly what this meant.

He sucked in a breath, his heart beating uncharacteristically fast. He transformed finally and run.

Stiles is really going to be the death of him.

***

Stiles was going to get some more coffee right after school. He had enough of staring and curious questions he declined to answer anymore. Jackson and Lydia were with him, as usual these days. He was growing so accustomed to it that he was forgetting to be annoyed with them!

"So, what are we getting, love?" He heard Jackson's annoying voice saying to Lydia when all of them walked into the café.

"I'm thinking caramel frapuchino with vanilla twist," she said when they approached the counter.

"Ugh, not that," her boyfriend recoiled. "There's too much sugar in it-"

"Are you on a diet or something?" She rounded on him narrowing her eyes.

"Of course not. I'm just saying that much sugar in one cup would probably kill me. I'm getting
normal latte." Lydia chuckled at him. Stiles suppressed his sigh. He still felt weird witnessing all their little bickering. Scary thing was, it was growing on him. Even Jackson!

Horrid. Just what has his life become.

"So you're gonna have a hot night again tonight?" Jackson smirked at him, pointedly wrinkling his nose. Yeah same old asshole. Everything is good.

"Sure I am," he flashed him a wide smile to completely take him of guard.

"Hot white chocolate coffee with caramel sprinkles, please," he said to the waitress and ignored Jackson's groan plus Lydia's laughing behind him.

Just the thought of it made him excited.

They got their drinks and turned to find a table, when the door to the coffee shop opened again and a pile of deputies piled in for their coffee dose, his dad among them.

"Hey dad!" Stiles shouted with a wide smile. Sheriff turned around and started to smile, but kind of stopped half way, when he saw who was Stiles there with. Stiles' smile wavered. Sheriff was still suspicious of what happened. And seeing his son hang out with the very person Stiles previously suspected had a connection to Scott's disappearance was making him spooked. Especially when Stiles stopped completely asking about Scott again since his return. Stiles knew it made things stranger. His dad knew Stiles was fiercely loyal to his friends, so him not asking about Scott was …weird. But he couldn't bring himself to pretend that Scott is still really missing. Couldn't fake his worried questions, not to his dad.

"Hi son," he replied. "You done with school?"

"Yeah, getting some caffeine dose after," he indicated his cup. Sheriff looked from him to Jackson giving him his best police officer intimidating stare.

"Jackson," his smile was not quite there. "It seemed like you and my son have a lot in common," he meant their history of running away and traveling. Jackson to L.A. for two months and Stiles through the states for some seven months.

"Maybe you thought to change your statement?"

"Dad!" Stiles looked at Jackson who seemed petrified, but then his gaze darkened.

"No, I told you the truth. There's no reason for any changes," Jackson said. Sheriff was looking at him for a few seconds.

"Boss?" Parish called from the counter. Their coffee was ready.

"I'll see you at dinner, son," he said looking at Stiles the same way he did at Jackson for a moment. Then he turned to follow all the other deputies out. Stiles felt a spike of pain at that sight. He longed to tell his dad everything. But he just couldn't.

His dad wouldn't believe him about the supernatural. And if he found out anything about Derek, even if he thought he's normal guy, not a werewolf, he'd put him in jail. Not great.

Lydia tugged at Jackson's sleeve and led them towards the table by the window. They had the best view of the police officers piling into their cars. Also of the few faded MISSING posters with Scott's face across the street. Stiles' ones were already taken down. Just a few were forgotten here
"Do you think he knows anything?" Asked Lydia following the cruiser with her gaze until it rounded the corner.

"He doesn't. I mean, he suspects-"

"Suspects what?" Jackson frowned at him over his unsugary coffee.

"Nothing, I meant something. - he just suspects. He's suspicious. He knows something doesn't add up," Stiles sighed and leaned back on his chair.

"There's no way he'd find out what it really is," said Jackson taking a swig. "Unless he'd catch Derek sneaking into your room."

Stiles face went crimson.

"What? No, he wouldn't be able- no way," he said resolutely. That would be the absolute worst.

"You should be careful," said Lydia. "Sheriff's smart man."

He really didn't need her to tell him that. He brought his cup to his lips and finally took a sip of this sweet goodness. It calmed his senses at least a little bit. But yeah, he needed to talk to Derek.

"We need to do something," he muttered.

"Like what?" Asked Jackson with that asshole note in voice. Stiles ignored it. He figured already out that he's doing it automatically, and not on purpose, most of the times.

"Erase his memories?" suggested Lydia.

"No," said Stiles. "That's not necessary," plus he didn't want to do that. Not to add, that he didn't know if it's possible. It probably was, but he'd need to do some research.

"I mean, he doesn't really know anything," he took another sip. "He's just really suspicious by nature. If we'd erase his memories, it would just make him suspicious more."

Jackson snorted. Stiles glared at him.

"We need to talk with Derek," Lydia stated.

"Yeah," Stiles agreed.

"I'll talk to him today," he said pointedly ignoring Jackson's smirk.

***

When Derek showed up at his room that night, Stiles was already impatiently pacing around. So when Derek finally got in through the window, without any preamble Stiles lounged at him, hugging him around the neck and giving him a hot wet kiss. Derek's arms automatically closed behind his waist pulling him in.

Stiles pulled away after a few minutes of making out - honestly, he didn't know what was making him so instantly horny in Derek's presence and it was annoying him that Derek was smirking as if he, for instance, knew-and said:
"I need to talk to you."

Derek cocked an eyebrow, which was as invitation to start talking as anything.

"My dad's growing suspicious. Seeing me hanging around with Jackson is not really ok. I mean, Jackson was my prime suspect and a link to find out what happened to Scott and I was pestering him about it a lot then," Stiles said. Derek knew about it. Jackson reported at the time that some kid was being really annoying and too smart. He chuckled, he didn't know it was Stiles. But his mate had proven himself being sometimes too smart for his own good. Well, thanks to this part of his personality, he practically stumbled into Derek's arms, so all was good.

"I know," he said to Stiles. "Jackson said he was called to questioning multiple times after you went missing too."

Stiles sighed and led Derek to sit on his bed. His dad must have been desperate. He pushed the painful thought away.

"Anyway, it's not good for my dad to see Jackson around me. At least not until all of this blows over. Like years and years later," Stiles was going for the joke, but Derek's frown deepened and he looked kind of scared. As if Stiles suggested he'd stay away from him also for years and years to come.

"No-I meant, I don't mean to- this," he huffed. After fidgeting for a few seconds he just pressed his face to Derek's neck to calm down a little. He heard the surprised intake of his breath, then felt his arms closing around him. Stiles just hoped he understood that he didn't want to be separated from him. It was not possible anymore, actually. He was getting more and more sure, that he won't be able to survive without Derek. Like literally. The separation made it hard to breath, even though Derek was coming over every night lately. Honestly, Stiles had no idea how come dad hasn't noticed yet. He'll have to attribute it to Derek's superpowers.

"I don't want to be away from you," he hadn't realized he'd whispered it until Derek pulled away to look him in the eyes. He was searching his face intently for something. With hope he desperately tried to hide. Then something flickered in his eyes and he kissed him. Stiles humphed with surprise at that, accepting his tongue in his mouth. God, it felt so good. He pressed himself closer, his arms caressing Derek's chest, going over his shoulders to his neck.

But even in his lustful haze he remembered that he needed to make sure that Derek understood. Yeah, Stiles can't live without him. Yeah, he needs him. Yeah, he loves him. But,-

Wait a second. What did he just thought?

That he loves Derek.

Stiles opened his eyes and stopped Derek from ravishing him with his kisses to look at him with wide eyes. He was looking at every feature, every expression, everything.

"Stiles?" Derek frowned and leaned closer. Stiles figured that listening to his elevated heartbeat must have freaked him out.

"Stiles," he said. "What-"

"I love you," Stiles said. Then he pressed his hand against his mouth. Oh god, he didn't intend to say it right the very second when he found out!

Derek looked kind of frozen. He was standing there mid-lean staring at Stiles.
Stiles frowned and moved his hand slowly down. He started to get worried. What if Derek didn't want him that way? What if this meant they are over? What if he didn't think of Stiles like this ever? What if he wanted just sex? What if werewolves had mates just for that? Like in order to procreate and protect the cubs or something? Not that he'd be able to conceive or anything but-what if?

His whole body started to tremble, his heartbeat racing even further. It was becoming harder to breath with every second of silence. Stiles knew what was coming. Panic attack. He hadn't had many since meeting Derek, but this was apparently too hard to handle.

He started to turn away. He didn't want Derek to see him like this. He needed to get somewhere alone and withstand it. Survive it.

"Stiles," Derek's voice sounded far away.

"Stiles," he grabbed him and turned him back. Stiles hated the feeling of wetness in his eyes. He looked away and tried to manage his breathing, but it was too much.

"Stiles, what's wrong?" Derek's voice sounded uncharacteristically scared for the man who just rejected him.

"Let me be," Stiles whizzed out and tried to push him away.

"Your heartbeat, it's going crazy," Derek leaned in breathing in his anxiety and sadness and bitterness. It made his nose wrinkle. He hated that his mate is feeling this way. Why? They were talking, Stiles told him that he loves him, loves Derek. He was so shocked. No one loved Derek, not from the moment Laura died. And then, before he could process this, Stiles started to suffer. It was so sudden.

"Stiles," he curled his arms around him protectively. "Just breath." Stiles tried. He tried, really. Despite all this pain he suddenly felt. He hated that Derek is so close and that it makes him feel better. Makes him breath easier.

"Count with me, and breath" Derek said. "One, two, three," They were standing there. Stiles clenching and unclenching his fists, fighting the tears which wanted to run down his cheeks and Derek closing him in light embrace.

"One, two, three," Stiles started to breath. It came easier. His heartbeat was calming.

He took a deep breath filled with Derek's scent and clenched his teeth. Then stepped out of his embrace. Derek was watching him with confusion.

"What-" he started but Stiles didn't let him finnish.

"I can't Derek," he said and looked away, furthering distance between them more. His whole body hurt, the pit of his stomach was so cold suddenly.

"Stiles," he hated the worry he heard in Derek's voice.

"No," he cut him off. He couldn't hear it, his rejection, any of it. He needed to be alone and to- he had no idea.

"Stiles," Derek started to sound a little angry. He chuckled bitterly, which made Derek frown even more.
"I think you should go," he said not looking at him. There was a second of silence.

"Stiles-" Derek made an angry step towards him and Stiles just had enough.

"No, Derek, don't touch me!" Even the undeserving hurt in Derek's face made his heart painfully jolt. "I need to get over it. You may not love me, but I-"

"What," Derek's stunned voice rang at the room. Stiles frowned at him.

"My dad's sleeping," he looked at the door angrily. "Don't wake him up."

But Derek didn't listen to him.

"What did you just say?" He walked closer to him reminding Stiles of the predator again. But he stood his ground. He had enough of Derek's bullshit.

"I don't care, just leave. I want you to get out," he gritted out through his teeth. He couldn't bear look at Derek right now. He needed a space.

"You love me," Derek said stubbornly but with a hint of wonder. Stiles pressed his lips together to desperately stop them from trembling.

"Yeah, and you don't love me back, so get-"

"I love you," Derek said. Stiles widened his eyes. He couldn't hear that right. He looked Derek into face. It was filled with hurt.

"What?"

"I," Derek took a breath. "I love you," he repeated looking at him steadily. Stiles was searching his face for clues, but it spoke louder than words. His knees buckled. Derek was onto him in a second, steadying him. And Stiles arms circled around his neck automatically.

"You love me," he breathed out in wonder. Derek nuzzled his temple.

"I can't believe it," his pain and panic was rapidly dissipating being changed to happy giddiness. It made him dizzy.

"Believe it," Derek huffed. Stiles laughed.

He quickly pulled Derek away from the window and made him sit on the bed. Getting on his lap and pressing his whole body to him. Derek breathed in and moved his mouth down his delicious neck right over his bitten flesh. Stiles whimpered curling around him.

"You know what that means?" He asked him unable to get smile of his face.

"What?" Derek was already kissing his neck and his hands were moving all over. Stiles arched his back into his touch groaning softly.

"Lots of sex, Der," he pressed a deep long kiss to his lips which left both of them breathless.

"And all the other things," he added.

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It was shock when he'd seen Erica and Boyd at school later that week. For a first few seconds he
simply didn't believe his eyes. Then, when he established that it's really happening and he's not seeing things, he furiously ran over.

"What the fuck are you guys doing?" He hissed at them.

"Nice to see you too, Stiles," Erica drawled out, but Stiles didn't have time for this shit. He pulled her and Boyd's arms- which was a herculean task, because Boyd alone was quite large- trying to make them walk out of the school gates. They didn't budge, of course.

"What the- move out before anyone sees you," he hissed again, pulling furiously and looking around at the students passing them by.

"Well, I think we are past that already," said Erica sarcastically and pulled her hand out of Stiles grip.

"Stiles, relax," said Boyd and put his arm lazily around Erica's shoulders.

"What? How can I relax? You are here. What if people start to ask questions, what about the authorities, what about-"

"Keep it down, will ya," Erica looked around and smiled dangerously at one of the first years who quickly stopped his gawking and hurried past them to the school.

"Oh god, this is the disaster," Stiles shook his head.

"But," he pointed a finger at their faces.

"You are going to tell Derek, not me. This is on you!" he waved his hands around and turned to walk away, pretending not to know them. Erica's laughter stopped him and he looked around his shoulder.

"If your little freak out is about Derek, then it's ok," she said. "He knows."

"Say again," Stiles turned fully to them.

"Derek knows," Erica repeated.

"What?" Stiles gaped.

"He-"

"Wait," he stopped them before they could tell him anything at all, anxiously glancing around.

"This is really not the right place to have this conversation," he glared at a few lurking students and resolutely turned to lead them out of the school grounds. He wasn't going to risk anyone overhearing this. So that's why they ended up in a little out of the way coffee house, where students of Beacon Hills High school rarely went, especially during the school hours. Also, the place was not one of police departments favorites to get a coffee. It probably had to do something with the shop not providing cups to go, only mugs- to stay.

So, they got their coffee. Erica something sweet and super complicated just because she could now, and Stiles leaned in close.

"Tell me everything," he said. Boyd stifled a laugh when he glared at him.

"Shouldn't you be like pushing us into classroom?" Erica was smirking at him. "I thought you'd be
overjoyed, happy that we are receiving regular education, but first thing you did was make us skip class."

Stiles waved her insincere complaints aside.

"What are you doing here," he looked her into the eyes seriously.

"Going to school," Erica smirked.

"Before you stopped us, that is."

"Quit it, ok?" He cut her off impatiently.

"What are you doing here? How come you're not hiding in the preserve anymore? How come Derek's okay with it?" He stopped, then looked at them suspiciously.

"He's okay with it, right?"

"Sure he is," Erica sipped her coffee. "He's the one who suggested it."

"What?"

"He did," Boyd said.

"So, let me get this straight," Stiles was frowning at them. "One day he just woke up and told you that, 'you know, living in a secret thing was fun and all, but it's boring already. Go to school guys. Prance around the town with all the unsuspecting humans for what I care or something. Was this what happened?"

Erica was busy stifling her laugh, so it was Boyd who had to answer.

"He didn't use this exact words, but pretty much-yeah, that's what he told us," He leaned back comfortably and brought a huge mug to his lips. Stiles could tell he's enjoying himself right now. He has never heard him say so many words at once before. He glared.

"What's he planning," he muttered to himself. It was all good- whatever it was, Erica and Boyd being allowed to return to school. But it was so out of character for serious werewolf recluse that was Derek, that it was basically super strange.

"Isn't it obvious," Erica was suddenly fixing him with a stare.

"What is," Stiles glared. This new bizarre development was giving him a headache.

"Derek's doing it because of you," she said, exasperated.

"What?"

"He understood that you couldn't return to live with him the same way as before," she started to explain pretending to be obnoxiously patient. "And he can't stay away from you anymore either - if you kept meeting in secret like this, the cover would blow sooner rather than later, anyway- so," she flipped her hair back. "he's trying to fit in your life, somehow." She finished gently.

Stiles was sitting there staring at her with a mouth half open. He felt a strange lump in his throat and his heart gave a painful jolt.

"Care to explain me why are you not in class?" Asked a chilled voice from behind them.
Stiles widened his eyes and looked over his shoulder at his dad standing there fully clad in uniform.

"Dad," he squeaked.

"I-uh, our math teacher's sick and they couldn't find a substitute for him, so they gave us a free period." He said quickly hoping for the best.

"I don't think The Beacon Hills High School allows the students to go outside the school gates during free periods," sheriff was looking at him sternly. Stiles flailed a little.

"Really? I didn't know that," he tried.

"Son," he said and his evident disappointment stung. "You're different, since you are back."

Stiles clenched his jaw, forcing himself to ignore this discomfort which was between them for long already. Essentially, since he came back. He prepared himself to lie again anyway, even if it hurt.

"It's the truth, uh, what he said," Erica interrupted. Sheriff's interrogatory gaze slid over to her.

"We really got a free period and I wanted to catch up with Stiles since we haven't seen each other for so long." Stiles had to admit that Erica was indeed very good at lying too.

"And you are..?" His dad trailed off.

"Erica Reyes," she answered and smiled. There was a moment of recognition in sheriff's eyes.

"I see the treatment was successful," he said looking her over.

"Yes, very much," she said.

"When did you return to town, Miss Reyes?" He asked and Stiles recognized the police-officer tone of his voice. Stiles swallowed uncomfortably, eyes darting to Boyd who sat there without saying anything at all.

"This is my first day," she said and her smile looked a little bit tense suddenly.

"I see," sheriff crossed his arms. "It must be nice to be home after being away for so long…more than a year already, is it?"

Stiles pulse sped up. He was very uncomfortable with the information that his dad knew exactly how long was Erica gone. Like he was keeping tabs on all the people who…left. His next question to Boyd proved it.

"Mr. Boyd, so Verthmonth High School was not to your liking?"

