# Changing History.

by Stydia_X_Romanogers

## Summary

Everyone knows Lydia is powerful, she's a one of a kind banshee. But when the boy she loves is hanging between life and death, Lydia is not a banshee that you want to mess with.

"I loved you then and I love you now. But I wish I didn't love you, I wish it didn't feel like this. Because I'm going out of my freaking mind without you Stiles. I literally don't want to live without you in my life. I can't even see or begin to imagine a life without you in it. I’m so in love with you, I just want you back" she cries, touching his headstone. Her head jolts back, as Lydia lets out an ear splitting scream, she's sure she's never screamed like that before.

She passes out next to her dead boyfriends grave. Whilst the pack rush to get back to where they just buried their pack mate, to get their broken banshee.

Lydia wakes up the next morning in her room, forcing her eyes open she realises her room is how it used to be in sophomore year. Upon instinct she pulls her phone off her bedside table, and she realises something isn't right.

August 23rd 2011-
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Lydia scrambles out of the jeep with Stiles, running round to grab his hand as they make their way through the woods, the sounds of fighting becoming louder as they get closer.

"Be careful, okay?" Stiles speaks as the pack come into view, Lydia watches as a vampire throws Malia to the floor and anger courses through her immediately. They've arrived too late, she knows they have.

"Yeah. You too, I love you" she replies, before they both lean in for a quick, meaningful kiss. She's hesitant to let go, but she watches Stiles swing the metal bat in one hand as a blue glow emits from his finger tips, ready to use his new magic if needed.

They both run towards where the fighting is happening, Lydia wasting no time before she's pulling a cold female off Malia, and directing her scream towards her. She has no idea if her screaming will work, but it’s the best she's got for now.

Lydia gasps when a cold hand snakes round her throat, but herself and Malia fortunately end up knocking them out. Leaving the unconscious corpse before moving to help the rest of the pack.

"Scott, move!" Lydia yells over to the Alpha who is standing in her way, he goes to throw one of the vampires against the tree before moving out of the way.

So Lydia screams, pushing her voice in the direction of the coven, Malia, Kira and Issac move out of the way thankfully. And then nearly all of the stone cold creatures are sent flying to the ground. Eyes unmoving and it’s as if they’re dead weight.

Liam, Hayden and Theo run back over, ready to help fight once the coven are back up again. Lydia sighs, her shoulder sagging as she watches the pack stare the bodies down.

They were all rather shocked when they realised vampires were in town, let alone that they were real. The beastiery didn’t hold anything for them, so they were basically fumbling around in the dark with this.

Lydia begins to walks over to join the pack, her body less tense than it previously was. She’s just about to reach Issac, when she watches the werewolves spin around all at once to face her. She can’t make out the expressions on their faces, it’s something she’s seen only once before. Lydia doesn't think anything of it as she feels the urge to scream, but how can she feel the need to scream if vampires are already dead?

"Oh my god" Lydia watches all of the colour drain from Malias face while stares at something that’s behind Lydia. So the red head decides to turn around also, and when she sees the sight before her, she literally swears that she's going to be sick.

Stiles is standing still next to a tree, violently clutching his neck. Crimson blood is coating his hands like second skin, as he tries to stop his own bleeding. He doesn’t even look scared, and that scares her. Lydia herself seems frozen on the spot as she watches her boyfriend bleeding out in front of her, she can barely hear the rest of the pack fighting off the weakened vampire coven over the sound of her own heartbeat quickening.

All at once, herself and Scott move. Rushing over to Stiles, needing to get to him as soon as possible. The banshee falls to her knees beside him, pressing her hands on top of his own. She ignores the stones and the sticks that are currently digging into her bare legs and possibly even...
drawing blood, focusing on her boyfriend instead.

"Stay with me, come on. Scott call an ambulance" Lydia murmurs frantically, pulling her jumper off, pressing it to his neck. She catches a glimpse of the huge gash, her stomach churning at the sight but instead she forces her shaking lips into a smile.

"Lyds, there's no time" Stiles splutters, while she briefly looks over to Scott who's speaking fanatically into the phone. She drowns the alphas voice out, but doesn't miss how his eyes are glitching from their normal brown colour to red.

"No Stiles, this is fixable. We have college in a few weeks, okay? We're both going to go to Stanford and get our degree, we're doing this" she nervously chuckles. Lydia knows she's being in denial, but she can't face the fact her boyfriend is dying, she just can't.

When Scott ends the call and throws the phone to the floor, blood slowly falls from Stiles lips. The red substance trickling down to his jaw line. A sob then breaks from Lydia's chest. One of her shaking, red hands reach up to wipe a tear away from her eye. Stiles' own hand reaches up to her cheek. Smudging blood over her perfect, porcelain skin that he loves so much.

"You- both of you need to promise me something, okay? You can't dwell on me, Lydia you need to move on at some point, I want you to have the family you've always wanted. You deserve it so much. I need you to have it, I’ll be with you always" his thumb brushes her dimple, coughing aggressively before carrying on.

"And Scott, buddy, you keep the pack together and don't forget me okay? You have Issac and yes, he'll never be better than me but promise me you’ll watch Star Wars with him. Please Scotty"

"Stiles, no. The ambulance is on its way and you're going to carry on training to be my emissary like you have been for the past few weeks okay? You're going to be okay, you're my brother and you're not leaving me just yet" Scott's hand tightly clings onto Stiles' forearm, as fresh tears fall into his best friend's bloody shirt.

"Baby, no. You can't leave me, no no no" Lydia presses her hands down harder, but she can't even bring herself to look at him. So instead she moves to look behind them. Her eyes are frantic as she catches the faces of the rest of the pack.

The vampires are no where to be seen, but she catches Issac and Kira siting next to Malia who has her head in her hands as she sobs, their faces void of any emotion. Lydia can't even bring herself to look at the younger members of the pack, knowing how painful and new this is to them, as they haven't lost a pack member before.

They didn't lose Allison.

"I'm going to be with you always, don't forget that Lyd" a wave of fresh tears fall from her eyes without warning, and she has no fucking idea what to do with herself. Her and Stiles have only had a matter of weeks together, they haven't had as long as they should have. It's not fair. It’s not fucking fair on them.

"No Stiles, I love you. Come on, okay? Stay with me baby, don't go. Please don't leave me again, I've only just got you back. We all have" Lydia's voice breaks, staring longingly into his eyes.
They’re not the melted caramel orbs that she adores. They’re nearly black now. Lydia can feel the scream rising and bubbling up in her chest, she won’t scream. She can’t.

Scott leans down to kiss Stiles forehead, and his best friend only smiles at him as his eyelids start to fall closed.

"I love you, Lydia. It's always been you. Tell the pack I love them. And my dad, please make sure he stays eating the greens" his voice is barely a whisper now, and Scott manages to force a chuckle as he wipes his own tears away.

But Lydia doesn't find it funny. She kisses him. Not giving a shit that there's blood around his lips. Or that now, that she can't feel his warm, full breaths like she could only a few minutes ago.

When she pulls away she catches the faint smile that her sends her, before his eyes freeze over and his chest stops rising. She watches Scott stand up and walk away, without even a look back. Her alpha has just heard his own best friend's heart stop beating.

Lydia begins to shake relentlessly, as she slowly moves to reach forward and close his eyes. He’s still warm. He's still so warm to her, she stays with him. She lies down next to him, as violent sobs fall from her chest and her small hands clutch his shirt. Stiles, the love of her life, is still next to her. Still with her.

"Lydia, you need to leave him now. The ambulance will be here soon" Theo crouches down next to her, his voice is rather hoarse but gentle too. He desperately tries to pull her away from Stiles' lifeless body.

"I can't, he's still warm Theo. I can still feel him" she whispers, feeling the now cold blood against her cheek where her head rests.

"I know. But they're going to take him, and you need to say goodbye now so we can think of what to say" he replies, his hand falling onto the broken girls shoulder. Lydia faintly shakes her head, refusing to leave him until it's necessary.

"I will say someone came at us while we was taking a stroll through the woods and I didn't see anything. All of you can go" she moves her hands to find Stiles'. She always loved his hands and how they would always touch her so delicately and so gentle. Always different to how any other boy would used to touch her.

On impulse, Lydia links her own fingers through his cold ones. It’s then when Lydia realises that she needs to scream. But she won't, she refuses to. Instead keeps her mouth shut, closing her eyes and focusing on Stiles’ smell other than the smell of his blood.

Lydia doesn't open her eyes after that. She's not sure if she falls to sleep, or if someone has done something to her so that they would be able to take her away from Stiles without her putting up a fight.

But the next thing Lydia knows, is that she's in the back of Kiras car, with the flash of red and blue lights lighting up the darkness outside. The drivers seat is empty, so Lydia figures it's Kira who is speaking to the police.

However in the passengers seat, Liam sits staring out of the window and hes not fidgeting, or moving around like his hyperactive self, like he usually would be. He's still, he's not moving at all. Lydia isn’t even sure that she can see him breathing.

Lydia knows it’s Malia who’s sitting next to her, in the middle seat of the car.
She has no idea what to say to her, because she loved him too. Malia got to have her time with Stiles, and he was her anchor, Stiles was Malia's first love. All Lydia does, and all she really can do, is place her own hand on top of the coyotes. Within not even a second Malia is clutching at Lydia's hand as if she's a lifeline.

The red head doesn't have to look to know that it's Scott sitting on the other side of Malia, she can hear his familiar sobs echoing throughout the silence in the car. She last heard him cry like that when they lost Allison.

Lydia bites her lip, deciding to drown the sobs out, so she looks out of her window. Regretting it immediately when the all too familiar blue, rusty old jeep comes into view.

That's when she losses it completely. A loud, piercing cry escapes her lips and she can't help the tears that fall from her already red, raw eyes.

"I want him back" she screams into the silence that is surrounding everyone. She can barely breathe, she can't stop herself from crying. Images of him are practically embedded into her mind. He's all she can think about.

"Lydia, stop. Please" Malia sniffles, her lips shaking as she watches the banshee breaking down next to her. Lydia knows that she's making people feel worse, she's not the only one who has lost him tonight. But she feels so alone in the world now he's not here in it with her. She's lost her tether, and now Lydia has lost her way.

"I- I can't. I don't want to calm down or count my fingers because this is real. It's fucking real and everything reminds me of him. He's never coming back" she cries into her lap, fingers attacking, and clutching at the leather drivers seat in front of her.

"Lydia, don't" Scott speaks up, he sounds weak and his voice is muffled by the hoodie he's clutching. Stiles' hoodie.

"I need to get out of here" she whispers, pushing the car door open before any of them can argue with her, to make her stay in the car.

She spins around to see Theo's car pulling away in the distance. And she wastes no time in pulling it over her head, it bunches up around her legs but she couldn't care less. She wants to smell him, she wants to feel him here with her again.

Lydia doesn't know how long she stays in the jeep, curled into the drivers seat. She thinks she can still feel the warmth of it, from where he was sitting here only just a couple hours ago. It's a trick of her mind, she knows that. When the girl opens her eyes, she spots the Sheriff walking up to the car, his body looks light. It's as if it's not even him. Noah climbs into the passengers seat, leaning back with a broken sigh.

"I don't know what to do, Lydia" his voice is barely a whisper, she have to think twice to even
guess why. The whole pack must sound like it.

"Me neither"

His hand falls on top of her own, he’s the only Stilinski left in her life. Suddenly it hits her, how Stiles was the only family the Sheriff had. Stiles was the only one who could carry on the Stilinski name, but all of that has been snatched away from Noah now.

"I'm going to take this home with me, because- because it still smells like him. It was his. Would you like me to drop you home?" He asks her with a light voice, but Lydia doesn't want to leave him alone.

"No. I'm coming back with you" she starts the jeep up, pulling out of the preserve and driving back to the Stilinski home. She faintly thinks about calling her mother, but she can’t even muster up the energy to pick her phone up. It’s full of too much, too much of Stiles. She’s sure one of the pack members will tell her mother for her.

Not a single word is exchanged for the duration of the entire drive back. Not even when they see Scott waiting outside the front door as they pull into the drive.

Noah lets them both into the house, and it's almost as if Lydia can't remember how to breathe when she steps inside. She doesn't dare look at any of the photos that are hanging heavily on the walls, as she makes her way upstairs. Scott and the sheriff decide to sit in the kitchen, leaving her to it whilst they talk.

She bursts into his room. A mess of red hair brushing through the air in her wake. Lydia leaves the door open behind her. Because she's hurting, god she's hurting so much. But she knows she's not the only one, and she doesn't want to shut anyone out, physically anyway.

Lydia's body immediately freezes as she looks around the room, because it's just how it was left. How they both left it earlier this afternoon. She can’t help but think back to how it was only a few hours ago that they were lying in bed with eachother. Her laptop on their laps while they looked at pictures of the Stanford campus.

"I can't believe we're actually going together. God, I'm so lucky to have you coming with me" Stiles nuzzles his nose into her hair, making her giggle as she closes the laptop and places it on the floor.

"I'm not going anywhere without you, Stilinski. Never" she teases, just as his eyebrows rise with surprise. She swings one of her bare, tanned legs over his torso as they move to get comfortable. Stiles’ fingers weave through her red glowing locks that have just dried from their shower.

"Don't you think it's like, really crazy how far we've come? Like from third grade to here?” He thinks out loud, before Lydia just about drops off to sleep, making the most of being able to have afternoon naps before college starts. But this wakes her up.

"Yeah, I do. I mean especially from freshman year, I barely even spoke to you. And now I don't think I could love anyone as much as I love you" Lydia whispers, feeling her boyfriends golden arms snake around her waist, just to pull her even closer to him. And they both think, that in this moment, they couldn't be happier than they are right now.

"Yeah, I've loved you nearly my whole life. And damn, of course the sex is fucking great. But I think that the feeling of actually loving and having you, is the best thing I've ever felt" Lydia
lightly flicks his bare chest playfully, eyeing the tanned skin up as she does so. Glad that the summer sun has blessed them both. But, she agrees with him.

"We're in this for keeps right?"

"Of course we are, Martin. Forever" Stiles winks with a sincere smile playing at his lips. He kisses her lightly before sitting up and pulling his sweats over his legs.

"So, let's finish solving this vampire situation" He holds one of his hands out for her, once she’s finished pulling his shirt over her body, before they get back to solving the new threat that has entered town.

Her head falls back against his wall, hitting it with a thud. Lydias chest tightens uncomfortably at the memory from earlier today. The banshees eyes catch sight of the murder board, his writing filling most of it up. She can’t help but chuckle when she sees a comment that she doesn't remember him wiring.

'Solving vampire mysteries leads to amazing sex with Lydia'

Her fingers carefully ghost over his writing, not wanting to smudge anything he's written. However she does get rid of the sex comment, it isn’t very appropriate for the Sheriff to see.

Sleep pulls harshly at her eyelids, so Lydia pulls off her tights and skirt, adamant on leaving his shirt on her body. Because she honestly doesn't think she could even bring herself to take it off, not for a while.

Falling back into his unmade bed, all of a sudden his scent invades her senses once again, she pulls the cover around her body, inviting the smell to linger around her. Deciding to sleep on his side of the bed, leaving room incase Scott decides to sleep in here too.

Tears fall out of her closed eyes and onto his pillow. With no intention of stopping.

And that night, Lydia cries herself to sleep. All while knowing that Scott, the Sheriff, and possibly even the neighbours, can hear her sobs.

The funeral brings everything flooding back. Lydia had barely left Stiles' bed since she arrived the night he died. It's been two and a half weeks since then.

The one week mark was hard. Harder than anything she’s ever felt before. Lydia was lying in his bed whilst wrapped up in his lacrosse hoodie. It was nearing nine on the night when Malia climbed through the window. Something cold tugged at Lydia's heart, because she vaguely remembered Stiles saying something when he was with Malia before. He said, that she never bothered knocking the front door, instead she always came through his window.

So the two girls lay on his bed, with a rather large bottle of whiskey between the two of them. And they drank, not speaking one word to each other. Sheriff Stilinski found both girls asleep in his sons bed the next morning when he woke, and a few tears fell from his eyes at the sight. He didn’t wake them, he didn’t have to heart to do so as he noticed the empty bottle of whiskey and their red eyes. So he left, and went to work.

Scott was round everyday, sometimes with Issac and Liam by his side. But he was worried about
Lydia. She hadn't even screamed that night when he died, and Scott doesn't know if that is a good thing or not.

Kira was basically now living at Scott's, despite her mother’s protests. She was eighteen, and going through so much pain, as were her friends. So she ignored her mother and she left. Kira resorted to constantly helping Melissa and Scott with a lot, and the McCalls were so grateful for her. They didn’t know how to thank her, but Kira didn’t want them to. She just wanted to be with them.

Melissa has taken it hard, Stiles was like a son to her. She doesn't know how to cope with it at all, she doesn’t know what to say to her son or to Noah. Or even herself. So the nurse busies herself with work and constantly making sure Noah is okay, and sober.

Noah Stilinski thought he would definitely fall back into the routine of drinking when he found out he had lost his son. Because the enormous amount of pain that he felt when he saw his sons dead body, was so much worse than arriving at the hospital and finding out Claudia had passed. But surprisingly, he hasn't touched a drop.

Sheriff Stilinski feels like he has taken on a whole new family now. Almost like it’s his duty to look out for the Mccall pack. They are round to see him everyday, most of them even stay with him and Lydia most nights. Melissa and Argent have been checking up on him a lot now too. Noah knows how Argent feels all to well, and it's too much of a shame that the two have grew so close, over such a tragic circumstance.

Everyone is worried about Lydia. And most of the pack have been thinking that they're going to lose her too because it's almost as if she isn't even here either. It’s as if the banshee has been so consumed by Stiles’ death, that she’s slowly slipping into it herself.

Lydia can’t even begin to explain how she’s feeling. She dreams of him every night. She dreams that she sees him and they talk. She dreams of their time together and how it was no where near long enough. Sometimes, she dreams about joining her boyfriend and her best friend. But she couldn’t ever leave Scott, they would kill her.

So when Lydia watches the wooden, dark brown box enter the ground whilst everyone stands in the pouring rain and wearing black. She can feel the scream impatiently crawling back up yer throat again.

But she refuses to let it out, she did with Allison and she doesn't want to scream like that again, because it makes it so real. It also caused a dead pool to occur last time.

She and Scott are the only ones left standing behind while the sun is setting, their fingers tied together as they stare at the grey, headstone with Stiles' name engraved onto it. And this doesn't feel real, this shouldn't feel real but it is. They know it is.

"I'm going to join everyone at the wake. You coming?" He lets go of her hand, slowly walking away hoping she will follow him. But all Lydia does is shake her head, moving so she is sitting on the grass.

"I'll join later" she mumbles, glad he has supernatural hearing because over the rain and her racing heartbeat, she's not even sure she can hear herself.

"Okay. Call me if you need anything, I love you Lydia" he walks back over to her, gently kisses her forehead and drapes his black, heavy coat around her shoulders.

"I love you too Scott" she tears her eyes away from the headstone, looking into the alphas eyes. He backs away with a small, sad smile before climbing into Kiras car and pulling away from the
"I miss you, so much. I don't know how to cope without you" she starts to say, taking note that it's slowly getting darker outside. Lydia notes that she needs to be quick, she hasn’t been outside since that night and she doesn’t think she can handle it. A reminder of the darkness that overtook her life.

"You once said to me, that if I died then you would go out of your freaking mind. And I don't think I understood back then, because I didn't love anyone to such an extent. I thought you was overreacting so I walked away to try and save Jackson, who I thought I loved" she wipes a tear away as she chuckles and rolls her eyes. She can feel her legs getting damp from where she's sitting on the wet grass. But it doesn’t make her want to leave like it normally would.

"When we were at the motel and I saved you, I thought that I might have liked you then, because the thought of you dying scared me so much. And then the nogitsune happened, and I couldn't even think about letting you die. Because damn Stiles, I didn't want to lose you. I couldn't have lost you. I didn't know it then, but I was in love with you, I had been ever since I kissed you. And as each day went by I fell in love with you so much more" her voice breaks, whilst she picks at the grass next to her. The raindrops perching on her eyes, fall off her eyelashes and mix with her tears as she talks.

"I loved you then and I love you now. I love you so much that it used to actually hurt me to see you with Malia, not even getting to be with you. But now I wish I didn't love you, I wish it didn't feel like this. Because I'm going out of my freaking mind without you Stiles, and I literally don't want to live without you in my life, because I can't even see or begin to imagine a life without you in it’ she sobs into her hands, and soon enough she's pulling at her hair as the scream builds up in her throat. Her breaths are irregular and it’s as if she’s panting into the misty air around her.

"I'm so, so painfully in love with you, I just want you back" she cries, as she touches his headstone. Her head falls back as she lets out an ear splitting scream, and she's sure she's never screamed like that before. She definitely hasn’t screamed like that before.

Because she passes out next to her dead boyfriends grave, whilst her pack rush to get back to where they just buried their pack mate, to get their broken banshee.

Lydia wakes up the next morning in her room, and she's confused because everyone knows that she would have wanted to go back to Stiles' house, back to his bed.

But as she forces her eyes open she realises that her room is purple again. It’s how it used to be back in sophomore year.

Her mother must have re-decorated with the old paint they had, whilst she was away. So that nothing would remind her of Stiles. Upon instinct she pulls her phone off her bedside table, and she realises something isn't right.

August 23rd 2011.

She drags back her bedsheets, throwing her bedroom door open and running downstairs to become face to face with her parents. Both of them, smiling and kissing each other.

They should be divorced and her dad should be in England right now.

She grabs the newspaper from off the floor in their porch, unrolling it and searching for the date ignoring her mother's calls about breakfast being ready.
August 23rd 2011.

There is no way this can be real, she drops the newspaper and counts her fingers. She has all ten, no extra ones.

"Mum! Good morning" she tries to act normal but how is any of this normal? Who is she kidding, she lives in a supernatural world where she's a banshee and her best friend is an alpha werewolf.

"Hey honey, are you excited to start you're new school next week? I know how nervous you must be about starting sophomore year in a new school, but you will fit right in!" Her mother kisses her forehead, before handing Lydia a plate of pancakes and syrup.

"Uh yeah. Totally nervous. Why did you both pick Beacon Hills to come back to? I don’t think I asked" Shes asking to see why the hell things are different and what's going on. Her dad places his coffee cup on the table, a frown on his face.

"You know why honey. People found out you was a banshee and we just had to leave, you was in danger. We also grew up here so we knew it was a nice safe place for our kids" her dad says it like it's the most normal thing in the world. Her mouth falls open in shock, what the hell is happening?

"But there's werewolves here, dad" Lydia mumbles dumbfounded. Her just dad laughs, as if she's talking nonsense. But if she's being honest, she feels as if he's the one talking fucking nonsense.

"There isn't, we checked. Honey we wouldn't move here to put you in more danger. Now, here's some money for you to go shopping and get some new clothes for school, meet new people and make friends" he kisses her cheek before grabbing his coat and leaving the house, shouting a quick 'love you' to her and her mother.

"Right, I'm going to get changed so I can head out" she tells her mother, smiling at her as she leaves the kitchen with her mother is on the phone to Claudia.

Claudia. Claudia?

She should be dead...she's Stiles' mother.

"Mum! Who's that you're taking to?" Lydia runs back into the kitchen, skidding on her socks as she comes to a halt in-front of her wide eyed mother.

"Claudia. Honey you know she's my only friend here. We're meeting for lunch, now go and get changed"

"How's Stiles?" It slips out of Lydia's mouth before she can stop it, and her mother just rolls her eyes before covering the speaker of the phone with her hand.

"He's fine, I don't know how you know about him but he's actually in your year in school so get to know him, he's...nice. Now get ready" her mother pushes her playfully out of the kitchen, closing the door as Lydia makes her way up the stairs.

She turns on the shower, leaning against the door as she holds her head in her hands.

What is going on? Stiles should be dead. She should be eighteen and leaving for college soon. She shouldn’t be here like this. It has to be a dream.

Lydia needs to speak to someone, she can't keep this in at all and she needs to know what the hell is going on. But if there's not any supernatural creatures here apart from her, then who isn't
supernatural but knows about it?

The vet clinic. She needs to speak to Deaton, as soon as she can.
She's hesitant to walk inside the clinic, but she needs answers. She feels whole again, and its a distant feeling compared to how she’s been so feeling empty and hollow over the last two weeks. Lydia immediately knows it's because in whatever world this is, Stiles is alive and she has her tether back.

The tired banshee pushes the animal clinics door open to find a little girl sitting in the waiting room. And she looks very much like Scott and Stiles, Lydia thinks. She ignores that though and instead sends her a small smile before tearing her eyes away from her.

"Come on Pippa we're going now" the alpha himself rushes out of the back room and holds his hand out for the little one. Lydia stands there in shock when Scott hauls the girl into his arms.

"Hi, are you here to see Dr Deaton?" Scott smiles, it’s seemed like forever since she last saw him. He’s clutching the little girl as he slowly walks towards the door. Lydia snaps out of her trance and nods her head.

"Yeah I am, I’m Lydia. And can I just say how cute you are?" Lydia smiles at the little girl again watching her as her dainty hand reaches out to twirl a strand of Lydia’s red hair in her small fingers.

"Thanks, she's turning five soon aren't you Pip?" Scott quickly kisses her cheek before the girl pulls away with a laugh and a face full of fake disgust.

"Ew Scott I don't want big brother kisses. Yours are worse than Stiles" Pippa giggles while Scott pretends to be hurt, walking closer to the door and waving goodbye to Lydia in the process.

She stands frozen in the doorway trying to process what's just happened. Stiles and Scott have a little sister together, meaning Melissa and the Sheriff are in a relationship. What the hell is going on?

"Hello, can I help you?" Deaton appears standing behind the gate, dressed in a white lab coat and eyeing Lydia rather skeptically.

"I'm Lydya Martin. I'm also a banshee and yesterday I was at Stiles' funeral and I screamed and now I'm here and he's alive and things are different and I don't know what's happened to me. In my world you know about everything supernatural and I'm hoping you do know, so that I don't sound totally crazy" she blurs out all in one breath, moving her hands around in a frantic motion to try and get everything across to the man who seems unfazed. At least this hasn’t changed.

"Come through, Lydia" he smiles, opening the gate willingly for her. She quirks an eyebrow but steps through anyway. Forcing her legs to walk into the back room of the clinic, so she can lean against the metal table.

"You're right I do know about the supernatural, and I also know quite a bit about banshees. Although what you've explained is rather rare for a banshee, but it's been heard of” the veterinarian explains slowly and Lydia sighs with relief. She manages to smile, waiting for Deaton to explain more about the situation. But instead he doesn't and it's almost as if he's waiting for her to talk.

"What?"

"I need you to tell me what happened, Lydia" Deaton leans against the counter as he watches the girl explain what had happened over the past few weeks. The way she described Stiles’ death, how
her voice broke more than once doesn’t go unmissed by the man. It’s obvious this girl is in love with the Stilinski boy.

"So can you help me? Or just tell me what to do?" Lydia asks, once she's told him the situation. And by now, after all these years, she should probably know whether Deaton will either give her good or bad news. But coming to think of it, she has never really been able to tell.

"I think the power of your scream, combined with your pain and grief, triggered something to do with the balance which has given you chance to basically try and save Stiles" he looks confused himself, but Deaton always knows what he's going on about. Lydia leans forward trying to grasp what's going on.

"So I need to re-live my high school years again, and nothing is the same to how it was. What will happen when the vampires come back again?" She mumbles, her voice uncertain, and right now in this moment, she just wishes that this is going to turn out to be a dream. Just one excruciatingly long dream.

"Most likely, you will get transported back and Stiles won't die, your choices in this world are here forever Lydia. This is your do over. But that's only if things change. Stiles needs to find out he's an emissary way before he did in your world, so that he gets more training. And you said that Scott was the alpha? Well a lot of things may be different, but Stiles probably won't die" a large wave of relief washes over her while Deaton speaks, and she can literally feel herself relax. Because Lydia can't watch the love of her life die again, she won't let it happen.

"Great. Thank you so much" she grabs her bag, but Deaton's hand falls onto her shoulder just as she's about to leave. Stopping her movements altogether.

"There's a few things I may need to tell you before you leave" he chuckles nervously, as he pulls a photo out of a draw in his office.

"First thing is that, in a couple of weeks you won't remember why you're here. You will adjust to this life, so you need to have something that will trigger the memory of Stiles dying. This may do the trick” he hands her a small bottle of a purple liquid. She hesitantly takes it out of his hand tucking it away in her bag.

"Put this in your drink tomorrow morning. And most nights you will dream about that specific battle. You will see Stiles' death again but it's the only thing that will trigger the memory so that you know. It won't be every night but when you start to forget, this will make you remember” at his words Lydia has the urge to smash the bottle and leave. Because she can't watch him die again for however long shes here.

But then she thinks about getting to actually live her life with him, along with how seeing him again will make her feel. And she would choose that any day over having to dream his death.

"Okay. I'll have to do it. What else?" She toys with the zip on her bag, getting impatient. Lydia just wants to see Stiles. And then it hits her like the impact of a fucking full speed train. If Stiles alive, then so is Allison.

Her breath hitches when she realises her best friend is alive again. Her best friend is in beacon hills and possibly only a ten minute drive away.

"You said something about the Hales being the Alpha family? Well here it's the Argents" Deaton slides a picture of the whole Argent family standing outside the house in the woods, across the table. It's easy to piece the puzzles together, and it doesn't take her long to realise that the Hales are
"Oh, right. So I take it that the Hales are the hunters then?" She asks almost automatically. Lydia can't help but smile as she sees a quite recent picture of her best friend with her family. All of her family, alive.

"Yeah they are. Watch out for Peter, he a ruthless hunter. And the last thing is that, Stiles is sort of- well he can be a jackass at times" Deaton tries to put it lightly. Lydia just chuckles because of course Stiles can be a jackass with his sarcastic comments and his witty remarks. Everyone knows that.

"Yeah, I know. Thank you so much Deaton, I'll see you soon" she waves to him, before practically running out of the clinic and straight over to her car. She wants to see Stiles and Allison.

It doesn't take her long to find them once she's been shopping, she was in a hurry and didn't spend nearly half the money she was given. But she did get some cute outfits. Lydia figures she can just comeback tomorrow or during the week, she knows she'll have loads of clothes at home anyway. Because she’s Lydia Martin, she’s always got clothes.

Just when the sun is starting to set, she pulls up to the preserve, noticing a bonfire and hundreds of tea-lights surrounding the trees. There's people drinking and dancing to a old song she recognises immediately. But she just wonders through the people trying to find the boy with the buzz cut and the girl with long curly hair.

But when she does find them, Stiles has his long hair gelled up like it normally was at home, along with a beer lounging in his hand. Her heart stops for a minute, and then she spots Allisons eyes looking around. She must have heard her heartbeat falter.

Lydia's legs move before her brain can begin to register it. And when she's just about to reach them both with an eager smile and a heavily beating heart, Lydia watches Stiles and Allison lean into kiss each other.

Many of the girls that are surrounding him start to scowl and walk away when they see him lock lips with the Argent girl.

She stops walking immediately, not being able to look at them for much longer. Tears burn her eyes, slowly she turns around wanting to go home and lie in bed until she forgets the image of them together. This wasn’t supposed to be like this, Lydia never wanted to see that image. She makes a bee-line for her car, but instead she bumps into someone on her way back.

"Oh shit sor- oh, shit it's you from the clinic!" Scotts smile beams down at her whilst he nurses a drink in one hand, his other landing on her exposed shoulder from her floral sundress. McCall wastes no time in rushing her over to the couple making out.

"Christ you two stop it. This is..."

"Lydia"

"Right! I forgot your name sorry, but this is Lydia, she met me and Pip earlier in the clinic" Scott practically pulls Stiles off Allison and all too soon both sets of brown eyes that Lydia has missed too much land on her face.

"Oh my god I love your hair!" Allison twirls one of Lydia's loose curls around her finger.
Abandoning Stiles to get to know the girl.

"Hi" Stiles sends her a small wave with a forced smile before lightly punching Scott's bicep and stealing the rest of his drink.

Lydia waves back and sends the brunette a smile, feeling all to awkward to be around her best friend's. These people are the people she loves most in the world, and she couldn't feel any more uncomfortable to be around them if she tried. So she quickly thinks up an excuse to leave and go home but before she can Allison decides to pry her about her life.

"I've never seen you in Beacon Hills before. Are you new?" She asks, and the two boys decide to sit down on the deck chairs that must have been brought out here. Lydia and Allison lean against a tree. Lydia doesn't want to make herself comfortable here and she doesn't particularly want to feel sticks prodding into her legs if she sits down. She’s not planning on staying long anyway.

"Yeah just moved here. I'm starting sophomore year at the high school. We moved from New York" she tells them all, feeling a light breeze brush over her skin. Allison gasps, covering her mouth with her hand as Scott's eyebrows rise.

"Do you have any designer shoes or anything?" The brunet asks in an excited manner, causing Lydia to laugh. God, she's missed Allison so much and it hurts to be even speaking to her but it feels good, too good. Because Lydia finally feels like herself again.

"No we're not that rich. I have a couple pairs of Chanel shoes that were gifts from friends though" Lydia has no idea how she knows that, but then she thinks back to how Deaton said shes going to start remembering things from this life to adapt to living here. It feels weird.

"Lydia, you need to show me! You know, I think you're my new best friend" Allison pulls Lydia in for a hug, and she sighs remembering how hugging her best friend felt, it's been so long.

A sense of longing and warmth cloud Lydia's brain and she could stay wrapped up in Allison's arms for ages, talking about boys, school essays and what they're going to study at college. But she can't, because she barely knows Allison here.

Lydia pulls away quickly so it doesn't look suspicious, only to find Stiles' eyes on her and it looks as if he’s most likely checking her out. Scott is currently speaking to someone on the phone at a quick pace. Lydia diverts her eyes away from him only to spot Allison handing her a drink.

"Oh no I'm driving" the red head laughs, pushing it away a little. She notices Stiles and Scott's eyes narrow at her response, they must think she's a new creature or even a new werewolf here, they want to test her.

"Come on, only a couple sips. It's good punch, Allison made it. I need to head home to get to our sister anyway so you can drive me" Scott takes a sip of his own drink, just as Lydia decides to take the one off Alliso. They both tilt the red solo cup and Lydia can faintly see the purple tint of wolfsbane laced in the alcohol.

She gulps down the whole thing in seconds, before flicking the empty cup onto the floor and pulling out her car keys. The taste of the bitter wolfsbane makes Lydia’s tongue feel immensely dry, but she ignores it.

"Good drink, so I'll see you guys at school right?" She asks them all, and she doesn't know whether they're more shocked or relieved. Instead they all silently nod as Scott gets up from his seat and follows the new girl to her car.
The drive home is mostly full of laughs as Scott humorously comments on the most random things
that they encounter, before Lydia knows it she's pulling into the McCall-Stilinski drive.

It's not Scott's or Stiles' house, it's a much bigger one and she realises it's closer to the hospital and
the station. Upon hearing the click of Scott undoing his seatbelt, she sends him a smile before
asking him a question.

"Is Stiles Pippa's brother too?" She expects Scott to be fazed or shocked that she's asked something
rather personal. But his face lights up, something he's always done when given the opportunity to
talk about his pack or family.

"Yeah so basically my mum and Stiles' dad got married around eight years ago and soon after that
they had the twins. Pippa and Riley" Scott pulls up a photo of them all on his phone. She notices
it's also his lock screen which makes her heart melt even more.

The photo is of Scott and Stiles both asleep with Pippa perched next to Stiles and Riley curled into
Scott. It shocks her how much Riley looks like a younger Stiles and how much Pippa resembles
Scott, but they all look so similar and Lydia wishes that they could have had this back home.

"That's so adorable. You have an amazing family Scott, honestly I can't begin to imagine the
amount of love you all have" a tear slides down Lydia's cheek and she's quick to wipe it away but
of course Scott notices. He can probably also smell her chemo-signals too.

"Hey I'm sorry, are you okay?" His hand falls onto her knee as she chuckles, rolling her car
window down so some air can make its way into the car.

"Yeah, it's just my little brother is only three and my parents argue a lot. They are most likely going
to get a divorce and it's hard on us, Leo doesn't know what's going on" her eyes widen as she
realises that she has a brother here. A baby brother.

When she was back home, Lydia faintly remembers her mother having a miscarriage before her
dad left but nothing was said about it really. And the fact she has a brother hurts. She can't begin to
imagine how he looks or even what he's like.

"I'm so sorry, look. Come inside for a while, it's only eight after all and my parents are getting
ready for a date, hence why I'm home. But they would love to meet a new friend of mine" Scott
uses his puppy eyes and even though Lydia is used to them, she wouldn't dare say no. She needs to
see Melissa and Noah happy, they deserve it.

"If it's okay, sure" Scott's smile is all teeth when she says her response, he ever so quickly
scrambles out of the car and waits for Lydia.

Stepping inside of the house is comforting, she feels like this is home immediately. A little boy
runs up to Scott, his bright blue eyes flicker over to Lydia and before she can say hi the boy is
hugging her legs.

"Hi! I'm Riley, nice to meet you. What's you're name?" Lydia's heart swells as she watches the boy
who reminds her so much of Stiles. The older girl crouches down, holding out a hand for him to
shake as she introduces herself.

"I'm Scott's friend. My name is Lydia and it's nice to meet you Riley" the little boy shakes her hand
just before Pippa comes running down the stairs. Her own blue eyes glisten under the dim lighting
as she catches sight of Lydia.

"Ariel is back again! Hey Lydia" the girl sticks her tongue out at her older brother before also
shaking Lydia's hand that Riley has just let go of.

"Hey Pippa, I love your shoes!" Lydia playfully gasps as she looks at the pink bows on the girls pink flats. Pippa squeals and starts to say how many other pairs she has upstairs in her room, also not forgetting how she would love to show Lydia.

"Not today Pip. You both need to go upstairs and brush your teeth, it's bedtime soon. Before I call Stiles" Scott lightly grins and the two little ones scramble up the stairs leaving giggles and small screams in their wake.

"They're scared of Stiles?" Lydia chuckles, as she follows Scott through into the kitchen to find Melissa finishing some dinner. The woman looks exactly the same as Lydia last saw her, only with more life and happiness in her eyes. No grief in sight.

"Yeah, he's more strict than me and he also has more stamina to tickle and chase them. Hey mum, this is my friend Lydia, she's new here" Scott kisses the woman's cheek and steals a red pepper from where Melissa is throwing them into the pan.

"Scott don't. Hello Lydia, gosh you're just beautiful aren't you? Oh and I'm sorry for my sons lack of manners, would you like some dinner?" Melissa kisses Lydia's cheek before wrapping her arms around the girl. Lydia would feel rude turning down some dinner so she decides to take a seat at the kitchen table.

"Thank you! I'd love to stay if you don't mind. And oh don't worry, boys will be boys right?" Lydia chuckles briefly looking over to Scott who's munching from a packet of peanuts with a smug smile on his face.

"I like you already, good with the twins, making herself at home and I can tell she's a feisty one. Honey you're welcome here anytime" she feels a lump suddenly form in her throat. Melissa has always known how to make someone feel welcome and Lydia is glad she's not changed to how she is back home.

"Right! Scott you finish dinner while I get ready for this date I've been waiting for your dad to plan for weeks" Melissa pulls off her apron and practically skips out of the kitchen just as the sheriff walks in holding a glass of water.

"Hey son. And who's this then, you got a new girlfriend Scott?" The Sheriff leans against the kitchen island, sending a wink to Lydia as he shakes her hand.

"No, dad. Lydia is my friend and she's new in town, thought it would be nice to invite her for dinner" Scott stirs the pasta and the sauce all while trying to avoid his dads judging gaze.

"Ahh dinner? I thought you just wanted me to just see the kids" Lydia speaks up with narrow eyes and a grin. Scott shrugs from where he's standing, and Noah just feels very much entertained by these two already.

"Okay kids, I'll leave you to it. Lydia i hope to see you soon and Scott that's done now, turn the oven off" Noah winks at them both as he leaves the spacious kitchen. Lydia hears his voice upstairs along with two sets of giggles.

"You're family is amazing" she speaks without really registering what she's saying. But Scott doesn't seem to mind as he pulls two glass plates out of a cupboard. Lydia decides to get up and help him, taking the pan of pasta off him.

"Oh could you put some aside for Stiles. And yeah, I guess they are, you know they're all going to
want to see you often" Scott nudges Lydia's hip with his own, earning a chuckle off the red head. She places the rest of the pasta onto a plate with the sauce and into the microwave for Stiles. God knows what time he will be home, she thinks as her mind drifts back to how he was at the bonfire.

"I'd love to see them more often, it's so warm and homey here" once Scott has finished putting out the sauce and garlic bread, which Lydia is more than happy about once she sees, they both decide to sit down at the kitchen table, hungry eyes staring at their plates of food.

"You really don't like living at home much do you?" The boy asks softly and Lydia is extremely taken back by his question. Thinking about how he's right. She's never really been too happy at home, not since she realised her parents marriage was falling apart.

"No, I guess not. I think I'm more like a mother to my brother you know? Mums always out and I'm sure she will be even more now she's meeting new people. Dad is always at work and really it's just me and Leo” Lydia moans as she tastes the homemade sauce Melissa has prepared. When she looks over at Scott half his plate has been devoured and he’s now dished up a look of pity in his wide eyes.

"That sucks, I feel really bad for you. Is there anything that...I don't know, makes things better?" He asks, and Lydia really tries thinks about it, trying to think of something. Anything. But Lydia can't, there’s nothing coming to mind that she can say to him.

"If I'm honest I don't really know. It's a new start here so I hope things get better, for us all. Anyway, tell me what school is like?" Lydia's eyes light up once she brings up the topic of school, knowing she will fly by because she already knows practically everything that they are learning. She's also a straight up nerd at heart.

"He's the coach right? Well I love sports so I guess I'll be seeing a lot of him" she chuckles before her eyes slightly widen, dread then settles over the girl. She never does gym, but she does here? Lydia pushes the nearly empty plate away just as Scott brings it towards himself finishing off the little bit of food she left.

"Oh my god, you're a monster" Lydia jokes before barking out a laugh and Scott instantly does the same. The two of them feel incredibly at ease around each other and she's glad Scott's here, she glad he's her alpha.

"You know, forget Allison. You're my new best friend. We get along so well and I don't think I actually have a best friend right now” His voice is low and she can tell he's not feeling as chirpy as he just was. So Lydia springs up and moves closer to him, abandoning her old seat.

"Hey, you know I don't have any friends here either. But I know that you're a great person and we're going to get along great. So you, Scott McCall are my new best friend" Lydia ruffles his hair watching his face scrunch up into a genuine smile, before pulling her petite body into a bear hug.

"I feel honoured, you're a pretty great girl. And how did you know my last name?I don't think I've mentioned it" he lets her go, as she retreats back to sit down with her cheeks beginning to flush. She needs to think of a lie, quick.

"I heard someone at the party call you McCall so I guess I put two and two together" the red head laughs, and Scott does too but it's cut rather short as the front door swings open.
"Guess who just got laid. Again" an all too familiar voice echoes throughout the house. Lydia and Scott spin around to find a grinning Stiles taking long strides into the kitchen.

"Hey Scott. Red head" he pulls his dinner out of the microwave, leaning over the kitchen island to eat it slowly while staring at the two teens. He’s not quiet as he eats, letting his fork scrape against the plate. Lydia shivers at the dreadful sound.

"It's Lydia" she quips, crossing her legs with a roll of her eyes. Now she knows what Deaton meant when he said Stiles was a jackass, and it doesn't take her long to figure out he's probably the schools biggest sex magnet.

"Sti, what does get laid mean?" A small voice appears from the kitchen doorway. But before any of them can react or even think of an excuse to say to the little boy standing by the door, Melissa appears.

"It doesn't mean anything baby, come on up to bed. Tell daddy it's time for a quick story" she ushers Riley back up the stairs before marching back in, all dressed up. Melissa looks stunning. Even when she hits Stiles upside the back of the head, before glaring at him.

"Mom!"

"Don't 'mom' me. Come into this house shouting that one more time and you're in big trouble, Stiles. You're lucky your father didn't hear you" she says ever so calmly to the boy who's looking even more guilty than he was before. His brown eyes still glisten, as does his tanned skin that glows under the light.

Lydia doesn't miss how Melissa kisses his cheek before walking back out into another room. Lydia can't help but turn around and laugh into her hand, and it seems Scott doesn't bother hiding his amusement either.

"Dude, wrong move. I can't believe Riley heard you, you need to stop man" Scott manages to get out in between chuckles. Stiles resorts to sending him a sarcastic smile before staring over at Lydia.

"Well, why are you here then?" He asks skeptically, before shoving some food into his mouth. Lydia sighs hating how different this Stiles is to her Stiles. But he's here, and he's standing in front of her alive and healthy.

"Scott invited me in for dinner, which was lovely. But I best be off home now" she grabs her bag off the chair, taking her dirty dishes over to the sink and quickly washing them up.

"You don't need to do that" Scott appears behind her, and she can feel the heated gazes off both boys bearing into her back.

"It's okay, I don't want to cause mess for anyone" she turns the kitchen tap off and dries her hands quickly before rummaging through her bag for her car keys.

When she realises that she can't find them, the banshee pulls her bag off her shoulder and takes her things out. They're not in here at all, where they hell are they?

"Shit" She murmurs to herself, her hands checking her jacket pockets. Still nothing. Lydia suddenly starts to feel awkward, so she gives up and tucks her hair behind her ear.

"Looking for these?" The young girl spins around on her heel, losing her balance a little when she feels his breath on her neck. Stiles standing rather close and on instinct she backs up into the table
behind her, eyeing her keys hanging off his index finger.

"Yes! Thank you" her voice is high pitched and more raspy than usual. She's not touched Stiles in weeks and the feel of his body so close to hers, is doing things to her. "I mean yeah, thank you" she clears her throat, she notices Scott walking back into the room, texting.

"You don't have to go you know" He stuffs his phone away into his back pocket and leans against the kitchen island. Lydia shakes her head and slips away from Stiles. Pulling her bag over her shoulder and swinging her keys around her finger.

"I do, gotta get back to my parents and Leo. Thank you, so much for having me. I'll have to thank you parents too at some point" she looks up to the ceiling briefly, wanting to head up but knowing how hard it is to put kids to bed and not wanting to ruin any routine.

"You're welcome anytime, yeah? I'll see you at school" Scott walks her to the front door, but not before she catches Stiles' judging gaze lingering on her as she leaves the kitchen behind.

"Thank you and yes, definitely. Goodnight McCall" Lydia waves at him, walking over to her car with a smile as she watches the soon to be Alpha, wave her off with a smile on his face also.

Lydia lets her mind drive her home, and she notes it's only about a five minute drive from their house to hers. She stays in her car for a few minutes, glancing up to one of the windows on the front of the house.

She sees blue curtains with rockets and stars printed on them and immediately her stomach turns. Lydia has a baby brother who she's never met before. How she didn't notice anything to do with a child this morning is beyond her, but it has been a rather weird day.

Just get it over and done with, Lydia thinks. Honestly, she really wants to meet him. So the girl rushes out of her car, not forgetting her bag before letting herself into the house.

"Liddy" a small, quiet voice appears from the bottom of the stairs. Lydia drops her bag and bends down. A feeling she can’t figure out fills her body, goosebumps rising.

He's so small, his hair is light blonde and he definitely still has such a baby face. He waddles over to her in his blue fluffy pyjamas and wraps his arms around her. Lydia can't help but pick him up and cradle him in her arms.

"Hey baby! What you playing with?" She runs her fingers through the hair that's in his green eyes, brushing it out of the way before walking through to the living room. She’s acting natural, like this is so normal to her. But it technically is, this has been her life.

"My Dino! It green" Lydia can't help but smile when she hears the way he says his little words, his speech obviously still isn't the best but he knows his way around the words he should know. A sense of pride and love overcomes her as she watches her little brother mess with his dinosaur toy.

"Honey, have you had a nice day?" Her mother is sitting with her feet up, a glass of lemonade in her hand as she stares at the television playing on the wall across from her.

"Yeah it was okay, I've made a few friends already. When's it Leo's bedtime?" Lydia takes a seat next to their mother as Natalie's arms reach out for her son. She smother's his face in kisses before pulling Lydia in too, doing the same to her sixteen year old daughter.

"Mom! I'm too old for this" Lydia laughs, and she's taken back to how Pippa was this morning. Natalie wraps her arm around Lydia as Leo gets comfortable in his mother's lap.
"No you're not. You're still my baby, you always will be" she smiles down at her daughter and Lydia decides to lean into the embrace her mother is giving her, resting her hand on Leo's leg as she closes her eyes.
Lydia's eyes open just as her little brother bursts through her door, clambering onto her double bed and making himself comfortable.

"I start nursery today" he tries to whisper, as Lydia chuckles and kisses his forehead. Leo's smile is vibrant and his eyes are full of excitement as he pulls the covers over himself to hide from Natalie.

"Mummy will find you" Lydia tickles him before slowly getting out of bed and opening her curtains, inviting the beaming sunlight to settle over her room. Natalie quietly tiptoes into where her son and daughter are, before gently pulling Lydia's bed covers back and picking up Leo.

"I found you! Come on baby, time to get all ready for your first day" Her mother blows Lydia a kiss from across the room and Leo giggles into his mother's neck.

With a yawn, Lydia pulls the small bottle of purple liquid out of her bag and slipping it into her sweats pocket before rushing downstairs and into her kitchen. She quickly makes some orange juice, hesitating before slipping in the purple liquid remembering the consequences. It’s heavy in her hand, weighing it down tremendously. The liquid glistens under the light from the sun that’s creeping inside, heating Lydia’s hand up. She needs to do this.

"Morning darling. See you later" her dad rushes in and out of the kitchen in a matter of seconds grabbing some toast and kissing her cheek before jogging out again with his briefcase in hand. Lydia can't help but sigh, she hasn't even seen her dad with Leo yet.

"Hi and bye" she mutters to herself, grabbing a piece of toast and slowly walking back upstairs again to get ready. A sour feeling brewing in her stomach towards her father.

Once Lydia has chosen to wear a black skirt and a baby pink tank top, she looks over her never ending pairs of heels and deciding on a simple pair of nude stilettos. Somethings don’t change, which she’s very much glad for.

While Lydia is straightening her hair, Natalie saunters into her room and sits on the edge of her bed, smiling over at Lydia through the mirror.

"Where’s Leo?” She asks her mother, watching her through narrow eyes before moving onto another piece of hair to straighten.

"Playing with his dinosaurs while we wait to leave. How are you feeling about starting school baby?” Natalie gets up, taking the straighteners off of Lydia and making work in the back of her hair, where Lydia has obviously missed a bit.

"Oh right. And I'm actually okay mom, I really am. I met Scott and Allison last night, along with Stiles and they're all really nice. So I'm okay with it" she catches her mother's smile in the mirror before Natalie finishes Lydia's hair for her and leaving a kiss on her cheek. It’s warm, and Lydia welcomes it. She didn’t have this with her mother before, it’s something she doesn’t want to lose.

"I'm so proud of you. Now have a great day, and get going before your late!" Lydia rises from her vanity chair, smiling to herself.

She's not really used to being so close with her mother, and she actually loves the bond she has with her mother here. Her dad is the same, unsurprisingly.
"By Liddy" a small voice shouts from the bottom of the stairs, and soon enough Lydia appears with her bag in her hand as she kisses her baby brother and her mother on the cheek before they all head for school. This is it. Don’t fuck it up Lydia.

The banshee has a very strong feeling of deja vu as she strolls down the school hallways with her heels clicking against the floor. She's already picked up her welcome pack and her timetable, and she's pretty happy with it all.

So when she finds her locker and sees its right next to Malia's, she doesn't know how to react. The girl with the ombré hair that she no longer had when Lydia last saw her, smiles over at the redhead as she shuts her locker.

"Hey! Are you new here?" She asks Lydia, and it takes her a minute to respond because before now she didn't quite realise how much of a friend Malia has been to her. And god, she has missed her so much.

"Yeah, I am. My names Lydia" she holds her hand out for Malia to shake, but she ignores the handshake instead pulling her in for a hug. Lydia chuckles, wrapping her arms loosely around her.

"Malia. So what class do you have first?" Lydia pulls out her timetable, feeling giddy when she sees her first lesson is Math.

"Yes! We both have math, I can help you" Malia pulls Lydia down the hallway and into the math classroom. So, if this Malia is good at maths, then who the hell isn't?

Not even twenty minutes into the lesson, after Lydia has finished all of her work, she realises it's Stiles Stilinski who sucks at math. She can see him fiddling with his pen from across the room, not bothering to even attempt the work he’s been given. Typical.

"Are you finished Miss Martin?" Lydia looks up to find Mrs Stewart standing next to her desk with an impressed smile. Lydia nods before the teacher looks through her pages of work, narrow eyes examining her writing.

"This- this is great. You're just the student I've been looking for, welcome to the class Miss Martin" her book is placed back down on her desk neatly as Mrs Stewart stalks over to Stiles, and unsurprisingly his witty remarks can be heard from across the room.

"God, I hate him" Malia mumbles, and Lydia can't help but turn around to ask the girl why. There's a whole new Stiles that Lydia has to learn and she wants to know as much about him as she possibly can.

"Why?"

"He dated my best friend, Heather. And they were each other's firsts for everything. But he just played her in the end, and she was too hurt to even be around him so she moved away. Ever since he's slept with nearly all of the girls in the school" Malia's cheeks redden at her words, and Lydia can't figure out if it's anger or whether she too has been a notch in his belt.

"Sounds like an asshole to me" Lydia replies, keeping her eyes glued onto the smirking boy as he watches Mrs Stewart shout at him from where she's standing. Stiles, frankly, looks as if he couldn’t give a flying fuck and would rather be anywhere else than here, right now.
"He is. And I'm not one for telling people who they can or can't see, but for your sake? Try and stay away from him Liddy." Malia smiles at her, and Lydia can't help but soften at the nickname the hunter has given to her.

Hunter. She's a Hale.

Just as Lydia is about to ask about her family and if she may or may not be a hunter, the bell rings. Malia quickly packs her things away, telling Lydia she's got Art class and she will meet her later.

So Lydia just smiles and watches as her friend leaves the class. She catches the overbearing gaze of Mrs Stewart as she packs her things away. And if she's honest, Lydia hopes she's not keeping her back because she has gym now, and she supposedly loves gym.

Lydia is right. Because just as she's about to walk out of the class, her name is called. So she weaves her way through the students, back into the nearly empty classroom. And it's then when she spots Stiles leaning against the window with a uninterested facial experience, as Mrs Stewart leans against her desk.

"Now, I would like to speak to you both about tutoring. Stiles, now as you're only just scraping an E in my class, I would like Lydia to tutor you for the next semester" Mrs Stewart claps her hands together, smiling as she makes her way over to her seat.

"Is this really necessary?" Both of the teens speak at the same time, something that surprises them both. But their teacher just shakes her head, dismissing them. You've got to be fucking kidding. She doesn't want Stiles to think of her as his annoying tutor who pester him to do his work. Shit. Way to go, Mrs Stuart.

"Nope, the principal has agreed too. Work out your scheduling and get to work" Mrs Stewart looks over to the door gesturing for them both to leave, which they do. Both of them walk rather quickly to the door, eager to leave the room and the situation.

Lydia smiles to herself as she walks to gym. Okay maybe she overreacted, this way she can spend time with him again, she gets to be with him again. But the unpleasant reminder hits her again, he's not her Stiles. She doesn't even know if she wants to get to know this Stiles.

"Uh, Hello? Red head?" The boys hand wraps around and grips her wrist, pulling her back a little just as they reach the gym. Lydia whines when she sees the girls heading into the locker rooms, she's antsy and wants to hurry up.

"Yeah?" She asks him, gently pulling her wrist out of his grip. She stares at his face watching a smirk tug at his lips. God, his lips. Lydia has always had a thing for them, she knows how they feel and what they can do. But this is different now.

"So tutoring? When and where?" He places his hands on his hips, and Lydia catches sight of his fingers. Her tongue darts out to wet her plump lips as she thinks back to their time together and how amazing being in bed with him was. Oh, what she would do to turn back time and to just go back to those moments.

But all of those memories are already starting to slip away and grow hazy. So she snaps out of it, she's here now and she needs to sort everything out. This is her chance.

"My place at five thirty. Scott knows where I live so ask him" she tells the boy, who's smirking triumphantly. He knew the previous look that was just on her face, he knew it all too well. She wants him and he knows it.
He catches her biting her lip as she spins around, rushing to the girls locker room in a record time for a girl in heels.

Lydia surprises herself, and many others when everyone sees how well she can play football. As coach decides to mix both the boys and girls together, Lydia shocks everyone when she takes control of the ball. Her ponytail blows with the light gust of wind that cools her burning skin down. She’s on fire, her legs pushing themselves forward as she sprints across the field under the scorching sun.

"You! What's your name?" Coach yells out, as Lydia scores her fourth goal of the hour. Scott stands to the side with his mouth agape while he watches the red head run in the wind over to Finstock. She said she liked sport, he had no idea she played this well.

"Uh Lydia. Lydia Martin"

"You're the new Captain of the girls team. Sorry Allison, but this red head girl is by far the best player we've ever had. I like you already" coach claps his hands with a rather sinister laugh, before blowing his whistle while Lydia's eyes widen. She spins around to find Allison scowling. The girls cheeks blossoming into an angry crimson colour as echoing cheers are heard around them all.

"Allison I'm sorry. I didn't know-" 

"Save it. Seriously don't talk to me" the brunette brushes past Lydia, leaving her to stand alone in the middle of the field. Everyone starts to slowly walk away and back to the locker rooms, she doesn’t miss the the hard judgemental look that Stiles sends her as he lingers next to Scott.

She has no idea what to do. She didn't want this to happen, she wanted to make a good impression while spending time with her friends. Lydia had no control of this decision what so ever. Allison hates her. Her best friend hates her. And in that moment, Lydia figures that she would rather not have Allison in her life at all, than to have her hate her. Upon the girls stomach turning, she pushes her feet forward and trails to the locker room feeling drained. It’s mostly empty when she gets there, so she decides to take her time in changing. It’s not as if she has anyone to catch up with.

After her last lesson which was with Mr Harris, who is still alive to Lydia's dismay, she practically rushes out of school. Grabbing Malias number in the process.

Once Lydia is out of the building, she notices how Stiles is leaning against her hood of her car, when she looks up from the floor of the car park. Remembering telling him earlier that he should be at hers for five thirty, and it's only just turned half three.

"Uh I recall saying a different time. You're early" she opens the back door or her car and throws her bag inside. Stiles watches her every move, and he doesn't miss the goosebumps rising on her arms.

"Yes I am. Thought I'd surprise you, y'know?" he grins, sliding into the passengers side of her car before she even has chance to reply. This boy already infuriates her.

Ignoring the annoyance bubbling in her blood, she swings open her door. His feet are on her dashboard and his chair is reclined back, all emotion falls from Lydia's face because her Stiles used to do exactly that. The image of him is fuzzy in her mind now, feeling herself slowly forgetting her memories but he's still there. He always will be.

"So, new captain of the girls team. You're good, but I'd say Allison is going to put up a challenge" he messes with her radio, choosing a random song before rolling down his window.
"Yeah well, I didn't intend for that to happen. By the way my mum is out, her and my brother arrive home at around seven" Lydia drives right past past the sheriffs station on her way home, faintly catching the sight of Stiles' dad climbing out of his car.

"Oh okay, cool. Where are they?" The boy asks while looking out the back window staring at his father with a grin. Although Lydia sees the grin slide right off his face when she replies to his question.

"With you're mum and sister" she bites her lip. Lydia's mother has made a thing of staying at Claudia's for dinner every week day, seeing as they were both best friends in high school and apparently have years to catch up on.

"What? How do you know them?" His voice is low and he almost sounds ashamed, it’s obvious he isn’t in contact with Claudia and Lacey. She’s surprised as her mother mentioned Lacey was a couple years older than Stiles, she wonders what happened and why they’re still not close. But Lydia doesn't want to mess with things so she decides to change topic.

"High school friends. Anyway, you're a hit with the girls aren't you"

Stiles doesn't miss what Lydia does, her goal to change the topic. He could pry her about them even more, or just leave it. He takes the easy way out, and decides not to bring it up again. "Jesus, barely been here a week and you've noticed. They just seem to love me I guess" he laughs and what he says doesn't settle well with Lydia.

"And Allison?"

"Oh were just a friends with benefits really. She likes me though" he chuckles, rubbing his hands over his thighs. Lydia bites her tongue to stop her from saying anything she'll regret.

"Right. Okay well this is me" she turns off the car and gets out rather quickly, which doesn't go unnoticed by the boy. Stiles trails after her, his mind racing as he follows the girl who he can't even begin to figure out.

She throws her bag up onto the kitchen island, trying to busy herself so that he can't see how much him just being around, is getting to her. She’s sweating, and she knows for a fact that it’s not because of the heat.

"Do you want a drink? Something to eat?" She offers, pulling a carton of juice out the cupboard for herself. She's pouring it into a glass, when she spots Stiles staring at the photos hanging losely on their pin board next to the refrigerator.

There's ones of Lydia holding Leo, who looks ar Ind six months old. There’s her with her family, but mostly just her and Leo. Lydia figures it’s her mother who put this together. She walks over to join him, mirroring his actions as she dares too, the banshee can practically remember these photos being taken.

"You're brother is cute. Should come and play with Riley and Pippa soon" Stiles glances down at the red head, watching her eyes fill up with love and adoration.

"Yeah" she looks up, but he immediately decides to look away. Upon trying to look at something else, anything to make it seem as if he wasn’t staring at her, his eyes fall into their calendar. Catching something that makes his stomach sink immediately.

Friday 7th - full moon.
The words are written in scrawny writing, almost as if it was rushed. What is Lydia?

He slowly turns around, already knowing that she knows what he's seen. Lydia doesn't even seem phased, instead she pulls out her books from her bag and sips on her drink.

"What are you? I knew i felt something off with you when I first saw you" he inches closer to her, and Lydia almost does a double take when she sees his eyes flash blue.

"Holy shit" she nearly drops her glass, and covers her mouth as she walks over towards him. Grabbing his hand in hers, she sees claws where his nails should be. Ready to attack or defend himself.

"You're a werewolf" she whispers, wondering why the hell Deaton didn't tell her this before. As he unlocks his phone, she lunges forward to stop him. Feeling rather panicked that he's going to make a drastic, irrational decision.

"We need to talk. All of us" Stiles mutters, sitting down opposite from where Lydia was just sitting herself. As he unlocks his phone, she lunges forward to stop him. But he surprises her, by sighing and putting his phone away. Just like he usually would.

"Go ahead. Tell me what's going on" Lydia releases a breath and retreats back to her seat. Cleaning some of the spilt juice that she swilled upon seeing his eyes minutes ago.

"Okay so five years ago I was attacked by a werewolf at my old school, her name was Kate. And she was an omega at the time, anyway she basically brought out my powers by trying to get me to bring her back from the dead. She stayed for a while but when she left we never saw her again" she looks over to him, hoping he's listening. He is, but he also looks like he's seen a ghost, she doesn't know whether it's because this is like deja vu for him, or something else.

"Anyway, in the process I nearly killed my friends and myself. And when I was fighting a battle with my old pack, someone called me a banshee" she decides to stop, because her head is pounding. All of a sudden, Lydia can feel and remember what she's saying as memories from this life flood into her brain.

"A banshee? We've heard of one but never actually looked into one, or even came across one. And uh you said her name was Kate?" he leans forward as if to inspect her which earns a chuckle from Lydia. She places her hands on his shoulders, pushing him back a little.

"Yeah we're dangerous. So when you said 'all of us' who did you mean? And yeah it was definitely Kate" Lydia can feel the anxiety bubbling in her when she remembers there's a pack here, and at the moment she's alone. Upon saying the name of the werewolf who attacked her, Lydia can't help but shiver. Does he know her?

"The pack. You already know Scott and Allison. We used to have Malia, she comes and goes. There's Issac, Liam, Theo and Ethan" Stiles replies, pulling out his phone and Lydia presumes he's telling them all to head over here.

"Right...and you want them here because?" Lydia finishes her drink, standing to put the glass in the sink. She leans against the cool counter, breathing through her nose to try and calm herself. She didn't know she was even anxious, it's something she can't even control.
"They will be over soon. Can you show me, or tell me what you can do?" Stiles asks from behind her, Lydia jumps when he speaks. Spinning around, she nods and pulls open the door to the back garden. Stiles decides to leave the fact that Allison’s aunt was the one who attacked Lydia, for the moment. Waiting until the argent girl is here herself soon.

There's a feeling within her, and it's a constant pounding feeling in her chest. She decides to push it away for now, instead stopping in the middle of her garden.

"I need you to stand as far away as possible" she asks, watching Stiles' eyes dilate as he leans against the wall of her house.

Clamping her eyes shut, gathering her breath with her chest heaving. Lydia is more than thankful that their house is quite distant from others on the street.

She locks her gaze on the metal pole that holds some of their wet clothes, she knows her mother is going to kill her for this.

Lifting up her hands to get direction, and she lets herself scream. All of the pain, the hurt and the anxiety flows out of her as she watches the metal pole bend and fly away, crashing into the brick wall that now also has been hit with a hammering force, and has now also dented and cracked.

Upon dropping her hands, Lydia closes her mouth, her chest heaving even more as she tries to catch her breath. Her fists are gathering the material of her skirt tightly and the only thing she can hear now is the light breeze blowing through her hair.

She feels as if she's on cloud nine, she doesn't feel any of her anxiety, or any pain that she was seconds ago. A smile makes its way into her face, and she finally feels okay again. Not to mention the hundreds of whispering voices are not void in her mind.

She turns to see Stiles staring at her, he looks stunned. But she can also see the admiration in his eyes as he pushes himself away from the wall.

"That hurt my ears..i-is that all you do?" He stutters, and for the first time Lydia actually looks at this boy for who he really is. And he's just as captivating as she thought he would be. How he’s always been to her.

"No, I can hear voices. I know when death is near and who's about to die. I can fight and obviously scream, when needed though" she explains, making her way back inside with the newfound werewolf following behind her.

"You're rather mesmerising" he whispers, following Lydia upstairs absentmindedly. Only when he realises he's in her room does he smirk and realise that he's with the girl who he's taking a small liking to.

"Brought me to you're room already huh?" He chuckles, and Lydia has a desire to actually slap him because of his remarks. But she pushes it away, pulling out the book she's been looking for.

"This is the bestiary, it has all of the supernatural creatures that I've come across and that are practically already on the planet. But remember there's new ones being made practically everyday so this book will never stop growing" she throws it onto her bed for him to look at. He sits down and looks over the pages of the book, his stomach dropping when he realises he hasn't even encountered half of these creatures, yet this girl has.

"Fucking hell" he slams the book shut, he's had enough. This is too much, they should be doing algebra and equations. Not this. What is half of this stuff? These creatures and spirits he’s never
even heard of before?

His breaths become irregular and short, Stiles knows this feeling all too well. He's just never had a panic attack before, as a werewolf. He can feel his chest pounding as he tries to gasp for air, but nothing is working.

"I need Scott, I need to tell Allison and Deaton. I don't know what the hell to even do about you!" He exclaims as he's overcome with an impulsive need to just...turn.

"Stiles you need to calm down, please" Lydia steps forward, her hand brushing his shoulder as she urges him to sit back down. When his palm is placed on top of hers she doesn't expect his claws to also wrap around her skin.

"Oh god. What the hell is going on?" He growls, and Lydia suddenly does feel terrified, she doesn't know what he's capable of. Without warning she steps back, and Stiles looks up at her with his ice blue gaze that pierces through Lydia, in a rather unsettling way.

"I think you're worrying about everything you've read. You're having a panic attack" both of them are frozen in place, not knowing what the hell they can do.
Four - The Pack

Chapter Summary

As Lydia slowly starts to adapt to her time in her new life, things aren’t going to be as easy as she thinks that they are.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I don't want her in the pack" Allison's voice is probably loud enough for the whole street to hear. Lydia barely flinches, but Liam and Scott actually take a step backwards towards Lydia for protection.

“Well for the record, I don’t want to be in a pack with someone who’s aunt attacked me but we can’t all get what we want, can we?” Lydia intervenes, raising her hand as she talks. Allison’s jaw clenches as her face snaps to look over to Lydia. Stiles talks before the Argent girl can make a remark.

"We need her. And I can already feel her, Al. She's practically with us anyway" Stiles argues back as he slumps down into Lydia's couch. She checks the clock and bites down on her lip, it's ten to seven and her mother will be home with Leo soon.

"I don't fucking care. She's friends with Malia too, did you forget that? Why are you so fond of her?" Now, when Allison says this it finally does trigger something in Lydia. Her mind immediately takes her back to just an hour before, with her and Stiles in her bedroom.

He's having a panic attack. That's all that is running through Lydia's mind before she brings herself to try and move.

"I can't- fuck I need to breathe" his breaths leave his mouth unevenly, and immediately it worries Lydia. She stumbles forward and collapses to her knees in front of him, her hands fiddle with his while trying to avoid the claws.

"Okay, follow my pulse and please don't kill me" she whispers, knowing he can hear. She slowly drags his hand up her arm, over her neck and onto her pulse point. Her skin feels on fire from his touch, and all she wants to do is lean in and feel him.

His eyes flicker back from blue to hazel, she can feel the sharp, digging point of his claws retract from her skin on her neck and how the force between them grows stronger in the moment.

He opens his mouth to speak, but all he can do is nod to her and help her up from off the floor, we're she's settled between his legs. He’s okay, thank god.

"Thank you" he mutters to her when she grabs the book from off the bed and places it back in her wardrobe. Lydia returns, noticing how Stiles still hasn't moved an inch.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Lydia is hesitant to go near him again, because there's a really strong
burning, arousing feeling that is pulsating all over her body right now. And she doesn't want to ignite a fire that might not be there.

"I don't know. I feel warm and like I really want to fucking kiss you right now" His voice is low and hoarse. Lydia can feel her breath hitch in her throat along with the need to touch him again.

She steps forward hesitantly but he beats her to it, pushing her up against her desk and latching his lips onto hers eagerly. Lydia faintly hears her things clatter and fall behind her but she couldn't care less, this doesn't even feel real to her.

But when his hands fall to the back of her thighs, leaving burning marks in their wake she knows he's here, he's touching her. He’s real. A hot, raw feeling courses through them both, sparking up the fire that’s been brewing for hours. It’s rather unusual for them as, when they've kissed both someone before, it has never felt like this.

Lydia decides to finally moves her hands, wrapping them around his neck, diving her fingers into Stiles' hair as his tongue enters her mouth. A sharp breath leaves Lydia's mouth all while Stiles trails his lips down Lydia's neck.

Lydia doesn't know what to do with herself. So she bucks her hips forward and that's when she hears him moan huskily into her skin, where he had just partially marked her. The feel of him pressed up, flush against her, takes her back to how it used to be with him. How it felt to have him with her.

When she tugs his hair they find each other's lips again, and Lydia doesn't think she's ever felt this close to Stiles before. The kiss is stimulating something between them both, they're not doing anything at all to stop it.

Lydia plays with him, deciding to bite his bottom lip, awakening something inside of Stiles as his fingers trail under her skirt. And all too soon an abrupt pool of intense heat appears between Lydia's legs.

She runs her tongue down Stiles' neck and begins to suck on his collar bone, all while she ruts her hips against him and her desk, craving some instantaneous friction. Stiles moans, his voice breaking with a rumble against Lydia’s skin. He can't get enough of her.

And just when Lydia blows over the rather large, throbbing red hickey that she’s left in her wake, his phone rings out and instantly cuts through the thick passionate atmosphere that they've created.

Both of them jump apart, Lydia nearly falling off the desk in the process but she steadies herself as Stiles speaks to Scott. Her heart beat is practically humming and beating out of her chest right now, so she spins around to check herself in the mirror.

She definitely needs to touch herself up, so while she does she decides to listen to how Stiles is explaining what she is, to Scott. Out of the blue Lydia feels some annoyance and she knows she's most definitely not annoyed. But he is.

The tether. They’re creating the beginning of their tether, they must be. Lydia can't tell him, not yet because he needs to figure it out himself. Deaton will help him, as he is the one who knows so much about it.

"They are all on their way round" Stiles speaks, back to his normal monotone voice with no emotion. And she decides in that moment that she hates it. She can’t stand that this is how it’s going to be with him, she misses Stiles. His face is void of any type of emotion now, eyes avoiding
her gaze also.

She’s hurting, and already Lydia can feel her eyes burning as memories of her old, kind and loving Stiles flood her memory. He would always want her to be okay, never in a million years could she imagine him acting the way he is now. But here he is. He’s an asshole and she doesn’t want this. She’s not in love with this Stiles. Lydia doesn’t want this. She’s homesick, and she feels utterly weak and powerless, she’s here to try and save someone who’s in the body of her boyfriend. Because this isn’t him. This is going to ruin her, it’s going to break her down.

But she’s stuck here now, and he’s alive. Anyone would jump at the chance to do this if they could, so why is she feeling like this?

"Okay. I'll go downstairs then" she wobbles on her way out, her legs still feeling numb from what has just happened. But she's soon back to walking confidently in her heels downstairs to where her and Stiles were standing previously.

"Scott! Hey all of you, come on in" Lydia opens her door for the pack, they all smile and introduce themselves apart from Allison, who Stiles has to practically drag inside. Lydia doesn't miss the quick kiss between them both when the brunette actually does decide to come in.

Lydias stomach drops, feeling empty and hollow again, as if she's back to square one. But the girl brushes it off and follows them all into her living room, noticing they've made themselves rather at home and a small smile plays with her lips.

"Okay so Lydia is supernatural as you know. She's a banshee and believe me when I tell you, you don't particularly want to cross her" Stiles chuckles before Allison gasps and steps back, eyes wide. Lydia braces herself for what Allison is about to say. Knowing it’s going to be a dig or some sort of sarcastic remark to bring her down.

Once again, Lydia can’t help but feel annoyed. This isn’t how her best friend was, it’s the total opposite. She doesn’t want this, not just for her but for them too.