Boyd blinked. Sheriff knowing the name of the High School where he supposedly transferred to was quite a shock for all of the present.

"Yes, sir. I…wanted to live closer to family, I guess, so... I moved back." He said.

There was mutual silence for a few seconds.

"We will talk about this-you leaving the school premises during school hours- once I'm home today, son," he turned to Stiles who gulped.
"Uh, yeah. But dad, it was a free period-"

"We will see," sheriff cut him off. "Now get back to school, all of you," he glared at Erica and Boyd. They scrambled to get their stuff and moved towards the door without even finishing their coffee.

"And if I find out anything like this happening again, you'll have a problem, son," sheriff gave them one last warning look before getting in his cruiser parked on the side walk. All of them turned under his gaze and headed back to the school. They could practically feel being watched through the car's back mirrors.

"He drove away," Boyd announced once they turned a corner.

"Fuck," Stiles said.

"Yeah, fuck," Erica agreed.

"I just hope he's not going to call the school to verify anything," he said with a small voice.

"You think he didn't buy it?" Erica glanced at him. It was difficult to keep up with two werewolves marching so quickly, Stiles' tights started to hurt already.

"Of course not," he told her. "The only hope I have is that, he'd not want to make school aware of his own son's misbehavior. He's just gonna ground me, maybe, or something."

"Well, it wouldn't stop Derek sneaking into your bed anyway, so."

"Erica!"

"Just saying," she smirked.

But truthfully, he was more preoccupied with the thought that Derek is trying to make some changes, than with his dad threatening. And the way how it warmed his insides with a nice cottony feeling.

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Luckily, they didn't talk about it later with his dad, anyway. Luckily, because maybe he didn't remember, or-not so luckily- because he preferred to wait it out on him. It was not the best feeling ever. Stiles could tell that aside from breaking the school rules, him hanging out with Jackson made his dad antsy. Sheriff asked him over dinner what changed, why did they become friends now. To that question Stiles just shrugged. He really didn't want to explain to his dad that they are not friends, not really. The most closest thing they could be, was like frenemies or something.

Anyway, it was exhausting and both of them went to bed kind of disappointed that day. His dad didn't understand what was happening and it was making him scared, and he sucked at concealing that from Stiles. And Stiles, he was sick of all the lying. But he didn't know how to change it. Simply telling the truth to his dad would be devastating.

After that he didn't even have energy to do anything really. He just went up to his room and slipped under the covers.

That's how Derek found him.

He slid open the window and silently slipped inside his mate's room. His smell was different now.
Usually it was filled with arousal or anger or love- Derek was still adjusting to that one- in Derek's presence, but now it was just sad and frustrated. He could hear him sleeping. He got rid of his boots and clothes and slipped inside pressing against his back, curling an arm around his middle. Immediately, the spike of arousal returned. Derek pressed his nose to the crook of Stiles' neck deeply inhaling. Stiles backed up a little into him sighing softly in his sleep.

Derek kissed his neck hoping that maybe he'd wake up, but Stiles was too exhausted. Something must have happened. He glanced to the door, as if he could see through them to the rest of the house, which he never saw before.

Derek sighed and cuddled his mate closer. So sleep it will be, today. That's fine too. Derek was on the edge for the whole day because he knew Stiles is just a ride away and he wasn't allowed to touch him in front of humans. All he had was this nightly meetings and it seriously wasn't enough. Not even close. It made him anxious. If they were officially mated it would be better, but as things stood now, his wolf was- maybe irrationally, maybe not- anxious Stiles could be taken by someone else.

But Derek could do nothing, just wait it out.

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Next time Stiles saw Allison Argent, she had a nasty wound on her neck.

Stiles woke up that morning strangely refreshed. Despite fighting with dad again, he was well rested and energetic, almost as if Derek had sex with him. But Stiles would very much remember that. Maybe, he smirked. He looked around and saw that sheets were crumpled as if somebody else spent the night. Stiles smiled. He was not sure if it was the potential mate thing they had going on or what, but he knew Derek was there. And again it made him warm and fuzzy inside.

That's why he cried out when he saw Allison's neck.

"Allison," he almost run her over in front of the school gates.

"Is that a bite?" He hissed.

She widened her eyes and quickly pressed her hand against the visible red mark pulling the hem of her sweater up to cover it better.

"Shut it a little, Stiles," she looked around scanning if somebody overheard. But Stiles was worried.

"Did Scott..."he trailed of. He started to blush furiously thinking what must have happened for this to come to be, remembering that he was pretty much marked the same way if not more, all the time. It's crazy his dad hadn't noticed that his "old" wound is not healing at all, yet.

"It's not like that," she hissed at him reddening even faster. "I mean, yes...yeah, but, he had to, you know," she was obviously flustered looking over her shoulder and putting the hair behind her ear as if her dad would come out from behind the bushes to ground her or something.

"What do you mean? He had to?" Stiles raised his eyebrows. Sure, it was hot as hell when Derek did it to him, but he didn't really have to do it. He just bit him when he wanted. To silence him, calm him or after...sex. Aaaand he should immediately stop this train of thought if he didn't want to get a boner right in the middle of the school students body.

He nudged Allison to move to the side, so they could have more privacy for conversation relating
to werewolves strange habits in the shadow of the trees in front of the school.

"Well, you know," she glanced on his own neck, just to immediately look away embarrassed. Stiles was more and more puzzled. Seeing Allison Argent, the hardcore hunter flustered like this was certainly new.

"It's fine, I mean, obviously I have not a problem with it," Stiles said wiggling his brows. "But you should cover it better in school and such, yeah?" He smirked.

"It's not like that," she said huffing. "It's just this once, afterwards he won't do it anymore."

Stiles winced in sympathy. Being deprived of that amazing feeling when your lover bites down on you, making you steady and grounded- it was the best thing Stiles experienced. He didn't get what the hell was Scott thinking.

"I'm so sorry Allison," he touched her arm in comfort.

"I don't know what is he thinking, really. I'll talk to him, ok? Seriously, Scott can be such a-"

"What?" She was frowning at him clearly confused. "What are you talking about?"

"I mean, he won't bite you anymore. That must be hard, I mean, it's such a great feeling and I…" he continued rumbling. Didn't know what exactly was he saying. He just wanted to comfort her and make her feel better and everything. Allison's face was reddening more with his every word. Until she couldn't handle it anymore.

"Okay," she put up a hand to shut him up. "Ok, Stiles. This is, I can't even-" she giggled throwing Stiles into confusion.

"Listen," she said smiling widely. "I didn't really need to know what you and Derek got up to during sex," she giggled again and Stiles frowned. It was not only during sex, he wanted to argue. Derek bit him other times too. Ehm.

"And good for you," she rushed to add awkwardly. "I mean, as long as you're into it," she looked away and Stiles was beginning to understand that this was a huge misunderstanding on his part. He felt his face heat up.

"It's just, Scott and I, we are not, ehm, as intense? He is like super nice to me, and really tender and, well, it's different, I guess," she huffed embarrassed. Despite Stiles' utter mortification about what he just told her, his lips curled up a little. Derek was not exactly nice to him, he was more like…harsh, needing, demanding. Stiles' cock hardened a little at the thought. He needed to reign himself in. Maybe get Derek to fuck him tonight, or he was not sure how he'll handle his classes. He'd be too distracted thinking about it.

"Anyway," Allison was saying pointedly not looking at him. "This was not it," she pointed to her now covered neck.

"Really," she looked at him. "He needed to do it otherwise he'd not be able to stay away from me too long, or me from him. And you know how it is now, that he needs to lay low- not letting anyone recognize him in town. It's difficult enough already," she frowned at the ground.

"What do you mean?" He wanted to comfort her again. He knew what she was going through. It was the same for him and Derek. Not being able to see him whole day, was literally fucking with
his mind lately. It gnawed at his insides. And when he finally showed up at his room at night, it was like getting a glass of fresh water after months in desert.

"It's a mating bite," she sighed in that loving calm way. Stiles heart gave a jolt. She didn't notice because she continued.

"Being apart, especially since we knew what we are to each other, was hurting us. I couldn't think and he was suffering from all the hours we spent away from each other, just because his wolf was unable to rationalize being away from me. It was like his inner…animal was worried I'd be taken," she chuckled at it disbelieving.

"Crazy, right? But even thought Scott knew we are together and that he'd see me every day, his wolf couldn't accept it. It was hard for him and somehow I started to reflect it too," she gulped looking uncomfortable.

Stiles was very still. His lips started to press together in growing silent anger.

"The mating bite calmed him. And me too. It's much better. It's like we can finally breath," she looked up at him smiling brightly. That's when she finally noticed his face.

"Stiles? Are you ok?"

"Sure," he bite out. "I'm totally fine. I just have to skip school today."

"What-"

"Gotta go to the preserve to punch somebody in the face," he said turning away and marching out of the school gates. He didn't react to her calling his name.

Just as he reached the sidewalk, Jackson pulled up in his quite new sports car. After he smashed the previous one in the forest, his daddy didn't hesitate to give him latest model. Stiles' jeep was, well, done for, the moment Derek kinda made him crash into the tree. So.

"Let me borrow your car," Stiles demanded as Jackson and Lydia opened the door.

"And why should I do that?" Jackson asked arrogantly. Lydia raised both elegant eyebrows glancing behind him at Allison who just coming up to them.

"If you don't want me to blow the fucking engine right now, you'd do it," Stiles said. He was so mad right now and he'd gladly accept Jackson as a way to blow away his steam. But Jackson must have developed a good self-preservation instincts because he fished out his keys quickly and thrown them to him without further ado.

"Somebody's got a problem," he dared to singsong to him when Stiles was already sitting in the driver's seat. He even had the guts to smirk at him. Stiles just gave him his worst killing stare he could muster. He seriously hated Jackson's observational skills. He grabbed turned the keys and pulled away without listening to anything Allison was hastily telling Lydia at the moment.

He was so going to kill Derek.

***

Once Stiles got out of town, he sped up without any reservation gritting his teeth. He honestly didn't care about any speeding ticket he may get. Or who may see him ride in Jackson's car or about anything. He just needed to strangle Derek. What was he thinking?
He turned from the highway to the forest rode which no one seemed to have noticed ever. Part of the reason for this was Stiles' own magic, which he interlaced with the previous remains of the energy that was covering up the path to the pack house. Jackson's car was handling his ride in between the trees surprisingly well, until he got to the part where he had to continue on foot for the thickness of the forest.

He slammed the door so hard he was sure Derek heard it. Fuck. Him.

He walked swiftly and angrily, clenching his fists together. He felt how the magical barrier of his own creation let him pass and quickened his pace. Stiles was not at all surprised when he saw the origin of all his problems standing on the porch waiting for him.

"Stiles?" Derek called, when he saw him appear in between the trees. Stiles's smell was off somehow. Derek furrowed his brow.

"Did something happen?"

Stiles didn't react. He was gritting his teeth so hard he thought he'd explode. Stiles marched up straight to Derek and punched him in the face. Derek was too bewildered that he didn't dodge as he normally would if it had been anyone else. Stiles, for his part, didn't expect such a pain in his fist upon impact. He cried out.

"What-" Derek started to say, not even flinching much, what angered Stiles even more.

"What's wrong with you?!" He yelled at him. "How could you not tell me about this? What did you think would happen? I can't believe this, were you going to pretend that nothing unusual is even happening? Were you going to let us suffer until, until- until what? Like until you go literally insane? How could you not tell me about it? What even is this, this situation-"

"Stiles," Derek cut him off. "Calm down."

But Stiles didn't want to calm down. He wanted to rip something of. He was so full of anger and it boiled inside, not having another way out. The door to the house started to open and close repeatedly, Derek glanced at it, then his gaze returned to Stiles who was glaring at him. Windows started to rattle and there was a whine coming from upstairs as somebody transformed, maybe Liam and run off to the forest with tail between his legs. Stiles would feel sorry about that, but not now. Now, he's got the rage going on.

"Stiles," Derek raised his arms as if he tried to calm down the rabid animal. Stiles seethed and the window closed to him burst in thousands pieces. Derek didn't even look that way. All he was focused on was Stiles. The wind started to blow, Stiles' spark acting out, and the trees closest to the house started to bend in unnatural angles.

"Stiles," Derek said a little angrier this time.

"Calm down. You need to calm down," he walked closer and closer. Stiles didn't even have words anymore-something which was almost unimaginable- he was so angry. He was never so angry in his entire life. Not when he was kidnapped, not when his life was threatened, not when his friends and loved ones were in danger. He was never so angry as right now, when he found out Derek endangered his-their- sanity just to...he didn't even know why. Derek got within arms reach and he hesitantly touched Stiles. When Stiles didn't react, his hand closed around his wrist pulling him into embrace. Stiles was breathing rapidly and his heart was beating like crazy. But Derek's proximity, skin to skin contact, was mellowing him out as it always was even if he didn't want it.
Mate.

He hated that Derek didn't tell him. Left him in the dark. Again.

Derek's arms enveloped him. The closer he was pressed to him, the more the wind started to break down, the trees stopped painfully bending and the house stopped shaking. His breathing calmed and he reached up clutching Derek's T-shirt in his fingers.

"What happened?" asked Derek into his hair when everything has calmed down finally. Stiles was silent for a moment.

"I met Allison today." he said. Derek pulled away to look him in the face. It was obvious he had no idea where this was headed.

"She has a mating mark on her neck," he blurted out.

Derek narrowed his eyes first, probably thinking about Scott's overstep. Then he widened them looking down at Stiles finally getting what this was all about.

"Aha," was all he said.

"Don't 'aha' me, Derek!" Stiles pulled out of his embrace and stepped away.

"When I asked her about it, she explained to me, like to an idiot, why exactly did they have to do it." He was piercing Derek with a death glare.

"How she felt restless, how Scott was getting anxious - mental, to be exact- from the lack of contact and they even saw each other almost every night! How he suffered in the periods in between, just because his wolf didn't get that they were really actually safely together." He saw how Derek looked away and his anger started to return back.

"Now, see big surprise, Der- how come that I feel as if my mind is going crazy. As if I was going through drug withdrawal when you are away from me. But don't get me wrong, I could handle it. ADHD prepared me for periods of time when my mind was skittish and scattered all over the place or the time when you kidnapped me and I didn't have coffee- you know how my head hurt?- Whatever," he waved his hand in dismissal. Those things were nothing to what he felt like these days.

"Suppose what I felt when it got to me, when I understood how you must be feeling," Derek tried to reach for him, but he avoided the contact. He needed to have clear thoughts for this and Derek's touching is not going to stop him this time.

"It made me…it was so bad, when I found out-" He just couldn't finish. When he thought how Derek must suffer, when his werewolf is even more present and profound part of his existence since he was born that way. He was a fucking alpha! How could he let himself suffer this much? Stiles felt dampness in his eyes. He quickly shook his head to clear it somehow. The worst part was, that he knew it was his fault. He was the one who run away. He was the one who couldn't be content living with Derek in the preserve, hiding forever. He rationally understood that they would not be able to live this way for long, anyway, but his heart didn't. It shouted at him how he made the man he loved go through hell.

"Stiles," Derek said noticing the hurt in his scent.

"No," he raised his palm to stop him from saying anything. "I know it must be terrible. If it's that way with me, and I'm just a human-sure with magic, but still a human-then, you're a werewolf,
how it must- it must be horrible."

He didn't miss how Derek clenched his fists looking away from him. It confirmed everything.

"Why didn't you tell me?" He asked quietly.

"You didn't need to know," Derek said simply.

"What," Stiles' anger was on rise again. This talk with Derek was seriously fucking with him today. He was asking to be punched again, apparently.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?!"

"I mean," Derek looked at him in anguish. "It could have swayed you. Manipulate you…into something you didn't want." He gritted his teeth.

Stiles gaped at him, once again at loss for words.

"I didn't want to make you go through something like that again," he said looking at the floor. Stiles' mind brought him flashes of kidnapping, Derek's black wolf, the basement, Derek grabbing at him, pressing into him, fucking him. He pulled in the shattered air, biting his lip.

Not one of them said anything.

"I love you," said Stiles after a while looking him straight into the eyes. Derek clenched his jaw looking tense.

"You are mine," Stiles whispered and noticed how Derek's eyes flashed red. It made him shiver. He made a one tentative step closer.

"I want you. Only you," he continued. He couldn't imagine wanting anyone else than Derek, being with anyone else than Derek. Just the suggestion of it gave him painful jibe. However it started, their relationship, everything, he knew it would always come to this. And something else, maybe his spark, told him, that regardless of the bond, they were so closely tangled together, too wrapped up in each other, that if something happened to Derek, he would die. Literally. It was as clear to him as a day. Nothing else mattered. Not really.

He came to him and pressed his lips on his in a kiss. Maybe it was a little desperate, but he couldn't do it differently. Not now.

"Bite me," he whispered in his mouth.

Derek pulled in a breath, almost as if he tried to fight it last second, but then his arms wrapped around him, pressing him to his body like a thirsty man finding water. He was kissing him hungrily, pulling at his clothes, dragging them down, tearing them apart when Stiles didn't manage to get rid of them fast enough.

Soon he was standing completely naked there. On the front porch of Derek's house. Derek pulled away still fully dressed - Stiles managed to only push up his Tee above his hips a little, lust making his limbs stupidly weak to do more than that- and drunk in his nakedness. Then he launched for his lips again, sweeping him up in the process. Stiles wrapped his legs around his waist automatically his hard cock painfully pressing against Derek's abdomen.

Stiles didn't notice how Derek carried him inside, nor how cold the air caressing his skin actually was. He was too busy ravishing his mouth, his neck, his collarbone, his everything. It was
too hot in there. His skin was tingling with need to get rid of the cloth between them, to get closer
to Derek. His body was shaking from desire to get fucked, to get his cock inside of him to make
him realize again and again who he belonged to.

He gasped, when Derek threw them on the bed, not stopping kissing him for one moment. Getting
rid of his clothes as fast as possible.