"A banshee?! Do you know how dangerous and also, how rare they are?" She shouts before stalking up to Lydia and narrowing her eyes. She doesn't believe the new girl one bit.

"Prove you're a banshee. Because I think you're lying" A grinning Allison steps backwards, waiting for Lydia to do something and with a sigh Lydia stalks through the house into her back garden. With the pack hot on her heels.

"Someone who doesn't mind being hurt, stand over there" she points to the hole in the ground where the metal pole was before. She’s going to go easy, because she’s capable of killing someone if she goes all the way. And that would most definitely not go down well.

"I don't mind. I can take her" Liam speaks up, stepping forward and huffing out his chest as Issac snorts.
"You sure?" Lydia pouts, before stepping further back so the impact isn't too bad for him. Liam just chuckles, nodding his head and turning so that his eyes are yellow and his claws are out.

Just as he's about to move to charge at her, Lydia lifts her arms up to direct her voice at him and she screams. She can see the white sound waves emitting in front of her along with the sight of Liam hitting the brick wall behind him. Leaving an even bigger dent.

Lydia drops her hands and runs over to Liam straight away, being careful of her heels as she does so. She can't be dealing with time in hospital because of her shoe choice.

"I'm so sorry, are you okay?" Helping the teen up and noticing his head is bleeding, amongst a broken wrist and shoulder.

"I'll heal. You're...strong- so please don't do that again" he groans, moving his wrist and shoulder back in place with a small growl. Lydia nods and promises not to, before turning around and walking back over to the pack. Scott and Stiles flinch as she spins around, stepping backwards on instinct.

"Jesus Christ" Theo and Kira whisper at the same time, Lydia notices their hands are intertwined. She doesn't get chance to dwell on it as Allison is walking back inside with Ethan next to her.

"You should have said you was supernatural when we tried to poison you with wolfsbane" Allison speaks up when the rest of them are back inside, she leans against Stiles while Lydia turns on the rooms light. It’s getting rather dark now, her mother and Leo will be home soon.

"Why do you think I downed he whole drink?" Lydia smirks as her tongue runs along her front teeth. This causes Scott and Issac to bark out a laugh before instantly shutting up under Allison's deathly glare.

"Allison just- think about accepting her into the pack. I can already see she will be good for us" Theo speaks up, flashing his blood red eyes for a second. With a sharp intake of breath, Lydia steps forward.

"Woah what the hell are you?" She gasps, intrigued as Theo smiles, showing some sort of fangs before transitioning them back to his normal teeth.

"I'm a Nix. I'm a shapeshifting water spirit, people call us water monsters. I died in a river and sort of took on the waters power. I can make people feel as if their drowning in water by touching or staring at them, it weakens them for us. Even kills them but I don’t never that far” he raises his eyebrows, Lydia can't even begin to accept that this is even a thing. Well, she’s definitely never heard of one before now.

"Right I think need to know who is what, I'm pretty sure you're not all werewolves then?" because obviously nothing is even close to how it was in Lydia's other life. This is just peachy.

"Guys, she does need to know" Stiles scratches his neck, before looking at the red head and flashing his eyes blue. She already knows about him, as he already knew about her.

"I'm a siren. I don't kill people, I just sing to distract them so we can fight them off. I can fight too, but me and Theo mostly work together" Kira smiles shyly, before flashing her eyes green and Lydia can feel her heartbeat quicken. That is most definitely, one hundred percent dangerous.

"I'm a were-tiger, like you saw out there" Liam tells Lydia, and she had no idea that a were-tiger was even a thing. But it suits Liam, she thinks as she watches the younger boy mess around with Ethan.
"I'm uh, I'm a Thunderbird, I can fly and stuff. We're really rare, my mother was one and my father was a werewolf. My twin brother died at birth so I never knew what he was. But yeah, I'm basically a bird" Ethan quickly transforms, growing wings and way much more facial hair than necessary. Lydia nods with surprise, eyes skimming over to Issac who grins at the girl.

"I'm just a werewolf, I used to be a wizard before I got turned I can still do magic too " he laughs, glancing over to Allison who laughs along with him. Obviously they knew eachother before this pack became a thing, did they do magic together? Lydia moves back to where she was standing, waiting for Allison and Scott to talk.

"I'm a witch and a werecoyote, but I haven't turned in four years" she mumbles miserably before looking to the floor and avoiding the packs gaze, so instead Scott steps forward.

"I'm a hellhound. I can't turn without setting on fire but my eyes are orange" he flashes his eyes and something in Lydia's mind clicks.

"Hellhound is a bearer of death. Banshee is a harbinger of death. A hellhound and a banshee have a connection, it was believed to be an old myth but it's real. I've experienced it- Yeah. It's real" Lydia cuts herself off, turning to a wide-eyed smiling Scott.

"Ahh how cool. We got each other's backs then don't we Martin" Scott ruffles Lydia's hair, earning a laugh from her before the door knocks. Lydia rushes to open it, and there standing before her is Malia. Who looks less than impressed.

Relief washes over Lydia though, stepping forward to hug the girl, and Malia immediately responds, chuckling into Lydia's hair as she steps into the hallway.

"Pack meeting?" Malia nods towards the living room and Lydia shuffles on her feet.

"Yeah. You sure about it?"

"Yeah, these guys are like family. I just hate them too much" Malia walks ahead, Lydia groaning and following behind. Hopefully there's no arguments, she thinks as she hears the room fall silent. Her mother and father would actually murder her if something got broken.

"Fucking hell- Okay guys just cut the crap now. Allison I'm sorry I shot you but it was an accident. I though you was one of the bad ones. You and Kate just got in the way" Malia slumps down into Lydia's couch, crossing her arms and legs. Allison tightly nods before shrugging her shoulders. Lydia’s ears perk up at the mention of the name ‘Kate’, praying it’s not the same woman who attacked her.

"You're a trained hunter, who has perfect shot and aim, Malia. But it's no big deal. If it happens again I will fight back. So will Kate" she tells the girl, looping her arm through Stiles' once again.

“Wait. Stop. You know someone called Kate?” The words leave Lydia's mouth before she can even think about letting it slide. Allison perks up at the mention of her aunt, nodding quickly.

“Yeah my aunt Kate. Why, you know her?”

“Does she wear this necklace? Like with a wolf and something on it?” Lydia's hands begin to tremble a little, as she thinks back to the night she was attacked. The cold, pendant pressing into she chest whilst Kate leant over her.

“Yeah. She got it as a present for her birthday when she was sixteen. It was originally made. Why are you asking all of these questions?” Allison quips, stepping towards the red head who’s turned
pale in a matter of seconds. What’s up with her?

“Oh my god. She’s the one who attacked me, who activated my banshee powers. Kate Argent. Also known as La Loba” Lydia stands, wanting to get out of the room as soon as she can. How did she not notice the similarities before between Allison and Kate?

Malia rushes after her friend, worry etching onto her face as she finds the girl in her kitchen leaning against the island that sits in the middle of the room.

“Sorry. It’s just, it made me think of memories that I’d rather forget” she swallows hard, hoping to push the wave of tears and sobs away that have been trying to crawl their way out. But she ignores it, turning to Malia instead.

“It’s okay. Calm down, you’re safe Liddy” the Hale girls hand lands softly on Lydias shoulder, moving her hands in soothing circular motions in hopes of calming the banshee down.

“I know. I’m okay, honest. I just needed a minute” the two girls grab themselves a couple of handfuls of grapes from the fruit pot with a chuckle. Heading back to where the pack are waiting for them to arrive.

Everyone is quiet as Lydia walks back into the room. They all had no idea that Lydia was one of Kate’s victims when she went off the rails a few years ago, but it’s no surprise. That woman had no emotion, no humanity or rational thoughts left. After she was attacked by Peter, she was a different person.

Deciding not to speak, Allison moves her gaze away from the red head. She feels as if she should say sorry on behalf of her aunt but that’s not her job, her aunt should be the one to do that. Lydia is owed that much.

As her gaze wonders, Allison spots the bruise on Stiles’ skin, which is slowly seeping from red to purple and it's way to obvious that this was done today. And Allison most definitely didn’t do that. The witch's eyes drift over to Lydia's neck, noticing a slight red blotch on her jaw also.

There's no way that could have happened. But before anyone has chance to ask about the pairs bruises on their skin, Stiles interrupts.

"Okay so I think we should speak about letting Lydia into the pack now. We know we can trust her, she's told us everything we have to know and we would know if something wasn't right. She has the bestiary too" Stiles steps forward from Allison, leaning against the wall and waiting for a response off someone.

"I agree. I think we all do” Issac says, glancing at Lydia and smiling. She knows so much about these people, but they're all different now. She loves them, and wants them in her life.

"I second that" Malia and Scott say at the same time, quickly looking at each other with a hint of adoration in their gaze. Lydia smiles to herself, already knowing what the two are capable of when they’re together.

"I don't want her in the pack" Allison's voice is probably loud enough for the whole street to hear. Lydia barely flinches, but Liam and Scott actually take a step backwards towards Lydia for protection. Not to protect Lydia, but so she can protect them from Allison’s wrath.

“Well for the record, I don’t want to be in a pack with someone who’s aunt attacked me but we can’t all get what we want, can we?” Lydia intervenes, raising her hand as she talks. Allison’s jaw clenches as her face snaps to look over to Lydia. Stiles talks before the Argent girl can make a
remark.

"We need her. And I can already feel her, Al. She's practically with us anyway" Stiles argues back as he slumps down into Lydia's couch. She checks the clock and bites down on her lip, it's ten to seven and her mother will be home with Leo soon.

"I don't fucking care. She's friends with Malia also, did you forget that? Why are you so fond of her, Stiles?" Lydia's mind takes her back to their kiss, but she shakes it away and looks over to Stiles. His jaw is tight and his eyes are flickering, Scott rushes over to his best friend and places a hand on his shoulder.

"Allison stop. Just drop it, Lydia you're in the pack okay? It's none of our decisions to make anyway, it's Issacs. He is the alpha" Scott reasons with the brunette, and she backs down instead, then sauntering over Stiles and pressing her body against his.

Issac is the alpha. Issac Lahey who only came to oak creek to get out of homework. Issac Lahey who was originally in the Hale pack. Issac fucking Lahey? Lydia is shocked and surprised, to say the least. But it’s different, he is different. Maybe he does make a good alpha, maybe this is how it’s supposed to be.

"Stiles come on, tell him. She's barely been here for a week" Malia scoffs at Allison's comment, and if anything Lydia is more shocked at how Allison is trying to get to Stiles and Issac.

"That's it. Lydia you're more than welcome to be part of our family and our pack. We would love to have you with us" Issac holds out a hand for Lydia to shake, instead she wraps her small arms around his tall frame, thanking him.

"I'd love too, thank you. All of you" Lydia can feel the happiness practically radiating off the people in the room. She's got her family, she has her pack.

The front door opening snaps Lydia out of her daydream, before she can leave her spot next to Issac, her brother comes barreling through the doorway and over to Lydia. She lifts him up and perches him on her hip.

"Hey baby! How was your day?" She asks the small boy, who's cheeks slowly transition from pink to red when he sees all of the pack around him.

"It was okay. We painted each other's hands and feet, mummy has my painting for you" he leans his head on Lydia's shoulder and she decides to excuse herself to speak to her mother.

"One second guys, sorry" she leaves the room, not bothering to close the door behind her because nearly all of them have supernatural hearing anyway. The banshee sees her mother putting away the coats and bags in the hallway, a smile on her face when she sees Lydia.

"Hey honey! Was you're day okay? Make any friends?" Her mother takes Leo off her, placing him on the floor and he wobbles up the stairs to his room.

"Okay don't freak out. Inside our living room is a pack, their friendly don't worry. But I'm with them now, their so nice Mum honestly" Lydia tries not to make it sound weird, as they've only been here for a few days. But she knows her mother will see the bigger picture, unlike her father.

"Right okay...are you sure everything is safe and okay?" Natalia asks her daughter, she can see the change in Lydia's voice how she's carrying herself now. She's happy, and Lydia would know if there was any bad intentions from these people.
"I promise. I really do, I would feel it" she smiles as her mother kisses her forehead and shouts for her little brother to come down to get his milk.

"Hello everyone, I'm Natalie, Lydia's mother. I just wanted to introduce myself and to say, well, you're all welcome here anytime. There's cherry pie in the kitchen if you want any!" her mother quickly pops her head into the room full of teens, and they don't hesitate to thank her before she rushes off with Leo, leaving Lydia with them.

"Yeah so.. God" Lydia trails off, unsure on what to say after her mother has just embarrassed her. She covers her face with her hands before she feels Malia tackle her with a hug.

"I'm staying here tonight you're mum is awesome" Malia walks out of the room and into the kitchen, Lydia hears some hellos, and soon enough a conversation about the newest political debate can be heard throughout the rooms of the house.

"We'll get out of you're house now Lydia, see you tomorrow" Issac laughs as he squeezes her arm before handing the were-tiger over to the hellhound.

"Yeah so.. God" Lydia trails off, unsure on what to say after her mother has just embarrassed her. She covers her face with her hands before she feels Malia tackle her with a hug.

Scott, Stiles and Lydia find Liam in the kitchen taking about politics with Malia and Natalie, all three of them stand watching how angry Liam is getting over such a heated debate with Malia, whilst very confused.

"Liam come on. Now" Stiles grabs the boys ear and pulls him out to the doorway, letting Scott say bye before handing the were-tiger over to the hellhound.

"Bye Lydia!" The youngest teen shouts from Scott's truck. Stiles and Lydia linger by the door, both of them left alone for the first time since earlier.

"Uh for the maths tutoring, we can do it in the library tomorrow" Lydia tells him, trying to avoid his eyes as she leans against the door, the moonlight leaving a shadow on her face.

"I don't do libraries. My house after school, mum is home with Riley so she'll enjoy seeing you" Stiles shocks Lydia with this invitation, she knows he wasn't fond of her being inside his house the last time, but she accepts anyway and bites her lip.

"Yeah okay. I'll drive there. See you tomorrow then" she finally looks up and she can feel the familiar pull between them instantly. The burning sensation pricks over her skin as her eyes scan his features on his face.

"Yeah, see you tomorrow Lyds" he leans down to kiss her on instinct, but small hands touch both of their legs, immediately snapping them apart.

"Hi buddy" Lydia lets Stiles pick up her little brother, and Leo giggles when Stiles flashes his eyes blue repeatedly.

"Blue!" Leo calls out, and giggles also when Stiles' hand reaches out to tickle Leo's chin. The boy rests his head upon Stiles shoulder and yawns.

"Oh no Lee, I don't think so. Come here, you" she takes her brother off Stiles, knowing he is planning to fall to sleep on him.

"Say bye to Stiles" she whispers, her brother tries to speak but it comes out in a mumble and both of
them chuckle at it. Stiles just squeezes the little boys hand lightly before nodding at Lydia and leaving, running over to Scott's truck.

After she closes the door, Lydia puts Leo to bed and says goodnight, watching him sleep peacefully before going into her own room. Upon entering Lydia finds a pent up Malia trying to turn the television on.

"You have the most complicated television ever, Liddy. Help me" Malia complains, falling back on Lydia's double bed and groaning just as Lydia grabs the remote and the Netflix home screen appears.

"Pick what you want to watch Mal. I'm just getting changed" Lydia pulls out an oversized shirt and changes into it quickly, noticing Malia in a pair of her pyjamas too.

"You've stole my favourite pair of pyjamas, how dare you" Lydia laughs, falling into bed with her friend as the opening of 50 first dates blears through her speakers.

"Sorry, love you though. Oh god, I'm falling to sleep already" Malia mumbles into Lydia's pillow, causing the red head to chuckle as she pulls the covers over them both, turning off the light and lowering the volume of the film.

"Love you too Mal" Lydia whispers, already hearing her snores next to her.

She really does try to fall to sleep, but she can't. As what happened earlier that day, on her desk only a mere few feet away, is playing on Lydia's mind and it is until her eyes fall closed.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if there’s any spelling or grammar mistakes in any chapters! I start college tomorrow again unfortunately, but I will try and update as much as I can as I definitely love writing this fic and I hope you all love reading it. Thank you!
Hi guys! Just to let you know if any of you aren’t comfortable with smut I’m going to put a * next to the chapter name so that you know. Thank you for all the kudos and reads it’s amazing! Chapter 6 will be up very soon x

The next few months go rather quick for Lydia, she’s dealing with nearly everything that her and the pack go through. She can't remember anything from the weeks before now, or even more specifically: why she's here.

But this is home to her now, and this is all she knows. She’s happy.

As for where Lydia and Stiles lie, after their kiss they’ve grown much closer and by now Lydia, Stiles and Scott are all rather close with eachother. Malia is always mostly doing her own thing, training or helping her family. But Lydia knows she can rely on her to be her best friend, she does know everything after all.

Lydia was acting strange, and so on edge around Stiles, all Malia had to do was mention his name and everything literally spilled out of Lydia's mouth. Malia wasn’t as shocked as Lydia thought she would be, she just wiggled her eyebrows and demanded the details.

But as of today, the pack have decided to try and track the Kanima, along with its leader. This has been going on for too long now, and they’ve all been paralysed more than enough times. Or as Stiles has put it, he’s fed up of being whipped with a lizards tail that he doesn’t want anywhere near him.

So this afternoon, when Malia and Lydia literally burst though Kira’s front door to where the pack are looking through some cctv from the school, they tell them what they know. Or rather, just found out. That Jackson is the Kanima, being led by Malia’s grandfather Eric.

They then plan it all. Spending all afternoon trying to come up with a way to catch them, to get everything out of them on why they’ve been killing people. To put a end to this stupid revenge thing that Eric Hale has against Scott. So they set out, ready to go through with everything and hopefully there’s no mishaps along the way. But this is the McCall pack, obviously something will go wrong. And of course, Scott can’t control himself when he finally catches their scent.

"Scott stop. You can't act on pure impulse, we need to weaken him first. Let me scream" Lydia argues in a hushed tone, they’re all standing inside the old warehouse behind a large wooden crate. Lydia’s panicking, even more so when she sees the hellhounds eyes flash orange before Allison let’s out a groan, stepping forward.

"Jesus. Let's just kill him and get out of here yeah?" She starts to chant under her breath so her powers activate, a purple mist glows around Allison's body but it vanishes just as fast when Issac places his hand firmly on her shoulder.

"All of you need to stop bickering. Damn, it’s getting on my nerves. The plan will literally go down the drain if you don’t quiet down” the alphas voice echos throughout the metal building, and
Lydia feels the need to back down immediately so she does. A snort comes from behind them all causing Lydia to spin around on her stiletto.

"Okay so the plan is, Lydia screams which will weaken both of them. We manage to change Jackson back to his werewolf state and send Eric to jail, okay?" Stiles steps forward placing his phone in his back pocket, recapping the plan that they’ve already been through several times already. As to which Issac, their Alpha, approves to.

"Fine-"

All of them rush to look through the window, and that’s when they spot the Kanima along with Eric. They’re walking, well, Jackson’s crawling, round the side of the building, to the entrance. The atmosphere around the pack changes instantly, all of them becoming restless within seconds.

Lydia is the first to walk off, she's not happy that she has to scream at the guy she's been hooking up with. Who she may also feel something for, and possibly killing him doesn't really appeal to her. But, she has to this.

A hand wraps itself around her small, bracelet clad wrist causing her to stop in her tracks, her hair whipping around with the wind.

"Be careful okay?" He smiles at her, and she notices his eyes flash blue when Jackson and Eric enter the building. His head snaps up in the direction of the pair, a scowl etching it’s way onto his face.

"I will, Stiles. Don't worry" she squeezes his hand, sending the rest of them a smile before emerging from behind the old boxes so that everyone can see her.

Jackson and Eric catch sight of her immediately all while the pack stay focused on her, waiting at the ready in case they need to protect her.

"Oh Jackson, I didn't realise you were meeting your little girlfriend tonight" Eric's taunting voice doesn't settle well with Lydia, and god, she so desperately wants to roll her eyes right now. But she knows that with one thought, Jackson could attack her or the pack. So she would rather not set Eric off already.

"Very funny, I'm actually here to see what you want with Jackson. And why you killed Matt" Lydia steps forward, the sound of her heels bouncing off the walls and into the silence. Normally it would make her cringe, but she feels almost more confident with her heels on, like they protect her in some way.

"Oh little girl, you don't need to know that" Eric laughs, just as Jackson begins to back away from his leader, instead inching closer towards the red head. Who’s heartbeat starts to speed up at the sight of the five foot eight lizard crawling towards her on all fours.

Changing her stance, Lydia brushes her locks out of her face, smiling innocently while straightening her back.

"Oh you know Eric, you really should learn to co-operate more" Lydia laughs, before letting out a loud, earsplitting (quite literally) scream, that sends the Kanima and Eric flying backwards into the empty metal crates behind them.

The noise causes a few pack members to flinch, the sound of metal scraping metal sounding rather unpleasant.
Once she's finished, she spins around ready to rush back to her pack, but they're already next to her. Stiles and Scott either side of her. Issac wastes no time in sprinting forward to grab Eric, pulling him up revealing his bruised face and smug grin.

"Disconnect your bond Eric. Now" Issac growls, a green glow emitting from his fingertips and it seems to weaken Eric and the Kanima even more. Both of their eyes visibly get drowsy, their limbs hanging limp at their sides. They look lifeless.

Suddenly Jackson’s face slowly begins to emerge from behind the scales that are disappearing off his skin at an alarming, quick rate. It causes Lydia to gasp at the sight of his all too pale face. Is he dying?

"Oh Issac. It's not me you should be worried about" the older mans eyes flicker over to Allison and Lydia, who both stand as far apart from each other as they can get, but with the exact same expression on their face. Fear.

Jackson's clawed hands clamp around Lydia's forearm, before doing the same with Allison, bringing them both down to their knees before walking backwards.

"You see, Jackson has been- well. These young girls have both been sleeping with Jackson and he has fallen for both of them very deeply" Eric laughs as Lydia's eyes widen immediately. Bile rises in her throat when she suddenly thinks of all the times Allison and Jackson would both come back into lesson only minutes after each other. She wouldn’t thinking anything of it, at the time, probably in conversation with Malia or Stiles.

"Are you kidding me, Allison?" Lydia whispers digging her nails into her palms. Trying not to draw attention but she fails drastically, everyone’s eyes flickering over to her in seconds.

"That still should have stopped you. That's disgusting, getting off with him when you knew I was too. You know how I felt about him" Lydia pushes Allison back down onto her knees when she tries to stand.

As the pack watches the two girls bicker, they don't seem to notice Jackson lurking behind them ready to cut them all with his tail, which he manages to do successfully within only a matter of seconds.

"What's going on?" Issacs eyes frantically move from Lydia and Allison, over to the pack who can barely move. His hands grab Eric's arms tighter, wanting to kill him already, but he knows that's not how he does things. That’s not how the pack work.

"You see Issac, these girls hate each other. And they would most likely kill each other over this boy, and it will happen. Because who's going to stop them, really? You’re keeping me here, and they’re- well, they are useless right now" Eric glances over to the pack who are on the floor, staring between the two girls with panic on their faces.

Shit.

Stiles’ mind is racing as he watches the two girls, he can hear the high pitch tone of Lydia's voice seeping out, the scream obviously building in her throat ready for Allison. He watches the brunettes eyes flash purple, if no one stops them they could possibly kill everyone in this building.

He needs to call out to one of them.
"Allison, stop. You need to stop" he shouts, the volume of his voice scratches his throat. He ignores that and just ends up groaning when he tries to move but fails. Stiles notices Scott's eyes turning to look him confused and full of warning.

Allison's gaze flickers over to him briefly, before sending Lydia flying back with such force that the wall behind her cracks. Scott roars out when Allison walks up to the red head, terrified that she's going to kill her. He that can’t even do anything to save Lydia.

"Allison!" Issac roars, but it doesn't go through to her. It doesn't go through to either of them because before anyone can cover their ears or even brace themselves, Lydia screams.

Allison gets sent flying back into Eric, knocking him out cold in the process. No one misses the blood pouring from Allison's ears and Lydia's nose. The crimson liquid somehow making them realise this is actually real, and one of them could be dying tonight.

"Stop it! Allison, Lydia, just stop" Scott shouts all while Stiles seems frozen, no pun intended. But he feels as if he desperately needs to get them to stop. Because as much as he’s reluctant to admit it, he cares about them both.

Just as Allison lifts up her hands to hurt Lydia again, Stiles plucks up the energy to call out her name.

"Allison! Stop, I care about her. Please, stop. For me. Stop, for me" He yells with all he has, his eyes turning blue as he pulls at his legs, roaring absentmindedly as he fails to move again. He has to get to them.

Allison's hands fall limp at her sides, and all the colour drains from her face as her purple eyes meet with blue, and she thinks she can feel her heart breaking. Because he cares about Lydia more than he does her, and she loves him. But she can't say anything because that would be hypocritical, she loves Jackson too.

A cold, small tear falls from her eye sliding down her porcelain skin agonisingly slow. Allison shocks herself when she manages to form a small, effortless smile with her lips before her eyes flutter shut.

Just as Jackson transforms back into his usual form, most people avoiding looking at his naked body, he races forward to catch Allison's limp body in his arms. A lump forms in the former Kanimas throat, holding the brunette in his arms who is just a few feet away from a passed out Lydia.

"Someone get help!! Eric, call an ambulance" Jackson's voice wobbles before it breaks, he manages to pull his eyes away from Allison's face in a frantic search for Eric. But he's not here.

"He left. Well done Jackson" Issac steps out from where he was helping Scott to his feet, Stiles needing some more time to get his feeling back, still inesantly itching to get to them both.

"What? Where's the rest of your stupid fucking pack, we need to get her out of here" Jackson’s voice transitions to a whisper, whilst he stares down at the girl he loves, eyes starting to burn. He swallows harshly not wanting anyone to see him break down because of a girl. But Allison isn’t just ‘a girl’ to him.

"They're dealing with the mess you made. Jackson, take her in my car. Go now" Scott throws his keys at Jackson's feet, not being able to comprehend how Allison and Jackson could think of betraying Lydia like that, and how he still isn’t bothering with her now.
“Hopefully, Scott has some pants in his truck. I’m not sure anyone would want to see something so small flaring about as you run into the hospital. Cover up buddy” Stiles quips to the Kanima, voice full of anger and venom as he watches the boy next to a unconscious Allison.

A chuckle comes from Scott next to him, soon covered by a cough. Jackson totally ignores the remark, though. Focusing all his attention on the one girl.

"Okay. Baby we're going to get you better, hold on" he picks Allison up effortlessly, refusing to give any of the pack a second glance as he runs out of the abandoned building, with his passed out girl limp in his arms.

"What has she done to Lydia, Issac?" Scott begins to rush over to her, feeling sick at the sight of her limp body left on the floor. He pulls her into his lap gathering her hair in his hands gently and moving it away from her bloodied face.

"Is she okay? Please tell me she's okay" Stiles clumsily scrambles to his feet, tripping a couple of times as he runs over to his best friend. Dread and fear rippling through his body. His hands crave to touch her, to make sure she's breathing, to make sure she’s okay and that she’s still fucking alive.

"She's okay, I can just reverse the spell Allison did" Issac places a hand on Stiles shoulder, trying to get his beta to calm down. He notices the heavy, quick paced panicked breaths leaving his lips.

"I- I can't believe that happened. Allison and Jackson, Eric. Everything, Allison really wanted to kill Lydia" Scott rambles on trying to get his head around what happened tonight, it's hard for any of them to handle as nothing like this has really happened to them before.

Just as Issac removes the spell Allison cast, Malia comes running into the building her eyes wide and frantic as she catches sight of Lydia on the floor. The sound of Malias weapon falling to the ground echos around everyone, before a loud cry emits from her lips.

"Malia she's okay. Don't worry" Scott stands before pulling Malia into his arms gently, running his hand through her hair. Her small fists grab at his jumper, eyes staying focused on the red head who Stiles is currently standing next to.

"What the hell happened. I know Allison did this, and that she's currently passed out in Jackson's arms. Someone talk" she clears her throat, slowly walking over to Lydia and pulling her into her own lap. Issac ends up filling her in on the last couple of hours, soon enough everyone feels the rage seeping off Malia as Issac stops talking.

"That two faced bitch. Good thing she's already in a hospital-"

"Fuck. My head hurts" Lydia's small voice interrupts Malia's rant, she slowly sits up with a shiver when she realises she's currently on a stone cold floor with bare legs, due to her dress riding up to her thighs.

"Oh my- you're okay. Thank god" Stiles pulls her up from off the floor, tugging her into his arms and burying his face deep into her neck. He hasn't been able to talk ever since he saw her lying there, lifeless and vulnerable. But watching her eyes open and hearing her voice which has become such a constant in his life, he needs to be close to her.

"Stiles, you're hugging me too tight" she chuckles and the boy steps back on impulse. He sends her a smile before leaving them and briskly walking outside to his jeep, stunned that he's just done that in front of everyone.
He drives off in need of a distraction, and as in distraction he needs to be with someone else who isn't Lydia right now. He’s already opened up too much, in front of everyone.

She stands there stunned for two reasons. The fact that Stiles had even been worried about her was news to her ears because yes they had grown close, but to the point of him caring for her that much? She had no idea.

When he leaves almost too quickly she feels her heart plummet straight back down again. Knowing that everyone knows how she feels about him, it's too obvious to miss now.

"Can I just get out of here?" She whispers, turning around to lean against Malia. Issac sends her a swift nod before leaving also, letting them know that they can call him if they need too.

"Yeah you can stay with us tonight, is the spare room okay? I know you're mother and Leo aren't home this week" Scott pulls the keys to his truck out of his pocket while they walk out of their battleground to safety. The cold air invites the goosebumps to rise on Lydia’s skin, her teeth chattering.

"Yeah they're back in New York to see my Nana. Are you sure Scott? Me and Malia can always go back to mine" They both help Lydia into the passengers seat, while Scott shakes his head refusing to let her stay alone after tonight.

"Nope. Malia can bunk with me and you can borrow some of my mums old pyjamas, you're staying with us Martin" Scott squeezes her hand and begins to pull away from the building. Her body feels heavy, she needs sleep as soon as possible. The urge to pass out at any given moment settles over Lydia, and she tries to fight it at least until they get back to Scott’s.

Sleep doesn't come to Lydia at all. Surprise. She's lying in the McCall-Stilinski households spare room, in a rather cute but old pyjama set of Melissa's.

She tries to sleep, she opens the window for some air but that doesn't help. She tries to play some quiet music off her phone but that doesn't help. She pulls up a book on her phone but that doesn't help either, so all she can do is stare at the ceiling for now.

Next to her, her phone buzzes and she sees a text from her mother.

‘You'll get to sleep soon darling. See if Melissa has some coco in the cupboards. Love you so much x’

Smiling to herself, Lydia peels back the covers and gently pads along the floor trying not to make any noise, since it's near enough three am and everyone else is asleep. The last thing she wants is the twins waking up now.

Thankfully, she makes it down into the kitchen without making much noise and to her relief she finds a rather large tub of coco in the first cupboard she opens.

"Please work" she whispers to herself once she's made it, and is holding it beneath her mouth gently blowing on it to cool it down.

It burns her tongue a little when she sips at it, but she can already feel the warm drink relaxing her, sagging back into the counter with a sigh.

"Why you up?" The deep voice startles her, causing her to spill the drink down onto her shorts a
little bit. Lydia forgets all about that when she sees Stiles leaning against the stairs his hands stuffed into his pockets.

"Couldn't sleep. Where've you been?" She places the mug down, crossing her arms over her chest becoming aware that she isn't currently wearing a bra. He decides to abandon his place at the stairs, instead slowly walking towards her playing with his car keys in the process.

"Just out. How are you feeling now?" Stiles hops up onto the kitchen island and watches her intently while she fidgets under his gaze. He thought she would be comfortable with him by now.

"Better? I'm not sure really, I'm just tired and restless" her voice is weak but she doesn't even have the energy to try and sound happy that she's here and healthy. She is, she's happy that she's still here and not in hospital like Allison but what happened has scared her more than she would like to admit.

"Is the hot coco not working?" He gestures to the steaming mug that's sitting next to her, she can just about see the steam rising off it in the dark kitchen.

"I thought it was" Lydia just shrugs and leans back further into the counter, craving to be warm again because right now she feels like ice, she's freezing.

Lydia’s eyes close due to her frustration, her hands tugging at the ends of her hair, trying not to take her arms far away from her chest. She really doesn’t feel like revealing too much to him.

Without warning, a large hand falls onto her hip and her eyes slowly open. She finds Stiles standing in-front of her with a small smile. Lydia barely head him hop down from the counter.

His face inches towards hers, and she expects his lips to land on her own but they don't. They latch onto her neck leaving an open mouthed kiss just under her jaw, making Lydia gasp into his neck.

"Relax, Lydia" His voice is gentle but demanding and surprisingly she does as he says. His hands move from her hips down to her legs just under where the shorts cut off, his thumbs lazily making circles on the insides of her thighs, goosebumps to rising on her skin.

She didn’t expect him to do this. And if she was in a different state she would probably push him away and politely decline. But right now, with the feel of his touch grazing her skin, with the heat pulsating between her legs already, Lydia couldn’t pull away even if she wanted to.

A low, light moan leaves her lips and without intention her arms wind around Stiles' neck, threading her fingers through his brown locks before gently pulling at them. He tugs the shorts down her legs, letting them pool at her feet. She kicks them to the side, grounding her hips against his which relieves Lydia in some way. Thankfully.

Stiles pulls away from her marked neck to look into her eyes, she nods and that's all it takes for him to kiss her. It's not like last time, it's more lazy and sloppy but Lydia finds it hot, she can feel her panties become much more damp than they were seconds ago.

She tugs his jacket off along with his shirt, not giving a shit where their clothes end up right now. Stiles takes it upon himself to unbutton her own. When the both of them feel skin on skin, they can’t help but each moan into the kiss and that's the moment when Lydia feels Stiles' prominent bulge against her thigh.

Normally this would make or break for Lydia. Because from here it would be rather hard for them to say no. It’s almost like from here, it’s real. Lydia knows this is real, in her mind a make out session can easily be forgotten about. Going beyond that? Now that’s a situation that makes things
awkward.

However, Lydia can't ignore the way she feels as if she’s totally on fire, it’s as if she’s on cloud nine and it feels like pure bliss. It’s different, somehow it just feels different. So she decides she wants to feel this euphoric feeling with him, she really does.

A sense of braveness then overtakes her, and before she knows it she’s pulling away from his lips, kissing his cheek once before falling down to her knees. She’s glad he’s not wearing a belt because it’s easy for her to just pull down both his jeans and boxers, revealing his rather large length that’s in front of her.

“Fuck” his voice is surprised and she smiles at this. Glancing up at him briefly through her eyelashes, she catches him tossing his head back as her heavy breaths hit his tip.

Her eyes widen, electricity coursing through her body. Smirking she looks up at him through her lashes once more, and takes the tip of him into her mouth as her hand comes in contact with the base of him.

His hands lace through her red locks while his head falls forward at the contact. "Christ Lydia. Holy shit" he moans which pleases her, encouraging her to go further. The taste of him sends jolts of pleasure straight to between her legs, where her thighs clench together to try and at least get some relief.

She pulls away to lick her palm, before sliding her hand around him and pumping up and down a few times before including her mouth into the mix. He pulls her hair tighter and she really wants to smirk but teeth in the mix with a blow job? That would most definitely not go down well.

She can feel his dick twitch in her mouth when her nails rake down his abdomen with a little bit of pressure, not enough to leave a mark though. His hips jerk forwards at the action while his mouth falls open, his breathing becomes heavy.

The feeling of her hand and mouth around him is something he’s been longing to feel ever since he kissed her. Stiles stares down at her, watching as her lips shine under the light of the moon that creeps through the kitchen blinds, intruding on their moment. Her tongue swirls around him and he’s sure that his eyes roll to the back of his head.

When his hand pulls at her hair once again, she has a feeling he’s close. So Lydia hollows her cheeks around him and tightens her hand a little more, increasing her speed against him so that it gets him off quicker.

"Fuck” he says into the silence when he feels himself hit the back of her throat. He shoots his load and she has no problem swallowing it before kissing his hip bone and standing right back up again.

Stiles’ head falls forward into her neck again for a couple of minutes, inhaling the smell of her, shivering as he feels her hands slowly run up and down his bare back.

He slides his hands around her petite frame, fingertips teasing her skin as he slides his palms down from her ribcage to her hips. Stiles abruptly picks Lydia up, turning to place her on the kitchen island before pulling her panties down and throwing them behind him.

He gently pushes her back so she’s lying flat against the counter, he bends and moves her legs so that their over his shoulders. Her stomach erupts with butterflies when she realises what he’s going in for. From what she can see, his arms bracketing either side of her hips with his head between her thighs, it’s a sight she don’t think she’ll ever get over.
Especially when Stiles Stilinski starts kissing her hips, grinning up at her, Lydia thinks she could combust right there and then. He hasn’t even touched her yet. She’s only ever been eaten out once, by her ex in New York and that was at least a couple years ago now.

So when Lydia watches Stiles, impatiently spread her open, feeling the cold hair hit her along with a small kiss against her clit. She moans. Out loud.

Sitting up on her elbows, she watches as he smirks over to her, keeping eye contact as his finger runs over her folds gathering up her moisture to find out of wet she is. Her head falls back at the slow movement, squeezing her thighs together trying to tell the boy to hurry the hell up.

And he does. God, he does. Because she feels his tongue run up from her entrance to her clit, and when he reaches her most sensitive part of her, Stiles sucks it. Lydia has to cover her mouth with her hand to quieten her moans as his tongue works wonders on her.

This is even better than she remembered it. And having to constantly please herself, this is definitely an improvement for Lydia. She faintly worries about how loud she’s being but a selfish part of her just ignores that. And focuses on how he’s making her feel.

She thinks she moans a little too loud when his fingers slide into her slowly, all while his tongue plays out small kitten licks against her core, her hands run down her body latching onto his brown locks that brush against her thighs. Lydia runs her fingers though his hair and harshly tugs at the ends of it, as his fingers finally hit that spot. She moves her body so she’s closer to him, being able to ride along with him.

Because it feel so fucking good. He feels so good.

And he must get the message as he decides to press his tongue flat against her with a little bit of pressure, before driving his fingers nearly all the way out of her before plunging them back in.

Lydia then loses it. His hand covers her mouth just in time because a loud moan leaves her mouth, she grabs his bicep as she releases around his fingers and tongue. He rides out her orgasm with his fingers until he knows she's too sensitive for him to carry on.

She lies on the kitchen island as he returns to his normal height, holding her legs, the spot just above the back of her knee, in his hands that are still open. She catches her breath before sitting up, being face to face with him now.

He kisses her, slowly and gently while sliding her shirt, panties and shorts back onto her without any struggle, which she appreciates. Stiles, once he’s dressed himself, decides to pick her up holding her front to his as Lydia’s head falls gently onto his shoulder.

He carries her upstairs and to the spare room with the open door and messy bed. She must have been really restless, he thinks to himself, glancing down at her. Before laying her down gently and pulling the covers over her small body, he smiles as he watches her turn to face him before she lets her body relax.

He thinks she’s asleep because she looks it, so he walks out wanting to go to bed himself. But
before he leaves, her hears her whisper a thank you. Stiles doesn't know if she was actually awake or not but he smiles to himself too, then heading to his own bedroom.

When Lydia wakes up she feels as though she's floating. Well, a better word to describe how she's feeling would be that she's glowing. Afterglow, she says to herself but then rolls her eyes.

It can't be real, they wouldn't do that. She still has feelings for Jackson. And Stiles, he- well he has his girls he can go too whenever he fucking wants.

So she decides to put on her bra underneath her pyjama shirt, before making the bed and smelling the breakfast that's been cooked downstairs. So she follows the smell that's making her stomach rumble.

Everyone is at the table. Scott and Malia, Riley and Pippa, Melissa and Noah and then there's Stiles. He sends her a smile like he normally does which sets her mind at ease as she sits opposite him, next to Malia.

"Morning honey! Breakfast is nearly ready" Melissa kisses Lydia's cheek, handing her some juice before rushing back out to the kitchen. Lydia has always loved the dining room in this house, it's big and spacious so it sits everyone but it's still so homey and cosy. It probably isn’t the house that feels that way, it’s the atmosphere that surrounds everyone. It’s loving.

"Feeling better Liddy?" Malia nudges her arm with a smile, before taking a rather large bite of toast. Lydia laughs, wiping her best friend's chin to get rid of any crumbs before nodding.

"Yeah I feel better today, thanks Mal" Lydia smiles before feeling a tug at her sleeve, finding Pippa with open arms and an eager smile, so Lydia pulls her into her lap quickly.

"Not for long okay, mommy has nearly finished your breakfast Pip" Lydia begins to plait her light brown hair all while Pippa shows her a drawing she had done last night, Lydia manages to listen and finish her hair just as Melissa walks in with the bowls for breakfast.

Lydia has nearly finished before everyone else, she's been so hungry this morning and she has no idea why. Although, she then remembers that she hasn't eaten in nearly twenty four hours as she left home at lunchtime yesterday to meet the pack.

She's drinking her juice when Melissa clears her throat to speak. "By the way, did anyone make hot coco last night? I found the mug half full, cold and abandoned this morning on the kitchen island"

Lydia chokes on the juice, when she takes in what Melissa has just announced. Malia drops her knife to help pat Lydia's back as Noah hands her some water.

"You okay sweetie?" The Sheriff asks once she's calmed down, her eyes are watering but she feels fine. Just very different now she knows last night was very much real.

"Okay now, thank you Noah" Lydia smiles, then looks over to Stiles who is smirking down at his plate, before his eyes lift up to meet Lydia's.
Holy. Shit.
Six - The Dream.

Lydia wakes up screaming. Her legs thrashing against her mattress as her eyes fly open along with her mouth. Within seconds, the pack wake up along with her. Lydia's scream radiating across the city for miles, causing windows to rattle and street lamps to fizzle out from the impact.

He died. She saw him die. She felt him die.

Her phone buzzes next to her relentlessly, somehow she can't bring herself to move. Her sweaty skin is sticking to the bed sheets in a rather uncomfortable way, her chest is heaving up and down with uneven breaths escaping past her lips. And she swears she can hear the erratic beat of her heart echo throughout her room, the thudding of it bouncing off her walls.

"Lydia what happened?" Her dad bursts into her room, light overtaking the darkness that has filled her bedroom and her mind. She notices how her dads hair is stuck up on one side, along with the fact he's dressed in his suit still. He's been sleeping on the couch, again.

But she doesn't care about that right now, that's just something she'll have to deal with another day. Just as she goes to talk, her dad helps her sit up. His worried eyes searching over her shaking body where she leans back against her headboard.

"Talk to me honey" His voice is light and not so demanding as it usually would be, he's trying to get her to talk without using much pressure. She's reluctant, he's barely home lately and has no idea what's going on. But he's still her dad.

"I saw Stiles die. I felt it dad, I've been faintly dreaming about it since we moved here but why would I feel it?" Tears fall from her eyes, landing onto her white blanket that her dad is sitting on the edge of, his eyes beginning to narrow.

"Maybe, you should go and talk to Dr Deaton. He could help you" her dad ends the conversation quickly. Not forgetting to kiss her cheek before making sure that she's okay and getting up so he can leave her to rest. But that's the last thing on her fucking mind right now.

Lydia's heart and stomach clench. She's hurt. Hurt, that he can't even say much to her or help calm her down. But she lets him go, he's obviously not bothered about her right now. Although, when is he ever. Really?

"Dad?" She whispers out to him, before he closes her door. Her father pops his head back round into her darkening room, waiting for her to speak again with an impatient smile on his lips.

"Leave the door unlocked. I think we'll be having some visitors" both of their eyes flicker briefly over to her window just as they hear a loud, familiar howl come from somewhere in Beacon Hills. So her dad nods his head, eyes wide as he stares down at the carpet, before rushing to close her door.

It's been just over a week after what happened between her and Stiles in his kitchen. Typically, ever since then they have been on and off with each other.

Some days they're great, they can act like they're the closest friends in the world. They're joking and solving maths homework with each other, smiles plastered onto their faces while they just bask
in each other's company that they can't get enough of.

And then there's the days where neither of them can barely look at each other, while they sit at the lunch table with their pack. Lydia's eyes looking anywhere but his. Stiles gaze on anything but her.

And everyone knows, so they work around it, and obviously there's the inevitable, silly questions that people can't help but ask. But they're just answered with a snap or a pissed off remark.

On a brighter note, the rest of the pack have been beyond supportive and caring towards her. Which she's never really had before.

Well, Ethan and Jackson are just another story in themselves. Both of them have been stuck at Allison's bed side in the hospital near enough twenty-four seven.

Neither of them have spoken a word to her, which she can't really figure out. She didn't do anything wrong, because only two weeks ago she was fucking Jackson, and eating take out with Ethan.

Lydia isn't allowed to see Allison apparently, from what Kira's told her. She hasn't tried, don't get her wrong she wants to, because she just wants answers as to why she decided to mess Lydia's life up. But she knows that it will only make things worse, which she is very much trying to avoid right now.

Although that plan isn't running very smoothly, is it?

Just as Lydia shakily goes to pick up her phone, Malia and Scott burst into her room. Each of them looking rather messy with a severe case of bed head, along with their crumpled clothes on inside out.

Malia doesn't even hesitate to rush over to her best friend while Scott lingers behind, scanning her room trying to see if there has been a break in, or if she's been attacked. But it's all normal, apart from a shaken up Lydia with tear stained cheeks and frantic eyes.

"Liddy what happened. Are you okay?" Malia can thoroughly see the tears brimming in Lydia's eyes. A frown etched upon her face as she makes sure the banshee is okay and in one, healthy piece.

But the Hale starts to worry herself, watching her friends petite frame tremble with profound fear. Lydia watches as her friends hazel eyes flicker all over her, her lips begin to wobble as Malia notices how exhausted Lydia actually is.

The red head reaches out to stop Malias shaking hands as they press against her forehead, checking if she's heating up. Which she isn't, if anything she's freezing. Lydia pulls their joint hands down to rest in her lap, her thumb brushing against her friends palm.

"I'm okay. I promise. I just had a really bad, vivid dream. I'm not sure if it means anything" upon standing up she throws her bed covers back, pulling on a hoodie over her small night shirt. Trying to get warm as they all sit in the dark room that really, doesn't do Lydia any favours.

"Tell us, we can help you" Scott reaches out, and squeezes her arm with a warm smile. Lydia relaxes at the reassurance. She's been tense and on edge ever since she woke up, her eyes are still tired and her hair that was curly is now a horrible kind of wavy. Which stresses her out even more.

Fucking hell.

She stops to lean against her desk, wanting to just close her eyes and think. But that's when she
spots the familiar ocean blue jeep pull up hastily in her drive, revealing Stiles and Liam who don't think twice, and they just rush into her house.

"What the hell happened?" His voice causes her to wince as he literally barrels into her room. She can't see his face, due to the fact no one has bothered to turn a light on. But she can tell that he's pissed off, all of them can.

"I had a dream. A bad one" Lydia speaks first, switching on the lamp which immediately causes everyone to squint at the brightness. Stiles just rolls his eyes, his hands moving around in an 'is that it' kind of way. Which just riles her up even more.

"Oh lovely. Can we go now?" His well known, but over used (in Lydia's opinion) sarcastic smile is plastered on the werewolf's face. They all knew it was coming, because let's get real, it's Stiles. When is he not sarcastic?

Scott sends his brother a look. Lydia scoffs, causing Liam to chuckle but he's quickly shut up by Stiles and Malia slapping him up the back of the head. The younger one winces but decides not to react already knowing he will probably earn himself another one.

"I wouldn't if I was you. I think you would actually like to know" she moves across the room, weaving between the few members of the pack, to sit back down on her bed. Her body is eagerly craving to get back to sleep and forget this happened.

So she rushes to send the rest of the pack a text, letting them all know that there's no need to come around and she will fill them in Dereks on Monday. Because that's one less job to do when this night is over.

"Lydia, Tell us" Scott urges on, taking a seat at the foot of her bed and in that moment, Scott looks how Lydia feels. Tired and wanting to get back to bed.

Malia just decides to climb in next to Lydia, already having made up her mind that she's staying with the banshee tonight.

"Yeah hurry, I left my window open and my dad will kill me if he finds it open with me not there" Liam nods before getting a glare from everyone in the room. He shrugs, backing down as he plops himself onto Lydia's window seat with a sigh.

"So we was fighting with some vampires. I know, weird. Anyway me and Stiles turned up, together. We were all actually defeating these vampires, like they were backing away. And I just remember feeling this overwhelming sense of death and pain, then I saw Stiles lying on the floor in the woods" Lydia has to stop herself from talking for a moment, closing her eyes while trying to catch her breath.

She won't cry. She can't cry. Lydia doesn't think she actually has it in her to cry anymore.

"Okay, yeah. Get to the point" he raises his eyebrows with a huff, crossing his arms across his chest. Lydia faintly sees Scott nudge his arm before she speaks again. Shes still reluctant to carry on, because shes starting to feel that pain again.

It's clawing at her stomach, at her throat, at her heart. She doesn't want to scream, she doesn't need to. But a lone tear falls from the corner of her eye. She's quick to wipe it off her icy cheek before clearing her throat.

"All I saw was blood. Like, I was covered in it and me and Scott was next to you while the pack were in shock, watching us. You was dying in front of us, Stiles. You were also the pack emissary,
because I remember the blue glow in your hands. Emissaries have a blue glow. And then I felt you die. Like, the feeling consumed me and I felt like I was in so much pain, I could barely think straight. Then I woke up and I could still feel you dying. I was crying so bad and I don't know what it even was" she panics, her eyes filling up again as tears begin to spill without warning. Lydia wants to hide the fact shes crying over a dream, but she wouldn't be able to catch the tear drops anyway. Her shaking hands grip at her bed sheets as the feeling passes through her. She feels so lost and helpless.

It takes her a couple of minutes to get over it, to feel better and okay again. Her face isn't wet anymore as the tears have been wiped away, her lips are chapped but they're still now, and not trembling like they was before.

Once Lydia is calm, she looks around her room to find everyone shocked or even scared, with wide eyes. Malia's hand takes her own, soothing and calming the banshee down so that she's not on the verge of a panic attack anymore. It helps.

"So, you're telling me I was an emissary, I was attacked by a vampire and I died. You felt me die?" Stiles' voice is low now, any sense of sarcasm now void from his voice. All Lydia can do is nod as the pack take time to process everything she's said, because when has she ever been wrong with these things?

"Right. We need to talk to Deaton, we'll go tomorrow okay? Lydia you will be safe here, I promise" Scott moves forward to pull her into him, his secure arms ground her, making her feel very much at ease. Lydia hasn't been sure of much these past couple weeks. But she has been sure that Scott McCall, is an amazing friend who's hugs make things seem just that small bit better.

"Issac needs to know. He needs to know now" Liam stands up, no one bothers to correct him because they each know that he's right. Malia shakes her head, not moving away from her best friend.

"He's dealing with Eric and Jackson now. Like he's literally with them right now. We will call him tomorrow, Scott will text him saying things are okay, okay?" Not a moment passes before everyone decides to agree with the Hale girl. So Liam leaves to wait outside getting the jeep warmed up and ready for the boys to head back home, leaving the two brothers lingering behind. Not having a clue what to say.

"I can't just go home and sleep on this fucking information" Stiles raises his voice, Lydia jumps. It doesn't go un-missed by any of them. So he clears his throat, shuffling on his own feet.

"Well you have to, Stilinski. Go with Scott because you're not going to die tonight. So heading home with your brother won't kill you" Malia doesn't miss a beat and snaps back at him, annoyed at the way he's acting with Lydia for no reason at all. Because Malia can see the red tint of Lydia's cheeks, and she knows it's not from crying. She knows something's going on.

"Well it's not you're death that she felt, Mal" Stiles paces, grabbing and pulling impatiently at his hair. Dread and fear is all he can comprehend right now. Fuck that, he's terrified. When Lydia spoke, god, it felt so real and he wasn't the one who even experienced it.

"You're making her feel worse, look at her Stiles she's not okay. Just go with Scott and we will meet you at the clinic in the morning. Bright and early" her voice is softer now so he does as Malia says, even though he stubbornly doesn't want to.

But he can see how exhausted and tired Lydia looks, her now dull, green eyes are drowsy and her plump lips are even more swollen from her relentlessly biting them, he feels guilty now. More so
than he had before.

Stiles slowly treads over to the banshee, getting down to crouch on his feet so he's level with her face. Leaning forward, he kisses her lips so gently and so softly along with her forehead. It's almost like something keeps them both there for the moment, like their safe when they're next to each other. Because none of them can physically move away, as if there's some fire curling around them both at the small gesture. Keeping them there.

But after seconds Stiles pulls away and quickly waves over to Malia, leaving the room with Scott hot on his heels.

This, of course, leaves Lydia in a daze. Her eyes still closed and her lips still parted. Malia carefully brings her to lie down, pulling a blanket over them both. The lights go off and tears fall from Lydia's eyes, leaving her best friend feeling helpless. So Malia, takes a page out of Scott's book, and pulls her into her arms letting Lydia get everything out of her system.

And they both fall to sleep like that, no soothing words exchanged between them, just two best friends wrapped in a safe embrace.

"So ya gonna tell me whats going on between you and wolf boy?" Malia causes the car to come to a sudden halt, she nearly ran the stupid red light. Sending Lydia forward nearly ripping her vest in the process, she sends her friend a glare before sighing into the sticky hot air that surrounds them.

"We may have briefly hooked up. But nothing more, honest Mal" pulling off the highway getting nearer to the clinic, Lydia starts to feel a rather strong but strange pull in her stomach, she's never felt this before. Her hands grip the dashboard while she tries to dismiss the tugging sensation that's over come her.

"And you've not told me because? Lydia this is a big deal, you and Stiles has sex come on-"

"Uh we didn't have sex"

"Not the point he's still practically been inside you. Anyway, you know that he's never just randomly kissed a girl before right? Apart from Allison" Malia picks at the rips in her jeans, hoping she's getting through to Lydia.

"Exactly. Allison has just got of the hospital so who's he going to go running back to? Her. Jackson's left and gone to London. School finishes for the summer next week. And they're going to be together again" Lydia grabs her things feeling frustrated, swinging the car door open and walking over to the clinic.

It's the hottest week of the year this week, and Lydia curses herself for wearing black shorts instead of white, already feeling the back of her tank top sticking to her sweaty skin.

She waits for Malia at the door before they head to the back office, this sickening feeling still in Lydia's stomach disappears for a moment when her eyes meet with Stiles. Who's leaning against the wall tossing a cats toy ball in the air, failing to catch it this time which earns him a laugh from Scott.

"Lydia, good morning" Deaton strides over to her, looking as if he knows what she's about to say. But she just smiles at him anyway, her lips not feeling strong enough to hold up a smile so he drops it.
Issac steps forward and pulls her into his arms, instantly feeling the guilt that he's holding for not being able to check up on her last night. She chuckles into his shirt, rubbing her hand down his arm to try and let him know she’s fine.

"It's fine Issac, don't worry. I had Malia" she squeezes his arm, just as he begins to interject and say he's sorry. Lydia doesn't want to hear it. He's saved Beacon Hills and that is way more important than a pointless dream she had.

"Let's get too it shall we guys? So Deaton, Lydia basically had this dream where I died and blah blah blah. I'd like to know if it's true" Stiles hops up onto the metal table with a suppressed smile. Immense anger courses through Lydia, who resorts to clenching her small fists together. She's one hundred percent sure he can hear her heart hammering against her rib cage, because he continues to work her up with those hazel eyes of his.

Although, if he can hear it, he doesn't let on. He's pushing her after last night, she can tell he is.

"Lydia is this true?" Deaton pulls out some old book from his office, slamming it down next to Stiles' legs. Which makes him to jump to Lydia’s amusement.

"I mean yeah. It was like it was real, I felt it" her voice tremors, tongue darting out to wet her plump lips that seem to feel horribly dry. She steps forward, the sound of her wedges echoing throughout the silent room, harshly hitting her ears and making her head pound.

They all enclose around Deaton while they watch him look through the book, trying to find something on what it means. Scott though, watches how his boss' hands twist and coil around the edge of the table.

He's nervous. Deaton, who is always so sure of himself, is nervous. Stiles soon clicks on too as he watches a sweat bead spiral down the veterinarians forehead that he’s quick to wipe away.

"Anything?" Malia snaps, tossing her sunglasses onto the table which causes a piercing sound to swirl around everyone, which causes a few complaints. Obviously.

Lydia slams her hand down onto the table, causing the light wobbling sound to come to a halt. Ignoring everyone’s stares that’s burn into her, she focuses on what Deaton is doing.

"Nope, nothing. I'm sorry Lydia, but I do have a theory myself. You're a banshee, you predict death, you know when death is coming. So you need to take this dream as a sign, it may never happen or it may even be in a few years or weeks. But take this as a sign Lydia" the tone in Deaton voice is stern, almost demanding and this scares Lydia. She doesn’t want it to be a stupid sign, she just wants it to go the fuck away.

"Okay I'm going to take Lydia home, thank you Deaton" Scott ushers round the room, lightly placing his arm around Lydia's small frame. She follows Scott wanting nothing more than to escape the clinic. She feels as if she could literally go crazy in there. There’s a strained look in her eyes as she quickly glances back at Stiles.

But he's not even looking at her, he's on the phone to Allison in a shot once he feels his phone buzzing in his pocket. Her walls just fall around her and she doesn't have a utter clue on what to do. It feels like everything has suddenly just hit her, all of her emotions ambushing her at once, and now she's struggling to even walk to Scott's truck.

"Hey you okay?" Scott's voice appears from behind her, he sounds muffled. Like his voice is behind glass. She leans against the cool, metal truck trying to make herself talk but she's too short
for breath. And not to mention her blood is pumping faster than usual around her body. It’s making
Lydia feel woozy, like she could throw up at any given moment.

"I need to get inside. I don't feel too good" she slowly spins around on her heel to face Scott, and
Malia who's now running over to them. She begins to slow down, her eyes widening as she catches
the state Lydia is currently in.

"Shit, lets get you to mine okay?" Scott picks her up and places her in the back of his truck.
Immediately Lydia's sticky, sweaty skin makes her itch as she slumps against the leather seats. She
wants to cry, all the wants to do is cry and go to sleep.

But she can't. She's scared and has no idea what the hell is happening to her. A consuming wave of
sickness settles over Lydia again. Scott pulls onto the road, and it's then when Lydia feels a wet
substance falling freely from her eyes.

"What's happening to her. Scott she's turning white" Malia tries effortlessly to climb from the
passengers seat and to the back where Lydia sits, shaking in agony.

"Mal, clam down. We need to get home, and call Issac and tell him to bring something. Anything
to help her" Something in Scott switches and in a quickening, rapid flash he shakes his head and
goes way over the speed limit.

"We need to get her upstairs into a bed. Pronto" Issac busts open the back door of the truck and
pulls her into his arms. Running up through the many flights of stairs in Scott's too big of a house,
bursting into his room. Eyes searching helplessly for his bed.

"My room? If she's sick Issac I swear-"

"That's the least of our worries right now Scott. Pull yourself together" Issac snaps, grabbing a
small bottle of white liquid out of his pocket, dropping it in a haste. Malia thinks twice and on
impulse dives forward to catch it.

Lydia's lost all consciousness, but her body is still moving. Her eyes are fluttering open and closed,
along with her muscles violently shaking. She looks like she's having a nightmare. Or that she's
living in one.

"Issac do it now. Her heart is slowing down" Scott falls to his knees, clasping his hand in Lydia's
hoping it will help anchor her. At their hands colliding Scott suddenly lurches back from her with
red rimmed eyes. It’s like she shocked him somehow.

"Scott, what happened?" The Hale girl falls next to him, letting her hands press into his arms as she
examines him. Searching for any injuries he might have.

"I felt her pain. Issac she's dying"

Lydia feels dazed when she knows that she's awake again, due to the agony she feels she can barely
open her eyes but she knows where she is. She doesn't feel the uncomfortable pull in her stomach
anymore, she's at peace and she knows she's at home.

"How did mistletoe cure her?"
"Enough Scott"

"You don't need to know right now"

Derek and Chris are here. Lydia can hear them vaguely talking from outside the room she's lying in. She tries to move, she needs to stretch and gain her strength back. Without warning a jolt of pain causes her to groan as she moves her body.

"God" she opens her eyes and can barely see where she's staying. It's dark and the only light the room is receiving is from the streetlights and the moon outside.

"Where's Stiles?" Scott growls. Lydia already knows he's pacing. But something in her changes when she hears his name being mentioned, she freeze. He's not here, so it's obvious he's with Allison. Dick.

"He's at Allison's" Chris speaks up, a bitterness in his voice towards his daughter that Lydia has picked up on over the couple months she's been here. She tries to sit up, wincing as she cries out in pain, her trembling hand shooting to clutch her stomach.

"Lydia! Are you okay?" Scott bursts through the door, running over to where she's sitting in bed. With her teeth sinking into her chapped bleeding lips she nods, holding out a hand for him.

"Just readjusting that's all. What happened?" Scott and Derek help lean her against Scott's headboard. Issac sits down opposite her, trying to get his words out but not even being able to know where to start.

"You we're losing yourself in you're own head. All the voices, all of the death. They were pulling you to the other side of things. They were killing you" Chris leans against the doorway, staring at the disoriented girl who's lips are trembling with fear.

She feels cold, she feels alone. She was dying? Lydia pulls back the covers suddenly feeling too hot to be under them. She can't even comprehend this, how did this even happen? Surely she should have noticed it.

"The dream, the feeling of death you got? That's what triggered it. The mistletoe we gave to you saved your life, it helped heal you're mind" Chris carries on, watching the teens sit with curiosity and shock while they absorb his words, this new found knowledge.

Scott however, looks heartbroken.

His glossy eyes fall from his best friend to the floor. She was dying, right under his nose. All because she dreamt of his brothers death, and he isn't even fucking here now.

"Lydia I'm so sorry" his voice is croaky. He's lost it, his mouth feels extremely dry, almost like sandpaper. His skin is burning and he needs to leave, right now. How could he have missed this?

"Scott no. No one knew this, it's no ones fault" Lydia swallows heavily, moving forward to wrap her arms around the stunned boy sitting before her. But the front door suddenly slams shut downstairs. Stiles is home.

At an alarming rate, Scott pounces off the bed and glides downstairs without so much as a look back, his sight is set on his brother. He caused this, he practically nearly killed Lydia.

"Hey, I need to shower. Things got heated with Allison-" Stiles begins to laugh, until he's abruptly stopped by Scott grabbing his collar of his jacket and pushing him into the wall.
"It's all you're fucking fault" he roars and that's just when Lydia springs off the bed herself. She ignores the pain flaring up inside her, instead running downstairs at a rather unsafe pace.

"What are you talking about?" Stiles forcefully pushes Scott off him causing him to fall against the floor violently. All reasons for this have gone out the window, both of them run at each other, colliding at a vicious force. All they see, is red.

As Stiles manages to harshly kick Scott off him, after the rather bloodthirsty punches that have been thrown. Lydia decides to move now, and ends up standing with her back pressed up against Stiles in between the two boys.

"Scott Stop!" She shouts, and his eyes change from orange straight back to brown as he sees her in front of him. All of the guilt flowing back into his heart at an unsteady pace. He can't handle this.

"This was all because of his dream, Lydia. This is what started it" Scott's eyes are corrupt by the tears that glaze over them, the whites seeping red as he does nothing to stop himself from crying.

"I'm okay. It wasn't his fault, I'm here. Scott I'm still here"

"Can someone tell me what the fuck has happened?" Stiles still stands pressed against Lydia's back, his fists bunching up his flannel as he watches everyone. He's rather frustrated that no one has bothered calling him.

No one says anything, which angers him even more. Lydia moves away from him, her back still to him a she slowly stumbles into their living room only to lean against their couch.

Derek, Chris and Issac watch her closely. Stiles can see how all of them are ready to run over to her at any given second. His blood is starting to boil as he watches Malia shuffling down the stairs, her face void of any emotion as she makes her way over to Scott to comfort him. She's been crying too.

Just as Stiles opens his mouth to speak, Lydia turns around and his eyes widen at the sight.

Her usually, glowing red hair is dull. Anyone can tell. The shine and the colour looks like it was never there. Only a pastel peach colour flows freely around her face now. Her skin is pale, anyone would think she's escaped a frickin hospital at how unusually pale her skin is, it's alarming him.

Only hours ago, Lydia looked angelic and striking as she stood opposite him in the clinic. Now she looks as if she's died and come back to life, her eyes aren't even green anymore. They're grey.

"Lydia has been dying all day and no one knew, until she was on her way back here from the clinic. Scott called me and I had to call Chris and Derek. Stiles I didn't even know she was dying. She's lucky to even be here" Issac places his hand on Stiles' shoulder as he watches his face drop.

She was dying.

And he was too busy having sex with Allison, the girl who attacked her only a few weeks ago.

Shit.
Stiles and Lydia’s relationship is starting to grow even more, and now it seems that it’s not just them that know about their little ‘midnight kitchen encounter’. And that’s bound to cause some problems, right?

"I'm fine. Trust me" Lydia slams her locker shut, smiling at Scott and Liam who are practically clinging to her legs like lost puppies. Both of them nod in sync, stepping back a little bit so she can move past them. But she doesn’t.

"It's been a week, my skin has got its colour back. Melissa and Deaton both said I'm in perfect health. Now, you're going to come with me to lesson and then we're going to head to lunch. I'm going to attend gym later and after we're going to Danny's party, got it?" She gives them each a red lipped kiss on the cheek before slipping past them with a sigh.

Someone has been following her at least every minute of every day, it's suffocating. She totally gets their reasons, of course she does. She nearly died, but she also needs time to mend herself mentally.

Her floral dress flows around her thighs as she steps into the science classroom, heels making it known to everyone that she's arrived to class. She spots Allison and Stiles at the back of the room kissing each others faces, repeatedly.

Biting her lip, she carefully pulls her seat out so it doesn't make much noise. She's sitting in front of them and she doesn't really want them to know she's here yet. Although, her leg that was rapidly bouncing suddenly decides to slip, and her heel makes a loud clatter against the floor which startles the two out of their little morning routine.

Which they do, every single lesson. Much to Lydia's dismay.

"Shit"

"Lydia! Hey, are you okay? Let me sit next to you" Stiles waves to her, gathering his things so that he can slide into Kira's seat next to Lydia. She's quick to spin around, placing her hand down fiercely on his things.

"No! I mean, no don't worry. Kira will be here any minute so I'll be okay. Sit with Allison" she retracts her hand off their desk, raking her fingers through the waves in her hair while awkwardly watching Allison rolling her eyes as Stiles sits back down.

He's been spending a lot of time with her lately, acting like the best friend he was before what happened between them. And it's caught Lydia well off guard, she has no idea how to handle it, she hasn't been pushing him away but when she sees how loved up with Allison that he is, she feels like it.

But it's officially summer break after today. With it being their last day at school Lydia knows she will hardly have to see them for the summer, which she can't wait for.
Okay, sure. You coming to the party tonight? Going to be great. I'll even save you a dance” he winks at her as she lets out a laugh, her head falling back as she does. Lydia also doesn't miss how Allison laces her fingers through Stiles.

So she turns around, and sparks up a conversation with Kira about how her and Malia should head over to Lydia's in the summer for a girls night, which Kira seems too be very much excited for already.

Science is a breeze for Lydia, and she's done all the work with ten minutes of the lesson to spare.

"Mr Harris? I've finished" Lydia weakly puts up her hand, not wanting for her dress to ride up her legs for the whole class to see by raising her arm so high.

"Great. You can help Stiles behind you" Harris doesn't even look up from the desk as he carries on grading work, the usual. Oh how he's such a great science teacher to have.

"But he's got Alli-"

She turns around to find Allison across the room helping one of Jackson's old friends, James. She lets herself relax, her tense shoulders falling as she watches Stiles face scrunch up with confusion.

So she slips into Allison's seat silently and watches as he scribbles out half of what he's already written. Lydia decides to place her hand on top of his own and taking it off the paper, turning to a new page.

"Your tutor knows best, Stilinski. Lets start over this section quickly okay?" She leans forward on her hand, pushing her notes over to him. He beams down at her with admiration a look that she's never seen on him before, but she thinks it looks beautiful. He looks beautiful.

"Right. Great, thank you Martin" he lightly kisses her cheek before burying his face in his work, making sure he finishes in time so that he doesn't get a detention.

But he looks fine.

"Uh what's up with you and her? She's left the room with a boy" Lydia nudges his hip as they walk to the cafeteria, he chuckles and just nudges her back playfully. She likes these moments, the small ones that actually make their lives feel normal.

"We're, not official. I mean I like her, I don't know if I love her though. But we're not together so I don't care really” his voice is low, they know anyone could be eavesdropping into their conversation right now, and Stiles doesn't fancy having to explain the situation to anyone else today.

"Oh, right. I didn't know that” chuckling nervously Lydia grips her bag tighter. She catches him smirk as they push open the doors to the cafeteria, she immediately rushes over to Malia and Scott. Feeling that this conversation might take a wrong turn.

"So I'm planing on wearing like a black dress with some red heels? That sounds okay right?” Malia asks Lydia with her mouth full, while she stares down at her food. Thinking about what Stiles had told her fifteen minutes before. It's weird to her, the relationship that they have. Because their kissing in class like couples do but yet everyone knows Allison has just fucked this James guy.
"Yeah, sounds great Mal" her eyes stray from her food, ignoring the chatter of Malia and Kira and the boys around her. She focuses on Allison across the room, sitting in James lap as her fingers lightly touch his jaw. Gosh, she just won't stop, Lydia thinks as she stands up abruptly.

"I'm just gonna go gym early, see you down there" she grabs her things and rushes out of the hall, itching to change into her gym wear so she can finally let off some steam. She's frustrated at everything. Nearly dying has kind of done it for her.

The sun is at its peak, and she welcomes the heat onto her skin as she takes a slow walk over to the gym.

Normally, Lydia's biggest problem would be deciding whether to braid her hair or to put it in a bun today, not wanting to destroy her waves. However she's more conflicted on her feelings about Stiles, everything between them is all over the place right now.

So Lydia just decides to throw her hair up in a bun before hastily throwing on her shorts and her vest, she's glad that she's chosen shorts and not sweat pants for gym today. She would probably turn into a puddle of sweat with this heat.

She's tying up her converse when all of the girls pour through the doors with their bags hanging off their shoulders, laughing and screeching. Kira and Malia rush over to her with eager smiles as Allison slowly shuffles behind them with her phone against her ear.

"You excited for tennis?" Malia leans against Lydia's arm as she hops on one leg, trying to pull her jeans off her legs. She just chuckles as she watches her best friend struggle with herself, deciding to help her.

"Sit down Mal, and yeah I guess I am" Lydia pulls off the jeans, folding them as she waits for Malia and Kira to finish up. She checks her phone and groans when she sees a picture on Jackson's Facebook of him with girls in London. She tries immensely to push the flare of jealousy away, ignoring how it's affecting her still.

"Come on girl, you obviously need to distract yourself, so let's go" Kira pulls Lydia along as she leaves her phone in her bag, and all her worries about a certain werewolf. Or a Kanima. Whichever he is, behind her.

Lydia didn't actually expect to enjoy playing tennis, but when coach pairs her up with Malia, against Stiles and Theo, she realises she hasn't laughed or even played so hard throughout all of gym period.

"Oh come on Malia, you can't even serve" Stiles leans against the wall behind him, his eyes flashing blue to aggravate the Hale girl.

"Throw me the ball" Lydia says, stepping forward as she catches it, she wastes no time in serving the ball which is a success. Obviously Stiles manages to hit it back, due to his wolf reflexes, but it turns out to be a rather good game, well for them anyway.

Theo isn't the best and neither is Malia but they soon realise that Lydia and Stiles seem to have their own match going on between the two of them.

"Let it go, red head" Stiles shouts, forcefully hitting the ball over the net to her. She laughs, bouncing on the heels of her feet ready to move if she needs to.
"Okay then, buzz cut boy" she replies, hitting the ball back over to him. He gives up when he hears what she's just said, his mouth dropping wide open.

Lydia faintly hears Malia and Theo walk off, her best friend muttering something along the lines of 'leaving them to it' as she runs over with Theo to Scott and Issac.

"Where did you find out about my buzz cut?" They slowly walk towards each other, an all-consuming blazing heat firing up around Lydia as she watches his gaze linger over her.

"Well, you're dad was ever so kind in showing me some baby photos" Lydia swings the racket around her fingers, as she leans part of her body against the pole that holds up the net.

"Going to kill him. Well I might just ask Natalie and Leo for some photos of you, how about that Lyds?" He darts his tongue out to kick his lips, as she places a hand over her heart.

"You would never" she takes a sharp intake of air in, pretending to be shocked at his remark. She rolls her eyes, catching his shirt clinging to his body in all the right places. Not to mention the dark patches of sweat coating his stomach area. And now Lydia really is suddenly short for breath.

"Oh I would" he says just as the whistle blows. Lydia steps back on instinct, and listens to Coach shouting for them to get changed and to have a great summer. She walks in front of Stiles who's with Scott, wanting to just grab her things and drive back home so she can shower.

"Why are you in such a rush Lydia? You're not even getting changed" Kira notices, all Lydia does is grab her things and let her hair down. Her heart is pounding so hard in her chest. She needs it to calm down before someone notices.

"Yeah I've just remembered my hair needs styling for tonight so I need more time to get ready. I'll pick you guys up later, love you's" Lydia waves, practically running out of the changing rooms and straight up to the parking lot, really desperately wanting to get home.

The drive is rather quick, she realises when she pulls into her drive that none of the schools in Beacon Hills have even fully finished yet. She was just in a rush to get home, so she could escape this frenzy that Stiles has left her in.

When Lydia gets into her shower she whines out in relief, feeling herself relax under the waters touch to her skin. All of her stiff muscles seem to loosen up which makes her feel better than she has in weeks. Lydia has been so tense this week with what's happened, and this is just what she's needs.

Stiles. His tongue darting out to wet his lips, Lydia swears she saw it linger earlier. The memory sends a spark of pleasure down to between her legs. She tries to busy herself, shaving her legs, exfoliating. But feeling is too much to leave alone.

Her hands, which feel on fire, slide down her thighs to her core which awakens something inside her body that she hasn't felt in so long.

She's glad no one is home while she gets herself off. The images and memories of Stiles are too much for her when the torment comes to an end, the flame inside her finally flowing through her nerves. And she finally comes with her small fingers inside of her still vigorously moving.

Her chest heaves, as the breaths that leave her body echo inside her shower. The bliss that she's just been feeling has put her in a much better mood. However Lydia can't help but feel embarrassed at
the fact she's just got off to Stiles. Who she will be seeing in less than two hours.

She shakes her head, putting on a playlist for her to get ready to. But mostly for it to take her mind off of what she's just done. Although it has been a long time coming, she thinks.

Her hair takes a while to dry, but she soon decides to straighten her copper locks which then takes nearly a hour in itself. But it busies her, and distracts her which she's glad for.

She’s excited. She hasn’t been to a party in a while, not since she lived back in New York and that was at least three or four months ago now. She mumbles along to the music as she dances around her room, her straight hair moving against her back as she sways to the best.

"Lydia!" Before she can think too much, a small voice appears on the other side of her door, with an eager smile she drops her clothes on her bed swinging her door open.

"Leo! Baby, did you have a good day at nursery?" She slowly picks him up, bringing him into her room. Letting him climb into her bed and watch his own shows on her television, Lydia turns down her music.

His small blue eyes focus on her, as he tells her about his friends and his teachers that he's spoken to throughout his day. His hands move as he speaks, making gestures and she wonders where he’s picked that up from, but she forgets about it when he waits for her to reply.

"That sounds so lovely, what did you learn about today?" Lydia picks out a black mini skirt with a mustard yellow, lace off the shoulder top that she's been eyeing up all week.

"We did numbers ten to twenty! I can only get to seventeen, everyone else can do to twenty" her heart melts at his baby voice as he speaks. She places her outfit against her vanity chair and crawls into bed next to him, holding out her fingers in her hand.

"Count with me, we can do it together"

Lydia's mother is rushing upstairs to get Leo ready for his bath when she spots Lydia and Leo himself in her daughters bed, counting the numbers from one to twenty.

She leans against the door frame, watching them both and Lydia encourages Leo count up to twenty along with her help.

"Right, what's after nineteen?" the banshee holds out one of her make up brushes for him to visualise, Leo's eyes light up and Natalie's heart swells with love for her children.

"Twenty!"

Lydia cheers, her brother shuffling around ready to pounce on top of her so that her can wrap his small arms around her neck, giving her a tight bear hug.

"I'm so proud! Now, go and tell mommy what we've just learnt" she kisses his cheek as the little boy wobbles off her bed and out down the stairs to find their mother. Mumbling the numbers to himself as he descends the stairs, one at a time.

Lydia rushes with her make up, applying the last of her mascara and lipstick when her phone buzzes with a call from Scott.
She places the red lip stick down, popping her lips in the mirror faking a smile after, answering the call and placing him on speaker as she runs to get some underwear.

"Hey you" she shouts, pulling out a white strapless bra with its matching thong, she knows she won't get lucky tonight but she figures feeling pretty won't hurt.

"Hey, we're just wondering where you are. You was supposed to be here a few minutes ago, Malia and Kira are here too" Scott shouts, just as Lydia hears Kira and Stiles bickering about Theo's hair in the background. Rolling her eyes, a snicker escapes her lips when Kira shouts at the Stilinski boy a little too loudly.

"Right. Sorry, I was helping Leo with counting his numbers for nursery. I'll be there in ten, okay?" She ends the call before Scott can talk anymore, feeling slightly bad that she’s making them late for the party. But she quickly gets changed. Finally slipping into her black stilettos before grabbing her bag and leaving, kissing Leo and her mother on the cheek.

While she drives, it abruptly hits her that her dad hasn't been at home all week, in fact she's only seen him once which was when he dropped her off at home from school earlier on in the week. She knows her parents are getting a divorce, and she thinks she can handle it, she has no other choice but to handle it. But Leo, he can't. He won't know what's going on, she needs to be at home for him too. She feels a hard, feeling at the back of her throat, she wants to cry. She refuses to. Leo has the pack, Malia is round nearly all the time and he adores her. All of them are a part of his life now, which she’s thankful for. She’s thankful for them.

Everyone is waiting outside for her when she pulls up, Stiles, Scott and Kira slip into the back of the car while Malia gets shot gun. Lydia looks behind through her rear view mirror, watching as the rest of the pack pile into Issacs small, car that is literally on its last legs now.

"About ti- oh! You look hot" Malia wiggles her brows at the red head, just as she pulls onto the road again. Making her way to Danny's, which she's actually never been to. So she relies on her own human gps who she likes to call Kira.

"Aww thanks Mal, so do you. And you too Kira" Lydia winks into the mirror, she catches the looks on Scott and Stiles' faces and she knows what's coming next.

"Uh what about us?" They chorus, she resists rolling her eyes, stopping at a red light. She briskly turns around and nods, looking more at Stiles than Scott and hoping they can't see her train of sight. It's rather dark in the car anyway. But she can see the grey t-shirt that’s clinging to Stiles body, along with the skinny black jean.

"Looking lovely as always" Lydia chuckles, driving the rest of the way to Danny's with the feeling of Malias gaze burning in the side of her head.

The three in the back shoot out the car and head straight into the party once Lydia has parked. Malia, however has other ideas practically forcing Lydia to walk slow so she can interrogate her. They take minutes to just make their way from the street, up the stairs and into the big house that Danny owns.

"You need to be more subtle" the Hale whispers, pushing open the front door, feeling the base of the music pound against her body already.

"I know what I'm doing, trust me. Love you" Lydia kisses her friends cheek, before dragging her deeper through the masses of people, and into the kitchen. Lydia’s eyes light up at the sight of
"I want some beer now" Malia shouts, falling into Scott's arms with a smile. Lydia pours herself some liquor and drinks it without any pretence.

She just wants to have fun and forget for one night, she wants to be the old Lydia. The one who was the life of the party, who everyone loved.

She hops up onto the counter, pouring another drink as she closes her eyes and lets her body move to the music. The lace of her top it’s itching her skin, but it feels good against the heat that is radiating off her body.

Lydia looks at how many people are actually here, having no idea how big Danny's house actually is. The stairs, the front room, the kitchen and even the garden are flooding with people. She can already tell the floor and the counters are sticky but this is what she’s missed. She’s missed being a careless teen.

"Woah calm down, you'll be after Scott next" Allison appears next to her, and Lydia can't help but scoff after sipping at her third cup of liquor. And she wastes no time in downing it in one, staring at Allison the whole time with a smile.

"Give it up. You've been all over James today, you are no better" Lydia messes with one of Allison's stray curls before grabbing another drink and leaving her standing there. Very, visibly pissed off.

She tips the cup back and places it down on some random shelf, walking over to the dance floor and losing herself to the music once again, running her fingers through her straight locks and moving her hips to the beat. She can’t get enough.

"You having a good time?" Kira and Theo brush past Lydia and only then can she see how good they look together, how in love they are. She longs for something like that, to love someone who loves you back with the same amount of adoration you have for them.

"Yeah, are you?" She stops moving and steps back as they both ignored her, their lips finding each other's. With a laugh, Lydia makes her way over to grab a beer following the cheers that are coming from outside.

She finds Stiles and Malia on the dancing mat in Danny's patio, Malia currently in the lead. Sipping on the beer, Lydia leans against Scott who's rather torn between cheering on his brother or his girlfriend.

"Stiles will make a come back" Lydia speaks without realising what she’s just said, Scott turns his head to face her.

"He will. You have faith in him, you know. It's nice" Lydia knows she's too drunk to process what Scott is saying, so she just curves it instead as she watches Stiles laugh as he gently pushes Malia.

“Yeah he’s a great dancer”

“No, Lyd I meant generally. You seem to believe in him, you’re one of the few people that do”

"Not even Allison?"

"Nope. Anyway, they're like an on and off thing. I'm glad he has a friend like you" Scott swings his arm around Lydia's bare shoulders, the material off his jacket cools her skin down a little.
Aww thanks Scott" she beams, both of them wait while Stiles turns out to win the game, and Lydia watches with a proud smile as everyone around them cheers, and the banshee is sure she sees the windows rattle. Or is she just tipsy? Well, she (sort of) sobers up when Scott leans down to whisper something in her ear.

"Even friends who get off with each other on my kitchen counter" he leans back smiling to himself, before directing his smile to Malia. She sulks and buries her head into his neck.

Lydia's mouth falls open at Scott's remark. How does he know? Her hair falls round her face as she looks at the floor, her red cheeks burning and it's not from any of the the alcohol she's consuming. They both know that.

She sways as Stiles jogs over to her holding his hand out to grip hers, pulling her over to the dancing mat. Lydia's eyes widen, looking down at her outfit, which is definitely not practical for this.

"Hell no, Stiles" she laughs, just as he shakes his head and selects a song that they both love. He looks at her outfit also, sucking on his bottom lip as he holds out a hand for her again. God, touching her for the second time in under a minute. It's not good.

"As much as I love them heels, take them off so we can dance. You won't beat me in or out of them anyway but it's worth a try, right?" He challenges as the television counts down from ten. Shaking her head, Lydia just chucks off her heels over by Malia and Scott.

"You're going down" she slides onto the mat, excitement bubbling up inside of her as she song fills her ears. She follows the arrows and moves her body as good as she can, ignoring the boy next to her who is desperately trying to distract her.

"Go on Liddy!" Malia cheers from Scott's lap. Lydia can feel her skirt and her hair blowing with the breeze and with the movements of her dancing. She knows she’s not doing the best she can, she’s currently drunk on alcohol and on Stiles but it doesn’t stop her from having fun. Or even pulling out the stops so she can beat Stiles.

With a twirl she comes round to face the leaderboard, the music fading out. But the adrenaline is still strong, pumping throughout her body and the smile on her face is vibrant. She feels like she's buzzing with electricity.

"Lydia you won" Stiles says from beside her, a playful scowl toying at his lips but Lydia flips him off with a grin, leaving him shocked and dumbfounded, before running over to Malia and Scott.

"I fucking won yes!" She jumps onto Scott's back, and luckily he keeps his footing as he spins her around, Lydia’s laughter bubbling from her chest. Her straight red head of hair flies around her, cutting through the air.

"Woah we don't want to flash Lydia's ass to everyone” Malia pulls her off Scott's back and helps her back into her heels, catching her falling frame every now and then as she rises up from 5’3 to 5’7 with her heels on. They've never seen Lydia like this before and after everything, it's amazing to see a genuine smile on her face.

"Anyone up for some shots and a game of never have I ever?" Danny shouts from behind them, Lydia is the first one, along with Malia to cheer and follow the boy into the back garden, by the fire. Lydia internally groans when she feels the heat engulfing her from off the fire, already adding to her body heat.
They spot Allison and Issac sitting on the wooden chairs as they take a seat themselves, relief fills Issac's eyes as he sees the rest of his pack turn up to sit with him.

"Okay so we all know the rules, never have I ever, take a shot if you have blah blah you get it" Danny mumbles to the circle of people before sitting down on a jock's lap, Lydia thinks is name is Chris. Or Cody? No it's definitely Chris.

"I'll start, never have I ever had sex in a car" Stiles grins over to Allison as he takes his shot, along with her and a few others that are sitting with them. The Argent girls eyes shine and glimmer, she stares at him while downing her shot.

Lydia looks next to her and notices Scott already watching her with pity in his eyes. He has to know, him and Malia both know, it's obvious that they do. Jesus Christ, this is not going to end well.

"Never have I ever gone skinny dipping"

"That's a shit one Laura! Course we have" Malia says to the blonde sitting next to Allison, and everyone around the fire takes a shot, which isn't very surprising to say the least.

The next few are rather easy for Lydia to take a shot or not to take one to. Netflix and chilled? Yep with Jackson. She drinks the shot

Passed out while in sex? Nope.

Said the wrong name during sex? Shamefully. Another shot.

Snuck out without parents knowing? Of course, easy. Has another shot.

Served and hit on in a bar they're to young for? Yep. Shot.

Ever been in love? She doesn't know, so no.

"Okay I've got one!" Scott shouts. Malia’s face falls, Lydia has a feeling that Scott is up to something but she lets it slide, eager to hear what he's got to say. She's playing with an empty plastic shot glass while the full one, with strong liquor, sits on her thigh.

Her vision is a little blurry, this is her last round. She thinks because otherwise she’s definitely going to pass out, she’s drank too much and she’s only been here a couple of hours already.

"Never have i ever hooked up in a kitchen" Lydia's shot glass snaps between her fingers, eyes widening and her head snapping up turning to face Scott in under a second.

While everyone turns to face her. She can see Scott squirming in his seat as Stiles sends daggers to his brother with his eyes. Well, like this isn’t obvious. She can see the humour and the shock in people’s faces when they put two and two together. They make four.

"I have" Ben cheers, practically beaming with pride that he's the only one. Until Lydia and Stiles drink also.

Lydia throws her shot glass onto the floor, crossing her legs as the heat from the fire warms her up even more, she's flushing and all fired up. Can this game be over already.

"No Lindsay! Don't jump into the pool. Naked!" Danny and a couple of others rush to get Lindsay. And it's then, when Lydia notices Allison's face, she's angry.
Her hands are coiling around the seat, her teeth and biting at her lips, and she's very clearly avoiding Stiles' gaze. Issac looks kind of scared to be even sitting next to her as he inches away to the other side, towards Scott.

"Allison don't get pissed off. You slept with Scott like months ago so there's nothing to be annoyed at. Stiles and Lydia have done nothing wrong, they just hooked up" Malia snaps, causing Allison to throw her shot glass into the fire, before walking away from the group and into the crowded house.

"Well, great game. Anyone for another drink?" Lydia stands, waiting for someone to follow. Surprisingly Stiles falls into step with her, and is standing too close to her for people to think they're just friends. Especially after what people just learned at the fire. And Lydia gives it an hour tops before people start asking her how good Stiles Stilinski is in bed.

Something between them tonight is starting to fire up, and both of them can feel it.

"What do you want? A beer?" Lydia pulls out two beers and hands Stiles one before hearing a response off him. He's got a smirk on his face, he steps forward as Lydia gets trapped between him and the wall. She’s glad it’s dark in the kitchen with only the dim disco lights flickering over their faces. She hopes no one is looking, this really would cause up a fuss.

"Kinda forgot about the night in my kitchen" he speaks with his breath gently hitting her neck. The longing ache for him re-awakens within Lydia, so she chooses to be bold. Now or never, because who knows where her and him will be within a weeks time. They could hate each other.

"Yeah me too, was a great night from what I remember" she runs her finger against the top of his jeans. Feeling him shiver against as as she looks up at him, she's glad shes wearing heels otherwise their height would definitely be a problem right now.

"It was. So Lyds, you wanna remind me what happened?" He dips his head so that his lips land just blow her ear. Lydia, on impulse, searches for any downstairs rooms with her hooded eyes. Bingo. She finds one and it's only a few feet away from them, thank god.

His lips drag along her neck as her eyes flutter shut, her head falling back against the cabinet while her hands clutch at his shirt. He pulls back and she stares at him, his wild eyes, pink lips and cute little upturned nose.

She wants him.

Placing their drinks down, her hand laces through his as she pulls him along behind her, rushing to get to that room before the other couple that she can spot who are stumbling towards it. She swings the door open and pushes Stiles inside gently, turning to face the girl and the boy who she recognises from earlier as Ben.

"Sorry, very much occupied now. But, hey Ben, maybe you should try your kitchen again. Thanks sweetheart" Lydia closes the door and locks it behind her, there's a dim light coming from the cabinet across the room, she can see Stiles' face and she knows he's just finished laughing.

She spins around to look around, it’s a small bathroom. Okay, she can work with this. His hands are straight on her again, his touch leaving a fire in its wake whilst his mouth pulls up into a grin. She can definitely work with this.

"Oh my god Lydia, that was great" he chuckles, pulling his shirt over his head in a rush, her eyes widen when she registers she's actually alone with him, and that they're probably about to have sex in Danny's bathroom against his wall.
"Thanks, but how do you wanna do this?" She goes to toe off her heels but he jolts forward and stops her in a rush. His eyes rake along her body, from her heeled clad feet stopping at where her breast are trying to bloom above her top.

"Leave them on" he mumbles against her collar bone whilst pulling her skirt down her legs. It pools around her heels and he groans when she takes it upon herself to pull her top off. She kicks her skirt and throws her top along with it, they sit in a pile right next to the sink.

The image of Lydia in her underwear is something Stiles will never get tired of, he concludes. So he takes it upon himself to lift her off the ground, perching her on the edge of the bathroom counter. The cold marble feels good against her thighs and her ass for a moment, but before she knows it she’s covered in goosebumps.

Her lips attack his with a soul crushing moan, and Lydia's hands move all over his chest, his back and right the way up to his locks at she's wanted to pull at for weeks.

When she shuffles forward, her head falls back with euphoria. Lydia doesn't think she's ever felt this high when coming into contact with someone's dick before, but then again she didn't think this would be happening with Stiles either.

He grins at the sight of her falling apart in-front of him, his fingertips float up from her hips, brushing against her skin as he reaches around her back to unclasp her bra. It falls freely away from her porcelain skin and he wastes no time in diving forward to wrap his lips around her nipple.

Lydia's feeling way to hot against him as her body writhes underneath his mouth that's working on her breast. She lurches forward to unbuckle his belt, which she gets off him in a impressive amount of seconds.

She doesn’t have any time to over think it all, of course she’s nervous. This is the guy who she has to see nearly everyday. But she feels normal doing this with him, it feels right.

His eyes meet hers with a seductive gaze and Lydia pulls him off her breast so his lips can meet hers. She hops down off the counter and drags her lips away from his, and down his chest leaving small kisses in her wake, whilst her hands gently rake down his skin.

Stiles swallows hard and he struggles to breathe when she pulls down his trousers and his boxers from where they were hanging teasingly on his hips. He kicks them off and they land with a thud behind him somewhere.

Her hands are intense as they tug at his hair, whilst Stiles fingertips leave sizzling marks against Lydia's ass, pressing her flush against him which earns an excited sigh from them both.

"Take these off" he mumbles into her ear before sucking on it, Lydia's knees wobble against her will but she shimmies out of her thong and leaves it abandoned on the floor.

In a quick exhilarating move, Stiles pushes Lydia against the wall knocking some of the breath straight out of her but he ignores it, hooking one of her legs around his waist and grinding himself passionately against her. Lydia cries into his neck as she finds her leverage, arms resting on his shoulder while her fingers tug at his wild hair.

Her lips ambush his neck, leaving purple marks in their wake as his tip teases her clit. A jolt of heat shoots straight to the pit of her stomach, feeling high on him she lets her hands roam his back.

"Fuck. Please, Stiles" Lydia pushes his chest against her, wanting to be closer to him, wanting to feel his warmth that he's providing her already.
"You sure?" His finger swipes against her centre in which Lydia can't help but shiver, she relentlessly nods her head against him, barely being able to wait any longer.

When he slides himself into her, it stimulates a spark inside them both. Lydia becomes to hot to bear and Stiles can't keep still, his hands roam her body with a desire he can't contain. So he moves inside of her, and he really did want to go slow with her, but when he sees her face he just can't.

Her plump lips are open with hard, fast breaths leaving her heaving chest that is flush against his own. Her eyes are looking down, down at where they're moving in sync together while Lydia moves her hair to one side and tantalisingly moves her hips to match with his rhythm.

"I got myself off, over you earlier" she whispers, well she actually pants, into the air that surrounds them, watching as Stiles' eyes open and his head falls against her neck with a grin.

"Fucking hell, Lydia. So fucking hot" he licks her jaw and sucks against it to Lydia's excitement. Her nails skin down teasingly into his shoulders which he likes. He can't get enough of her, he doesn't want to her enough of her. His heart is thumping against his ribcage while sweat beads slide down his back.

A fiery, all consuming heat rushes down to between Lydia's legs and her knees can barely hold her up anymore, her legs shake along with her mouth falling open at the feeling of euphoria that surrounds them.

"I want to ride you" the words leave her mouth before she can stop them but the way his eyes light up at it, and how she can literally feel his dick twitch inside of her. She knows he wants more or less the same thing.

He turns them around so he's against the wall, picking her up and hooking her legs around his hips so she's stable. A cunning smile plays at Lydia's lips, as she holds onto his shoulders and bounces up and down against him.

The sound of their skin hitting together fills the room again as she finds a pace, not to mention the sound of their blissful groans that mix with the beat of the music they can faintly hear seeping into the room from outside.

When she feels Stiles start to move with her again, matching her movement when she sinks down and when she bounces back up again, she knows how close he's getting, just like her.

"Oh my god" Lydia cries out, her movements becoming more aggressive and quicker, pushing Stiles even closer as her nails dig into his sweaty skin that's helping her move much easier.

He watches her, when he’s not listening to her. He likes how she looks bouncing on top of him, her breasts pressed flush against him. His hands feel how her ass wants to shake around his grip. He can suddenly feel her clenching her walls around him, unable to contain his loudest groan get he presses further against her.

Stiles makes it his mission to quickly suck on the skin on her neck that her hair is teasingly
brushing against. Lydia's movements become sloppier, Stiles pushes back against her bringing them both over the edge quickly as he licks the now purple bruise that matches the couple of others on her breasts.

"I'm gonna" Stiles groans, deeply. And Lydia's back arches, as she clings to him with all she has, her walls clenching around his twitching length that's still moving inside of her. She can feel herself release around him, her head losing itself as the angelic attack of her orgasm sweeps through her entire body.

After they're done and they stand still, Stiles places her down carefully. Watching as her legs wobble not wanting to regain their strength yet, she leans against the wall while Stiles gathers his clothes.

"Here" he hands her underwear to her, which she gladly accepts and slowly begins getting dressed while avoiding his gaze.

"That was fun. You liked it, right?" He walks over to her, where she's tucking her top into her skirt and brushing her fingers through her hair that's become much of a mess. It resembles a bird nest but to their friends, it’s just sex hair.

"I mean I thought it was obvious I did?" She chuckles, washing her hands and dabbing some cold water on her cheeks. It's so obvious what's gone down between them, the purple marks on her neck is probably the most obvious thing. Good job Stiles.

Turning around to face him she also notices the marks she's given him also, out on plain sight for everyone too see.

"Oh, Martin. It definitely was" he winks, unlocking the door to find a couple waiting outside, too busy with each other to notice Stiles and Lydia leave.

They soon part ways, Lydia rushing over to Malia who hands her a beer and Stiles leaves to go and play a round of beer pong with Liam and Issac.

And not once do they talk again for the rest of the night.
Okay so this chapter is full of angst. I’m sorry for doing this right after chapter 7 but I hope you like it! It’s a main part of this story, and trust me there’s much more to come now guys! I see Lydia’s Aunt Rosie as Jennifer Aniston and her Uncle as Jason Sudeikis but you can imagine them as whoever you want if you like! It’s just a visionary I had haha

(Also were now going to be in season 3A)

Lydia pushes her melted ice cream around, not really fussed that she’s just spent more money than necessary on over priced ice cream that she hasn't really touched.

"Come on Lydia, it's been three weeks and you're still in a mood over it?" Malia grabs the ice cream off her and tosses it into the near by bin, pulling Lydia's sunglasses off her face.

"Malia, don't" Lydia leans backwards, wishing she had put her hair up instead of leaving it down for it to just stick to her back all day.

"Oh come on! I'm you're best friend and you won't even tell me what's happened? You and him won't stop arguing and i can't help you, if you don't tell me" Malia scoffs, waiting for Lydia to talk, to tell her something about how she’s feeling.

But when she’s met with silence, Malia stands up from the bench with a scoff leaving her lips. Storming over to where everyone else is currently lounging by the sea.

They have all decided to come down to the beach for a weekend away, and Lydia hasn't even made it through her first day without wanting so badly to go back home and snuggle up with Leo and her mother.

She really does try to avoid listening in on their conversation but she can't help herself. The red head just wishes she could just go back to when banshee hearing wasn't a thing and she couldn't eavesdrop in on everyone's stupid conversations.

"Why won't she come over?" Issac sits up leaving Allison's sister, who's new in town, Emily catching her tan and lounging in the sun. She’s nothing supernatural, she’s just human, like Malia. Like Lydia, in a way. And she’s definitely nothing like her sister.

"Oh we all know the answer to that. Stiles, enlighten us please?" Malia pushes his head off Allison's shoulder causing him to fall back flat into the sand with a dull thud. Allison moves to help him up with a laugh that no one else finds funny other than Stiles, obviously.

"Okay I'll fucking tell you, god-"

Lydia doesn't think she's ever sprung up out of her seat quicker than she just has, she runs over to where everyone is sitting. Her shorts rub against her waist where she's been sweating, causing an uncomfortable burn to radiate through her skin that she doesn't think she'll be able to handle soon.
"Don't, Stiles. You can't just blurt out what happened there's two of us in this you know?" She
snaps, standing next to Scott, towering over Allison and Stiles, blocking the sun's light that they
were previously receiving with her shadow.

"Oh Lydia come on, seriously? Grow up"

"This isn't funny. And don't you start I know you've got something to say" Lydia bites the inside of
her cheek. Allison smiles up at her removing her own sunglasses, she shrugs. Oh and not to
mention the smug look that she’s currently nursing.

"Oh attacking me again? It's like you just can't get enough of me" the air grows thick around
everyone as Lydia inches closer towards the Argent girl. But Stiles springs up off the sand,
blocking Lydia's way firmly placing his hands on her shoulders.

"Chill out, you really need to let it all go Lydia. Anyone would think you're becoming obsessed
with me as well" his infamous grin plays at the corners of his lips, and Lydia almost feels violated.

She's being made into something she's not. This is destroying her. Being here, being with them, it’s
just eating away at her and she’s losing who she used to be. And she doesn’t want that for herself,
she can’t be broken down into a small hollow person with nothing to give apart from saving lives.

"Go home Lydia, I won't fucking say anything. They deserve to know but as you still want to act
like a child, I'll just make it easier for you to get. Leave me alone, get over this stupid grudge you
have against me and Allison. You think we care about you? You’re so wrong, you’re just our
banshee who we all have to put up with"

Lydia can hear Malia and Theo standing up behind her, their hands falling onto her arm. Both of
them try to pry her away from the wolf who's eyes are flashing blue. That’s all she ever sees from
him lately, blue, cold, heartless eyes.

Within a second, and in a rather quick alarming rate she pushes Stiles hands off her as if they were
starting to burn straight into her skin.

"You're actually delusional. Fuck you, Stiles"

"Oh you already have, sweetheart"

She hopes no one sees the tear that falls down her reddened cheek, the air around her feels toxic
and she wants nothing more than to escape this place.

Lydia can hear the instant mumbling around them, it seems as if no one knew about that night in
Danny’s bathroom. She had just suspected that they knew, from her and Stiles’ chemo-signals.
From their behaviour when they’re around each other that’s become unbearable for the pack to be
around. It’s as if they hate each other.

She pushes him away from her, using a little more force than she intended to, not bothering to stick
around to look at anyone. So she begins to walk across the beach, back to the spacious hut that
they're all staying in, but it seems as if it’s not spacious enough for her.

The banshees heart is pounding and she can't do anything to calm herself down. She’s being
irrational, she knows that. But she can’t stay here any longer, it may be her home now but she’s got
to go.

Her breaths are becoming short and ragged, Lydia is just so eager to go home and escape them.
Escape this life she’s stuck in. Surprisingly she doesn't want to see any of them right now, not even
Scott or Malia. She wouldn’t be able to bear it.

At a rather frightening pace she bursts into the room that they were all planning to share, the thought of it now making her grimace. Lydia can hear growing footsteps behind her but she doesn’t slow down or even plan to explain herself to whoever’s hot on her heels.

"Lydia- woah. Slow down, Lydia ignore him stay with us. They’ll apologise soon and we can move on” Scott lingers in the door way, Malia bumps into him with her own heavy breaths leaving her chest. Lydia figures she’s just ran her mouth off to Stiles and then ran here.

But she don’t want to think about them. She knows she’ll back out if she even looks over to her best friends, because she loves them and she won’t deny that. So she pulls her clothes out of the closet, stuffing them aggressively into her travel bag that’s sitting on her day bed.

"No. I’m leaving, and I don’t just mean here, this beach place. I’m getting the hell out of Beacon Hills, I can’t stand being here. And I don’t think I’m coming back“ a rush of pain jolts through Lydia when she blurts that out.

She feels horrible for saying this to them but she has to, and she means it. The banshee feels like she’s drowning here.

Quickly chucking her things into her bag, she zips it shut chucking it onto the floor whilst she throws a white shirt over her bikini bra, and quickly slipping into her flip flops. For a second she debates changing from her denim shorts, to avoid the burning pain from the material but she doesn’t want to spend anymore time here than she has to.

“I’m so fucking done. I’ve been treated like shit by them, and I can’t- I can’t live with that. I can’t be here just because I find out who’s going to die first, its like I’m some sort of shitty gps that you use to find dead bodies. I want a life for myself, I want to be happy. I can’t have that here. I’m suffocating and it’s fucking horrible. You think I want to be singled out of my own pack? Because shit, I know if it came to it everyone would choose them over me, it’s just how it is. I love you all, I really do but I’m sorry. I’m out of here. And don’t even think about calling me again”

Scott and Malia stand before her, wounded, their eyes are red and brimming with tears. But Lydia just throws her bag over her shoulder, storms past them and impulsively rushes down the stairs and back outside.

The banshee stops abruptly, bumping into someone which sends her sunglasses falling onto the floor and smashing instantly upon impact. She wants to fucking scream. That was the cherry on top for her. She’s done, any doubts she had are now gone.

"Lydia, are you okay?” Issac along with everyone else is waiting outside, standing around her and gawking at her as if she’ll shatter if they even tried to touch her. Stiles and Allison are standing together next to Issac, and both of their faces are void of any expression.

No doubt all of them heard what she said. She glad they heard, she doesn’t have to explain herself twice.

"I’m leaving. Thank you, for everything” she throws Issac the bracelet that he gave to her when she joined the pack, giving him a brisk nod before rushing over to her car.

"Lydia. No, wait“ she faintly hears him whisper when the realisation hits him. Footsteps and a loud commotion fill her ears. Scott and Malia have joined everyone but this only pushes Lydia to walk away faster.
Don’t look back. Don’t turn around. Don’t Stay.

Don’t stay.

And with every step she takes she starts to feel free again, almost as if she's walking away from some burden she's been having to carry for so long. And in a way, she is.

Throwing her bag into the back seat, she hurriedly climbs into her car and begins to pull away with no hesitation. But a hand lands on her window with a sharp thud, making Lydia nearly jump out of her skin.

"Lydia don't go" Malia stares down through the window at her best friend, Lydia can see the pain and the longing in her eyes. The sight makes her literally want to break down, open the door and hug her but there's also something that pushes her to leave once and for all. So she drives.

"Love you, Mal"

When she's far enough away and rather deep into the busy highway, Lydia lets herself finally acknowledge what she's just done. She's left her pack, her best friends and the boy she thought she maybe had some sort of feelings for.

Expecting to feel an agonising, wounding pain after her recent decision, Lydia suddenly realises she's already been feeling that for weeks. They've been leaving her out for a while now, ever since what happened that night between with her and Stiles.

But she was right, back there. Lydia does need to leave, she doesn’t know how long she will be gone for, she's got two and a half more months of summer to think about it but for now, she needs to get the hell out of Beacon Hills.

"Honey? What's wrong?" Her mother picks up the phone almost immediately, sounding rather worried that Lydia is even calling her when she knows she should be away with her friends, enjoying herself.

"Mom, I need you to pack a bag for me. Remember when Aunt Rosie made me that offer that I could go over to her house in England and practice my- well, my powers? I'm taking that offer, right now" Lydia drives and starts to recognise the familiar Beacon Hills roads as she heads deeper in town, she knows that Scott or Issac will be coming after her soon. She needs to hurry.

"What's happened, I'm worried. I'm packing your things as we speak but what's going on Lydia?" She can her the affliction in her mother's voice as she shuffles around Lydia's room.

"I've left the pack, I just need to work on myself, mom. I'll be okay, I promise" she puts on a front with her voice, she doesn't want her family to worry about her. Because she will be fine, in time. She knows she will be.

"Okay, I'll be out the front in ten minutes with your suitcase and passport, I'll book you an online ticket okay?" Natalie's voice softens and Lydia relaxes, glad her mother is fine with her going. Deep down Lydia knows she’s making probably one of the worst decisions she could ever make. But she does it anyway.

"Okay, thank you Mom. I love you"

"I love you too"
Lydia had to be quick in saying goodbye to her mother and Leo. But she didn't want anyone to try and stop her from leaving. Although now she's on the plane and not even an hour away from England, she wishes she would have spent longer with her family.

She refuses to think about her pack, not wanting to be miserable anymore. She has a feeling that's why she's lost herself and her control of her powers, once Lydia lets go of herself she's vulnerable to everyone and everything.

"Hi Miss, would you buckle your seatbelt please. We will be landing soon" the flight attendant gives her a fake smile, probably because she's wearing a thin shirt and shorts to arrive in England where it's most likely going to be freezing.

Lydia watches as the sky slowly gets darker, it's got to be at least midnight here. The captivating deep blue of the sky draws her in. Leaning her head against the window electric blue eyes pop into her mind, she misses him already, she misses all of them. But she needs to get over him.

The plane dips down and Lydia's stomach turns, causing her to feel nauseous and itching to get off the plane as soon as they'll let her, suddenly starting to feel overly hot and claustrophobic on here.

Lydia pushes so that she's one of the first ones off, and due to her being near the door she's luckily granted that. But then it pops into her mind that she has to go through the processes of getting her luggage, not to mention getting though everyone to her Aunt.

And of course, it takes a long time for her to make it through, it's the holidays and people are everywhere right now so she’s not surprised. Although when she sees her Aunt leaning against the vending machine with a can of cola in her hand, Lydia just lets her walls fall down.

Her arms fall limp at her sides, letting her eyes flutter shut as she falls into her Aunts arms. She clings to her, feeling safe when the smell of ocean breeze shampoo fills her nose.

"Oh my, baby girl. It's so good to see you" Aunt Rosie pulls back, picking up Lydia's suitcase off the floor and slowly pulling it along as she brings Lydia to the car park.

"So sweet pea, what's happened?"

"Too much. I had a pack, I left them. I had a boy I think I was beginning to feel something for, I left him. The usual" Lydia chuckles, slaming the car door shut behind her. She shivers underneath the cold air, baffled how cold it is for the end of June here, but her Aunt who is in a dress and sandals doesn't seem the smallest bit phased by the temperature.

"Oh honey, you're with me now and you need to focus on you. I can already feel your unease and how upset you are. You'll get better my love" Aunt Rosies’ hand falls onto her shoulder and Lydia lets her head fall onto it, before feeling her eyes fall closed due to her exhaustion.

"Mum sends her love. Leo has packed you a card full of drawings of dinosaurs and flowers" both of the women chuckle, drowning out the music that is softly pouring out of the speakers. Lydia feels different now she’s here, she’s care free now. And the imminent feeling that she's going to see a dead body isn't picking at her.

Once she's in her room, she lets her eyes wander round, remembering her old times here because she hasn't been inside this room since she was eleven. Lydia kicks off her shorts, falling onto the
bed not even bothering to get changed or unpack her clothes. She lets herself fall to sleep without even a thought of what a day she's had.

July

"Lydia, come on. Push yourself" Rosie shouts from across the land they're at. The tall grass grazes Lydia's knees as she sways with the wind.

She remembered how large the piece of land Rosie owned, but she didn’t remember it being this big. Or that she used to practice her powers herself out here while Lydia and her parents stayed with her, all those years ago.

She closes her eyes, and listens for the voices in her head. She listens for a word, a letter, anything that will help her.

Red.

"Red" Lydia screams, pushing it out in front of her and catching the bullet her Aunt has fired before it hits the fake red dummy, who stands amongst the other ten different coloured ones around it.

"Well done, you're getting there. Ready to go again?" Rosie smiles, showing her that she has faith in her niece. Lydia feels exhausted, but she's been making progress because she's learnt things she didn't know that she could do, she's learning how to control the voices in her head.

It's the end of July and she's been here for a whole month now, her tan may have gone but Lydia has never felt so in control of herself, she's never been so strong before.

She manages to skype with her Mom and Leo at lest three times a week, still managing to help her brother with his counting and his reading which makes her day above everything else. She doesn't think she's ever missed anyone as much as she misses him, or her mother.

Which then brings everything all the way back round to her pack- her old pack, and her best friends within it. She's been trying not to even think about them, which has worked on some accounts although her phone is always relentlessly buzzing whenever she's next to it. The person that calls the most is actually Scott.

She has days where her finger hovers above their contact names, her lips trembling as she aches to call them, to talk to them and tell her how well she’s doing. But then she’s reminded of why she’s here.

So Lydia deletes all messages and voicemails because she knows that something, anything that he says would persuade her to go back, or even make her go back. But she's not planning to.

"Orange" She screams, catching the bullet within the force of the scream again, letting it drop to the floor way before it was even in the fake orange bodies range. A sigh of relief leaves her, eyes
widening as she spins around to smile at her aunt. She can save people this way, she could prevent someone from dying.

"I did it! I can do it" she jumps up and down, the wind catching in her hair that's blowing along with it freely. Rosie squeezes Lydia's hand, bringing her back inside to the garage.

"You've never let me in here bef-"

Lydia isn’t prepared for when she falls to the ground, all of the voices inside her head screaming and becoming too much for her to handle as she stands inside the room. Her nails dig into the sides of her skull that’s pounding with tremendous force.

"You can do this, I know you can. Stand up and watch me" Rosie's hand comes to gently rest on Lydia's forehead which soothes the screaming enough for Lydia to listen to her. But Lydia can't shake the feeling as if she’s just been hit by a fucking school bus.

"In here is filled with old spirits, ghosts rather. Many people died in here hundreds of years ago. And you can contact them, you can figure out who's saying what one by one. Honey, can prevent death quicker than you can now" Rosie links her hand through Lydia's, as they move deeper into the room. Lydia tries to ignore the throbbing of her head, as she stretches her neck and follows what her Aunt tells her to do.

It's a full moon here, which means back home its already been. She never even got to spend a full moon with Stiles, because Allison was too intent on spending it with him.

Although that never really worked, because Lydia always received a text that he messed up his garage while Allison went to hide inside his house. This happened on more than one occasion.

She decides to pull herself off the balcony chair, and back into her small room. Where she pulls her blanket off the bed, sits by the fire and scrolls through her laptop, humming to herself as she tries to find something good to watch. More so to take her mind off memories she would rather not remember.

"Mom?"

"Honey, listen. The pack has just been round. They wanted me to tell them where you was, they said they needed you"

Lydia tightly clutches her phone, sighing into it as she processes the words her mother has just said. Picking out what she wants to say carefully, because she’s had an idea that they would end up doing this, she’s thought it for a while now.

"Did you tell them? Because mom, I'm not coming home anytime soon. I'm learning here” her voice is shaky and she really wishes it wasn't. She's been feeling so strong this past month, and now because they harass her mother, she unfolds and starts to crumble? They can't do this.

"Honey, Stiles was here too" Lydia's tongue darts out to lick her chapped lips that she's been relentlessly biting during the last couple of seconds. Her head falls back against her bed, with her stomach churning Lydia pulls against her hair.
"Right. Well tell them I'm not coming back, please? I love you mom and I'll ring you tomorrow, as usual" as much as Lydia loves her mom, she wishes she hadn't bothered calling her to tell her about this.

"I love you too, speak tomorrow" hearing her mother sigh, Lydia presses down on the end button. Tossing her phone behind her onto her bed, it bounces back up and onto the floor, cracking a little but she couldn't care less.

Why can't they fucking leave her alone? She's struggling to believe the fact that Stiles was actually there but her mother wouldn't lie. So Lydia just slams down her laptop screen and jumps into bed.

She can't get to sleep, obviously. She squirms and writhes around for hours. And after rolling off onto the floor, Lydia jumps up and rushes downstairs quietly to grab some water.

She's turning off the tap when she feels a presence behind her, she places down the glass feeling too overwhelmed and scared. Rosie went to bed hours ago, who the hell is in the house? Closing her eyes, the banshee gathers her breath and spins around.

"Woah Lydia! It's only me"

"Uncle Jason?!" Lydia's eyes widen as she sees her uncle, well, her Aunts ex husband. He's standing in the doorway of the kitchen in a robe, Rosie’s robe. The girl rolls her eyes when she puts the pieces together.

"Yeah, sorry I didn't mean to scare you. How you doing mini rose?" He ruffles Lydia's hair, while he swings open the refrigerator door and pulls out a carton of milk, gulping down the liquid while closing the door gently.

"That's revolting. But I'm not too bad, you? I see you're back again" Lydia can't help but laugh, wriggling out of his grip as he tries to mess her hair. This man has been a part of Lydia’s life for as long as she can remember, and to be honest she was gutted when Jason and Rosie got divorced. They were amazing together.

She remembers her mother on the phone to Rosie a few years ago, Jason had flashed his eyes Yellow when they were arguing. She was terrified he was going to turn into his werewolf state when they argued again, so she filed for a divorce and refused to see him. Till now that is.

"Milk is amazing m' darlin. Why you down here, missed having you around. You've grown up for sure" her Uncle takes a seat at the dining table, drinking the rest of the milk that's left. Lydia shakes her head at him knowingly as she can already see her Aunt shouting at him for it in the morning.

"I needed to get away. Pack problems" she sucks her lips into her mouth as she runs her fingers around the rim of the glass, trying to delay the conversation that will bring up more memories for her.

"Obviously somethings happened, and let me just tell you this. You're pack is you're family, if you lose one it all breaks down. So you've left and they're not functioning properly, it's like they've lost a family member. Think carefully my darling, you have a irrational mind sometimes, I know you" He tips the milk carton to her, and she's glad it's dark so he can't see how her face has fallen. Her mind is in pieces and this is exactly why she wanted to leave.

"God, Uncle Jase. You're supposed to me on my side" she chuckles nervously, forcefully swallowing back the ball that's formed at the back of her throat. Her shaking hands place she glass back into the sink as she strolls out of the kitchen and back up to bed.
"I am kiddo, because I've left my pack before. And it's like losing everyone you love, you need them too. Get some sleep Liddy"

Her stomach drops when Jason calls her by her nickname, her mind tossing between all the memories where Malia called her the same thing. So Lydia just nods, rushing back upstairs not bothering to answer him.

She feels like her lungs are being starved of oxygen while she's still in the same room as him. She doesn't even flinch when she slams shut her bedroom door, climbing into bed and squeezing her eyes shut violently.

September

"Baby, if you're staying I need to get you enrolled into a school. It's halfway through term" Rosie throws the ball so that Ben can go and fetch it, she watches as the golden Labrador chase after it rapidly leaving dust and dirt in his wake.

"Give me some more time Rosie, please? I've learnt so much with you, how to prevent death, how to stop people from being hurt, how to control the voices. Even how to fight, please?" Lydia stops in the middle of the woods, kicking some sticks with her boots, feeling satisfied as they snap in half with a crack.

She sticks her hands into the back pockets of her ripped jeans, looking over at her Aunt with hope in her eyes and a tight lipped smile. She watches as Rosie’s walls fall down, taking the ball back off Ben and handing it to Lydia to throw.

"Fine. I'll give you another couple months as long as you do some online classes" Lydia lurches forward to attack her with a hug, spinning them both around shrieking loudly, catching the dogs attention.

"Thank you thank you! So have you got anything left to teach me?" Lydia grins, Ben circling around her legs. The girls hand dives to run through the soft fur that shimmers under the sun, Rosie kicks the ball which Ben runs after so Lydia isn't distracted.

"One more thing but this can be dangerous, so we need time okay?" Rosie clasps her hands over Lydia's, making sure her niece understands. And of course she knows she does, she's changed over the last few months that she's been living with her, she's more sure of herself.

"I know. Thank you, Rosie"

"Come on girls, dinners ready" Jason stands at the edge of the woods with some treats in his hand for Ben, the dog runs over to him, his tongue flying in the air. Lydia wants to test out what she can do, so she runs with Ben, pushing herself and focusing on reaching the edge of the woods where the trees spread out into the field a couple miles away from Rosie's land.

Lydia feels herself running with the wind, laughing as she goes. Her legs burn as she stops abruptly looking behind her, to find Rosie and Ben still deep into the woods, only small figures to her eyes now. She spins around to look at Jason who's jaw falls open, eyes wide.
"Jase, how fast was I?" Lydia pants a little, not feeling as out of breath as she should. She knows she's been working out so she's in better shape. Her body is more athletic and toned, her boobs have grown but have also felt a little swollen and her ass is rounder, she's in better shape but somethings up.

"Lydia you got from there to here in a minute. You're training really is paying off, it took Rosie months to learn that" Jason pats her on the back, laughing as Rosie joins them with Ben in her arms, a smirk on her face pulling Lydia in for a one armed hug.

"You're getting there, I'm so proud. Lets go eat" Lydia takes hold of Rosie's arm, linking it with her own as they all walk back to her street around the corner. Looking up Lydia finds it's sunset, and the wind is getting icier by the day, nipping at her fragile, pale skin.

"You know, you're red roots in your hair are coming back through" Rosie says at the dinner table as Lydia stocks up on her chicken dinner, piling potatoes and chicken onto her plate with a smile. She looks down at her now dark brown hair that she decided to dye a few weeks ago, she wanted a change.

"Yeah I know, i'll touch it up soon" she speaks with a mouthful, eating at an alarming rate as Rosie and Jason stare at her with humorous faces.

Lydia is watching the television later that night, while Rosie and Jason fall to sleep leaning against each other, she updates her journal. Trying not to let her mind stray back to things at home, she spoke to her mother last week and she doesn't want to know anything about how Beacon Hills is doing. She just wants to know how her family are.

"Breaking news, twenty eight dead in small town Beacon Hills in California. Murderer has not been caught" Lydia drops her pen on the glass coffee table, letting it land with a loud thud which makes Jason jump awake. She can’t hear the rest of whatever the news reader is saying, her blood rushes to her face too quickly.

"Oh my god" Lydia abandons her journal, rushing to the toilet to throw up. Her knees violently smack against the tiled floor, hands clasping the side of the toilet turning her knuckles and fingers white.

Once she's finished being sick, she stands weakly holding onto the wall for support. Slowly Lydia brushes her teeth, not wanting the bitter taste to linger in her mouth any longer, reminding her of why she was sick in the first place.

A spine tingling sensation settles through Lydia as she thinks about what she's just seen, what the hell is going on at home?

With a sharp intake of air, Lydia notices it is past midnight and she's beyond exhausted. As soon as her head hits the pillow she falls straight to sleep, almost just like she did on her first night, when she got here. She doesn’t want to remember.

October

"I can heal people?"

"Nope"

"I can bring them back from the dead?"
"Not entirely"

"So what can i do?"

"Listen and watch me Lydia"

Lydia leans against the wall, playing with Bens fur as she watches her Aunt and Jason turn to face each other. Lydia doesn't feel particularly well today, her skin is burning up and her head is pounding in a way she’s never felt before. But she's been relentlessly training for days now, so she figures it’s that.

It's Halloween next week, and the nights have started to get much darker over here. The amount of wolf costumes she's seen in the shops and in the town centre have been sending Lydia crazy, she's getting too worked up about it all. Let alone the fact she’s living with a wolf also, but in her eyes he’s just her Uncle.

She focuses, watching Rosie pull out a knife. Lydia steps forward with curious eyes, brown hair blowing in the wind as she reaches out in front of her. She knows Jason will heal but she doesn’t feel like watching him bleed out for a couple minutes either.

The younger banshee is no where near ready when Rosie stabs Jason in the stomach, the knife cluttering against the stones on the floor. Lydia falls to her knees next to her Uncle, a scream building up in her throat as her helpless eyes fall over to where Rosie is standing.

Lydia's hot bloodied hands fall to Jasons arm as she watches her Aunts actions. One of Rosie's hands falls on top of Jason’s wound, the other to his heart. Then she lets rip a loud, ear splitting scream that sends Lydia flying back into the wall behind her.

Speechless and feeling weak, Lydia listens as Jason’s faint heartbeat that was barely anything just seconds ago, starts to gain its speed back again. But the most fascinating thing is how Lydia can hear his skin and his wound repairing itself, way quicker than it would at his werewolf speed. Her aunt keeps her hand on her husbands heart.

"What the hell just happened?" Lydia stands abruptly, wavering on the spot watching Jason stand up as if he hadn’t literally just been seconds away from dying.

"I saved him from death. And you can do the same thing but you're not ready yet. My scream sent you flying back and you need to control yours first. And you can only do this to people you love, it takes a lot of power" Rosie steps forward, eyes scanning Lydia's body while the younger girl stands on the spot feeling anxious. Her mind and thoughts running around as her aunt eyes her up cautiously.

"You've put some weight on Lydia, how much have you been eating?" Rosie stops in front of her niece, feeling a different, much stronger atmosphere leaving Lydia.

Trying not to feel offended and embarrassed, Lydia shakes her head before looking down at her body. How has she put weight on? She’s constantly working out and being active.

"Uh, I comfort ate last month when things got hard. Can you help me with my hair again, please? I just want a break from this now" Lydia walks ahead and back into the house, waiting in her room for Rosie to return. She’s pissed, and frankly just wants to sleep get some rest.

She throws her jacket onto the bed, stopping in front of her mirror. She tells herself not to look, not wanting her Aunts words to effect her when she knows she’s probably more toned.
But Lydia can't recognise herself. Her hair is brown, her body is more full compared to when she was living in Beacon Hills. She had lost so much weight back home, with her being too focused on helping the pack, and Jackson. She's just different now

Her phone ringing snaps her out of her daydream, she spins around rushing across the room to pick it up. The number is familiar but it's not saved in her phone.

"Hello?"

"Lydia" the voice instantly turns Lydia's mouth dry and her hairs on her body stand on end.

"Allison? Why are you calling me?" Lydia collapses down onto the end of her bed, praying this is some sort of dream. She's just witnessed something she didn't think was possible and now the girl that practically drove her out of town is calling her. Something is up.

"We need you here. Issac is hurt badly, I didn't think that an alpha could be in this much of a state but we need you. I need you, and we- look, Lydia we're all going to die"

Normally Lydia would tell Allison to go away and to not bother to calling her again. But there's something in her voice that makes Lydia question things. Something is happening, and it's bad.

"What do you mean, Allison?"

"We're all dying, we're not strong enough. I don't know what's happening but whatever has come to town is killing people and we're not strong enough to stop it"

Lydia shivers, an extreme, intense urge to pack her things and go home takes over her. Her family are in Beacon Hills, going back will destroy everything she’s worked on these past few months. All of this time that she's taken to work on her powers, on her mind. It would all be for nothing.

"You're pack is you're family, if you lose one it all breaks down. So you've left and they're not functioning properly, it's like they've lost a family member"

She needs to go back. Otherwise everyone she loves, is going to die. And she couldn’t think of anything worse.

"Fine. I'll book a flight, and I'll see you in a few hours at the airport" Lydia ends the call. Her head falls heavily into her hands, she's finding it hard to grasp what's just happened.

"Well done. You've got this, baby" the voice from her doorway makes Lydia flinch. She finds Rosie and Jason standing, watching her with proud smiles etched onto their faces.

"I hope so"

And god, does she mean it. Lydia really does hope that she's doing the right thing in going back to Beacon Hills.
Lydia is back in Beacon Hills, after a rather unexpected call from a former pack mate. Upon dreading her return and whatever is running round her hometown, killing people. Lydia and Scott find something out that scares them even more than these mysterious murders.

She took a little longer than expected to reach the airport just outside of Beacon Hills, she was reluctant to leave Rosie and Jason but she did it, she had to. Pulling her suitcase behind her, Lydia feels the wind blow against her back a little. She's glad she put on her ripped jeans and tank top instead of her shorts.

Looking down at her boots, Lydia let's her dark hair fall around her face, almost like a shield. Hiding her from anyone she knows who could be at the airport. Grabbing her phone out of her pocket, she notices how Allison is five minutes late. But before she can consider complaining, the familiar sound of the rusty old truck that Allison owns, comes to a jagged stop in front of Lydia.

The banshee doesn't speak as she tosses her bags into the back, jogging round to climb into the front, slamming the truck door shut.

Seeing Allison causes a feeling of distress for Lydia. And all too quickly she's feels as if she’s gone all the way back to those few months ago. Where she felt much smaller, hollow and weaker that she does now, just because of this girl sitting next to her.

"You- you look different. Oh my god" Allison's eyes linger on Lydia. Her blood boils just wishing the girl would shut up and drive. Feeling irritated, she snaps her fingers in front of Allison's face and buckles her seat belt.

"Drive, Allison" Lydia sighs, turning on the radio to avoid small talk. Although, she thinks, it would be useful for her to know what's actually going on here. So instead of being bitchy Lydia who’s decided on blanking Allison, she turns to face the brunette who's driving, resorting to bitchy Lydia who wants to talk to Allison.

"What's happening?" She notices Allison lock the doors in a sudden movement, hunching over as they drive through the familiar streets of their home town. It makes Lydia’s hairs stand on end, and she hasn’t even been told anything yet.

"There is a whole pack of Alphas here. There's five of them, we think we’ve dealt with them for now. But then there's random people dying and we don't know how. It's not werewolf attacks, so we're beyond confused. Lydia, we need you're powers and your brains” Allison takes a sharp turn, sending Lydia flying back into her seat. She figures it can’t be as bad as it sounds, they’ve dealt with the Kanima killing people before, they’ve dealt with hunters before Lydia was here. So what’s so bad about this now that they can’t solve without her?

As she nods, Lydia catches a sharp movement outside in the woods, horror ripples through her body for a second before it disappears completely. It’s as if she gets Allison’s worry now, and on impulse Lydia checks that the doors are locked. Just to make sure.
"Okay, well I'll try my best to help-"

"I also just want to say I'm sorry for what happened. I was so horrible to you and I regret it. I would like to try and get along if you're willing to. I don't want to fight over Stiles, me and him are in a good place and I know you don't have bad intentions" Allison's voice is rapid and once she's finished blurring out her words Lydia smiles, crossing her legs.

They pass Issacs house, it leaves a pang in her chest. She doesn't know if it's nerves or guilt but Lydia is definitely feeling something that she can't even begin to comprehend right now.

"I was never out to hurt you guys. And yeah sure, I guess we can work to being civil with each other" the anxiety in her chest is growing stronger as they get closer to Stiles' and Scott's house. Her temperature is rising, skin getting hotter by the second, she rubs her hands uncomfortably on her jeans to calm herself down.

"Great, I'm glad. Okay so there's a pack meeting, they don't know you're back but don't worry, it will be okay" Allison promises as they pull onto their street, Lydia resorts to pulling at the ends of her brown hair to take her mind off it.

Surely it won't be okay, she left everyone randomly on a weekend that was supposed to be relaxing for them. Not to mention she’s been ignoring them for three months, and it looks like she hasn’t been here at the time they’ve needed her the most. Guilt ripples through her, working Lydia up into a state.

Replaying scenarios in her head of how this will go down doesn’t help, not one bit. But frankly she can’t think of anything else.

"I like your hair-"

"Allison I really can't do small talk right now"

"Right. Get it, I'll shut up" she parks the car, Lydia reaches back to grab her things but a hand lands on her stretched arm. Warmth and comfort fills Lydia's chest at Allison's touch, she sends the banshee a smile, her dimples denting her cheeks. Its genuine.

"I'll drive you home. I can be your getaway car" she chuckles, rushing out the car before Lydia can snap at her again. Though she knows why Lydia is acting this way. And she can’t really blame her.

Lydia is far from fine, she stands lingering in the kitchen that brings back too many memories. Why, why did you come back? She swears under her breath, pacing as she pulls at the ends of her brown hair. Her green eyes can’t help but stare around the room.

She can see herself and Scott talking when she first got into town. Herself and Malia joking as they babysit Pip and Riley. Even her and Stiles on the kitchen-

"Come on" Allison whispers, appearing at the top of the stairs. Lydia has never seen this part of the house, and from what she can figure out it looks as if Allison was down in the basement.

This is new, Lydia thinks to herself, watching Allison head back downstairs to where the pack are shouting at each other. She familiar voices sound like home. It hits her hard, the strong feeling of guilt overrides her again, stronger now. She’s missed them.

Lydia slowly lingers at the top, she spots them all immediately. She would be able to spot her pack
anywhere, they're her family.

The pack are facing away from her, their backs are all she can see right now as her heart throbs violently against her chest.

"Guys" Allison mumbles from behind Issac, trying to interrupt on their heated argument that is going on between Stiles and Malia. No surprise there. Nothings really changed then, she thinks.

"Malia we can't just attack right away. They will see us coming, we have no element of surprise. They know our tactics already" Stiles' back muscles ripple under his skin as he lifts his arm to run his fingers through his hair. His plain black shirt rides up, teasingly revealing part of his back in plain sight for her to see.

Lydia’s mind takes her back to remember him always doing that, the memories are too much for her to handle now so she doesn't dig deeper into them. She can’t give off any chemo-signals that would mess this up.

"Yes we do! We have Scott. They don't know he's a hellhound. We have to act now otherwise people will die, Stiles" Malia kicks over a small table. Scott doesn’t seem phased in the slightest, as he sits hunched over with his head in his hands.

"Uh guys" Allison tries her hardest to butt in again but Theo and Liam shout for her to be quiet so she backs down, taking a seat while skeptically glancing back over to Lydia who decides to make her way down the stairs, feeling sick as she takes each step.

You could always run back upstairs and go back to England? No. She shuts off her train of thought. Because she needs to stop running, she’s stronger now and she can do this.

A painful ache in her chest sits there heavily, almost as if it’s restricting her from breathing. She doesn’t realise she’s holding her breath until she reaches the bottom step. The ache doesn't leave her chest until she speaks, which actually takes her by surprise.

"Malia fucking listen to me. We will literally get killed, we have no plan, no back up. We have no plan B" Stiles shouts, making his usual rapid hand gestures as he growls at the Hale girl who doesn't back down from him.

"Well, I thought I was plan B?" Lydia speaks up, stuffing her hands into her jean pockets, scuffing her boots on the newly carpeted floor. She watches as everyone spins around to face her, all of them in sync, not wasting a moment.

None of them talk for at least a minute, Lydia would know. She counts in her head.

"You have brown hair now" Liam is the first to talk. He looks, even sounds, mesmerised by Lydia. She wants to laugh but she doesn't, she can't have them thinking she's playing around.

"From what I've heard this town is going to shit. And you all need some help. I've been working on my powers all summer so I'm sort of, new I guess. But I'm here if you want me, if not I'll go back to England" Lydia leans against the stair case, catching Allison's smirk as she lingers behind Scott.

She doesn’t let her gaze linger on any of them, not letting herself get used to being home. They could reject her, they’ve spent long enough without her so what's new here? She can feel them all again, it makes her feel whole again. And Lydia realises that this is why she’s been feeling so...so hollow the past few months.

She had lost her family. Jason was right.
"England? That's where you have been?" Scott stalks over to Lydia, taking big strides to he reaches her quick. Unsure if this is a trick or if she's really here. Shamefully Lydia nods, tugging at the sleeves on her hoodie, hoping he doesn't shout at her.

But he lurches forward, wrapping his long arms around her and picking her up as he sighs into her cold neck. When Lydia lets herself relax into his embrace, it really hits her how much she's actually missed them all, especially Scott.

Her small arms reach up to wrap around him, accepting his unexpected embrace. She can’t see the rest of the pack over Scott’s shoulder, she’s glad for it though. This is just his response, The Banshee and The Hellhound have a connection anyway, the rest don’t have this connection with her.

Lydia struggles for breath as Scott sets her down. Not even a second layer, she’s immediately sent flying back as Malia tackles into her, wrapping her arms around the banshee as she sobs into Lydia's chest.

"God I've missed you. I'm so glad you're home" Lydia sighs into her best friends hair, smelling the usual vanilla scent that she's always had. It makes her want to be sick but also not wanting to let go at the same time.

Lydia has no idea how to handle all of this, her heart is pounding so hard against her chest as Kira, Theo and Liam all rush forward to say hello, welcoming her back with genuine smiles that she's missed so much. As each of them accept her, welcoming her back she can feel something in her change.

"How did you know?" Issac whispers from where he stands a few inches away, he looks as if he's just seen the answer to his prayers by the way his eyes are looking over at her. His body is swaying, eyes wide as he takes in her new hair, her different style. It’s as if she’s a whole new person.

"Allison called me yesterday. Said you needed me back here" Lydia shrugs, not wanting so move from the same spot she has been rooted at since she got here. But her legs force a step forward, where she settles next to Allison.

"Well she's right, with you, we actually have a shot at this thing" Issac moves from where he was lingering at the back of the basement, holding out his hand for Lydia.

Her bracelet lies in the palm of his hand, small and tangled but it's there. Her hand twitches, she wants to pick it up and to put it on as if nothing happened, but she can't. She can't do that yet.

"Maybe soon? I need to get settled again" her lips quiver as she bites at them. Issac just nods, pushing it back into his pocket where it's practically been burning a hole for a few months now.

"Are you working with them?" Stiles is the last one to talk, his voice his void of any type of emotion. And everything comes crashing back down again. Lydia forgot he was even in the room with her for a second.

"What the fuck? No. I’m not" scowling, anger bubbles up inside her. He’s trying to insinuate that she’s doing something Lydia would never even think of.

"Kinda weird you turn back up when they get into town" his eyes narrow, turning his whole body round to face her. Lydia ignores the hammering of her heart against her rib cage, instead choosing to push back at him.
"Give it a rest. I've been in England for months training with my aunt. I don't even know what's been going on, I have people I love here who I wouldn't even think about putting in danger. So try to make me out like I'm the bad person one more time Stiles. I fucking dare you" Lydia lifts her chin away from her chest, eyes dilating as he moves to stand in front of her with challenging features.

She doesn’t want to hurt him. Who is she kidding, after everything she would love to scream at him, really scream at him. But doing that wouldn’t help how she feels, she knows how it would make her feel worse. Because as much as she hates to admit it, Lydia feels something for this boy. She has for a while now.

"I don't trust you. I know somethings off with you. You're still vengeful"

Rolling her eyes, Lydia thrusts her arms back staring at Stiles arm as she dives forward and twists it back with her voice as she screams. She holds the pressure from her voice as she closes her mouth, twisting and turning her hands to break his arm.

"Don't piss me off, Stilinski"

He cries out in pain, his vains popping fiercely out of his skin as he tries to clutch his arm that's cracked against his will.

Lydia drops her hands and her gaze, watching him as he gasps for air desperately on the floor with blue eyes. She knows he wants to kill her, she's angered him enough.

"Sorry" he mumbles beneath his breath, after a good couple minutes of lying on the hard floor with the pack standing in silence. He cracks his bone back in place, wincing with his whole body as he heals from the injury.

"Holy- What was that?" Scott, obviously mesmerised, helps his brother off the floor while staring at the banshee.

Lydia raises her eyebrows, running her tongue against the rim of her teeth before turning to Allison. She's not telling them everything she's learnt, they won't believe it. Plus, she doesn't really want certain people knowing.

"So, I saw something upstairs about there being a recital at the school tonight?" Lydia spins on her heel, waiting for someone else to break this god awful silence instead of herself.

"Yeah, in memory of the students and teachers who have died, we don't think it's the alphas it has to be someone else. But it's an event, we should check it out right?" Theo, much to Lydia’s relief, asks everyone if their down to go, dropping his hand from Kiras as he stands with Lydia. Kira and Allison join them immediately, as do Liam and Ethan but the rest linger.

"Lydia are you sure?" Issac and Scott mumble at the same time, their eyes flicker over her body which confuses her. She just stretches, they're probably confused at her choice of outfit.

"Yeah I mean of course I am. My outfit is more convenient then it used to be right" she decides to head up the stairs, stretching as she does while, feeling the pack surrounding her as they flood out of the house. Rushing to get to the school before this recital starts.

She carpools with Allison, Stiles and Scott. Which, safe to say, is rather awkward. But she goes through everything she's learnt over the past few months in her head. She needs to be ready.
A couple of minutes into the journey she starts tossing and turning in her seat, feeling uncomfortable and sick. She rolls the window down, in despite of the protests and groans from Stiles sitting behind her.

He gives up after a minute. She sends him a look through the rear view mirror which he catches. Stiles just responds by narrowing his dark eyes and twitching his neck, oh boy is he pissed.

Something in Lydia ignites when they turn up to the school, dread and the familiar feeling that she felt previously that evening floods all throughout her body.

She rushes to get out of the car. Her skin turns that little bit colder, lips trembling following the goosebumps emitting over her arms. The voices are echoing in the back of her mind.

Shouting, whispering, screeching.

Someone is going to die tonight.

"Lydia" a large hand is encloses around her small wrist rather tightly, restricting her from walking any further to catch up with the rest of the pack who are running inside. They're already late.

"Scott, what's up?" The boys eyes beam down at her with some sort of emotion she can't figure out. But he turns the car engine back on for noise, the rumbling of the truck makes Lydia jump from where she was leaning against the side of it.

"Did you meet anyone while you was away?"

"Uh no. Definitely not" Lydia fidgets with her straight brown locks, pushing them out of her eyes. She feels some other type of alarming dread settle over her as Scott speaks. Spit it out McCall.

All of a sudden she urgently wants to know what the hell he knows that she doesn’t. So Lydia impatiently pushes his hand off her shoulder and clasps it between her own.

"Lydia, I can hear two heartbeats inside you. I don't know how you haven't noticed yourself, you're pregnant. You're bump is a little prominent too, don't you know?"

When you're in shock, you’re blood flow slows down. It doesn’t reach your brain or parts of your body as quick as it should do. This causes dizziness, nausea, and irregular breathing. Lydia knows that, but she can’t quite recognise it whilst it’s happening to her.

Being sure she blacked out for a second. She can barely remember even reacting to what Scott has just told her, apart from feeling her heart drop and something move within her stomach. Which of course has to happen right before they risk their lives, again.

She's short of breath as her hand falls down to pull up her shirt out of her jeans. She lets go the material immediately once she sees, both of them watch as it bunched up around her waist. It’s as if it's burnt her hands by the way she flinches before dropping it.

"Lydia, how did- who did you sleep with? You've got to be at least four months" Scott's fingers are running through his hair relentlessly, eyes staying focused onto her belly. She wishes he would stop, he’s not just found out he’s carrying a freaking human.

Fuck. Fuck. What the fuck, Lydia.

She can’t talk. Well, Lydia barely feels like she can breathe. Not even beginning to think about what he's just told her; she used protection with Jackson. She's sure they used protection. Jackson,
always made sure they did of course. Dick.

"I used protection with Jackson, and I haven't been- Oh my god" upon her eyes widening, fresh tears fall freely without warning. Her shaking hand slowly covers her trembling mouth as she sobs into it. The universe hates banshees apparently.

"Oh my god Scott. I slept with Stiles. It's his, it has to be" she watches as her friends face falls. Scott shuffles around with closed eyes, shaking his head.

He inhales, shocked but not at all surprised. The boy pulls the banshee in for a hug, which she gladly accepts with no pretence. She needs it, more than him. Because becoming an uncle is nothing compared to becoming a mother.

"Is that what everything was about? Why you left?" He doesn't want to push her, not after what they've just figured out. Don't get him wrong, he's angry at them both. But mostly at his brother for being so irresponsible.

"We thought I was pregnant, I was due on the week after we slept a together and my period never came. We thought I was pregnant so we took a test and it said negative. He said he would never want a child with me anyway because all I attract is death and that I would practically kill the child if we kept it. We argued and he was just so horrible. That's why we fell out" she hiccups into Scott's shoulder, her body trembling violently while she tries her best to stop it.

Lydia forces herself out of the embrace, cleaning under her eyes, really focusing on regulating her breathing that's become way out of control in the last few minutes.

"Shit. Lydia, I'm sorry. But this changes everything, you can't come in there" Scott turns to the truck, holding the door open for Lydia to get into. But she just shakes her head walking ahead towards the school.

Of course she would, Scott thinks as he watches her walk away.

"No way. I'm doing this, I can protect myself. Tonight, we sort this and tomorrow we tell Stiles. Okay?" she mumbles to herself, knowing Scott can hear too, speed walking over to the doors. Lydia can faintly hear the music which sets off her skin, making it writher and seem clammy. She's getting deja vu but has no idea why.

"Lydia no- god. Fine, everyone will kill me when they find out I've let you do this but fine. I'm staying with you" Scott runs over to her, standing close by but also swinging his arm around her shoulders for support.

Lydia manages to get away from them all, they're standing in the hall where the showcase is being held. She slowly jogs down the dimly lit corridor, following her intuition. The atmosphere around her changes out of the blue. She has a feeling that someone is watching her, lingering around the halls, it makes Lydia shudder. So she walks into the nearest classroom, away from whatever the hell is out there.

"So the banshee is home, nice to meet you Lydia. I'm Julia" a womanly voice appears from behind her. Lydia spins around to come face to face with a brown haired woman who immediately hits her round the head with no hesitation.

"You were onto me. Well, technically it's not you. It's your little friends in your head. And we just can't have that honey" that's the last thing Lydia hears before she's violently pulled up off the
classroom floor and thrown into a chair, body sagging against the plastic seat. Her heartbeat is echoing throughout her head making her body pulse.

She can feel a wet spot of blood on her hairline and it soon begins to trickle down to her eyebrow. Wanting to wipe it away, Lydia raises her hand with all the energy she has left. But the voices, and the injuries are making her feel weak.

"Don't hurt me, pl- wait, you're behind these murders aren't you? You're the one doing it all" Lydia sits up straighter, being careful of her stomach as she does. Wiping away the blood from where it's dripping onto her eyelashes she sees Julia saunter over to her.

"Wow, no wonder why they wanted you back. Clever girl. You got that in three minutes. I’ve been here three weeks and I’m not even a suspect to them" Julia raises her hand, within seconds she's hitting Lydia round the face with her hand. The sound of the slap bounces off the walls around them.

She’s in too much pain to even try and scream right now, so she lets Julia ramble on about the virgins, the philosophers and how she needed to do this, all the while she circles around Lydia. It's as if everything is enclosing in on her, she needs help.

And it's then, when she sees the garrotte being pulled out from behind Julia's back. The banshee’s eyes dilate and her body thrashes and twists in the wooden chair that's beginning to feel to small for her.

And in that moment, it all clicks into place. The rushing feeling outside, the voices louder than usual. She’s the one who’s going to die tonight. Lydia has come back home to die.

"You know too much already, Lydia" the venom in Julia's voice doesn't go un-missed, she'll do this within a second and feel no remorse, Lydia thinks. She will die if she doesn't even try to escape. And she can't, not now. Not after what she's just discovered.

So she screams. The books fall off the shelves, hitting the floor wildly along with the desks flying to the back of the room piling up on top of each other. And she doesn't miss the sound of Julia crashing into the window, cursing as she manages to somehow catch herself with a bleeding hand. And a look of total, utter rage.

"You stupid girl. Stupid, stupid" her nails sink into Lydia’s collar bone, drawing blood. Before pulling Lydia back into the chair, tightly wrapping the garrotte around her neck. Wasting no time in maliciously pulling at it with a sadistic smirk as she watches the banshee turn white, no air leaving her lips as the garrotte sinks into her porcelain skin.

Lydia's legs are the only thing that she can move freely as her arms are too weak, her feet are straining as she kicks them against the floor, really beginning to struggle with breathing as she pushes herself backwards. She tries to get some air but as each second passes she’s slowly losing consciousness.

"Lydia!" The roar awakens her with a jump, the garrotte in her lap with blood soaking her boots as it sits in a puddle around her, she heaves forward trying to breathe regularly, ignoring the black spots that blur her vision.

"We need to get you out of here"

"My dad, they've taken my dad" Malia's cries scratch against Lydia's ears, she wants to go over to her even more than how she wants to walk out of here and find Peter. But Lydia can barely even
"Take her to the jeep, she should slowly start to heel while she rests but remember to get her to scream. That's the only way she can heal" Issac rushes his words, Lydia sees him holding Julia in his tight grip with Theo and Ethan standing next to him.

"I can walk" she mutters, opening her eyes and hoping her vision clears up soon, which it does a little bit to her benefit. She leaves the school through the back, Stiles and Kira standing either side of her as he rushes ahead to drive the jeep round to the doors.

"Lydia, what were you thinking?" Kira gently brushes Lydias hair down, in attempt to soothe her as the loud clank of Stiles' heap of junk messily speeds round the corner.

"I knew she was here. It's all her Kira, it's not the alphas" Lydia touches the red rim that circles around her neck, earning herself a wince as pain emits from the wound that soars deep into her skin.

Kira seems as if she's having a hard time in believing the banshee, like nothing coming from her mouth makes sense. Their English teacher? Really?

"You need to scream Lydia" he taps the back of the drivers seat giving Kira the go signal, so she pulls out of the parking spot. Lydia rolls her eyes, letting her head fall back against the seat to try and get some relief from her wound.

"Stiles shut up, I can't scream right now"

"Jesus Christ, Lydia come on don't be difficult. You need to, just scream" His head falls heavily into his hands while he keeps watch of the stubborn girl in his back seat. Catching sight of her wounds he feels remorse for the pain she must be going through. A garrotte? Damn that's got to hurt.

"God, okay, please don't slap me for touching you" he mumbles before grabbing her hands in his, an alarming electrified feeling settles deep in both of them when they touch but that doesn't matter right now. His veins seep from blue to black, absorbing her pain into himself. She begins to struggle against him, wanting to pull away so he doesn't take too much but he refuses. Obviously.

"Stiles, stop" she turns to scoot closer to him, his eyes clamped shut and his face scrunched up filled with pain and hurt but he's still clinging onto her.

So Lydia screams, she keeps it low because she knows that the Stilinski boy would kill her himself if she even scratched his jeep. So she screams, nearly driving them off the road as Kira clamps her hands around her ears.