"Derek," he moaned when Derek let go of his mouth to finally get rid of his Tee. He could already
feel how wet he was. He didn't know how it was possible- considering he's a guy and it's not
supposed to work that way, but... he'll ask Derek later. Right now, all he needed was to feel his
cock inside. Immediately. Weird self lubrication would only help. Derek needed that as much as
him. His breathing was heavy and his skin glistened with sweat. He unbuttoned his jeans and Stiles
thought-hoped- he's going to pull his cock out and ram it in at once. He was so prepared, so horny.
But no, Derek was torturing him by getting rid of all of his clothing, the jeans, the briefs.

"Derek," he whined grabbing his cock to get some friction and grinding his butt uselessly against
Derek's sheets, wetting them with his juices.

"Stiles," he groaned finally lining up his cock with his entrance. He swatted his hand away from
his cock taking it for himself. Pumping it. Stiles gasped and grabbed the sheets behind him
forcefully. Derek let go of his dick ignoring Stiles' whimper and pinned his arms above his head to
make him stop reaching for it himself. Then he bowed down towards him and started sucking at
his nipple. Stiles groaned. It felt so good. He gasped trying to press his hole on Derek's cock.

Stiles was so attuned to touch that he was very aware how the lips around his nipple formed a
smirk.

"I want to fuck you," Derek whispered against it, taunting him with his hard hot cock.

"Do it,...ah..please." Stiles arched his back. He wasn't in control of his body anymore. It did what
it wanted just to get close to Derek, just to feel him as much as possible.

"Yes," Derek growled. Stiles would laughed at how possessive and aggressive he sounded, but that
was the moment when Derek plunged in with one long thrust and filled him up completely. He
could feel his balls pressing up against his butt. Then he started to move. Firstly maddeningly
slowly, than he sped up his pace making Stiles gasp with every thrust.

He was kissing him all over. Stiles tried to touch him with his lips but he was too far away. Either
down or above him. And frankly, none of them had the time. Derek's wolf was in frenzy trying to
bite his mate as soon as possible. Make him his for all to see. Derek was keeping him in check just
barely.

"Derek," Stiles moaned -asked- really.

Derek groaned and plunged in. Stiles felt his cock moving inside, in and out giving him delicious
friction bringing him closer with every move. He moaned.

Derek clenched his teeth, which prolongated in expectation. He was so close, his movements have
become unsteady and frenzied. Stiles was looking at him, his eyes sparkling with sexual aroused
daze, he could feel he was on the edge. He couldn't wait any longer.

Derek bend down and bit him.

It was different this time. Derek's fangs were longer, plunged deeper in his flesh with a specific
intent to own, to mark, to have, to claim. Stiles cried out. The pleasure was too much. He could
feel his very being getting tangled with Derek's, how his...soul extended to touch his, claiming him in turn. Connected on deeper, almost frightening, level.

They came together. Derek deep inside him and Stiles on their touching skin. The air was damp with their extended breathing. Derek teeth still hadn't let go of his flesh and Stiles felt the waves of pleasure and contentment flying through him. All he wanted to do was to curl up and fall asleep. He was so exhausted, so spent. But the feeling of exhilaration equally present was making him giddy. It was all so strange and ...awesome.

Derek let his fangs sink back to their normal human size. Stiles winced a little and looked up at him.

"Derek?" It was kind of like he saw Derek for the first time. Like he understood him more, seen him better, loved him deeper if it was even possible. Like he could see him in the most real sound of way.

"Stiles," Derek smiled at him. Actually smiled! He could see the same baffled wonder in his eyes too. Although he must have expected something like this, having lived with the werewolf lore for his whole life. This must be it- the mating bond.

"...Wow," was all Stiles could say.

Derek nodded. Then he bend down to kiss him slowly. Stiles opened his lips and let his tongue inside, exchanging the heat.

Something inside him settled. Something that was flowing inside unbidden, anxious and ...lonely, was finally bound. To Derek. So thoroughly that Stiles knew it can't be ever broken. It scared him a little. But he pushed that feeling aside and circled his arms around Derek's neck to pull him closer.

If something was worth all the fear, it was this.

***

Derek didn't let him leave alone that evening. Yeah, Stiles stayed for whole day and didn't regretted it in the slightest. He practically married him -more than married, actually. It was...Stiles couldn't explain it, but it felt...great. Frankly, he couldn't still quite believe what he'd done - such a serious thing, without telling anyone, without asking anyone the advice, without anything...yeah.

He was crazy.

He knew it, yet, he didn't care. At all.

After his guilty conscience reminded him his dad and all the yelling he may be subjected to, if his dad finds out he skipped the school (not to say what he actually did instead of studying), he forced himself to tell Derek to take him home.

They both got into Jackson's car and drove to the town. As a precaution, Stiles made Derek stop a few blocs away from his house.

"Don't look at me like that," Stiles told him when he noticed his pinched brow.

"I also don't want to be away from you," he caressed his cheek and pressed his lips to his mouth in silent apology. Derek didn't let him pull away though. He grabbed his chin and deepened the kiss. Stiles groaned and pushed against him. He didn't want to get out of that car. He wanted to climb
Derek again and let him fuck him. Right there.

Fuck. The slight notion that his lust would be somehow weakened after bonding was definitely erased. Yeah, didn't work that way apparently. Not that Stiles was complaining. He was opposite of complaining, really. But it made his resolve to get out of the car seriously waver.

"Derek," he groaned into his mouth, his body moving unwittingly closer. His mind grabbed the reigns at last minute and he forced himself to pull away, breathless. He glared at Derek who was wearing a satisfied smirk.

"Just," he looked at the sky through the window willing his dick to soften. "Come tonight, ok?"

Derek smiled at him and Stiles heart fluttered in his chest.

He got out of the car and gave Derek a slight wave watching as he reluctantly drove away.

At least it felt already better.

Despite the unhappiness he felt when he watched him leave for a few hours, he wasn't anxious like before. That empty feeling he had whenever he realized his bed was already empty, disappeared. The bond grounded him. He could feel Derek now. It was like he was linked to him and it made him feel much better.

That and that Derek won't have to suffer on his behalf anymore. That idiot. He shook his head fondly and walked down the street.

All that happened made Stiles loose his edge that night. He was so lost in thinking about Derek that he couldn't focus on anything else. Didn't really care to focus on anything other. And that's probably why he didn't notice a police car parked silently just around the corner, lights down on routine patrol in which sat frozen deputy Parish, his mouth open in a shock about what he just saw his boss' son doing.
Chapter 21

Being bonded to Derek made him feel much better than before. Stiles was not anxious, not depressed, not so on the edge anymore. He flipped the pancakes over and the kitchen smelled so good. Everything was so good. And despite Derek not being with him in the same house, not really in the town for that matter, Stiles now had a permanent link to him. He relished, that from now on he can accurately pinpoint the direction in which Derek was and internally calculate the distance. It made him feel much better, really. Something in him settled and there was this inner calm which there wasn't ever before.

"You're humming?" His father's incredulous voice made him yelp.

"Dad!" He quickly moved the pancakes away from the stove afraid he'd ruin it if he wasn't careful. "What's up? Why are you so early? Today's gonna be a great day, yeah?" He blundered on with smile. His dad raised both eyebrows.

"Did something good happen at school yesterday?" He said and moved in to sit at the table in his uniform. Stiles's smile wavered a little, but just a little- he was not going to let the small matter of not actually being in school yesterday and lying about it to his only kin and blood spoil his day. He was not.

"Nothing much," he said and turned back to the pancakes. "Why do you ask?"

"Stiles," his dad said flatly with an amused tilt in voice. "You are almost dancing around in the kitchen."

Stiles laughed, he couldn't help it. It was like he was on the honeymoon or something. Which he probably was, minus the groom, but yeah- he never felt so sure about another person ever. Not even about Scott, his best friend. Derek was his everything and he decided to tie himself to Stiles of all people, for the rest of his life, almost literally. Stiles was beyond himself with joy.

"It's good to hear it," his dad said and Stiles looked over the shoulder to give him questioning glance.

"You were not smiling often, after..." he trailed of.

Stiles bit his lip. He didn't know what to say. He couldn't tell dad that it was because he was away from Derek. The only person that really mattered in that profound sense of the word. Who was basically an adult who he was having sex with kind of against the law.

Stiles huffed and placed all the pancakes on one plate. He made quite a lot. He just hoped dad will find out about this only after he'd come of age. Seriously, it'd be such a shitstorm if he'd found out like now or something.

"Here you are!" he placed the pancakes in front of his dad who looked at the plate suspiciously.

"No vegetable, avocado oatmeal or other rabbit food today?" His hand was hesitantly moving toward the plate as if it may get snatched away from him every second.

"Today is a great sunny day." Stiles declared and placed a hand on his ribcage. "I'm celebrating it with pancakes and maple sirup and strawberries." He produced mentioned items from behind his back-definitely not making them fly into his hands from the cupboard by magic, of course- and placed them in front of his dad too.
"Really?" his dad sounded a little on the verge of tears. Which was a little overkill in Stiles' opinion, but ok. "Then I'm going to dig in!" he took the fork and did just that. Stiles laughed again.

After they were half done, his dad, successfully devouring more than a half of all the pancakes, looked at him quizzically.

"Seriously Stiles, what happened? I know you like to torture me with health eating habits." He chewed on his next maple sirup pancake.

"I'm not torturing you, dad!" Stiles was offended. "I'm sure after adjustment period- which I know for certain you're breaking all the time-" he gave him a stink eye. "You'd start to enjoy it! You'd be all for the carrots, leaf salad, asparagus, broccoli or anything!"

His dad gave him unconvinced stare.

"Whatever," Stiles swallowed another delicious sweet goodness and pointed his fork at him. "I'll make you a believer."

His dad shook his head. And Stiles silently congratulated himself for dividing his attention.

***

"Hey, Stiles," greeted someone coming up from behind him and Stiles whirled around making his backpack smack his shoulder.

"Isaac?!" He said incredulously. "What are you doing here?!"

Isaac simply smiled and shrugged. That's when Stiles noticed Liam sheepishly standing next to him.

"Liam!" He quickly walked over trying to bodily cover the sight of him, looking around to see if anybody recognized the guy.

"Stiles," Isaac was definitely amused. "What are you doing?"

"I'm trying to prevent anyone from noticing you, you dumbass," he hissed and tried to herd them into the shadows. Both of them laughed.

"Don't worry, our papers are alright," Isaac said. When Stiles frowned at him, he elaborated:

"I was not missing, remember?" He said silently so nobody could overhear. "I just moved away, after."

Stiles' shoulders slumped in relief. Yeah, he remembered finally. God, they surprised him.

"What about you?" He glanced at Liam. He shrugged looking kinda less comfortable than Isaac. He realized he never heard the story of how Liam got turned.

"I'm from east coast, so nobody can recognize me here," he looked around at the passing students who were curiously glancing their way. "At least, I don't think so."

"Uh, how did you..?" Stiles awkwardly waved a hand in a way that encompassed his whole form. Liam got it.

"It was a school trip," he pressed his lips together.
"Ah," Stiles scratched his neck. "You don't need to, you know," he didn't want to make him uncomfortable, but Liam apparently wanted to get it off his chest.

"No, it's fine," he looked away and kept his voice down. "We were hiking with the class and I kinda got lost. I couldn't find a way back to the rest of them and that's when I was bitten. It was a rouge attack."

Stiles gritted his teeth. It reminded him of Scott and what happened to him. He wanted to comfort Liam but he didn't know how. Isaac put a hand on Liam's shoulder and Stiles watched how it relaxed him almost instantly. As a pack comfort is supposed to do. Liam looked up at Isaac in silent thanks.

"I was left alone at the woods and I transformed. I didn't know what was happening to me and somehow I found my way here. Scott found me and brought me to Derek. Packs normally don't accept strange omegas, but he did. And I'm here from then." He huffed and answered before Stiles could ask:

"Yeah, I've not seen anyone from before, so I doubt I'll be recognized in here." He slouched and brushed past them walking swiftly through the school gates.

"He's not been back since?" Stiles asked quietly following Liam's form until he got lost between other students.

"Nope," Isaac shook his head. Stiles sighed.

"Come on, then," he said to Isaac moving to walk to the school too.

"I take it, that Derek told all of you to go to school, right?" He looked at him sideways.

"Yeah," he nodded. "I supposed he wants us to keep tabs on his little mate." He smirked.

"Wha-" Stiles started to blush furiously. "I don't need him to, I don't need any babysitters!" He exclaimed.

"Of course, you do," came in Jackson's drawl from behind them. Stiles glared at him. "He'd broke our bones if something happened to his little pet."

"Stop it," said Lydia and she gave Stiles a quick smile before turning back to her boyfriend. "Don't try to be tough, It's clear as day that he's starting to grow on you." Her smile turned devilish.

"What are you talking about, love?" Jackson curled his lips looking down at her dangerously.

"Seriously," said Erica coming from the side. "Stop flirting so early in the morning, ok?" She waved a hand in front of her nose and adjusted a pile of books she was carrying. Boyd simply greeted them with an acknowledging look, slinking his arm around her waist and nuzzling her hair.

"You're the one to talk," smirked Jackson then turned to Isaac.

"Since you're here, join the lacrosse team- we could so simply smash these weak humans."

Stiles rolled his eyes. Count on Jackson to always use unfair advantages.

He ignored their banter while they walked to class together- such a crazy thing- he, Stiles Stilinski, is apparently in a friends group with Jackson. Unbelievable. Anyway, even if he was slightly freaked out about it-Jackson was involved for god's sake-he had to admit that he kinda liked it. It
was as if he finally belonged somewhere. He couldn't put his finger on it, but it felt as if he was linked to all of them, differently and much less strongly than to Derek, but still, there was something binding him to the pack. Maybe it wasn't as clear because he was a human and not a werewolf. Maybe only his magic helped him to perceive it at least to some degree. This must be what it felt like to be a part of pack, Stiles realized.

Happy, content feeling was spreading from his insides.

The only thing missing, which kind of rained on his parade, was Scott. Scott who was still officially missing and therefore not there. He sighed and his shoulders slumped a little. Everyone came back, they got their cover stories and lies in order, but Scott was gone for far too long for it to be so simple.

He didn't want to think about it today though. He adjusted his backpack and walked in the advanced algebra class which he shared with Lydia and apparently Isaac.

But he was determined to do something about his best friend. He looked down at his notes, he'll think of something sooner or later. He knew.

***

"Stiles," his dad smiled at him, when he stopped by their table at the diner. Stiles was there with the gang and he noticed how pointedly his dad ignored Jackson sitting just next to him, his arm around Lydia's shoulders from the other side. Sheriff scanned the faces of the others and frowned slightly for some reason.

"Hi, dad," Stiles' heart sped up. The eyes of the werewolves slinked to him at once, which was weird. Like inhumanly weird. Stiles would have kicked them if he wasn't putting up innocent face for his dad at the moment. He didn't even know why exactly was he doing it. It was becoming a habit, making him uncomfortable.

"I see you've got your favorite coffee," he added with glance to the paper cup his dad was holding.

"Hello, deputy Parish!" He hollered when he noticed him coming up to them with the same cup in hand. But Parish didn't give him his usual small smile, but open frown.

"Hello Stiles," he measured everyone at the table and pressed his lips together. Then his eyes returned back to him. Stiles suddenly had a bad feeling. Like he'd done something wrong, but he didn't know what.

"Uh, so, you on patrol?" He asked in an attempt to keep dad and Parish from scanning his friends too closely.

"Yeah, as usual," his dad said. "So... I'll leave you to your friends."

"Kids," he turned to the rest and walked out with Parish on his heels.

"So," said Erica. "When do you think Scott's coming back?"

That question effectively killed the mood. Nobody knew. No one was sure it was even possible for him to return after that long. It would produce too many questions.

Stiles clenched his jaw. Whatever. He will make it happen.

***
Parish was looking at him strangely these days, judgingly. Stiles didn't get it. It was not like he was found out of being actually kidnapped instead of traveling through the states. He was positive everyone believed his story. Yeah, his dad was a little-or much, depends on how you look at it-suspicious about the whole thing. But that was dad, it was his job to be suspicious about what his son's up to. Especially if that son was Stiles.

But Parish was different. He was suddenly looking his way as if he didn't approve of him or something. Stiles ignored it most of the time. It was not that hard because they didn't meet each other often. Just when he was on patrol with his dad or when Stiles dropped by the station and he happened to be there.

Stiles was prepared to ignore it for the rest of the eternity, but Parish apparently couldn't. After so many disapproving looks and annoyed huffs trying to convey something via telepathy, he finally lost it.

Once Stiles came to the station to deliver healthy lunch full of vegetable to his dad, he was waiting for him by the door.

"Stiles," he called out when Stiles emerged from sheriff's office. Stiles raises an eyebrow inquiringly upon reaching him.

"Can I talk to you for a second?"

"Sure," Stiles nodded. Maybe he'll finally find out what's all this about. "What's up?"

"Not here," Parish glanced at the other deputies uncomfortably and led him out of the building to the parking lot full of police cruisers. Stiles internally frowned. If Parish didn't want to discuss it in front of the other police officers, he probably wouldn't like what he had to say.

"Stiles, I know," he gave him a look. Stiles' heart begin to beat really quickly. He tried not to let it show. He couldn't know. No one knew. He licked his lips.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't play dumb, ok?" Parish looked away angrily. Stiles clenched his fists and then forced himself to relax.

"I have no idea what's this about," he said through gritted teeth. Parish just looked at him with apparent disdain.

"I saw you," he spat out. "With that man, in a car. Stiles, you can't do this. It's not right, it's against the law, it's…wrong."

Parish was all tense, but Stiles didn't notice. He was too busy hyperventilating. Parish found out. He found out about Derek. He saw them kissing. Parish stepped back and Stiles blinked, he didn't realize he was standing so close.

"Stiles?" He heard his suddenly worried voice. "Stiles, are you ok?"

Stiles couldn't speak, he just nodded. He needed to focus. Focus on Derek. He found him. The presence of him in their bond. He could pinpoint his direction from where he was standing next to Parish and it calmed him down. He took a deep breath and looked at the deputy who seemed to relax when he found out Stiles is breathing normally again. Parish stepped back and Stiles blinked, he didn't realize he was standing so close.

"It's not what it looks like," he said and at the first second Parish was just staring blankly at him,
then he glared.

"Yeah, I heard that one before," he said.

"It really isn't," Stiles insisted. "I mean, yes, it is, but it's not what you think-"

"It is what it is, kid, and that guy is overstepping," he spat out. "It's a statutory rape and if he doesn't understand the concept, I will explain it to him." He turned away and Stiles was genuinely freaked out.

"No!" He grabbed him by the arm. "No, please don't."

Parish looked at him a tried to get rid of him, but Stiles held on. Stiles' brain went on overdrive. How is he supposed to explain to Parish that even though Derek kind of committed a crime by fucking him before his eighteenth birthday, they are practically married now? That they are bonded by magic, by blood, by soul, by their very being and it cannot be broken?

Oh God, he didn't know what to do. They came so far now. Almost everyone from the pack is in town, can go to school and they are starting to adjust to normal life. If Derek was accused of something, that would be bad. Especially if it was this, Stiles couldn't let it happen. Derek in jail was unthinkable, Derek on the run- well, Stiles could hide them both again in the forest with his magic, but he didn't want to. It would be a step back after all they went through.

He will not let that happen.

"Don't tell them," he said refusing to let go.

"Stiles, I have to," Parish was frowning. "At least, let the sheriff decide."

Stiles’ face blanched. His dad finding out won't be pretty, even less so if he finds out like this. Stiles could totally see him marching to the preserve to arrest Derek and grounding Stiles for life.

"No," he wouldn't realize he said it out loud, if Parish hadn't sighed.

"At least, let me talk to him first," Stiles tried to seem innocent and vulnerable, playing for time. Well, it didn't work so well with Parish as it would with Derek, obviously, but he could feel the deputy crumbling under the pressure. Stiles was sheriff’s precious son after all, and he was not above using that to his advantage under the circumstances.

"Ok," Parish grumbled. "But if you don't tell him soon, I'll have to, Stiles."

Stiles swallowed and nodded. Parish turned away from him with an angry huff and disappeared inside.

"Fuck," Stiles mumbled under the breath and turned to walk away. He needed to talk to Derek. To prepare him for the huge clusterfuck heading their way. Telling his dad was the last thing he wanted. He never really thought he'd have to do it eventually, as shitty as it sounded. He vaguely imagined he'd let him know about Derek situation like when he graduates from college, when they'd have the wedding day set in stone already or when they'd have their first kid or something.

The last few thoughts gave him a literal pause in his quick stride down the street. He realized he wanted it. All of it. Marrying Derek, having children with him and all that domestic bliss people usually started to think about when they were like thirty, not when they were in fucking high school! Stile ran a hand through his hair. Is this the effect of the mating bite? Is it like normal? Or is he knocked on the head?
Something's seriously wrong with him, if he cannot muster even a sliver of self-hate at that.

Yeah, he definitely needs to see Derek pronto.

***

Stiles borrowed the car again from Jackson. He needed to get his own, preferably jeep, otherwise he may never live Jackson's smug attitude down. Like seriously. The guy acted as if by borrowing his car, Stiles is signing some devil's contract or something. He'd make such a good lawyer, Stiles thought grudgingly and turned the wheel to slip off the regular highway and into the forest. Well, Stiles is a spark, so if Jackson wants to fuck with him he's in for a great surprise.

He rounded the trees and got out to walk the rest of the way to the house. Derek must have smelled him the moment he passed the barrier, because he was already waiting on the porch. Seeing him there in all his sexy glory made Stiles loose the thread of all the previous thinking he'd done.

"I want your children," he said breathlessly. Then pressed his hand to his mouth in horror of what it just said. Derek looked kind of shellshocked. But then to Stiles utter shock and disbelief, his lips curled up in tempting smile.

"Let's work on it," his eyes flashed red.

That made Stiles drop his hand and gape at him.

"Seriously? That's all you had to say?" He continued to gape at him as Derek walked down the stairs to come closer. His heartbeat got louder the closer he was.

"You started it," said Derek and reached out to caress his hip. Stiles sucked in a breath.

"You know I'm a guy, though?" He frowned trying to quell down the arousal. This was not what he came here to discuss, not at all!

"Stiles," Derek was smirking. "I'm well aware," he came even closer and cupped his hardening dick through his jeans. Stiles whimpered.

"And you know," he squeaked. "Guys can't give birth, right?"

Derek laughed. Then bent down and kissed him. All Stiles planned to talk about in here was out of his mind in a second. His hands latched on Derek pressing himself closer to his muscular body. Derek groaned and Stiles felt his feet leaving the ground as he carried him inside the house. God, how he wanted him to fuck him already. All this talk about family made him just hornier.

Some time later, they were laying in Derek's bed covered in cum and after-sex haze.

Stiles tried to muster the strength to talk. It took him a few minutes, which is saying something, while Derek lazily massaged his cum into his stomach.

"Dude, you realize your eyes are still glowing red?" he asked breathlessly. These eyes were doing it for him, like turning him so much on. If Derek doesn't stop soon, Stiles'll be ready for round two. Or three or four or whatever.

Derek blinked, taken aback, then his eyes returned to their beautiful shade of green-blue with hazel speckles. He grunted embarrassed, which told Stiles volumes about not being the only one effected by kids talk. He smirked.
Then he remembered why he showed up in the first place.

"This is not what I came to talk about," he cried out staring at the ceiling. Annoyed with himself for getting so easily distracted. Damn Derek and his awesome muscles.

Derek furrowed his eyebrows when he smelled the emotion in Stiles scent.

"Parish knows. He saw us." By the blank stare he was receiving he knew Derek had no idea how bad this was.

"He's one of the deputies serving with my dad. My dad, the sheriff," his voice was kind of high pitched by the end. "He saw us kissing, Derek. When you drove me back the other day."

"Does he know about…" Derek trailed of.

"Nope, he has no idea about all this werewolf stuff - I think."

"Then, what-" Stiles rounded on him with wide eyes.

"Don't you get it? He knows!" His pulse started to get frantic. "It's not about the werewolf or supernatural. It's about this," he waved a hand between the two of their very naked bodies. "It's, uh …statutory rape, Derek." God, he was so uncomfortable saying that. He never knew this would one day be a real concern for him. Fuck.

Derek's brow furrowed.

"It's not rape," he said pressing his lips together angrily. Flashes of Kate and everything burned through his head.

Stiles' eyes widened.

"No! Of course not," he was on him in seconds, pressing his naked flesh to his- thinking that this would prove faster than any words what exactly does he feel about this, them. And Derek felt himself soothed almost immediately. That's the effect Stiles' touch had on him. He breathed in Stiles' enticing smell, burrowed the nose in his messy hair and wrapped an arm around his waist.

Stiles waited until he was sure Derek understands that they were ok. That this between them had nothing to do with what Kate did. They were mates, for fuck's sake. At least Derek's wolf was completely content like this, even if his human side was freaking out a little.

"You are my mate, remember?" he said quietly. Derek's chest huffed under him making him smile. "We would always be together," he continued just to get the point across. "It wouldn't matter when we met or how," he swallowed. "I would always want you. I would always be with you and, and...nothing could change that."

He was so certain like never. His arm around Derek tightened.

"Mine," Derek breathed out and finally let himself relax. Tension left Stiles' shoulders at that and he curled up to him more comfortably.

After a few seconds of silence, just letting their contentment soak in, he spoke again.

"So, as I was saying...human law enforcement is onto us." He didn't understand what is this sudden constriction of Derek's chest until he looked up and found him stifling his laugh.

"That's not funny," he complained.
"You sound like a bad action movie," Derek informed him.

"Ha ha," Stiles glared at him and then laid his face back on his chest. He sighed. He was so tempted to just stay behind the barrier forever. Or until he's eighteen. But, he couldn't do it to his dad. Not again.

He didn't realize how bad it made him feel until he felt Derek's palm caressing his back soothingly.

"I don't want to hide," he whispered. Derek was silent.

"You don't need to," he said eventually. "We will make it work."

"But they may arrest you," he said and pinched his brow.

"I would love to see them try," he snorted. "Werewolf, remember?" He tilted his chin to make him look up. Stiles was still not convinced though, and it made Derek's wolf twitchy. His mate was worried and he didn't like it.

"So, they wouldn't like stop you? Put you in jail? Or anything?" He asked. Derek shook his head.

"No. Not if I don't let them. They could, if they'd have some hunters help, but I don't think anyone would step up for it."

Stiles could guess as much. Hunters liked to take care of the supernatural themselves and classic law enforcement would simply cause problems. One way or the other.

Stiles nodded and some of his worry dissipated. It was a little concerning that the human police could do nothing to stop a werewolf and that even hunters wouldn't lend them a hand - well, they would probably try to kill said werewolf without attempting to question or arrest him in the first place - but this was Derek. And Stiles would do anything to keep him safe. Anything.

But still, he hoped for some future where his father would be ok with them being together. And that can't happen, if they never tell him. He released a long sigh.

"Stiles?" He felt Derek's lips by his temple.

"We have to tell him," he said. He didn't want to do it, but he had to. He owed his dad as much. Depending on how he takes it, he'll decide what to do next. He pressed his body closer to Derek and hid his face on his neck.

"As you wish," Derek said silently, strength radiating from his whole presence. He was prepared to do whatever Stiles wanted. As long as he was by his side, nothing else mattered. So he'll gladly take on sheriff's wrath if it will come to that.

***

Scott showed up later in the afternoon. Although he was bonded to Allison and a new inner strength radiated from his eyes, the skin around his mouth showed tense lines and Stiles immediately knew what that's about.

Despite having Allison, his mate, Scott's wolf needed to spent time with the pack to feel alright. Wolves were companions, living in a pack and they needed others to function properly. But with a little bit of bad blood between him and Derek, because Scott bonded a hunter, he was showing up at the pack house only occasionally. And it took it's toll. That and the thing that everyone else was
spending more time in town, together in the open, but him.

"Hey buddy," Stiles walked over and patted him on the back. Scott leaned into him gratefully his wolf recognizing him not only as his best friend, but also as the alpha mate and pack. He seriously needed friendship recharge. That's why Derek's jealous growl was totally uncalled for. Stiles communicated as much by a glare over his shoulder.

"Derek," Scott's shoulders tensed at the greeting. Derek crossed his arms but still walked over to give him manly hug.

"Scott," he said when he pulled away. Scott looked brighter after the contact. How long was he away from everyone exactly? Stiles frowned.

"How's Allison?" Stiles asked and the way how Derek didn't leave the room or growled or anything, really signaled that he's finally getting over it. Stiles counted that as a win.

"Oh, she's great," Scott answered with dimples appearing the moment somebody mentioned her name. His grin brightened the whole room and he launched into the long speech about her awesomeness, beauty, goodness and everything getting more exited by the minute.

"Good for you buddy," Stiles laughed. Derek rolled his eyes, but there was a twinkle in them that wasn't present before. Even Scott must have noticed- as much as he was able to notice anything else when it came to Allison- because he gave him a huge grin.

After a while Stiles had to stop Scott's rumble though. There were things they needed to discuss. Stiles already asked Derek about it and he agreed.

"So Scotty," he turned to him seriously. "It's about time you came back."

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They were both watching as Scott disappeared in between the darkening trees. He was going to let Allison know the news. Stiles was super twitchy about the whole thing, though. He wrapped a left arm around Derek's waist just to feel more grounded and sighed.

"You ok?" Derek asked. "Lately, you sigh a lot."

"Yeah, I'm fine," Stiles sighed again. "It's just all of this crazy shit happening at once, well I shouldn't be surprised about that, but…there's pressure, yeah? When people find out Scott's not really dead it's gonna be crazy. Plus, not mentioning that I need to pretend in front of my dad not to know about it. And not just in front of my dad - in front of everyone!!"

He was getting restless again so Derek sneaked a palm up to his neck to rub him there. It helped, but just a little. Usually, it just made him horny. Maybe that's what Derek was aiming for- to get him horny enough, that he'll forget about all his problems. Uh-huh. Maybe he should help him with that.

No, no, no. He can't just dump all of his worries and have a mindless sex. No he will not be that man. Or maybe he will, but later.

"I have to go back soon," Stiles said reluctantly. Despite his words though, he latched on Derek more tightly.

Derek huffed. It was hard on him lately. With everyone going to town so often, the house was a little bit empty. Of course, he didn't like it very much, and his alpha tendency liked it even less.
Erica and Boyd kind of moved in back with their parents after they started attending classes. Although Boyd didn't spend much time there anyway. But with others going to school now, it was different. The only ones who still spend the night were Isaac and Liam.

"I'll drive you," said Derek and nudged closer.

"Yeah, thanks," Stiles turned to press a kiss on his neck. Derek tightened his grip and Stiles elicited a content sigh in return. He liked his hands on him. He would never have believed how much he'd come to like it when he first met him from behind the bars in his basement. It really was unbelievable. Before he could give into the temptation of staying over- his dad would kill him if he knew- Stiles forced himself to pull away.

"Let's go," he took Derek's hand and pulled him after him. He didn't notice how Derek's eyes twinkled when he did that.

When they finally got to the car, Derek raised an eyebrow.

"Jackson's car again?"

"Yeah," Stiles opened the door. "You crashed my jeep, remember?"

He didn't miss how Derek's shoulders tensed at the remainder, but Stiles was kind of starting to remember that gruesome memory fondly. Yeah, something's definitely wrong with him. Thinking that his future boyfriend deliberately making him crash his car was an exiting start of relationship was definitely nuts. Well, it was not deliberate per se - just Derek's wolf getting too excited to come across his mate's undiluted smell. Yeah, he didn't care. He had Derek and that was all that really mattered.

Derek finally got into the car and pulled away.

"At least you can return the car once you drop me off, Der," he smirked at him.

"I'm not your driver," Derek growled.

"No, but you are my lover, mate," Stiles said and that was it. Derek would gladly return the car, even if he's gonna have to listen to Jackson whining about it for a few minutes.

"I will buy you a new one," he said to Stiles. That would solve all these problems. Stiles would have a car, so he could come up to preserve whenever he wanted without asking pack to let him borrow one. And then Derek wouldn't need to return said car to anyone and he could just sneak directly into his mate's room and have him only for himself. Without any detour. Yeah, that would solve everything. He didn't notice the dead silence which prevailed at the passenger seat, while he was thinking. But it seemed strange for his mate to be quiet that long, so he glanced at Stiles finding huge eyes staring back at him.

"You'd buy me a car?" Stiles whispered as if it was some huge crazy thing. Derek frowned. It's normal to provide for one's mate, isn't it?

"You'd buy me a car," this time it sounded less like a question and more like a shocked statement.

"You'd totally buy me a car!" He repeated again with bewildered excitement bubbling inside, his heart beating much faster than before. Derek got worried, his brow furrowing. Maybe he should pull over?

"You're buying me a car!" Stiles' excited shout was all he got as a warning before his mate lunged
at him to kiss him on the mouth, pressing himself against Derek's side. Derek had to forcefully push him away.

"Stiles, I'm driving," he snarled, but Stiles didn't listen. He was giddy with joy and his smell was very happy. Derek liked it. Thankfully, he didn't attempt to smother him with his happiness while on the road anymore. He just bounced on his seat and Derek couldn't help it, the corner of his mouth pulled up in a smile. He liked that he made his mate happy.

"I still can't believe it," said Stiles once Derek pulled up a few streets away from his house as usual. He kissed him again, this time more dirtier. If Derek knew what would happen once he promised to do what he planned for a while anyway, he'd tell him sooner.

"I know I shouldn't be doing this," Stiles managed to say during his kisses. "Parish may be spying at us from somewhere…but, you are awesome!"

"Stiles, it's just a car," Derek said smiling into his mouth.

"It's more than that," Stiles said. "It's a gesture what counts. And-"

"It's not going to be a sports car," Derek felt obliged to tell him. "Not anything expensive."

Stiles pouted. But still kept kissing him, moving to his neck now and Derek groaned. If he won't stop soon, he's going to have to take him in the car. Jackson wouldn't be happy. The thought made him want to do it even more.

"God knows, you'd just smash it again," he said and Stiles bit him in reprimand. Derek just laughed.

"You're the one who makes me crush into stuff," he complained. "I have to say I loved that jeep."

"Now, you love me," said Derek.

"Uh, not the point, but true," Stiles kissed him playfully and he smiled when he saw the suppressed heat in Derek's eyes.

"Now I really have to get back," he pulled away attempting to get off his lap, but Derek's fingers held him in place.

"Der," he smiled and caressed his jaw. "Come to my room later...after you return this baby."

Derek huffed, gave him one last filthy kiss which left Stiles panting and glaring at him and just after that did he allow him to get off his lap.

Stiles caressed his cheek and stepped out reluctantly, leaning down at the last second to kiss him through the rolled down window, then he stepped back and watched as his mate pulled away. He's so going to get back at him for making him too excited to be able to walk normally today. He huffed and turned away to get back to his house.

He was so lost in thoughts about Derek, about Scott and his upcoming return and all that shit which is coming down that he jumped in surprise when he was suddenly faced with a deputy uniform.

"Stiles," stern voice called his name and he reluctantly looked up into Parish's face.

"Dude, you scared me," he said and moved slightly aside to continue walking. Oh great, Parish was really spying on them. And they didn't even notice!
"What were you thinking," Parish sided with him, so any hope Stiles had they'd just ignore each other vanished into the oblivion. "I can't believe after what we have talked about, you just-

Stiles was so not in the mood for this.

"Listen, I have stuff to do, ok?" he glared at him.

"What, like telling the sheriff that that man is bad news?"

Stiles frowned at him stopping in his tracks.

"Derek's not bad news," he said, then added: "He's good news, actually! Not that you'd understand," he ignored the disdainful way Parish snorted.

"He is a good guy. Not dangerous at all," he continued to defend him while wincing a little internally. Yeah, Derek was, in fact, dangerous, but not in the way Parish instigated.