But Lydia can feel the tissue underneath her skin start to repair her wound, the cuts and the bruises slowly but surely vanishing right before her eyes as she lets the scream leave her lips.
Heavy breathing is all that can be heard as she slumps into the back seat, touching where the marks previously were, feeling better when all she can feel is her necklace in place.

"Good job, you know, nearly driving us into the ditch but I guess you healing compensates for that. At least Scott won't fucking yell at me now" Stiles huffs, leaning back next to Lydia, scratching his neck while tapping his foot on the floor of the jeep.

"I still don't get how it's Julia, she's with Chris Argent. So he would know" Kira shuffles around, speaking up from the drivers seat. This grabs Lydia's attention as she slowly sits forward with a sigh.

"Kira don't be in denial, you saw her. She did this and she has done it before, we'll look into her but it's definitely her" she doesn't mean to sound like she's pissed off and having a go at Kira. But Lydia’s voice is fierce enough for it to come across the wrong way.

"Kira, she’s right, she made Peter vanish right before our eyes" Stiles tells the girl to take a left before she stops the car immediately feeling hot-blooded as she spins around to face them.

"It can't be her, what about the alphas? Are they just fucking lounging around doing nothing while Julia does all this? That's too hard to believe" Kira is fired up and Lydia's eyes narrow worried that Kira will transform to her siren state.

"Calm down" Lydia shuffles back already feeling Stiles' presence next to her, she slowly edges her hand to the door handle. She’s not going to sit inside a car with a siren singing, even though it will effect Stiles more than her. Kira can target whoever she wants to.

"No! You can't blame someone for this when there's other suspects, Lydia. You've just got home what can you seriously know about this, for all we know you could have attacked yourself" Kira's eyes flicker from brown to green and Lydia wastes no time in screaming straight at her. It knocks Kira clean out but it also shatters Stiles front window.

"I'm sorry but I had to" Lydia shouts scrambling out of the car and stumbling into the street. She’s quickly followed by Stiles who keeps looking back to make sure Kira isn't still awake.

"No trust me, I'd rather much pay for my window than get killed by a siren who is also our former pack mate. So thanks" he chuckles, inching over to where Lydia is shaking on the pavement ever so tightly holding her stomach.

"Yeah, well, no problem. Call Scott, I'm going to head home now. Thanks by the way, and uh can I see you tomorrow? I need to talk to you” her lips tremble lightly watching him muster up a small smile whilst nodding his head. She has so much she needs to do but Lydia just wants her mother right now.

"Sure, I'll be at mine with Scott. The rest of the pack are going to one of Danny's parties but we're babysitting, so head round whenever” he pulls his phone out dialling Scott. Lydia just gives him a sharp nod before jogging down her street.

The smell of home puts her at ease, and the cold door that presses against the palm of her hands seems to bring her temperature right down. Her mother runs down the stairs with a face mask on, causing Lydia to chuckle before she's practically bombarded by kisses and a hug from her mother.

It's good to be home, she thinks to herself.
Well, even if it is the calm before the storm.
She wakes to a small body pressing against her arm, her brother's short breaths hit her skin ever so softly as he sleeps with his rather old teddy. That desperately needs a wash.

Turning onto her side she grabs her phone off the table rubbing her eyes, and she's sure that the fact her phone says it's nearly one in the afternoon is a trick of her mind. She lightly pushes Leo into the middle of the bed, tucking him up. Lingering, Lydia watches him sleep and suddenly feels how much she's missed him and how much he has grown in the past couple of months.

She forces herself downstairs, firmly holding onto the banister as she yawns which is soon followed by a growl from her belly. Her eyes dilate when she remembers that she's carrying a four month old baby and she is in fact eating for two now. Great.

And that also explains why her mother has filled the dining table up with healthy but also greasy foods for Lydia to consume. The banshee suppresses a smile, scratching her neck as she takes a seat bouncing her leg up and down nervously.

"Afternoon honey, help yourself. Claudia should be round soon too, don't worry i won't say anything. Well, not before you tell her son he's the father of your baby" Natalie kisses Lydia softly on her forehead before taking a seat opposite her, piling her plate up in the process of rambling about how eating healthy foods doesn't matter much.

"Mum"

Natalie stops talking, dropping her fork off the edge of her plate. Her mothers lips coil into her mouth as she tucks her hair behind her ears and places her fork back onto the table, her hands shaking.

"I'm sorry baby, it's just hard. I know it's even harder for you and I'm here to support you, always. But it's just a shock that's all" Natalie's eyes linger where Lydia has refused to place her hands ever since she got home. Her stomach, that won't stop growing now that she's noticed the fact she's pregnant.

"It's okay mom, I understand I do. I'm telling Stiles today, Scott knows but no one else does" she doesn't want to talk about this any longer so she resorts to shoving some bacon into her mouth. And oh, it's good, it tastes amazing and she can't get enough. Bacon and pancakes it is.

Luckily she doesn't need to speak to her mother about it any longer, because a thumping sound comes from the door and Claudia saunters in and through to the kitchen with a smile.

What the hell. Why knock if you're going to just walk in anyway? Stiles' mother kisses Lydia on her cheek, interrupting her mental rant and embraces her mother in a hug that's a little too long. But Lydia just gives into her greed and finishes her food.

"So Lydia, lovely to see you home. How was your summer?" Claudia piles her own plate up with the last of the bacon, and the red head feels her blood begin to boil as she becomes very agitated with this woman.

Plastering on a fake smile, she continues to eat whilst replying shortly to her mothers friend who
"Aw, I'm glad you know how to control yourself now, it took Stiles a few years. How is he by the way?" Claudia leans forward, her eyes bearing into the side of Lydia's head. She waits impatiently for an answer that Lydia has no intention of answering. So she rather harshly drops her spoon onto her plate, scraping the chair back and excusing herself.

"Mum I'm out. I'll be home for dinner, love you. Bye Miss Simmons" Lydia deliberately uses Claudia's maiden name, because for some reason she still uses Stilinski. Although her and Noah are very much divorced. Knowing it will piss her off, Lydia briskly walks out of the kitchen and rushes upstairs practically itching for a shower.

When the water droplets pound against her skin, she lets her body relax as she leans against the wall of her shower. She's stressed, too stressed and she can barely even begin to think of how she's going tell Stiles anything about how she's pregnant.

Her hands totally miss her bump, she would rather much avoid that, instead she lets them coil around her thighs. She's frustrated and if Lydia is being honest, the whole situation that got her into this baby mess has been playing at the back of her mind.

While the water pours over her sizzling skin she finds it easier for her, sliding her small fingers in and out of herself.

"God" she moans, as one of her small dainty hands moves between her legs, and she's already wet. Not just from the shower.

She thinks back to how she felt pressed between Stiles and the wall, how his touch did things to her that she hadn't felt before. Lydia's head tips back as she hitches one of her legs to rest against the edge of the bath.

Lydia imagines his lips hovering just above her skin whilst his hands would be working her up, hot breaths would assault her neck as he violently pants against her.

In her frenzy, Lydia's muscles contract around her two fingers as her thumb presses against her clit. Thighs shaking against her hand at the sensation, she moves quicker against herself which leads to her hips rutting forward.

In her frenzy, Lydia's muscles contract around her two fingers as her thumb presses against her clit. Thighs shaking against her hand at the sensation, she moves quicker against herself which leads to her hips rutting forward.

Lydia begins to inhale sharply as she feels herself getting closer, her free hand slithers up her body. Fingertips ghost against her breast. She plays with her nipple, imagining him sucking it whilst his hands work wonders on her.

Lydia's wrist flicks, pressing down harder on her clit as her fingers slide quicker inside of her. His are much longer, more bony which Lydia thinks would feel amazing. She absently feels her toes curl, just as her back arches off the wall and she comes.
Thinking of him, she rides her hand as she works her way down from her climax, letting her hand drop from where it was playing with her breast and her other hand leaves her most sensitive part of her body which feels rather cold now that she's finished.

Lydia begins to finish up in the shower, not missing the guilt that messing with her mind straight after. She's going to see Stiles in less than an hour and he's with Allison now, they're together. She feels so wrong. But, god, as much as she hates to admit it, it felt right.

No. She pushes all of them thoughts away, pulling her damp body out of the shower and wrapping herself in a towel. Lydia decides to ignore the bump that pushes against the towel and continues to get ready. She's shocked to see that Leo is still asleep in her bed, laughing in his dream, his small hands still clutching his favourite teddy. She chuckles pulling her wardrobe open to pick an outfit.

Allison still has her suitcase, but she's glad she left most of her things here. Well, some good things anyway.

After a good few minutes of browsing, she pulls out some black shorts with a grey jumper and continues to get dressed. Absentmindedly checking up on her little brother every now and then.

Her stomach is full of nerves, ones that she just wants to vanish but she doubts they will anytime soon. She has to tell many people that she's pregnant. The pack, the sheriff and Melissa, her dad, Stiles.

At the thought, Lydia really just wants to stay in bed for the rest of the day.

Whilst she sits and puts on her make up, after curling her hair, she nearly drops her lipstick when she remembers that she needs to go to the hospital. Today or tomorrow preferably, so that she can make sure everything is okay with the baby and herself too.

But that can wait. She rushes, grabbing her bag from off the back of her chair and pulling on her heeled boots that she thinks twice about but decides to wear them anyway.

When she reaches the bottom of the stairs, she spots her suitcase sitting next to the door. The suitcase she gave to Allison. She figures she must have dropped it off earlier or something while she was asleep.

Her mother confirms that Allison did indeed drop it off, and Lydia doesn’t miss Claudia’s curious eyes bearing into her as the young girl tells her mother that Leo is asleep in her room upstairs.

Not bothering to say bye again, she just gets into her car and drives.

She was late. Definitely late from the time that she gave to Scott. It may be because she couldn't even bring herself to park her car.

And so Lydia impulsively did at least nine, agonisingly slow drives around the block before she mustered up the courage and finally pulled into their empty drive.

It’s Four thirty now, which isn’t too bad. Considering she told them she would be there for three, but they won't mind. She pulls her shaking frame up the steps and into their porch where Scott is leaning against the door, waiting for her.

Lydia sees his bewildered gaze on her stomach, yes this jumper doesn't hide the small bump as much as she thought it would, but it hides it better than anything else at home.
"Hey" she smiles, closing the porch door behind her and giving her friend a one armed hug before going to head into the house. But he stops her with a quirked eyebrow.

"Enjoy the nine drives around the block? I could smell your scent around here at least half an hour ago, Lydia" he chuckles, but she just shoves him a bit. Then moving to fiddle with the rips on her short pocket that's frayed.

"I'm telling him. I promise, I'm not one to beat around the bush" Lydia gives Scott a tight lipped smile, opening the front door, only to come face to face with Pippa who's running right over to her.

"Liddy!" She holds her arms open for the little girl to run into gently, she picks her up from the embrace feeling her soft, fluffy onesie that she's wearing.

"Hey Pip, you okay? I'm loving this" Lydia places her down gently, messing with the unicorn horn that sits on the hood of Pippas onesie. She does a twirl for Lydia which also earns a whistle from Scott.

"I like it too Pip, can I get one?" Scott holds his hand out for his little sister to take, before he also helps Lydia up from her crouching position. His actions cause her to take a sharp intake of breath.

"I could have got up myself" she whispers, as Scott gives her a sarcastic nod before running ahead into the kitchen with Pippa. She hangs her bag on the stair banister before taking off her heels and padding through to the kitchen in her mis-matched ankle socks.

She vaguely hears Pippa whispering to Riley 'Liddy is here look!' her lips edge into a smile as she sees them eating their dinner, both dressed in onesies. Her heart swells, not even bothering to hide the way her eyes gleam at the two four year olds.

"So, i see that Riley has a awesome dinosaur onesie too?!" Lydia runs forward embracing the little boy, kissing his cheek which makes him cringe.

"Ewww Liddy, kisses are gross!" Riley turns around, beaming up at her with a small smile of his own. Lydia pretends to be hurt, placing her ring clad hand over her heart. Her red lips pout, as she rubs off the small bit of lipstick staining his cheek.

"Fine, No more cuddles for you Ri" Lydia chuckles, turning around to see Scott and Stiles watching her from where one of them was previously doing the dishes. Her cheeks begin to heat up, seeping from pale to red in a matter of seconds.

"Okay you two, I've just put on Peter Pan upstairs for you to watch, you wanna head up?" Scott holds his hands out for both of them to take, they hop down from their places at the table muttering how excited they are. Leaving the kitchen with Scott eagerly, the banshee watches as the two little frames of the kids leave the room.

Lydia shivers, deciding to slowly walk through to the front room. It’s warmer in here, it’s also the first time she’s been in here in months. The familiar sight makes something stir uncomfortably inside Lydia, but she ignores it. She has to.

Falling into a couch, she pulls a blanket over her trying to distract herself with whatever is on the television. No surprise, it's Friends. Scott's favourite. What a cliché friend she’s made, although he’s a hellhound. So he’s not really that cliché

"I hate this episode" Stiles sits on the couch opposite her, perching his feet on top of the coffee table, and sinking down deep into the cushions that sit on the couch.
She forces her eyes away, not even daring to let them linger on him for too long. She can’t get herself in to trouble just yet, she’s only been here for a matter of ten minutes already.

"Yeah, I have to disagree. 'Pivot' is a iconic part of this episode, Stiles" she gasps, surprised he’s not a fan of the show. Because who isn’t? He just shrugs, winking at her. It brings back memories she would rather forget about.

"You're right but I just put up with it for Scott. And you, now that you're here"

"I heard my name" Scott saunters into the front room with his hand deep inside packet of chips that have littered crumbs on his black shirt. Once he sits down in the chair between the two couches, she leans across brushing the crumbs off his shirt. How messy can he get.

"Oh by the way, how is Kira?" Lydia shoots up from her seat, eyes frantic as she remembers what happened last night and immediately she worries about her former pack member.

"Don't worry, she's fine. We took her to Theo and it turns out he was hurt so their connection wasn't as strong, she just lost the rational part of her. And the jeep is fixed, thank the lord" Stiles steals a chip from Scott after filling Lydia in on how their friend is doing. There's still so much going on and Lydia feels like nothing is barely even over.

"I'm heading over to Malia’s soon, want to come with?" Scott offers her, and Lydia jumps at the chance to see her best friend. Especially after the revelation that Julia has taken Peter.

Malia has always been there for Lydia, through good and bad. Guilt surges through Lydia when she remembers that she hasn’t even sent her best friend a text to ask how she is. She needs to let her know that she’s there for her, Lydia has just got back into town and Malia needs her now more than ever.

"Definitely. You know that the two people Julia takes next, they are the last step. She can complete her ritual" Lydia tucks her legs underneath her, turning to face the two boys so that they can try and come up with a plan. All three of them ignore the cold, painful shiver that creeps up their spines at the thought.

"Yeah. We know. She leaves time between her kidnappings so we have a little time on our side. There's a pack meeting tomorrow after school, we're sorting it out then. We've got this" Scott reassures her, his hand swinging over to squeeze her arm. She’s thankful she has him, even if his attention is taken almost straight away by the television.

But then he sends Lydia a look, and without warning she feels sick. The disgusting, unpleasant feeling washes right over her body. She knows why, her whole figure feels like it's throbbing but really it's just her heart pounding against her ribcage.

She would bet anything to say that Stiles can hear it. Obviously he can, he’s not stupid or oblivious. He probably thinks it’s just because they’ve been speaking about Julia, the woman who nearly killed her last night.

But she ignores that, even if she can still feel the sting of pain around her neck. Lydia sinks further into the couch, the cushions flush against her.

"You're mother was at my house this morning. God, no offence but that woman makes me hot headed. I could have literally screamed" her voice is tense as she speaks to Stiles, his face drops into a scowl which isn't out of the ordinary for the subject of Claudia. His mother who he couldn’t ‘hate’ more, as he puts it.
"Yep, did she have her nose in your business again? No surprise. I was meant to spend time with her, my sister and her stupid boyfriend over the summer but I couldn't bear it. What did she want?" His hands are clenching into fists and Lydia almost regrets bringing up the subject but she's thinking he will probably hate the next subject even more.

Who the hell is she kidding. She’s about to tell him that she’s carrying his unplanned child. He’s not going to turn around and say ‘Shit that’s amazing. Let’s raise this child even though we’re sixteen and in the middle of a supernatural war’ Of course he’s going to hate it. Stiles is going to flip.

"Just wanted to know what I was doing over summer" Lydia pulls the blanket off her body, she’s sweating underneath it. But she can’t really talk when she’s also wearing a cotton jumper along with having the cotton blanket draped over her frame.

"Usual then. Always intruding" the Stilinski boy pulls his phone out from his back pocket and begins to type. Lydia takes this as her chance to turn to Scott who’s already eying her up with a nodding head. Why has he got so much faith in this? Christ Scott, always so optimistic.

"Do it" he mouthes "I'm here" gives her a hand supportive squeeze which seems to send Lydia the confidence she needs. Her breath is short, her eyes are wide and she's sure she literally feels something within her stomach move.

Shit. She’s not going to live to see tomorrow.

"Stiles" she bites out between gritted teeth and his head snaps over to the red head. Intrigued, Stiles roughly throws his phone onto Scott's lap which causes the other boy to growl.

"Yeah?" His eyes are waiting, he's waiting and all Lydia is doing is focusing on how to stop her body from shaking violently as she sits forward.

"Remember that time we uh, hooked up at Danny's party?" She figures she has to start off somewhere, and what's better than starting off from where... this began, right? Stiles shifts uncomfortably, eyes curious as he looks from Lydia to Scott.

"Uh yeah. Look Scots here and well, he doesn't know" his voice is deeper now, may be due to anger or confusion but he's changing right now. It’s like he knows somethings up. Even Scott seems to notice.

"Look. I went away after that, for a whole summer. And I was so fixated on training and forgetting about you, forgetting about my pack and all the pain that I had felt. That I forgot to notice things about myself. I didn't realise that for three fucking months I didn't have a period" she stares down at her sock clad feet, feeling an ache within her, recalling the past few months. She can't even bring herself to look over at him. He doesn't talk.

"Scott, pulled me over last night before we got to the recital. He heard that I had two heartbeats, he saw something that I've refused to take notice of. I've got a bump, I've been being sick in the morning most the time and nothing really fits me anymore" her shaking hands busy themselves with the rips on her short pockets again.

Her heart is beating too fast, she can feel it in her fingertips, in her head. All over her body. She feels like she’s drowning right now and there’s literally nothing keeping her afloat.

Lydia forces her gaze up from her odd socks to the boy sitting with his eyes fixated on her small frame. His mouth sitting partly open with irrational, quick breaths escaping his chapped lips. She
can't bring herself to look at Scott. Neither of them want Stiles to freak out but she's definitely expecting him too.

She can hear his heartbeat, it's faint because she can't hear as well as he can but it's quick. The silence from him is too much for any of them to bear, it’s quite literally suffocating. Why can't he just say something. Anything.

Lydia and Scott watch, as his tall frame stands up from his previous sitting position. Stiles’ fingers are unsteady as they shake along with his lips. He's being impulsive as he slams the door shut with a yell that could disturb the kids but thankfully doesn't, although Lydia watches Scott jump out of his seat.

"Just say it, Lydia" Stiles mutters with his back towards them, and she can see his muscles contracting beneath his blue flannel. He jerks his arms from the pockets in his jeans to his hair, pulling at it with force as he stands scarely still.

"Say what?"

"Just say you're fucking pregnant with my baby, Lydia. Because so far you haven't exactly said that, for all I know you could have just adapted some weird banshee thing, is that what this is?" He spins around alarming quick, pushing the coffee table out of his way and taking a couple of steps closer towards her. In which she stupidly stands up, wanting him to calm down.

"No, it's not. I'm pregnant. And it’s yours” she squeaks, her body standing stiff as she waits for him to react, to do something other than shout. But to Lydia’s and Scott’s surprise, his knees buckle and he falls to sit on the edge of the couch with his head in his hands.

"Are you lying?"

"No. Look for yourself” she sees Scott nod, he knows what she's going to do. He can read Stiles better than her so she slowly grips the hem of her jumper, hiking it to bunch up round the bottom of her bra so that her small bump is on show.

Stiles lifts his head from his hands and the first thing he sees is skin, glowing skin that's different to when he last saw it in the bathroom all those months ago. Its round, and it holds a life, a heartbeat that he can now clarify is real and not just a mind fuck.

He’s been hearing it since she arrived home and he honestly thought he was going fucking insane.

And to help his thoughts, Lydia's jumper falls back down to where her shorts sit on her hips, gently grazing the edge of the thighs.

"I don't think I'm keeping it. I don't want to give it this life that we have" Lydia shuffles back to where the was previously sitting, tucking her hands underneath her legs so that she can't ruin her shorts even more.

"Yeah. I agree, are you early enough to like- we'll get an abortion?" Stiles voice is normal again now, much to Lydia’s relief. Even though he still looks as if he’s just seen a ghost, he’s coming to terms with it all which she’s glad for. She couldn’t handle a werewolf who has gone off the rails.

Both Stiles and Lydia know that Scott strongly wants to protest against this, but Lydia has made up
her mind. She can't have another person she loves, die. She can't have her own child die because of this supernatural shit.

"No. I'm going to give birth to it, then I'm going to put it up for adoption. I'm booking myself an appointment at the hospital tomorrow, you can come if you like" she hears her own voice falter when she mentions the fact she'll have to give birth to their baby, that's the scariest part, they all know it is. Even if they grow to love it, they can't keep it.

"Yeah. Uh I'll let you know. Although, we need to tell the pack" Stiles turns to face Scott, who shrugs his shoulders, looking annoyed. He wriggles in his seat feeling uncomfortable being between the two of them.

"We'll do it at the end of the pack meeting, okay? And we can drop you off at the hospital after school, I don't want you alone with everything that's going on" Scott stands, retrieving his car keys off the coffee table and obviously texting Malia to tell her that they're on their way over.

"Sounds good. And no, Scott I'm fine, I don't need babysitting" Lydia stands too but not before Stiles does, who then stumbles into his brother before re-gaining his balance and smiling.

"No, he's right. One of the pack will take turns in staying at your house, you have a spare room right? So I'll stay tonight and well, we can figure out the rest tomorrow" he nods proudly, feeling glad he agreed with Scott for once.

Lydia knows she won't get anywhere if she tries to protest, so she stands up and walks straight past them to pull her boots on, itching to see Malia.

"Fine. See you later, Stiles" she sends him a quick smile which she doesn't know if he even returns it or not. Because she's grabbing her bag, shouting goodbye to the little ones upstairs and is waiting by Scott's car before he can even say bye.

"Well, that definitely went better than I expected it to" Scott sighs with utter relief once they're on the road. Lydia blinks with confusion as she turns to face him with a pout that Scott laughs at.

"Really? So the part where he was shouting wasn't bad enough then?" Lydia recalls that moment and shivers, it could have gone way better. But that was her fault. Shit, why couldn't she have just worded it better? Who even explains being pregnant like that?

Scott's eyes drift over to the banshee as he stops at a red light, she's internally arguing with herself it's obvious. The way her eyes are closed and her lips are being bitten, not to mention her clenched jaw that seems to move every few seconds.

Another thing Scott has noticed is that she's been avoiding touching her stomach, she goes to feel it and then coils away as if it would kill her in an instant. She's twitching, her hands trying to find something to mess with so she can distract herself. But she just resorts to messing with her shorts, again.

Her heartbeat is far from steady, he's sure that Stiles heard it too. The beating has been quick most of the day, well, really it's when she decides to think or talk about the baby which isn't good. Not in the slightest.

"Uh hey, can you text Malia? Tell her we're a few minutes away?" Scott chirps up, sliding his phone across the dashboard which seems to make a very disturbing noise but it gets ignored. Lydia sits up right and grabs his cell, a smile on her face as she begins to type slowly.
"How are Derek and Talia holding up?" Lydia decides to snoop through Scott's phone, finding pictures of Stiles asleep in his jeep which causes her lips to twitch, wanting to smile.

"Not good I don't think. But they're out looking for him today" Scott pulls over to the Hale house which Lydia has never actually been to before, she hands Scott his phone back and carefully swings her legs out of the car to stand.

"Holy shit" the banshee's mouth gapes at the size of the house. It's fucking huge. It's the last one at the end of the street, of course. But it's the biggest house she thinks she's ever seen. For Beacon Hills anyway.

The sound of the car door slamming shut snaps her out of her daydream, she walks with Scott still not able to believe how big the Hale family actually is. Her heels echo around the silent street, Lydia cringes at the sound and decides to walk on the grass instead.

She spots Malia way before she reaches their front garden, she's sitting on the steps with something in her hand, messing with it as her gaze lingers on the floor. Lydia speeds up when she sees the state of her friend, eager to get to her.

"Mal"

"Lydia" the Hale girl springs up, running over to the red head and throwing her arms around her. Lydia can feel the hammering of Malia's chest as she sobs into her neck. Her own eyes begin to sting but she refuses to cry, it wouldn't be fair.

"I'm here, we're both here" Lydia coos as her hands consistently move around her friends back to make sure she knows she's here for her, that she's safe.

"I know, I really do. But she kills everyone she takes, what if he's dead?" Malia's lips tremble as she thinks about how her dad's life is hanging by a very thin thread right now. Lydia and Scott pull her into the house, taking her up to her room, which looks as if she didn't even sleep in here last night.

"We're going to do everything we can, and I would know if he was dead. He's very much still alive, Malia. I promise" the look of relief on Malia's face is something Lydia and Scott are happy too see. Scott moves forward to quickly kiss her on the lips while Lydia strolls around her room to try and find some new clothes.

"You need to clean up, I'll run you a bath and get some new clothes whilst Scott makes you some dinner. That sound oka-" Lydia abruptly stops talking when she sees Malia's eyes fixated on her stomach, her eyes are stern but curious as she rises from the bed. Scott shrugs, leaning back with a thud, crashing into Malia's pillows.

"I thought something was up. I could feel you're bump when we hugged yesterday, why didn't you tell me?" Her best friend takes Lydia's own pale hand, gently giving it a caring squeeze. She wants Lydia to actually tell her, not to shut down and tell her to forget about it.

"It's complicated, I didn't even know until yesterday. I'm four months, I think anyway. And uh, it's Stiles' so, yeah" Lydia's vision spins without warning, and the voices are suddenly at the forefront of her mind, whispering and some even screaming.

She feels herself physically lose control of her body, the clothes she was holding for Malia tumble to the floor. Landing at her feet with a light thud, while Lydia’s hands slide up her own neck to clutch her head in her grip. Wanting the noise to go away.
"Lydia what's happening?!

She shuts Malia and Scott out, her fists shooting down to clench around the desk she's standing by. Lydia chooses to sink down into the desk chair. She needs clarity. Everything is loud, intense and noisy. Not to mention how her head is vibrating with a force that she needs to get rid of.

She screams, it's not too loud but it's enough to hear what she needs to. Scott is pacing around her, while Malia watches her best friend, standing close so that she's safe. Apart from Lydia's legs shivering violently along with her struggling to listen, Malia knows this is normal. Well, to some extent.

The banshees eyes snap open, and she stops moving all at once. Dread, and fear in her eyes as she rises on shaky legs, tucking her hair out of her eyes and pulling out her phone to dial Stiles. He doesn't pick up. Shit. Shit. The red head throws her phone across the room, luckily it bounces onto the bed. But this is serious now. Anger and frustration seeps through her body and she wants to yell, she wants to cry, and most of all she wants to find a way to tell Scott that his mother has just been taken. But how?

She squirms, taking a step forward anyway. Lydia doesn't know what to do with herself, Malia's eyes narrow as she watches Lydia move around the room.

Just tell him. He needs to know, you're wasting time.

"Scott" her voice breaks, but she carries on. "You're mom, she's- Julia has taken her. We need to get home and we need to find Noah"

Scott freezes in place. Lydia and Malia stand to the side, weary of what the boy is going to do next. Within seconds, at a deadly pace they watch as his claws appear, just as an orange glow lights up the wall in front of where he's standing.

On impulse Lydia pulls Malia back, because out of the blue a reckless roar fills the space around them and the force sends the two girls flying across the room. Lydia manages to catch herself on the edge of the bed, she watches Malia get up from where she had been thrown back into the wardrobe.

Scott has gone.

"Fucking hell, Melissa has been taken? Lydia we need to get to Stiles now. Wait, are you okay?" She looks Lydia up and down, eyes lingering on her midsection longer than necessary but Lydia just nods before rushing to gather her purse with frantic movements.

"Come on. Get your car keys and drive to Stiles" Lydia wastes no time in running down the stairs and out the front door to wait by Malia's car. All the while she relentlessly dials Stiles' number. But he doesn't pick up.

The whole drive, which feels like it takes hours in Lydia's mind, she's panicking. All of the worst case scenarios rush round in her mind which doesn't settle well with her at all. Malia doesn't bother asking her questions about her baby, or about what's just happened. She just drives, and Lydia is thankful for it.

Lydia counts the amount of red lights that Malia drives past. Seven. And they get to the McCall/Stilinski household within minutes, and it should be at least a fifteen minute drive.

The banshee leaves her bag and the rational part of her mind in the car, where Malia is still parking
as she runs out and up the drive. She swings the door open, her eyes search the hallway that seems as empty as she last saw it.

Lights are still on, she can faintly hear the kids snoring upstairs which settles her panic just a little. But she runs around the rooms anyway, it’s like she’s an animal herself.

Her mind is racing, following the lead of her pumping heart that’s full of panic and pure fear. What if they’ve been taken too? Stiles could have been taken, but he’s not a guardian so how could she have taken him?

Wait. He is, he’s going to become a father in less than five months. The thought makes Lydia want to be sick, her panic bubbling even more inside of her chest.

He's not downstairs, he’s normally down here. He always is. Oh god, no. She can’t have taken him, there’s no way.

Lydia swallows while struggling to catch her breaths just as Malia comes from the basement.

"Lydia check upstairs while I call Issac. Go, now" she wastes no time before she's pushing her legs, going two stairs at a time and she feels the burn almost immediately as she hasn't ran this fast in days, which is the longest she's gone in months. And oh yeah, she's carrying a life now.

She briefly checks on the kids room and to her relief they're sound asleep with The Lion King now playing quietly on their television, she closes their door all the way so that they're safe.

Stiles. Stiles. She needs to get to him.

Ignoring all of the other rooms, she makes a beeline directly for his. Praying and hoping he’s in there, he has to be. Lydia swings his door open feeling no remorse as it hits the wall behind with a rather loud bang that seems to shake him awake from where he was talking in his sleep.

"Oh thank god. You're okay" she launches herself at him, pulling him up off the bed quickly and in a crazed, heated moment she wraps her small arms around him. His warmth seems to wash away any type of fear that was left inside her as his own arms land on her waist.

"What's going on?"

She ignores him for the moment. Being selfish, letting herself bask and linger in his touch that’s brought her more peace than anything else today. His fingertips dig into her back a little bit, resting his chin on her shoulder accepting the embrace from the banshee. She’s obviously scared.

But then she feels hot all of a sudden. So Lydia leaps back, feeling too agonisingly close to him and instead sits at the end of his bed. She's more worried about telling him than she was telling Scott, Stiles is normally way more impulsive and irrational than his brother.

"I was at Malia's and I had a banshee feeling. It was bad. Look Stiles, y-you're mom, Melissa, has been taken. We need to find your dad to make sure he's okay too, but Scott half turned and left Malia's. He sent us both flying across the room with his roar, I'm actually surprised you didn't hear it and I was so so worried about you and the kids and I just"

"Lydia calm down, we're okay. We'll find my dad and we will save Melissa but we need you're help okay? Can you help me?" His large hands place themselves on her shivering, bare skin that’s peeking out from her fallen jumper. Lydia pulls her jumper up that has seemed to have fallen off her shoulders during her little panicky episode.

Trying to catch her breath, she just nods before closing her eyes for a second. Lydia needs to try
and calm down, otherwise things could turn bad for her and what she's carrying.

A teardrop lands on her cheek, she opens her eyes to find Stiles staring at her crying state. His eyes flicker from her face to her stomach again. And it's only just dawned on her that this is how it's going to be now. The three people inside of this room, they are going to be the ones who need to be protected for the next five months.

"I'm fine, all of me is okay. Come on" Lydia hesitantly spins around to leave, but the most rational, selfish part of her is wanting to stay inside of this house. Safe. But she can't, this is her life now and she needs to protect the people she loves.

His footsteps follow her down the stairs to where Malia and Allison are waiting. The Argent girl rushes to kiss Stiles who pulls her into him within a second. A bitter part of Lydia, wants to scoff and leave them to deal with this alone as she watches them hold each other.

But when Allison breaks away and wraps her arm around Lydia, she ignores that train of though and decides to lean into the girls embrace.

"Oh my god, okay. Lydia how long ago did you get the feeling?" Allison asks, standing back next to Stiles and lacing her fingers with his own.

The banshee diverts her gaze to her bare, exposed legs, they've been feeling unsteady all day but there's no surprise there. Lydia lets out a sob when she hears the voices making their way back into her mind again, louder this time.

"What's happening?" Allison whispers but Malia's arm darts out to stop Lydia from stumbling back into the wall.

Her head suddenly stops throbbing, and instead one voice seems to echo as Lydia does what her Aunt taught her. How to control them, how to hear what she needs.

They watch as the red heads body stands still, her lips moving slowly as she murmurs something underneath her breath. And in a fleeting hasty moment Lydia's eyes open, and she surprisingly looks at ease for a moment but then she steps forward. Almost as if she's stepping back into the real world, frantic eyes and a face full of disbelief.

"It's Issac, he's hurt. Look we need to go now" she turns to head out the door but Allison stops her quickly. Lydia stumbles back off her heel and both Stiles and Malia dive to help the banshee catch her footing.

Allison looks suspicious but gets to the point.

"I think me and Stiles should go. Lydia and Malia stay to watch the kids" she grabs her boyfriends hand, going to pull him out of the room but they're stopped by a knock at the door. Stiles reluctantly pulls it open, and finds Deaton and Talia on his doorstep.

"We know what's happened, Scott has been to see us. You all need to go, we will watch the house and the children, don't worry" Lydia smiles at the two of them who both seem to smile back, knowingly. Scott. He’s told them, he must have.

Instead she moves forward, the rest of them behind her as they rush to the car.
They drive every red light as Lydia tells them where to go.

Chapter End Notes

Over 1k reads!! Thank you all so so much for those of you who read, leave kudos and comment, it means so much and motivates me to write more. I’m trying to update as regularly as I can but I’ve got college a lot this week. I will definitely update again though don’t worry, there’s way more to come. Thank you all again so much! X
"Turn right"

"Stiles just hurry up"

"God will you stop shouting?"

Lydia leans back in her seat, eyes closed and listening carefully to the voices that are leading them the way to where Scott is, who should hopefully be with the Sheriff right now.

They can't possibly wait any longer until they arrive, mostly because Malia and Allison have had at least two arguments in the last ten minutes. If that.

Lydia's careful, she doesn't want Stiles to tip over the edge. She knows he's close, his jaw is clenching along with his fists as they shake against the wheel of his jeep that is currently breaking the speed limit. But none of them can find it in themselves to even give a shit.

"Stop, Stiles stop" Lydia screams and she's thrown forward with the force of the jeep stopping rather urgently. The boy sitting next to her breaks the plunge that Lydia was heading towards, his arm shoots out to catch her just as she makes contact with the dashboard.

They don't talk, all of them just scramble out of the jeep to find the Sheriff and Scott standing a few meters down the road from the Sheriffs station.

"One minute she was there, Scott! Next minute I turn around to call for the check and then she's gone. How does that make sense?" Noah's voice causes Lydia to flinch a little as she decides to carefully take a seat next to him on the gritty road. She winces as a few stones dig into her legs, feeling them pierce through her skin. The feeling makes her mind spin, the feeling feels familiar but she ignores that. She can't dwell on it.

"Hey Noah, look Melissa is alive. I can feel it, okay? She's still with us" Lydia hesitantly places her hand on his shoulder. Because just like his son, he could literally break at any moment. Anyone can see that. He's sitting with no emotion in his eyes, dries tears on his cheeks and a look of raw heartache written on his face.

He accepts her touch, and when he does Lydia hears Stiles relax with a sigh behind her. She turns to face them for a moment, her pack, knowing that they need to go to Issac right now.

"Me and Stiles will stay with Scott. Malia, Allison you both need to get to Issac and the rest of the pack. Now" Lydia doesn't give them a chance to argue before painfully shuffling closer to the Sheriff, ignoring the sharp pieces of stones pinching into the fragile skin of her thighs.

"You promise me she's alive?" His voice breaks, his hand reaching out to clutch Lydia's with pleading eyes which pains Lydia to see. Nodding immediately, Lydia bites back her own tears wanting to be strong for them.

"I promise, I swear. You, and the kids will have her home very soon" the red head is gently pulled to sit next to the Sheriff as he tells her about how they were talking about a holiday with the children while having a perfect date. And then she was just gone. No one had even noticed and they thought he was going crazy, looking at him with judging, humorous eyes.

She knows how that feels all too well.
Allison and Malia leave, breaking out to rush back to Issac's who luckily, doesn't live too far away from the station. Scott still hasn't said anything which worries Lydia, she catches Stiles eyes flickering between his father and his brother, torn on between who he should comfort.

"Scott listen to me, we need you. Snap out of it, come on" Lydia pleads, rising with a bit of a struggle off the ground, which doesn't go un missed by a curious Sheriff. Scott is in a daze, he's hovering on the spot as if he has no soul. Nothing left in him to fight for.

"Scott, she's right. Listen to me, you're my brother okay? And you're not just my brother, we have Pip and Riley at home who need you, who need us. But there is no us if you don't snap out of whatever this is. Come on Scotty, help me out here" Stiles inches ever closer towards Scott, treading lightly with his actions not wanting to set something off that could potentially kill someone. Scott might not be as in control as they think.

"I don't know what i would do without you, right? I've known you practically my whole life, you're- god, Scott you're my best friend, my brother and my family. You're what keeps the pack together, you're someone who would be so, so missed in this world. So come back to us okay, I'm begging you" Stiles' reaches his hand out for Scott to take, his eyes wide and frantic as they watch the movement of the hellhound. His claws retract, his eyes glitch back to brown and the orange glow disappears.

And then he falls into Stiles embrace as Lydia watches the tears fall from his eyes, with no intention of stopping as a sob breaks free from his mouth.

Lydia lurches forward, a gasp escaping her mouth when she feels something move within her, it's different this time. Way different. Squirming, she backs away from them feeling the goosebumps rise on her skin. And she knows that's not from the cold.

"Lydia are you okay?" The older Stilinski, reaches out for her as she turns around to face the three of them. Somethings wrong.

"I- uh" she stutters not knowing what the hell to say. They don’t want to put too much onto the older mans shoulders, his wife is missing and the fact his son is about to be a father to a baby, might not end very well.

Stiles nods at the banshee, giving her the green light to tell his father. Why can’t he tell him?

"Look, Sheriff I'm pregnant and I think something is wrong" her voice trembles and within a second Scott rushes over to her with Stiles hot on his heels. They all fumble over to where she's leaning against the jeep. She really doesn't want to, but she has to touch her stomach.

"Can someone explain what's going on?" The Sheriff tugs his jacket off his shoulders, swinging it around the young girl before turning to glare at the two boys who look rather frightened.

"Yeah, so Lydia is pregnant. With a baby, you know the small little things who are cute as well as being all loud, smelly and hard work and that. Yeah- right, I'm the dad. Somehow, yep" Stiles chuckles, scratching the back of his neck while he places his other hand on his hip. Waiting, for his dads reaction that he's pretty sure won't be great.
"Oh for the love of god. You've got to be kidding me" His hand rests on his forehead, whilst the other goes to rest on his hip as he takes in the bomb his son has just dropped on him.

Lydia and Scott watch the two of them, seeing how much alike they are, it actually nearly makes Lydia laugh at them but the humour is cut short when she feels something physically twist around inside of her.

"Woah. Something is happening. I'm four months the baby shouldn't be moving about like this" her hand, that's flat on her belly is moved ever so gently by Stiles. Placing his own hand over where hers was his eyes widen in shock, he swipes his thumb over her skin before jumping back a little.

"We need to go to Deaton, and possibly Chris Argent or whoever the hell knows anything about possible werewolf babies"

"A werewolf?!" All three of them snap they're gazes from Lydia's stomach to Stiles rather disturbed face as he meets Lydia's worried eyes.

The drive to Issac's is all about explaining everything to Noah Stilinski about this...situation. Well, obviously apart from the night that actually got Stiles and Lydia into this mess.

"So you're four months and only found out two days ago?" He turns to face the girl, who's leaning back against the seat feeling some sort of ache in her back and she realises how long this day is actually going on for, she's exhausted.

"Yeah, weird I know. We were going to tell you tomorrow, along with everyone else" Lydia pulls her lips into her mouth when they come to a red light. She feels ill, as if something is hurting her constantly while they get closer to Issac. Is he going to die? He’s the alpha, he can’t die. He just can’t.

She doesn't dare say that to them, instead keeping it to herself as they rush to reach their alpha. Lydia's eyes filter down to stare at her stomach, watching as it rises and then drops back down again, her baby is moving around.

"Stop the car"

She throws open the jeep door, throwing up onto the road as her stomach churns repeatedly, getting rid of her breakfast from this morning. She cringes when she hauls herself back into the car, closing the door behind her with a rather loud bang which makes all three men jump from where they were staring at her.

"I'm fine" she croaks out, edging for them to carry on driving but Stiles hesitates. She pushes her foot into the back of his seat, sending him into motion as he starts the jeep up again and drives to Issac's.

"You okay? And don't lie to me I could easily feel for your pain" Stiles' voice is stern and she can faintly see his fists turning white as he clenches them around the wheel. Something in Lydia switches in her mind, he's sending her mixed signals and she has no idea how to react to them.

I moment he's shouting at her and trying to accuse her and the next he's getting angry because he apparently cares for her now. Yes, she's carrying his baby and that changes things but their relationship is something totally different.
"I'm being honest" she sends him a tight lipped smile, she knows it will probably anger him more but she doesn't care. When the jeep stops she's out the door with Scott rushing into Issac's uncles house and heading straight to where he's lying on the couch with blood all over his torso. It's a sight Lydia can barely process as her legs freeze, upon beginning to tremble she forces herself to lean against the wall.

"What the hell has happened?" Stiles speaks after a good few minutes of silence. Lydia suddenly stumbles forward, ignoring Allison who's at the alphas side and inspecting his injury.

The dried blood around the gash is harshly sticking to his skin, but the open wound still oozes with fresh crimson blood that Lydia doesn't know if she can handle right now. She feels herself beginning to gag so she steps back, her eyes sympathetic as she watches Issac sleep with a pained expression stuck to his face.

"Hi, and a couple of the alphas went up against Julia. She did this and he's healing but slowly" Ethan rests his body against the wall next to Malia and Liam, who's eyes are red rimmed and glazed over. Lydia knows he's only fifteen, he shouldn't have to be watching his alpha like this, it's not fair.

"Well, someone needs to stay. Where's his uncle and aunt?" Lydia's eyes search the house from where she's stood, craning her neck to try and see into the kitchen. Curling her arms around herself she turns to Scott, trying to get him to speak up.

"They're out of town staying with Issac's grandmother. She's not doing great. But i'll stay with him, I don't have my first class till lunch tomorrow anyway" Allison offers, already making herself comfortable with the boys head in her lap, trying to be careful of the blood as she moves rigidly.

"I'll stay too, Scott you in?" Ethan slides down the wall with a thump as he lands on the floor, grabbing the television remote off Liam as the younger one winces.

"Yeah uh i'll keep checking in but I'm staying with Dad tonight" the boy inches closer towards the Sheriff who smiles at the gesture. Lydia watches as Stiles visibly relaxes, and she's glad that the Sheriff won't be alone tonight. He's got their hellhound staying with him.

"What about Stiles? Lydia? Malia?" Ethan and Allison look at them expecting someone to stay, because obviously just the two of them don't want to stay alone with a bleeding alpha. To be honest, Lydia wouldn't either. She wouldn't have a clue what to do.

"My dads just been taken, I'm staying with my family for the moment"

"I'm keeping watch of my mother"

"I'm keeping watch of Lydia"

This, obviously doesn't go down well with certain people in the room. But Lydia's belly decides to rumble, and she spins around in a heated moment, to walk over to Liam. People looking at her belly isn't a good idea tonight.

"Why are you staying with Lydia? Why can't she look after herself? No offence" Allison quickly glances at the banshee, with a small smile on her lips, before turning back to her boyfriend who rolls his eyes. So this obviously pisses off Allison even more.

"Because if you forgot Julia nearly killed her the other day. Y'know, in the school with the garrotte when she took Peter? Ring any bells? Look text me okay, we're going to head off soon" Stiles kisses Allison too quickly on the cheek before walking out of Issacs house, the muscles in his back
tense as he slams the door shut which wakes Issac right up.

"Shhh you're okay, Issac you're fine" Allison pulls him back down into his lap. He settles right back down, but no one misses the look of fear that his eyes hold.

"I need to go, Liam you want to come with?" If she stays in a room filled with blood any longer everyone will find out that she's carrying a child and could very much throw up all over Issacs floor.

Liam rushes to stand next to Lydia, as she bends down and smiles at Issac who chuckles, not before coughing up some blood that Allison wipes away with a cloth.

"You get some rest okay, we need our alpha" she kisses his head gently, her hand hovering over his forehead. She watches his eyes flutter closed after he mutters a Thank You to her.

Lydia smiles at everyone else before leaving, not forgetting to wrap her arms around the Sheriff. Pulling him in tightly for a bear hug. And he gives her knowing look, gently kissing her cheek before her and Liam swiftly close the door shut gently.

They find Stiles leaning against the jeep with his eyes glowing blue. He's worked up, and is obviously having trouble winding down right now. Lydia tells Liam to get the jeep up and running again, and to call her mother for her so he can tell her that she will be home soon.

"Hey, listen you need to calm down" her hand splays over where his heart is beating, it's erratic and frankly Lydia is wondering how and why he's so worked up. She feels his heartbeat slow down slighty at her touch, so she delicately takes his hand in her own.

"Lydia you need to get out of here before I hurt you" she would normally step back at the sound of his voice, at how deep it is. Maybe it's a warning, but she totally ignores it and instead she moves his hand to her skin.

It's familiar, he's touched her stomach before but not like this. Her warmth and the feeling small, frantic heartbeat of his baby is enough for his eyes not to be the ice blue it just was moments before.

Nothing is making him do this, and it's surprising the both of them that they're even acting like this toward each other and this baby. Lydia knows she doesn't love either of them, but she cares for them so deeply, that she thinks maybe it will kill her one day.

His lingering touch does nothing to calm her nerves, that still spring to life whenever she's around him. Her dainty hand falls to his jawline, forcing him to look at her.

"You need to get things under control Stiles, promise me?" Her voice is shaky, but that must be what makes him step backwards with a firm nod. He knows she's right, and he knows that he can't stay touching her any longer.

He loves Allison.

So he swings open the door that stets off a creaking sound that makes Lydia want to rip her hair out, goosebumps rising. But his hands help lift her up so she can get into the back seat safely, because if they're all being honest. No one can trust this jeep.
"Liam, I need food so how do you feel about heading to the McDonald's drive in?" Lydia's teeth grit together as she talks, trying to pull the seatbelt that's jammed. Her tight grip doesn't help, but when both Stiles and Liam lean back clashing into each other, it moves.

"Definitely, although I need to get the image of Issac's wound out of my mind first" the boy leans his forehead against the window, not caring about how it jumps off the glass every now and then.

Lydia demands a whole load of food from McDonald's that makes Liam suspicious. Very suspicious.

When Stiles hands her the bag with a discreet eye roll, she dives for it after bouncing up and down repeatedly in her seat with a smirk, waiting for it like a child, in which caused Stiles to grin himself.

Her tongue darts out to lick her bee stung lips, as she rips the paper brown bag open and dives straight for the fries that she consumes wildly within at least a minute. Liam's eyes are wide, full of confusion and humour as he watches the banshee practically murder her food.

"My god this is amazing" she groans dusting her salt covered fingertips on her shorts that she needs to get rid of now she's ruined them anyway. Wriggling around in her seat, she glances into the rear view mirror catching Stiles eyes.

He barks out a laugh at her, watching her while trying to eat his own as he drives to Liam's house slowly. He gives up eating, closing the bag and purposely putting it out of Lydia and Liam's reach. He's with the worst two people to be hiding food from right now.

"Liam, if you need anything call us okay? The rest are going to be checking up on Issac but we're only a few blocks over" Lydia kisses his cheek, getting ready to climb into the passengers seat once the younger one has left the vehicle.

He gently squeezes her arm, fist bumping Stiles as he grabs his own bag of food, bids them goodbye and runs up his driveway with extra speed than he usually would. Stiles sits and waits for Lydia to try and get through to the passengers seat. Surprisingly she does, although it requires more effort now. But she still manages to do it.

"You're a monster" he laughs lightly, catching sight of her bag is nearly empty, only a chocolate muffin and her water left in the paper bag that's ripping already. Lydia's hand sits on her chest by her heart as she gasps, pretending to be hurt by his remark.

"Excuse me, I have to disagree for the second time today-"

"Actually it's past midnight"

"Because first you say that Friends is terrible and now you're calling me a monster? I'm carrying your child, Stilinski. And I could rip you to shreds if I wanted to" she smirks for the second time that night, watching him now dramatically throw his hand onto his chest whilst he pulls into her street.

"It's my turn to disagree Martin. I'm a werewolf, I have claws and I'm not afraid to use them" he lifts his hands to show his freshly retracted claws that eliminate underneath the street light. She just rolls her eyes, but they both know he would never use them on her.

He parks the jeep, grabbing his food as she holds her own muffin and water in her hand that isn't currently holding her keys in. She notices how the house is dark, everyone is asleep which she's glad for. She would rather not have Leo see her walking in with Stiles.
Once they're both inside she locks the door, double checking before she tries to see her way through the pitch black room. She drops her keys in the bowl that she knows is right next to the front door, it makes a clatter and Lydia physically cringes.

"I can't see" she chuckles in a whisper, holding her free hand out to try and navigate her way to the stairs. Her heels aren't the quietest but neither is her yelp when she touches something warm, her body coiling back.

"That's my arm you idiot" the Stilinski boy stifles a laugh and before Lydia can make a remark back, his eyes light up the area around them, the stairs eliminating a blue glow which they both follow. Obviously both of them trip more than once as they climb the stairs.

Once they're inside the confines of her bedroom she switches on her lamp and fairy lights that run the perimeter of her room. Stiles eyes change back to brown, before he falls back into her bed, a loud sigh falling from his lips at the feel of the sheets and at the fact this dreaded day is fucking finally over.

He watches Lydia as she places her muffin and water down next to him, she silently grabs some pyjamas from her closet before silently slipping into her bathroom. The boy surveys her room whilst he can, catching sight of photos and books.

He sees a couple of herself with the pack that he immediately turns his nose up at, he looks terrible and she best believe that he’ll ask her to take them down. His eyes skim over the ones of her and Malia, as really he's mostly been the one to take them. But the one of herself with Scott and Melissa make his heart clench.

He remembers that day, it was a good day from what he can remember. Lydia had come around with Malia and Theo, the rest of the pack were at school taking a test they had missed.

It was hot for April, and they had all decided to mess around in their pool outside but Lydia stayed inside to help Melissa with the cooking, she didn't want to get in the pool as she wined. She constantly kept mumbling something along the lines of 'no one told me you had a pool', he remembers her clenching her small fists and trying to fight a smile as she tried to be annoyed with them.

Her shorts and vest top would have been okay but she was adamant about not getting in. Melissa wasn't happy about it, she felt bad that Lydia was helping her instead of being with her friends, her pack, having fun.

So the photo was taken just after Melissa and Scott had pushed the banshee into the pool, they had immediately helped her back out when her vest went see through and Lydia was screaming at the boy who pushed her.

She laughing, covering her bra with her arms crossed whilst Melissa is smiling into the camera and Scott his hugging her from the side. The sight of his mom makes his heart clench, he can't think about it. Because he can't accept the fact he might never see her again, he saw how ruthless Julia was with Lydia. He doesn't want his family anywhere Julia.

"Hey, i was just thinking and for the record I could literally kill you with a scream" the banshee leaves her bathroom, dressed now in some pyjamas pants and a thin shirt that won't make her get too hot in the night.

Lydia watches as he holds a photo in his hand, his body hunched over and not moving. She can faintly see that he’s holding something, crawling over her bed she sits behind him. The photo of
her, Scott and Melissa sitting heavily in his hands. Shit.

"I remember that day, gotta admit the food was good. Being thrown into the pool? Not so much" she chuckles, before catching him crack a smile as he places the frame back onto her shelf. His eyes are glazed over and her smile falls.

"She'll be okay. We're going to save her" she whispers whilst he toes off his shoes and jacket, getting up to place them by her door before sitting at the head of her bed to ravish his food.

"I know, just a good memory that's all"

"Right, okay. Well it's late so I don't want to wake anyone up by setting up the spare room for you. Do you mind staying in here?" She stands abruptly, hoping to change the mood that's settling over them uncomfortably quick. Upon grabbing her muffin, she's kinda pissed that it's taken her this long to eat. Before taking a bite Lydia notices that a few of the chocolate chunks have melted.

"Ah shit. About that, i don't wanna stay in a room with someone who ate fries in under a minute, they actually terrify me" for extra measure he cowers back into her bed, hugging his own fries to his chest. She rolls her eyes, running her finger over a melted chocolate chunk without him knowing.

"Oh very funny"

"Yeah, I think I'm quite hilarious myself"

At this, she gently sits opposite him, lunging forward to smudge the chocolate across his cheek. He sits still, eyes trained on the girl laughing into her hand with her eyes closed and the muffin clutched between her fingers.

Stiles sits forward so their noses are nearly touching, eyes narrow as he quirks an eyebrow at her. Her breaths hit his face, Lydia removes her hand away from her mouth, her laughs subsiding. To be honest, she started this so she knows it's on her whatever he decides to do.

Although what she doesn't expect is for him to pry her muffin out of her hand with a smile that he has no trouble in hiding with his spectacular poker face. Not.

He takes a bite, a rather large one. Before smudging it all over Lydia's face that she had just cleansed of make up and ready for bed.

"Woah, that turned out so much better than I imagined it in my head. Good muffin, thanks Lydia" he winks, leaning back against her headboard and stuffing his mouth with his burger. The girl slowly stands from the bed, grabbing the muffin, that is now quite literally in bits, and throwing it into her bin.

"Dick move. Sleep on the floor, Stilinski" the banshee grabs her wipes and a towel, getting rid of any chocolate that has made itself very much at home on her face and annoyingly, between her boobs.

She spins around once she's void of any crumbs and melted chocolate slowly stalking back over to her bed and blatantly ignoring him from where she can see his shaking shoulders and his hand from where it's covering his mouth.

"Carry on laughing, Stiles" she snaps trying to suppress her smile where it's trying to edge its way onto her face. She turns off her lamp, leaving her fairy lights on and crawling under her covers to get some warmth that she's been craving all day.
"Come on, you did the same"

Lydia raises her eyebrows, catching sight of the last bit of his burger that's settled between his fingertips. She shrugs, placing her hands next to him and quickly leaning forward and biting the last bit of his burger.

"Good burger, thanks Stiles" she ignores his very pissed reaction and continues to place her phone on charge, turning on her television and letting it run. Pretending to be interested in whatever show is on, she thinks it's the office, she watches the boy gets up and storm over to the bin.

He throws the wrappers into the rubbish, mumbling under his breath. Lydia cant be bothered to listen to him so she slides down, her head coming into contact with her pillow and yes. This is what she's wanted all day-

"Woah, keep your jeans on wolf boy"

"You expect me to sleep in these?" He gestures down to his jeans and his belt. No, of course she doesn't expect him to sleep in them, but she wants him to after the muffin stunt he's just pulled. She ignores him, letting him continue to fold his jeans placing them at the end of her bed.

She can't help but finally smile, any other boy would have just left his things sitting all over her floor. Hell, even Malia does. But Stiles obviously isn't just 'any other boy', he's Stiles.

Her bed dips when he jumps down onto it, it sends Lydia slipping sideways into him as he snuggles down underneath her covers. She stops herself before reaching him, lying on her back and catching her breath whilst he stares at her clueless.

"You made my fucking bed dip you idiot! It scared me" she tries not to laugh but she can't help it, he's a lanky werewolf who is snuggled underneath her covers with the sheets pulled all the way up to his neck. All while he stares at her with innocent eyes.

"Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to" His arms flail out from underneath, letting them fall on top of the sheets as he swivels around constantly trying to get comfortable.

She gives up ten minutes after watching him twist and turn around, his eyebrows furrowed and looking rather annoyed. Lydia grabs the remote more harshly than she wanted, turns off the television and her fairy lights. Letting the room sit in darkness as she reaches out reluctantly to tap the boy lying next to her, on his shoulder.

"Hey" she whispers, knowing it's nearly one in the morning and knowing they have to be up for their first class tomorrow, which is conveniently at ten for the both of them. An extra couple of hours in bed is just what they need, after today.

"Yeah?"

"Cuddle me, I- I know you're with Allison but we're friends right? And we need to sleep for school tomorrow to just, hug me" Lydia turns so her back is facing him, she feels the weight of her stomach weigh her down but she swallows hard, pushing them thoughts away.

"Are you sure?" She can feel his breath on her neck which soothes her already, and he can feel how her head nods on their shared pillow. His front presses against the back of her body and Stiles swears both of them exhale at the contact, the warmth that they both share between them.

This is platonic, none of them are thinking about how they've kissed or slept together before. They're not thinking about how they shouldn't even be doing this right now, how wrong it
technically is. But they give into each other when Stiles' arms wrap around her, his thumb resting on the swell of her stomach as Lydia's leg swings back to rest on top of Stiles' one that is between her own.

His nose peaks to the dip between her shoulder and her neck, he smiles into her skin when he smells not just her perfume but chocolate as well.

And for once, for the first time in weeks Stiles feels at peace. At ease knowing he can finally sleep well tonight, and he's not sure whether it's because he thinks he just felt his baby move or that Lydia's head moves back to lean against his own.

But he knows that for now, they're both safe and content.
Lydia wakes up before her alarm, it's still partly dark outside so she figures it's before six at least. She begins to move, untangling her legs from where they're laced with Stiles', looking up to him she hopes he hasn't stirred awake.

Her face relaxes, smile winding its way onto her lips as she watches him, his eyes closed and looking rather content. For once. She rests her head on his chest, avoids leaning on her swelled stomach as she moves around the warmth underneath the covers.

Within seconds of staring up at him, her own eyes start to slip shut again. She figures she could get another hour or two in, they don't have to be in school until ten today. So she lets herself press against the side of his body, shivering at the touch of his hand which slithers round her exposed hip.

The feeling of his touch bearing into her skin keeps her up for a while, but she thinks she falls to sleep soon after. Given it's nearly seven when she actually does slip into her slumber, she's woken up at half eight from something incessantly buzzing in her room.

"Lydia! Hey, you fancy getting breakfast?" Her fathers voice makes her flinch instantly. Upon clenching her jaw, she pushes her hair away from her face trying ever so desperately not to snap at her dad.

"Hey dad. Sorry I can't today. I've got school soon, maybe another day?"

"Sure. I was meaning to talk to you actually, but I guess now is a good time. I've met someone, and we're expecting! You're going to be a big sister" his voice is filled with excitement, she can practically see the beaming fucking smile that is stretching across her dads face right now.

It's too early in the day for him to drop this on her, it's also too early for an argument but that doesn't stop Lydia from starting one.

"You are joking right? Dad, you're not even divorced from mom yet. And I already am a big sister, to Leo. Or have you forgotten about him?" The girl presses herself further into the depth of her own bed, sucking on her lip. She hasn't seen her dad in months, he's called to check in since she left for England but he never made an effort to fly out to her. Even though he has more than enough money to have done so.
"Liddy, don't take this the wrong way. You just- look you don't know what it's like to be excited for you're own child to arrive, you should be happy for us. Don't ruin my excitement. And you're mother knows honey, I told her already" Lydia really does try to grin and bear it, to let it slide and prevent herself from snapping. But she's strayed too far from even thinking of being rational now.

He's being ignorant. He makes no effort for either of them anymore since he met this woman, who by the way, is half his age. Obviously. So she fights the urge to shout, not wanting to wake Stiles next to her.

"Oh no, dad don't take this the wrong way, please. You're being a shit father, you couldn't care less about your kids now that you're sleeping with a model who's young enough to be your daughter. You haven't seen us in months" Lydia hears her father sigh across the line, followed with a rather loud pounding sound. She guesses he's just hit his desk, or maybe even one of his many cars he's fucking got stashed away.

"I still care for your mother. Shit, she's the mother of my kids. But I love Leah, I really do. I love you too, and you're brother. But you don't understand, i don't expect you too. You're still a child yourself" he's patronising her now. She knows he's not going to stop trying to reach out to her, and it will probably be her who decides to stay away from him from now on, especially after this. But maybe a little 'grandad' news won't hurt, she thinks.

"Actually, I'm eighteen next year. I've raised your son more than you have, dad. And if you made the fucking effort to come and see us, then maybe you would know that I'm four months pregnant. Congratulations, Grandad" she's met with silence, which she can barely take right now. So she ends the call, throwing her phone to the end of her bed letting her hands fall straight on to her face.

A larger set of hands reach over to pry her own away from her sleepy face, her red rimmed eyes stare into orbs of liquified caramel which shine with admiration. Stiles pulls her into him, wrapping her in his arms for an embrace which she gladly accepts.

"That was- well, you definitely left him speechless for once" He chuckles into her neck, causing Lydia to laugh along with him. She lets her arms coil around his body for a couple of minutes before remembering they need to be at school soon. And this particular moment isn't doing anything to lessen her possible feelings for this boy.

Pulling back, Lydia sits up and searches the room for a jumper that will keep her as warm as she is now. Stiles looks up at her, not missing the blooming swell of her small stomach peeking out from under her shirt.

"Have my jumper, it's at the end of your bed. I've got way more at home" he briefly points to it so she can pull it from under her many blankets that she owns, slipping it over her small frame before clambering out of bed.

She stretches, her muscles clenching together before loosening, earning a groan as she stalks across her room towards her door. She gently tries to pull it open, desperately wanting to avoid any noise that will attract her mother and Leo.

Of course that doesn't go to plan for her, the door creaks open. The sound echoes off the walls in the house which obviously seems to reach her mothers ears.

"Lydia? Is that you honey?"

"Uh, yeah. Just getting up, are you on your way out?" Lydia snaps her head around to find Stiles’ face tucked under her glowing, golden sheets with a prominent smirk playing with his lips.
She normally wouldn't care about her mother knowing he's here, because it's just Stiles. The same old, goofy, sarcastic but also trump Stiles that raids their cupboards every time he comes round. But with Lydia now being pregnant, she's one hundred percent sure that her Mom would have something to say at the sight of him lying half naked in her bed.

"Yeah, I'll see you later. Love you" her voice sounds like she's holding something between her teeth, probably a piece of toast she hasn't had chance to eat. Lydia faintly hears Leo shout goodbye, before the car starts up and the door slams closed.

A smile etches it way onto her face, turning around she pulls the covers off Stiles while he desperately attempts to clutch at it to keep himself warm. Of course he wins, but that doesn't stop the banshee from groaning with frustration.

"Come on, we need- well, I need to stop off at the hospital to make an appointment" Lydia stares into her mirror, not having the motivation or energy to style her hair today. She notices how brown it still is from when she died it back in England, but it's fading. Thankfully.

"I thought we was doing that after school?" The boy mumbles into her pillows, his hair is messy along with his black crumpled shirt that drastically contrasts with the white of her sheets. Lydia hums to herself, thinking that it would be easier to do it after school. But she knows they'll most likely be busy later.

"No, we've got things to do later. It won't take long. Now get the hell up, Stilinski" the banshee stares at him through her mirror as she pulls up her locks into a messy ponytail that actually looks okay for once. Her gaze lingers on her reflection for a moment, and it's as if she's frozen on the spot.

"Lyd what's wrong?" This time Stiles gets up without her having to nag him, he slowly walks over towards the girl who appears so small to him. He reaches out hesitantly, his hand circling over shoulder.

"I don't know. Things just feel different now. I feel different" Lydia turns around to face him, her plump lips curling into her mouth. He notices how her eyes water in seconds, and it's then when he smells the faint smell of blood coming from her.

"Calm down, stop biting your lip. Things will be okay, you will be okay Lyd" his hands slide from her shoulders, slithering down to her smaller hands, full of rings on her fingers and that are also hanging loosely at her sides. Practically waiting for him.

Stiles sighs when she lets her lips go, but still feels as if she's not okay. He can smell the anxiety radiating off her and it's overbearing, they're both suffocating in it.

"Stiles I have to give birth to this thing. You said it was a werewolf, what if it kills me? What if I can't do this?" shear panic is painfully laced through her words, he catches the tears that fall freely from her eyes without thinking. He can see how scared she is, and this is it. This is it, Stiles hasn't really seen Lydia freak out about the fact she's carrying a baby.

She fucking is now.

"It's okay, you have me. I'm here, you have the pack and you're mother. You'll be okay, I promise" one of his shaking hands reach for her neck, his thumb lightly brushing over her pulse point repeatedly. Stiles watches as her eyes slip shut, and the overbearing smell of anxiety starts to lessen.
Okay, yeah. Thank you" her head falls into the nook of his neck, and he pulls her into him harder.
The bump of her belly prods into his torso, and it makes him feel weird. But he doesn't push her
away, he accepts the feeling and decides not to overthink it. He can't, overthink it.

She now smells like herself, her strawberry and coconut shampoo is all he can process now and
that's how Stiles likes it. Because it's her, it's all Lydia.

"Okay, I'm just going to get ready. Help yourself to food and that" the petite girl pulls back out of
his embrace, her eyes are a deeper green than usual and for a sheer moment, Stiles thinks about
how pretty she looks standing in front of him.

He blinks, sending her a tight lipped smile. Before rushing out of her bedroom, grabbing his jeans
on his way out having a internal struggle with himself. He loves Allison, he's with Allison. Lydia is
carrying his child, yes. However, that doesn't mean he has to love her, right?

Loads of people have babies with each other and don't end up getting together, it's just a baby who
they're not even planning to keep. He trips and falls into her wall with a rather loud bang, whilst
trying to pull his jeans up his legs. His free hand comes round to clutch his pained elbow that's
been caught in the crossfire.

he mutters to himself, jogging down the stairs and making a bee-line for the kitchen in order to
grab something to eat.

Lydia hears the bang as she applies some tinted moisturiser to her face, rolling her eyes not even
bothering to ask what he's done. She braces herself against her bathroom counter, lips forming into
an 'o' shape as she takes calm breaths.

Her chest rises and falls quickly, she's still panicking. But she needs to calm herself down, she can't
be running to Stiles everytime she feels like this. He's not her boyfriend. As much as her body
aches and craves to be next to him, her mind says other wise.

The red head gathers her lipstick into her hand, applying the cherry colour to her lips which makes
her smile. Lipstick makes her feel in control, like she's got her life together. It's empowering.

Once she's finished in her bathroom, she catches the time and starts to rush. Pulling on a denim
skirt and a jumper, tucking it into her skirt she gets the skin around her nail caught. Lydia snaps,
the pain makes her gulp before she yells at herself watching the blood seep down to her knuckle.

"Fuck!" Sucking at it won't help, she knows that. But she does it anyway so she can pull on her
boots and not worry about more blood escaping her wound that is already getting to her. Her body
is electrified, the smallest thing could set her off today, and she doesn't feel like breaking.

"Hey, I got some fruit and yoghurt for you. What did you do?" Stiles is practically demolishing a
whole pack of biscuits that are clutched into his free hand, while another one hangs out of his
mouth.

"Thanks, put it on my desk. I just cut my finger that's all" she pulls her finger out her mouth,
stomach churning as she swallows the blood that's been sitting on her tongue for the last ten
seconds. Her face scrunches up, walking towards the bowl of fruit and strawberries that her mother
must have made this morning and left in the fridge.

Lydia catches the werewolf hovering behind her, phone in his hand. Managing to wrap her finger in
a plaster she finds hiding underneath her make up bag, it manages to put her at ease the smallest
She needs to eat, she can't not now that she's pregnant. So she sits down on her bed with the bowl that feels much heavier than it actually is, making her hands weak. Lydia stirs the strawberries into the yogurt, shoving a spoonful down her throat while she watches Stiles mess with her books that have been sitting on her desk for weeks.

Her focus drifts from his hands, and how his long, think fingers fiddle with the pages of The Great Gatsby, to her breakfast. It feels as if her eyes practically lock into where the red from the strawberries mix with the plain yoghurt, it looks like blood.

Don't. You're not going to be sick. She repeats it to herself over and over, clamping her eyes closed to try and at least overcome the feeling of nausea. But her mind flicks back to how she swallowed her blood only minutes ago.

She's placing the bowl on her carpet, stumbling to her bathroom to fall into her knees. The pain radiates but she doesn't feel it because she's emptying everything she's eaten in the last twenty four hours into the toilet.

Her white fingers curl around the seat, her body shaking. She's sure she looks a mess, some of her hair sticking to the back of her neck while the tears run from her eyes with no control.

She's freezing, Lydia knows it's just her body reacting to the fact she's throwing up but it doesn't stop her figure from shaking relentlessly while she sits twisted into a ball next to the toilet, that she can barely look at.

Pulling away, the banshee musters up the energy to flush, turning her head the other way only to yelp. Stiles is sitting behind her not having a clue in what to do with his hands that are hovering around her.

Lydia notices his eyes flickering over her body, struggling to decide what to say to her. She turns around, facing him and holding her hands out for him to help pull her up off the floor.

"I'm okay, just morning sickness" the pain in her knees comes back when she stands. Not caring, Lydia just leans against the sink and brushes her teeth once again this morning. She's not even having the worst of it and she feels dreadful, she thinks whilst feeling Stiles' eyes on her.

"Okay, were going to the hospital now" once she's done Stiles grabs her hand, gathering her jacket and her bag in a haste. He's rushing, and freaking the hell out which doesn't settle well with Lydia. She gets it, this is new to him and what's just happened probably wasn't nice to see.

But he knew all of this was coming. Alarmingly though, he rushes down the stairs with her, she's mindful to not lose her footing with the pace he's pulling her at. Stiles forgets all about the rational side of things as he slams Lydia's front door closed behind them both.

"Stiles"

He throws her things into the back of the jeep, letting them land carelessly with a thud against the broken leather seats. He opens the car door for her, eyes trained on her as she hesitantly climbs inside. He's unstable right now, acting on impulse and most likely fear.

"We need to get you checked out. Melissa might be there- who am I kidding Melissa has been taken so she's definitely not there. Oh way to go Stiles, forgetting your mother has been taken, good job. Okay we'll get someone else, right? We can do that"
"Stiles. Stop"

"They can see you right away, fuck school that can wait. We need to make sure things are right. Come on, this thing has to start. Don't die on me now Roscoe" his hand falls down to slam against the wheel, the whole vehicle shakes around them sending Lydia sliding into the door.

It's silent. Well, apart from the creaking of the price of shit jeep that they're currently swaying around in. She's hesitant to do so, but after a couple of seconds Lydia places her hand on top of Stiles' arm.

He's hot. For the end of October he's unusually hot but it may be some werewolf thing that Lydia doesn't know about yet. Or, it's just a Stiles thing.

She leans forward across is lap, turning the key so the car hopefully starts up, and thank god it does. The sound of the engine spluttering to life makes Stiles jump out of his daze, turning to face the red headed girl slumped back in the passengers seat.

"I'm okay, we're going to book an appointment. Then we're going to go to school and learn, and then what are we going to do, Stiles?"

"We're going to meet the pack and bring Melissa and Peter home"

She visibly relaxes, nodding to him with a soft smile. Lydia nods towards the wheel, edging him on to drive, he gets the message as his leg jerks to get the jeep up and running.

"Shit, I'm sorry. I just panicked, seeing you being sick and everything it just sent me into some heated panic mode" he pulls out of her drive, onto the main road. Fingers lace through his hair as he pulls at them, not knowing how to explain how he just felt.

"It's okay, we're going to get through today. Right?"

He nods, agreeing with her as they drive towards the hospital, faster than usual. He he prays to god that she's right, he can't deal with anything else going wrong today.

"So you're appointment is for tomorrow morning?" Scott whispers from behind her, Lydia nods whilst scribbling down the rest of her sentence. They've got a substitute teacher for their English lesson today, for obvious reasons.

She and Stiles arrived late after booking her an appointment with a nurse, the new teacher didn't seem to have a problem with it considering that Lydia has been off school for months now.

Lydia finishes the work, and resorts to sketching random doodles inside of her notebook, she's been doing it a lot lately. It helps calm her down, along with soothing the thudding inside of her head that she can't seem to get rid of.

"Right I think we're done for the day. Enjoy your lunch" the substitute drones out just before the bell rings, the banshee winces at the loud noise that seems to shoot right to her head. All of the
chairs and desks scraping against the tiled floor doesn't help the growing headache that she's currently nursing.

She lingers, packing her things slowly so she doesn't make a sudden move that would hurt her even more. It's as if every single sound is bouncing straight into her ears and off her brain, causing it to throb relentlessly.

"You okay?" Scott stops at her side, hand reaching out to hover above her shoulder. Lydia sees Stiles and Allison rushing out of the classroom hand in hand, she deflates at it a little. But it doesn't get to her as much as it used to, and she's glad for that in a way.

"Yeah just- my head hurts and the voices are loud. Just a little sensitive today" her heels sound as if they're slamming against the floor as she walks next to a rather concerned Scott who's staring at her with narrow, worried eyes.

She smell of food is music to Lydia's belly, she's been starving ever since this morning. Stacking up her tray with a grin, she doesn't notice the looks of the curious students that push each other out the way to get a look at Lydia Martins belly.

All of the girls in school immediately know what type of bump Lydia has, its most definitely not a type of belly you get after having a big breakfast. Although a maybe a big previous night out from months ago? Definitely yes.