"So, Derek is his name," Parish looked behind him as if he could catch the sight of him somewhere. And Stiles winced again, this time for real, he didn't mean to tell him the name.

"Let me find out what we have about this Derek in our files," Parish was saying. And Stiles had just seriously enough.

"Ok, I'm done. I don't care about this bullshit," he glared at him, Parish returned the frown.

"Stiles, if you don't tell-"

"Okay, okay!" His voice was louder than intended and Parish's frown deepened. Before he could say anything though, Stiles spoke quickly:

"I'll talk to him, yeah? I'll do it and then we'll deal with it,... somehow." He looked away. After a few seconds he heard Parish sigh, not really satisfied.

"Okay, I'll believe you, Stiles," he said making Stiles look up at him. His face was closed of, though, and didn't look like he was believing him at all.

"But this is your last chance," Parish crossed his arms. "If I catch you just one more time, I'm going to talk to your dad."

Stiles gulped, angrily watching as Parish showed him his back and walked away.

"Fuck," he muttered.

Yeah, he needed to tell his dad. But he kind of didn't anticipate having to tell him so soon. With Parish on the watch, it would definitely need to happen sooner rather than later. The last thing Stiles wanted was for his dad to hear about his son's relationship from somebody else. Even more when it was a little bit…inappropriate.

***

The whole day Scott was to return practically from the dead, Stiles felt unbelievably tense. He couldn't help it. Even having Derek over the night before, didn't manage to calm him down enough.
"There's going to be some test at school today?" Dad asked over the morning coffee. Stiles blinked at him.

"What? What test?"

Sheriff lowered his cup.

"So, not a test, I see."

"Nope, at least not that I know. Maybe they'll give us a pop up quiz or something, but I'm not sure. How can I even be given that it's the pop up quiz, yeah? Who knows what Harris is planning anyway. The guy still doesn't like me, even after I had to practically escape from them, don't get what's his problem, but after graduation we're so done, I think-

"Stiles," dad stopped his rumbling but not with the usual fond exasperation. This time it had the edge, which was becoming uncomfortably familiar.

"Escaped from who?" He was searching his face for something. Meanwhile, Stiles' brain started to scream in horror of his unbelievable slip up.

"What?" He managed to say, kind of floundering to get more pancakes in his mouth to shut it for good. Which was a bad move, 'cause dad narrowed his eyes.

"What I meant by that, uh, I don't know…you know, how I rumble on sometimes? Or a lot of times, even? Sometimes, I've no idea what I'm actually saying," he faked a laugh. But his dad didn't buy that either.

"What I meant, I think, was the.. the life on the road. Yeah! It sucks I tell you. All that driving, all the time? Not my style, yeah? The dirty roads, no showers for days, not to add there's no Starbucks in any rest stop, at least the ones I went through..." he continued to rumble on and on, until his dad sighed and lowered his back back on the chair.

That was a close one. Stiles could tell, though, that his dad is more suspicious than ever. Maybe their daily life was lulling his dad into false confidence that everything was back to how it was, before, but there was still this underhanded suspicion lurking behind the drapes that kept him on the edge. The edge which was now hardened by Stiles' stupid slip up. He had to be more careful. If dad finds out ever that he was held a hostage, the information about a relationship with an older guy-Derek- would do almost nothing on the rage scale compared to that. (Only if dad knew that Stiles' older lover is said kidnapper, which he prayed would never happen). But, if he would find out, who and what Derek exactly is, then Stiles is dead. And Derek is buried ten feet under.

Fuck.

This definitely took his mind of Scott for a few minutes.

Especially when he remembered that at approximately the same time he was speaking to dad, Scott was sneaking back to his mom's to meet her after all this time. It was almost two years now. Stiles' nervousness returned again and made him swallow a little too big gulp of milk. He would need to wait just a little now. It's gonna be all over the news in a few hours, maybe less.

Well, sucked to be Scott today.

***

Stiles went to school as usual, keeping close to the pack. Everyone knew what's going on but no
one spoke about it. The suspense was killing him. He hoped the lie they worked up would be good enough.

The news swarmed through school in the early afternoon. Everyone who had the news notification or liked Beacon Hills Police department on Facebook got the alert of Scott McCall's miraculous return from the dead. Stiles was one of the first people who got the notification- maybe because he rigged his phone a little with Danny's help for these kind of things. He fished out his phone at the soft beep, already ready for what he's gonna see. The screen came to life showing him Scott's blurry photo from when he looked out of the window probably trying to shoo the reporters away.

He turned the phone over and showed the gang.

"That seriously sucks," said Jackson frowning at the screen. Lydia rubbed his arm emphatically. Sure, he'd know. He was on the receiving end of this bullshit just a year ago.

"You think it's safe?" Worried Allison, who was standing together in the hall with them, clutching her closed coffee -or whatever she put in there- mug to her chest. "He's…you know what. Wouldn't the flashes kinda spook him, like make him feel upset inside or…” she trailed of unable to explain her worry. Stiles gave her a sympathetic look. She was probably very skilled at hurting werewolves, but not at caring for them. It must be super confusing. She was on the other side of this conflict for so long that, still, the notion of protecting a werewolf was a little foreign to her. But he was her mate, so she cared. Obviously.

Erica was already at the edge, so it was no wonder she snapped at that.

"As if you didn't kn-" she started to say, but Stiles gave her a look. Interestingly enough, she closed her mouth and looked away leaning into Boyd. Huh. Stiles didn't know what just happened, but ok. They had enough to deal with today without creating problems where there weren't any.

Allison looked at him gratefully. He just shook his head and looked over the brief article, listing all the basic facts and circumstances. They hadn't had the time to write something more story-like yet.

"Lucky, it's not us," declared Isaac softly adjusting his backpack. He didn't noticed how Liam glared at him.

Liam was still officially pronounced dead. Died in the wilderness, body never found, there was even a funeral service. Stiles looked it up. Yeah, when he lets his family know about him, that would be some serious shock. Stiles felt so sorry for him. Because, well, he couldn't leave Beacon Hills, not really. Even if his family on the east coast knew he was alive, fine and okay. Liam was now a part of a werewolf pack and the pack stuck always together. Much more than friends, much more than blood. It was sort of inevitable. Being apart would make the werewolf-even human- feel depressed and withdrawn, deprived of the pack touch. Theoretically, Liam could join the local pack, but there was none in the place were he came from, Stiles checked it.

"I'm going back to the house," said Liam and waved a hand. All of them kept watching until he disappeared in the crowd. He couldn't hide how bad it effected him from them.

"He'll get over it," said Isaac, little unsure. Stiles bit his lip.

"Guys, we'll scram," announced Jackson and tugged Lydia to follow him. "There's a lot of reapararizations in quite the limited space of time, and it's putting my folks on edge, so.".

"Yeah," Erica crossed her hands under the impressive cleavage. "If they connect the three of you, that's gonna be the circus." She looked from Jackson to Stiles and back again.
Jackson just graced them with shallow salute and pulled Lydia away the other way. Probably to effectively use the time they had before his parents start to grill him with fresh set of annoying questions.

Stiles curled up a lip involuntarily and dipped his chin.

"Don't forget to look surprised," Isaac added to him.

"You don't have to remind me," he replied.

"I'm gonna head home to await the news," he gave them a tense shoulder shrug and prepared for the long and angsty walk home. Stiles heard Erica's loud "Good luck!" and he took a deep breath. Convincing his dad that he had not the slightest idea about this was gonna be hell.

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Stiles was tense the whole time he was waiting for sheriff. He didn't know what to do with himself so he played The Call of Duty, Scott's and his favorite game once upon a time. But of course, that didn't help his anxiety. At all.

He contemplated giving up and go over to Scott's to get it over with. But he didn't want to play out his reunion scene in front of any cameras or curious reporters. No thanks, convincing his dad was more than enough.

He was restless so he started texting Derek. Derek, who've gotten phone just recently, said it was only for the sake of the pack, but something told Stiles that he was the main reason for such a technological advancement on his part. He grinned.

STILES: Derek?

DEREK: What?

Stiles chuckled, before typing up a response.

STILES: Im boooored, Entertain mee

DEREK: Stiles.

STILES: What? :) ;) 

DEREK: Stop it.

STLES: Stop what Der? You know you love me

DEREK: hmsgd

Yes.

Stiles heart skipped a beat reading the last word.

That's when he heard the front door being open. He bit his lip and hastily typed:

Gtg, dad's back

Stiles resumed his playing of The Call of duty, but he was more aware of the sounds behind his door than that his avatar was being killed.
After unbelievably long minute, there was a slight knock on his door. Stiles took a deep breath before answering.

"Yeah?" He called out.

His dad opened the door and entered, obviously steeling himself for something.

"Hi dad, what's up?" He asked glancing at him before turning back to the screen. It sounded good, he thought, natural.

"Stiles, uh, I have something to tell you," his dad took a deep breath. Stiles' eyebrows twitched. His dad sounded like he was preparing to announce Scott was gravely injured or something. Sheriff was obviously not handling this so well.

"Yeah?" He encouraged him.

"Could you turn it off for a second?" Sheriff pointed to the computer. Stiles hesitated.

"Yeah, sure," he closed it and turned to him expectantly.

"So, I don't know if you heard..." his dad trailed off. "Well, obviously not, seeing as you are here playing games and not..." he waved his hand vaguely at the door.

"Dad?" Stiles was getting impatient. He wanted to get this over with already.

"Anyway, I have a huge news," he said. "Great news, in fact."

He walked to him and squeezed his shoulder looking him straight in the eye.

"Son, Scott is back." And here it comes.

Stiles kept his features blank. Just for a second. Then he asked in what he hoped was quivering voice:

"What?"

"He came back this morning," his dad huffed. "We still don't know all the details, but he showed up at Melissa's straight after breakfast." Stiles waited for him to continue, to tell him the story which they prepared. His dad hesitated looking at him strangely, but it was gone in a second.

"He said he's got amnesia for the time, he just woke up in the woods and didn't remember who he was. Said he spent some time in traveling circus who was driving around at the time-well, I can say he really looks...different, more fit, I mean, then before," he glanced at him as if worried how Stiles make take it.

"Uh, ok. That's...bizarre," said Stiles and looked away. "So he was there all the time? Dad?"

"Looks like it. He didn't know anyone or anything. Melissa thinks that's why there were no triggers for him to make him remember anything from before."

"But does he remember now? Does he remember us...me?" Stiles couldn't look at his dad anymore. He didn't want to do it at all, all this lying. But he already had to tell dad about his relationship with Derek. If he added to that that he knew where Scott was all this time, by which he'd need to reveal his part of the story, his dad may get a stroke or something.

"Yes," his dad grinned at him, oblivious. "He came back, it's like a miracle. Melissa's beside
herself. Right now, we have some people already tracking this circus, just for paperwork," he added.

Stiles nodded, Derek had it covered. Apparently his late sister was very well connected and there indeed was a shifters only circus, who promised to help. They were shown Scott's pictures and are full on board.

"Really, he was traveling in a circus? That's awesome! Great!" He showed his dad a wide smile. But his dad cocked his head at him.

"I'm surprised you are still here," he said with confused laugh. "Thought you'd be out of here in a heartbeat hearing Scott's name."

Stiles blinked and jumped out of his chair. His dad was right, of course. Stiles who didn't know where Scott had been all this time wouldn't wait for his dad's explanation, he'd run out to confirm it firsthand by himself.

"Yeah, I, uh, I need to see him. Immediately! Yesterday was too late," he said and brushed past his dad to get out, asap.

"Wait, I'll give you a ride!" Sheriff called after him. Stiles winced, he hoped he could get a sec alone. But he had to wait for his dad. Scott's house wasn't so close as if he could just run over there.

The ride was a little bit tense. Stiles wanted to bummer his dad with questions, like he'd usually do, but he couldn't think up any. At all! His mind was totally blank. The only possible things which came to his mind were dangerous bits, which could make him slip up, so he rather kept his mouth shut. He felt sheriff looking at him from time to time, but he pretended not to notice.

When they finally got to the McCall's, he launched from the car just to get away.

"Scott!" he called for good measure. He noticed some news vans nearby, but deputies managed to keep them at some distance.

Scott opened the door with a huge grin on his face. Of course, being able to see his mom again was a huge thing. Stiles knew it was. He launched at him, giving him a strong hug. This wasn't any acting, he was happy for his best friend and Scott was overjoyed he could live normally again. Like hugging Stiles in public.

Scott quickly pulled him inside, getting them out of the faces of journalists and Stiles heard sheriff shutting the door firmly behind them. Then before Stiles could blink, Scott pushed him off quickly and stepped away. Stiles cocked his head at him, but Scott just looked away and blushed slightly. That's when Stiles finally got it. He almost forgot himself and snorted. That weird werewolves-mates-territory-thing. Apparently Derek, Scott's alpha would not be happy catching too much of his smell on Stiles. Maybe Allison-if she was a werewolf too-wouldn't be happy about it either.

He shook his head at Scott and noticed for the first time they had an audience. Both sheriff and Melissa were standing side by side watching them. Melissa's eyes were still red from crying and she never took her gaze of her son, but sheriff was looking at Stiles, his eyes slightly narrowed. Stiles quickly broke eye contact and looked back to Scott.

"Where have you been, man? I tried to find you, I was searching for ...very long," he said and completely turned away so his dad couldn't see his face. Scott could guess-surprise, surprise- he's in trouble and glanced back at sheriff over his shoulder. Stiles would be happier if he didn't.
"I...I don't know," Scott said and it sounded true. "I must have bumped my head on something and..." He continued his rehearsed story, Stiles nodding along.

Melissa called them to have a seat in the living room and brought some drinks, she busied herself in the kitchen in an attempt to give them some space. After all, they were best friends who haven't seen each other for almost two years. Sheriff went over to help her, but before she pushed him back out, Scott and Stiles had only a brief time to shrug and attempt to communicate something other than lies.

The whole reunion went quite well in Stiles opinion. Just a little bit stiff, as one could expect from two people who supposedly haven't seen each other for a very long time. Right.

When they were finally leaving, Stiles gave Scott a hug again. He was really glad he's back in town, among people, having a chance to live normally as he deserved.

"See you at school?" He asked, probably first genuine question for today.

"Uh, I don't know," Scott glanced back at his mom. "Maybe."

Stiles nodded. He guessed they would need the time to adjust, to enjoy that they are together again.

"Ok, just, stay in touch," he patted his shoulder and turned to leave.

"Sure, man," Scott grinned.

Stiles walked back to the police cruiser with a smile on his face. His dad was already waiting and he was glad to see that most of the journalists already left for their hotels for the night.

When he got back to his room he texted Derek: 

<All good.>

***

Everything was working out. Everyone was back at the civilization and could walk on the streets without fearing being recognized or asked uncomfortable questions. Derek could normally walk up to Stiles and nobody thought anything weird (besides Parish). No one in the town really remembered the Hales. Only Liam was still a little upset. They still couldn't find a safe way for him to contact his family. But Stiles was certain they will make it happen. If not now, definitely in a few months. Or weeks, he didn't know. But he was working on it.

If it wasn't for the undercurrent of tension and suspicion Stiles felt whether he and Scott found themselves in his dad's company, he may have believed everything would work out this way. Naturally, smoothly into normal life. Without anyone ever discovering their secrets.

The nights helped. He didn't realize how much his want for Derek changed to the need, until Derek couldn't find the time to come to him for two days in a row. Granted, Derek was busy with remodeling the pack house, but still, Stiles was growing quite...restless. He was trying not to be needy, but apparently he lost that ability when he accepted the mating bite. That's probably why he was texting Derek to come see him asap, otherwise, he may show up there (despite being officially grounded) and throw himself at him, damn the consequences. Derek didn't need to be told twice. He showed up some 15 minutes after the text, to fuck the living daylights out of him, thanks god. That was what Stiles needed. And he knew, that Derek too. One couldn't function well without the other for too long anyway.

Scott has become a sensation in local news, much more than Stiles who was missing just a few
months short of the year. Scott's got more crazy story after all- amnesia plus traveling with circus. Yeah, right. People begged him to perform some tricks much to his utter annoyance. The excitement around him was dying out super slowly, if at all. It was much more difficult for him to see Allison now, even when she "officially" became his girlfriend practically overnight.

Stiles snorted and continued typing in his computer. It was already 8 p.m. and he needed to finish this assignment. He'll probably have to work on it until eleven, because Harris was feeling particularly vicious. Something tugged at the corner of his mind at that moment and he smiled when he recognized that it's Derek, coming closer. He stood up and opened the window before Derek could reach it.

In a few seconds, Derek drawn himself smoothly up through the window into Stiles' room. Without making any sound. Stiles almost didn't wait for him to straighten up before throwing himself at him. He kissed him hard, pressing his Derek-deprived body close and was rewarded by Derek's suppressed groan.

"Stiles," he mumbled getting busy immediately kissing his neck. Stiles ran his hands down his chest to find his way under his tee. He seriously needed this. His body sang to him and his touch elated him. It was the best feeling ever, nothing could compare.

They were so captured by each other and by their need, that they didn't hear anything until it was too late. All Derek's werewolf senses were focused on was Stiles. Stiles, his mate. Sheriff was in the house often enough when they were hooking up, so he didn't pay him particular attention anymore. Definitely not today. That's why he didn't notice his approaching footsteps.

The door to Stiles' room opened. They both whirled around to see sheriff, hand still on the handle and mouth open as if he was about to say something. His stunned expression was there only for a few seconds until Stiles managed to get a hold of himself and push Derek away quickly.

"Uh, hi dad," he blanched. That was the worst coming out he imagined. His heart started to beat rapidly and he could feel the cold sweat on his lower back. Derek looked at him worriedly and made a movement as if he may reach for him again.

His dad closed his mouth and then opened it again. Eyes moving between Derek and Stiles and back again.

"Dad-" he started. Stiles didn't want him to hate him, he was so afraid what he'd do now.