It's too small to be full term, but it's definitely there. Most of them place guesses on how far gone she is, the majority saying at least six months. But their wrong, it’s four.

The boys around her start to cover their mouths with their hands to muffle their laughs and obvious questions and theories of who the father is. Jackson is obviously at the top of the list for everyone, a few people even throw Scott's name into the mix of things.

Lydia spins around with her stacked up tray, quickly paying and stalking over to the table with the pack sitting around the perimeter of it, her head high. She notices the whispers and lingering eyes seconds into walking away from the lunch bar, her cheeks seeping to a pink colour without warning.

Her eyes flicker down to the floor, focusing on drowning out all of the mutters and talk that the students have to offer her. She knew this was coming, she couldn't hide this from everyone forever. They were bound to find out soon enough.

But while she's walking to her friends, alone, with no one to try and distract her from the gossiping students. Lydia feels weak, and if the floor could open up and make her disappear then that would be much appreciated she thinks, before slamming down her tray onto the table.

The packs attention snaps over to the banshee, if it wasn't already on her. Of course, the ones with supernatural hearing know what she's just heard. Well, what everyone can hear if they have supernatural hearing or not.

Biting down on her tongue, Lydia does her best to avoid the gazes burning into her skin. She can feel the hundreds of eyes staring over at her, while she unwraps her sandwich from its noisy packaging. Her heart is beating ten to the dozen, attacking her ribcage in its wake.

With a sharp intake of air, she pushes away the anxiety and panic, rolling her shoulders. Snapping
her eyes up to look around the cafeteria, taking a bite of her roast chicken sub. When she looks up, Lydia watches all of the eyes turn away from her at an alarming pace.

They’re scared of her but still manage to talk and gossip about her in a shitty way? Of course, she doesn’t expect nothing less from stupid high school students.

Lydia’s not stupid, they know she isn't. Which is why many of the people that she's heard call her a 'slut' or a 'sixteen year old whore' scatter out of the building bowing their heads hoping she doesn't catch their faces. But oh, she does.

It's harder for Lydia to cross legs now she's got a growing bump, but she's still able to do it which she's glad for. It makes her feel like a empowered, young woman who won't take any fucking bullshit from anyone who dares to mess with her. So she crosses them, smiling as she slowly bites at her sandwich.

"Liddy, you fancy going to get a smoothie?" Malia nudges her arm gently, giving Lydia a grin. And she's sure that everyone who's watching can see her physically relax at her best friends offer, which she's quick to jump at.

"Fuck yes, my god I love you Mal. Let's go" the both of them lean into each other, laughing. Packing away their lunch and not giving anyone a second glance as they leave the building that is quite literally suffocating Lydia.

The pack don't say a word to her, which she's grateful for. Anyone could have said the wrong thing, and that would have easily made her crack and she really doesn't feel like doing that today.

Malia links her arm through Lydia's, pulling her towards the parking lot underneath the looming bunch of grey clouds. It's due to rain, Lydia remembered hearing Stiles telling her in the car this morning on their way to school, and it suddenly doesn't settle well with Lydia.

But she ignores it, climbing into Malia's car and leaning back with a sigh. She smiles, as the girl next to her pulls out of the parking lot and out onto the main road.

"Everyone heard then?" Lydia asks Malia once she's finished swearing at the couple who are driving in front of them, dangerously slow. But Malia still manages to give her an effective, longing sigh and for some reason it just confirms that it was all real. What did she think? That it was a dream?

Although some days Lydia swears they are all just living one, big, never ending nightmare. And this is just the beginning.

"If this helps, Issac tripped Greenburg over when he started naming possibilities of who the dad was as he walked by?" Lydia wants to laugh, but neither her or Malia do. Her head falls back against the seat, and frankly she couldn't give a shit if it makes the whispers in her head grow louder because she's been dealing with it all day now.

"I don't know what to do. I'm due in March and once Christmas is out the way then that's going to fly by. Malia why did I get myself into this situation" groaning into her hands, she kicks the floor of the car with as much force as she can gather up. Malia flinches, quickly takes her eyes off the road for a second to make sure the banshee is okay.

"You have us you know. And well it was your decision to have sex with Stiles, you could have said no. Actually, you could have used a condom" Malia pulls into the drive thru at the smoothie place, stopping at the back of the queue that's way too long. Lydia tips her head to the side, glaring at her
with annoyance but it doesn't last long, because technically, Malia is actually right.

They didn't use a condom, and they wasn't even that drunk to forget one. Lydia is sure Stiles would have had one on him at a party. A party is practically his element to hook up with girls, everyone knows that. But she can't just blame him, she was there too and she could have said something. Instead she just let him fuck her against the stupid bathroom wall.

"What smoothie?" The question jerks Lydia out of her thinking process, turning to find Malia and the employee waiting for her to speak. On instinct Lydia pulls her arms across her stomach to hide her bump, not wanting this random girl to see it.

"Mixed berries please" with a tight lipped smile, the banshee tightens the grip she has across her mid section, if Malia notices she doesn't say anything. She just checks the time to make sure they're not going to be late in heading back to school.

"We've got half an hour" Malia sings grinning as she hands over the money and grabs the smoothies, quickly handing them both to Lydia before driving out and onto the main road once again. She can't help but laugh, Malia turns up the radio singing at the top of her lungs to some song in the charts.

"Oh my god, you cannot sing" sipping on her smoothie, Lydia let's her feet rest on the dashboard. Her friend turns to her, begging her to join in as the song reaches the chorus which Malia now shakes her shoulders too.

"Okay fine" Lydia herself joins in, feeling a buzz that she hasn't felt in a long time as a couple drops of rain fall onto the window. She just ignores the downfall of the raindrops that smack against the glass of the car, instead singing the best, or even worst she can with her best friend.

By the time they're pulling back into the school parking lot, their smoothies are half empty and the rain is falling down tremendously hard. Normally they would dread getting out and running back inside, with heels on. But they're too focused on the feeling of being happy and carefree that they just step out into the rain.

It's cold. Boy, it's cold. Reaching for each other's hands, their legs push them as fast as they can while running back into the building which is crawling with students. Lydia feels as if she's floating, and the smile doesn't fall off her face, or even falter as the two walk down the corridor to where Issac and Stiles are leaning against their lockers.

It's nice to see Lydia like this, and it's nice for her to feel like this. She's relishing in the feeling of actually feeling like a typical high school junior who has just had a normal lunchtime with her best friend.

"Hey! How was lunch?" Her skirt is sticking to her uncomfortably like second skin as she walks, the jumper she's wearing is now dripping and looking as if it could literally be rung out like a towel. She's freezing, but she won't let it ruin her mood.

Issac and Stiles' smiles beam down at her, with Malia rummaging through her bag on the floor trying to find her Math text book which doesn't seem to be in there.

"It was okay. I'm guessing you had a good time then?" Stiles steals her smoothie, taking a sip
before quickly handing it back to her so she doesn't feel the need to snap at him. Instead, shockingly, she offers it back to him with wide eyes.

"You can have the rest if you'd like, I'm full from my sandwich and cookie anyway. But yeah it was great, we started singing and got carried away" Lydia looks down to find Malia growling to herself, obviously pissed that her maths book is nowhere to be seen. Lydia pulls her up by her arm, huffing as the Hale girl falls into her side.

"Share mine okay?"

"Fine. Thanks love you, I'm going to go toilet quickly" she rushes off with her bag, leaving Lydia with Issac and Stiles. The banshee chuckles as she watches Malia turn the total opposite way from the toilets, because it looks like someone is going to meet their boyfriend.

"Wait, are Scott and Malia official?" She asks out loud, the three of them walking down the corridor to the maths classroom. Some students have stopped staring, which makes Lydia glad because she's walking with their alpha and a short tempered werewolf. Riling either of them up wouldn't be a good idea at all.

Stiles goes to answer but seems at loss for words, stunned as he scratches the back of his neck.

"Uh no, he hasn't told me actually. Which, you know isn't okay since I'm his best friend but I'll deal with that later. Issac do you know anything? I really hope not as if you do, I will most likely be having a much more intense conversation with Scotty later" he sends the alpha a sarcastic smile, Lydia snorts behind her hand stopping once they reach the classroom. Waiting outside for their teacher to turn up, even though they are a few minutes early.

"Well Issac that was rather abrupt and quick. Anyone would think you're lying" Lydia bites the inside of her lip, nibbling at it and vaguely tasting the cherry off her lipstick. Eyes flickering between the two boys, she laughs at how Issac turns red underneath her gaze, let alone Stiles'.

"I honestly don't know- Jesus I walked in on them one time okay? That's all I swear, listen to my heartbeat Stiles"

She leans against the wall, watching them both interact with humourous eyes.

"Yeah well, it sounds like you're telling the truth but that doesn't mean you don't know how to regulate your heartbeat. Come on Lahey, are you being honest?" Stiles folds his arms, one of his fists reaching out to lightly nudge Issac who is staring deadpan at Lydia.

"Look what you've caused" he turns back to Stiles, rolling his eyes before Lydia gasps, holding her hand over her mouth.

"I did nothing. Like I would rile him up and then leave to sit across the room from you, do you think I'm that evil?" She winks, standing up straight watching their teacher stand behind Issac waiting for him to move so she can get through the door.

"What are you- oh. Sorry Miss" Issac mumbles, bumping into Stiles who steps closer to Lydia with a glare ready for Issac.

"Dude oh my god watch it, I think you forget you're like six foot ten" Stiles shakes his head, stuffing his hands into his pockets following Lydia into the empty classroom and over to his assigned seat.
"I am not six foot ten. Shut your mouth Stilinski" Lydia faintly hears Issac resort back to Stiles with impatience laced in his voice. Lydia laughs to herself sinking into her seat, glad she doesn't have to hear them bicker for the next hour.

Although, when Malia bursts through the door looking as if she's just been attacked, Lydia sighs to herself trying to fight the smirk that creeps onto her face. Her eyes follow Malia, who plops down into the seat next to her.

It's obvious to everyone in the room what she's just come back from, and Lydia catches the amused gazes of Issac and Stiles from across the room. The girl smooths her hair out, pulling her bra strap back up her shoulder before working on the work sheet in front of her.

"You've got a little" Lydia leans forward, wiping Malia's lipstick off her chin with her thumb. The girl rapidly swats Lydia's hand away, trying to not catch the attention of their teacher.

"Oh you're so funny Lyd" Malia huffs, scrubbing the light pink lipstick off her chin with her thumb and a scrunched up pissed off face that makes Lydia burst out into laughter.

Heads all around her lift up from where everyone is doing their work to turn to the red head who is laughing uncontrollably with her face in her hands. Malia joins her, not being able to contain her own humour as she watches her best friend in hysterics next to her.

Lydia's chest vibrates and bubbles with laughter as she imagines Malia's face from moments before, her cheeks heating up from the embarrassment along with the humour of everything.

"Girls! Stop it or you're out" their teacher spins around, dropping her pen onto the table with a over exaggerated bang, crossing her arms across her chest. The class starts to chuckle along with the two girls, watching as tears begin to leak from Lydia's eyes unexpectedly.

"Sorry" Malia manages to choke out but Lydia physically stop herself from laughing and she has no idea why. Maybe it's because she hasn't laughed like this in months, or it's because she feels happy and carefree, but it's going to her her kicked out of class if she doesn't stop.

"Right. Out. The both of you" their teachers voice bounces off the walls of the classroom as she shouts, her arm flailing out pointing to the door. Lydia watches as her teachers face starts to turn purple from the frustration and she laughs harder as does Malia, who snorts.

Which then sets off the whole class as everyone around them erupts into fits of laughter around them. Lydia packs her things away, covering her mouth with her hand as she follows Malia out of the room hurriedly.

Once the door shuts behind them, they let themselves go. Laughing into their hands, Lydia clutches her stomach as she groans though a laugh.

"My stomach hurts from laughing" she squeaks, breathing heavily to calm herself down. Malia is sitting on the floor, her back shaking as she laughs into her legs with red cheeks and bright eyes.

"I can't stop it" Malia pushes her hair out of her face, pulling on it lightly, trying anything to stop her from laughing. Lydia wavers on the spot holding her hand on her chest, breathing calmly as a few bubbles of laughter escape her mouth still.

"Try and clam your breathing" Lydia chuckles, leaning against the wall next to the door, which suddenly swings all the way open to reveal their teacher with bright red face, her eyebrows furrowed in annoyance.
"We can still hear you. Girls calm down or leave the school premises, don't make me report you" the door suddenly slams shut, sending a gust of air in Lydia's way which pleasantly cools her sizzling skin down a little.

The two girls wait out the rest of the hour by sitting on the cold, stone floor that's void of any looking students. They talk about a possible plan to try and find Melissa and Peter, along with stopping Julia and Deucalion.

"You know, if you wanted. I could help you set up some things for when that little thing arrives? I've done it with Talia for some of my younger brothers and sisters" Malia places her hand on Lydia's wrist, her head drops to the side resting on Malia's shoulder. Her hair tickles Lydia's face for a moment, whilst she considers her offer.

She actually hadn't thought that far ahead yet, it's nearly four months away now and she hasn't even had a check up at the hospital yet but she knows all that will come quick, too quick.

"Uh yeah. Sure. What do you do?" Lydia swallows hard, pushing her anxiety down, messing with the rim of her denim skirt that's pressing into her thighs. She catches a glimpse of how it really shows off her small bump, since it's a rather tight skirt and she immediately regrets being so careless this morning.

"We can make a playlist, it helps calm women who are in pain or who can't focus. We can decide whether you want a water birth, which foods and clothes you want to take. Anything that will make you feel better Lyd" her heart clenches at how much her best friend wants to help, so she places her palm on top of Malia's ring clad hand squeezing it to show her gratitude.

"That would be great. Thank you Mal" Lydia kisses her cheek, jumping up as the bell rings. It sends ripples of shock through her body at the loud noise, her eyes watching as the classroom door all swing open at near enough the same time.

Malia pulls Lydia up off the floor, helping her to her feet as they wait for Stiles and Issac. Students seem not to be taking much notice of Lydia anymore, the craze of her being pregnant must have calmed down over the past couple hours, thankfully.

"Oh you two are little shits I swear" Stiles jogs over to them, glints of amusement and humour sparkling in his eyes, which linger on Lydia a little too long for her liking. Issacs wearing a grin, but both Malia and Lydia can feel that he's not impressed two members of his pack got sent out of lesson.

"I couldn't help it" Lydia chuckles, snorting into her hand feeling like a kid again. One of Stiles hand falls down onto the small of Lydia's back, her eyes widen at the feeling but she covers it up with the sight of Ethan making out with Danny only a few feet away.

"Guys are you seeing this?"

"Oh my god"

"Boys gotta do what a boys gotta do"

"PDA Ethan. PDA"

Each of them smile, watching Ethan and Danny smile at each other before they hold hands, walking round the corner to the music room. It's not like they didn't know Ethan was gay, Lydia put her finger on it the day she met him, but seeing him happy with someone who isn't supernatural is a relief for his pack.
"One more lesson to go. What time is the pack meeting?" Lydia spins on her heel, Stiles fingers
brushes the bit of skin that's on show between her jumper and skirt, his touch teases her skin even
though it's innocent. She steps forward, before she says or does something that she would definitely
regret.

"Be at Scott and Stiles' for four thirty, gives you an hour to eat and stuff. I'll pick you up" Issac
rushes after Allison as she swiftly brushes past them all with a smile and a nod. Malia turns to face
the banshee and the werewolf, her eyes watch Stiles hands hover at Lydia's back for moment, her
smile widening.

"Okay I've got IT, see you later" She kisses Lydia's cheek quickly, her legs that are covered in
damp jeans walking off into the crowd of students. Lydia spots a knot at the back of her hair,
chuckling to herself before she swings her bag over her shoulder.

"You ready for Chem?" His touch is working her up, she can still feel his hand moving from the
small of her back to her hip as he winds her through the crowds.

"Never. You?" He drops his hand to his pocket, she can feel it. The loss of his touch, and it divides
her because she has no idea how to feel about it but for now it's a good thing.

Because she makes it through Chem without many thoughts of his touch, on her body. Okay,
maybe she has a couple of flashbacks to a certain party. But she clears her mind, reminding herself
that she is in fact sitting right next to a werewolf.
Lydia lingers in the corner of the room, the room which feels as if it's getting considerably smaller by the second. Scott and Stiles hand over Pip and Riley to Talia, wanting them to be safe over the next couple of days. And where else is safer than the house surrounded by mountain ash, full of hunters?

Her clothes are still damp, which is quite literally making her skin crawl at the feeling. Wet denim sticking to her bare legs is making her feel more than uncomfortable right now. But she ignores it, instead walking over towards the couch ready to rest her legs and sink into the cushions that are practically calling her name.

"Hey, y'wanna to borrow some of Malia's clothes? I can see yours are still wet" Scott's mouth is currently full of Doritos, his body leaning against the wall beside her. And then suddenly, both of them hear Stiles rushing around the house, putting things away that his parents wouldn't really like to find out are no longer intact.

"Oh well Liam will definitely knock this over as soon as he steps foot inside the house"

"Theo and Ethan would definitely fucking barge into this and smash it. Just like the last five times they've come here and broken something. Gosh- why do they even need to walk around with the stance of a constipated action figure"

"I feel like the clock is ticking" it leaves her mouth before she can even try to stop it, eyes dilating she curls her lips into her mouth. Her own lips taste of the cherry bakewell she ate once she got back here an hour earlier, the taste lingering teasingly.

Lydia would gladly eat another and her body obviously agrees with the thought, mouth beginning to slowly water. But she doesn't want to come out of this pregnancy with an extra twenty four pounds.

"Yeah. Me too. That's why we need to figure something out today" Scott chucks the bag of Doritos onto his bed, a few of the crumbs spilling out, blatantly dropping onto the floor in the process. Malia definitely won't be happy about that, she can't stand mess.

"Here" He throws some pink polka dot bed shorts and one of his or Stiles' old shirts, over to the red head who is hovering in the middle of his room. Her mind races rowdily, remembering the last time she was in here.

Nearly dying sticks with you, as much as she hates to admit it, it even changes you. You're outlook on life is different. Lydia doesn't want to think about it, but the longer she stays in the room the more it races around her mind.

Maybe, if she hadn't have nearly died that day, she would have got rid of this baby. Because Lydia had never really felt what it's like to be that close to death before then. And now shes experienced it, she would never, ever want to put someone she loved through that.
But then again, maybe if that didn't happen, she and Stiles wouldn't have become close again. And then they wouldn't have slept together, or even contemplated it. Which she would rather not think about whilst she's in his brothers room.

"Lydia?"

Scott's voice makes her jump, the banshees still standing in the middle of his room with the shorts clutched in her left fist. Her body jerks forward, almost like she's been abruptly dropped back into reality again.

"Oh, the pack just got here. Come down once you've changed. Lyd, are you okay?" His hands reach out, gently falling onto her shoulders holding her at arms length with his full brown eyes examining her from head to toe, skeptically. Lydia nods, she is fine.

"Yeah. Just thinking about how things are different now, that's all. Head down, I'll catch you up okay?" Smiling, Lydia ushers Scott out of his own room with a laugh. He closes the door behind him, hesitant to leave her alone up here, but they're all only downstairs anyway he figures.

It only takes her a couple of minutes to change, the skirt gets stuck on her legs on its way down which makes her frustrated. But she pushes the frustration aside, instead pulling the shorts up her legs, trying to get them over her belly so that she feels secure, mostly comfortable.

But they slip down to sit on her hips, her top doesn't cover her waist so she pulls the shorts back up again. This time they sit in the creases, between her legs.

Well, she might as well be fucking naked.

"Come on" Loosening the ribbon that is tightening them, she feels the waist expand so she pulls them back up again. They'll sit on her stomach now, they have to.

Instead they fall straight down her legs, pooling at her feet on the flush, cream carpet. Her fingers pull at her hair, a scream creeping up her throat, scratching vigorously at the back of her tongue.

No, come on.

With gritted teeth, Lydia picks them back up again. Bringing them up her pale, freezing cold legs and tying them gently around her waist with the black ribbon. She breathes carefully through her cracked lips, wanting to stay calm.

They stay there, sitting around her waist comfortably and easily. A long relieved sigh leaves the banshees lips, rather than the frustrated scream that was threatening to escape just seconds ago.

Pushing her legs forward to leave Scott's room, she's messing with the door knob when the dainty shorts slide right back down her legs again.

Staring up at her from where they sit on the floor, Lydia's body freezes for a second, right before her fist slams down onto the wooden door. It shakes with force, her hand aching and throbbing from the punch she attempted to make.

Only Lydia would smash her knuckles into a wooden door.

"Fuck! Oh my god!" The words spill from her mouth, her voice is raised along with a shaking shriek which causes the windows and the walls to shake for a split second. She doesn't notice though, Lydia just collapses back onto Scott's bed, her body void of any type of energy.
Faintly, she hears the door creak open followed by a set of footsteps. Not even being able to cry, Lydia just stares down at her bare legs, sticking out like a sore thumb against Scott's black sheets. Not missing the Dorito crumbs sitting a few feet away from her.

Why is she like this? Lydia's eyes sit on where her light blue, cotton panties contrast against Scott's dark sheets. She couldn't care less that she's sitting half naked, she feels violated. Is she fat? No, it's just the bump. But Lydia hadn't thought about this part.

The part where her clothes stop fitting her.

"Hey, hey what's wrong?" Stiles crouches down to his knees in front of her small hunched frame. His warm hands delicately land on her skin as if he was touching glass, he can't afford for her to break. So his touch is light and gentle against her, fingertips caressing her kneecap.

The feel of him in front of her, makes Lydia responsive, her back sitting straight now. Eyes opening wider along with her hands slithering down her legs to reach his.

"I don't know. The shorts wouldn't fit me, it got me frustrated" her voice is small, as if she's a totally different character all of a sudden. She feels as if she's transitioned from the cat right down to the mouse ever since he walked in, and it feels wrong.

She watches, Stiles eyes flicker over to the discarded shorts that are sitting by the door, the flash of pink catching his eye. But within a second his gaze is back on her, before it simmers down to look at her plump belly pushing against her thin shirt.

"Lydia you-. Right, look let's get you changed, you still look like the badass, beautiful banshee that we love, okay? You're our Lydia"

Her heart flutters uncontrollably inside of her chest, and the breath that was just caught in her throat, seems to leave her mouth easily. As if he's cleared her mind, her worries. So she nods lightly, rising to her feet along with him.

Her bones in her legs unfold as she stands, cracking which makes the boy in front of her wince. Lydia chuckles under her breath, looking down at her legs which she now realises, are completely bare.

She needs to cover up, she's cold and Stiles is in the room along with her. Plus, her panties are literally the most unattractive thing she thinks she's ever worn. Although she is pregnant, and also she wasn't planning for him to see her like this when she woke this morning.

"Here, these should be okay right?" He holds out some of his own boxer shorts, they're red and black Calvin's. Lydia raises a brow, not entirely sure this is appropriate for a pack meeting.

"Are you sure? Does Malia not have anything else?" Lydia takes hold of the boxers, eyeing them up with weary eyes. Stiles places his hands on his hips, pretending to be offended by her words but he gets it. Of course he gets it.

"I heard my name" luckily, Malia herself waltzes through Scott's room with a sway in her hips. Her arms wrap around the red head, pulling her petite frame into her own so she's partially covered in some way.

Stiles sighs, smiling as he rushes out of his brothers room. Without a look back, he races down the stairs to where the pack are waiting, most likely messing with the game of Mario Kart that they were eyeing up before hand.
Lydia feels better when she watches him leave, not in a sour way, she would want him to stay with her if it was a different circumstance of course. She spins around to find Malia rummaging through Scott's draws, throwing a couple of his shirts on the floor next to her.

"Here! Found something" the Hale girl stands up, holding out some leggings for Lydia to take from her. The banshee takes long strides over to her friend, pulling the leggings over her goosebump covered legs. Rolling them up at the bottom where there a little too long for her, not wasting a moment before wrapping her small arms around Malia.

"Thank you" she whispers into her ear, feeling her friend squeeze her tightly which makes Lydia chuckle against her shoulder.

If she knew things were going to end like this, Lydia would have stayed upstairs. The air sitting around them has submerged into a tick, awkward and rather angry atmosphere that is suffocating everyone within the room.

She has to sit down, everything gets too much and she needs to be strong. Her eyes start to flicker between Scott and Theo, watching the two of them bicker in the middle of the room.

"You're telling me that everyone knew apart from us? This is a fucking joke" Theo's eyes bore into Scott's, inching closer towards each other within seconds.

She knew telling them like this was a bad idea, but Scott and Malia insisted on it. Stiles and Allison have left the room, instead standing in the kitchen so that they can 'talk'. But everyone can hear the raised, frantic voices of them both arguing with each other, it's been going on for the last twenty minutes.

"Theo you don't understand, we only found out when Jennifer took Peter! Don't get all angry when it's not even your business, you're all being stupid" Scott kicks the coffee table over, immediately Lydia thinks back to when Stiles pushed it aside the day she told him about the baby.

Malia goes to stand, from where she's perched against the arm of the couch next to Lydia, but she stops herself when she watches Theo go for Scott. Everything then seems to happen in slow motion.

Allison barges into the main room, cheeks flushed red with overwhelmed eyes and messy hair that's she's obviously been pulling at. Stiles follows her, jaw clenched and icy eyes of his own that can't even stay focused on his girlfriend.

Glass smashes somewhere in the room. People start shouting, along with rushing over to where the commotion is. There's a faint smell of smoke, along with a ringing in Lydia's ears.

It's all too much.

Kira and Malia's cries and screams are vibrating throughout the room. The punches from Scott and Theo, not to mention the growls, bombard the walls of the house around them.

She's left alone on the couch, watching Stiles helping Scott off Theo while he still tries to explain to Allison that he didn't cheat on her with Lydia. That makes Lydia roll her eyes, as if she would do that?

But the banshee doesn't get long to dwell on the accusation before her eyes clamp closed, voices ambushing her mind with a ferocious volume that makes Lydia wince.
Her body falls limp, collapsing back into the cushions, oblivious to what's going on around her. Just as their oblivious as to what's happening with her.

The whispering is brutal, more harsh this time. And Lydia knows immediately that the third person has been taken, she just needs to know who it is. So instead of trying to fight and snap out of her fugue state, she lets it overtake her.

All of the background noise, the shouts and the growls start to fade away. Her small hands clutch at the sides of the couch, nails digging into the material viciously as Lydia feels the pounding, the relentless thudding of the echoing voices inside of her mind.

Faintly, she feels her nose start to bleed when she's so close. Close to hearing the name, she just needs to dig that little bit deeper like her Aunt taught her to. She can do this.

Argent.

As soon as the name shoots to the forefront of her mind with a bang, the banshee does what a banshee does best. Even if it's not in the most suitable circumstance.

Lydia screams.

Her throat feels dry, almost like sandpaper. Her eyes water, whilst her hands clutch her belly to trying to give it at least some type of security. Faintly becoming aware of the walls shaking around them all, along with the lights and pictures trembling along with the waves of her scream.

Luckily for them, no windows or glass matter smashes. Although Lydia looks rather disheveled and shaken up, but all the banshee can do is rise to stand on her trembling legs. Staring at Allison.

The pack, around her, start to stand up with her from their places on the floor. Where they had just been clutching their ears, there's some blood pooling at the sides of Malia's and Liam's faces but nothing drastic, hopefully.

"We need to go. Allison, Julia has you're dad" Lydia's voice is hollow, scratchy even, as she speaks. The Argent girl twitches not even making a move to leave and find her dad, but maybe she knows it's just some helpless lead that will lead them to another fucking dead end.

"Allison" Issac reaches out for her, she gladly accepts his light touch and even sinks deeper into her alphas embrace. Something about their interaction feels weird to Lydia, it's as if there's some sort of secrecy going on between the two of them.

Her eyes linger on Issac and Allison, they seem almost drawn to each other. A force bringing them close, and the banshee faintly sees something blue, around the two. She narrows her eyes even more, noticing almost a aura around certain people in the room, but it's gone before she even begins to comprehend if it was real or not.

Lydia bounces on the balls of her feet, not having a clue in what she should do next. Should she follow her intuition? Wait for the pack to make a decision? Her hands become agitated, so she resorts to messing, and picking at a stray hole on the thigh of Malia's leggings.

"We need-" Scott's interrupted by Allison, who steps forward and stands as far away as possible from Stiles that she can get while they're both still in the same room.
"What we need to do is find my dad. He's been taken, Scott. We need to go now, we need to get him back. He's going to die if we don't get him. We need him" the brunette grabs their alphas hand, pulling him behind her with force, brushing past everyone to get to the door.

Rage and pure, red hot anger sizzles through Lydia's body. How is she being so selfish? The girls green eyes follow the pair, Issac trying to stay behind but something is obviously going on between the two, so he just follows her.

He's their Alpha, he needs to take charge not Scott. Lydia's tongue traces the rim of her lips, really trying not to speak up and shout at the inconsiderate pair who are leaving the room.

Why should they get to leave though? It's not fair, and Lydia is shocked that no one else has stood up to say anything to then. So, of course it has to be her.

She can still feel the words seeping of bitter rage curling around at the back of her throat, the ones she's been trying to hard to hold back. To prevent trouble, but this evening has been full of enough of it, so why not put it to an end?

"Stop walking away, and stop being so fucking selfish" the words are spilling out of the banshees mouth before she can even try to stop them. Not that she would, though.

"What?" Allison stops in her tracks, only a few feet away from Lydia at this moment in time. Issac bumps into the side of her from where she's abruptly stopped rushing away, muttering something underneath his breath. It takes everything Lydia has not to roll her eyes.

"Just a recap, if you had forgotten. Malia's dad along with Scott and Stiles' mother have been taken too, sweetheart. So perch your little ass back down on your chair and wait for us to make a plan with you. Otherwise you're setting out for innocent people to fucking die, and trust me I would know" Lydia smiles from where she's leaning against the edge of the couch, her hip digging into the hard part of the furniture.

Everyone watches Allison's face grow red within a instant. And they can't even begin to tell if it's embarrassment or anger, most of them settle with the latter though. Because come on, it's Allison.

"Don't talk to me like that. Just cause you're a banshee it doesn't mean I won't try to at least shut you up with my claws"

Lydia faintly remembers Allison once saying how she hadn't turned into her were-coyote state for, what was it, four years? Five now? So when she watches her eyes glitch from brown to blue, she figures she's pushing her buttons already.

"Oh, honey I would shut up if you just decided be considerate and think of others. Your pack, even. And you Issac? I thought you had bigger balls than that, I really did. You let her pull you around like that? You're a fucking Alpha Issac, not a puppy" the red head steps backwards, literally feeling the heat steaming off Allison. Although Lydia doesn't back down, she just doesn't want to be close to her right now. She's got priorities.

Issacs face drops, and Lydia almost feels guilty for saying what she said to him. He's obviously having issues and she hasn't really helped them. But then she remembers how he was also willing for them to fuck everything up.

She's not the only person in the room who's thinking this. Scott can't remember the last time he saw Issac's eyes turn red, or even turn to his Alpha form. But that isn't a big thing now. The problem is how Allison could practically pounce on Lydia at any given moment. A very pregnant Lydia.
Scott looks over to Theo, Liam, Ethan and his brother, already seeing Stiles wander through the pack to get closer to the banshee. They know, she could throw Allison back with a scream, but Allison knows how to use magic. And there's a baby in the mix now, everyone knows that.

So Scott needs all of them at the ready to stop whatever might happen. Or, what will most likely happen by the venom in Lydia's words.

"Just cause you're carrying a stupid little foetus, I won't fucking hesitate to pounce on you" Allison snarls, claws retracting from her fingers, from being provoked by everyone's beloved banshee. Allison will call her own bluff.

"Just like you pounce on Issac whilst you're supposed to be with Stiles? Oh babe, hypocrisy doesn't suit you. Touch me or this baby and you won't live to see tomorrow, just y'know, putting that out there" Lydia stands completely calm, stirring up something that should have probably been left unopened. But you know what, sue her.

"Allison don't!" Issac lunges forward to grab the girl who's pushing the couch away with a force no one has quite seen before. It screeches against the hardwood floor, tormenting Lydia's ears.

It's all a blur for most of them, Lydia is pushed backwards into Theo's arms, landing safely with her eyes still focused on a bloodthirsty, ferocious Allison. Panic surges through Lydia, as she watches the girl staring at her stomach. A strong, surge of affliction courses through her. Feeling protective over her bump.

Scott and Stiles shoot forward, standing in front of her within seconds. Two powerful, vigorous growls emit from the pair of them. Stiles doesn't want to do it, he still loves Allison but that's the thing, this isn't Allison. He knows it's not.

What Lydia said was true, he agreed with everything she said. He had a feeling Allison has been having a thing with Issac, but had never actually called her up on it, seeing he had knocked another girl up. Hypocrisy doesn't suit him either.

Stiles has this urge to protect this baby, and this is the first time he's really felt it. The first time he's felt this pull towards it, and it's strong. He almost can't bear it.

He stands in front of the banshee, towering over Allison where Issac has managed to pin her to the floor. She's still screaming, raging and trying to mutter spells that are indicated to Lydia. Issacs hand on her forehead is stopping them from going any further, her passionate words all going to waste.

Malia aims her gun at Allison's leg, it will at least put her down for a couple hours. The wolfsbane won't be enough to kill her, but it will sedate her in some way. And god, Malia would do anything to not hear her stupid, high-pitched wines and stupid spells.

As she shoots, Lydia screams. It's a low scream, but to all of their utter shock and amazement it catches the bullet within the waves emitting from her. Causing the small bit of metal to hover in mid air, Lydia's hands swipe to the side from where she's still standing with Theo, and the bullet follows her actions. Dropping to the floor with a loud clatter.

Eight pairs of eyes fall back to land on the banshee, even Allison's which comes to a surprise as the girl finally shuts the hell up.

Her heart is beating a little quicker at the feel of all eyes on her, and Lydia realises she's never actually done that in front of them before. Also being relieved that what her Aunt taught her,
actually works. Even against people she's not particularly fond of, to her dismay.

Her feet pad lightly against the floor, slowly making her way over to where Liam and Ethan are standing, next to Issac. Her brown/reddish hair cascades down her back, still a little damp at the ends from earlier but she's barely noticed.

"Look, I wasn't trying to be a bitch. But we're a pack, Allison. And we need each other, and we need the people who have been taken. So tonight we make a plan, and we go to get them, okay?" Her voice is calmer now, and not as harsh as it was just minutes ago as she speaks to Allison. Her eyes now void of any colour apart from brown, her chipped pink nails are the only type of 'claw' that can be seen.

"Yeah. I'm sorry, it's just- I don't think that was all me. I wouldn't turn just like that, I think Julia has something to do with this" her voice is quick, the faint steady thump of her heartbeat shows she's telling the truth, and that she's scared. Her face is pale now, eyes full of dread.

"I thought the same thing. Let's just go downstairs and start planning. Tomorrow we need to do something. Scott call Derek and Laura, get them to distract Julia. Allison do you think Kate would join them?" Stiles tone is short and quipped with her, and his eyes won't even meet her own as he stands and begins to tidy the room around them all. All his earlier efforts clearly gone to waste.

"Yeah I'll call her. My mother and Uncle Rick will go too. Now my dads been taken, they'll want to do something" The girl rushes out of the room with Ethan, her best friend hot on her heels.

Everyone let's them go, knowing Allison needs her best friend right about now.

The air is tense, and most of the pack make their way downstairs. Lydia has no idea what to do with herself. She's conflicted between following Issac and apologising, hoping he'll open up to her. Staying with Malia and Scott to figure something out, or helping Stiles.

She settles for none. Itching to call her mom and to make herself some hot cocoa, she needs to know that her family are safe before she does anything else.

The phone call with her mother is brief and quick, she makes sure to say goodnight to Leo first though, her heart clenching at the thought of anything happening to him. Lydia can't even bare the thought.

Once she's done, the banshee catches the sight of Ethan and Allison sitting on the stairs, whispering to each other. Allison looks broken, and Lydia really just wants to go up to her and hug her. She's never felt like that towards Allison before, but the girl seems to have more to her than what Lydia can see.

Maybe, in another universe. They could be friends, and maybe they wouldn’t have to hate each other.

So Lydia just brushes past the two of them, and into the kitchen. The air in here is loose and cool, it's something Lydia sighs at the feeling of. Her chest doesn't feel tight and enclosed, it's nice, she thinks.

While Lydia waits for the milk to heat up, she sees Stiles stagger into the kitchen. His hair has grown rather a lot recently, she's noticed. Or maybe it's just the fact it's lost it's volume from the gel he put in it this morning, it's playing against his forehead now, the brown locks wavy and curling next to eachother. It looks good. Really good.

"Hey. Want some hot cocoa?" Her voice is soft with him, they've had one hell of a day and she
figures he needs it. She knows that she definitely does.

His stance visibly relaxes, muscles in his face loosening with his eyes fluttering shut at the offer she's made. A small groan leaves his chapped lips, making his way over to the counter beside her.

Before he hoists himself up, he does something that shifts Lydia's atmosphere. He plops a gentle kiss against the back of her neck before pushing up to sit on the counter stop.

She freezes, still feeling the ghost of the kiss lingering against her burning, pale skin that's tingling with a hot feeling of bliss and confusion at the touch. She's not sure if he notices her reaction, as he busies himself with the mini marshmallows sitting in his lap, consuming all of his attention.

The feeling is practically embedded into her still, but Lydia carries on anyway. Pouring the milk and mixing it with the cocoa into Stiles' favourite mug, along with her own that she's claimed since she's been coming round here.

The scalding liquid is nothing, as it races down her throat, compared to the feeling of where he kissed her. She knows it's just a small, comforting gesture that she shouldn't be reading into. But her hormones are all over the place.

"God, this is good. Thank you Lyd" his fist wraps tightly around his Star Wars mug, his long, knobby index finger tapping against the glass. And it makes Lydia's mind drift elsewhere, before she pulls herself together and remembers he's a werewolf. She’s on dangerous territory with her feelings right now.

So he's probably just heard absolutely everything, way to go Martin. And she thought she was the one with the brains. Lydia - 0. Stiles- 1.

Although, it's probably been more than one occasion that she's given herself away to him by emotions or heartbeat. So it's not accurate data for her to work with.

"Are you okay?" His free hand reaches out, resting ever so gently on her shoulder. One of his fingers twists a brown lock between his hand, feeling how smooth and silky her hair is. How it always is. Just how he likes it.

Lydia makes a mental note to try and wash out this brown hair dye when she has time to. It's not her anymore.

"Yeah. I'm okay, honest. Are you?" Her lips blow at the creamy solution sitting neatly in the cup. Her tongue burns a little too much now, and she doesn't want to damage it any more. Her steady gaze watches his face, how it falls and then perks back up in less than a second.

But she notices.

"As good as I can be. I love her, y'know. But I think we're just better off as friends now, I don't want to lose her all together" his voice nearly breaks, the deep sound trembles a little. She doesn't want to call him up on it, not wanting to humiliate him further or make him feel worse.

So Lydia just listens to him.

"I've known her all my life. I think maybe, after all the girls I got with. I wanted some normality, someone close to home. And Allison was there, and I was there for her. We lost our friendship along the way and I want that back, I miss her. But I have her anyway, it's just different now and I don't know how to fix things" he stares down at the half empty Star Wars mug sitting in his burning, piping hot hands. Maybe pain will make him feel better, make him feel like himself.
But a smaller set of hands take the cup out of his grip easily. He would recognise those dainty hands anywhere. With her pastel pink nails, that's her favourite colour to use. It's on her toes too, he even noticed she uses glitter with her toes. The rings on her hands are always there, she only had one or two when he first met her, now she has at least three or four on each hand. It's just Lydia.

He lifts his heavy head to rest on her own, her smell brings him back down to earth, back to himself. The sound of the rain pelting against the floor outside is the only thing Stiles can hear besides her light breathing.

"You and Allison will get there. You won't lose her, I promise. And even though you're feeling like you've lost a part of yourself too, as if your mind is floating between reality and some weird universe. You're still you, and I can see that you're still so strong and loving, caring and not forgetting a total jerk. But that's who you are Stiles and you won't lose that" her eyes don't move an inch, he counts how many times she blinks in the minute she just spoke. She blinked once, and that tells him how truthful and sincere she is, she isn't just saying it to make him feel better. She isn't zoning out or growing bored, she wants to be there for him.

Stiles long arms wrap around Lydia's small frame, and they fit together. Her chest pressed against his, while she pushes her arms around his torso, running her hands up to between his shoulder blades to stroke small circles against his shirt.

"Thank you, so much" it's barely a whisper but he knows she'll hear it. It's just for her.

She pulls away slowly, grabbing her warm mug and telling him to meet them all downstairs. She also doesn't forget to kiss his cheek, with a light, ghost of a kiss. It's just a brush of her lips really, but it gives him goosebumps on impact.

But he blames it on the window behind him that's open, and she disappears down stairs.

Leaving Stiles feeling a lot more like himself, and a lot more sure that she's his best friend. Because he really has no fucking clue what he would do without her.

Chapter End Notes

Omg how amazing was Dylan in Weird City?! I can’t stop watching it it’s amazing. I hope everyone likes this chapter, and also the storyline. There’s way more Stydia scenes coming up in the next few chapters so don’t worry! Thank you ! Xx
They don't go to school the next day. They've got too much to loose, and frankly learning about Shakespeare and Algebra is quite literally the last thing on their minds.

As soon as Lydia wakes in her bed, next to a snoring Malia, she knows something is going to happen today. Good or bad, she doesn't know. But she feels as if she's anticipating something, or even someone.

It's just turned eight, and she currently has no calls or texts from the pack. She knows Scott and Stiles are currently at home with the Sheriff, who is probably going out of his mind at the fact they've gone two whole days with his wife being missing.

Allison is with Ethan, at the Argents house. She didn't speak to Lydia again last night, although the banshee could practically feel the regret and guilt seeping from the brunette. Things with her and Allison have changed now, both of them know that.

And Lydia thinks that maybe, after all of this supernatural shit has been sorted and when they've got their parents back, her and Allison could be friends.

She likes to think that, anyway. Because she's forgetting a huge factor that has been preventing the two girls from being friends this whole time. Stiles Stilinski.

Lydia has no idea if they've broken up, or if they're still together. Maybe they're just friends now. But she knows that her and Allison are a big part of that boys life, and right now he can't afford to lose either of them. So she's going to continue being his best friend, not doing anything that will complicate that. Or her feelings.

It's Halloween tomorrow, and this is the first year that Lydia won't be attending a party. Last year, the pack went to one of Danny's 'infamous' Halloween parties. She went dressed as Black Widow, and to this day it has topped any other outfit she had pulled together for Halloween. Because even she can admit that she looked great.

Her outfit was the best she had ever brought, a Lycra black body suit that hugged all of her curves, with knee high heeled boots. She had never been so proud to leave her house that didn't leave much to the imagination, as bad as that sounds.

Of course she ended hooking up with Jackson, before the rest of her night was filled with flirtatious banter that flew pleasantly between her and Han Solo. Otherwise known as her and Stiles. At the thought, Lydia's heart pumps just that little bit faster, along with her mouth drying up that little bit quicker.

Before, Lydia didn't know how much things could change in the span of a year, now she does. She has a constant reminder of it, sitting on her petite frame, every single day. But, there is a small, tiny part of her that wouldn't change it for the world.

The girls own hands pull up her old 'rolling stones' t-shirt that she brought in New York, at least five years ago now. And she lets it sit neatly underneath the bottom of her boobs. Not wanting Malia to wake up to a rather, revealing sight, that is her half naked best friend.
Even though Lydia is pretty sure the other girl wouldn't give a shit. But just for good measure, she leaves her boobs under the safety net that is her shirt.

It's not too big. It's definitely there. Her skin is still the same, no stretch marks are in sight. But her belly is growing by the week now, and it's just then when Lydia realises that she's currently in her second trimester.

It still all feels so surreal to her, it's weird and out of the norm for her to be like this at just sixteen. She has heard of girls her age that are pregnant and don't even have a bump at four months. And ones who even have a huge one at this point. But she knows it always depends on your body shape, and how the baby is growing.

She's seventeen in March. And that's when the baby is due. Lydia's lips curl into her mouth, biting at them a little when she thinks that she's only in junior year and she's going to be a mother.

All of these thoughts are attacking her mind, ambushing it with scenarios that could be happening whilst she finishes the pregnancy. So much could go wrong, why didn't she think of this before?

She could die at birth. Losing too much blood could complicate so much, there's tons of births that go wrong because of the amount of blood loss. The baby could die too, there's always that possibility. Something could just be...wrong. And she hasn't even had a scan yet.

The banshee jolts upright in her bed, dragging the covers and blankets away from Malia's sleeping frame as she goes. Eyes wide, Lydia throws her legs over the edge of the bed and scrambles to her miniature diary that's sitting at the bottom of her bag.

Appointment 10:25.

She has her appointment today. This morning. How the fuck did she forget that? Sighing, Lydia presses her fingertips into her forehead, does she really have to answer her own question? There's a Darach running round Beacon Hills kidnapping her friends parents.

That definitely counts as something that would most likely make your mind wonder.

Not wasting anymore time, Lydia grabs a floral dress with some black tights. Pulling her body into the bathroom and switching on the shower in a record time.

The shower is quick, mostly because Lydia doesn't wash her hair. That takes a good few minutes in itself usually. Not to mention the process of drying and styling it all.

Lydia makes sure to wash herself with her favourite body wash, Apples and Cinnamon. It reminds her of Stiles for some reason now, and now it's almost as if everything is associated with him in some way. Although, they are bonded for life now, she thinks. Eyes flickering down to the bump.

She can't live with that mind-set though. The banshee makes sure she's washed away all of the excess soap, turning the scalding hot shower off.

"Lyd what are you doing?" A groggy, tired voice rumbles throughout Lydia's bedroom. The red head walks out with one of her dark grey towels wrapped tightly around her small frame.

"I gotta head out soon Mal. I've got a hospital appointment, I shouldn't be to long. Will you be okay here?" Lydia notices how the sky is darkening as each second passes, the weather obviously taking a turn for the worst. Her eyes narrow, something still feels off.

Shaking the thoughts away, she sways over to her closet, browsing through her clothes to find
something else. Knowing half of what is sitting in here won't fit, she just pushes them all aside with unnecessary force. Lydia knew already, that this would start to happen. Still, she can't help but feel extremely bitter towards it.

Lydia settles on a light knitted jumper dress to match her thin black tights. She takes a couple minutes to get herself dressed and ready, settling on minimal make up, also allowing her natural waves sit around her shoulders.

Her best friend is lying back on her bed, surrounded by cushions and blankets, not making any effort to get up from where she's lounging about. The banshee jumps down next to Malia, with her phone clutched into her hand so she can call Stiles.

"If you need me I'm here, okay? If he makes a dick move just call me and I'll be up there in a shot" the girl next to her pulls Lydia in tightly, for a gentle hug that relaxes her just that little bit. Her heart swells at her friends words, the genuine toothy smile makes Malia chuckle. She barely sees Lydia smile like that. It's nice, the Hale girl thinks.

"Hello?" His voice is deep, and raspy. Sending heat to in between Lydia legs, the hot white feeling causing the red head to shift a little on her bed. Wanting to relieve this tension that he's caused her by one word. Really classy Lydia, real classy.

"Hey it's me. You are still coming to the hospital this morning, right?" Her voice falters slightly, and she clamps her eyes closed while biting her lip. What a way to be subtle.

"Course. I'll be at yours in ten" hearing him shuffle around, probably to crawl out of his bed, they both end the call. It then leaves Lydia sitting in silence, praying to god that he will actually turn up. She pushes them feelings aside, turning to face Malia who is staring right back at her with a smirk.

"You two are weird. I can't even place what's going on with you both" the brunette whispers, her fingers toying with the blanket that she's wrapping tightly around her shoulders. All of a sudden Lydia's stomach drops, because she hasn't thought about what's going on with her and Stiles either. And to be honest, she's not sure she wants to.

"Enough about me and him. What the hell is going on with you and Scott?" Lydia sits up, excitedly, her hands gently hitting Malia's leg with anticipation. The Hale girl just groans loudly, pulling a cushion on top of her face, not doing much to hide her beaming smile.

"Come on Mal, I want to know"

"Fine! I mean, for the past...year I think? Yeah definitely a year, we've been practically together. But with everything going on we haven't made it official. I love him, like so much. I've never felt this way for everyone else but I don't know what to do next" Malia hauls her body up to lean against Lydia's headboard, eyes avoiding the banshees gaze all the while.

"I think, after all of this stuff with Julia is done. You tell him, he for sure feels the same way. I've see the way he protects and looks at you, I notice how you both can barely keep your hands off each other, how much he always craves to stand by you whenever he can. Malia, he honestly couldn't be more into you, so tell him. Okay?" Lydia grabs her friends hand, trying to get her point across to her. She shouldn't be doubting this, they love each other and what they have is special.
Lydia couldn't be more happy for her best friends.

"You really think so? I mean god I love him, but when do I tell him? Shall we go on a date or-" the excitement and joy that's filled Malia's eyes is relieving to see, to say the least. She's happy.

"Honey, calm down. We still have a Darach to defeat first. So keep all your date plans in your pretty little mind okay, because whatever you're thinking he will love it. Just like he loves you" Lydia kisses her friend's cheek, sliding off her bed to pull on her boots, feet aching a little at the heel but it's nothing she's not used to by now. Checking out of her window she notices it's heavily raining now. Great.

Though, it's definitely not a coincidence, rain wasn't even on the forecast for today. This has something to do with Julia, it has to. A deep, dark feeling of dread settles uncomfortably over the banshee as her eyes take in the grey skies, the pelting rain and the incoming blue jeep that is racing down her road.

"Call me after. I love you, and Lyd? Thank you" Malia blows her a kiss, before grabbing her phone off the night stand and sinking further down into her friend's bed. Lydia chuckles, grabbing her coat and bag leaving Malia behind to rush down the stairs. Mindful of the toys that have been left on the last couple of steps.

The moment she swings her door open she's met with a forceful gust of wind and rain, it scratches against her skin violently. But she lifts her bag over her head, running up her car free drive, hopping into the jeep, that isn't much warmer than outside but its safer. Moderately, anyway.

"Hey, everything okay?" His curious eyes watch her wide ones, noticing how similar they look as to when she's about to get a banshee feeling. But Lydia just smiles, nodding her head with her half brown, half red waves lightly bouncing along with the movement.

"Just nervous, I think" he pulls onto the road, glancing over to her as she responds. He can smell the anxiety and the uneasiness radiating off her small frame, he also gets a large gust of fresh, drying rain and strawberry. His nose twitches, along with his lips as Stiles tries to repress the smile.

"Yeah. I know. It will all be fine, Scott and Dad send their love"

"Awh, thats nice. How are they holding up?" Lydia smiles, but it fades at quick as it comes. Melissa is still missing, as is Chris and Peter. She has all three now. So they need to act fast now, Julia could be working on this stupid fucking sacrifice as they speak.

"Dad has been up all night. Ethan, Theo and Issac have been helping too. They've come up with something, I said we would head over there straight after" Stiles fingers tap against the wheel, his teeth briefly peeking out from his lips as he chews at the inside of his lip. Somethings up, and he's not telling her.

His eyes are darker than usual, the bags under his eyes much more prominent than they have been the last few days. He's being jittery, his body can't even keep still and she knows it's not because she's staring.

Lydia turns away, eyes still watching his hands that are now turning white. Crossing her legs, Lydia messes with the rim of her dress before watching how his hands are literally denting the wheel of his jeep.

"Woah, Stiles stop. What the hell is going on? Where's Scott?" When she mentions his name, the boy next to her visibly flinches. Lydia notices how his hair isn't styled today, it's usual quiff no
where to be seen. Instead it sits against his forehead, and it's a good look, she might even prefer this to how his hair usually is. But that's not the point.

"He's left with them"

"Who's 'them'?"

"The alphas. Deucalion. He went to try and help Mom but I don't see how they can help" his voice falters. Squirming in his seat, he takes a sharp turn as the hospital comes into view. Hesitating, Lydia reaches her hand out towards Stiles.

Just as he parks the car and shuts the engine off, her small hand brushes against his forearm. It's a small touch, but one that ferociously burns through both of them at the same time. Some of the anguish and pain that the boy was feeling seeps away, being under her soft gaze makes him relax somehow.

"This will be sorted, okay? We will get all of them back, including Scott. We take today one step at a time, when I get a feeling that's when we act on it. You with me?" The banshee lets go of the gentle grip she currently has on his arm. Then deciding to move so that she is holding her hand out for him to take.

Stiles hesitates. Even though he knows she's right, he's useless right now. But once his hand falls into hers, it's as if something inside of him just snaps. All of the worry, the confusion and fear; it simmers right down. Not seeming so dangerous right now.

Lydia lets go, clambering out of the jeep and waiting for him at the front. Stiles doesn't even think twice about reaching out to hold her hand this time, his cold bony fingers interlacing through her own. She's warm, he concludes. But he likes it, he's grown to like it, to like her.

As they walk Stiles stares down at her. Her hair is damp on some parts due to the rain, the droplets slowly slide down from her forehead onto the edge of her eyelashes, perching on the edge of the thin hairs, threatening to drop as she walks.

Once she blinks, he watches as one lone raindrop falls onto her plump top lip that's faintly shivering, most likely due to the cold. So he pulls her in closer to him, reaching forward to swing the hospital door open.

The black void that's been in his heart for the past few days re-opens once again. Eating at him relentlessly, his stomach drops without warning. His mom is usually at the reception desk, instead, Lacey sits there with a small smile welcoming the two.

Bitter. That's how he feels. He doesn’t particularly have nothing against this woman, he's known her for a while now. She used to give Pip and Riley sweets when they came, slipping a dollar to himself and Scott with a grin. She can be nice, but she's not his mom.

His hand starts to sizzle, when the girls thumb gently rubs over his own, leaving fire in its wake. Stiles can't help but smile, taking off his Mets Cap that he resorted to swinging around his finger.

"Hey darling. What you here for?" Lacey pulls open a tab on the computer, eyes switching between the banshee and the werewolf standing in front of her. Their faces falter the smallest bit, but the older woman doesn't comment. Instead, pulling up appointments under the name Lydia Martin.

Lydia curls her tongue inside of her mouth, feeling rather impatient as the receptionist takes her god damn time. The feeling of her and Stiles joint hands weight her down a little, but it's also like he's keeping her afloat at the same time. She definitely would have bailed if she came here alone.
No doubt about that.

"Okay, fill out this form for me hon. Wait on the second floor. Bye now" a clipboard and pen is shoved into her chest, it sends Lydia stumbling back a little bit. Stiles doesn't let her react, instead pulling her over towards the lift at an impeccable pace. She has to literally jog to catch up with him.

"Stiles, slow down"

Her breaths come out as heavy pants, but they make it into the lift in a record time. Clipboard and pen clutched tightly in her hands. She would have rather walked and waited but this works too, she figures.

"God, she used to be nice. Obviously because you're carrying my baby she has the wrong idea. Because Stiles would never do anything fucking wrong. So it's all onto the girl he’s with. It’s not even your fault" he mumbles to himself, hand still wrapped up in hers as they lean against the wall of the large metal container that they're standing inside of.

His eyes are closed. Lydia just keeps the clipboard and pen in her grip, not knowing what to reply to his words that have just stumbled straight out of his mouth.

The loud ping indicates they're where they need to be, and Lydia has to pull the boy behind her to make sure he actually walks out of the lift. They have bigger things than this to do today, for example, preventing people from being murdered.

"Stiles, come on" Lydia mumbles through gritted teeth, leaning back in the seat once she's finished filling out the sort of medical form that she was given. Her appointment was scheduled five minutes ago, so they're running late and someone's appointment has obviously gone over.

But it is only half past ten in the morning, so they've got a little more time. She hopes.

"I'm fine, just pissed me off. You filled that all out?" He points to the paper sitting on her lap. Leaning over, his hazel eyes scan the page. Normally, she would push him away and moan about him looking at her private information. But they're past that, so she lets him.

"Woah. You was on the pill?" The boy bolts straight back up, eyes wide with furrowed eyebrows. His lips fall open, waiting for her to answer. Lydia can't help but chuckle at the image of the confused werewolf sitting in front of her.

"Course I was, what do you take me for? I guess, it just...didn't work" biting her lip, she notices how their hands are growing sweaty where they're still glued together. Lydia then lets herself look at where they're bodies are touching. His knee has fallen open to brush against her thigh, and he’s brought their joint hands to lay on his lap.

Her insides ignite, feeling blissful at the feeling of his touch on her skin. But it all comes crashing down when her name is called out. It echoes throughout the silent waiting room.

She hasn't noticed the pregnant women sitting around her until now, it makes her feel torn. There is women with full term baby bumps in this room, the swell of their stomachs pushing against their tight, stretched clothes that don't do anything at all to even try and hide the round bump.

Her own eyes filter back down to her own belly. It's so small compared to everyone else's, but she knows it won't be for long. She's only got just over four months left now, it's going to go by
quickly. And Lydia doesn't know if she wants it to.

A tug on her arm jerks her out of her thoughts. Stiles is standing in front of her, his frame towering over her petite body that's still perched in the plastic seat.

There's a nurse. She's got dirty blonde hair, dressed in a blue uniform that matches her eyes. She looks mid thirties at least, she's pretty, Lydia thinks. Something about this woman reminds her of her Aunt Rosie. So Lydia pushes herself up, hand still clutching Stiles, as they walk over to the door that's being held open by the nurse.

"Good morning Lydia, you feeling okay sweetheart?" The nurse holds out her arm, addressing for them to take a seat. There's only one, and then there's a bed.

It gives her instant chills. Standing next to it, a sense of affliction bubbles up inside of the banshee. She's scared, because this is where it all gets real.

"Hey, need some help?" The boy standing behind her, drags his hand out of her grip before placing it onto her shoulder, letting it hover before she leans into his touch.

"I'm okay" Lydia lets her head fall back to lean against his shoulder briefly, she only does this for a second. Craving his touch, because it grounds her more than anything ever has before. He feels like her anchor.

Springing forward, she heaves herself up onto the bed before turning and lying flat on her back. The room is kind of cosy, it's just a regular hospital room with three regular people. Four, including a growing foetus.

Well, would you class a banshee and a werewolf as regular? Maybe not. But in this moment, they are.

"Right. So you're form says you was on the pill, no condom used and you conceived in early June. So you're just over four months, am I right?" The woman, who's name tag says that her name is Alice, takes her own seat on the stool. She presses a few buttons on the screen that's currently black, and before Lydia can even blink it lights up.

She's seen what an ultrasound looks like, she went to loads with her mother when she was pregnant with Leo. The sound always mesmerised her, and she always wondered whether the gel was actually cold or if the nurse was just over exaggerating.

"Yeah. That's about right"

Lydia turns her head to the side, taking in how Stiles has shuffled closer so that he can hold her hand. His head is resting against his hand, leaning on his elbow. Lydia stares at the veins sticking out a little, it makes her mouth run dry. Too dry, for a moment like this.

"Right then. Are you a friend or the father?" Alice gives Stiles a genuine smile, already knowing he's the father of this baby. The way his leg is jittering up and down, restless, whilst his eyes keep glancing from the screen to Lydia. His actions tell her that he's impatient.

"The dad. But we're friends" both Stiles and Lydia speak at the same time, the room falls into a weird silence that neither of them feel comfortable sitting in. The girls cheeks flush, tinting red. Matching the roots of her hair.

"Okay then. If you could pull your dress up and your tights down to just below your belly for me honey, I'm just going to set this up" Alice glides over to a cabinet on her chair, pulling out a bottle
of gel that will momentarily be on Lydia's belly. The thought makes her shudder as she hikes up her jumper dress to just under her boobs.

Before she can pull her tights down, Stiles is pulling his hand out of Lydia's grip and doing it for her. Being gentle in the process, he makes sure not to even let his hands brush against the edge of her pink panties that are visible through the thin, faint black sheet of material.

He returns to his seat, taking her hand once more. None of them dwell on the feeling that it gives them, when they touch each other. Because it complicates things, plus they're friends. And friends do this, they hold hands in a platonic, supportive way.

"So, darling this will be a little cold"

There it is, Lydia thinks. There's that classic sentence that Alice must say at least hundreds of times a day. How isn't she bored of it? Lydia knows she would b-

She shivers. Of course it's cold, it's a liquid substance that's been kept inside of a cooled cabinet. How could she have been so thoughtless to think it wouldn't be?

Or maybe she's just super warm today. Which is understandable, due to the circumstances.

The metal probe lands on her stomach, Lydia avoids looking down at her swell. She's been trying not to look at it a lot lately, it's a constant reminder that she doesn't want in her head all the time.

A steady, small, strong heartbeat echoes throughout the room.

It pounds against Lydia and Stiles' ears, sounding louder than it actually is.

Her own heart picks up speed, pulsating against her chest that's stilled for the moment. Lydia turns to face Stiles, who's eyes are stuck to the screen that she hasn't dared to look at yet. His hand, that's in her grip, squeezes her fingers.

"Lyd, look" his voice is barely a whisper. He's trying not to drown out the sound of the small heartbeat that's still very much present.

Forcing her eyes to look, she shivers softly as her head falls back. The soft thud snaps her out of her daydream, and she realises that she is staring at what she's currently carrying inside of her.

It's small. With a big head, obviously that's off it's father. But Lydia doesn't think she's ever been so speechless before at the sight of something, something like this.

"So you're baby looks healthy and as if it's growing great. No problems here, you've got a strong one, kids. Do you want me to print any photos?" Alice removes the probe, placing it back in its holder next to the screen that's now frozen. Their baby is still there, not moving around like it just currently was though.

"Uh, just one. Please" Stiles smiles, not having moved an inch from when Lydia last looked at him. She's never seen him like this, sure they've kissed and well, had sex. They've hugged and slept in the same bed, but the way his eyes are flooded with adoration and love as he stares at her belly. Lydia has never seen this before.
"Great! I'll print one off for you to collect at reception. Lydia I recommend you come back in four weeks, I'll book you an appointment and send a letter home to remind you. Have a safe journey home kiddos" Alice smiles, standing up and handing Lydia some tissues to wipe off the gel that's still costing her skin. In a way, Lydia doesn't want to take it off.

But she does, she wipes it away until there's none left sticking to her skin. Throwing the tissues in the bin on the way out once she’s got dressed again, hey bid goodbye to Alice as they walk out of the room. This time, they don't hold hands.

Both of them are silent as they leave. Lydia picks up the ultrasound photo that is inside a card, her hands shaking as she clutches it to her chest. It turns out from the time, they was only inside the room for ten minutes.

It honestly felt like a lifetime to her.

The jeep is cold. The last time she was sitting in this jeep she was clutching Stiles hand, not wanting to get out of the heap of junk that he calls a jeep, and she felt warm, safe.

Now she couldn't feel any less colder, it's messing with her mind completely.

"I kinda thought it looked like a baby alien at first. A cute one, though" his fingers tap against the wheel of the jeep, the engine stuttering to life as he pulls out of the parking lot. Lydia manages to laugh, just a little bit.

"Yeah. Kinda did" her tone is off, even to her. But he doesn't question her, he figures that's the last thing she wants right now. So obviously Stiles has to resort to his sarcastic humour that gets his life put in danger most of the time.

"Who are you going to give the photo to? You're mum?" He's driving slow, taking the route to his house but Lydia doesn't mind. Her mother is at work and Leo is at school, she doesn't think being alone will help much right now.

"No. I'm going to give it to Scott"

Her answer visibly startles him, his body coiling back into the seat with the snap of his neck as his eyes dart over to her in less than a second.

"Scott?"

"Yeah. I don't know if you've noticed, but he kind of loves this baby more than we do, Stiles" she knows he knows she's right. It's been in plain sight for everyone to see for the last few days, Scott has been asking about the baby all the time, staring at her belly. Not to mention couldn't be more against the idea of them giving it up.

It makes sense, Stiles thinks. To Scott, it's his brothers and best friends baby. Of course he's going to love it too, it makes the pair of them look and feel bad, that he loves it more than they do.

"Damn Lydia, you sure he's not the baby daddy?"

The boy instantly receives a glare, a sight of half red hair, plump but straight lips and harsh eyes now facing him. He chuckles, placing one hand up in defence as he continues to drive.

"Oh I wish, Stilinski. At least then the baby has more of a chance at looking cute" Lydia winks, hearing the boy gasp as the jeep creaks beneath them. It's a usual occurrence that the pack now know not to feel scared by.
“Oh I’m sorry. But a baby with brown eyes like mine and my moles? She will have boys falling at her tiny feet at not even a day old, Lydia” he smirks, removing his cap and running his fingers through his brown locks that are more wavy than usual today. His street comes into view and Lydia’s heart feels heavy again.

“Oh so it’s a she? Then I think she’ll get my genes, lucky her” she unlocks her seat belt, turning her body to face the werewolf in the drivers seat who’s nursing a grin with his lips.

“Yeah, lucky her alright” he doesn’t even look at her. It sends Lydia’s mind and body into overload. The way his voice vibrates throughout the jeep causes a burning heat to sizzle up between her legs. She needs to get out of this jeep as soon as possible.

Once the vehicle stops, she’s out in a flash. As is Stiles, strangely. They both push the front door open, almost like there’s something pulling her inside and she can’t stop herself.

The banshee walks straight through the house, through to the back garden that’s much more dull than she last saw it. The pool is now covered by a guard, the grass and the tiles on the floor are damp from the rain which is a little lighter now.

And there. Right by Melissa’s flower bed, stands Scott and Deucalion.
"You're telling me we need to stop Julia and we don't even know where the hell she is hiding?"
Lydia's voice is loud, she doesn't want to get this angry but she can't help it. Scott and Deucalion left a couple of minutes ago, what's left of the alpha pack along with Scott, are trying to locate the stupid woman who's causing all of this.

Obviously they've had no luck.

"Lydia, just give me your bag for a second" Stiles faintly remembers her mentioning something during one of their conversations a couple days ago. Something about how she's been doodling recently and how she needed a new notebook. But Lydia never doodles. Ever.

She barely gets to move before the boy is pulling her bag off her shoulder and rummaging through it with no thought of keeping her things intact what so ever.

Well, that's going to be easy to tidy later. The boy hauls out her notebook, rifling through the pages one by one with narrow eyes. Lydia groans, tipping her head back as she looks along with him. What could possibly be in her notebook that they need?

After a couple of seconds, both of them sit forward at the same time. Noticing the consistent drawing of a tree, on every single page. The lines are neat, and precise. Lydia isn't even that great at art, and she most definitely doesn't remember drawing all of these.

Then, just when sparkling green eyes rise up to meet melting caramel. They know. They've found it.

"The Nemeton" their voices merge together, barely a whisper that bounces off the houses walls around them. Lydia stands first, chucking her things back into her bag along with her book. Stiles doesn't forget to rip out a page before she takes it off him.

"Best hope that has no work on it, Stilinski"

"Nothing you don't already know, Martin. Come on we need to go now" Lydia doesn't miss the small grin that's tugging at his cheeks, because it disappears quicker than it had arrived.

She doesn't know what's happening, but all of the air around them grows thick and cold. Something slams against the front door, causing Lydia to whip her body around to face it.

It doesn't take a genius to figure out there's a storm outside. But it wasn't even forecasted for today, something is definitely going on. And by the way her brain racks as the whispers float around in her mind. Whatever the hell is happening, can't be good.

"Shit. We don't know where the Nemeton even is. Right, Lyd, go to Dereks. He and Peter know where it is. Call me when you get there okay?" His movements are quick, voice is frantic and the kiss that he places on her lips makes the banshee grow rigid under the touch. Stiles doesn't even process what happens as he races out the door and straight into the storm.

"Oh my god. Get a grip, Lydia"

She whispers, shaking her head, pulling her arms around her body as she forces herself to walk outside to the jeep. The wind isn't even as cold as she expected it to be, but the small bits of stones and broken leaves scratch incessantly at her skin. Lydia barely winces as she unlocks the jeep.
Driving to Dereks, she prays that everyone is okay. She can feel them, assuming that's a good thing for now. But there's so much that could go wrong, this is it now. Tonight someone is going to die, either it's going to be Julia or her friends parents, she can feel it. It's as if there's something cold sitting in her soul, over her skin.

It's the feeling of death.

The banshee bites her lip, driving faster to reach the Hales loft. The roads are practically empty, and it's not even late evening yet, it should be rush hour now. Lydia has no idea if there's a curfew out, but somethings not right.

Allison is waiting for her. Her brown hair bounces, slightly brushing her shoulders as she jogs over to where Lydia is shutting the car engine off once the jeep is parked.

"Hey, thought I'd join you. You feeling okay?" Allison's smile is full of teeth, it's genuine. So Lydia shakes her head, choosing the option to be honest with the girl in front of her, who seems different now.

They're both past the nasty looks, the bitchy comments and quite literal physical fighting. Lydia feels protective over Allison in some type of way. Despite all of the hate she once had, there has always been this sense of keeping her safe for some reason. She's never been able to quite put her finger on it.

"No, we need to be fast. Someone is going to die tonight. We need to do this, you with me?" Lydia holds her hand out, watching as Allison processes all of what the red head has just blurted out. Not feeling very optimistic at the moment.

But she takes her hand anyway. A warm, spark runs though both of the young girls. Although before they can comment on it, Peter Hale appears in the parking lot just a few feet across from them.

"Yes. We knew where the Nemeton was. No we can't find it. You'll need to think of something else" his eyes are dark, Lydia has always thought that. She's heard all of the stories about him being a dick of an alpha, killing people.

No one believes he's changed one bit. But they can't exactly make him leave Beacon Hills. He isn't even a threat to them anymore, if anything, he's helped.

They watch as the older Hale pulls his pale lips up into a sinister smirk. Striding forward slowly towards the two of them, his hands fidget from where they rest at his sides.

Lydia wants to leave. But they need answers, she's not alone she has Allison.

You can do this, Lydia, you're a banshee for fucks sake. You could knock him out cold, if you wanted to.

She sighs, rolling her neck at the sight of him inching ever closer.

"Oh how adorable. I can hear baby Stilinskis heartbeat. Can I touch?" He's close now. He's also mocking her, which doesn't settle well with either of the two girls that are standing under the darkening sky above them.

"Back off, Peter. You lay a finger on her and I'll make sure you don't even wake the hell up tomorrow" Allison's body jerks forward in seconds, shielding Lydia behind her hoping Peter fucks back off into the loft.
"Just tell us why you don't know where it is. Where is Derek?" Lydia steps forward, her legs that were previously shaking now just aiding a slight tremor as she walks. She has no idea why she's so afraid of him.

"Allison I could snap your neck in half but, I did promise Derek I would improve on my anger skills. So I'll let you off today, dear. And you, oh you little banshee, I'll give you some food for thought. Derek is with Julia trying to kill her with the hellhound"

He steps back.

"We can't find the Nemeton because our mother took away the memory. I couldn't tell you anything more"

That just can't be it. He has to know more, he's lived here all of his life and he can't even remotely think of where it is? They need to know, now preferably.

Lydia's eyes open from where she was screwing them shut, full of frustration. But when she looks ahead, Peter has gone. And it's just her and Allison now.

Her read hair blows with the wind, the air cutting through her locks continuously whilst she stands next to the blue jeep.

"We need to think of a new plan, where can we go?" Allison spins around, tears brimming in her eyes. And it's not the sharp winds that are causing them to form. Her fathers life is on the line, her father could die if they don't think of something.

The animal clinic is closed. Of course it is. But both of them know that it's definitely not empty.

Lydia and Allison jump out of the jeep in sync, slamming the doors closed with much needed force before jogging to the back entrance of the building.

"It has to be open" Allison yells over the thunder bolts that rumble aggressively above them. Lydia lets her try to open the door, Allison has the strength if it's needed. But the girl just prays that hopefully, the door is already open. The littlest thing could be a trigger for the brunette right now, and Allison can’t afford shift today of all days.

As they round the corner, Lydia catches Stiles walking through the metal back door. His hair is stuck to his forehead from the rain, along with his hoodie. But his face is occupying emotions that the banshee can't even try to figure out. So she runs after him, as does Allison.

It's warmer inside, that's the first thing they register once the door slams shut behind them. Wasting no time, the two girls manoeuvre through the clinic to get to where the raised voices are coming from.

Lydia's heart is rising remarkably, and she's sure Allison's is also. They're running out of time and she can feel it. And just as they skid into the back room of the clinic, it seems as if everyone knows it too, by the looks on their faces.

Malia, Scott, Issac and Stiles are leaning against the tables that are scattered around them. Whilst Deaton is currently filling up three ice baths that are sitting rather heavily in the middle of the room.

"What the hell is this?"
"Why are there three ice baths sitting in the middle of the room?"

Malia and Deaton sigh, watching Lydia and Allison walk slowly around the metal tubs full of water and ice. Lydia runs her finger over the top of the water, physically flinching at the dreaded temperature.

"No one knows where the Nemeton is. So we need to find it, by bringing three of you into an unconscious state where you will most likely find it. This will save your parents" Deaton talks and Lydia has a hard time registering how the hell this is actually going to work. Three people in this room have to essentially drown. Basically die. In order to find their parents. If this doesn't work out, they might not make it back alive.

"I'll guide you. I'll make sure it goes right and if not I know what to do. Malia and Allison you'll be doing it, okay? You need something that belongs to you're parents" Deaton pulls out a green plant, scattering it atop the water and ice. It floats, like it's weightless. It's so innocent, it's just a green plant that's involved in a ritual that could kill.

"I've got Peters car keys"

"I- uh. I have my dads watch. He left it in my car a few days ago" Allison pulls it out of her coat pocket, holding it as if it weighs a tonne. Malia has the urge to scowl, because everyone knows that Argent and Allison don't get along.

But Lydia sends the Hale girl a look, which she takes notice of and resists saying something that could cause an argument. The room is way too small for that at the moment.

"Stiles, Scott? Which one of you are going to do this?" Deaton stands next to the last tub, waiting expectantly as he scatters the last of the green plant. What ever the hell it is. Both boys turn to face each other, the choice eating away at them both as each second passes between them.

"You do it. She's your mom" Stiles hops down, walking over to Scott. The hellhound looks hurt, as if Stiles' words have hit something within him. Lydia's heart is in her mouth. People she loves are going to be hanging between life and death, and she feels quite literally helpless.

"She's your mom too, Stiles"

"I know she is. And I love her just as much as I love my dad. But Scotty, she's your biological mom. It makes more sense for you to do it. I'll be here, okay. I'm right here" Stiles tires so hard not to make it obvious that his voice breaks, but it weighs heavily over everyone standing inside the clinic. No tears fall from where there lined up at the rim of the brothers' eyes. They can't let them fall, it would be as if they're saying goodbye.

No one, is saying goodbye.

"So what do we do? I'm not going to stand here and do nothing. I need to know they're coming back" Issacs fingers run through his thick curls, causing them to look even more of a mess where they sit at the nape of his neck. Sweat has dampened them down, Lydia spots that there's even a couple beads of sweat trickling down his forehead.

He's the alpha, and he's scared too.
"Deucalion is taking care of Julia. We're fine for now. Okay, you will all need someone who can bring you back. Someone who you will come back for, someone who you love"

The veterinarians words cause each of them to freeze. The atmosphere shifts straight away as they all look around at each other. Having completely no idea what the hell to do next.

"But me and Mal are going in" Scott cuts through the silence that had been stretching on for the last minute. And it seems to snap Lydia out of her thoughts, so she walks over to her best friend, hovering at her side where she leans against the metal tub.

"Scott don't worry, I'll go with her" the red heads eyes drift over to Malia, who doesn't look back, but she does clutch Lydia's hand as if it's her lifeline. Its keeping her grounded in this moment.

Scott visibly relaxes, sending the banshee a thankful smile before he turns to face his brother, and his alpha.

His brother, meanwhile, seems to be having a rather hard time on who to go to. Allison or Scott. He knows either of them would be safe with Issac but it still weighs heavily at his heart. He loves Allison, he always will. He's known her for half his life, and they've learnt to love each other so deeply over the last few years. But it's platonic now, they both know that.

So when Stiles walks over to Scott, Allison smiles knowingly.

"It's okay. I know" her hand is already laced through Issac's as he stands behind her. Stiles is able to faintly smile back, before turning back to where Scott is already sitting neck deep in the bath tub. Shivering violently, with his had reaching over to hold Malia's as she mirrors him.

Watching the two of them holding hands, staring at each other with their teeth chattering whilst the skin starts to adjust to the freezing temperature, it makes Stiles smile in some way. His brother is happy, and he couldn't pick anyone else who would suit better for Scott McCall, than Malia Hale.

Lydia's foot is tapping the floor to a nonexistent beat, her nerves getting the best of her as they wait for Allison to get into the bath with Issac's help so she doesn't slip.

"Lyd, we are going to be fine. I promise" Malia stretches her head back, whispering to her best friend who is clearly a walking bundle of nerves right now.

"I know it's just- I don't think I could cope if I lost anyone. I love you, okay? I'm here" Lydia's hair is sticking to her neck, the heat in the room starting to get to her even more now. Issac had made a point minutes before that all of the heaters should be turned on for when they get out. Lydia is starting to resent that idea.

"God, you sentimental idiot. I'm coming back, I love you too Liddy. Don't worry" it earns a laugh out of the paranoid banshee, which eases Malia. She would have done this worried about her, but when she catches Stiles looking over to the red head, her nerves die down. Malia is glad he's staying here with her.

"Okay. Hold your arms to your chest with your parents things in your hands. We're going to push you under" Deaton stands at the opposite end of the room, watching them all with critical eyes. Scott clutches his mother's necklace in his hand tightly, whispering under his breath, hoping this works.

Issac, Stiles and Lydia shiver when their hands merge under the water. It's freezing. And when they mean freezing, Lydia swears that she can't feel the circulation in her fingers as she holds Malia.
under. Deaton counts to thirty, observing so all three of them are unconscious, safely. If that's even, possible.

"You can take your hands off now. It's been just over thirty seconds, they're okay"

"How long do we wait?"

Lydia's question startles the older man who stops walking, his posture stiffening at her question. They know that's not good, Deaton doesn't have an answer that's good enough.

"However long it takes. No more than twenty four hours-" 

"A whole day? The full moon is tomorrow night" Issac springs up from where he was sitting on the concrete floor of the clinic. The speed of him standing so quick makes him feel light headed, but that's probably also the last couple hours catching up with him.

"I know. It's safe, don't worry. We just wait, now"

Waiting, wasn't enough for them.

The first hour was full of silence, as the four conscious people in the room sat in either corner, eyes intently locked on each of the three tubs sitting in front of them.

Lydia's leg was jigging up and down, becoming impatient as her eyes switched between the clock, and the metal containers. The goosebumps that arrived ever since she touched that water, didn't leave her skin. They stayed embedded to it.

The rest of the pack have been sending updates on their progress with tracking down the Nemeton and Julia. No luck so far, on either ends. Because everyone is still unconscious, by the agonising fifth hour that goes by.

Then there is Stiles' breathing that she thinks she can feel hitting the side of her face. But of course, that would be impossible as he's sitting ten feet away from her, his mouth opening and closing every couple of minutes.

There's a couple of squeaks that emit from the animals in the back room, a rabbit or a mouse maybe? Lydia isn't sure.

So she busies herself, messing with the ends of her now dry hair. It resembles the feel of straw at the ends, Lydia needs her hair cut and rid of this murky brown colour that isn't blending well with her natural red roots, seeping through.

Issac's foot starts to tap against the wooden chair he's sitting on. The sound causing Lydia to flinch, springing out of her chair to her feet. Itching to move, to do something other than sitting in silence and waiting for them to wake up. That's even if they do wake up.

"I can't stand this, any fucking longer. It's been nearly six hours, Deaton" the girls voice is strained, eyes growing wider by the quick seconds that tick by. The older male, doesn't move an inch, his eyes lift to meet her own from across the room.
"Yes. We have eighteen more possible hours to wait. If you want to occupy yourself then go ahead, they're not exactly going anywhere" his voice is patronising her. She knows he doesn't mean it, at least she thinks that. But as her jaw clenches, fists following suit, the banshee sees red.

"Okay, listen. You may be Scott's boss and some miracle worker for the supernatural of Beacon Hills, but that won't stop me from screaming at you so loud that-"

"Right, we're going to take a walk. Ring if something happens" Stiles is out of the wooden chair, that was eating away at his ass the longer he sat there. Seriously, his rear end is numb. The boys hands are on Lydia's waist, guiding her out of the clinic through the back, wanting to laugh. Though he knows it's not exactly appropriate.

"You need food. And I need to sit in a chair that's not going to take away the feeling of circulation in my ass. So how about we head to yours for a quick bite to eat?" He has the jeep door swinging open for her, while she registers his offer. Frankly, that's all she wants to do.

Lydia wants to go home, eat, in bed, with Stiles, forgetting about the fact they're living in a supernatural freaking world. But that's not even an option, for any of them. Being pregnant isn't her get out of jail for free card, that would be unfair.

"Do i even need to answer?" Lydia smiles, genuinely. It's contagious, because the boy sitting next to her smiles too. Before his hands falls over to land on her thigh, lacing his slender fingers through her own ring clad ones. And they fit, they won't admit it of course. But they fit.

"It's been a long day. I don't think I'm going to sleep tonight" she speaks up again, once they're on the road and minutes away from her house. Something with Stiles, that Lydia will always be grateful for, is their silence. He doesn't have to spark up conversation, neither does she. They could sit together for hours, draped in a comfortable silence that somehow, is more intimate to them than anything else they have so far.

"You will sleep. What do you take me for Lydia, I'm not letting a sleep deprived banshee wonder round town"

"Scared I'll turn on a guy who tries to make a pass?"

"Oh definitely not. I'm scared you'll quite literally scream in my face if I rub you up the wrong way. And I'm not dying today, Martin"

"Oh Stiles, you could never rub me up the wrong way"

Lydia takes back her previous train of thought immediately. The air turns thick, drowning them in it as both of their faces fall. The teasing atmosphere now just a distant memory as the innuendo that Lydia let loose, settles over them.

Because, each of them know that Stiles definitely couldn't rub her up the wrong way. Oh, don't they just know it.

So once again that night, Lydia focuses on the sounds that settles around her. The jeep creaking, is something that is almost normal to her know considering how many times she's been inside the thing.

Although, when they pull up in her drive, Lydia spots a shadow upstairs in Leo's room. Her mother, holding her little brother in her arms as his head tips back. Laughter rippling through his throat as his giggles bounce off the walls. The amount of love and adoration that Lydia feels in...
that moment, is something she didn't know that she could even carry. Let alone feel.

"You coming?" Stiles is beside her now, the passenger door wide open with his hand held out waiting for her to take. Now, there's two options that this banshee could pick.

One, is the obvious. Be a closed off, stone cold bitch. Totally ignore his gesture, walk ahead and ignore him for the duration that she has to spend with him. All because of an awkward innuendo that she made. That's the easy option. Lydia doesn't know if she's feeling like taking the easy route today.

Second, is one that could backfire. She takes his hand, like she really wants to, let him lead her inside and they go back to how they was only five minutes ago. Back to the thoughtful, caring relationship that they've been having. With just a small hint of sexual tension, but that's just minor. Very minor.

Both of these options aren't appealing to the girl. So instead, she turns around placing her hands on his shoulders. Jumping down before linking her arm through his own, a small smile in the corner of her lips.

"Yes. I'm starving" she laughs, hoping to ease the air between them both.

"Me too. I hope your mum has been shopping, she normally buys those uh- shit, I forgot what they're called. They like have cream in the middle"

"Oreos"

"Yes! Them! God, I love them" the door swings shut behind them as they remove their shoes in the doorway, not wanting to feel the wrath of Natalie Martin today.

"You! You always eat them. Y'know I look forward to those so much and when I go to actually eat them, they're somehow magically gone. I've been blaming Leo" the hot headed, five foot three banshee slaps Stiles' chest. Her eyes are narrow, eyebrows furrowing in the process just as he mother and Leo run down the stairs.

"Woah calm down, Lyd. I mean, if you really want them, you're going to have to fight me for them. Hey buddy!" Stiles directs his attention to the little boy clutching his teddy in his small hands, that are also reaching up for Stiles to pick him up off the floor.

"Stiles! It's Teddy" her little brother starts a conversation with the brunette boy, as he carries the smaller Martin through to the kitchen. Lydia turns to her mother, who's leaning against the wall with humour in her eyes.

"Mom! You're letting him take them. Oh my god, today is so not my day" Lydia marches, bare foot, into the spacious kitchen which is aiding an Oreo munching Stiles and Leo at the dining table.

Her anger dissolves, eyes fixating onto her younger brother who's mouth is already smothered in biscuit crumbs. Eyes softening, the red head sits down at the table next to Stiles, lifting her legs to rest over his lap.

Neither of them address her actions, instead talking to Leo, hearing him rumble on about his friends at nursery and his latest painting that's drying overnight. It's of his dinosaur, no surprise there.

"Who do you love more Lee? Me or Dino?" Lydias grin makes the little boy chuckle with another Oreo hanging out of his mouth. Shuffling back into his seat, Lydia's little brother decides to cover
his face with his hands.

"Dino" he whispers, Lydia gasping as she drops her feet from Stiles lap, who is also looking rather amused at the scene unfolding.

"That's mean!" Lydia runs round to where he's sitting, kissing his cheek before letting him run back into the living room, as he jumps onto one of the couches watching one of his cartoons with a smile.

"What's happening?" Natalie slides out two plates in front of Lydia and Stiles. The sandwiches with chips makes the girls mouth water uncontrollably as she dives forwards to, gracefully, stuff her mouth with food. A small moan escapes her wet lips as she munches on the food that her mother has made.

Both Natalie and Stiles, stare at the girl who's acting as if she's been starved, and as if she's also grown another head in the process. But the older Martin woman just chuckles, knowing exactly how hungry you can get during pregnancy.

"Well, Liam and the rest of the pack are trying to find Julia and the Nemeton. That's where Melissa, Chris and Peter are. The full moon is tomorrow night and that's when we need to do it. All while Allison, Malia and Scott are back at the clinic currently half dead submerged in an ice bath. This supernatural life is oh so glamorous" Stiles mutters, all in one breath. Before diving into the food himself, understanding why Lydia has moaned moments before. Natalie Martin can rustle up one good sandwich.

"Jesus. Keep me updated both of you, okay? Stay safe, please just be careful. I've got to put Leo down otherwise he's going to be up until god knows what time. If I don't see you before you leave, I love you. Both of you" Lydias mother kisses her, her arms clutching onto her daughter for longer than she normally would. Hating that this is the life she's leading, that they all have to lead. But it is what it is.

She doesn't miss Stiles out, kissing his forehead also before leaving them both in the kitchen to finish their dinner. Even though it's nearing ten on the night, and the both of them are beyond exhausted.

"I love you, mom" Lydia calls back, without missing a beat. Tears spring to her eyes threatening to spill without any warning, but she keeps them at bay. Not wanting them to flood her senses now. She's strong, and they've got this. They're going to get that bitch, all while saving their loved ones in the process.
Hi guys! Sorry I haven't really been uploading as often, I've had college and a lot of things going on but trust me you'll love the next chapter ;). I hope you enjoy this one. Thank you for all the comments and kudos it means so much! X

"Any change?" Issac and Deaton both shake their heads to Lydia's question. She hands them both a packet of chips, her hand lingering on Deaton's shoulder. Regretting what she said those couple hours before.

He just smiles with a slight shake of his head, taking the packet off Lydia and rising out of his seat himself. It's near enough midnight now, there was traffic on their way back as the storm had started up again, a report about a tree blocking one of the roads in Beacon Hills.

"I'm just going to do some paperwork, you guys okay to keep watch? I'm in the back if you need me"

The vet disappears back into his office without another word. Leaving Stiles, Lydia and Issac silent. Sitting in the room with three nearly dead members of their pack.

"Issac if you want to go and grab some food or something, we can stay for a while?" Lydia slowly heads over to where her alpha is leaning against the wall, eyes fixated onto Allison, sleep pulling greedily at his eyelids.

"Sure- i mean I'm going to call her mom, Talia and Noah. I'll call Theo and Liam after too-"

"Bud, just get some rest. We're here. Deaton has a couch in the waiting room. Chill for a while" Stiles crouches down, placing one of his hands onto Issac's shoulder hoping to persuade him to at least get him to have a nap. Something that will guarantee he can gain more of his strength over the next few hours.

"Yeah. Okay, but if something happens wake me as soon as, please?"

"You don't even need to ask" Lydia smiles, grabbing his wrist, beside Stiles, the pair hauling Issac up from off the floor. A small chuckle leaves his parted lips, before he's grabbing his phone and closing the door behind him in his path.

Stiles slides down the wall, followed by Lydia, sharing the packet of Oreos that they managed to sneak out with them. Hiding from Natalie.

It's two in the morning. The room is dark, both Issac's and Deaton's snores echo throughout the building, it brings peace to Lydia. Knowing that they're asleep and safe, that they're okay.

"Are you tired?" This is the first thing he's said to her since they sat down two hours ago. The half eaten packet of Oreos now abandoned in Lydias purse, that's leaning lightly against her thigh.

Surprisingly, she's warm. Considering the attacking wind that is pounding against the windows and
walls of the clinic from outside, almost like it's begging to break in.

"Sort of. But I'm okay. You?" She turns her head, her chin brushing his shoulder in the process. It makes her warmer, almost hotter, from the smallest touch. He shouldn't have this effect on her. Get a grip, Lydia.

"Yeah, but someone has to stay awake. You go to sleep, you need it" his words are laced with desperation. And both of them know that this is the start of a never ending argument on who's going to sleep. Lydia knows she will win, doesn't she always?

"Stiles I'm fine. You're the one who might be physically fighting, just sleep and I'll read or something" the banshee gestures to the pages of her current book sticking out of her purse that's slipped against her thigh, now leaning against her knee. Stiles brings his head back, lips turning up as he smiles.

"You carry a book with you? Oh my god, Lydia" he can't help but bark out his laughter that's been bubbling, his chest vibrates against her arm. The red head just sighs, curling her lips into her mouth, biting at the insides of her cheek.

"Well, you never know when you're going to be stuck in traffic. Or y'know, stuck in a room full of your half dead pack mates and the boy that got you pregnant, whilst waiting to kill a supernatural" the sarcasm radiates off her, halting Stiles laughter and now bringing it down to low, husky chuckles. The boys eyes glimmer under the light off the moon, and street-lamps that sit outside.

"Oh so I'm just the boy that got you pregnant now, am I? I thought we were actual friends, little miss banshee" playfully, Stiles shuffles away from her. Now leaning against the cabinet, putting a couple of feet between the two of them.

Now Lydia knows why she was warm. It was him. The cold, icy air coils around her body making her shiver upon the contact with the air that's managed to creep inside.

"Jesus, don't take it to heart wolf boy" rolling her eyes, Lydia lets her head fall back against the wall as she stares at him, still. He's enjoying the interaction between them, it's obvious by the look in his eyes. Not to mention the shit eating grin that he's nursing.

Five minutes pass by, without them talking again. Stiles has been playing a coin collector game on his phone, jumping and mumbling underneath his breath when he looses. After the hundredth time he does it, it really starts to get annoying, so Lydia resorts to pulling her book out of her bag.

The weight of the paperback, sitting in her hands, makes Lydia feel at ease. Reading is something she will never get tired of, something she will never leave behind. Along with Math.

Her eyes skim the lines full of words, ones that make her lips twitch, her eyes narrow and her grip tighten. Lydia's mind has drifted, she's in a totally different world. One full of words, feelings and knowledge, a world that she loves all too much.

But when a breeze tickles Lydia's skin once more, her shiver grabs Stiles attention. She doesn't have a coat, all she's got is her jumper dress and tights, that's definitely not enough. But he waits her out, he can see she's getting antsy with him being so far away.

"Stiless...?"

"What"

"Come back, I'm cold"
"You done being mean to me then, Martin?"

She can't hold back the eye roll, as much as she wants to. Her pleading makes him give in though, his arms reaching over to pull her body across the floor so that she's now sitting flush against his side. Lydia doesn't hold back, throwing her calves across his legs, craving more heat.

Her book, her world, now forgotten and placed back safely in her bag, where it can't get damaged.

"Warm now?" His breath tickles the skin against her neck, sending jolts of heat, that Lydia knows isn't very appropriate, straight to her stomach. Creating a fireball within her.

"Mmh. Thank you" Lydias cheek rests against his shoulder, she turns so that her own lips are close to his jaw. Pretending to look down from his shoulder at his phone, watching him with his stupid game, Lydia makes it her mission to stare at him.

His moles are something she doesn't think she'll ever get tired of counting. Now, don't get her wrong, she loves maths. However, if maths involved counting the freckles and moles at are embedded into Stiles' shimmering skin, then Lydia thinks she would combust with it.

His jaw line is prominent, creating a shadow against his neck, the darkness hiding some of the colour of his skin that Lydia's come to love. But the girl can also see where he's shaved, it's not much, there isn't much stubble there really since he's only just turned seventeen.

She's not sure how long she stares. It's been a while, the bone of his shoulder now creating a longing, sore ache on her jaw. But she doesn't dare to move, not much anyway.

Accidentally, as she moves, Lydia's plump lips brush the boys collarbone. The air around them shifts once more, as Stiles fingers stop moving against his phone along with the movement of his body.

Wanting to do it again, Lydia has to stop herself from giving into her desires. This isn't the time, or the place for them to get into something like this.

Issac and Deatons snores still float around the walls in the building. Not to mention, the three metal ice baths in front of them, holding the bodies of their best friends.

Stiles cranes his neck, turning to face the banshee sitting against him. He's thinking the exact same, knowing that it would be all kinds of wrong to open something they can't put back.

It's been four months since they touched each other so intimately. Four freaking months since they had sex and got themselves into a rather large mess.

"Don't. We can't" her voice is barely a whisper, but he hears her voice loud and clear. He always will. Her light, breaths fan against his face, dancing around his skin leaving fire in its wake.

"Do you want to, though?" He briefly recognises how his voice sounds. Stiles rarely sounds like this, he only sounds like this when he gets desperate. When he wants something badly. Though he’ll never admit it to himself, how he feels about the girl pressed up against his side.

Lydia has her own box inside Stiles' brain. He never opens it.

"Stiles, of course I do. But we can't, not here" Lydias eyes flutter closed when his hand lands on
her thigh. A little too high up to be considered innocent.

But she doesn't make any type of move to push him away, instead inviting him in. She still sticks by her word, about not being able to do anything here, it's too much.

"I know. Fuck, I just. I don't know where we stand, I want this though. I want to kiss you, Lydia" Stiles' voice changes, it's deeper. Husky, even. The vibrations from his voice rattle against Lydia's body, lighting her up as he goes.

They drift towards each other without even knowing it, unable to resist the temptation. Just as their lips enter each other’s close proximity, brushing lightly and earning a longing sigh from them both, the door swings open behind. And in walks Issac with tired, red eyes.

"Hey guys. It's like nearly five, you can both crash on the couch whilst I wait. I'm not too tired now. Thank you, for keeping watch for me" at the sound of the alphas voice, they jump apart in less than a second, darkness settling around them.

There's a feeling, sitting in the bottom of Lydia's stomach. It's not the heat that started to pool when they got closer, it's the disappointment and the want. She wants him, they both know that, and Stiles can most likely smell it. It's radiating off her in strong waves.

But the two of them stand, grabbing their things before saying goodnight to Issac and making their way, quickly, to Deatons office. There's one couch, obviously. Like this is going help their current situation?

"We can share. It's cold, so" the banshee shrugs, lying down on her back while pushing her body as far into the warm, inviting cushions as much as she can. Making sure to leave room for the boy lingering across the room with wide eyes. She can see, even in the dark.

"You sure?"

"Yes, just come here" Lydia lifts her hand, reaching out for him so her can walk over to her. He does, his hand falling into hers with certainty. It's as if he's holding a ball of electricity, shocking her when he lies down, pressing the side of his body into her own. Tight.

Lydia swallows, hard. As she drapes his and hers coats over them selves, tucking her cold arms under as she has no idea where the hell to put them.

"You're so awkward" he laughs into her hair, his breaths making the thin locks fly up into the air for a couple of seconds, tickling them both in the process "just hug me, y'idiot" he says, lips resting near her ear as he pulls her arms around his chest.

It's comfortable, it's warm, and it's natural.

They don't mutter another word into the darkness that settles around them, just as the days events catch up on them. Bringing them into their sleep, gently.

"Stiles! Lydia, get the hell up"

Issac's voice jolts Lydia out of her dazed sleepy state, where her head was previously sitting on Stiles chest. She decides not to think about how her body was practically covering half of his. It’s a small couch.
"What?" Stiles is groggy, and feeling rather short tempered by the way his eyes stare Issac down. Both werewolves look away from one another, nipping the argument that was brewing in the bud.

"They're awake. Come on"

They don't need to be told twice, all three of them run through to the back room. Not even thinking twice about staying to lay down on the uncomfortable couch any longer, because both Stiles and Lydia are sure they're going to have a bad neck tomorrow.

Scott, Allison and Malia stand leaning against the wall. Towels wrapped around either of them, teeth chattering and bodies shaking. Lydia rushes forward to Malia, her dainty hands landing on the girls shoulders before she can even get a word in.

"Are you okay? Don't lie, Mal" Lydias full of anxiety, something could have happened. They were out for hours. Nearly twenty four hours, to be exact.

"Yeah. I'm fine Liddy, honest. I know where it is" the Hale girl doesn't waste anymore time, letting Peters car keys drop, cluttering loudly against the floor as she makes a move to run out of the building.

From where Stiles and Issac are speaking to Scott and Allison, Lydia is pretty sure the other two have the same motive as Malia. It could very much get them killed.

"Malia, stop. We need to think of a plan, just stay. An hour max" Lydia runs after her, pushing herself to catch up with the girl that's barely made it out of the door. The damp towel still hanging around her body.

"My plan is to go and get Peter. Then I'm going to kill Julia, with my bare hands" she's not bluffing, Malia never bluffs. She's really going to do it. Lydia can see the determination in her eyes, filling them up in seconds. The banshee can't say anything to persuade her best friend to stay, nothing will stop her.

"Malia, Lydia is right. Just come back, we have time" Scott lingers in the doorway, holding his hand out ready for Malia to take. She's hesitant, with one foot already half out the door and ready to run.

But she lets it close behind her, striding over to Scott clutching the towel in her fists as she goes. Lydia breathes a breath of relief, her body relaxing from how she had been on the verge of being ready to chase after her friend just a minute before.

"Right. So we have tomorrow until the full moon. We need to-"

Scott is cut off by Deaton, and a rather loud chocking noise from Issac who is standing beside him. "Scott. You was out for nearly twenty hours. The full moon is in less than seven"

The room falls into a silence once more, the wide eyes coming from the three drenched people wrapped in towels is too much to handle. They’re speechless, did it not feel like they was out for that long?

Surely, that can't be good.

"Shit. You could have started off with that, maybe. Just a thought, Deaton" Stiles scratches his jaw as his pointed eyes look the man up and down. Nothing phases the vet, not a single thing and it makes Lydia wonder just what he's seen throughout his life.
"Okay. We still have time, right?" Lydia shuffles on her feet, a dull ache beginning to form in the arches of her feet causing her to wince a little. She's been wearing heels for more than twenty four hours now. She needs to really re-consider her shoe choice.

"Yeah, Lydia is right. We do have time. And this is what we're going to do" Issac slams his hand down onto the metal table, a smile on his lips as he straightens his back up. They can do this, they've defeated a Kanima and they can do a Darach.

Well, Lydia hopes they can.

___

Lydia doesn't know who is alive and who isn't. It's nearing one in the morning now, the full moon has already been at its peak. The voices in her head have been on overdrive, but no names have flown to the forefront of her mind yet.

"Liam, have you tried calling again?" Lydia's pacing, her feet are going numb now. She's still in the same clothes that she put on yesterday morning and a shower is practically calling her name. But that's the last thing on her mind.

Theo, Kira and Liam are leaning against the side of Theo’s car, arms wrapped around themselves to try and conserve heat. It's freezing out, it has been all night.

Scott and Issac went with Deucalion. While Allison, Malia and Stiles raced to reach their parents, they wasted no time once Issac figured out a plan. That was six hours ago.

And they haven't heard off anyone since.

"Yeah. It's going through but no pick up. I can track them by scent?" The younger boy eyes up the woods, that's lingering behind them menacingly. The trees are creaking lightly, branches snapping against each other as the wind races around them.

It's too dangerous. And Lydia is terrified.

Her heartbeat is beating ten to the dozen, attacking her rib cage and causing her breaths to grow heavy and irregular. Even though what she's wearing is long sleeves, it doesn't stop the constant chills that run briskly down her spine. Causing her eyes to water.

She needs to think of a way to communicate, because her pack doesn't seem to think that letting her know they're safe, is a priority. And frankly, the rest of them are going out of their freaking minds.

"Liam, howl"

"What if it draws attention to us?"

"Liam just do what Lydia says. It's the only way we can see where they are"

"But we could die"

"Liam!" Lydia, Theo and Kira shout over to the were-tiger who's conflicting with the idea, not being sure whether to go through with it or not. His eyes are wide, searching the abandoned preserve entrance and the dark, woods behind him.
Before his eyes glow, fangs appear, and he lets an almighty howl that makes the trees rattle vigorously behind them. Birds lift off, flying away from where they were perched, hiding in the trees.

Once he's done, Liam spins around with a smug grin and glistening eyes that each of them can see under the moonlight.

Two howls reach the pack within minutes, both of them seem rather close. Stiles and Issac.

"Do you know where they are?" Lydia visibly relaxes, smiling as she places her phone back into her bag. Liam nods, looking two different ways with a frantic expression on his face.

"One came from the middle of the woods and one came from around by Dereks old loft" All four of them turn to stare at the one car that's sitting in the middle of the road. Theo's car.

"Okay. Theo, and Kira you drive to where the one by Dereks came from. Can you figure out where it is?"

"Yeah. It was where Malia's uncle Eric attacked Deucalion years ago. I know it, you go" and before anyone can fit a word in edgeways, Theo and Kira are speeding away from the preserve. Leaving a cloud of brown, bitty dust in their wake.

"Okay, Liam, lets go" he nods, the action full of determination as they both walk into the woods. The darkness pulling them in, hiding their bodies as they weave through the dark.

A sharp branch slides against Lydia's collarbone, cutting it in the process. She hisses, flinching at the pain that throbs around the small, open cut that's now drawing a little blood.

"You okay Lydia?" Liam stops his rushing movements, jogging over to where the banshee is pressing her hand against her red skin, near her neck.

The girl just waves him off, walking with him at a quicker speed now. Avoiding any stray, sharp branches as they sink deeper into the woods.

They come to an abrupt stop after ten minutes of manoeuvring through the hundreds, of thick trees that Lydia didn't even realise was there before. This place feels much bigger in the night, in the pitch black darkness, rather than in the day.

"They're close. This way" Liam starts to briskly walk ahead, Lydia follows suit not wasting any more time in hovering around. It makes sense that they're on their way to find Allison, Malia and Stiles, especially when a huge, flat tree stump appears before them both.

With the ground caving in around it.

"Malia! Stiles! Allison!" Lydia screams, not wanting to disturb any of the ground to make it cave in even more. But panic surges through her instantly, taking over her brain as her eyes search around her. For anything, something that will get all six people out alive.

"Liam! We need to do something"

"I know. Shit, what though Lydia? I can always jump through that" he points out to the hole that's a few feet away from them, it's big enough for him to fit through easily. It could give them more time.

As Lydia nods, her eyes latch onto something that's hidden with leaves and branches. Wooden
"Liam go. I'll be behind you"

Lydia rushes over towards the doors, trying to pull them open but they seem stuck, they won't even budge.

"Fuck. Come on!" The banshee screeches, her fists tightening and turning white due to the force of the trying to pull them open. Her arms start to ache after a couple of minutes, if she tries any longer then they will die. All of them.

"Come on, Lydia. You're a banshee. You can do this" her whispers trigger something inside of her, something in her throat. A scream.

She directs it onto the wood, watching as it splits and splinters emit from the cracks. Seconds pass, before the banshee steps a few feet backwards just as the wooden doors fly open, dissolving into small bits of what almost looks like burnt wood.

Then she runs.

She descends the creaking steps, stopping halfway down and bending onto her knees, trying to find them all.

Lydia catches a flash of brown curls, it's Allison. So she wastes no time in calling their names, hoping that they can all make it under the crumbling bits of ground, wood and debris that's slowly falling above them.

"Come on. You will need to crawl but we need to get out, now" her red hair blows wildly, following the direction of the harsh gust of wind that's pushing against her small frame. But she grabs a hold onto the wooden steps, sighing in relief when she watches Chris, followed by Peter and Melissa emerge from underneath.

She runs up the stairs, making her way out onto the grass behind her and collapsing down onto it, watching as everyone emerges from under the ground. Each of them have black and brown dirt smothered over their faces, but that doesn't even contrast with the beaming smiles that each of them have plastered onto their faces.

Liam is the last one out after Stiles. Everyone around her is clinging to their parents for the moment, in tight embraces and tear filled cheek kisses. Lydia and Liam wait at the side for them all, relief and peace flooding through her body at once.

Because they've done it.

Lydia is itching to touch Stiles, to get to him. For a split moment she thought he was going to die under the Nemeton. Still feeling the way her heart flew out of her chest and into her mouth, her stomach threatening to empty when she saw how the ground was caving in. Lydia lets her legs carry her over to where Stiles is pulling his phone out of his pocket.

Her arms are thrown around his neck, as the front of her body presses into his, trying to get as close to him as she possibly can. He's here, he's real. She can feel the steady heartbeat of his against her chest, his own arms coiling around her waist.

"I thought you was going to die" her voice is a whisper, knowing he'll catch her words as her lips linger next to his ear. Stiles hands squeeze her hips, as he nudges his nose into her neck, moving her hair out of the way.
"You've got me. I'm here Lyds" his lips move against her skin and the both of them are taken back to so many hours before in the clinic. And maybe thats what makes them pull away from the embrace, or maybe it's the way Melissa pulls Lydia in for a hug also.

"I heard you helped get me out of here. Thank you so much Lydia, you know how much we've missed you right?" Melissa's usual, floral perfume invades Lydia's senses and it makes he feel safe in the woman's arms. The red head nods against the woman's shoulder, squeezing her eyes shut.

"Don't thank me. I've missed you all too, expect me round for dinner soon" the younger girl jokes, which makes Melissa genuinely laugh as she pulls out of the embrace, reaching round to link her arm with her stepsons.

"You're always invited. You're coming home with us right honey?" Stiles and Melissa wait for Lydia to answer expectantly, she doesn't know if she should say yes or no. Her mother will most likely be asleep as will Leo, she called them earlier and explained so her mother knows she's okay if she doesn't return home. She can always send her a text.

"Yeah. If that's okay?" Lydia wraps her arms around her petite frame, feeling the harsh breeze nip at her skin. Peter and Malia, along with Argent, Allison and Liam have all left to stalk back through the woods to get to the main roads of Beacon Hills.

"Course it's okay. Come on, let's head back to the jeep. You did bring it right Stiles?" Melissa Stilinski clings onto Stiles arm, as they follow everyone else through the eerie woods that gives Lydia the chills, even now.

"Course I did, Mom. What do you take me for?" The Stilinski boy chuckles with a smile, looking down at his Mom for a brief second. He still feels as if she's not here, that she's trapped underneath that tree stump with no way out.

But she's here. And she's alive. And they're all okay.

"Oh my god. Mel" Noah springs out of the kitchen seat where he was just seconds ago, running through the hallway to reach his wife. Melissa is still covered in dirt, and the ripped knee length dress that she put on days ago for her date with the Sheriff.

"Noah" the two of them collide in a heartfelt, warm hug that makes Lydias heart swell from where she's lingering in the doorway with Stiles, both of them watching the reunion before them.

"Is Scott back?" Stiles says out loud, scrunching his face as he realises how loud his voice was, breaking the embrace that his parents were in just seconds ago. Noah steps forward, nodding with a wide smile full of teeth.

"Yeah. He's just upstairs with the kids. I'm sure he will be down in a second. You both head on up, you look exhausted" Noah and Melissa's hands are intertwined, their bodies pressed up against each others sides to remind them that they're both here and alive.

Stiles and Lydia don't say a word as they climb the stairs, stopping at the twins' room to peak inside. As her boots click against the floor, the banshee bites her lip before treading on her toes to stop the sound. Hoping she hasn't woken anyone up.

Scott's standing at the end of the twins beds. His fist brought up in front of his lips, dries tears glistening against his cheeks. The pair standing in the door way glance at each other curiously, their friend is acting strange.
"Scott. What's going on?" Lydia steps forward, her hand shaking where it sits out in front of her ready to land on his back. Scott's head has fallen forward, arms limp at his sides.

"Something happened. Issac and Derek hurt Julia, she's almost better off dead. But Derek threw mountain ash around her, and I - I tried to get through it, stupidly" the boy chuckles, stepping forward to kiss Riley and Pippa on the forehead before shuffling out of their room. Shutting their door gently behind them as the three of them stand lingering outside Stiles' bedroom.

"Are you hurt?" Stiles' eyes flicker over his brothers body, full of caution and worry. But there's nothing alarming, no blood or cuts. So if he's not hurt, what the hell happened?

"No. But guys, I got through the mountain ash. And my eyes turned red. And when I got in there, Julia looked terrified so she tried to run away and that's when Deucalion turned up and we left" his words leave the two standing before him, speechless to say the least. Confusion is clear on their faces, Scott sighs with annoyance as he realises they don't know what's actually happened.

For the two smartest people in the pack, they sure can be clueless sometimes.

"I'm an alpha now, dumbasses. Issac lost his power for some reason. I realised the other day that I hadn't seen his red eyes in a while, he hadn't transformed either. Derek said something about a true alpha, like I've somehow earned this. Apparently it's because I've never killed anyone and i make 'rational alpha-like decisions'" he brings his index and middle finger up to make bracket indications as he talks, not fully believing what Derek has said. Although it makes enough sense.

"But you're a hellhound" Stiles drags out, leaning against his bedroom door while Lydia moves from foot to foot, feeling restless in this goddamn heels.

"About that..."

"Oh god, Scott what else happened?" Lydia groans loudly, hand shooting up to cover her mouth as she turns back to the twins' door behind her. She looks next to Stiles, watching him shake his head to tell her they thankfully haven't woken up.

"Julia did some spell on me, I'm not sure when. I think it was when I saw her yesterday. She's switched me and Issac, Stiles. I'm a werewolf now, and he's a hellhound"

The silence around them is deafening. Lydia's eyes shoot open wide, listening to the voices that have become familiar over the last couple of days. They've been muttering the same thing but stupidly she hasn't even thought to try and figure out what it is they've been whispering.

"True shapeshifter"

"Balance"

The words race around inside of her mind, the words weighing a tonne as she realises that she could have figured this out.

"But Scott. If you're a werewolf now, that means- oh god. The next full moon, you're going to go through all the pain and god knows what will happen" Lydia turns to pace, hands flying up to rest against her head which then causes Scott to reach out to her.

"It will be okay. Look, we all need sleep. We can talk tomorrow, okay? But I'm alright now, honestly. Everything is okay now" his hands rub gentle circles against Lydia's shoulders, watching as her face visibly relaxes and turns into a gentle nod.
The banshee pulls Scott into her arms, squeezing him to her tightly. He's been through a lot these past twenty four hours and she doesn't want to let him go. She figures he could use a hug right about now, but his mother is downstairs who he must be itching to get to. So she pulls away and steps back next to Stiles.

"Come to us if you need anything, okay?" Lydia is quick to say, watching the smile form on his face at the offer.

"What? No, just text or somethin-"

"What Stiles means is, if the door is locked because I don't want your mother to find out by her walking in tomorrow morning to find my belly hanging out, just text and we will let you in" ignoring the heated blush creep onto her cheeks, Lydia brings her elbow back to nudge Stiles in the ribs. She really could slap him sometimes. Well, maybe not, but she damn well feels like it.

"Yeah. What Lydia said" he speaks through gritted teeth, eyes staring down at the back of her head, watching as the natural red colour seeps into a dark brown that is clinging to the ends of her hair.

"Okay, guys. Have a good sleep" Scott chuckles before running down the stairs to his mother. Lydia spins around on her heel to come face to face with a smiling Stiles who puts on an innocent act for her to play with.

"Subtlety isn't your thing. Way to go, Stilinski" she bites the smile away, brushing last him with a small dimpled grin and into his room.
"Stiles this shirt is way too big" Lydia laughs from where she's standing in Stiles' doorway between his room and bathroom. The shirt he's given to her bags around her body but it's warm, and it smells like him. So she doesn't take it off.

"It's only for you to sleep in. Come on it's freezing" the boy has planted his face into his pillow, and Lydia barely catches what he says. The mumblings being muffled by the pillow. Rolling her eyes, she banshee turns the light off which sends the room into total darkness.

Rushing to climb into bed, she hops down onto the mattress which creaks under her weight a little. Stiles snorts at the vision of her shuffling down the bed, pulling the blanket up around her figure as she goes, trying to escape the chilling air.

It's awkward. They have no idea what to say to each other, or maybe, Lydia thinks it's because there's too much to say. That might be the problem.

Her eyes scan the room, she makes out a gap of where the curtains haven't been closed all the way, a ray of moonlight peaking through to light up a corner of the boys room.

"At the animal clinic. When I went to kiss you, did you want it?" Stiles' voice is a low murmur, his warm breaths fanning against Lydia's cheeks. He's close, she can feel the heat beaming off his body. Something around them shifts again, and it's almost as if they're both trapped in they're own bubble.

They make no move to burst it.

Lydia's stomach is fluttering, her mouth instantly running dry at the question. "Yeah. I wanted it. God, Stiles. I don't know if it's just my hormones but I want you so bad" the girls voice breaks mid-sentence. It causes her cheeks to flush instantly in the moment, making her want to cover up and hide. But it's dark, and it's only Stiles.

Even though they've been through a lot together. And they've made a baby together. Something still feels as if it's missing, like there's a gap that they need to fill. It's hollow, and it plays on Lydias mind much more than she would care to admit. It's like a force, a spark almost, that needs to grow.

But a spark can't ignite if it's surrounded by rain.

Maybe this is it, maybe this is the moment where Lydia and Stiles finally get there. Where they come together and it all feels right, like it should be. Or maybe it's just the moment where they literally, come together.

Lydia doesn't miss the gentle sound of Stiles’ sharp intake of breath, her eyes catch the small grin that's toying dangerously with his wet lips. It makes her hot all over, as if he's lit her right on fire with just a look.

"Would you let me? Like uh, would you let me kiss you now?" His voice has a slight tremor, Lydia picks up on it almost right away. The waves of his voice vibrate off of her body, because it's considerably deep now. It's low and husky, and god could she could listen to it all night long.

"Yeah. I would" Lydia doesn't need to think twice about that answer. If she even tries lying, he will know. And no, not because of any supernatural kind of senses, although that definitely wouldn't
help her case.

It will be her body that gives her away, because she's moving closer to him by the second, legs pressed up against his own. Their chests are brushing, the light but wild movement of him licking his lips makes Lydia's nipples harden. Now, they're touching.

"Good" after he murmurs, his hand falls straight onto her thigh, like he's testing her. But still, she lets her eyes flutter closed at the feeling. Because Stiles overpowers her, he takes her breath away in more ways than one. He makes her feel like herself, he makes her feel as if she's on top of the fucking world.

Stiles' fingertips tap against where her hip meets her thigh, tracing lines along the waistband of her panties. He's still not making any type of move to kiss her, and it's frustrating. Because she's painfully aching for him.

White hot heat lures up inside of her, blood starting to sizzle under where they meet. Stiles free hand reaches out to fiddle with the hem of the shirt she's wearing, before his hand disappears underneath it. Getting lost on Lydias skin.

"Stilinski. I've been waiting five, agonisingly long months for us to do this again. If you're not kissing me in the next few seconds, consider you're right hand your go-to for tonight" Lydias voice is merely a whisper, the huskiness of it is evident still. She feels, and hears Stiles lightly laugh as he moves his hand up over the curve of her waist, and up to the underside of her breast.

"Fuck- you're amazing" it leaves his mouth in quick, heavy breaths right before he surges forward to connect his lips to Lydias waiting ones. It's as if they've just woken up, when they kiss, everything around them is electrified and full of fire.

As their lips move against each other, Lydia nipping at his bottom lip every now and then to earn a sultry moan from the boy, she's very well aware of Stiles' hands lifting her lace underwear away from her skin.

Her lips are hungry, and greedy against his. Her own hand leaves from where it was perched against his chest, sliding upwards to cradle his jaw with her nails gently scratching his neck.

Just then, Stiles tongue enters her mouth. And the moan that falls from the back of her throat is caught by the boy who she's making out with. They can't afford to get caught, they've been wanting and waiting for this for too long.

"Shit" the brown haired boy gently pulls the lace away from the banshees hip, before letting it go so it snaps against her skin. She jumps, along with an unexpected moan falling from her swollen lips that have now been abandoned by Stiles'.

As his own start to work against the sensitive skin on her neck, his nose nestling into the crook between her collarbone and her shoulder. Goosebumps that always appear when she's with him, rise against her skin, soon followed by an open mouthed kiss left by Stiles.

"Oh" she gasps, as he moves between her legs to settle against her with his mouth mapping against the area of her neck. His teeth nip against a bruise that's forming, his lips lifting the skin and sucking on it slowly. All while his hand drifts across the crease of where her thigh meets her centre.

Both of them are mindful of the small bump, refusing to let it stop them. As bad as it may sound.

Lydia can't help it. Her hands drift up over is back so she can feel the muscles ripple and move
underneath his skin, before her fingertips settle in his chocolate brown locks. Nails gently scratch against the nape of his neck before she pulls at his hair, earning a low groan from the boy who's hips dip.

The ache she's been feeling, is relieved as his bulge presses against her, hard. The both of them can't help but clutch onto each other even harder at the feeling, and oh, how they've missed it.

"Y'know. I've wanted this for fucking ages. Although I've got to say, at least this time you smell like your shampoo instead of sweat and alcohol" he whispers into her chest, his fingers pulling the neck of the shirt down so that her breasts spring free.

"Shut up, Stiles" Lydias chest rises as she chuckles into the heated, humid air. But the boy in front of her just grins, lifting off of her small frame to pull off his own shirt as she does too. Once their clothes hit the floor, with a thud that's a little loud, something catches onto what sounds like a photo frame. Subtle.

He gazes down at her, the sight of her only covered by her panties and nothing else. It's fucking heaven to him, something he could stare at all day. She's beautiful.

Her nipples are hard, and the nubs are inviting him in so he dives right back down and latches his mouth around her left breast, his hand slithering up her stomach to reach the other one. He feels her back arch upwards into him upon contact, and his half hard dick grows even more where it's resting against her thigh.

Lydia is weak. It's effort to move her limbs, she's melting under the work of his mouth. When his tongue laps over her nipple, his teeth gently tugging at it, Lydia hooks her leg around his ass to push him up into her.

"Mmh. Patient Lyds" Stiles kisses his way down her stomach tentatively slow. Before he stops at where the lace starts, his fingertips curiously tapping against her hipbone as he decides what to do with the girl lying before him.

He can smell her, he's only inches away from her centre and if he moved just an inch, he would be welcomed to her. It seems like years ago, when he last went down on her, the thought so alive but so distant in his mind.

"How would you feel, about taking a small trip down memory lane?" Stiles asks, sitting up to drag the lace down her legs that he won't ever get enough of. Especially when she's in heels. Fuck. But he’ll never admit that to anyone, not even her.

"What?" She's dazed, both of them know that. Under the moonlight, Stiles can see the wet trail of where his lips have been. It glistens against her skin, around her nipples that are still so hard. He groans at the sight.

Lydia's hair is fanned out messily behind her, she can feel the knots but can't find it in herself to care. She's too focused on Stiles. The boy who's hovering over her body, a grin permanently plastered onto his lips with his tongue continuously darting out to tease her.

He decides to show her instead. His head is gone from where it was above her in less than a second. And then Lydia jumps, because his fingers are pressing down on the inside of her thighs, being sure to leave bruises in their wake.

And then his tongue is lapping her up. His arms are hooked over her legs, hands pressing down on her waist to keep her still from wriggling against him. And Lydia is in a frenzy. Her head pressing...
down into his pillow whilst her performs small kitten licks against her clit, toes curling.

"Fuck, Stiles. Feels so good" although the small licks are teasing the girl, when he pushes his fingers inside of her she cries out into the sex filled air that's surrounding them both suffocatingly. Her walls clench around his fingers, craving more of the feeling that he's giving her right now.

His tongue speeds up against her clit before he drags it down to where his fingers are, replacing them with his tongue for a couple of moments. And Lydia swears, they're the best few seconds of her life.

Eyes rolling to the back of her head, her hands dive straight into his hair before tugging harshly on the ends. He groans against her, adding to the mix and it sends her into a place full of pure euphoria. His wet mouth slides against her easily, creating a rhythm that's sending her right off the edge.

Her walls clench around his fingers, craving more of the feeling that he's giving her right now. His tongue speeds up against her clit before he drags it down to where his fingers are, replacing them with his tongue for a couple of moments. And Lydia swears, they're the best few seconds of her life.

As his fingers curl, the burning, filthy hot feeling that has been brewing threatens to spill, catching her breath Lydia squeezes her thighs against the sides of Stiles head.

"Come on, come for me Lyd" his movements against her grow fierce and determined. Stiles looks up at the sight of her, unable to keep still with her eyes clamped shut and her mouth open. She feel of her hips wriggling beneath his hands cause him to chuckle, just as Lydia heel digs into his back.

His hand squeezes around her thigh a little too hard but she doesn't care. She can barely feel it as he gives another long, passionate lick against her clit and then she comes against his mouth. Her walls clenching while her legs shake and her back lifts right off the bed to push her hips closer to the boy who's staring right up at her.

Small moans escape her open lips, head dropping back with her chest heaving out and her toes curling, as he waits for her to come back down from her blissed out state. He loves watching her like this, from where he's lay between her hot, slick thighs.

"Holy shit" Lydia pants, her breathing is quick and heavy. Stiles crawls up her body, still touching her in some way as he dives down to kiss her. He wastes no time in thrusting his tongue into her mouth, both groaning at the taste of her still lingering teasingly on his tongue.

Lydia pulls his chest down so her craving breasts are pushed flush against him, and Stiles doesn't mean to let a deep, raw moan leave his glistening lips.

She moves her lips away from his, peppering kisses along his jaw before finding the smooth, delicate bit of skin right below his earlobe that she quickly sucks at.

Lydia makes it her mission to work Stiles up, just as he did to her. She wants him throbbing and pulsating against her, ready.

Her bee-stung lips leave open mouthed kisses on his neck, sucking repeatedly at the spot that makes his fists clench where they're wrapped in her hair. His biceps are either side of her face and Lydia physically feels them flex every few seconds as she sucks on his neck.

It makes her smirk, and he can feel it when she does. She feels trapped inside of him, her body being bracketed by his. She likes it. She wants this, to be totally and utterly consumed by him. He's setting her alight.

Her hand travels down his chest, to his torso, to his length that's resting against her hip. Lydia seductively pushes his body down into hers, moving his throbbing dick, the head literally covered with his pre-come that's also left a patch against her hip.
She lets his length sit against her sensitive clit, pushing her hips upwards against him and starting to grind between him and the mattress. Stiles' head falls next to hers, pushing down into the pillow as the girl underneath him slides against him. It's new, and he loves it.

"Fuck. You're so fucking hot. Don't stop" he growls into her hear, moving his hips himself so that he can pick up the pace against her. He can feel her clit pushing against him, the sensitive nub lathered by their juices as they move with heavy pants against each other.

With a sharp intake of air, Lydia wraps her legs around Stiles, her hands grasping his back while her lips fall open. Freely letting her throaty pants dissolve into the air around them, leaving echos in their wake.

"I was just about to say to get a condom. But- fuck. Oh my god. But, we don't need one, do we?" Lydia pants into his neck, moving her hands to lift his head up from where it was nuzzled between her sweaty neck and the pillow.

His eyes are dilated. Lips are still glistening for her to see, and not to mention how his skin is covered in a thin sheet of sweat. But she is too, and it just makes everything feel so much better.

He lets out a shaky breath between pants, diving down to peck her lips a couple of times before his movements still against her. Stiles shuffles back, moving his knee a little to he can line himself up with her entrance. He can feel the heat coming off of Lydia already.

"I know I said don't stop. But I was close and I want to finish inside of you. Wanna feel you against me again" he speaks, before sliding into her teasingly slow. His arms bracket her head, Lydias legs are still wrapped around him but are sliding off due to the sweat.

As he draws out and snaps back into her again, Lydia cries out into the crook of his neck. They do need to be quiet, but she can barely hold it in. Stiles reaches down to push her one leg up around his waist, the other one left abandoned and half bent resting against the mattress. She's too weak to even try to move it.

"Fuck, God. Feel so good inside of me. Go harder, Stiles" she scrapes her nails down his back, being sure to leave marks behind as she reaches the dip in the bottom of his back. She pushes him down so his pubic bone rubs against her, the new feeling causing her to curl her toes.

They're extremely wet. Maybe it's because the blanket is still half draped over them, or it's just because of the fact they're lost within each other. Stiles and Lydia slide against each other, and he slips out a couple of times but immediately dives straight back into her seeping heat again missing the feeling. The pace is quick, causing the bed to creak as they both move against it with wriggling hips and bouncing wet bodies.

"Lyds. So wet and tight. Ready for me. God, you're fucking amazing. Shit. Shit" Stiles puts all of his weight onto his arms, moving the angle they're currently at, so that he can pump into her deeper than he already is. The girl withering underneath him responds with a high pitched moan as he finds a spot he doesn't think they came across last time.

It's her g-spot.

Lydia's jaw goes slack. Teeth sinking deep into her lips as her hot, fast breaths leave her mouth and her legs shake against him.

As she hits her second orgasm, Stiles puts one of his hands over her mouth to muffle any screams that she's going to let out. And he's glad he does. He feels her toes curl, her back pushing up into
his chest as a scream hits his hand.

And that's when he comes with her. His body tensing with a small shake, his mouth falling open against her jaw as he snaps his hips against her one last time.

He rolls off her, minding her small bump as he goes. He doesn't stray too far, the side of his slick body is still pressed against her dazed one as they lie with their eyes closed. Breaths still leaving their chest in heavy pants.

"Well. Safe to say, we will definitely be doing that more often. Lydia Martin, where have you been keeping that side to you, huh?" Stiles turns to face her, Lydia smiles now, lips pulled up into a genuine smile that makes Stiles chuckle into the air. His room smells like pure sex.

"Oh you've seen it. You was just drunk"

"Well. I'd say that was quite something. You need anything or do you want to just sleep?" Stiles sits up, reaching down to retrieve his shirt off the floor to clean them both up. Lydia squeezes his bicep in appreciation as he does gently, before chucking it across the room to his dirty washing hamper.

The banshee can barely move a muscle, and she thinks Stiles feels the same way. He would normally get up to open a window, to clear the air. But he can't bring himself too.

Instead, turning onto his side to wrap his arms around Lydias nearly passed out frame that invites him in instantly.

Within seconds, the pair are asleep pressed up against each other.

Lydia is the first to wake up the next morning, her heavy eyes slowly peel open to find the room still dark. But she catches Stiles' curtains drawn, and the sound of the aggressive rain pelting down against the window gives away the reason why it's so dim.

She's warm, so warm. And she doesn't want to move, but she's also stark naked with her underwear thrown across the room to god knows where.

Sitting up, taking the blanket with her. She feels her knotted hair stick to her skin, but she ignores that for now as she searches for a phone. Upon finding Stiles on the table next to his bed, she reaches to check the time.

It's nearly nine thirty. And she banshee can faintly hear Melissa talking downstairs, with Scott. The two of them most likely cooking breakfast whilst catching up on the last few days she's missed.

She still doesn't know about the baby. As Lydia's eyes clamp shut, she lets her body drop back down into the pillows around her. She knows Mellissa wouldn't be anything but understanding, the nerves of telling her are still making the girl feel on edge.

"Mmh Mornin' Lyds" Stiles rolls over, off his back. His face automatically falls into Lydia's neck as his arm winds around her body pulling her back into him.
This is weird to them, well, it should be weird. They've never been like this before. Especially when the werewolf lying next to her, kisses her bare shoulder upon squeezing her hip.

"Morning, you. Sleep okay?" The banshee turns onto her side to face the yawning brunette boy next to her. He can't help but smile at the sight of her in his bed. Naked.
"Yeah. I definitely did. You?" The excited expression on his face doesn't go un-missed, Lydia turns into her side pressing her bare front into Stiles. His warmth makes her hum with delight at the feeling.

"Yeah, I did. What's with the grin?"

"What grin? No, lip movements from Stiles" his eyebrows wriggle suggestively at his words, the girl just rolls her eyes and waves him off. But the heat prickling between her legs tells a rather different story.

"Yeah, right. Anyway, I think you should get up and spend some time with you're mom" Lydia sits up, wrapping the sheet around her bare front, which pulls away from where it was draped over Stiles. Leaving him bare.

Obviously he doesn't have a problem with his, not moving an inch from his position nestled between the pillows. He rolls to grab his phone off the bedside table, where Lydia had placed it just seconds ago.

Her narrow eyes watch him, as she wonders what the hell he's up to now. As he briefly checks his phone, letting it rest on the wood once it's done he moves to sit up with Lydia.

His chin falls onto her shoulder, innocent smile playing at his lips with wide eyes.
"It's only nine thirty" he whispers, causing a thin lock of her hair to blow with the breath that slips out of his mouth.

"Yes, it is. Stiles, what are you getting at here?" Lydia lets her arms fall from where they were clutching the dark, navy blue sheet to her chest protectively. His hand intertwines with her own, the other sneaking around her bare back to tickle her side.

"Everyone knows I don't get up until late. Half ten, earliest. So, I'd say we've got a good hour or two to kill, Martin' his fingertips brush over her skin, the touch turning from being so platonically innocent, to rather seducing. It feels like burning fire.

"Persuade me" the words tumble from her plump, wet lips that are inches away from his own, teasingly Lydia lets her tongue dart out to wet her lips even more. She watches, entertained, as his eyes follow her actions.

His eyes turn hooded, as they skim down her body to where the sheet is slowly falling on its own accord, slipping past her hardened nipple and down to the swell of her stomach.

His grip turns just that little bit tighter, and before she knows it, he's throwing her back against the mountains of pillows with a shriek and laughter falling freely from their lips. The sheet is brought over the two of their bodies as they don't waste any time in losing themselves in each other. Again. And, well, again.

"And look who has finally decided to join us" Scott sings teasingly from where he's perched on the edge of the kitchen counter. Stiles and Lydia enter the spacious kitchen practically joint at the hip, hands constantly wrapped up in each other or even around the other's waist.

Melissa's smile is beaming. As she bee-lines straight over to the pair, bombarding them with kisses and hugs as she mutters how their breakfast is ready for them in the dining room.
"Mom?" Stiles shouts, once she runs to leave the room so she can shower and get ready for her work shift. Apparently even after she has been kidnapped, the woman claims that the hospital still needs her. Classic Melissa.

"Yeah sweetie?" She comes to a halt in the doorway, her body lingering as the three teens stand in a line, leant up against the counter. Lydia's stomach is curling, full of unnecessary nerves and dread.

"Lyds has something to tell you" Stiles begins to walk off and towards the dining room, the smell of the breakfast pulling at his hunger. Not before, a small hand grabs the back of his jeans and jerks him back to lean against the counter.

"He meant to say, we have something to tell you. And that thing, is that. Uh...we just missed you so much. And your cooking? Oh my god I cant wait to try that again I've missed it so much. Stiles, come on babe, let's go. Love you Mel-"

"Christ, she's worse than me" Stiles mumbles before clearing his throat "Mom, Lydia is pregnant with my baby. Happy welcome home day" the boy holds his arms out, in a gesture that most people would use for a surprise. But by the way her face falls, it's the total opposite.

"You what?! Are you joking me right now?! Oh my god. A baby? A fucking baby?" The woman's voice makes the windows rattle and the cups that are on the side shake. Not to mention how all three of the teens flinch, cowering into each other at the sight of the red-faced woman in front of them all. Shaking with anger.

"How irresponsible could you be?! Lydia, I see you as one of my own. And Stiles, you're my son and I sure as hell know, I didn't bring you up that way" Melissa ever so slowly inches towards the pair, all while Scott shuffles away from the two. Not wanting to feel the wrath of his mother. Just as they both go to speak, the older woman's finger jerks up to point in between them, her eyes wide.

"How has you're father not even gone mad at this? I'm not even angry about the baby it's the fact you're both so young. Condoms are literally everywhere, they're free at the hospital. Free. Oh my- I really hope this didn't happen under my own roof because if it did I will not be held responsible for any injuries" her voice grates against their ears. The pitch of it is up there with Lydias banshee scream, one hundred percent.

"Actually, just this morning they-"

"Melissa. I speak on behalf of Stiles when I say we're sorry, and they we've thought it through and we're not keeping it. We're going to put it up for adoption so it's not living in this, stupid supernatural world that we're stuck in" Lydia dares to step forward, pulling the Stilinski boy along with her by his jean pocket.

"Right. Okay, well I'm glad to see that you're doing the adult thing about this. Kids I just want the best for you, and I would never tell you to get rid of this baby. But just make sure, that you're sure. And what I said about the condoms? Get some, and you Scott. I can't be having a heart attack before I hit forty" Melissa let's a long sigh escape from her lips, leaning against the kitchen island that's full of dirty plates from this morning.

"I wouldn't lean against that if I was you, they've also- ouch what the hell?!" Scott is cut off by Lydia and Stiles elbowing him in his side, the sparkle of humour that was once in his eye now full of bitterness towards the two. He sulks, heading over to give his mother a kiss on the cheek, hoping she has a good shift at work before he shuffles into the dining room.
"We will. And just know that if you want to see a photo, dad has one. Lydia is like, four and a half months I think" Stiles scratches his neck, beaming down at the girl who's playing with her skirt. Nodding quickly, Lydia just smiles and hopes Melissa takes it better than she took the actual news.

"I'll make sure to have a look, honestly. I love you both, you need to eat. If you need me at all Liddy, you know where I am. And you? I'm telling your teacher to give you a sex education lesson" she glares at her son, kissing Lydia on the cheek before ruffling his chocolate brown locks with a wink.

"I hope you're not serious" Stiles shouts after her, as Melissa slowly leaves the kitchen with a loud laugh erupting from her chest.

"I'll think about it. And oh," she stops at the stairs, swinging round to face them through the length of the hallway, from where she's standing the end of the staircase "I am serious about the sex under my roof. Never again"

And then she's gone with a wink and a laugh that obviously comes from Scott who has been listening in from the dining room.

"I hope that goes for Scott too! Him and Malia are worse!" Stiles wastes no time in fighting his corner, shouting up to his mother who just groans and slams the door behind her.

As soon as Lydia finds Scott leaning back in a chair, stuffing his mouth with bacon and pancakes whilst his feet are on the table and his eyes are occupied by a television show, she marches up to him. Sizzling fire burning in her eyes.

"You're a dick! You nearly baited us out twice. Fucking twice Scott! You're lucky we stopped you because me and you, right now" Lydia gestures between the two of them, Scott's eyes wide and full of fear at the banshee who could erupt into a fire ball at any second. "Me and you, McCall, would be having a very different conversation. One preferably with me making sure you have no balls left by the end of it" the girl picks up the last piece of bacon left on his empty plate, eating it as she walks around to sit next to a very amused Stiles Stilinski.

"Right, sorry. Like honestly, I'm deeply sorry. But I definitely didn't expect her to go off like that, my god that was hilarious" the boy with the tattoo showing on his bicep doesn't to much to stop the laughter leaving his lips.

Stiles' jaw clenches, although his eyes are full of humour as are Lydias, it doesn't stop her from messing with the boy sitting opposite them even more. She slowly starts to eat her breakfast, waiting until Scott has finished laughing.

"Y'know Scott. You're girlfriend is my best friend. I could very easily persuade her to, well, maybe just not let her boyfriend get laid for a very long time if I wanted to" the girl takes a bite out of her toast, a gleaming smile painted on her face. The boy sitting next to her, with his hand on her thigh, doesn't stop the laughs that leave his chest.

"Oh my god. Fine. Why am I even friends with you, you're lethal" Scott takes his feet off the table, helping himself to more juice sitting before him.

"Because you love me, that's why Scott"

"Hardly, Lydia" he takes a plunge, and sends her a sarcastic smile which has her gaping in seconds.

"You did not" she turns to Stiles who looks more than interested in buttering his toast and piling it up with bacon and egg. Scott sits there, feeling accomplished as he sips his juice.
"Oh, I did"

"Just putting it out there that I've got Mal on speed dial" the banshee sends Scott a wink, before he fake laughs and gets up to leave the room, taking the rest of the juice with him. Just like a child.

When it's just the two of them, Stiles leaves his food where he was in the middle of making some type of mountain of toast with streaks of bacon. He turns to pull her chair closer to his, Lydia's arms rush out to grasp his to she doesn't fall off.

His lips surge down to press lovingly against her own, as his hand runs up her body to cradle her head as their mouths move together. He pulls away after a good few seconds, staring down at the girl who's pressed against his side.

"You're amazing. Remember that" he says into her ear, before lifting a finger full of melted butter to smear it on the edge of her nose before playfully licking it off. Both of them sit there with wide, beaming smiles on their faces.
The beginning of February is freezing. Lydia knows this because Stiles slams the door shut behind him with his teeth chattering and his hat sliding off his head.

"If you even think you're coming under my blankets with you're freezing cold body, think again Stilinski" Lydia looks up from where her iPad is resting against her bump. But within a split second it falls forward onto her boobs, causing her to groan.

"Guess who's kicking, again" the red head chuckles, twirling her deep red locks around her finger as the boy who is munching on a cookie across the room freezes, toeing off his shoes and jeans before hopping into bed with her.

She swallows back a groan, especially when his freezing cold hand falls onto the side of her enormous belly. All she can see for the moment is the ends of her red hair (luckily the brown colour washed out just before Christmas last month) and how big her belly actually is.

She's due next month. And she's very much shitting it as each day grows closer to the dreaded due date. For Christmas she used most of her money to buy things for pregnancy and new clothes. And whilst she was rather bitter about that, she felt so much better without her skirts digging uncomfortably into her waist.

"It's really going for it, isn't it?" Stiles speaks from where his head is resting against her breasts, eyes staring up at her with his hand moving around the skin on her stomach. The stomach that's almost full term and is now a problem in day to day life.

She can't even paint her toe nails now.

"Yeah, it is. Also, could you do me a favour please?" Her puppy dog eyes appear, ones that she obviously learnt from Scott, as Stiles shuffles to move higher up her bed to rest on her pillows. With a roll of his eyes, he pulls his phone out of his jean pocket and waits for her to speak.

"What now?" He chuckles, Lydia just smiles and rolls over to sit on his thighs, straddling them so he can lean his phone between his stomach and her own. This bump has its pros, they guess.

"Shave me? I'm getting hairy and I can't bend to shave" her smile is wide but the boy lying next to her just barks out a loud laugh, tilting his head back with closed eyes. Lydia bites her lip, as she waits and messes with the skin on her stomach that's revealed by her shirt riding up.

His laughter comes to an abrupt stop when he realises she's being very much serious about the whole thing, he's never shaved a girls legs in his life? How does she expect him not to cut her?

"Lyd, are you sure? I mean, you're legs look fine" his hands run up and down her thighs, brewing heat inside of her but she just hauls herself off his body with a groan, waltzing though to her shower to switch it on.

"No they don't. Allison and Malia haven't done them in a couple weeks. And Malia said something is going on with Scott. So, I didn't ask if she wanted to shave my legs on a Sunday afternoon" leaning against the doorframe, Lydia watches Stiles sit up with concern on his face. She is immediately regretting bringing up Scott in front of him.
Since Christmas, the Stilinski boy has been staying with her most nights, they're not together but something is there. And it's not just the sex, although that is exceptionally mind blowing in every sense of the word. It's most likely the fact of what's growing inside of her. This baby, it's connected them whether they like it or not.

"What's up with him?" Stiles slowly removes his clothes, folding them at the end of her bed and walking over to the bathroom. Lydia throws her own dirty clothing into her hamper, testing the water temperature before hopping underneath it.

"Malia mentioned he was having these really bad nightmares, he hasn't been able to read either which she finds weird. They've asked Deaton but he's got nothing" her hair is drenched in seconds, before she turns to face Stiles who is leaning against the tiled wall with his arms crossed over his chest.

At the sight of him, Lydia's stomach drops. He's worrying, feeling guilty for not spending more time with his brother. And his family.

Obviously this doesn't make her feel much better about things, they've both constantly been babysitting Leo for her mother who's got with some new guy called Simon who she met on a works New Years Eve party. That was a month ago now.

"Hey, how about you go home tonight? My mother is here so we don't need to watch Lee. Just go home and spend some time with you're family. Maybe, take you're things too" her voice falters at the end over the sound of the pelting water falling from her shower. She shuffles on her feet that she can't even see, her shaking hand reaching for the body wash.

It's not as if she's pissed that he's going home. That couldn't be any farther from why she's suddenly feeling like this. It's the security. She's been falling to sleep with him for weeks, wrapped in his arms or if it's too warm, their legs touching. He's still there with her.

Tonight he won't be, even if he decides to say no because she'll ignore her shaking hands, and Lydia will pick up her phone and make Noah and Scott come to collect the werewolf that's invaded her bedroom. And her life.

"Yeah, okay. But why do I need to take my things? I'll be back tomorrow-"

"No, Stiles. You need to go home. You live there, not here. You can still see me, you can still come round and fall to sleep and whatever else. But Scott needs you, and you need them. Okay?" Her hand reaches up to land on his cheek, her smile that she only uses when she with him occupies her lips. His eyes are overwhelmed, she can tell his mind is racing also.

"I don't- I don't want to be away from you. I mean the baby, and what if there's some supernatural shit that's going on. Lydia you can't expect me to fucking leave you when you're like this? No way. Fuck, I'll go home but you're coming with me" he's speaking so quick that she struggles to register what the hell he is saying, but she catches it. Stiles steps towards her, her belly pressing into the bottom of his torso as he does.

She can hear the determination in his voice clearly, but it doesn't sway her or change her mind.

"Okay, okay. Tonight you go alone and I'll come over tomorrow okay?" She hopes he doesn't catch onto her lie. She hopes the sound of his breathing and the steaming shower covers up the faint blip of her heart beat.

"Okay. Yeah, sounds good" he smiles now, to her relief. And the cloudy atmosphere that had
settled around them moment before soon evaporates.

"So. Where's this shaving gel?" His smirk causes her to laugh into his chest, before turning around and picking up the half empty mint scented shaving gel. She's glad she doesn't need to shave in between her legs, thankful that Malia helped her quickly when she came over last week. She did ask her friend to help her with her legs too, but she mentioned that Scott wasn't feeling good and Lydia dropped it instantly. And, well, here she is now.

Stiles Stilinski shaving her legs. If she even thought this would be happening, not even four months ago, she would have laughed and said Stiles would probably be having a random hook up with a girl he doesn't know. Who knows, maybe even a threesome.

"Hey have you ever had a threesome?" The girl says out loud from where she's now leaning against the wall with him on his knees shaving for her. The bath below them is filling up, she doesn't remember him putting the plug in but the warmth around her feet feels great.

His movements stop. His head with droplets racing down his skin slowly moves up to match her gaze, an unreadable expression playing with his features.

"Lydia, what?"

"A threesome. You ever had one?" Sending him a gleaming smile, Lydia doesn't let her mind wonder to thoughts that they're talking about his old sexual experiences, with his head inches away from her vagina.

"Well. Yeah, one or two I guess" he shrugs, continuing to shave her thighs which she thinks is absurd as she normally works upwards. But, Lydia can't complain. He's helping her out.

"Holy shit. What are they like? Was it with two boys? Two girls? A boy and a girl?" She makes herself comfortable, well, as comfortable as she can be whilst leaning against the wall. Placing her hands on her hips and letting her head droop to lean on the wall.

"Both times was with two girls. Although if a boy wasn't involved I wouldn't say no" his eyes hold a mischievous glint, as he gently washes the razor in the water that's risen considerably high before getting back to work on her thigh once more.

Lydia decides to slide down, settling herself to sit in the water of her bath, resting her leg on the side so it doesn't submerge under the water. And so it's easier for him.

"Oh yeah, I definitely don't blame you. Sex with a guy is amazing" Lydia's eyes roll to the back of her head as she jokes, biting her lip as she goes, feeling the movements of the razor stop as he reaches under he knee.

"Woah woah, wait. You've had sex with a girl?" Stiles moves so he's sitting between her legs now, the one he's working on bent and resting on his own thigh. He spreads his legs so they're bracketing her body as he waits for her response.

"Well- no. I mean, I was drunk and my old friend Casey may or may not have gone down on me. But no, to answer your question Stiles, I have not had sex with a girl" she smirks, her fingers fiddling with the sponge that was floating around the water. He reaches up to turn off the shower once the water gets considerably high. Looking rather shocked and at loss for words, Stiles carries on shaving her leg.

"Got nothing to add?" Lydia teases, as he lifts his caramel orbs to meet her own. At this, she tries
to close her legs discreetly, the look he's giving her is just adding fuel to the swirling heat in the pit of her stomach.

"No, just trying to imagine it. Kinda every boys dream to imagine their girlfriend with another girl"

If he hadn't have finished shaving that one leg, Lydia would have thought that he's just frozen at the slip up he's made. But no, instead he moves onto her other leg starting at her thigh once again with a grin still toying at his lips.

So she doesn't let it phase her either.

"Yeah well. I do prefer boys, so you're in luck there Stilinski" Lydia winks, bringing all of her hair to one side so that it ends up covering one of her breasts that has turned pink due to the heat of the water. She reaches forward and brushes a hand over the already shaved leg, feeling that it's smooth and hairless.

"Lucky I am. Especially when you're on top, Martin. Can't say you're bad at that, or I'd definitely be lying" his grip on her ankle tightens. None of them miss how he's working quicker on her other leg now.

"Someone's going to miss me tonight" Stiles moves his body so that he's closer to her now, instead of where his back was digging uncomfortably into the taps at the other end of the tub.

He bites his tongue because he knows he will miss her tonight. And again, it's more than the sex because it's obvious that once he's finished shaving her legs, Lydia is going to let him take her in this very bath. So he's not so bothered about if he's going to get laid tonight.

He won't admit it. But the feel of her body pressing against his back, his front or his side. The body that anchors him, won't be there tonight. And Stiles doesn't know how he feels about it. And, the boy won't ever admit how he feels about the fact she's told him to go home.

At first Stiles thought she was cutting things off. And he can't even begin to comprehend or explain how his heart felt in that moment. Because before today he really didn't think he liked Lydia like that. Turns out he fucking does.

"Course I will, Lyd. I'm definitely going to miss how you nearly hit me in the face every night when you get restless. Or how your legs twitch before you're about to wake up, not to mention how you're hair always ends up in my face. Even when it's up" Stiles scoffs with a chuckle. Eyes widening as he swallows the lump that forms in his throat at what he's just fucking said. Lydia was right before, he's not good at subtlety.

"Oh you think I'm bad? Imagine hearing someone chant about the Mets most night in their dreams. Having to wake up with drool on their shoulder and don't even talk about me nearly hitting you. You thought Jackson was back and you actually punched me in the boob"

"In my defence, I was dreaming and it wasn't even that hard"

"It left a bruise"

"I made up for it with exceptionally great sex, if I remember correctly" Stiles finishes her leg off by wiping away the excess shower gel and putting the razor in the cabinet next to the bath.

"Yeah, no. Don't recall, sorry" Lydia chuckles, tapping her chin with a cherry red painted fingernail that matches her toes. Courtesy of her mother.
"Martin don't play dumb with me. I have a great memory, how dare you tarnish that" the boy opens the girls legs, crawling up her body so that they're at level now, her lips just nearly brushing his own.