"Son," sheriff cleared his throat and frowned. Stiles flinched then forced himself to straighten his back. Sheriff seemed to notice Stiles' odd reaction for the first time. He turned his complete attention to Stiles now.

"Son," he repeated, hating how tense Stiles looked (not to add how he hated the tension of the unknown guy in return and what that instigated).

"I assure you that I'm completely okay with your…preference," he huffed. "If it makes you feel better, I think I knew for a while now. Or suspected."

"You knew?!" Stiles exclaimed forgetting his different-reasons-freak out for a sec.

"Yes," his dad gave him a stern eye. "I'm not blind, son."

"Uh," Stiles' cheeks reddened and he glanced at Derek who huffed at him. For sheriff, it was very disconcerting seeing that his son immediately interpreted that reaction as if it was having some clear and obvious meaning, and immediately relaxed. It spoke volumes. He frowned at the stranger
in his house.

"Stiles, care to explain to me, who exactly is this guy?"

Stiles immediately tensed again. He was at loss of words. It happened often lately. Sheriff could pinpoint the time frame for the occurrence straight to his son's return from wherever he'd been, or claimed to be, at least.

When Stiles didn't manage to utter a word, because something apparently stuck in his throat, Derek extended his hand:

"Derek Hale, sir."

Sheriff didn't take it.

"Hale? The just-out-of-the-town Hales?" He crossed his arms and adopted the army stance. Derek nodded. He moved closer to Stiles and his son navigated to him unconsciously in return. Sheriff narrowed his eyes. He didn't like this one bit.

"If I remember correctly, you had a house in the preserve," Derek nodded slowly. "But there's… nothing there now."

Sheriff felt a spike of pity for the man when he remembered the events. The house was burned down years ago and the place was completely overtaken by the woods after the last remaining Hales left. He guessed Derek Hale had to move back back to town recently, as he could judge from his apparent relation to his underaged son.

"Explain to me what's going on," he turned to Stiles. "And careful with what you say," he added a warning.

"Uh, dad, this is, this is Derek," he pointed at him awkwardly. "And, uh, we-" Stiles couldn't tell his father he's mated to Derek. No fucking way is he going to open that particular can of worms.

"Uh, he, he's my boyfriend," he blurted out so fast, sheriff almost didn't catch that.

"What." Sheriff barked out when he replayed Stiles' words more slowly and expressively in his head. He looked Derek over once again. He noted his stubble, his build and he knew exactly how old he was.

"No fucking way," he said and didn't care about his son flinching and Derek hardening his jaw.

"I have no problem with you being gay, son, you have all my support in that area. But. I'm not gonna stand by as you two are breaking the law right in front of my eyes." He took a breath. Stiles was his only son who didn't know better, and John wasn't going to let him be manipulated into some sort of "adult" relationship he was not ready for.

Stiles blinked. Then he looked at Derek who was fixing sheriff with angry stare.

"Dad, no. Listen-"

"I'm done listening," he hardened his jaw. When Stiles wanted to talk over him, he stopped him with a glare:

"You are not telling me anything anyway, are you?"

Stiles froze. Then he looked away and sheriff nodded to himself.
"You're sneaking around- yeah, I noticed. I'm not blind, you know," he glared at Derek before returning to Stiles again. "I know you didn't tell me everything," he fixed him with a stare. "And I'm starting to doubt whether the little bit you did, was even the truth. Any of it. And now, I find out you are sneaking around with an adult," he glared at Derek. "Do you realize, that by supporting this relationship with my underaged son, you are breaking the-"

"Dad, I'm sorry-" But his dad was ignoring him. He was staring at Derek.

"-law! If I ever see you near my son again, we'll have a chat about it. Maybe from the other side of the bars. Now, out." He pointed at the door.

Derek couldn't care less what sheriff had to say. He glared at him silently and looked at Stiles. Waiting for his mate's response. If he would give him just slightest indication, he'd grab him and they'd be out of here in a heartbeat. He knew Stiles could take care of himself, he could probably lift this house up with his magic if he really wanted to, but that fact didn't stop Derek from itching just to pick Stiles up and leave.

Stiles kinda shook his head and nodded at the same time, so Derek hardened his jaw. He didn't want to, but if Stiles needed to talk it out with his dad alone, so be it. But before he went, he moved in a flash to press a kiss on his neck. Stiles gasped and his dad shouted in outrage, but Derek was already out of the window by then.

Stiles turned back to his dad, just in time to see him gape at the way of Derek's passage, still frozen pointing to the door.

"Does he do that often?" dad asked him. Stiles shrugged and averted his eyes. Lately, he had troubles looking his dad in the face. Sheriff got the message loud and clear.

"God, Stiles," he sat on the bed loosing the threatening posture as soon as Derek was out of the way. "What were you thinking?"

Stiles hardened his jaw. He wasn't thinking, exactly. But he had to be Derek's. He had to have Derek. It was what it was. They were mates. Even if they could break the bond and return to previous normal life, Stiles would rather die.

"Is that how you're gonna play it?" Stiles found sheriff looking at him. He was thinking so deep that he didn't notice. Sheriff snorted unhappily and stood up again.

"What more should I even expect," with that he walked out of the room shutting the door.

Stiles dropped back into his chair and lowered his face to his palms. What a fucking mess. His dad didn't know what they were to each other. He didn't get that Derek is not someone Stiles can just break up with. Just a thought of not seeing him caused him pain.

It was just a few months until he turns eighteen. But Stiles couldn't handle being apart from Derek until then. No way. He didn't need to memorize every article about mates he came across in his research to realize this. Whenever mates were forced apart, it caused serious distress for them. And even the proximity of another pack members, their comfort, couldn't ease that.

He couldn't stop seeing Derek, even if he wanted to. He sighed and grabbed his phone to text him.

**S:** This is such a fuck up

**D:** Stiles. Are you alright?
S: Yeah
I dunno
You?

D: Whatever.

S: Sourwolf :)

D: Stop it.

He said, but Stiles could practically feel his chuckle. God, he was in so deep.

S: I want you

D: Stiles.

But he knew sneaking out to meet Derek would strain his father's forgiveness big time, especially today. Fuck. He couldn't restrain himself to at least text:

I'll see you asap. Whn he's calmed down

There was a moment of pause. Then:

Okay.

Stiles breathed out and threw himself on the bed. He was in for a long lonely unsatisfactory night.

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It was just horrible. It was much worse than when his dad thought Stiles and his friends are not exactly telling him something. Now, sheriff had it practically confirmed. And he knew about Derek. About Stiles and Derek and about their relationship to each other! Oh, god, what was his life?

It was hard silence treatment back home. Stiles assumed that dad's tactic was simply trying to tire him down until he couldn't handle the silence anymore and spills everything. The thing was, Stiles couldn't. This was not some stupid secret he was hiding out of the embarrassment. It was essentially a life or death kind of secret. People in the know were automatically closer to danger than they would be staying oblivious.

The last thing Stiles wanted was to bring his dad into it. Especially after what he put him through months before.

That's why they were living next to each other waiting for the other to give in. Both of them refusing to. It was hard. The atmosphere felt so stuffy, that Stiles just couldn't handle it all the time. He needed a break. Obviously, he went to Derek.

These days, he found himself out in the preserve actually more often than before dad discovered them, which kind of sucked for his and dad's relationship. Not that sheriff noticed Stiles' breaking his curfew, him being at the station all the time. But the pack house was the only place he could breath normally, not having to worry about being seen with specific people and not having to care about what he's talking about and who may overhear. Seriously.
That's why he was currently slumped in Derek's garden couch outside on the porch, which he put up there only recently. Stiles suspected it was because he kept showing up and overlooking the pack practice, so he wanted to make him more comfy. Which, getting the garden couch was going a little overboard but what could he say. He loved it.

"Hey, Stiles," hollered Erica jumping out of the Boyd's car when they rolled up.

Derek also made the road up to the house more accessible for vehicles. He said it was just for the convenience, but Stiles knew the real reason. He was so proud of him. Derek wanted the pack, whose member now lived in the town, to visit more often. Making it easier for them. It also meant Derek's letting go of the paranoia, at least a little. It was a start. He needn't worry about unwanted visitors so much, though. The magic around, Stiles' spark and the barrier still worked and if whoever wasn't welcome attempted to wheel in, their car would stop working.

Unexpectedly, Stiles was laughing devilishly for five straight minutes when he added that little charm to the wards a few days ago. He even received a nice fuck as a reward.

"Hey, Erica!" He called out to her waving a hand. "How was the date?"

She turned and winked at Boyd who was getting out of his new car more slowly, probably because of his overwhelming physique and the thing that he was still being careful around his new vehicle, trying not to damage it by his werewolf strength accidentally.

"It was awesome as always," she blew her boyfriend a kiss. "Who else is here?" She asked hopping up the stairs and sitting next to him. Automatically caressing his arm in process. Yeah, pack.

"Isaac and Liam are inside, probably watching tv and Allison dropped by to bring some homemade muffins."

"What?! Homemade muffins?! A call dibs!"

"Too late for that," he called after her, but she was already gone. Boyd was shaking his head in the background. Stiles smiled and lowered himself back on the couch. Allison was already bribing them with food for a few weeks. But it was just lately that she started to come alone without Scott to hover around and glaring at everyone who attempted to come closer to her. Stiles knew it was this that made Derek slowly accept her as Scott's mate. Well, he didn't really have a choice. Even if she'd be actively try to kill all of them aside Scott, it would be Scott's job to reign her in. Luckily he didn't need to. And Derek liked her muffins too, even though he always glared at them before taking one.

Speaking of Derek, the man appeared in between the trees, his body deliciously drenched in the sweat. And he was dragging some tree branches behind. Huge tree branches. With single arm. If Stiles wasn't already long before gone on him, he would be now.

He gave him a huge smile waggling eyebrows suggestively. Derek stopped in his tracks and raised the eyebrows.

Oh, Stiles wanted to climb him like a tree.

But he forced himself not to move from his place. He was enjoying the view for the moment. Besides, he preferred not to do it when they were overheard by roughly six werewolves.

"God, could you two stop eye-fucking each other already?" Jackson's voice resonated annoyingly close. Apparently he just came over and Stiles didn't even notice his shiny sports car, he was that focused on Derek's general hotness.
"I would think, you'd be over that stage by now," said Lydia examining her manicured nails distractedly. Stiles just couldn't let this fly. He raised a mocking eyebrow at her.

"Are you?"

Lydia Martin paused at that. She turned to Jackson, looked him over and then turned back to Stiles, her lip curling up in a sexy smile.

"You're right. How silly of me." Then she turned on her high heel and marched into the house, probably to gossip with Allison.

Stiles turned to Jackson and caught him watching her, the look in his eyes completely familiar to him. It was the same how Derek watched him sometimes.

Stiles didn't know where Lydia's bite was. Wasn't even sure kanima could give a mating bite. All kanima needed was the master, to which he would stay loyal forever. But Stiles had to admit, Jackson was making progress in the assholiness department. Stiles didn't see his other form already for a long time. Who knows, maybe he already transformed into the werewolf and just forgot to tell them, because, he was, well, an asshole.

So anyway, he didn't see a bite on Lydia anywhere. But that didn't mean anything. Lydia wouldn't probably let Jackson place a property-of-Jackson-Whitemore-mark on her for everybody to see. Frankly, Stiles didn't understand this. It was just too hot to let Derek latch onto his neck whenever he wanted, okay?

Luckily, Jackson gravitated after Lydia inside soon after, so Stiles was left alone on fresh forresty air with a super hot alpha. He turned again slowly towards said alpha to watch him approach dragging the branches like a price. When he finally got close, he dropped them at Stiles feet. Practically. Stiles raised the eyebrows again, chuckling.

"Is this some kind of offering?"

"Stiles, of course not," Derek scoffed.

"If it would, I'd bring you a deer." He said flatly, then simply started to break the branches into the smaller pieces to burn later. Stiles stared. Seriously? Did Derek not notice that he treats him like some kind of a medieval princess? Or prince, more appropriately. He let his lips curl up in smirk watching Derek work like that. Arousal slowly increasing in his veins. Before, at the beginning, it would make him uncomfortable and embarrassed. Now, he just enjoyed the building anticipation.

These days, Stiles was content that his dad was working long hours, returning late into the night. The thought made him a little sad. He hated it before…but now, he started to be grateful for it. At least he doesn't know that Stiles wasn't respecting his grounding rules and headed to Derek's immediately after school. He was just being careful to return before his dad was back. He slumped on the couch a little. It sucked, but it was what it was.

The sensation about Scott returning was getting slowly down too. Journalists were stalking him less often after they interviewed a few of his "circus friends". It was better then having them sniffing around. Stiles was taking his magical precautions to stop them from getting too close to the pack house, if they decided to have a stroll in the forrest for example, but who knows if one of them wasn't more on the witchy side of things and could possibly evade them? That kind of person could still write an article about all the kidnappings and disappearances linked to Derek, without mentioning whole werewolf angle. Well, that was highly unlikely, but Stiles was nothing if not meticulous, paranoid or cautious. You take your pick.
At least Scott could now come down here without worrying somebody's following him. He was still coming by foot mostly- it was easier to loose any obstinate reporter or anyone else that way.

Fifteen minutes later, Allison came out to offer them some more muffins.

"You made new?" Stiles exclaimed after grabbing one and feeling how warm it was in his hand.

"Yeah," she smiled. "You guys ate everything super fast."

"Don't look at me," he said stuffing his mouth full of sweet goodness. "Blame the werewolves' metabolism."

Allison laughed.

Truth to be told, she still seemed a little bit weirded out by the situation in which she baked muffins for a whole pack of werewolves. Stiles snorted and let his second one cool up a little before biting it down too. Derek came over and grabbed one with a huff before turning back to work.

Stiles scowled at his back. He could at least utter a simple "thank you". He glanced at Allison apologetically. She just sighed a little and smiled. At least he took a muffin. And from what Stiles could see, he wasn't smelling it to confirm whether it was poisoned or not. Yeah, Derek's and Allison's relationship could use an improvement, but it was getting there. Stiles had no doubt that eventually they would come to be good friends.

The house was improving too. Everything broken after the fighting was repaired and Stiles and Derek moved long ago to Derek's original bedroom. Everyone got their space back and could. They could go to the town whenever they wanted, they could attend the high school and meet other people than just pack. Boyd and Isaac were thinking already about college, discussing potential schools. Erica didn't know if she wanted to continue studying or getting a job instead. Whatever she decides anyway, the pack would support her.

Everything was starting to look great, only the thing between him and his dad was not.

He was getting lost in depressing thoughts again, then he flinched surprised when Derek's huge body dropped next to him. His hand immediately found his tight making him relax, almost instantly.

"Everything alright?" Derek asked. Stiles shook his head. No, not everything was alright.

Derek sighed and leaned back, pulling Stiles to rest on his shoulder. He knew very well what's troubling his mate. He didn't like that Stiles was troubled. His hand reached up to caress the mating bite on his collarbone, eliciting a soft whimper from Stiles' lips.

"It's just that I hate not talking to him," Stiles grumbled when he settled back on Derek's chest and looked over at the trees surrounding them.

"It sucks. It's like having something stuck in my mouth whenever I look at him and it's driving me crazy." That was also one of the other reasons Stiles spent more time here, because he couldn't handle the tense atmosphere of his own house. The thing that he had to still sleep in there, was bad enough already. And he hated that he felt that way too.

Derek pressed his lips together and put a comforting hand around his shoulders.

"Aww, you guys are so cute," Erica's head popped out of the door. Isaac brushed past her to sit on the porch next to the couch. Both of them having at least three muffins on them.
"Where's Liam?" Stiles asked. He haven't seen him for a long time actually.

"Up in his room," Isaac informed him, munching on his muffin.

"Probably sulking," added Erica and Stiles felt Derek's shoulders tense. Liam was quite depressed lately, because of everything. And Stiles knew Derek was worried that he may choose to leave them. Stiles tightened a hand that somehow found itself on Derek's chest. He was already doing things to prevent that. Stiles didn't intend to stop Liam from reaching out to his relatives and friends. Not at all. He was actually actively covertly searching for a safe way to contact them himself. And he hoped that it everything went according to his plan, Liam will stay here, with the pack. But happier.

"Maybe we could have sex," he whined into Derek's ear. Derek's chest rumbled in surprised laughter.

"It would make me feel better," he said. Derek raised an eyebrows at him cocking his head. Stiles pouted. Yeah, he knew they won't have the time to do anything, because his dad's shift was soon ending. And if he showed up with his hair rumpled standing in various ways and his face flushed or bitten lips, his dad would flip and organize a Derek Hale-manhunt. Yeah, he was sure of it.

The time to go came way too soon in Stiles opinion. He forced himself to get in the back of Jackson's car, as last. Everyone else was already in their cars riding out. Nowadays, only Liam and Isaac stayed at the pack house overnight usually.

He waved at Derek who was standing unhappily on the porch with his arms crossed. Everyone could tell that he didn't like this. Having to part with Stiles, even if it was just until tomorrow. Having to pretend they are nothing to each other in front of the humans. Stiles hated it too. At least, he managed to convince Derek not to drive him home himself. Stiles counted that as a bitter victory. Last thing he needed was dad-or one of his deputies- catching them together again. Dad would blow up, if he knew. And he already heard Parish's "Told you so." way too many times already.

It all sucked.

Following days were spent avoiding any resemblance of conversation between Stiles and dad. The tension which hanged in the air was almost too hard on everybody who entered. The worst part was that Stiles' spark started to act out. Things randomly moved, like a cup of tea sliding across table to him without help- when that happened Stiles was so startled he jumped and it smashed-door opening for him or closing in his face and lamps flickering.

When he consulted Deaton about it, he got the thoughtful expression for a full minute.

"I think sparks are more generally influenced by emotions," he said. "Your awakening also happened when you met Derek, your partner for life,"

Stiles got red at that. But it was true, until then he had absolutely no idea about anything. Not the slightest weirdness in his life, ever.

"So if your relations with your father are not...very good, then it's likely there'll be some effects concerning your magic."