"Sorry babe, didn't mean to hurt your feelings" the girl rolls her eyes, sitting upwards so that she can straddle him because they're tried having sex in the missionary position with the bump being this big. It doesn't work. An argument broke out and they ended up having to try multiple positions to try and even get it to work.

Stiles didn't want to hurt the baby with his weight. Lydia laughed and may have mumbled something about him not even being that heavy.

"Really? I'm at the tap end of the bath again? I'm going to have permanent indents in my skin at this rate. You always get the good end" he moans into her neck, trying to turn them so that he's at the other end but he obviously has no luck in doing so. Lydia coils her lips into her mouth, her head tipping back, so that she can feel her hair touch her ass as she does. Letting Stiles have his moaning moment in peace.

"You seriously want to get out of the bath and then back in so that we can have sex on the 'safe end of the bath'" Lydia snaps her head forward after she counts two minutes of his incessant mumbling. Stiles freezes, lips coming into a pout with wide innocent eyes that don't make Lydia falter.

"Please, baby" he smiles like a child asking for sweets. Normally the banshee would leave the bathroom and get on with her morning. But they haven't had sex in three days and to put it nicely, she's desperate for it.

"My fucking god. Fine. You're like a child, I swear" Lydia gets out as Stiles does a dramatic turn in the bath, clicking his fingers in a 'I'm awesome' way as he leans back peacefully against the safe end, as he likes to put it. She has to bite her tongue so she doesn't either laugh or roll her eyes again, climbing back in. She's glad to feel that the water is still rather hot. Nothing feels worse than lukewarm water.

"Well, that would be rather wrong. You having sex with a child. Maybe babe, just a thought and this is totally for your benefit, think before you speak next time? Because that could have totally just ruined the mood, and I'm just looking out for you" his hand rises to tuck some of her hair behind her ear, his content smug smile doesn't help Lydia's void expression as she sits in his lap over his soft dick.

"And i am seconds away from leaving this situation. So stop talking shit or fuck me? I'd say that's a rather good deal I've laid out for you there" shrugging Lydia looks around the room, pretending to act rather bored as she leans closer to the boy so her boobs are pressing against his chest.

"Y'know I'm really debating to carry on talking shit right now"

"Stiles I'm fucking serious, just have sex with me"

"Yep, right. Let's do it, no problem" he jerks into action by diving up and kissing her. She briefly forgets the interaction that was happening just seconds before as the feel of his lips set her body on fire, never failing to do so.

Her back arches as his tongue traces the rim of her bottom lip. The whole world seems to just disappear around them as they're lips move against each other's, slowly. His hand circles around her back, sliding down to squeeze her ass, all while his lips leave her own. Swollen and wanting
He peppers light kisses down her neck, making it his mission to bruise the skin on her breast so that she can remember him tonight. His other hand, that was resting on the inside of her thigh starts to snake round it, ending up cupping her so that his middle finger can run in between her folds.

As he does, her hears a shallow, trembling breath escape her lips where her head is leaning against his shoulder. His thumb works at her clit relentlessly, not wanting to slip a finger inside of her. He wants to fill her up, not his fingers.

"Stiles" Lydia mutters. And she's surprised she's actually managed to talk because his hand is making her feel all types of dazed. He's done this before, course he has, but this feels way more intense and Lydia can barely take it.

He's pressing down on her clit, moving his thumb against her in quick, sudden movements to try and get her off. She faintly feels the odd kiss that he plants on her wet shoulder, her skin sizzling in the moment.

"C'mon, Lyd" he growls against her chest, before diving down and sucking on her nipple with his free hand grabbing her behind. The feel of him touching her, along with the water moving freely around them. Around her, she sure that's what drives her over the edge.

His hand suddenly moves harder against her, and before Stiles knows it, her thighs are clenching around his hand, her head is tipping back with her mouth slightly parted allowing a throaty moan to escape. He takes the sight of her in, her arched back and shaking legs from his work.

She comes down for a few seconds, her dainty hands clutching at his biceps so he can ground her through the aftershocks of her orgasm. He smiles into her neck, gently kissing the damp skin below her ear as he pulls her closer to him on instinct. Partially regretting doing so, when her core comes into contact with his hard dick that is uncontrollably pulsing at the feel of her sliding against him.

His tip nudges the sensitive ball of nerves that his thumb was pressed against just seconds ago, the feeling sending electric waves throughout her thighs.

It ruins the tender moment that they were just having, but none of them complain.

"You ready?" He whispers to her, lifting her up gently to line himself against her entrance, she slips a little when she raises onto her knees. Her legs still weak, but it causes his tip to slide against her clit once more, earning deep moans from the pair in the bath.

"One hundred percent ready" she chuckles, bracing her hands on his shoulders as she sinks down onto him. Lydia and Stiles will never forget the feeling of them joining together, the touch is too intense to forget. It's never been like it with any other partners that they've had, it shocks them both.

"Fuck" the boy breaths against her, his fingertips digging into her back as she rises and then continues to sink down onto him. He can feel how wet she is, not due to the water that's now moving rather violently around the two of them as Lydia decides to bounce on top of him faster.

The banshee shoots both of her hands out to rest on the sides of the bath, the movement becoming too much for her to handle as she clenches her walls around his slick length that's making her stretch. And okay, she's had sex a good few times before. But she's never had someone the size of Stiles, and it hurts her just as much as it pleasures her at the same time. The hot white pain now becoming like a second feeling to her.
"My god. Stiles you're gona, move. You need to move against me" as Lydia talks, her legs begging to burn due to the water constricting her movement, a loud splash echoes through the room. Soon followed by another as the water that's around them, spills over the edge.

Both of the teens jolt to stare at each other, the movement going on between them doesn't slow down though. They don't really have it in them to care right this moment. Both of their hips moving against each other vigorously, not wanting to lose the friction and the feeling that's brewing inside of them both.

"Why? Getting too much?" He pants, bracketing her hips with his large hands, thrusting up into her at a pace they haven't had in weeks. The red head collapses forward, small screams leaving her mouth quickly as he pounds into her, in a spot she hasn't felt in a while.

Her fingers curl themselves into fists as his pubic bone rubs up against her clit whilst he moves, so Lydia presses her chest against his, sucking on his jaw without no hesitation. She nips, licking over the rather large bruise that is forming now against his skin. She faintly hears the water tipping over the edge, along with a couple of shampoo bottles falling into the other end of the tub.

"The water is making it harder" Lydias voice resembles a high pitches squeal when he snaps his hips up into her rather hard, just as his leg slips and it sends them both falling further down into the water. But it creates a new angle for them both, he's able to slide in and out of her quicker now. And he's found her g-spot. Easy.

"I'm gonna" her red hair takes over his sight, as the girl before him slaps her hand onto the wall, her movements stilling as she presses down against him. Her watches how Lydias back delicately arches, her hair grazing the top of her ass whilst her breasts poke out, nipples hard and erect from his previous work.

Her lips glisten under the dim light of the room, they're wet and she's biting down on them, hard. And that's when Stiles pounds right up into her one last time, his groan stutters as he falls into her.

He sits up, once he's come down also. Lydia gets off his length that's softening now, standing up ready to leave the confines of the bath tub. Although she's stopped, when she notices the growing puddle on the floor. Shit.

"Fuck. Stiles help me" She ushers him to stand up quickly, reaching to hold his arm as she climbs over and treads carefully to get the towels. His eyes are full of humour and concern, he prays to god she doesn't slip.

"Holy shit, we did make a mess" he laughs, hands clutching the towel she throws him whilst emptying the bath tub and placing the fallen bottles back where they should be.

It takes them half an hour to get rid of the half flooded bathroom floor, and around seven towels
that are dripping wet sitting in her shower.

Lydia's hair is already air dried once she reaches for her hair dryer, so she leaves her natural waves to hang loose around her small frame. She throws a buttoned shirt over her head, and some gym shorts on her freshly shaved legs. She can't stop feeling them.

"Oh, by the way. Thank you for shaving me, for me" Lydia jogs over to where Stiles is leaning against her bed frame with his phone sitting in his hand. She reaches up on her tip-toes, kissing him gently on the lips. He hums into the kiss, his hand falling to the small of her back as he smiles.

Once she pulls away, she places a single kiss on his cheek before pulling out her homework from her school bag. It's due in for tomorrow, and usually she would have it done by now. But with all the baby check ups and the fact she's heavily pregnant, homework has been the last thing on her mind.

"Ugh, I don't want to go into school tomorrow" Lydia spins around to find Stiles lying face down on her bed, his bare feet kicking at the end of her mattress. The banshee snorts, taking a seat at her desk so she can use her laptop and so that she's away from Stiles Stilinski.

It's not long before she wants her dinner, as it is nearly six in the evening. Her homework is mostly done, she just needs to make some tweaks and find some references so boost up her grade, nothing major. The boy on her bed hasn't moved an inch, so she's guessing he's fallen to sleep. No wonder it had been so silent whilst she worked.

"Hey you, come on. Wake up" her voice is barely a whisper, as she kneels next to him on the bed, running her fingertips over his cheek. He stirs a little, sniffing as he turns to lie on his back.

With a groan, Lydia decides to go with her plan b.

"Okay, well. I'm just going to eat the rest of the Oreos, been craving them a lot today" she speaks to herself, going to climb off her bed before a pair of hands are planted on her waist and she's thrown backwards with a certain brown eyed boy hovering over her. A smile on his face.

"Oh I don't think so, miss. I would have to use my supernatural powers to persuade you to give them to me" he's full of empty threats, obviously, they both know that. But it doesn't stop her from playing along with it, his eyes full of sleep stare down at her.

"Woah really? I'd hate to randomly have to scream, then. Pity we can't just share" Lydia pushes him to sit up, along with her. She leans against her headboard, the warmth of where his body had previously been on her sheets press against her legs.

"You have a point, Martin"

"You need to pack you're things" Lydia just has to go and ruin the mood, doesn't she? Because she visibly watches his face drop, his shoulders sagging with defeat. But he heaves his body off the bed anyway, and grabs his duffel bag that has now become a permanent part of her own bag collection. She will miss it.

"You need to let me know that Scott is okay. Because Malia sugarcoats things" Lydia helps him get most of his things together, the important things. Like his favourite hoodies, the trousers he always wears and the thousands shirts that look fucking amazing on him. It defines him, and Lydia just can't get enough of it.
They both know that there's more of his things scattered around the room, in places that they don't know about, places where they've been thrown without a care in the world before sex or a good nights sleep. They don't even make a move to find them, especially Lydia. Because she can already see a red shirt poking out from under her bed, one that she's going to wear to bed tonight.

When they're standing at her front door, his bag in his hand. It feels like they're saying goodbye but it's not as if they are breaking up. They're not even together, they have never been together.

But this little thing they had going on? It's over now, because he's going home. And she's staying here. So they're not with each other anymore.

"So I'll see you at school tomorrow?" She closes the door behind her, the two of them shuffle around in her porch, the jeep hovering in her drive behind them.

"Yeah, course. Ring me if you want, okay? Lydia I mean it. If anything happens just call me, or Scott. Or my dad or-"

"I get it. I know. I'll call you. Tell me how Scott is doing, and the twins too okay? I'll come and see them all tomorrow. You're dad and Mel will probably want to see how bump is" the two of them look down that the large bump that is Lydia's growing stomach.

"Scott and Dad still aren't happy about the plans we have for bump, y'know" Stiles traces his finger around where her belly button is poking out her shirt, it sends goosebumps over her skin. Something he's always managed to do. Something he will always manage to do to her.

"Talia has offered to have bump, and she's an amazing mother. Malia is there, so is Derek and Peter. And don't forget about the hyperactive children who live there too" Lydia laughs, which somehow earns a genuine smile from the boy standing before her. The bag hangs heavily in his hand, just as this bump hangs heavily on Lydia.

"Wait, don't Ryan and Will absolutely hate each other? I remember Malia mentioning something about that" Lydia knows that Stiles has more knowledge on the Hales, as he has been friends with them for a longer time than she has. He trusts them.

"Oh yeah, they could literally kill each other. But Will is seventeen, so he will grow out of it. But I really do think bump will fit in with them. Talia is a great mum, and she will be a great mum to this little one. I promise" his hand circles her belly, reassuring her that it will all be okay. She believes him, and she knows that it will be.

But she wants this baby for herself. She's being selfish. Lydia is sure that once she's pushed the baby out, she can move on with her life and she will be okay. Talia is this childs mother now. Not her.

"Yeah I know, I've got you anyway. We have each other and our pack. This way, the baby has a safe life. Right?" Lydia's forehead rests against his chest, she jumps when his cold hand falls onto her neck, toying with her baby hairs that sit by her ear.
"I've got you. And yeah you're right, it's safe. This is safe" he kisses her forehead. Gripping the bag tighter in his fist before speaking up again. "Okay, I gotta go. Told Mom and Dad I'd be home like five minutes ago. Text me, Lyd. Sweet dreams" he lifts her face by placing his finger on her chin, diving down to leave her with a lingering kiss that tastes of oreos and something bittersweet. Along with a hug that lasts longer than it should.

"Yeah, Okay. You too Stiles, I'll miss you" the banshee forces a chuckle to prove to him that she's okay with this.

She isn't.

She doesn't sleep and neither does he. So when it turns to Five in the morning, she gives up and heads for a shower.

That doesn't help either, but she's clinging onto the fact she will see him at school in less than three hours.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys! Sorry I haven’t updated in a while I’ve been so busy with college and I’ve had a few problems and stuff but I’ll definitely try to update way more regularly now! Hope you've enjoyed this chapter! X
Chapter Summary

After the peace of the last few months have passed, there’s another threat that the pack have to face. But before, the girls have a well needed lunch date.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lydia arrives to school half an hour early. And instantly she knows something is up, Scott and Stiles are huddled at the end of the corridor leaning against Malia's locker.

Lydia forces her legs to move faster, the dress she's wearing brushing her thighs as she jogs over to the pair. Scott looks terrified. That's what Lydia gathers first, his wide but tired eyes focused on the floor.

Her plan was to grab Stiles, pulling him inside the janitors closet to have some quality time with the werewolf after being apart for the night. But those thoughts fly right out the window, once she comes to a halt in front of a frantic Stiles and a light headed Scott who looks as if he’s on the edge of turning.

"What the hell is going on?" Her voice is a low whisper, with her fingers reaching forward to wrap around Stiles' wrist. The two boys snap their heads up to find her gaze, and it's then when Lydia notices how Scott's eyes are a bearing red. Alpha red.

"Holy sh- keep you're head down and follow me" Lydia panics, spinning around on her heel so ever so quickly find an empty classroom that's close. To their luck, the English room is empty and there isn't too many students occupying the corridor.

All three pairs of feet lift off, practically leaving dust in their wake as they shoot off down to the class, slamming the door shut behind them, which emits a rather ear splitting screech.

"What the fuck is happening to me? I can't control anything" Scott paces, eyes wide and void of anything but fear and panic. The girl notices his claws retracting slowly, not forgetting to mention the fangs that are seeping through Scott's lips. On instinct, the banshee shuffles closer to Stiles who's already holding his hand out for her.

"Buddy, come on. You're anchor, find the one thing that keeps you human. We did this"

"Allison isn't here today"

"Well Malia is. Isn't she you're anchor now?" Stiles steps forwards, daring to inch ever closer towards the new alpha werewolf. Lydia is beyond confused. Allison is Scott's anchor?

"We- we never talked about it. I'm turning, I can't sto-"  

"Think about the time you and Malia first kissed. She told me. Remember how she was sitting at the end of your bed? Waiting for you to grab your jacket and then you told her that you thought that you had feelings for her? What happened then Scott?" Lydia leans against a desk, her other
hand occupied with supporting her swelling bump.

"She- shit. She stood up and said she felt the same. And then I kissed her" the fangs retreat. The claws retract. And eyes glitch back to brown. But his breathing is still disturbingly irregular to be considered calm.

"Remember how it felt. How you felt in that moment of finally getting her. Finally kissing her. Remember it, Scott" Stiles crouches down on his knees, to where Scott is slumped against the cold marble floor, panting into the thick air.

All three of them are terrified. Not to mention worried. Lydia knew that something was going on, Malia had mentioned it. But she had no idea it was this bad, this out of control.

The strawberry blonde rips her phone out of her bag, pulling Malia's number up and telling her to get over to the school. As soon as she can.

Once her phone is back in her bag, Lydia's green eyes find the two boys sitting next to each other, heads resting heavy against the brick wall of the building.

"I can't read. I'm having nightmares. And I'm fucking terrified. Guys, something is seriously wrong. I can't control my transformation, what if I kill someone?" The boy can't even tear his eyes away from the floor, and she's stumped. It's got to be something to do with what Julia did to him, surely?

"Okay, look. We need to speak to Allison and Malia, to see if they're getting this too because if not then we can speak to Deaton, he might be able to un-do this magic Julia pulled. But first we have History, so do you want a minute before we head to class?" Finding it a struggle to squat so she's teaching Scott's level, Lydia just decides to grab his hand. Hoping that it calms him even more in some type of way.

"No. I'm good, we can sort this out at lunch-"

A shrill loud noise, echoes throughout the empty class. The banshee and alpha turn to face Stiles who is still staring worriedly at Scott. Totally oblivious to his ringing phone.

"Jesus Christ" after seconds of him still not realising, Lydia takes it upon herself to answer the boys phone, which then catches her attention as her hands fumble with his pocket.

"Oh, sorry"

"Dude, are you going deaf?"

"Hey Noah"

The two boys shut up when they hear their fathers name fall from Lydia's lips. Seconds later it makes them move closer towards the girl when her heart speeds up rather quickly. Whatever the Sheriff is saying, it's nothing to do with baby cribs or clothes.

"Uh y-yeah. I'll try. See you soon" a faint beep is heard and soon enough the phone is pushed back into Stiles' crotch while the banshee stands up.

"Ern babe, y'know I may be a werewolf and all but it still  most definitely hurts when my phone is thrown back into my-"

"Stiles shut up, man" Scott is hitting his best friends head before sprinting up to where Lydia is
pacing around the classroom with her eyes screwed shut. He's hesitant to ask because he's not even sure if he wants to know what's happening, but they need to find out.

"Lyd, what did Dad say?"

"Do you remember the crazy guy who tried to bomb that school bus a few years ago? Barrow? He was taken to hospital this morning, and he's escaped. No where to be seen, and the last thing he said was- my god I feel sick" both boys pull out a chair for her to sit down onto, carefully aiding her and making sure she's physically okay.

"What did he say Lyd? Come on, it's okay" Stiles crouches in front of her, eyes gentle and careful with her own. While Scott steps back, something is off with him and he feels as if he knows already what is about to slip out of the banshee's mouth. But he stays silent.

"He said, that they had glowing eyes. They think he's heading back here somehow" Lydia watches both of their faces fall for just a second, before both of them try to speak. But it's still silent.

She knows already that they're going to force her to go home, but she can't and she won't. Making decisions for her and her baby is Lydia's call. Don't get her wrong she understands why they want to protect her, but she wants to protect them too.

Knowing that they have to tell everyone else, along with getting to class, the three of them still make no effort to move at all.

The voices in her head are progressively growing louder, and it’s starting to really hurt her now. But she ignores it, choosing to stand from her seat.

“I think he’s here” Scott’s voice confirms her thoughts, which makes her nausea a tad worse. But Lydia spins around to look out of the window. The sun is shining down on the school and there’s still students out there now.

“He’s not here yet, but he will be. We need to get everyone together. Stiles, call Issac and tell him to let everyone know. We need to meet, as soon as we can” as she watches the father of her baby pull his phone out, she winces. Her whole body shaking for a second.

The pain subsides for a second, and she takes it as her chance to walk over to Scott, finding him staring at something on his phone.

“Lydia I can’t read. What does this say?” His voice is trembling, eyes full of complete worry and Lydia can’t help but want to cry for him. None of them deserve this, Deaton can’t give him an answer apart from something to do with a door and Scott can’t do a basic human function. It’s not fair.

A tear slips out of her eye, before a sob breaks from her mouth. Lifting her hand to cover her lips, she faintly watches Stiles and Scott stare at her, stepping back for a brief moment before inching closer as she tears make no show of stopping.

“It’s just not fair. We don’t fucking deserve this, god. Why can’t we just be normal. I shouldn’t be pregnant, Scott should be able to read, Malia shouldn’t be seeing her dead uncle and Allison shouldn’t be turning into a coyote. It’s so fucked up. I just want a burger is that too much to ask?” Black mascara tears stain under her eyes, rolling down to her red lips. The salty taste makes her briefly want to throw up.

Stiles and Scott want to laugh, her hormones are obviously all over the place but she’s right. And none of them can deny that one bit.
He stares down at her, the dress she’s wearing is tight around the swell of her bump, riding up her thighs a little and her hair is a little fuzzy. But he still thinks she’s stunning, even with the tear stained cheeks.

“Baby, come on. Let’s get you home okay? You’re already way ahead in classes they won’t give two shits. Just come with me, okay?” Stiles crouches down to her level, his hand rubbing over her thigh for comfort but Lydia surprises him by moving away and pulling at her hair.

“No, I want to be normal. Is that just, too much to ask?” As Lydia walks, she bumps into a chair. A low growl leaves her throat. So she chooses to push the chair out of her way, with a scream and a quick movement of her wrist.

It slams against the wall and breaks in half. The voices in her head subside, and a sigh leaves her at the feeling.

Malia cautiously opens the door, followed by Allison and Ethan. The three of them looking over to a stunned Scott and Stiles for an answer. But no one has one.

Allison walks over towards Lydia, being weary as she does so.

“Hey Lyd, you want to come to class with me? Or we could go and get a smoothie it’s up to you?” Her voice is normal, treating the banshee like she wants to be treated. Normally.

“Yeah, okay, a smoothie sounds great. Mal, you up for it?” The Hunter smiles, nodding as she holds the door open for the two girls who are leaving the class. Stiles doesn’t hesitate to press a quick, light kiss on Lydia’s lips.

Which then leaves the girl glowing with a smile as the three of them leave the classroom. They bump into Issac, Kira, Theo and Liam on their way out. Inviting Kira along with them, the girl goes all giddy at the invite leaving her boyfriends side without a second thought to join the girls.

They take Malias car, thankfully. Because Lydia would not have felt safe in Allison’s truck. It’s just like the jeep, about to break down any day now.

“So, we’ve never really done this have we? A girls day?” Allison speaks up, as they each pick up a menu from the small diner booth that they have picked. Kira, with a smile that literally has not left her face, shakes her head.

“No! We haven’t, but I’m really glad we’re able to do it now. It’s really giving us a chance to bond while not being in a fight” Kira says with a chuckle, placing down her menu having decided what to order.

“I bet, how is it all going? You’re showing...well” Allison stutters, laughing once she gets her rambled sentence out, apologising as the rest of the girls laugh along with her.

“No, it’s fine. It’s going as good as expected, my room is officially filled with baby clothes and things to take to the hospital but I think Talia is collecting the baby afterwards. She’s been great too, we’ve been spending a lot of time with her and the kids” Lydia messes with the edge of her menu, picking at a frayed edge of paper which she soon decides to leave alone.

Deep down, she wishes that she could keep her baby. She wishes she could watch Stiles he the dad...
he wants to be, Lydia wants her little family.

But she would rather keep her baby alive than risking it become bait or a target.

And she has to admit, her bump weirdly big. She’s seen pregnant women before and the size of hers is scaring her. The thought of labour makes her want to hurl over and cry right now.

“Well, Lyd. You look great, and you are doing the best thing. We all think so” Malia speaks up, sending the banshee a wink and a smile as she does so. Appreciating the words, Lydia desperately wants to change subject.

Having the chance to bond with these girls is something that as they’ve spoken about, hasn’t been something they’ve been able to do before. So she would rather speak about boys, clothes and girl stuff rather than the baby she’s carrying.

“Anyway, lets have a proper girls chat. Shall we?” Lydia smirks, just as the waitress comes over to take their orders, along with their menus. Lydia frantically searches for something else to pick at, in the end she settles for a tearing the edge of a napkin.

“Yes! Totally. So, Allison. I want to hear all about you and Issac” Kira winks, nudging the girl who has kept her and Issac’s relationship quiet for a couple of months now.

“Oh god. Okay so, we’ve said I love you, and we’re just loving it at the moment. He spent Christmas at mine and we spent New Years at his with his aunt and uncle. It’s amazing” none of the girls miss how her cheeks turn a bright shade of red, the sparkle present in her eyes as she talks about the boy she’s recently fell in love with.

“Aww Allison I’m so happy for you, both of you. You think that it’s going to work for the long run?” Lydia leans forward, leaning her elbow on the table so she can rest her chin on her hand. It’s nice to sit and feel normal with the girls that she’s closest too in life, it’s something that she’s needed.

“Yeah, I really think so. My dad is...warming up to him. My family love him, and his family like me. I feel as if that’s the one thing that you need to get through to see if it will work, right?” Allison turns to all three of them, waiting for an answer of clarification. And of course all three are relatively different. Kira likes to sugarcoat things, Malia is definitely blunt and worst case scenario, and Lydia is truthful but optimistic.

All three, are very different.

“Well yeah of course! Family is definitely the biggest obstacle that me and Theo have overcome. And it turned out great so I agree” Kira bounces in her seat, sending Allison a smile and a certain nod as she does.

“Well no, Ally. Yeah it’s a big thing, but who cares if they don’t like you or they do? You have Issac and that’s what matters, sure his family might try to turn him against you but you’ll get over that. It’s not the biggest thing me and Scott have gone through, that was definitely when we nearly broke up that one time” Malias mind wonders off as she finishes her answer for the other brunette girl, who stares over at Malia in total shock and surprise.

This is the first they’ve all heard about herself and Scott nearly breaking up. Anyway, that’s something Lydia will pester her about later. Their gazes fall onto Lydia who shrugs.

“Well me and Stiles were friends before we...well, before now. And our families loved each of us, it’s all about the first impression I think. But I think everyone knows what was the biggest thing
for me and that seventeen year old child” Lydia chuckles, before all three of their gazes fall down to her stomach at the same time.

“What, no! We’ve handled this well, I think so anyway. But does no one remember when I left? Me and him hated each other. Like, really badly too. It wasn’t pretty” shuddering, Lydia wants to forget about that phase, it was definitely one of the most lowest times she’s ever had before.

“Oh my fucking god, yeah! That was crazy, I still haven’t forgiven you for leaving” Malia pouts over to the red head, where Lydia just shakes her head and ignores her best friends remark.

“I’m sorry for all of that by the way, I’m really glad that we’re where we are now” Allison leans forward as she speaks, taking her food and drink off the waitress. And Lydia just waits for her to settle back in her seat before she hugs her.

And something in her world shifts. And suddenly a memory, no it can’t be a memory, almost like an old dream. A vision floods through Lydia’s mind.


It’s gone in a flash, but there’s a pull in Lydia that somehow feels like it’s connected to Allison. Once they both pull away, they stare at each other with utter confusion.

“Did you feel that?”

“Yeah, Allison was it your magic or something?”

“No, at least i don’t think so anyway” Allison looks over her own and Lydias’s body, looking for anything out of the ordinary but everything seems okay. Which makes things even more weird.

“Uh what happened?” Kira butts in, staring at the two, whilst Malia is tucking into her food that is now half eaten.

“I don’t know, it just felt like there was a literal spark between us or something and now there’s just a feeling like I’m...kind of connected to her. Not in a weird way, just like a protective way” Allison explains, Lydia agreeing straight away. Kira then moves on to explain about pack instinct with a baby, and the mother of the baby.

That must be it.
It has to be it, because nothing else can come to mind.
Apart from the vision Lydia had, that has scared her half to death.

“No way, Scott has great stamina” Malia shakes her head, finishing her second smoothie. Lydia, who has just started her third drink, only it being water this time, laughs out loud into the diner that’s filling up considerably quick now.

“I have to agree, he was good. But Issac, all I have to say is him becoming a hellhound? It did wonders for his confidence somehow. Lahey isn’t as innocent as he seems” Allison winks, watching how shocked the rest of the girls look at her confession. Which just makes her belly laugh, clapping her hand on her thigh as she does.

“Oh god, I can’t believe we’re this conversation in a diner” Lydia looks up to the ceiling trying to calm the heat in her cheeks down from all the laughing she has been doing.
“No come on, spill about Stiles” Kira leans forward, waiting impatiently for the red head to talk about her and Stilinski’s sex life.

“Well, you know it’s not much of a secret to Allison and Malia. They’ve slept with him before too” raising her eyebrows at the two girls, both of them shrug and pull faces of disgust at the thought, making her chuckle.

“Yeah it was just the once and it wasn’t...we were so drunk and it wasn’t even a full two minutes” Malia mutters, now staring at Allison for her to take the lead with Lydia’s comment. In which she does feel bad for bringing up, but they have never talked about it before and she feels like it would just kill the elephant in the room.

“You know we didn’t do it as often as you think. We have been friends since we were really young. But it was just quite basic, you know?” Allison shrugs, and Lydia’s jaw falls slack at the fact she’s telling the truth. Because every time Lydia has slept with Stiles, he most definitely has not been basic.

“Oh...right. That’s weird, because he’s not very basic at all in bed. But even he was, he wouldn’t have to do much because it’s, well not to be crude but when he says it’s big. He’s not lying” Kira laughs, and Malia does too which is surprising as she’s not very close with Stiles at all.

“Maybe because he actually wants to impress you” Allison says, winking over at the banshee before pushing her empty glass forward and crossing her legs. Lydia’s eyes widen, a smug grin pulling at the corners of her lips at the thought.

“No ones asked about Theo?”

Now, they all know Kira wouldn’t give a shit if they all walked naked in front of her, she wouldn’t care if they gave her the most detailed explanation of their sex lives or anything to do with that. It’s simple, Kira is just a really open person, and a girls girl.

However, the thought of Theo in bed is something that none of them really want to imagine. Yes, he’s very good looking, no one can deny that. But the boys personality has definitely taken him down a few notches in their eyes.

So Lydia, takes one for the team. Because she loves Kira, they all do.

“Oh yeah, go on then Ki, tell us” her eyes light up at Lydia’s response. And Kira dives into, just as Lydia predicted, a detailed conversation about hers and Theo’s sex life.

Five minutes into it, Lydia feels her phone vibrate on her thigh. Saved by the bell which is her amazing Stiles. Thank the lord.

“Hey, what’s u-”

“Babe, can you all get back here? The school is going into lock down in ten minutes because Barrow is here. My dad is on his way soon, can you get here?”

“Fuck. Yeah, course we can” Lydia briefly catches Allison pulling the waitress for the bill as she tells Kira and Mal, what Stiles has just told her. And all of them exit the diner, leaving a tip for the girl who served them.

“Okay, we’re all going to the basement to check. I- I want you to stay with someone. Please?” He sounds like he’s out of breath, and she guesses he’s doing a check of the school for the criminal. All four of the girls climb into the car, Lydia settles for the passengers seat again, as Allison wastes
no time in speeding off.

“Yeah, I will. Keep your phone on you and stay safe, Stiles. Okay?”

“Yeah. I promise” he ends the call, and she’s glad that they’re getting closer to the school. Five minutes until it’s on lockdown. They pass the police station, catching the sight of Noah and most of his men climbing into their cars.

“Oh my god. Okay let’s think. A bomber, he wants to blow up a school so how can he do it?” Lydia spins around, facing Allison, Malia and Kira in the back.

“The gym? It’s big enough?” Kira pushes her hair out of her face, looking around to see if they agree.

“I’m not sure. He need somewhere with power and force” Allison adds, pulling into the school car park in a hurry. Clambering our of the car, they make it into the building and it all seems normal. The kids aren’t even acting as if there’s a mass murderer in the school.

“The electric room. In the basement” Malia mutters, in which all three of the girls spin around to face her with wide eyes. She’s right. She’s fucking right.

“You’re a genius we need to-”

“Allison wait. The basement. Where all of the ones with glowing eyes are. The ones with glowing eyes...” all four of their hearts drop. Because they’re all down there. In the basement.

Lydia is off before any of them can even stop her. Pushing through the students, knocking a few into their lockers as her boots hit against the floor.

She couldn’t care less, right now. Because that feeling of dread and fear settling over her body, and flowing through her bones at the thought of Stiles even being down there with that messed up man. It would make her do anything to get him the hell out.

“Shit. Shit. Shit” she starts off whispering to herself, but ends up shouting when she reaches the door. A gust of wind blows her off her neck from behind her, a familiar perfume that she recognises as Allison’s surrounds her.

“Open the door Lyds, come on” somehow she’s frozen with fear, but it lasts a second. Because the next thing that she knows, is that she’s shooting down the stairs in a frantic search for him. She needs him.

“Fuck, Allison where are they? Stiles! Scott?” Lydia runs through the basement hallways. Looking around as Allison follows behind her, calling for them all.

The two girls stop at the electric room. Pure, cold, terror flooding through her veins. This could be it, she could have risked her own and her baby’s life in search for the boy that she loves. And Lydia didn’t think she’s ever loved anybody as much as she loves Stiles, until now.

Allison pushes the door open, heading inside to check whilst Lydia stands frozen to the spot. She could throw up at any given moment but she will put that aside for now.

“It’s clear. Lydia it’s fucking clear, where the hell is he?” Allison comes back out, slamming the door.

And just as the banshee goes to speak. He turns around the corner. They all do.
“Oh my god” all of the air leaves her lungs. She plunges herself at him, arms wrapped around his neck and her bump gently pressing into his torso. First off, his hands do a confused motion at her sides, before slipping around her waist and up into her hair, gently tugging at it.

“Woah, what’s wrong? Lyd, talk to me” his voice is loud, she figures that his mouth is right next to her ear. Before she responds she briefly sees Allison pressed against Issac’s side as she explains what’s happened.

“We thought he was down here, with you all. And Stiles, the thought of you possibly- I just, I couldn’t lose you. I just couldn’t, okay?” Her voice breaks, she may sounds crazy and attached to him right now, and maybe they haven’t said I love you yet. But they both know that they love each other.

“He’s here, Scott has his scent but he’s not down here, Lyds. I’m okay, I’m safe and I’m not leaving you. Even if I had the choice I wouldn’t, okay? I promise you” his hands press into the dip in her waist, one of them gently brushing away a tear that was beginning to slip down her cheek.

“I know. And I wouldn’t leave you, ever. But we’ve got a guy to catch and a school to save right now” she chuckles, and he can’t help but smile. Pressing a longing, but innocent kiss onto her lips that have been longing for him all day.

They linger, lips brushing lightly before they both set off with the others. Leaving the basement behind, not losing each-others touch for the rest of the day.

Chapter End Notes

Hi everyone. I’m so so sorry I haven’t updated in a while I’ve been so busy over the summer with my holidays and my new job. But I’ll be updating more often now, along with another new Stydia book called The Line, if you guys could check that out it would mean so much! But thank you all to those to read, comment and leave Kudos. Lots of love to you all and I hope your having a great summer. ! Xx
Twenty- The Spirit

"Lydia, where are you?"

"I'm on my way. We- look don't freak out but we just got caught up with the Oni. They got me but Ethan and Theo caught me as I fell. So I'm fine. Okay?" Her breaths are short and heavy as she navigates her way through the car park to the entrance of the hospital.

He's silent for a couple of minutes, which doesn't settle well with Lydia. She faintly hears Allison and Issac behind her, as they all push open the hospital doors.

It's making her feel nauseous. Today has just been a mess. This morning was fine, herself and Stiles had breakfast with Talia and Malia, and as far as they knew Melissa was looking after Scott.

But when Lydia needed to babysit Leo, thankfully Allison had offered to keep her company, Theo and Ethan burst through her front door mumbling something about Scott being messed up. And the oni appeared just seconds after.

All she knows is that Scott has been losing himself for the past couple of weeks, and it's progressively been getting worse. And now it's reached the point where he's in hospital, having a brain scan.

"Okay. I'm glad that they were there with you, are you here?" His voice is loud, turning the corner she realises it's because he's sitting in the waiting room.

"Yeah, I'm here" locking her phone and placing it back into her bag, she barely has a chance to breathe before he's collapsing into her arms and pulling her into him.

"Something is up. Talia and Derek are here, they've been great and they know what is inside of him. Chris is with Melissa and Dad, taking a look to confirm if it's what they think" Stiles doesn't think he's ever heard himself quite so broken before. But he couldn't give a shit, he doesn't care about being vulnerable in front of Lydia. He never will.

"Okay, sit with me. He's going to be okay, he has got his pack here and his family. What more could he need? What do they think is wrong with him?" Her hands run themselves across his thigh and his back, hoping her touch is keeping him calm in some sort of way.

"So, you've heard about the Nogitsune, right? You've got it in your beastiary. When they did the sacrifice, Scott let him in some how. That's what's been wrong with him. So they're doing a brain can to see if anything has messed with his mind"

Her strong front falls for a second, her heart shattering in some kind of way. Because it's rare. Encountering void is rare, but saving someone from him? That's a totally different story in itself.

And it breaks Lydia's heart to know that Stiles already knows all of this. He's been through the beastiary a few times, enough to know every spirit, creature, myth that is in there. He knows what's happening to his best friend and none of them know how to stop it.

"Look at me, Stiles. Come on babe, look at me. When have we not figured something out? We've defeated a Darach, we've done a pack of Alphas and a fucking Kanima. We can easily add a void
You hear me?" She pushes a piece of red hair out of her face, wishing she had put it up today but she has no time to think of that. He's staring at her, eyes washed over with something Lydia can't quite comprehend.

"I'm so in love with you"

The banshee, and the werewolf sit there in silence. She begins to stutter but falls quite in the same second. And then, in under a second her body fills up with something she's never felt before, it's warm and it's something she doesn't want to lose.

It's like her heart could literally burst any second, it's so full of love for this boy that she doesn't know how to express it.

"I love you. I love you so much, I do" she replies. And the smile that beams on his face is something that Lydia doesn't think she will ever forget. The edges of his eyes blending from pink to red as a couple of small, glistening tears slip from them.

Lydia chuckles, she feels warm, teardrops slip from her own eyes. Leaning forward pressing her lips against his own, almost immediately his hands fall on the curve of where her thighs meet her ass, and onto her neck.

"How much more softer are you going to make me, Martin? You're beginning to get to me" he whispers into her hair from where his head is perched on her shoulder, the smell and warmth that he's receiving from her is like home to him.

Lydia is Stiles home. And he never wants to lose that.

---

"Lydia get to the animal clinic now" something in her body switches. Her boots stop from where she is currently pacing inside of Allison's house. With Kate Argent just a few feet away from her.

"Malia what's happened?"

"Scott was faking it. Coach got hit by an arrow, the bomb went off at the station and then he brought us here. He's stabbed Stiles with one of my swords. And right now he's not waking up" Malia sounds as if she's struggling, the fact that Lydia can hear her sniffling confirms her suspicions that her best friend is crying.

Although, she can't blame her. Her boyfriend is an evil spirit intent on killing her pack, and her best friends... well, the guy that her best friend loves has just been stabbed.

"I'll be there soon. Don't worry Mal, I'm coming okay?" Her voice is soft, as soft as she can make it for a girl who's trying so desperately not to freak out and possibly stress out her baby.

"Allison, did you hear that?" Lydia spins around, watching the wide eyes of Kate fall to the floor.

"I didn't know it was this bad...why haven't you just killed him?" The blonde haired woman stands up from her place on the couch, moving around her niece who is holding her car keys, and grabbing another glass of water.
"Because that's not what we do. See you later, Kate" Allison grabs the top of Lydia's arm, waking with her out of the house as fast as they can move.

"Little banshee. I want the name. Please" the two girls can see how much it pains the Argent woman to use her manners. But the red head just spins around, leaving the house and the woman standing alone. Allison right behind her.

"Just know that you don't have to tell me if you don't want to, I totally get that. But, do you know?" Allison practically speeds to the clinic, briefly looking over to Lydia. All afternoon Kate had been pestering them to find out what was in Gerard's claws that he never wanted her to see.

Lydia knows. But she doesn't think that it's the right time for a family feud.

"She had a child with Derek. Her name is Cora"

"Dereks little sister?"

"Yeah, I'm guessing Talia and Gerard made that up didn't they. Just like Malia grew up with Talia as her mother, but it's actually Peter that is her dad and her real mommy is a psychopath" Lydia scoffs, letting her head fall back against the car seat with disbelief. The two families hate each other but yet, there has been rather a lot of communication between the two after all these years.

"Okay. Just forget about it. We've got bigger things to worry about, come on" the truck comes to a rather abrupt stop, and Lydia makes no move to stay inside of the broken thing any longer.

She briefly catches sight of Issac and Liam standing outside, waiting for Allison. But she rushes right ahead, the tug inside of her chest feeling as strong as she thinks it's ever felt.

"Mal? Stiles?" Her voice breaks, the pace she's at speeding up remarkably as she searches for the two of them.

She finds them. And he's awake now, thankfully, but the sword is still sticking out of his chest and there's blood covering literally every single bit of his white shirt.

Not wanting to make him feel worse, Lydia stumbles over to the sink and throws up, the tears leaking out of her eyes as she does. It lasts a while, the feeling of sickness and nausea failing to subside.

Maybe it's the blood or the sight of the weapon sticking out of Stiles. But the whole image, and in fact the person who did the damage, is just so surreal to her right now. Soon enough Lydia manages to pull herself together, the sounds of everyone calling her name coming into focus now.

"I'm okay. I'm fine" she shouts. Before gathering all the strength that she has and rushing back to where everyone is spread across the room. All staring at Stiles.

"Lyd, pull it out" his voice is weak and low, the sword that's in him is obviously stopping him from healing. She needs to get it out now or he'll loose too much blood.

"Okay, uh. Issac, want to help pull it when I say?" Turning around she watches the curly haired
boy crouch behind where she's on her knees next to Stiles, her fingers gently running through his hair.

"How did he do this? Stiles is his best friend" the banshee faintly hears Malia cry to Allison, hiccuping between the words that she's rambling out. Wanting to comfort her, she pushes that down when the boy in front of her meets her gaze.

"It's okay. I'll heal, alright?"

"Yeah. God, okay. I've got this. You're going to be okay baby, just, uh. Liam, come and hold his hand. Now" Lydia's tone is sharp and harsh, guarding her emotions so she's not too weak to pull a fucking sword out of Stiles chest.

"Erm, Yeah. Sure. Hand holder I can be"

"If Liam touches me I'll actually kick that little boys ass" Stiles says to Lydia, as Liam hovers around the three of them. Issac huffs behind her, Lydia imagines that he's rolling his eyes at the situation before him.

"Get over yourself. You're going to want to hold his hand. You can't hold mine, you'd break it and frankly I can't heal. And I'm carrying your child. So, take your pick?"

"Fine. Get down here Dunbar" reluctantly but surely, Stiles grabs hold of Liam's hand who just smiles comfortingly down at the injured werewolf.

"Okay. On three..." Lydia speaks, the room falling silent as her hands grip the end of the weapon. Before she counts, she presses a quick kiss to his forehead. One that she figures he needs, because she can't even comprehend how he's feeling right now.

"One, two. Three" herself and Issac pull it out swiftly, just as a loud howl emits from the boy she's in love with. Which ends up shaking the building that they're inside of.

Dropping the sword onto the floor, ignoring the echo of the clanging noise it makes. Lydia and Issac rush forward to make sure that Stiles is healing. Lifting up his shirt to thankfully see the wound that's no longer bleeding, and slowly starting to look less red and angry.

"Okay. You're fine, you're okay" the boy collapses forward into Lydia's lap. His hands and arms shaking around her petite frame to hold onto her as tight as he can.

"I need to get out of here. Now" Stiles mutters into her chest, while Lydia looks back to Liam and Issac.

"Help him up?" She asks, pushing him off her for the two boys to haul him up and off the blood covered floor. Malia rushes to help up the banshee quickly, who stumbles over to where Allison is standing whilst clutching onto Malia's arm.

"Are you okay?" The Hale girl whispers, in which Lydia just nods sharply. Following everyone else out of the building that she will never be able to look at in the same way again.

"You're coming home with me" Lydia says, marching up to Stiles who now looks as if he's recovering well enough for him to roll his eyes at her demanding tone.

"Im fine. Nearly healed, see?" He lifts his shirt a little for her to inspect the stab wound that's growing smaller by the minute. But no, shaking her head and still rather adamant that he's going back to her house, Lydia grabs his hand.
"I don't want you out of my sight. Okay? What just happened in there, is something that I don't want to see again while I'm still like this. Or ever, really. So please just help put my mind at ease, and come home" she pulls him to the side, away from their friends so that they can have a discussion that he's fighting so hard against. For reasons she has no idea as to why.

"Lydia, I want to make sure my family are safe, Scott is out of his mind and- That's not even fucking Scott. I don't know what that thing is. And I just want all the people I love safe" he tugs at the ends of his hair, wincing a little as he raises his arms. Right now, all that Stiles can really think about is touching her, and being with her. It's all her.

But he can't let Lydia cloud his judgement, his killer best friend is on the loose in Beacon Hills and he has no idea what to do.

"Well then I will come with you. My mother and Leo are safe, the house is covered in mountain ash. So I'll come with you, please"

"Lydia, no. I don't want you at risk while being with me"

"Uh, guys" Liam's voice appears from next to them.

"I won't be. If you haven't forgot I can defend myself"

"Guys"

"You're fucking pregnant Lydia. With our child. Do you know how much that thing is probably getting from that?"

"All the more reason for me to be with you"

"Guys, look"

"My god you're so stubborn Lydia!"

"Don't get me started on stubborn, Stilinski"

"Guys-"

"Shut up Liam!" The both of them spin around, shouting at the young supernatural at the same time. Before following where he's pointing too.

Before them, is Deaton carrying a rather unconscious Scott McCall. God knows how a middle aged man is carrying a werewolf. Stiles won't dwell on that right now.

The pair of them rush over to where Deaton is laying Scott in the back of Issac's car.

"What is this?"

"Stiles, how are you healing?" The vet asks with a tight lipped smile. There is no one else on earth who makes Lydia's blood boil but also who she can't thank enough, other than Alan Deaton.

"Very well. Care to explain what is going on?"
Lydia watches as the Stilinski boy steps closer to her, feeling his hand land on the small of her back as his eyes flick towards Scott.

"I was at the Argents talking to them about where I've just been. When he turned up. Luckily Kate could distract the spirit whilst I injected him with a rare kind of poison used on a Nogistune" Deaton watches as all six pairs of eyes fall onto the passed out frame of Scott. Malia doesn't
hesitate in stepping forward, her hand landing on his head so that she can brush his hair out of his
eyes.

Lydia wants to cry for her. Malia is watching her boyfriend lose himself to something that is intent
on killing everyone and everything around them.

"How long does it last?" Issac steps forward to take a glance at the red lines that are marking
Scott's arms. All of them now wondering what the hell they are.

"Around twelve hours. When Scott comes around he will most likely be himself for another six
hours, that's when we may or may not lose him again. It depends how strong our alpha can fight" it's
now when Stiles makes everyone jump. His fist coming into quick, hard contact with the back
of Allison's truck. A yell escaping his lips.

"If that's damaged, you're paying by the way"

"We need to think of something, we need to get that thing out of my best friend" Stiles' arms begin
to tremble, his eyes flickering over Scott's limp body and the rest of his pack around him.

"The thing that you kids need to do right now is sleep. Scott is going to be out for the next twelve
hours, so I suggest you all get some rest while you can" Deaton's gaze briefly lingers on the
pregnant teen, before closing the car door shut and waiting to hear their decision.

"We can go back to my house. My family are away on a late Christmas vacation anyway" Liam
steps forward, half a smile on his face. Deaton also smiles, clapping his hands together which
causes the pack around him to jump.

"Good. Take him back. Me, Derek and Talia will be round with Chris in a couple of hours. Ring
me if needed" the vet walks back into his blood covered vet clinic, his posture still tight and bold
as always.

"Issac, you take Liam and Malia in your car. We will follow in the truck" Allison unlocks the doors
to the truck, Lydia and Stiles following suit and climbing into the rusting vehicle. Her mind is
racing, she barely remembers them pulling out of the small parking lot outside the clinic and
walking into Liam's.

Although she does recall that Liam basically lives in a fucking fortress. His house is huge, even
bigger than her dads. And that's saying something.

"Liam, why is this the first we've seen of you're house that looks like it's out of some type of fake
brochure for millionaires?" Stiles looks around, his jaw nearly touching the floor, along with Malia
and Issac.

Curling her lips into her mouth, Lydia kicks off her boots leaving them by the door as she walks
through to where Liam is leading Allison through to the living room. Scott is placed lying down,
the fire is on for him to warm up too and Lydia just falls silent.

He looks so peaceful. Asleep and finally rid of that disgusting spirit that's decided to corrupt him.
Gently falling to her knees, Lydia lets her hand rest on his forehead.

"We'll get you back Scott. I promise" the red haired girl leans forward, slowly pressing her lips
to his cheek before pulling back. Staring at him now, Lydia is taken back to the first time she saw this
boy.

In the animal clinic with his little sister. And she had no idea why she was there, it was so long ago
that she can barely remember. Although it was probably for something like a job opening, she was so desperate to find a job back then.

Back when their lives weren't in imminent danger.

The Martin girl had no idea that later that same day, this boy would become her first friend in her new home. And someone who she would love so, so dearly for the rest of her life. In that moment, Lydia swears that she will do everything in her power to avoid this boy from being killed.

He's got such a life ahead of him that has barely even begun. Plus, she refuses to watch everyone she loves fall to pieces, including herself.

"Hey, uh, there's a room for you and Stiles if you both want to rest. It's upstairs. I just thought that with you being rather close to...you know. Popping that little thing out-

"Liam shut your mouth, and take her and Stiles upstairs. We've got this" Malia walks past the two of them, standing above where Lydia is still kneeling next to Scott.

"Okay, Yeah! I'll just go and make sure that the room is all good and ready" the youngest member of the pack rushes out the room, hearing a distant sound of glass smashing and a rather loud curse in his wake.

The banshee stands up, turning around and instantly pulling her best friends hands into her own. Upon the contact, Malia squeezes Lydia's hands as her head falls onto her shoulder.

"Hey, hey. Look, I love you. And it will be okay, he loves you and he's coming back for you. Don't doubt him, or you. Because we're going to get him back. And this time next month we will look back at this moment and you'll smile. Because he will be okay again, we all will. Okay?" Her voice is soft, watching as Malia pulls her head back up with tears appearing at the brim of her eyes. They don't fall, Lydia knows that Malia is too stubborn to let them.

"Thank you. Thank you, so much Liddy. I know, you're right even though right now fucking everything seems impossible to me. But, Talia and Derek will be here soon so I'll be alright. I love you too. So much" the two girls don't waste a moment before pulling each other into a tight embrace. One that they're reluctant to let go of.

They know that this may be the last moment they get to actually speak without their lives being a total mess, in the next few days. Although they'll be with each other, helping save Scott. This is something that they both need. It feels like it's needed.

"Relax, Mal"

Lydia watches as her best friend takes a seat on the floor next to where Scott is lying, resting her head on his thigh as she stares up at his sleeping frame. Feeling like it's the right moment to leave, Lydia slowly pads out of the room in search for Stiles.

Who she ends up finding sitting at the bottom of the never ending stairs with a new shirt on. Probably one of Liam’s that is too big. Slowly and gently, she lowers herself down onto the step, the side of her body pressed against his own.

"Hey, you. Talk to me" kissing his shoulder, Lydia is about to pull her head away just as she feels his head rest on top of her own. The weight makes her sigh, the feeling of him grounds her.

"I'm just...scared for him. I'm tired. I'm frustrated and I just feel like we're constantly waiting all the time. And I'm sick of it, Lyd. I don't want to feel this way anymore" His voice is barely a
whisper, his body is limp and still and she can practically feel how tired he is. It's near enough two in the morning, and they've been up for nearly twenty four hours now.

Due to Lydia waking up at six this morning so that she could make the boy sitting next to her go and get her some jelly beans.

"I know, trust me. But you're going to feel better, because this will get better. You want to head up, get some sleep?" The banshees hand falls onto Stiles' thigh, squeezing it softly as his head turns to her own.

And there it is. That feeling she gets whenever he looks at her, the one where she feels as if she's full of warmth and like her heart could literally combust with all that she feels for him. Back way when, Lydia thought she loved Jackson. Course she had boyfriends before then but the longest she had been with someone was two months, tops.

And then this boy walked, or rather stumbled very gracefully, into her world. Bringing a whole world of his own with him. But somehow they work, after absolutely everything they work. And that's all they've ever wanted.

"Yeah. That sounds fucking great right now, c'mon" he stands, lifting her up with him as they follow the footsteps of Liam who must still be wandering around the room to make sure it's suitable.

"Oh hey! It's all good, and sorted for you. Toilet is just through here, 'Kay?" Liam shuffles on his feet not bothering to move from in front of the supernatural couple. Still nodding his head, Liam's eyes move down to where Stiles and Lydia's hands are clasped together, still not moving.

"Kid, is there a reason you're still here? Have you forgot your teddy bear?" Stiles steps forwards so plant his hands on Liam's shoulders, smiling sarcastically down at him. Walking forward, with Liam, Lydia just rolls her eyes and leaves the pair of boys to bicker between themselves.

She waits until Liam is out of the room before she peels her black tights off her legs, folding them and placing them on the nearest vanity table. Which is probably three times the size of her own at home.

Liam never fails to surprise her.

"Here, have my shirt" his front presses up against her bare back as she busies herself folding her dress so it doesn't crease. The warmth makes Lydia crave him, as she falls right back into his body with a loud sigh leaving her lips.

Their eyes catch each others in the mirror that is standing in front of them, atop of vanity table. The image of a very pregnant and tired Lydia, leant back against Stiles' front with his chin resting on her shoulder. Despite the day they've had, Lydia knows it's a moment that she won't forget again. It's just the three of them, how she wants it to be. Always.

"Remember, when your mum went missing and you said something. You said that this might be a 'werewolf baby'. How did you know?" Closing her eyes, Lydia focuses on the sound of his heartbeat and his breathing, waiting for him to answer as they sway side to side absentmindedly.

"When I touched you're belly, it was like I could feel what the baby was feeling. When I did that, with Pippa and Riley, I couldn't feel their feelings. And then I remember Allison saying something before, about how she could feel her new born supernatural family members. Not the human ones"
Stiles hands circle around her belly, her skin silky and soft under his touch, the harsh material of her lace panties rubbing against his fingertips every now and then.

"That's amazing, my god. So do you think that they are a werewolf? Maybe?" Opening her eyes again, she looks into his own. Stomach turning for a hot moment as she does, in which he smirks and spins her around to face him.

"I don't know. But Talia has said, she won't mind no matter what. Our baby will be fine" he pulls his shirt over her small frame, smiling when it bunches up rather a lot around her belly. His glistening eyes skimming over her face, before leaning forward to kiss the girl he's so in love with.

She responds like he knew she would, eager and wanting. Like always.

It's slow, and passionate. One that they haven't had chance to have in a while, so they make the most of it. Carefully, falling back onto the king sized bed that is big enough to fit half of their fucking pack if they wanted too.

The girl in his arms briefly shivers, and he doesn't know if it's from his touch or the breeze that's just settled over them both. But as he breaks away from her, Stiles pulls the plump bed cover over the pair of them. It makes him feel safe, which is something he hasn't felt in weeks.

It's stupid though. How a girl and a bed can make him feel like he's for so much security right now. Yes, Lydia is a banshee and could easily defend them both, and this cover is nothing but a piece of cloth and wool.

There's a voice in his mind saying it's not the physical objects that he's lying with. It's his heart, the love and the care he has for this girl, that he's actually receiving back from her. It's her that's making him feel this way.

And god, he never wants it to fucking stop.

"I love you. Wake me up if you need me" the small girl that is pressed up against him mumbles into his neck, pressing a longing kiss on his jaw, then on his lips, before turning around onto her side. Smiling at it, Stiles just dives forward to kiss her shoulder repeatedly.

"I love you. So much Lydia" he whispers, barely catching the satisfied hum that leaves her lips at his words. So, it's now when he finally lets himself close his eyes and fall to sleep. As peacefully as he can be at a time like this.

But when his face is buried in the strawberry scented, red hair that has become his favourite. It's not so hard.

"They still haven't checked your baby"

"I can get inside that precious little spawn of yours, banshee"
Her heart is pounding as she frantically searches around her, her hands covering as much as her belly as she can right now without Stiles' help.

And then she sees him. Them.

Scott, and that evil spirit that physically makes her want to throw up.

"Get the fuck away from me. And leave Scott alone, we will get him back" trying so hard to make sure her voice comes out determined and strong, she fails. It cracks when she watches Scott step closer towards her.

"Oh I don't think so, Lydia. You don't know me at all, do you?" The sound of his voice brings tears to her eyes alone. This can't be real, he can't be inside of her head. He's passed out.

"It's not you, Scott. This is all him"

"Oh shut up with your bullshit. I'm an alpha, a fucking true alpha. You think I can't defend myself? I could get rid of him if i wanted to" the sinister grin that pulls at his chapped lips, makes her want to scream. She wants to scream so bad.

"Stay away, this isn't you. And we're going to get you back. I promise, Scott" Lydia dares to step forward, hands reaching out to land on the sides of his face. Ignoring the limping figure that is now circling around the pair of them.

"Big mistake. You should have left. You should have stayed away" and with those last words that leave Scott's mouth, screaming he pushes Lydia. He pushes her into the darkness, making no move to help catch her.

It feels like she's falling forever. The wind breaking through her hair, through her skin. Before she lands on her back, in what looks like a dim hallway to a old building.

But she doesn't get time to look.

Because the banshee shoots upwards, eyes flinging open with heavy breaths, and screams, leaving her broken bleeding lips.

Throwing back the covers, she pushes Stiles leg off her. Before her eyes latch onto the wet patch of the bed, stomach sinking with dread and fear pulsing through her veins.

"Stiles, my waters have broke. And Scott is going to wake up soon. We have to go. Now”

Chapter End Notes

Soo Lydia is close to giving birth now, the next chapter will be full of a lot so I can't wait for you all to see it! Please leave kudos if you want to, even a comment! It means so much to those that read and leave those. So thank you everyone!! I will be updating very soon, I hope you've liked this one! X
TwentyOne- The Six Hours

Chapter Summary

It’s finally here. Their baby is coming and Scott is finally awake.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I'm fine, honestly mom" Lydia rolls her eyes, head falling back against the hospital bed. She's been here for just over two hours now, and her mother won't stop talking.

"Well the doctors are obviously keeping you in for a reason, I just want to make sure honey" Natalie smiles, looking back down at her book that she has brought with her to read, hoping it will keep her occupied for the time being.

"That's probably because her waters broke, Nat" Stiles speaks up from the opposite side of Lydia, a tired smile on his face as he watches the older Martin woman's jaw clench.

"Thank you for the reminder, Stiles"

"Anytime Mrs M" watching him wink as he clicks his fingers, Lydia bites her lip with her fists clenching also. Can they get anymore annoying?

"Anyway. What's going on with Scott? Any news?" Lydia turns to Stiles, wincing as a small contraction radiates through her body. The girl pulls at the blanket, teeth clenching as she waits for the hot pain to subside.

"Are you okay?" The boy sitting next to her shoots forward, his hands rubbing circles on her thigh as Lydia nods. His touch does help her, she won't deny that. Even if she tried to deny it, her body just gives her away as a loud hum leaves her throat.

"Yeah, fine. Help me move onto my side?" Stiles nods, standing and helping Lydia roll onto her side to face him. A wave of comfort settles over her body, in which Lydia smiles into her pillow.

"Oh lovely, a face full of my daughters behind" the pair hear Natalie whisper, causing Lydia to burst out into loud laughter as she tries to look behind at her not so impressed mother.

Although she does feel bad, as she's currently wearing nothing but a pair of lace boy shorts under her hospital gown.

"Sorry, mom. Love you" reaching back for her hand, Natalie leans forward to kiss her knuckles before going back to her seat. Her scowl now a smile.

As Lydia turns back to face Stiles, she notices he's moved closer towards her, his face leaning on his arm that's now leaning on the bed. Eyes widening, the banshee leaves a lingering kiss on the boys lips.

"I love you"
"And I love you" Stiles replies, staring straight into her bright green eyes that are glistening under the dim hospital lights above them.

"So, the news on Scott?" Lydia wonders, her eyes closing for a moment to try and relax, although that's going to fail drastically when the next contraction comes along.

"Well, the last I heard, he was still asleep and everyone is at Liam's now. Including Derek and most of the Hales. We've got Chris and Allison's uncle Rick outside. So things should be okay" His voice is soft. They've only been here for an hour, and Lydia still can't get the tearful face of Malia out of her mind when she realised she couldn't be with her best friend.

But it's fine, Lydia wouldn't want Malia anywhere else right now.

"Okay. Good. What about your dad and Mel?"

"They've taken the twins and Leo to stay with my aunt. They're going to come straight here once that's done. So Lydia don't worry, you're safe and we're safe. Just focus now, okay?" Kissing her lips one more time, Stiles smiles at the red head. The sight of her messily lying on top of the hospital bed is something he's been visioning for months.

"Okay. Right, yeah, you're right. My god" Lydia screws her eyes shut, hands reaching out to clutch at her stomach as another sharp, hard contraction shoots through her body once more. It lasts for what feels like fucking forever, but when she comes around, the room seems as if it's spinning.

"They're getting closer together now" Natalie sits forward, closing her book and pushing it away into her bag. Oh god. Lydia tries not to panic as she suddenly realises that her mother has been through this twice, and knows all of the signs.

A dull ache that Talia had told Lydia about, starts to appear at the bottom of her belly. So the banshee just turns to look at Stiles, letting her mother and him talk above her.

She watches how his eyes widen and narrow at certain points of their conversation, the sides of his jaw clenching and unclenching. Not to mention the fact he keeps licking his lips and scratching his neck.

"Lydia, did you hear me?"

"What did you say mom?"

"I'm going to get a nurse, okay?" Her mother drops a quick kiss to the top of her head, rushing right out of the warm room that seems as if it's closing in on Lydia.

Knowing it was too good to be true, smooth sailing up until now, the panic starts to bubble lightly in Lydia's chest. Pushing herself to sit up, tearing off the sheets that were covering her body, her hands pull lightly at the roots of her hair.

"I don't know if I can do this. I really can't see myself pushing a fucking baby out of myself, Stiles. Oh my god, something bad will happen. I'm not going to be able to do this" he watches the words tumble out of her lips, chest heaving with the heavy and rapid breaths leaving her lungs.

Trying not to panic himself, he pulls his hoodie off his body and leaves it on the chair. Pushing off his trainers and climbing onto the bed behind Lydia, settling her body in between his legs either side of her.

"Lean back into me, and follow my breathing. Don't go having a panic attack on me now. Because
"You can do this, you think that we would be here if you couldn't? You're going to smash this shit Lydia, I know you are" he speaks into her ear, pulling her hair away from her neck with his long fingers.

"I know. I just can't. And you know, we started because of a panic attack. Because of yours. It feels like forever ago" Lydia chuckles over the panicked breathing she's having, her hands latching onto his thighs with her finger tips digging into them.

"Yeah, we did. So we're not going to end on one, alright Lydia?" He busies his hands with pulling her red locks up into a messy bun at the top of her head. He's rather impressed with his work, wanting to take a picture to send to Scott so he can prove he's better at it than Scott's work on Malias hair.

But he can't. And he's gutted that his best friend can't be here like they all planned. It's heartbreaking, because Scott loves this baby. Deep down, Stiles is hoping that the news of their baby arriving, is enough to pull Scott back.

"Lydia?"

"One second. It's back again" Her voice is strained and Stiles is about to ask what she's on about but he realises once her head whips back to hit his collar bone, and her nails dig into his thighs. Through his jeans, may he add.

"Oh right. Just breathe, I'm here with you. Do you want me to take any of the pain?" He hears her whimper at his suggestion, feeling her head nod relentlessly as he pushes his hands underneath her hospital gown.

With his hands settled on her own thighs, his veins seep from blue to black. Wincing himself when he feels the pain, the Stilinski boy can't help but press light kisses repeatedly into her neck.

"Okay, stop. It's okay now. I kind of want to feel this pain anyway. Babe, stop" Lydia pushes his hands off her, twisting around to stare into his eyes. Finding his gaze staring right down and back at her. It's intense.

"You're mom is coming back"

Just as Lydia turns back around, the door swings open revealing her mother, Talia and her nurse. Lydia relaxes once she sees the Hale, smiling and holding out a hand for her to take.

"Hey sweetheart, how are you holding up?" She takes a seat at the end of her bed, whilst her nurse moves around the back of the room trying to gather something up that makes Stiles gulp.

"I've been better"

"I know, I get you. That's why I've brought some fresh clothes that Malia left at home for you. There was also some chocolate that she said you liked. And when I went there was loads of the brand, so I picked up a few big bars" Talia hands Lydia one of Malias bags, inside is clothes like she said, and a good few bars of Lydia's favourite chocolate that she wouldn't dream of consuming all at once.

That was before the boy sitting behind her, got her pregnant. As now she has no problem in eating more than one of those bars.

"Oh my god, thank you. Thank you so much, this is amazing" tears slip out of the corner of her glazed eyes, landing on her chest as she blinks them away, sniffing her nose so that it's clear
enough for her to breathe.

The pain comes back once more. And she honestly doesn't know if she can take this any longer. Everyone in the room must figure this out as well, as a low growl like sound tumbles out of her mouth, soon followed by a yell. She's in agony and nothing is even remotely starting to feel the least bit better.

Her back and her feet are sore, from the weight of baby and from where she's been digging her toes into the mattress. Her neck and her face are just tired, her muscles are exhausted and quite frankly are going to kill like a bitch when this is over.

"Okay Lydia, I'm going to check how many centimetres you are. Only two people in the room at a time guys, you can come back in after" the nurse pulls up at the end of the bed on a chair, holding Lydia's legs open with her glove clad hands.

"Uh we will go outside. Stiles you can stay" Natalie and Talia both nod, sending a very sweaty Lydia smiles as they close the door behind themselves.

"Okay, Dad. I'm going to have to ask you to climb off the bed for me, is that okay?" Stiles nods, gently laying Lydia back and pulling his chair right up to the edge of the bed so that he can still touch her.

"Ready my love?" The blonde haired nurse removes Lydia's underwear, handing them to Stiles to keep hold of. He places them in his pocket, earning a chuckle from Lydia.

"Yeah, go for it" the red head says, before reaching out to gently touch Stiles' cheek, ignoring the feeling of the nurse touching her to find out how many centimetres she's currently at. It feels weird, and the ache in the pit of her stomach is growing stronger by the minute. It's starting to burn.

"Okay, you're at about six. So we will leave you for another half an hour, any problems before then and we'll think about getting that little cutie out with us. Okay?" Disposing her gloves, the blonde haired nurse moves across the room to fill in Lydia's files.

She's nervous. Beyond that, she's terrified. Because she's seen her mother do it, she's been told about it so many times and she's heard stories. But it's scary, and it misr definitely hasn't been an easy pregnancy.

There has been bad morning and evening sickness, the spots she has received have been atrocious. Her hair has gone like straw, she's been lazy and her feet have gone so swollen. Not to mention the stress she has been under. Although, all the while, she had him.

He stuck right by her, through everything. And if she's being honest, when she first found out, her first thought was that he would pack up and run. A baby? From a drunken one night stand, with a girl he hated? Lydia thought that would have been Stiles worst nightmare.

And never in a million years would she have thought they would have fallen in love through it. That's the thing though, there's constantly been this voice at the back of her mind. A voice telling her that their love isn't going to last long, they're going to fall apart at some point. Or that he's going to move on.

Ignoring it, Lydia chooses to just live in the moment. And looking at him now, his eyes skimming over her body and making sure that she's okay, that she's comfortable. Lydia can't help but just want to ignore that voice, and to pull him into her arms. She wants him forever.

"Fuck. Oh my god" a cry leaves her dry throat, it echoes throughout the room as her hands clutch
the edges of the bed, fingers turning white from the force. Her teeth clench down together, eyes trying to hard to stay open as she watches Stiles hover over her, his hands rubbing up and down her arm.

"Shh, Lyd it's okay. You're doing amazing" his voice is soft, and soothing. And she figures that it's how he would talk to their baby, that's if they got a chance to keep it.

Now isn't the time to dwell on that, though.

The pain subsides just a little, enough for her to relax and to collapse back into the bed with a sigh. Although in between her legs feels like it is almost on fire. As another hour full of painful contractions and bad singing from Stiles, Lydia really starts to grow restless.

"It hurts, so much. Where's my mum? How is Scott?" Feeling and also sounding rather dazed, Lydia sits up and turns around so that she's rocking forwards on her hands and knees. Feeling a little of the pressure release from her body at the new position.

"Does that feel better honey?" The nurse, who's name is Vicky, asks before apologising for butting in on their conversation. But Lydia nods, a satisfied hum leaving her throat once more as she watches Vicky take a seat across the room.

"You might want to try it that way when you're pushing. For a lot of women it feels better" Lydia takes it into consideration, thanking her before turning back to a smiling Stiles who is sitting beside her.

"Your mum should be back any minute, and I've just got a text off Issac. He said that Scott is awake and he's himself. Allison is on her way to stay with us" he leans down to pepper small kisses along her back, in which Lydia responds by leaning up to his lips and latching her own onto his. Stiles eyes widen with surprise, not bothering to push her away either.

"It's alright love. Her hormones are all over the place, it's normal. I'll be back in a second I'm just going to get some other nurses ready" Vicky leaves the room, as to which Stiles just throws her a thumbs up as all of a sudden, Lydia's tongue slips into his mouth. Her arms sneaking around his neck to pull the ends of his hair.

Lydia slowly moves her lips against his own, his touch sending goosebumps all over body, hairs standing on end.
"I want you so, so bad right now"

Stiles pulls away, laughing as the girl on her knees in front of him starts to kiss down his neck, sucking on his collarbone. Gently, Stiles pushes her away and lies her back down, messing with her hands.

"Now isn't the time for that Lyd. Oh, look your mum is back with Allison" Stiles helps Lydia back sit up, just as she pulls him closer and her fingers dig into his arm. A scream falls from her lips, her feet pushing down into the mattress while her chin presses down into her chest.

"She's close, I think the nurses will all be back soon" Stiles informs Natalie, before hugging Allison hello and getting an update from how Scott is doing back at home.

"He's okay, it's him. He told Malia something apparently only the two of them know. And he sends his love, of course he wanted to be here but he's also made everyone tie him down with chains in Liam's basement" Allison walks over to Lydia, who shoots up to wrap her arms tightly around the Argent girl. Tears slipping out of the corners of her eyes, as Allison rubs small circles into Lydia's
"I'm so glad you came" Lydia sobs, letting Allison pull away to take Natalie's seat, who is currently waiting by the door for the nurses to come back.

"I wanted to come, so did Mal. She's not great, she was really upset when I left" Allison looks briefly over to Stiles, and Lydia knows that Allison is leaving something out, and she wants to know. Yes, she may be just about to push a baby out of her vagina, but she also wants to know how her friends are.

"What's happened?" Both Lydia and Stiles ask at the same time, sending Allison through a loop as she takes a second to comprehend what they've just asked and also what to say to the pair of them.

"Malia and Issac are going to go into Scott's mind. To try and bring him back, we're not sure if it's going to work but they're going to do it" Allison sighs, pulling her hair up as well as crossing her legs. Still holding one of Lydia's hands.

"Let's just hope it will work-

Stiles is cut off once more by a loud sob leaving Lydia's mouth, followed by a type of growling noise as another contraction shakes through her petite frame. Allison winces at the force of Lydia's strength as the girl squeezes down on her own and Stiles hand.

Stiles however, although wincing a little, bites the nails on his other hand looking almost as if he's used to this by now. To which Allison figures that he probably is, as they've been here to nearing on four hours now.

"Shit, fuck. It hurts so bad" Her hands are snatched from Allison and Stiles' grip, shooting down to hold onto her belly. The tops of her thighs and between her legs now feeling like they're being torn apart. It's almost unbearable.

"Okay Lydia, you okay darling?" Vicky and another nurse with short black hair come inside. Stiles tells Lydia that the other woman's name is Kathy, as she walks over to Lydia with a smile.

"Hello beautiful, like your boyfriend has just said, my name is Kathy. And Vicky is just going to check how many centimetres you are again now okay? Let me know if you feel sick or like you need anything" the nurse leans her palm gently on Lydia's forehead, wiping a cool cloth over her face to cool her down.

Seconds pass and Lydia's eyes fall closed, she almost feels peaceful for a moment. Well, that's putting aside the nurses hand that is between her legs. But she's more than tired, Lydia feels weak and exhausted. Not knowing if she can even find it in her to push her baby out.

"Nine centimetres, this baby is coming fast. I think we will be ready in the next few minutes honey" Vicky throws the gloves away, closing Lydia's legs for her once more as Kathy moves across the room.

Natalie and Allison stand next to Lydia's side, staring down at her with a smile and glassy eyes. "If you want Allison in here I understand honey, I can wait outside with Talia, Chris and Rick if you'd like?" Natalie kisses the banshee's cheek, watching as her face falls slightly at her mother's words.

"No, you can stay. I want you both here but I don't think Allison wants to see a baby leave my-

"No, Lydia is right. Honestly, I feel privileged enough to just be waiting outside. I'm just a few
meters away, okay Liddy? You've got this, I love and believe in you so much" Allison leans down, clutching Lydia's one hand in both of her own making sure to leave a couple of kisses on her fist.

"Thank you, so much. I love you Ally" before anyone else can talk, just as Lydia sees Stiles wipe sweat off his forehead, another agonising contraction courses through her once more. The scream briefly rattling the windows and the chairs around them all, Stiles and Natalie both lean forward, allowing Lydia to clutch their hands.

Thankfully the two nurses are just outside of the door with a doctor, although no doubt the whole hospital just heard that scream.

"Okay, this is my queue to leave. Good luck, Lyd. You've got this" Allison blows the girl a kiss, in which Lydia just smiles and nods quickly. Before her head rolls to the side, landing on Stiles' arm and he gently kisses her forehead.