"But how can I stop it?" Stiles asked. "It's seriously obvious- last time I had to grab the handle just so the fu-sorry, the door, I meant to say- doesn't swing open for me in front of dad! Not to add the multiple time I had to already launch for things to stop them from, I don't now, flying!"
Stiles was getting seriously worked up. Really, it was harder then ever to pretend that these occurrences are actually not happening.

Deaton observed him thoughtfully.

"Well, the reasons for this state of things are your emotions, if you can change them, than it should stop your spark from reacting out of character or without your specific intent."

Stiles huffed and looked around the vet's office, where they were currently sitting. That was easy to say, but harder to actually do.

"Maybe Derek would help," Deaton added. At Stiles' confused look, he said:

"Mates serve as anchors to each other. Anchoring the other down, keeping them grounded and calm. The more you spend in his company, them more harmonious should your spark feel. So, if you will be with Derek- if you know what I mean, the spark should get easier to manage."

Stiles blushed.

"Uh, ok. Thanks for the advice doc," he hopped out of the chair and headed straight for the door.

"That's exactly what I'm gonna do," he smiled wider and left. As embarrassing as it was to discuss his sex life with Deaton, at least Stiles got some advice. And now, he's got the alpha to ravish. Maybe his dick will heal his spark. Yeah, Stiles liked this advice very much.

He texted Derek to ask if he's coming, which he probably was, anyway, but Stiles liked texting Derek. Derek answered simply yes. Stiles grinned and sped up his walk. He knew Derek wouldn't be there right away. He usually waited for the night to fall. But Stiles' blood brimmed with excitement.

So, when Derek sneaked in through the window, he didn't even wait until he was fully standing in his room. He run towards him and gave him a welcome kiss as soon as his head was in. Derek managed to move his whole body inside without leaving Stiles' lips for a second. Once inside, he picked him up and walked with him to his bed, where he deposited both of them. Stiles immediately moved to his lap, running his lips down his jaw to his neck.

He felt Derek's grip on him tighten, when he made him groan his name.

Yeah, Stiles can get behind Deaton's advice, that he can surely do. And multiple times too.

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Dad was scowling even more than usual. Especially when he spotted Stiles together with Jackson. Almost everything was putting sheriff on the edge so much these days, that he even put Parish up to the task asking him if he's still seeing Derek.

"No," was Stiles' abrupt reply when Parish did just that and asked him out of the blue.

"I'm not seeing him. Why would I?" He forced a laugh and internally smacked himself for lousy lying when Parish gave him an eye.

"Listen," Stiles attempted to look very innocent. "My, uh, rebelling is over. I got my fill, I'm all grown up now….or I'm going to be in a few months," he added under his breath. What Parish must have heard that because he frowned at him.
"Stiles, you have to list-"

"Ok, no," he interrupted getting slightly annoyed. "You don't get to tell me what I'm supposed to do or not," he adjusted the backpack and stepped away a little.

"Stiles-"

"I have enough of this useless chit-chat, thank you very much!" He turned away. "Tell my dad to ask me himself next time, yeah?" He called around his shoulder, without letting Parish say anything more. God, this was so annoying. Nobody else had this kind of problems. It sucked. He frowned and changed the direction to head to his favorite coffee joint instead of home as he planned. He needed something super sugary to get out of this mood.

It was even worse, at home. Dad forgot to clear his browser once and Stiles found out he had open many psychology articles related to kidnapping victims, brainwashing, the amnesiacs and sudden unlikely friendships. Yeah, his dad was onto something. And it was playing with his mind.

Stiles got his cotton candy flavored pink coffee and sat in the corner where he had a good view of the streets. Taking a sip, he relished the sweet flavor which exploded in his mouth. But even this coffee goodness couldn't make him forget his troubles. His day sucked.

First, dad almost didn't speak a word to him during their breakfast and second, Parish caught up to him after school. Great.

He knew it would be even worse, when dad ever finds out about all this. If he'd manage to accept all the werewolves, banshees, sparks and other weird supernatural people who are living around him, Stiles didn't know what would happen if dad finds out that his son is actually werewolf-married to one of them, plus said werewolf is older adult. The least he could expect is the major blow up.

He sighed and leaned on his back. Looking at the passers by. All blissfully ignorant of the deep shit he was in.

The best would be to contain it. He sipped his drink again. To control how and when his dad gets all these informations. Stiles didn't like it, but that will probably be what happens anyway.

He sighed and got up, clutching his sugary drink in hand like a lifeline. The thought of telling his dad freaked him out. He didn't want to even imagine it.

He needed to call Derek. His fingers swiped across the phone screen and he put it up to his ear. Derek picked up on second ring.

"Derek?" Stiles said and something in his voice must have been off, because Derek's voice sounded gruff.

"What happened," he plainly demanded. Stiles smiled at that. Derek was prepared to deal with whatever happened to him right this instant. God, how he loved him.

"I'm coming to see you," he said.

"Stiles," he attempted to ask, but Stiles needed to talk this out in person. It didn't concerned just him and his dad. It concerned the whole pack.

"I'll tell you in a bit. Love you," he disconnected.
Derek was waiting for him, obviously. Stiles made a beeline for him and hugged him immediately. Pressing as close to him as possible.

They had to talk. And talk they did.

"I have to tell him," Stiles confessed. He expected Derek to be angry, to argue with him, to reject the idea all together, but what he didn't expect was simple nod.

It confused him for a few seconds. He frowned.

"Just like that? You agree?"

Another nod.

"For this I'll need verbal confirmation, Derek. So, please, say something," he bit his lip.

Derek huffed.

"Yes, Stiles. You can tell him." He sighed and wrapped his arms around his waist tighter.

"What do you mean, I can tell him? About werewolves? Or about my magic? About - you know - us?" He waved his hand between the two of them. Derek gave him exasperated look. But there was some inner light shining from his eyes.

"Yes, Stiles. Everything," he rubbed his jaw around his face in very werewolf fashion. Stiles still couldn't quite believe it. He thought that after doing all these things to keep everything secret, Derek wouldn't so readily accept to reveal everything to Stiles' father.

"Well, if you keep doing that, maybe I won't have to," he felt the need to point out when Derek didn't stop rubbing him. Derek just laughed. Stiles frowned, he felt like he didn't take this very seriously.

"Ok, why?" he blurted out. He couldn't hold it anymore. "Why is it ok? You kidnapped me just to keep the pack safe, didn't you?"

Derek pulled away and looked at him sheepishly.

"It wasn't just to keep it secret," he admitted. Stiles blushed when he got what that meant.

"Oh, ok," he wanted to kiss him suddenly. But that would derail the discussion, so he resisted.

"But really, why is it suddenly fine to tell my dad?"

"It's your dad," he answered simply. Stiles stared. When he didn't speak another half a minute, Derek looked at him a little worried and added:

"If you need me to do that to be happy," he huffed. It was still difficult for him to accept that Stiles wanted to do things his own way and didn't need Derek-his mate- to direct him or take care of him as much as he expected a mate would.

"Then I would do it." He finished.

Stiles searched his eyes to see if it was really alright. It was the biggest breach of this whole secret after all. But all he'd seen was that light in his eyes when he looked at him. It warmed him
up from the inside.

"…Thank you," he whispered. "You don't know how much,... it means so much to me."

To stop himself from saying more embarrassing things, he kissed him.

Derek returned the kiss with same need.

When they broke away, both were panting hard.

"Ok," Stiles said between the breaths. "How do we do this?"

***

Stiles was waiting for his dad in the morning. Sheriff stopped when he'd seen him sitting at the breakfast table with a cup of hot tea. The smell of coffee was prominent in the small room full of morning glow.

Stiles worried that maybe he'd try to ignore him again, as usual these days.

"Morning," he said quickly. Sheriff surveyed the room noticing the uncharacteristically rich breakfast prepared for him.

"Morning, son," he said and sat down at the table in his police uniform. "Didn't expect you to be up so early. Actually, it happened never before."

Then he noticed the bacon and eggs and pancakes on the table. He narrowed his eyes at Stiles, who gulped.

"Help yourself, dad," ha spread his hands to indicate the delicious feast.

"What's the occasion?" Dad asked suspiciously, but that didn't stop him from reaching a tentative hand out to snatch the bacon before anyone could stop him.

"Can't I just try to please my favorite dad in the whole world?" Stiles smiled widely.

"I'm your only dad," his dad said and munched down first bacon, showing a piece of omelet straight after it.

"Yeah, but still, you're my favorite!" Stiles grinned at him. It was disconcerting seeing dad munching his food mechanically without breaking eye contact. His smile wavered. He knew he had to tell him and soon.

"So, anyway," Stiles finally mustered some courage. "I have something to tell you."

At that, sheriff straightened his back and set his fork down.

"Yeah?" He looked at him gravely. Stiles gulped and his gaze flickered guiltily about. He would gladly face some monsters, witches or kelpies, just to avoid this.

"Uh, yeah," He run his hand through his hair.

"Is this about why have you been so strange from the day you came back?" He hardened the grip on his fork. Stiles noticed his knuckles going white. He looked back into his face.

"Yeah," he let out a breath. It was too late to play games.
"So, tell me," he leaned away from the table and crossed his arms to look at him.

This was going to be difficult part.

"I need to show you first," he said gripping his hands together under the table. His dad must have noticed his tension because his brow furrowed.

"What?"

"Today, after work, when you come back, ok?"

Sheriff frowned.

"Why not tell me now? We can both have it of our chests-"

"No," Stiles swallowed. He could not do this alone. "After work, ok? I need to show you-"

"Stiles, if you think, I'll let you walk away from this table without telling me everything, you-" that was all Stiles' nerves could handle apparently. Lights started to flicker and table kind of floated to bounce right back, cutlery rang. Dad completely shut off.

"What…?"

"Uh, that's one of the reasons, dad," he glanced at him, but sheriff was still staring at the table bewildered. Stiles looked away. "So, anyway, after work, meet me here."

He grabbed his back pack and practically run out before sheriff could say anything. This was not how he planned to reveal himself to his dad. Not at all. His heart was racing as he jumped into Allison's car which Scott borrowed just for this reason.

"How did it go?" Scott asked as he pulled away, glancing at his heart.

"Not that good," Stiles said. With a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"It's gonna be okay, buddy," Scott said.

Stiles hoped as hell he's right.

***

"This has better be good," said John Stilinski waiting for him outside already. Stiles shrugged and moved past him to get into the car. His nerves were killing him. His heart beat loudly, the insides of his mouth felt dry and bad and he thought he may vomit any time.

Dad finally got into the car, sighing.

"You could just tell me," he tried again, Stiles condition was obviously worrying him. "I'll see whatever you want me to see anyway."

Stiles just gave a kind of a choked laugh and shook his head.

"Nah, dad. It's better this way," he said. He wasn't sure if his dad would even allow him to leave the house if he knew. So.

Sheriff grunted, more worried than ever by this response and started the car. Stiles gave him directions and the closer they neared the preserve, the whiter sheriff's knuckles gripping the wheel
looked. Stiles sensed him looking at him a few times but he pretended not to notice.

"Stiles?" His dad asked when they left the actual road to drive in between the trees. It was better than before, the road. Derek with occasional help from pack got rid of all the trees which wouldn't let cars reach the house. Stiles couldn't very well imagine how his dad would react if he asked him to get out of the car in the middle of the forest and walk with him. He would take his gun, most definitely.

Stiles felt when they passed the barrier, but his dad seemed unaffected. When the house became visible, his dad got totally silent. He was staring at the house as if he couldn't understand.

"But..." he said. "This wasn't here. Before...How? We didn't know about this, how?" He looked at Stiles who pressed his lips together not to spill everything in the car. These were also his precise thoughts when he wound up kidnapped here.

There was only one car parked in front. Derek's. Stiles thought it would be easier on his dad if he first talked to him and Stiles, not to have the whole pack on him. They pulled up next to it and got out. Sheriff somehow more reluctantly.

Then Derek came up to the porch to greet them. When sheriff saw him, his whole body got rigid.

"Stiles, what's that supposed to mean?" He asked dangerously low.

"Um," Stiles flailed around for a bit. "I'll explain in a second, just...let me get to it, ok?"

He carefully sidestepped him and walk up half way to join Derek.

"Dad," he turned when his dad didn't follow him immediately. He was just frowning at the two of them.

"Fine, but I'm leaving when the two of you are done. We are leaving!" He pointed at Stiles and marched up the stairs. Stiles tensed and looked at Derek who hardened his jaw.

They sat him in the living room. When Stiles sat next to Derek, dad's glare could kill.

"So," he said annoyed when nobody started to talk. "Is this about you disregarding my objections to this relationship?"

Stiles flinched and Derek put a soothing palm on his tight. Dad frowned at his hand.

"Let me tell you," sheriff frowned strictly. "Until you're eighteen-"

"Dad!" Stiles was so mortified. "Let me explain, ok? Then we can have a talking to or whatever, yeah? Just stay silent for a bit." Sheriff gaped at him. If Derek was not so on edge he may have laughed. Because Stiles telling somebody else to stay silent, is rich.

"You know how Scott disappeared?" Sheriff startled, straightening his back and looked at his son. This was not the direction he expected this to go.

"I wanted to find him so badly and I searched and searched, but found nothing. Then you started to tell me to give it up," Stiles' voice got tighter. "Then we argued."

"And then you disappeared," sheriff whispered. He looked up to his son.

"The thing about the trucker and the road trip I told you...was a lie," Stiles breathed out. Sheriff tensed. He knew something didn't add up. They never managed to find that trucker to confirm
Stiles’ story. And as soon as he reappeared in John's life, he started to hang out with that Whitemore boy who was missing previously too, only for a short while - compared to his son, but still. Stiles suspected him of something sheriff refused to acknowledge. He wanted Stiles to let it go. To give up Scott, as cruel as it may seem, and to move on with his life. But suddenly after coming back, Stiles got nothing against hanging out with Jackson. It was like nothing bad happened. Like they were friends, a long time.

And then, when Scott came back like a miracle, his son wasn’t as surprised or beyond himself with joy as John imagined. It was as if he expected it to happen.

He hardened his stance and looked at the two of them who watched him warily. Stiles took it as a cue to continue.

"I wanted to get away from everything and find Scott myself, without any help, if necessary." Stes took a breath and didn't even realize how his hand found Derek's and squeezed it - quite painfully, if Derek wasn't a werewolf. His dad noticed, alright, and he didn't like it one bit.

"So I went. And then I saw an…animal," he glanced at Derek for some reason, as if he searched for a confirmation. "And I crashed."

John hardened his jaw. He hated remembering that, that wreckage he found. With his son nowhere to be found. He hated it.

"I was chased into the woods," Stiles continued. John frowned. Chased? By what?

"And then I found myself in here," he glanced at the house they were sitting in. A sense of dread wormed a way into sheriff Stilinski's heart.

"What?" his voice was faint. But Stiles didn't notice, or couldn't notice, because he was so encompassed by memories.

"When I woke up, I didn't know where I am or what are they, him, to me," he took a breath, looked into John's eyes and told him everything.

Sheriff's disbelief, turned to dread, turned to anger, turned to loss and a sense of betrayal. He was silent for the most of Stiles' story, but Derek could smell the warring emotions which he tried to hide behind blank stony facade.

At the end of it, sheriff just sat in his seat without moving. Derek could sense the tension wading of Stiles. He desperately longed to embrace him, to calm him down a little, but he couldn't. Not in front of the sheriff. Not yet.

"Is it true?" Sheriff turned to Derek, who stiffened involuntarily. "You kidnapped him?"

After a second of hesitation, Derek nodded.

Nobody, but werewolf could sense the sudden rage from sheriff. He didn't let anything show on his face.

On the contrary, the tension on his mate was clear as day.

"And that other thing?" John managed to say. When they looked blank, he waved a hand between them. "About this guy-" he referred to Derek. "being your…mate?"

It was still difficult for sheriff to grasp, that there are supernatural around. Without Stiles' little
mishap this morning, he may have not believe it. But Derek Hale's eyes shined red occasionally and there was some strange…atmosphere around him.

"Yeah, dad," his son said. "Derek's my mate."

John would like if it didn't sound as if he was saying he's his husband instead. It just made his rage worse. This guy. Not only did he kidnap his son, forced him to be some hostage. He even married him, kind of. And Stiles, his much more intelligent than average, bright son, was okay with it. Unbelievable.

"I need some time to…process it," sheriff said and stood up.

"Dad," Stiles stood up with him. "Please-"

"Stiles," he gave him a stern look. "I just need some time, son." But the voice which came from his mouth didn't sound as if he intended to take the time. If anything, it sounded dead, betrayed. Stiles hated it.

"Come," sheriff said. "We're done here." He glared at Derek and moved to go when he realized Stiles isn't following him. He turned back frowning to catch him looking at Derek Hale like a kicked puppy. The sight shook him to the core.

"Dad, I-" Stiles looked at him.

"No, I-I just…need the space." He rushed out of that werewolf house intent to get to his cruiser as soon as possible.

That's when another car parked up next to it and Jackson Whitemore together with Lydia Martin and Scott McCall of all people, got out. It just made everything worse. John should have see this, should have known something was up. It was painfully obvious that everyone were in this together.

"Ah, hello, Mr.Stilinski," called Scott giving him a little nervous dimpled smile.

"Not now, Scott," he glared at all of them before getting inside his car and driving away.

The three watched him go.

"That didn't seem good," said Jackson.

"Nope, it didn't, man," agreed Scott.

"Is Stiles alright?" Lydia looked to the house. The other two tuned in and could make out his nervous rabbit heartbeat.

"Slightly rattled," Scott said. "Derek's with him."

"Others should be here shortly," Lydia glanced at her phone. Then all of them headed inside, to their alpha and his mate.
Stiles was curled up in Derek's lap. He didn't expect his dad to jump out of joy about any of this, but he didn't think that that confirmation would be so hard on him. He sighed. Derek nuzzled him closer and rubbed his jaw in his hair. His body relaxed again.

The pack was sprawled around them sleeping softly. It was late at night and they agreed that they should have a rare puppy pile to calm down the general unease Stiles felt, which was kinda reflecting on all of them- him being alpha's mate and all. And Stiles was honestly sorry for that. But having their support meant a world to him.

The next days were hard. Honestly, for a week, Stiles preferred to sleep in Derek's bed than going back home. He was giving his dad a space, okay? Not hiding from him, not at all. He was not doing that.

Well, for starters, he considered a fact that dad didn't send a police force down their way a win. He was being positive, yeah?

He was keeping close to Derek, clinging to him all the time almost. He thought, maybe Derek would push him away to get some space after a while, but that didn't happen. Derek acted like it was the most natural thing for Stiles to cling to him. And he clanged right back. Stiles smiled softly thinking about it.

It took sheriff quite considerable time to come to terms with the truth- days, weeks-, but slowly, he did. It started with just a few questions, here and there, like- "So, you can do spells now? Could you make the kitchen clean itself?" or "Do they change into wolves completely or is it like in those horror movies?" or "Could you please put a silent spell on Mrs. Werring's dog? His barking make all the neighbors calling the police all the time."

Slowly, but surely, sheriff was warming up to the whole supernatural reality around him.

The only thing with which he was still not comfortable enough to talk about, was Stiles' relationship to Derek. Well, Stiles also didn't want to talk to him about it so, they were even. As long as he let them be, it was ok.

Eventually, Stiles tried to move back to his old room. As much as he loved Derek, his dad was still his dad and he wanted to be with him and cook for him healthy meals too. Especially, since he was still kind of reluctant to come to the pack house to eat with everyone.

But he slept at Derek's often enough. He couldn't help it, he needed him.

After some two weeks of a cautious treading- Stiles was trying to keep as much normalcy in his and dad's life as possible - he was spending the night at his dad's place, and Derek sneaked in through the window again. Stiles stifled a laugh and wrapped his hands around him.

"We saw each other just two hours ago," he said softly. Derek just grunted and pressed his lips to his. They were as silent as humanly possible. Stiles really tried not to let dad notice that Derek was even in the proximity of the house, let alone in his bedroom. But dad, being much more alert to any
disturbances now, that he knew everything, noticed of course.

Sheriff's reaction that night, or more specifically, morning, was more than surprising, though. He didn't yell from downstairs for Stiles to come have some breakfast, as usual. Instead, he walked up to his door and knocked softly. Stiles kind of blearily opened his eyes, noticing a little how tense Derek's arm hugging him suddenly became, when his dad's muffled voice came through:

"Come down for breakfast…and, uh, Derek should come too." Before Stiles could register the exact meaning of the words spoken, he heard dad's retreating footsteps. When his sleepy brain finally caught on, he looked at Derek wide eyed. Excited. But a little freaked out that his dad even knew Derek was there.

"Did you hear what he said, Derek? That's…wow. And I'm still not eighteen! That's huge. Oh my god, that's amazing, one huge crazy step and, I mean, It's-" And the chattering continued on and on.

Derek huffed and hid his face on Stiles' neck. He didn't want to do it. He preferred to not having to meet the in-laws, but…Stiles was giddy from happiness. And if Stiles was happy, then he'll just do it.

The breakfast were not exactly relaxed that day. But it was a step forward. Stiles took it as an invitation to invite Derek over more. And he did. And sheriff was slowly, maybe a little grudgingly, accepting him. Yeah, life can be fine too.

***

They were sitting on Derek's porch one evening. The barrier's existence still at the corner of his mind was a constant. Stiles was supposed to study on biology test tomorrow, but he kept putting it off. He just nuzzled into Derek's neck and let himself be adjusted on his lap.

"Weren't you supposed to do something today?" Derek asked.

"Like what?" His hand started to wander. But who could blame him? Derek's abs were a piece of art.

"Like…studying?"

Stiles frowned and leaned back to look up at him.

"Are you sassing me?" He looked into his eyes closely. "You are. You are sassing me."

Derek's lips curled up lazily.

"Just asking," he kissed his mate, getting a breath full of suddenly aroused air. It was delicious. Stiles' smell was the best thing. He loved how it was now profound in every part of the house.

"I know you can handle it," he mumbled against his collarbone. Stiles' breath hitched. It was the place of his mating mark.

"Maybe sex would help me concentrate," he smirked. Pressing himself up against Derek's chest. Derek, who knew exactly how tempting he was to Stiles. How he can't possibly concentrate on studying anyway. Derek's lips curled, he knew everything.

"You know, this is evil. Totally evil of you," Stiles was saying subconsciously rubbing against him. Derek was getting harder with every move.
"If I'll study now, without you..you know, then I seriously, hundred percent won't be able to concentrate. Yeah," he whimpered when he felt Derek's tongue on his skin. "So, Derek-

That's when Derek's canines elongated and he bit him. Stiles groaned. His arousal spiked and the wave of limpness overcame him.

Derek picked him up and carried him directly towards the bedroom. Ignoring the snickering he heard from living room or from behind a few of the closed bedrooms. They should be used to this by now. But who cares. He wanted him, needed him. Now.

"Derek," he heard his name in that unmistakable sexy undertone. He breathed in rapidly and closed the door firmly behind them.

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**Few months later.**

Stiles was sitting at Derek's garden couch as usual soaking up the lazy afternoon sun. His mind was so zen that he could totally ignore all the noise around him. Totally.

Ok. Nope.

He scooted off the couch and elbowed Scott to get around him towards the cupcakes Allison brought this time.

"Hey, those are mine," Scott argued, again weirdly jealous of Allison's food.

"No, oh, buddy," Stiles made one float directly his hand over Scott's startled head. "Those are for everyone- Allison brought them saying as much. Saying actually that everyone should try at least one, yeah? And-" he talked over his protests. "You have plenty of those at her place. Don't try to tell me she doesn't make food for you all the time," he grinned.

"No, she doesn't!!" Scott said looking a little heartbroken seeing a piece disappearing in Stiles' mouth. "We cook together!"

On that Stiles laughed. He had to, it was too cute. A scene just flushed in his mind of Allison and Scott both in matching couple aprons making food in kitchen.

"And I, for starters, know, that you-" Scott looked at him triumphantly. "made pretty much everything else which is on the table today."

Stiles blushed and glanced at the tables full of dishes.

"Well, yeah? It was an important event! Well not so important, it was just a party, picnic, whatever. But! My dad is coming so, I had to do my best. There are so many healthy dishes around too!"

A set of large hands landed on his waist from behind pressing him to the warm chest. Stiles smiled.

"Hey, Der," he turned half around to kiss him on the corner of the lips.

"Stiles," he said and nuzzled his temple.

"Ok," Scott was rapidly retreating now. "You guys are so…sweet, so my teeth are going to rot if I..well-Allison?" He turned around pretending to search for his mate who he knew very well was in the kitchen handing out some new baked goods with her father standing guard. It was the first time Mr. Argent showed up to any of pack's gatherings. He was still not very comfortable, but since his
daughter mated one of his enemies, he had to reconsider his stance. He looked quite a reasonable man, so Stiles guessed it wouldn't be a big problem.

Derek nudged him in the direction of multiple seats prepared outside, so they can enjoy food under the sky. Derek steered him directly to the biggest cushy chair, where two could fit. But he sat down directly in the middle.

"Der, I don't think-" Before he could finnish the sentence he was dragged to his lap. Stiles laughed, when he put his arms around him to keep him in place, but still tried to wiggle free.

"Derek, my father's here," he said in a low tone so they wouldn't be overheard- at least by humans. "I think he'd be much happier if I didn't sit on you," he chuckled. Derek just huffed.

"There are no more seats," he said. Stiles looked around and- really. As soon as they sat down, everything was taken. Some people had to actually stand with they food on plates or just sit directly on the grass. Which was not so bad either. But he's not going to sit at Derek's feet when he can sit on his lap more comfortably.

Stiles smiled and pressed his lips to his, making them open with tentative movements. The pack was used to their PDA by now- finding them in the kitchen, on the couch after movie, or during the movie while others were busy watching it, or in the forest on the stroll, that's why Stiles was startled to hear a clearing of the throat. He turned around and looked across a clearing to his dad, who was not at all impressed, apparently. But after that sheriff just turned back to Mr. Argent who was the only one close to his age there who he could talk to.

Stiles chuckled. His dad was much more okay with it than he pretended to be.

"You think, we should…?" Derek murmured against his ear looking his dad's way. Stiles shook his had and looked at him fondly. Derek was still somewhat trying to get into sheriff's good graces.

"No need," he said softly. "He just likes to scare you a little."

"I'm not scared," Derek frowned.

"Sure, you're not," Stiles kissed him again. They were just content watching others around, eating the food and talking. Erica and Boyd joined them in their corner and soon Stiles could poke fun at how Jackson refused to touch one of his polish dishes because he was sure he has intolerance for sour cabbage.

When Lydia came over, the talk turned to more serious topic of discussing the future and colleges. Lydia was going to MIT and Stiles was not surprised in the slightest. Jackson was going to some private law school frequented by closely selected elite, which was not too far from Lydia, so all the better.

Stiles noticed how Derek's hands tightened around his waist during the talk. He looked at him questioningly, but Derek's face was closed off. He frowned slightly and slipped out of his hold. Derek, surprisingly, let him. He even looked a bit startled when Stiles took his hand and pulled him out of his chair.

Others were still busy listening to Scott rumbling about veterinary school, so they didn't pay particular attention to the two of them slipping away. Stiles led Derek to the house and directly to his study, which now had permanent internet access and also Stiles' school books stuck in one of the shelves.

He closed the door firmly behind them and turned to Derek.
"What is it?"

Derek was just looking at him, not saying anything. Stiles pulled away from the door and walked towards him.

"Talk to me, Der," he put his palm on his chest and felt immediate warm spread in the contact. Derek looked away, then shook his head. Stiles sighed and forced him to sit down straddling his lap. His smile turned devious.

"You can keep silent, if you want," he leaned towards him ghosting his lips with soft breath. "But I'll find out anyway." He let his lips press against him. Derek's hands automatically rose from his tights to his butt, pressing him closer down on him.

"It's," Derek finally managed to find his words. "It's the college." Stiles stopped to look at him. Derek seemed not at all happy.

"What about it?"

"I…you haven't told me where you want to go," he finally let out a breath. Stiles tensed in turn. Derek's eyes snapped back to him.

"We can make it work," Derek said quickly. Of course, he was not happy about Stiles going away to attend some Ivy league university- because his mate was definitely getting in, he was that good- but he will make it work. And it's only for a few years anyway.

"I will visit you and-"

"Derek, what are you talking about?" Stiles frowned.

"About you going away for collage," he furrowed his brow.

"What? I'm not going away," Stiles pushed a palm against his chest to lean back and look at him better. Derek frowned more. What is he talking about. Of course he is. Going to college, definitely. Even if it should kill him, he will not let Stiles waste his potential.

"Yes, you are," he said gritting his teeth.

"No, I'm not," Stiles frowned. "Listen, I've got it all figured out. We can-"

"Stiles, I'm not letting you waste your amazing smarts."

Stiles chuckled. Unbelievable.

"Amazing smarts, he says," he continued chuckling. "I believe, I have other amazing things too," he wiggled his butt still in Derek's lap to show him exactly what he meant. Derek willed his erection away, to no avail.

"Stiles, I'm serious," he clenched his jaw. "You are going to college. You are going to succeed in whatever you want. That's it. I will personally drag you there if I have to," his voice turned threatening. Stiles sighed nostalgically, it was so long since Derek attempted to threaten him. He should have remembered it wouldn't work, though.

Derek was dead serious. He was the alpha dammit. And people listened to their alpha. Even his mate, at least occasionally. He should. He will make him. If it comes to that, he will kiddnap him again and dump him in front of Standford, so he will.
This, all of this, was possible only because of Stiles. Everyone was discussing their future, planning to attend the college and living a life. Real life, not the future which Derek would have condemned them to - the life spent in hiding, forever in forests - have he not met Stiles. And he was not going to let Stiles not enjoying the same freedom he gave everyone else.

Stiles laughed softly and Derek was seriously getting mad.

"Stiles-"

"I am going to college," he interrupted with fresh chuckles. "So calm down, okay?" He pressed his lips down on his.

"I have to tell you, though, that I'm deeply moved by your care for my education," his eyes crinkled.

"You are going?" Derek was still not sure he believed him. Even though he couldn't hear any lie in his heartbeat. But hearing him say it, though, his suppressed fear of long separation, returned.

"Where?"

"In here, obviously, sour wolf," and just like that Derek's anger was back.

"What?" He barked out. "Beacon Hills College?"

"The one and only," Stiles announced.

"Stiles-" his voice turned dangerously low.

"Before you get your full rage on," Stiles rushed in. "Let me explain."

Derek clenched his jaw and looked at him with expectantly raised eyebrows.

"Beacon Hills Collerge has apparently one special department in which I'm profoundly interested. One of the three in whole country, to be exact and hear-hear, one of the best twenty in the whole world." He looked at him expectantly.

"What?" Derek furrowed his brow, he never heard that local college was especially good in anything. Yeah, his whole family went there before, but he assumed it was just because they were werewolves and the packs rarely agreed to let their young wander too far away for school. After the fire, Derek and Laura just…went to New York and attended college there.

"Apparently, we have one of the best departments for study of myths, folklore and various pagan practices. And that's what I'm really interested in, since you know," he wiggled his fingers and small sparks disappeared into the dark from their tips.

"It's really good. Deaton told me about it- he's host lecturing there from time to time," Stiles lips spread in wide excited smile. "This place," he waved a hand around meaning not the pack house but the whole area where the town was situated. "The reason it's called the Beacon is not by accident. It calls the magic and supernatural towards it. That's why my mom convinced dad to move here. She felt that it was right," he smiled down at him. He thought how her decision moved him to the same space as Derek and how their fates were sealed.

"That may be why our pack was established here for centuries," Derek added slowly, in wonder.

"Yeah," Stiles nodded.
"So, the college founded here quickly gathered enough of the supernatural to teach and study. Well, obviously, the pretense is that it's simply about various cultural folklore practices, but still. I heard there's a vampire teaching there," his eyes turned excited with curious glint, while Derek's narrowed. He never liked bloodsuckers. New York was infested with them.

"So, the thing is," Stiles looked into his eyes. "I'm not going anywhere."

And Derek let himself finally believe it. He felt his whole body relaxing and the warm returned when he let Stiles fall back into him.

He kissed him and they stayed like that for a few minutes. Kissing and touching. Stiles thought they would end up on the desk soon, but then Derek suddenly stood up taking him with him.

"Der..?" He murmured in confusion against his neck.

"Your dad is coming to search for you," he nodded to the open window, through where he could hear what's happening outside. Stiles froze, then quickly scrambled off him, ignoring Derek's pointed smirking.

"I'm coming!" He shouted opening the door and ran outside. Derek walked behind him slowly, smile present on his lips.

Stiles managed to intercept his father just as he was getting to the door, leading him straight back to all the food, sticking some guacamole sandwich in his hand.

The tension which Derek didn't realize he was carrying around, dissipated with Stiles' news. He was staying here with him. It was unbelievable. Amazing. It was only from then that he could finally look at the gathering and just be...happy.

Everyone had slowly started to make plans. As soon as Stiles returned them back to normal life, they…it was as if they woke up. Erica and Boyd said they want to study at Beacon Hills college too, so they would be staying in the pack house for whole four years. Although Boyd was still thinking about other choices as well. Scott was looking at various schools with veterinary expertise and Deaton recommended a few. Some were on the east side, but Scott wouldn't have such a big problem staying away from pack. He has got very good potential, and if Derek had to choose another alpha, it would be him. So even if Scott went on the other side of the country, if Allison was by his side, he'd do okay. He'd still had no idea what Allison is planning to do. It freaked him out a little that he's even worrying about it-like he was considering her already a pack.

Derek sat down next to equally silent Boyd and found Allison talking to Lydia and Isaac on the other side. He'll have to ask Stiles what her plans are. Isaac's he knew, because Isaac felt the necessity to report them to him. He's going to study design. He was not sure which kind of the design, but for now interior design attracted him the most. There were couple of schools with good programs about it. Even Beacon Hills College had one, but Isaac is probably going to look farther. Derek was prepared to refresh Laura's contacts and speak to whichever alpha territory he may end up in.

Liam was looking happier these few past months as well. He still had a year left in high school, but for future college, he will probably choose one close to his family. Stiles already established contact with them, he reached out to one of Liam's brothers. Now they were still in the process of trying to find out what exactly can they tell them. They couldn't let his legal guardians attempt to take him from here, because Liam's wolf would not be able to bear it. So, it was a little complicated. Derek knew there is, unfortunately, no pack in the area which may accept Liam if he wanted to move there. He'd need to come back here, at least every few months. Derek was a little
ashamed to say that part of him was tiny bit happy about it. He didn't want to lose Liam. He didn't want any of them to leave. He never wanted to be alone again. He knew that would never happen, but still, the memory of what he once lost, was a scar on his soul. A scar he'd carry for the rest of his life. But now there was light too. Light in the form of Stiles' mark on his soul, a bonding to his mate. And all those other bonds which tied him to every single one of his pack.

He searched his mate with his eyes and Stiles broke away from heated discussion he led with Mr. Argent and his dad.

"You called, Der?" He smiled down at him, chuckling again when Derek intentionally didn't scoot the slightest bit to make a place for him to sit. Stiles' eyes twinkled and he dropped on his knee. He wrapped an arm around his neck and bumped his forehead to his jaw.

Derek adjusted him in his lap, pressing closer. Yeah, everything is okay. With Stiles in his arms.

"I love your bossy ways," Stiles admitted. Derek snorted.

"I know."

They ignored all the long suffering groans around them and kissed. Shamelessly.

Chapter End Notes

So it finally came to the conclusion, honestly, I didn't expect writing it would take so long.
Thank you everyone for sticking with this Stiles and Derek till the end :) I was so happy whenever I got another kudos from you guys, thank you! That and also the comments made writing this much more fun :)

Many thanks! You're the best!

~Charmingplanes

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