As the door closes behind Allison, the two nurses and a doctor that Lydia is familiar with, Doctor Jules she thinks it is, enter the room with vibrant smiles.

"It's time honey, let's get you ready" panic bubbles in Lydia's chest once more as the doctor walks over to the bed, placing down a towel. The two nurses pull over a metal tray full of medical things Lydia's never seen in her life.

"Stay calm, you're safe and you're going to be okay. This will be okay soon, I promise" Stiles words help Lydia to an extent, as her mother tells her to breathe normally and slowly. After a couple of minutes Lydia does manage to regulate her breathing, thankfully.

"Okay, baby is going to be here really soon. Push when I tell you to, Okay Lydia?" Vicky and Kathy stand either side of Lydia, holding her legs open in case she tries to shut them due to the pain. And her doctor is right there in between them. It should make Lydia fee rather awkward but frankly in this moment she couldn't give a shit.

"Dad, if you want to come down and watch you can do" Doctor Jules says to Stiles, who looks baffled and torn as he watches Lydia's and Natalie's gaze fall right onto where he's leaning next to Lydia's face.

"Uh, maybe later"

"What? Stiles are you joking. Oh my god" Lydia pulls her hand away out of his, her head turning over to where he mother is also leaning down next to her, brushing a hand over Lydia's hair.

"What did I do? Lydia, baby, come on" his hand falls onto her shoulder by which Lydia flinches it off her and groans as pain shoots through her body again. She's had enough.

"Don't touch me, Stiles"

"I feel so attacked right now" he says before moving down to stand next to Vicky who chuckles, shaking her head and crouching back down again.

"Like I said. Hormones. Push Lyd" the nurse says just as a scream leaves her throat once more and all four people at the end of the bed watch as the babies head comes into view, and Lydia clutches onto her mother's arm.

"Holy shit" Stiles Stilinski, watches as his child's head appears. The sight of the Lydia pushing out their baby looks uncomfortable, it makes him wince, biting his fist as he somehow can't seem to tear his eyes away.
But it's something he will never forget, it's his child entering their world.

"Okay Lydia, you're doing great the baby is crowning now. We can see the tip of the head" Lydia chokes out a sob of relief and pain, as a deep groan falls from her mouth once more, her face scrunching together as she pushes with all of her might again.

"I can't. I just can't, I want to go home" tears are falling from her red eyes without warning and without any intent to stop. The sweat is dripping off her body at this point, her hospital gown clinging to her body with her hair slowly turning into a dark brown instead of red.

"You can, Lyd. You can my girl, you've got this" Natalie gently rubs Lydia's arm, smoothing her hair out of her face as the banshee carries on pushing. The cries and screams that leave Lydia's lips bring tears to Stiles eyes, he's never seen her in this much pain. And it's horrible, he can't even take it from her, he can't help her. He can just wait.

"Stiles, come here. I need you" His eyes tear away from where he can see more of his baby's head appear, flinching once more as he watches Lydia's face screw up in pain. And he can tell why, he's not sure if he wanted to stand down that end any longer.

"I'm here, you've got me. Baby you can do this, not long left now okay? You're doing so great" turning to where he's now pressing his forehead against her own, Lydia kisses Stiles' nose. Before another growl leaves her lips, her fingers pressing down into the boys arms.

This one lasts longer, and the tears leave her eyes thicker.
"The head is out! Honey you're doing so so great, just a couple more now, alright?"

"Oh fuck. Okay, yeah" panting, Lydia's eyes fall closed. All she wants to do is close her legs, have a shower and lie with her baby. But she can't do any of that, she won't be able to.

"Come on, you can do it" her mother's voice, along with the faint encouraging words from the nurses fill her ears. But all she's focusing on is Stiles breathing and the loud sound of his heartbeat thats pressing against her arm.

"I love you" he whispers into her ear. Just as she gives all she's got, for the last couple of pushes at she's been wanting for the last ten minutes. Sobbing, the dazed red head gives all the energy that she figures her body has left.

Stiles lips are hovering against her ear one moment, and the next they're gone. And she doesn't need to wonder why because the sound of a babies cry now fills the room around them. The nurses hand their baby off to Doctor Jules as they then help clean and sort Lydia out, taking care of her before removing all of the bloody sheets as well as anything else.

"Oh my god, you did it. Lyd, you did it. I'm so proud of you, you did great. I love you, so much" Stiles kisses her lips repeatedly, their kiss soon turning into smiles as they turn to look at where their baby is being cleaned off across the room.

"Mom, I did it" Lydia turns to Natalie, who's looking down at her daughter with her own eyes full of tears as she watches her grand baby in the arms of Vicky.

"Lydia, Stiles. Here, is your baby boy"

And for the first time in six hours. The room falls absolutely silent.

"It's a boy. We've got a boy" Lydia croaks, accepting her baby off Vicky, the light, but also heavy weight of her child sitting in her arms. And it's perfect.
She never wants to forget this moment, the feel of it. The feel of her baby. Looking up, Lydia asks her mother to help her move over, careful to hold her son carefully as she does.

"Get down here" the banshee says to the father of her child, and he doesn't waste a moment in lying down next to them both. Not taking notice when Natalie puts a fresh blanket over them all before capturing a few photos that they don't realise have been taken. Although, they will thank her for it in the long run.

"He's perfect" Stiles whispers, and Lydia just nods. Before handing him over to Stiles. For a moment he freezes, but that is gone within a flash and he's carefully taking their son out of Lydia's arms and settling him into his own.

"I've got a name" Lydia speaks up, closing her legs even further with a harsh wince, turning onto her side to lean against Stiles and to stare down at her boy.

"Go on?"

"Teddy. I love the name Teddy" she's ready for Stiles to laugh and object, ready to say something like he's not ready for his son; called Teddy, to get mixed up at teddy bear picnics as he grows up. But he just surprises her.

"I love it. Did you uh, get that from Leo?" He chuckles, gently kissing her cheek again and feeling her smile.
Shaking her head, Lydia just shrugs not being able to tear her eyes away from her sleeping baby.

"Maybe. I don't know. It's just stuck with me for a while, and it's also something I mentioned to Scott. And he loved it" watching something in Stiles eyes switch, Lydia kisses his shoulder before kissing Teddy's feet. He gurgles, his small hands moving around above him. So Lydia gives him her finger to latch onto, and instantly he calms down.

After a few minutes of just staring at him, the pair end up with his full name. Something that Talia gladly let them pick for him, and something that they will always thank her for.

Teddy Callum Noah Stilinski. Which will soon turn out to be; Teddy Callum Noah Hale.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys! So I’ve changed the total amount of chapters to 45 because this is only really the middle of the story. There’s so many more things to come. And also if I got any of the labour things wrong I am so sorry! I was just going by how I visioned it would be. I hope you all enjoy this chapter! Thank you so much X
"I don't want to let him go" Lydia whispers, looking over to Stiles briefly. Before the both of their gazes fall back down onto Teddy. He's beautiful, something that they could just hold, love, and look at for the rest of their lives. He is theirs, they made him.

Stiles' heart clenches as his baby boy refuses to let go of his thumb, that Teddy is holding between his small fist. The two teens are overly emotional at this point, it's only been an hour since Teddy arrived, and they've got minutes before Talia comes to take him off them.

"Lydia.."

"Yeah, you're right. But Lyd, we've gotta grow up with him in the same town as us, pretending that we aren't his parents? I don't know how we're going to do that" his voice may be a whisper but Lydia can still hear it threaten to break. His words are something that play with her, because he's right. They're not going to raise him but they're going to be watching him grow up without them.

"Oh god. Should we have kept him? Stiles what have we done?" The tears finally fall out of her eyes, landing gently onto Teddy's baby-grow that Noah and Melissa brought in for him. It's a little too big but no one cares, he looks adorable in it.

The past hour has just been full of hurt and love. The moment Melissa said that Teddy had Stiles lips and Lydia's eyes was one of those moments. One where you can kind of see your future, or the one you hope to have. With herself and Stiles, and their baby boy. Together, raising him how they would want to, as his parents.

"We can't do anything now, as much as we want to-

"Hey guys! How is my little munchkin doing?" Talia hale walks into their dimly lit hospital room, smiling with her arms wide open all ready to pick Teddy up. Lydia and Stiles briefly look at each other, before plastering a small smile onto each of their faces. And moving closer so that they're pressed up against each other, with Teddy.

"He's doing great. A-are you going home now?" Lydia is more than glad that this woman isn't a werewolf, because her lies wouldn't work one bit.

"Yeah honey, all of the paperwork is done and the nurses said he's all good to go. As healthy as he can be" Talia lingers at the end of the bed, looking skeptically between the two teens who can't seem to rip their gazes from their son.

"Yeah. Yeah okay, take him. He's been fed and he's fine" Stiles picks his little boy up and out of Lydia's arms, a set of fresh tears springing to burn his eyes as the weight of Teddy lies against his chest.

"That's amazing. My god, how cute is he?!" Talia whispers, once she takes Teddy off Stiles and slowly starts to cradle him in her arms. The baby boy starts to make a small crying sound, his hands moving slowly as if to push himself away, as well as his small face scrunching up ever so slightly.
Stiles and Lydia's hearts drop, the both of them inching forward waning to comfort their son. But the older Hale just kisses his forehead and runs her fingers gently over his back. The crying soothes down as does his face.

"I did want to say something to you both before I leave, is that okay?" Talia asks, placing Teddy in his car seat as she rocks him back off to sleep with the bunny teddy that Stiles and Lydia brought for him. He hasn't let go of it since he got his small hands on it.

"Go ahead" Stiles moves to lie back down next to Lydia again, pulling her into him with his hands. The smell of sadness and anger is radiating off her, it's strong and Stiles doesn't know if he can take it for much longer.

"Me and you're parents were talking, and we think it's best if you don't see Teddy for the first few months of his life, the first year even. We think it may be confusing and upsetting for you both, and him too" Talia's sad smile just angers them both even more. Their blood boiling, rage directed both towards the woman who has their baby as well as their parents.

This is a joke, surely?

"No. That's not fair. I'm his mother and Stiles is his dad. We deserve to see him, he's our baby" Lydia sits upright, wincing at the pain that is still very much between her legs.

"I understand that. But this is exactly what we want to prevent. It's how it's going to be honey, okay? It will just make things worse if you keep coming round and confusing him. I'm going to head home, because Scott only has a matter of time left. Get some rest, both of you? I love you both so much, don't forget that" Talia picks up Teddy along with the rest of his things, and leaving them left alone in the hospital room.

They both sit in silence for a while, shocked and unable to even comprehend how they're feeling. Their baby has just been taken away from them, and their best friend is currently losing his battle to a fucking spirit.

"What are we going to do?" Lydia reaches for his hand that has been sitting heavily on her thigh, every now and then his fingers would tense up. She guesses that's when his mind would recap what Talia has just done.

Because that wasn't in their agreement at all.

"We can't do anything, Lydia. She's now the legal parent of Teddy, he's not ours anymore" he sounds so defeated, drained and exhausted. She doesn't even need to imagine how he's feeling because she's just the same.

"I know. Okay, okay we have got this. We get Scott back and then we sort this mess out, we have to. She can't do this to us. But first, we help our friends and we save our best friend. Right?" Lydia turns to face the boy lying next to her, his broken face seems to mend itself for just a second as he manages to give her a shaky nod.

It takes a while for Lydia to get ready and changed. She feels more than embarrassed when Stiles has to help her apply the boob pads incase she leaks any milk, along with the women's pads that look an awful lot like diaper, just also incase she bleeds anything extra.

She's been fine so far, but it also helps soothe the pain surprisingly. Still, she did lock the Stilinski boy inside of the toilet swearing that he doesn't tell a soul about the fact she's wearing something close to a diaper. On the bright side, they both laugh a little. And that moment brought some light
back into their lives. For a moment.

Her mother tries to put up a fight as they leave the hospital, once they've received a two worded message from Allison.

Oak Creek.

But Lydia doesn't even spare her a second glance, feeling more than betrayed by her mother. It hurts her, because Natalie was almost like Lydia's best friend. The person, beside Stiles, who she could rely on at all times. And that has all been thrown away.

Noah and Melissa try to talk Stiles down, wanting him to take Lydia home and to let their friends take control of the situation. But the two young parents ignore their loved ones, and shoot straight out of the hospital.

"Are you okay?" Lydia asks Stiles once they're on the road and minutes away from their destination. His hands are clenched around the wheel, teeth slinking down into his chapped lips.

"I mean, at least now I have something to put my anger into, right? I think I heard that the nogitsune has taken the appearance of Scott, so don't get mixed up babe" his voice trembles, looking over to the red head with a smile that he's hoping will reassure her.

"Okay. We can do this. They're our friends. And it's Scott"

"It's Scott"

Everyone is already in battle when they arrive, the only people she can't see is Allison. Turning to face Stiles, she faintly sees him nod to Issac who turns back around from where he must have just said something to Stiles.

"We need to go round the back to get Scott" he takes her hand in his own, pulling her behind him, and behind all of their friends at battle. They reach the back gate, taking one look back at their friends fighting, their losing. They need help.

So Lydia screams, directing the waves to each and everyone of the Oni, sending them flying back into the hollow figure of a grinning Scott hiding behind one of them.

It's a distraction, for now.

"Come on" she takes the lead, rushing down the narrow, dripping wet alleyway to where they can faintly spot Allison pushing at a gate, with Scott pulling at his hair behind it.

They reach him, and his face falls.

"You're both here? How? What about the baby?" A sob escapes the smile that he's managed to pull, just as Lydia goes to speak, a name rushes through her mind.

Her body goes numb with an ice cold feeling, her hand reaching out to grab Stiles as the banshee stumbles back into the wall as pure fear and dread seeps through her veins.

"Malia"

The rest of them spin around to look at her, wide eyes and fallen faces. Lydia wastes no time, ignoring the burning pain that the lower half of her body is in, ignoring the hot rubbing sensation
of the jeans rubbing against her hips as she runs.

Stiles and Allison, helping Scott behind her. Her body aches, it hurts. Somehow she thinks that stopping will make the pain even stronger, but when the gate is pushed open nothing could hurt more than the sight before her.

The nogitsune and Oni disappear, leaving nothing but bitter dust in their wake. The pack stop everything they're doing just as Lydia comes to an abrupt halt.

The sword drops to the floor with a clutter that makes Lydia flinch. The blood sits still for a minute, seeming like everything is happening in slow motion, and that's when she sees Malia begin to sway. Before she falls.

On instinct, Lydia rushes over and falls to the floor just in time for Malias head to land in her lap. Applying pressure on her wound, Lydia catches how the Hale girls eyes light up at the sight of the banshee.

"Liddy. Oh my god, are you okay? How's the baby?" Her breathing isn't too erratic. That's good. There's no blood coming out of her mouth, yet. That's good too. Her body isn't shaking just yet either. Great. She should be fine for a while.

"I'm okay, Mal. I'm good. Teddy is okay, he's amazing. He's with Talia" Lydia's hands move to stoke the injured girl's hair out of her eyes with a sad smile. Malia smiles with teeth showing, a genuine smile that is quite rare from her.

"You went with Teddy? The one we spoke about?"

"Of course. Course I did, and you're going to meet him okay? You are"

A yell comes from behind the pair, as Scott pushes himself up and off Allison and Stiles who seem to have frozen on the spot.

He falls next to the other side of Malia, smiling and grabbing her hand. His veins seep from blue to black in seconds, but it only works for a minute.

That's when the blood leaks from her broken lips.

"Scott, Do something. I'm not losing her too, fucking do something. Please" Lydia puts herself in a panic, the scream crawling right back up her throat by the second. The girl lying on the floor keeps drifting in and out of consciousness.

No. No. No.

"Lydia, I don't know if she wants that. She's a fucking werewolf hunter" his voice cracks, tears slipping down his pale cheeks. It's almost like he's torn, the girl he loves is dying and he can hear every stuttering breath she's taking.

"I don't care. It's Malia, Scott. Save her, please. Do it" Lydia begs him, ignoring the feel of Allison's hand that has fallen to land on her shoulder. Everything around her is a hazy blur, apart from her best friend who can barely even keep her hooded eyes open.

Scott looks up to Stiles, who just nods back at him.

"I love you. So much, I always will"
The music pounds against the walls of the club, Lydia bites her lip with her hands curling around the girls shoulders who is currently dancing along with her. It's a familiar song that is in the charts, she thinks she's heart it in Stiles’ car at some point.

She can't really comprehend anything right now, being as the alcohol has got the better of her.

A large pair of hands slip around her waist, pulling her back through the crowds of people, she catches sight of familiar faces that shes figured out are regulars here now. Like her.

The warmth of the hands soar through the small black dress she's wearing, knowing it's him, Lydia grinds herself against him with a smirk.

"I know it's you, don't worry" she whispers, knowing he'll hear her over the pounding music. After a minute, she realises that he's still pulling her small body through the crowd, her brows furrow.

"Stiles, leave me be. I'm fine"

She's met with silence, that is until he has reached the back of the large room, pushing the fire exit door open just to let it slam behind them both with a ever so loud bang. The banshee flinches, turning around to come face to face with her werewolf boyfriend.

"It's been three months. You have to stop this. At first I understood, and I got it. But Lydia we're all worried about you" his hands rest on the dip of her waist, before gently rubbing her arms that are being bitten by the cold.

"Three months won't compensate for the nine I spent carrying our baby, who we can't even see. I want to do this. And Stiles, I swear you was the one who went missing for two weeks after it all happened? So don't lecture me" she steps back, red curls flying with the wind as her body seeps back against the stone cold brick wall.

"I know I did, but I came back for you. You're my girlfriend Lydia, I want you safe and okay" he walks over to her, pressing the front of his body up against her own. Sighing at the contact, at the heat, Lydia can't help but let her hands settle on his shoulders.

"I know. But I want to do this, I lost people. I lost part of me. And the only person who I have, is you. I don't have anyone else, Stiles" the tears are wiped away by his thumb, kisses are peppered over her neck whilst his hands wander the tops of her thighs.

"I know, but things will get better. They will, okay?"

All she can do is nod. Before launching herself at him, lips connecting with his own, the feel of their kiss makes her thighs clench together. The last time they had sex was before Teddy was born. They haven't had this kind of intimacy ever since that night.

"Here? Really?" Lydia asks, as his hands hike up her dress, a moan leaving his mouth that's currently sucking on her jaw, when he finds out she's got no panties on. He smirks when he realises
she did it on purpose, seeing as he always turns up to find her here.

"Why not, it's dead out here. And we can add it to the list you've been making" chuckling, Lydia yelps when she feels his hands pick her up, walking back over to the hood of the jeep and setting her back down on the ground. Thankful she's wearing rather sensible heels, and not the dreadfully high stilettos she has back home.

"How did you know about that?" His fingers tease her, his thumb pressing down against her clit, earning a loud moan from the banshee standing in front of him. He smiles devilishly, which makes her bite her plump lips. His hard, pulsating dick is pressed up against her thighs whilst his fingers make quick work of her.

She's slick and hot, so his rhythm is easy and hard against her. His two, on going three, fingers pounding into her with his thumb lightly teasing her clit. She's the wettest she's been, and it's been so long that she comes around his fingers as soon as his other hands pulls the top of her dress down to latch his mouth onto her erect nipple.

"Fuck. Stiles, oh my god" legs shaking, toes curling, nails slinking into his biceps. Lydia sinks back against the hood of the jeep, knees threatening to buckle underneath her.

"Turn around, Lyd" he whispers into her ear, looking around to make are no one is watching. It's nearly impossible seeing as it's a dead end alley and the jeep is in front of them. The only chance is someone coming out of the door behind them. In some type of way, it makes this even more exciting for them.

Licking her lips, she plants a kiss onto his lips, watching him undo his zipper and push his trousers and boxers down all in one. Lydia, leaning back on her elbows and staring at him still not turned around, grins.

His pre-cum glistens under the faint light coming from the exit sign above the door. He's slick, hot and ready for her. The heat and ball of pleasure that's still not subsided from her last orgasm is pricking between her legs once more.

"Oh how I've missed you" she whispers, brushing him with her fingers as she turns around and leans over the hood of the jeep. This new position excites her more than she would like to admit, never having really done it over his jeep before.

"Well, this is a sight I don't think I'll ever get over, or forget" his hands caress the sides of her hips, before he slips his fingers over her entrance gathering her come and groaning at the feel. Seconds later he's pushing himself inside of her, his large hands either side of her body next to her ass.

Lydia doesn't have much to grab onto apart from how her sweaty hands slide down the front of the jeep, he's hot and it hurts a little. The pain from having a baby and not having sex for a while has created a uncomfortable burn for her, that right now she doesn't know if she can take as he's pounding into her from behind. The sound of them coming together bouncing off the street walls.

"Stiles, Stiles. Slow down" Lydia cries out over a moan as he presses the front of his hand against her stomach. He stops instantly, leaning over her back and brushing her hair to one side. All while he's still inside of her.

"Are you okay? What's wrong?" He pants, she can feel his chest heaving against her back that is coated in a coat of sweat. Lydia sits up a little, arching her back to reach back so her hand can lose itself in his hair.
"Just a little uncomfortable, it's probably due to labour and not doing anything for a while. Keep going just not as hard" she chuckles, but that's stopped when he feels him nod, kiss her shoulder before he's moving inside of her once more. The new angle is better for Lydia, with her back arched, half leaning against the jeep with him pressed against her back.

It feels good, he's stroking her walls near enough hitting that spot that she's craving for. A broken moan slips from her lips, as his pants hit against the back of her neck, blowing her drenched hair away from her skin.

His fingertips dig into her skin as he speeds up a little, making sure she's okay. And sure enough she is, as she falls against the front of the jeep with a cry, now strong enough on the pleasure and adrenaline that she can push back against his thrusts.

"Fuck, Lydia. You feel fucking amazing" Stiles croaks, watching as she's resting on her hands, arms straight but trembling as her head is faced down, he can imagine her biting her lip as he lifts her up a little by her hips. The feeling becoming too much now, her warmth and her walls clenching around him as he dives back into her relentlessly.

He shows no shame when he pulls her back into him hard, feeling her walls close around him tightly one last time, with a strangled moan of pleasure escaping her lips as she hits her orgasm. And he's just behind her, his thighs tensing as his hands reach up her back to he can tug at her hair as he spills inside of her.

Throwing the hoodie into the back of the jeep, the pair of them climb into it in silence. And they don't touch each other for the entire journey back to the house.

Once they reach Claudias driveway, Lydia sits still and doesn't bother making a move. So the Stilinski takes it upon himself to move round, picking her up and taking her inside the house. It's cold and dark when he enters, probably because the pair of them have been out for hours. Although, they've seen Lydia in a worser state than this before.

"How is she?" Jane asks from where she's standing in the doorway to the bathroom, a toothbrush in hand. Stiles rolls his eyes at his fifteen year old sister. She and Lydia have bonded but he still finds her annoying and ever so nosey.

"Fine. Go back to bed J" Stiles says, opening his door and turning back around to find her flipping him the bird just as he slams his door shut.

"Why'd you speak to her that way?" Lydia speaks up when they both hear Jane make her way back down the hall, slamming her own door shut. Stiles places the red head down on their bed, as she pulls off her heels and unzips her dress.

"Cause she could see you wasn't okay. Holy shit Lydia, what's with the attitude?" He plumps down into his desk chair, switching the lamp on just as Lydia tenses when she throws her dress into the washing basket. Spinning around, she makes her way back over to him. Stopping a mere few feet in front of him, her hand on her hip.
"You hate her for no reason. Want me to go and apologise on your behalf? Sorry for your brothers behaviour Jane, he just fucked me outside on his jeep it's out of character for him to be a dick after getting laid" the venom in her voice doesn't phase him one bit, he cocks his head to the side and sits forward in his chair.

"Oh so you do remember, I'm sure you did considering I basically made you scream. Although the silent treatment in the car kind of threw me" Stiles rolls his eyes, falling back in the chair and switching his television on, pretending to be interested in some stupid game show.

"Sorry, I gave you silent treatment? I've wanted to, Oh trust me i have. We've moved in with you're mother and her boyfriend because of what our families did, the only people I have to talk to here is you and your sister. And I can't really go to her and say that we've just had sex and you make a dick move right after. Bit inappropriate don't 'ya think?" Lydia steps closer to the boy sitting in the chair, his poker face doesn't fall like she expected it to, which kind of throws her too. But she just bites her tongue and messes with the lace of her bra.

She should really put some clothes on and not argue with her boyfriend whilst almost naked.

"Go home then sweetheart, no ones forcing you to stay here" Stiles sits forward once more, smirking as he leans his face on his hand, watching her eyes widen at his response. His eyes slide down her body, her pale skin, a couple of stretch marks glisten beautifully on her stomach, her blush full of anger has rising.

"Don't sweetheart me, honey. Stop being a dick" she steps forwards, pushing him back into the chair which sends it slamming back into the wall, with him in it.

"Lydia, fucking stop I'm not being a dick. You're going at me for no reason, chill the fuck out" he just his chin up to where she's standing between his open legs. The air around them completely thick with heat and anger.

Her jaw is clenched, and she feels disgusting from the sweat that is still on her body from what they did just under half an hour ago.

"Oh I'm chilled, don't think you are darling" her eyes move down to his growing bulge that's ever so prominent. Stiles just smirks, shrugging as he watches her breasts slowly bounce as Lydia moves.

So Stiles pulls off his shirt, and tugs down his jeans, throwing his clothes across the room which surprisingly lands in the washing basket.

"Go put some clothes on then, I'll take care of it baby" his voice is husky and low, he won't admit how turned on he is. But his eyes latch on to the fresh wet patch that has appeared on her blush pink thong.

In a second, she's on her knees, pulling down his boxer shorts so that they're totally off his body. His full, aching dick springs free and Lydia wastes no time in diving forward to wrap her mouth around him.

He's being stubborn. Holding in his moans as his hands grip her hair and roughly guides her movements. After a minute of him not even bothering to give in, not a jerk of his hips or a slight groan. Lydia licks the underside of him, pulling off with a smile.

"Okay, I'm tired. Night Stilinski" the banshee stands up, not even getting a chance to move an inch before her thong is ripped off her, along with her bra. Her jaw falls open at the sight of a naked
Stiles holding her ripped underwear.

"Oops" he pulls a guilty face, biting his lip as his one free hand keeps her rooted to the spot between his legs. They both know she's got plenty more underwear sets in her draw, but it's more than that. It's beyond a ripped set of lingerie now.

"Huh. Okay" with a small fake laugh and a shake of her head, Lydia places her legs either side of where he's sitting on his desk chair. Holding him down with her hands on his shoulders, she hopes to leave some type of mark. Her hands slowly move to gently circle round his neck, all while he's still grinning up at her.

"Get off me, honey" Stiles speaks, as Lydia's hands slide down his chest and to the base of his throbbing length that's flush against her core. For a moment she loses herself in the feeling when his tip connects with her, but she pulls herself back.

"Oh really? You don't want this? You don't want me wrapped around you?" Whispering to him, Lydia slides down, taking all of him inside of her. She can feel how she wants to close her eyes, to move her hips and to pull at his hair. But when she watches his face relax, his hands tightening around her ass, all while his grin stays on his face, Lydia doesn't give up.

"And you're telling me how you don't want me to move right now? To lift my hips the tiniest bit so you can get off like you're so close to doing?" His fingers wrap themselves in her hair, as he carefully pulls her head backwards so he can kiss her neck gently.

Lydia clenches around his dick just as he moves in and out of her a couple times, mouths falling open and their chests panting at the feel of their wet, hot slick selves joining together again.

"Stop being stubborn and fuck me, Stiles" she cries as his thrusts are slow and gentle, the exact opposite of how she wants them to be. He knows this, obviously. But he has no problem, she knows he could go for hours but the red head has a feeling he's rather close too.

"Say sorry. Say you love me" this, although he starts to speed up his hard movements inside of her, brings her walls right back up. Because he wants her to give in, to be weak and vulnerable.

"You say it first" she growls as he pulls at her hair, relentlessly thrusting up into her with nothing holding him back. She wants to smirk, she's got a guy with super strength which basically means: mind blowing sex. In this moment Lydia can't help but grind back down into him, arching back so that he can get that angle inside of her once more.

His other hand grips both of her own where they're laying on his chest, fresh scratch marks that she's left behind clear to him. Red raw and even drawing a little blood. It makes him grin even more.

"Fuck- Stiles. Come on. Please" her breasts are bouncing along to their movements, the chair creaking and walking into the wall behind. He's thankful that his sisters room is across the house and his television is on.

It's safe to say, that this is the best sex they've ever had.

He lets his pants escape his mouth, as he lifts his pubic bone so that it rubs against Lydia's soaking wet clit. It sends waves of pleasure down to his dick at the sight of her as she pulls her hands free, and leans them on his biceps. And in just second she's now the one with the control.

Hooded green eyes are gleaming down at him, as her body moves at a speed he's never seen from her before, craving all of the friction she can get.
"So close. It's too much, fuck" her words encourage him even more, as he plants his feet onto his floor and he rams up into her, making sure she's feeling it from all angles of her small body.

"Bite me. You're going to have to bite me so you don't scream" Stiles pants into the hot air between the two of them, he's a little worried that the chair can't take it much longer as it starts to wobble beneath him. But fuck he can't even bring it in himself to care.

"I'm gonna" he pulls he forward so her face is buried in his shoulder, as he makes sure to bury his own in hers, the strawberry smell of her hair adding to the pleasurable moment that they're having. She speeds up just as he speeds down, and in that same moment both of them are coming.

He doesn't think he's ever groaned so loud, it was almost louder than the half scream that Lydia let loose into his shoulder. As her nails dug into his back and his own finger tips pushed down into her back of her thighs.

"I'm sorry"

Lydia turns around in bed, she's tired and was nearly asleep when he speaks. Fifteen minutes ago they had both come on that chair, ten minutes ago they came to bed, five minutes ago she felt his hand drift over to lace with her own. And just now, he's said the one thing she's wanted him to genuinely say for weeks.

"I know, I know don't worry. We've got this and we have each other. Okay? I love you" she says into the darkness that's surrounded them, feeling him turn onto his side so that they can actually talk.

"I love you too. I do, I know I haven't said it in a while but I do. And, honestly? I think we need to get the pack together again. Scott and Malia miss them, and she's doing okay on the full moons now. We need the pack together" Lydia knows that Stiles is right, ever since that night. Ethan died and Malia got turned, the pack haven't been in contact. Every now and then Lydia and Stiles have seen Malia and Scott. But barely, it's been three months.

And when a pack isn't together, everything falls apart. That's what's going on with their relationship. They're falling apart.

"Yeah we do. We need to get our alpha back. We need our pack back"
“you need to drop this Lydia, come on” Malia groans from the front of her car, lydia passed out and moaning in the back as she’s sprawled out across the back seats.

“i’m fine. take me to Stiles” the red head slurs, as her best friend just shakes her head from the front of the car that is coming to a stop at a red light.

Malia takes this chance to turn round, seeing her best friend in a short black dress, boobs basically on show with way too high heels and messed make up from the sweat. She’s a mess.

The pack got back together a month ago, after Stiles and Lydia reached out and planned a pack meeting for everyone to attend at the shed. The shed was a new spot that him and Scott had made before the whole nogitsune thing happened, for them to all hang out instead of the loft.

Since then, they had all been getting back to how things were. Although they did have to deal with Lydias constant nights out and someone going to pick her up from the same club. It’s getting way too out of hand now.

“Lyd, talk to me. You’ve been doing this for near enough five months now, you need to stop” Her voice is soft, knowing that if she raised it Lydia would just ignore her and fall to sleep.

“I want my baby”

The sentence hangs heavy in the car. Given that Malia sees her child everyday, she lives with him. Her heart breaks for her best friend, because she does understand why she’s doing this and she honestly doesn’t blame her. But for the sake of her health, she does need to stop.

“I know Liddy, i know. Look, i’ll try and sort something out. But you’re not seeing him until you stop this” Malia pulls into Stiles’ mothers driveway, where him and Lydia are still currently living.

Stiles is standing at the front door, tired eyes and the same look he has on his face every night. He’s drunk too.

Malia sighs, fists clenching around the wheel before she turns the car off and gets out, gently closing her door.

“She’s the same, drunk and wants you. Why are you drunk again?” She questions, arms crossed against her chest as she leans against the car, watching as Stiles just shrugs.

“Don’t know. I just want Lydia and my son. But i can’t. Cause she goes out every night away from me and your mother has my baby. So, it’s a good enough reason to drink, don’t ‘ya think Mal?” Stiles smiles, managing to give his friend a thumbs up before he opens the back door and lifts Lydia into his arms gently.

“C’mon, let’s go to bed. Get you dressed into some comfy clothes and to sleep” Stiles whispers into her ear, and it melts Malia’s heart. Their relationship is breaking but their love for each other is probably stronger than ever.

“Thank you Malia” he shouts back to her, watching as she climbs into her car and nods at him. Then pulling out of his driveway and back home, not wanting to intrude on their moment.
Lydia wakes up the next morning, sore eyes and a sore head. His body is pressed against hers, arm slung over her waist while his hot breaths hit the back of her neck. He’s awake, probably has been for a while given that it’s nearly midday.

“You need to stay home from now on. Or you can go and move back in with your mom. I’m not going to watch you do this to yourself. Or to us” He whispers, shaking his head as he looks into the shining red locks of her hair that the early July sun is hitting.

“It makes me forget, Stiles. It helps”

“Fuck off with that bullshit. You smell of alcohol all the time now, you’ve been out drinking every night for nearly five months. Do you see me doing that kinda shit?” His voice breaks, pulling away from her and sitting up so that he doesn’t have to look at her.

She’s breaking him. And he can’t cope.

“Don’t talk to me like that. I’m not having this conversation, there’s a pack meeting in an hour we need to go” She pushes back the bed sheets, standing up and rushing out of his room to get a shower.

Stiles’ jaw drops, anger coursing through him as he hears the bathroom door close and the shower turn on.

Is she serious?

Stiles just springs up out of bed and pulls on some clothes, whatever he can find first. And the next thing he does is storm out of the house, getting into his jeep and driving to the shed where Scott will probably be setting up for the pack meeting.

Cause right now, as much as he loves her, he really does hate her.

“It’s nothing major, but something is definitely up. Eric isn’t dead” Malia says, the pack look at each other with shock and disbelief. The past half an hour they’ve been speaking about how Kate Argent has been missing, and no one has heard of her in a while.

“But he died when Jackson left-”

Kira is interrupted when Lydia pushes open the door and stumbles in. Dressed in denim shorts and one of Stiles’ hoodies, the converse on her feet have some dirt on them from outside. Usually it would bother her, but she looks like she couldn’t care less.

And rather tipsy.

“Hi. S-sorry i’m late. Just stopped off for a drink” She smiles, leaning down to kiss Stiles but he turns away, standing up and walking to sit across the room.

Theo and Liam see how her eyes glaze over, lips trembling and the pair of them stand up to ask if she would like to go for a walk, but she just shakes her head.
“No. I’m fine. I’m okay” She shouts, the windows shaking at the force of her voice. The pack bring their hands up to their ears, not wanting them to be damaged due to the pitch of the Banshees scream.

“Lydia, you’re not okay. Just go home for today, alright?” Scott sends her a warming smile, hoping he gets through to her but she doesn’t budge. She stays standing in the middle of the room with her hands hanging at her sides.

“Why? I’m part of this pack too. In fact, without me half of you would be gone. Dead. You need me” Lydia slurs, pointing at them all as she avoid her gaze. Tears well up in her eyes as she realises they don’t want her here.

“Lyd, let’s go” Issac stands, holding his hand out for her to take so that he can drive her home. He has no idea how she was even able to drive here.

“No, no. You all think I want to be like this? That I want to be some kind of mess? I don’t. But the pain that I’ve got in my chest hurts so bad that nothing can even make it just that little bit better. I carried my baby for nine months, and I love him so much that it kills me. We spent less than an hour with him and then he was taken away, nine months for fucking nothing. I’ve had no support of my family or you guys. No one understands apart from my boyfriend who doesn’t even want me. I’m hurting and I feel so alone. I just- I can’t” Lydia pushes Isaac’s hand off her, shakily walking out of the shed and slamming the door behind her.

Lydia gets in her car, glazed eyes staring at the whole two full bottles of tequila next to her and driving to somewhere no one will expect her to be. Well, so she hopes.

“i lost her scent. Natalie I don’t know where she is” Stiles says, smiling down at Leo who is grinning up at him dressed in a cow boy costume that himself and Lydia managed to buy for him months ago.

“Two days she’s been gone. Two days Stiles” Natalie seethes through gritted teeth, Scott comes over to steer Leo away from the two of them. It’s his Fifth birthday today and Lydia is no where to be seen.

When she left the pack meeting the other day, everyone was stunned and felt extremely guilty for treating her the way they have been.

Allison was the first one to try and find her, but they had no idea where Lydia had gone too. So ever since then, they’ve been trying to find her. But none of them have had any luck.

Stiles feels sick, he has since she left that shed.

“Theo and Kira are out looking for her now Nat, we will find her. I promise” He watches his girlfriends mother visibly relax, nodding as she heads over to the food table to set the plates out.

“What the fuck” Stiles hears Liam’s voice from the other room, and then he smells her scent. Gasps and hushes fill the front room, his stomach is unsettled as he rushes through.

“Lydia!” Leo shouts from where a worrier looking Issac is holding him.

“Baby, hey. Happy Birthday” Lydia says as she sways to the side and into the wall.
She looks terrible. Her skin is yellow, the clothes that she is still wearing from the other day are dirty and crumpled. Her hair is knotted, her lips are chapped and her eyes are red.

“Oh my god. Lydia” Natalie rushes over to her, but the red head just steps back and ends up falling down onto the floor. Attempting to stand back up, she winces and has to hold onto the chair for support.

“I’m fine. I want to hold Leo” she steps forward, but Scott just shakes his head and walks over to her.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea. Lydia you need to see a doctor” Scott says softly, trying to urge her to sit down but she shakes her head.

“No, i’m fin- ow! oh my god. It hurts. Mom, it hurts” Lydia falls to her knees, clutching her sides as she does so. Scott and Natalie rush over to try and catch her fall, holding onto her as tears rush down her face.

“Allison, Liam, take the kids into the garden” Natalie shouts. And everyone in the room swears that Lydia’s skin has gotten even more yellow by the second.

“Mom, help me” Lydia pants into her mothers lap, she hasn’t even got the strength to lift her arms right now. Scott places his hand on her leg to try and draw some of the pain but he hisses as soon as he takes it.

“I can’t even bear it. Someone call an ambulance, quick” Issac doesn’t waste any time and he’s pulling out his phone and is in the line in seconds.

Stiles and Malia stand frozen at the back of the room staring at the girl on the floor.

“What the hell are you both just doing standing there?” Scott shouts, but neither of them know what to do. They don’t know what’s happening to her, she looks as if she’s dying. And it’s scaring the hell out of them.

“What’s happening to her?” Stiles croaks out, suddenly snapping into action and rushing over to her, so that he can take Natalie’s place. Lydias mother rushes out into the garden to check on her son whilst the rest of them wait for the ambulance.

“I don’t know-”

“I think it’s her liver. Shes been drinking way too much, and it’s caught up with her” Malia says from the back of the room, and it suddenly makes sense to everyone as to why her skin is so yellow.

“Hello? Anyone here?” A deep male voice appears from the front door, and Issac rushes to lead them in. The ambulance is here and Stiles can’t find it in him to leave her. She’s not even conscious anymore.

“She’s here. Her name is Lydia Martin, she’s just turned Eighteen and not long had a baby” Scott says, beating Stiles to it. He stands and let’s the nurses take over as they try to wake her up gently, or to at least respond.

The next hour goes by in a blur. Allison and Issac stay at Lydias with Leo to carry on his birthday party so that he doesn’t think anything is wrong.

Scott, Stiles, Malia and Natalie all follow the ambulance up to the hospital to be with Lydia.
Malia and Natalie end up worrying too much and crying in the back of the jeep whilst Scott and Stiles sit in silence.

He can’t lose her too. He just can’t.
Lydia wakes up dazed and in a tremendous amount of pain. Her eyes feel heavy, and as if she can't even open them right now, but she does. The light makes them water but she just blinks it away, turning her head to look around the room.

Her parents, Scott and Stiles are sitting in the four chairs dotted around the room. All four of them look exhausted and drained, and a strong surge of guilt courses through Lydia as to what she's put these people through.

"Surprised you're here, Dad" Lydia says, her voice croaks but she swallows in hope that it doesn't sound as dry. Everyone turns around to find her awake, staring at her father as she lies there.

"Your Mom called me and i took the next flight over. What are you doing to yourself?" Her dad stands up and moves to the side of the hospital bed, that's when Lydia catches a glimpse of her skin and how discoloured it is. The sight makes her stomach churn, reaching for the bowl next to her she throws up into it, eyes watering once more at the bitter taste.

"Oh honey, here" Her mother takes it off her and disposes it once she's done, handing her a glass of water. Lydia. shrugs, and just lets her head fall back against the pillows behind her.

"You're both parents, can you imagine after all of the pregnancy and giving birth to your child, then being taken away from you? Your own family having a say and not you? It broke me, no one understands apart from me and my boyfriend and you both thought it would be best for us to become completely detached from Teddy. I didn't want that" Lydias head turns away from everyone, not wanting them to see her cry again. She's had enough of it herself.

"You're coming to live with me until you're better. Do you know why you're here, Lydia?" Her father starts, and Lydia can faintly see Scott and Stiles shake their heads at his tone. He couldn't care less.

"This isn't the right time to tell her this" Stiles interjects, leaning forward to rest his arms on his thighs. Lydia just wants to be next to him, but they're so far away from each other now.

"No. It is. If you had one more drink Lydia, you would have died. Your liver is messed up, these nurses have helped you for the past three days and you've hardly been awake. You think we want to see you like this? You can't have a drink again Lydia, or it could literally kill you" she flinches at her fathers words, cowering back into the bed trying to get as far away from him as possible.

"Frankly, dad, i didn't care if it killed me or not"

"You were drinking everyday for four months straight Lydia! You was killing yourself"

"Get out. Get the hell away from me" Lydia sobs, bringing her hands up to cover her face from everyone around her. There's a tight ball in the back of her throat, she can barely talk.

"I don't want to live with you. I don't want to be around you, i want to go home. Why does no one ever listen to me?" She cries, curling up into herself as her chest heaves. Natalie pulls Lydias father out and they tell the two boys they're going to find a nurse, now she's awake.

"Lyd, come on" His voice sounds foreign to her, but right now it's all she wants to hear. His hands fall onto her face, as he bends down to reach her height on the bed.
"It's not fair. I don't know what to do” She croaks out, toes curling with the hurt and pain she's feeling. It's consuming her.

Scott has to leave the room, his own eyes tearing up at the sight of his friend. She doesn't deserve any of this, and he just wishes that things hadn't worked out this way.

"You're going to go and stay with your dad, it's going to be better for you. We can't see Teddy anyway, and-" He stops mid sentence, his eyes now staring at the wall behind her. Lydia knows what's coming.

"What, Stiles?"

"Me and you can't be together. Not like this, we're ruining each other. We can't do this" a sad smile makes it's way onto his face, as he takes in the visible heartbreak that appears onto her face. He swears he saw her eyes darken, her heart stopping for longer than it should have.

Fuck.

"You can go now"

"What? Lydia no, i'm not going until i know you're fine"

"I'm awake, i'm fine. And i'm going to live with my dad, i've got nothing here for me anymore. The pack made that clear the other day. You and Scott can go home” her voice is stone. And Stiles just scoffs, standing up with the shake of his head and a scowl.

"Fine" He slowly gathers his things from where he was sitting, and just as he opens the door he hears another sob break from her chest, it's violent and almost enough to make him break.

But he leaves, shuts the door and has to lean against it for a moment to catch his breath. He should have just walked away, because damn him supernatural hearing. He hears Lydia whisper 'i still love you' in between the cries that are escaping her lips, and that's when he bolts. Stiles runs out of the hospital, dragging Scott along with him.

"I'll be over soon. I'm picking up Mom and Leo from the airport" Lydia put the phone on loudspeaker, rushing around her small, studio apartment in desperate search for her car keys.

"Okay honey, see you soon. Love you” Her dad hangs up the phone, she can tell he's nervous. It's his wedding day to Leah, who is only eight years older than Lydia. But she is lovely, and their daughter Ava is the cutest thing. Although Lydia does try to avoid her half-sister, as bad as it sounds. She doesn't want to resent her sister, for what she's been through herself with her own child.

It's been seven months since she left Beacon Hills for New York with her dad. As soon as the hospital discharged her, she left with her dad. No one came to the hospital for the last four days she was there, no Malia or Allison. Just her parents and Leo.

Lydia flat out refused to move in with her dad, so they then compromised she could have her own apartment round the corner from his place. That was the only deal she was going to take.
She's been fine, coming off the drinking was hard but surprisingly Leah and her dad were great with it. They helped her and supported her in ways she probably wouldn't have had back home from her pack. She's been doing her online classes to keep up with everything, given that in September she will be starting senior year.

Her mom has been keeping her briefly updated on what's been going on at home, just the basics. There was a dead pool, supernatural creatures were being killed for money and Eric had come back somehow and had taken Kate Argent.

The pack had some trouble with it all, in fact quite a lot of trouble. They needed a Banshee to help decode the list of creatures that were going to die. This was when Lydia had to resist the urge to go home, she couldn't have anyone of them die. But they did it, Allison and Issac managed to decode it with their magic.

It's all calmed down now, and she's glad no one has reached out to her. She's happy. She thinks she is, anyway.

The real setback was Teddy's first birthday three weeks ago. Talia sent her a picture and an invitation for his party through the post.

Lydia didn't leave her room for a week.

She has no idea if her mother, or Stiles went. She didn't want to know.

"Got them" she says to herself, picking up her keys and her blazer coat from her bed. It's the end of March and rather cold in New York, she's not risking freezing today.

The drive is weird. Her vision keeps going blurry, her mind having flashes of tunnels that she's never even seen before. There's tonnes of them.

But she's fine by the time she reaches her Mother and Leo at the Airport, the pair of them smiling and looking more than happy to see her.

"Hi you two! Get in the car then, it's cold" She laughs, watching her mother strap Leo into the children's booster seat before getting in herself.

"How are you honey?" her mother kisses her cheek as they hit the road on the way to the wedding venue, Lydia flinches as another vision of the tunnels appears in her mind. This time it is much more harsher.

“Oh my god. This vision, some kind of tunnels, keeps appearing in my mind. What the hell-“

Lydia is interrupted by her mothers phone ringing throughout the car, Natalie’s eyes narrow when she sees who’s calling but answers anyway.

“Scott, no she’s fine- Lydia stop!”

The car screeches to a stop but spins off the road and onto a patch of grass. Lydias eyes are closed and she falls back against her seat, Leo is still luckily asleep and Natalie is grasping onto the dashboard and onto the phone.

“Lydia, wake up. Honey?” Natalie gently shakes her daughter, who’s eyes slowly open along with
a yawn escaping her red lips.

“Sorry, it was those tunnels again. I didn’t get much sleep last night they kept waking me up, i’m so sorry mom. Are you both okay?” Lydia panics, teaching back to hold onto Leo and making sure her mother is fine.

“Okay Scott. We’ll see you soon” Her mother nods to whatever is being said, before ending the call and putting her phone away into her bag.

“We need to go back home. Something is going on and something is coming for you, you need the protection of the pack. I’m not losing you again, Lydia” Natalie forces Lydia to swap seats with her, the girl moaning about her white heels and dress being tarnished with grass stains as she makes her way around the car to the passengers side.

“What did Scott say?” Lydia urges her mother once they’re on the plane four hours later. It cost Natalie way more than it should have to get them all last minute tickets but Scott did mention he would help pay some money back for the inconvenience.

“Did you call your dad?” her mother deflects the question once more and makes sure Leo is fine and has enough water in his bottle. The five year old lazily nods with a babyish smile and leans against his mother.

“Yep. He said it’s fine, he wants me safe and to let him know when we land. What’s going on?” Lydia pushes once more, looking out of the window to the darkening sky. Natalie sighs, and scratches at her neck.

“The past few weeks teenagers have been disappearing and then returning home, but as supernatural creatures that are impossible to make. This one kid was a scorpion at one point. And they’ve discovered it’s some people called the dread doctors who are going this. And they’re channeling you somehow. We need to know why” Her mother speaks in a hushed tone, hoping no one else on the flight can hear this nonsense. But it’s their lives now.

“Right, okay. I don’t want to come home mom, i’ve been happy” Lydia worries, placing her head on her mother’s shoulder. Its only a short flight, an hour at most, but a small nap will sure help she guesses.

“I’ve got you, honey. You’re going to be just fine, i promise” Natalie soothes her daughters freshly straightened hair that was supposed to be for the wedding, before she falls to sleep to hopefully get some rest.

“Where are they?” Lydia paces across her mothers kitchen floor, heels clacking and her dress pressing against her thighs. It’s just a simple white long sleeved dress that hugs her curves and stops a couple inches above her knee. She hasn’t had the energy to change, she wants to get all of this over and done with.

“They should be here any second” Natalie walks back in with a sigh, having just put Leo to sleep upstairs. Looking around, Lydia realises how much she actually has missed home. And her family.

“I hope so, because i feel sick” her hand, nails painted red, presses on her stomach. Something she’s been insecure about after giving birth, but it’s relatively gone back to how it was before. Her mother said it’s because of how young she is.
“You will be okay, i’m here with you. Right?” Natalie squeezes her daughters hands, smiling comfortinglly. Lydia squeezes back, nodding just as there’s a knock at the front door.

“I’ll get it. Coming!” her mother shouts, slippers scuffing against the floor as she walks down down the house to the front door.

She hears them all before she sees them all.

Malia walks in first, followed by Allison, then Scott and then him. Stiles Stilinski.

Their eyes all widen at the sight of her. To which she kind of doesn’t blame them. The last time they all saw her she was yellow, a mess and just not in the best place.

Since then she’s changed. Lost weight, stopped drinking, taking care of herself. She looks happy.

“Uh, so what’s going on?” Lydia speaks, smiling at them all before walking across to grab a bottle of water. She’s suddenly grown extremely warm.

“You look good, Lyd. We’ve missed you” Allison speaks up, smiling back at the red head with a hopeful glint in her eye.

“Didn’t really feel like it. I’ve not heard off anyone since i left but it’s fine. Can someone tell me why the hell im seeing tunnels?” She hoists herself up to sit on the counter, opening the bottle of water and taking a sip. Scott clears his throat and steps forward.

“So you’re mom explain what’s happened right? So we’ve tried to fight these doctors but nothing has been working. We then went to see someone called Dr Valack in Eichen House, he wrote the book about them. But he wants to see you, he’s the one who’s been putting these visions in you’re mind” Scott steps forward, noticing how Lydia freezes up at the mention of this man.

Something feels off.

“Are you okay?” Malia asks, wanting to rush forward to her old friend, but Lydia just shakes it off with a abrupt nod.

“Yeah. Just a feeling of déjà vu. But okay, take me to him then”

“Okay, we will come to get you tomorrow morning. We just wanted to go over everything.” Scott starts but Lydia doesn’t want to wait around

“No. Now, take me to him now”
"Now? Lydia it's late evening, i'm not sure we will be allowed inside" Malia says, looking over at Scott who shrugs and smiles, his eyes glisten with some hope.

"Well we try. Right, let's get to the car then" Scott claps his hands together, Malia and Allison following him out of her house and through to his car. Stiles lingers at the back, eying Lydia up as she walks past him.

"You look great" He says as they both walk out into the chilled air, the sound of the car starting up in front of them.

"Thanks" She quips, wanting to groan as she realises she's stuck in the back of the car with her ex boyfriend and her old best friend. What a night.

"So, uh, how was New York, Lydia?" Allison asks from the front of the car, Scott glancing at her through the mirror every now and then to make sure she's okay.

"All good. Got my own apartment, been doing lessons online and well, yeah. Good" She speaks, crossing her legs and smoothing out her dress, subtly catching when Stiles eyes stare a little too long at her tanned legs.

She got a spray tan a few days ago at Leah's hen party. Lydia loves it.

"That sounds great, are you uh, going back?" Allison glances back at the banshee, smiling with hope like Scott did ten minutes ago.

"Not sure yet. I'll see" A tight smile pulls at her lips, but soon drops when she sees the Mental Institution outside of her window. A foggy vision, from a dream maybe? flashes into her mind. A man with a drill, Theo and Stiles rushing into to help her. A loud scream.

"Lydia?" Malia's voice snaps her out of her trance she was in, all four of them standing before her holding open the car door.

"Right. Sorry, let's go" she swings her legs out, getting out of the car and marching right up to the gate. She buzzes in and the gate opens right away, which to her is a little weird but everyone else doesn't seem phased.

Her and Allison walk ahead, the brown haired girl making her feel at ease some how.
"We just go straight ahead, someone should be at the desk" She says, opening the door and holding it open for Lydia and the others. So she does what Allison says, once everyone is inside they walk straight up to the weird looking man who gives Lydia a once over with a sinister smirk.

"Dude, drop it. Ignore him" The banshee faintly hears Scott whisper to Stiles, but pushes it out of her mind and smiles.

"Hello, we're here to see Dr Valack, please" Lydia clears her throat, waiting for the creepy guy to reply to her and for his eyes to move off her breasts.

"Sorry. No can do" he mumbles, going back to writing something down on his scruffy notebook he has in hand.

Lydias agitated now, a low groan leaving her throat. She slams her hands down onto the desk,
causing the man to jump up.

"Buzz us through, now. His dad is the sheriff, his dad is a detective, her dad is a werewolf hunter, hers is an actual werewolf and mine can fucking sue you're ass for everything you have, honey. So tell us where to go or I'll be making quite a few phone calls, because I'm sure that sexual harassment and breaking the policies at your workplace would land you a good few years in a nice cosy cell" Lydia smiles innocently, eyes narrowing at his rather frightened face as he fumbles for the buzzer on the desk.

"Uh, second floor, last door at the corridor. You're friends know where to go. Here's the key" His shaking hand hands her the key for the second floor as the door to the stairs buzzes open.

"Thanks" she mumbles, wasting no time in striding over to the stairs to reach this man who's been playing with her mind.

"Holy shit, Lydia that was awesome" Scott and Malia both day together once they're heading up the stone stares to the second floor. She chuckles, shaking her head.

"I'd had enough of him starting at my boobs, he's lucky I actually didn't go through with what I said" She laughs, reaching the second floor and using the key card to get through. Her heart is racing and she won't lie, she is scared. But she wants these visions to stop.

"Just go straight to the end of the corridor. We will stay here on guard, you never know who's going to turn up here" Malia and Allison stand together by the door, leaving Lydia with the two boys who can protect her if needed.

"Be safe" Lydia mumbles to the pair of them, before walking ahead and making a bee-line to the huge glass window that she can see, the man hiding in the corner.

"Lydia Martin. Banshee. Wailing Woman. I've wanted to meet you for a while now. Ahh, you've brought your two little guard dogs" The man with the bloody bandage around his head stands up, walking closer to the glass wall.

Scott and Stiles roll their eyes, taking a step closer to Lydia who's fists begin to clench.
"Don't speak about them that way. I'll leave"

The three of them faintly see his face drop, he wants Lydia for something.

"Okay, fine. You can stop all of this, all of what is to come. I'll tell you how, if you help me" he smirks, and Lydia feels Stiles hand lace through her own. She doesn't push him away.

"Why do you want her help? What do you want her to do?" Scott steps forward, claws retracting from his hands as he inches closer to the man.

"I want her to tell me all the secrets into building a banshee. This girl here, can revive people with her scream. She can stop weapons, she can move things with her voice, and so much more. I bet you've both seen her do some questionable things, I want to know who taught her and her aunt how to do this. She knows the name, beloved aunt Rosie told you, didn't she?" Valack brings his hand up to the glass, smiling with his wide eyes as he stares at the girl standing close to the Stilinski boy.

Her aunt did tell her. But if this means putting her at risk then Lydia isn't saying a word.

"You won't get a fucking word out of me, Valack" Lydia says, his eyes hardening. Somehow, an eye opens in the palm of his hand, and the next thing Lydia knows is she looses the feeling of Stiles and blacks out.
She wakes lay on a chair. On the opposite side of the glass. Stiles, Scott, Allison and Malia are all passed out on the floor outside. Her heart thumps, worried for her friends as she panics.

“You should have just told me the name, Lydia” Valack appears next to her, a drill in hand and a smile on his face. This man needs help, beyond this stupid house.

“My aunt would die. I’m not risking it, rather me than her” Lydia cries, trying to pull her wrists free from the restraints. She notices Stiles move outside, his eyes opening and his long tongue licking his lips like a content puppy waking up.

Come on, Stiles. Come on.

His eyes open, blurred for a moment before he sees Lydia tied down and unable to move. Then he sees the drill in Valacks hand and something wakes up within him.

“Stay the fuck away from her. Get away, now. Scott, Mal, Allison wake up” Stiles springs up to his feet, banging on the glass with thankfully does wake everyone else up.

The banshee fights back the tears, biting her tongue as she watches the messed up doctor next to her laugh as he starts up the drill.

“Well, you’ve all got a front row seat. I really hope you survive this Lydia” Her lips tremble with fear, hands balling up into fists as she hears her friends screams and growls from the other side of the glass.

Voices inside of her head grow louder, screams taking over her senses and it’s hard to think of anything. They’re telling her to scream.

She can feel the brisk air that the drill brings along with it in its wake, and just as its about to touch her, she screams with all she has. Back arching off the chair as she lets her lungs produce all she needs to try and save herself.

The scream takes it all out of her once she’s done, her body exhausted and out of breath. The feels something trickle down her forehead, lifting her hand and then looking at her finger she sees blood.

Lydia sits up, and looks around noticing that the glass has shattered and her pack stand there, staring at her, utterly speechless.

Valack is on the floor, half of his head missing and blood all over the floor. Her heart stops and then she screams with fear.

“Oh my god. Oh my god, what have i done? Get me out of here, what the fuck” she scrambles off the chair, her white dress now covered in spots and smears of red blood. Lydia has to stop herself from being sick.

“Lydia, come here. Come on, we’re going now” Scott ushers her out of the room that will haunt her for the rest of her life, she thinks.

“What did i do? Oh my god” Lydia starts to hyperventilate, leaning against the wall once she’s out and not wanting to touch herself. Shes covered in blood.

“You saved yourself. He was going to kill you Lydia” Stiles places his hand on her back, in hopes to calm her down. He hears her heartbeat steady a little, her breathing evening out, thankful she’s
not going to go into a panic attack.

“But i killed him. I fucking killed him, he’s dead” she watches Malia on the phone to the sheriff, and Lydis loses it.

“I’m going to go to prison. I’m not going to be able to finish senior year, i won’t get to see Teddy or be with my family. Or you guys. Oh my god what have i done. I killed him-”

Stiles dives forward and kisses her. It’s soft and gentle, luckily Scott and Allison are with Malia talking to the sheriff. Lydias hands rest on his sides, as his own hold her face so she feels stable.

His lips press a little harder against her, before they both pull away and his arms wrap around her.

“You’ll be okay, it was self defence. I’ve got you. We’ve got you”

“I know” She whispers into his neck, her eyes closing for even just a minute of feeling at home again. Because she’s been back in Beacon Hills for hours now, and since he touch her, this is the first time she’s truly felt at home again.

“Right you don’t have to worry. It’s clear what his intentions we’re and we won’t be pressing charges, you’ll just need to come in to write a statement okay sweetheart?” Noah smiles and pulls the girl in for a quick one armed hug, Stiles staring at the both of them as he jogs over.

“I wanna come to the station with you both. No arguments” Stiles says, lacing his hand with Lydias one more as his father just raises his eyebrows and places his hands up in defeat.

They both drive in the pack of Jordan Parrish’s car, he’s on the phone to someone at the station so Lydia makes a bold move, scooting over to the boy who’s fiddling with his hands in his lap.

She checks him out first, noticing how his biceps have grown a little, his chest has become more defined she can tell from how his shirt fits. He looks good too.

“Thank you, for helping” She says, holding out her hand for him to take, in which he does rather quickly and hold it tighter than she expected him too. They can both see Scott’s car behind them, all three of them probably trying to hear or see what the pair are talking about.

“I had to, i couldn’t leave you” He smiles down at her, reaching across to take some blood off her nose that had been bugging him for a while.

“Can i ask you something?” Lydia whispers, looking down at their hands. She doesn’t know if she wants to know his answer, but it’s been bugging her for weeks.

“Sure”

“Did you go to Teddy’s party?” looking over at him, she sees how sadness glazes over his eyes once more. He shakes his head.
“I was going too. Everyone else did, my parents and your mom did too. But I bailed, and I spent the day with Jane. Which I’m never doing again, my sister is always moaning about everything” He rolls his eyes, but shrugs then too, waiting for her to react.

“I got the invite, and I saw the photo of him and I just couldn’t. He looked happy, Stiles” She mumbles into his shoulder, trying not to go down the loophole of them missing their son, again.

“I know. But so do you” He nudges her, but Lydia just shakes her head.

“I fucked everything up. I ruined what we had and the pack. I messed it all up” Lydia shakes her head, pulling her dress down her legs from where it’s risen up.

“You didn’t. We’ve all missed you, nothing has been the same. I’ve missed you” He kisses her forehead and Lydia sighs, smelling his shirt as she gets closer to him.

“I missed you too”
Lydia wakes up in her old room the next morning. She hasn’t been here since before Teddy was born. It makes her feel weird but like herself again, before everything went to shit.

Its eleven, so she decides to swing her legs over her bed and head straight for the shower. She had two showers and a bath last night before she went to bed, wanting to feel clean and so there wasn’t a single trace of blood left on her body or in her hair.

By the time she’s washed, hair is curled and she’s dressed with minimal make up on, it’s lunchtime. And the look her mother gives her isn’t anything but amused.

“I’ve come home for my lunch break and you’ve not long been awake” Natalie laughs, finishing her soup and closing the book she was reading before her daughter entered the kitchen.

“I needed some rest, didn’t have the best nights sleep” she shrugs, looking through the fridge and pulling out some leftover pasta dish her mother must have made.

“You heading back to New York or staying here? I’m only asking so i can let the school know and they can take you off the online system” Natalie smiles, standing to wash up her bowl, humming as she does so. Lydia wants to go back to New York, it’s less trouble and she’s genuinely happy there.

But the Dread Doctors are still out there, she needs to help her friends. And, her son is here. Lydia plans on seeing him.

“I’m going to help them, if i left and someone died, i couldn’t deal with that guilt. So i’m going back to school, i might as well finish of Junior year” Lydia messes around with the pasta in front of her, taking a few bites as she waits for her mother to reply. Natalie sighs, eyes scanning the room.

“You need to decide on what you’re doing, honey. You can’t keep leaving and coming back-”

“I left on my own accord once. The last time was everyone else’s decision, i had literally no choice in the matter” Lydias eyebrows furrow in confusion as she makes her point, dropping her fork as she’s now lost her appetite.

“And why did we have to do that, Lydia? It was your fault” Her mother snaps, slamming her hand down onto the kitchen counter with her voice raised. Lydia flinches, shaking her head, standing up abruptly choosing to ignore her mother as she grabs her bag.

She doesn’t think twice about leaving the house, letting the door slam as she leaves, not even wanting to take her car. She needs to walk, not knowing where right now but she’ll figure it out.

She always does.

Lydia ended up getting hungry so she went to the diner not far from the school. She ordered herself some fries and a coffee, god knows she needs one.

After she’s been there for a while, Theo slides into the booth lydia was occupying, a soft smile on his face.

“Long time no see, Martin” he chuckles, as Lydia shrugs and sighs.
“I know, been a while. How are you?” the banshee places her book down, leaning her chin on her hand as Theo lets a long breath leave his nose.

“The same, nothing out the ordinary. Kira is just using the toilet, we’re going to her parents for dinner. Me and her have had some problems about which colleges we want to go too, but if I’m honest, I’ll go wherever she goes” They boy in front of her has lovestruck dreamy eyes as he stares at her friend leaving the toilet.

“I’m glad she has you-”

“Lydia! Girl oh my god! You’re home, how are you? You look amazing” Kira leans down to wrap her arms around her friend, earning a genuine smile from her that Theo notices he hadn’t seen in ages.

“Thank you! I’m officially back to help with these dread doctors” She laughs, pulling back gently out of the embrace to speak to Kira. She’s noticed her hair is shorter now, a nice neat shoulder length cut.

“Well, all of us are so glad you’re home. I’ll text you later, meet up for a girls talk. Yeah?” Kira hates the fact she’s got to rush off and leave Lydia here alone. But she can’t keep her parents waiting any longer.

“Yeah, one hundred percent. Love the hair by the way” She sends Kira a wink, before waving them both goodbye as they leave the diner. Lydia smiles to herself, continuing to eat her fries as she looses herself in the book she’s brought with her once more.

About an hour goes by and the sun is beginning to set outside. She’s been here on her own for about four hours now, and it’s been nice to have some time to herself, she needed it.

“Hi, can i order some apple pie please?” she asks the waitress who comes by her table, her eyebrows raise as she spins around.

“I would, but he already ordered it for you” she points across the diner to a rugged looking Stiles waiting for his drink to be served. Lydia can’t help the smile that makes its way onto her face at the sight of him.

“I’ll get one for him then, please” she says, the girl nodding with a knowing grin before heading off back behind the counter.

Minutes later his footsteps grow louder and he’s stopping at the side of her table, a smirk on his face as he beams down at her.

“Hey good lookin’, you come here often?” Stiles tries to bite his lip, over exaggerating for effect which just makes the red head laugh into her book.

“Hi you, and yeah i used to, just moved back here. Have a seat?” She closes her book and puts it back into her bag, watching him as he chuckles to himself and sits down opposite her.

“I got a call from Theo. Didn’t like the thought of you being here alone so they sent me” He clicks his tongue against the roof of his mouth, staring at Lydia waiting for her to explain what’s happened.

“My mom basically told me to make a decision about what i’m doing. And then said i can’t keep
“Just do what makes you happy, okay?” He mumbles against her skin on her shoulder, placing a gentle kiss on it before smiling devilishly at the pies that are placed on their table.

Stiles is halfway through eating his when Lydia finishes, she falls back against the booth undoing the button to her skinny jeans with a sigh and a laugh. The boy next to her stares at her with disbelief and an open smile.

“Holy shit, you’re a machine” he laughs, a proper belly laugh that makes Lydia fall into him while she laughs herself. The pair of them are curled up in each other laughing for the next minute or so, attracting looks from people around them.

“That was a good pie” The banshee says with a playful wink, scraping up the last of it and sucking it off her spoon.

“I mean, i kind of feel like i should protect mine now” He hovers over it, acting like some kind of wall to keep his pie safe from the girl beside him.

“Oh yeah, i think you should run” Lydias eyebrows wiggle, and Stiles goes to stand up but she pulls him back down with a shake of her head.

“Don’t actually run, i like this place i don’t want to get kicked out” her laughter bubbles out of her mouth, watching as he rolls his eyes and finishes his pie. All the while Lydia stares at him as he eats, she used to do this when they were together as he slept.

“You coming back to scho-”

“I’m sorry” she interrupts him as he begins to ask her a question, he finishes his pie and pushes the bowl away. Staring at her with hard but caring eyes.

“What?”

“I’m sorry, i dont think i have apologised for how i treated you” she messes with his fingers that are sprawled out across his thigh. Stiles feels abit taken back with what she’s saying to him.

“Lyd, you didn’t treat me wrong? I broke up with you” He scoots closer to her, this conversation feeling intimate, like no one should be able to overhear.

“No, i should have tried to help you sooner. I’m sorry for that too, i loved you and i left you when you needed me. I let them send you away and i shouldn’t have” he scratches the back of his neck, rubbing his hands over his face before Lydia takes them in her own.

“It’s fine, we should have just...i don’t know. It was like the right person wrong time situation, we just wasn’t meant to be i guess” Lydia trails off, biting her tongue at the words that have escaped her mouth, she faintly sees Stiles shake his head.

“Nope” he pulls over to him so that her body is pressed again at his side.
“We were great together, we just went through a bad time. Any couple has that. For the record, i’m glad you’re back now. I’ve missed you, a lot” He tickles her stomach where it’s poking out of her undone jeans, Lydia laughs into his ear, accidentally slipping down the seat nearly falling off it for a second.

She can feel Stiles arms shaking from laughing as he pulls her back up and into his lap. His arms wrap around her in a deep hug she’s wanted from him, and only him, for months.

“This is nice” he hums into her neck, causing her to laugh a little through her nose. Stiles shivers when Lydia realises it was against the shell of his ear. A weak spot of his.

“Oh sorry, i didn’t mean to” Lydia leans back, doing the button of her jeans back up and swinging her feet as she’s rather high up off the floor on this lanky boys lap.

“It’s okay, do you want me to drive you?” Stiles asks, sucking on his straw as he takes a sip of his drink staring into her eyes.

Whenever Stiles used to say ‘drive you’ it meant parking up on the side of the road or in some abandoned car park and having sex. If he ever said ‘i’ll drive you back home’ he really did mean home.

“Ahhh, so where is it today? side of the road somewhere or the woods?” Lydia smiles, a giddy grin on her pink lips that Stiles loves. He licks his own lips, squeezing her ass playfully.

“Well, i was thinking if we wanted to be that rebellious, we could try the school parking lot” a glint in both of their eyes gleams at the idea, Lydia doesn’t even say no. She just kisses him quickly before standing up, her high-top converse squeaking on the floor as she heads over to the counter to pay her bill.

She’s back in seconds, picking up her bag and swinging it over her shoulder as she waits for a mesmerised Stiles to get up.

“Come on then” She laughs, it stops when she feels his hand slip into her own.

“You okay?”

“Yeah, yeah. Just caught me off guard” Lydia shrugs it off, smiling at the waitress who has a knowing look on her face as they leave. And it somehow makes Lydia want to show Stiles off even more.

Because she never really did when they were together, he’s hot. And so good looking, everyone knows that. But for some reason, she didn’t really take it in. Now she does, and she can’t stop looking at him.

“I can smell your emotions. Really is giving me an ego boost right now” He smirks, swinging the door to the drivers side open as Lydia just looks at the floor with a laugh before climbing inside after him.

“If we get caught, it’s on you. Are you expecting me to get fully naked? What if we need to drive away?” Lydia asks when they’re on their way there, a little bit of panic settling in. The school is so open and anyone could be there.

“Relax, the back windows steam up within seconds and i can just put my hoodie over the front seats, kinda, to make a barrier thing so no one can see through to the back. Don’t worry” He chuckles, his hand falling onto her thigh hoping to make her feel better. Nodding, Lydia turns up
She’s herself with him.

They reach the school quick, and Lydia makes him park in a rather dark spot in the corner by the fence and bushes. Just to be on the safe side, she said. He didn’t argue, not particularly wanting this to be over quick.

“I can just climb on through” Lydia says, getting up and onto her knees on the seat ready to climb through to the back. But his arms are winding around her waist and he’s pulling her down for a kiss. His hot lips open and slow against her own.

Stiles hands wander over her body. The skin tight crop top she’s been wearing has been sending thoughts through his mind the entire night. He can feel the un-padded lace bra she’s got on underneath, the full outline and feel of her breasts is enough to kill him.

While she was pregnant her boobs were huge, they got so big. But now they’re at the right size, big but not too much. He loves them.

“You look amazing tanned” He says against her skin as she peels off her shirt and undoes the button to her jeans again. She’s toned now, he also notices.

“I’ll keep it up then” She winks, pulling away before he can dive back into where he was working on her neck and climbing through to the back of the jeep where it’s way more spacious and enclosed.

“Okay, lanky legs coming, watch out” Stiles warns, Lydia just rolls her eyes as she watches him ever so gracefully fall into the back with her.

“Y’know, you could have just got out the car and got into the back?”

“Good idea for next time, thanks babe” he kisses her cheek, before moving down and kissing her again. So many months the pair of them have been dreaming about this feeling, and now they’ve got it again they can’t stop.

His hot lips move off her own and travel down her neck, stopping at her breasts to pull her bra down, sucking and nipping on her nipples so that her back arches up and into him.

“Take your shirt off” Lydia moans, her hands pulling at the material, itching to feel his skin against her own. Stiles pulls it of in a quick movement, it then hits the floor with a thud and a smile from Lydia.

She pushes him backwards so she’s now on top of him, diving forward to suck at his neck, biting and making sure to leave a mark so that she remembers this happened. Not really being for his benefit. After a couple of minutes of her working on his neck and Stiles’ hands in her jeans, fingers rubbing against her clit, she sits up.

“What?”

“Pull your jeans and boxers down to your knees” Lydia pants, doing the same with her own and her thong, letting them sit around her ankles as Stiles sits up and she straddles him.

The feeling of him pressing against her is enough to make her moan and want to combust. She’s
missed him more than she would like to admit. Looking at him now, with his eyes closed, lips parted open with heavy breaths escaping them, the deep forming bruise on his neck, Lydia wants him.

She wants him back.

But she ignores herself, and instead grabs his dick, stroking it a few times before she leans forward to kiss him, sinking down onto him with a moan.

They both sit still for a while, relishing in the hot, sizzling feeling that they can both feel from them connecting. Lydia moves her hips, being careful of her head and the car roof as she leans back and places her hand on his leg for balance.

“I don’t know how long i’ll last” Stiles groans, his hands on her ass to help guide her movements against him, his pubic bone pushing against her clit now and then as her legs help her bounce on Stiles.

The jeep rocks along with them, and just as Stiles hits a spot that Lydia cries out at, he slips out. A sweaty Lydia huffs, moving her hands from the seat behind him to put him back in, but he beats her too it.

Stiles moans into her neck as she grinds her hips down against him, clenching her walls to give him a tighter feeling as they move together. Stiles one hand skips up her back, grabbing her hair at the roots to pull at it.

Lydia smiles blissfully as she echoes out curse words into the hot thick air around them. “Harder” she whispers as his one hand pushes the small of her back closer to him, his feet firmly planted on the floor as Stiles ploughs up into Lydia.

She screams, as he manages to fill her up in all the right places, lips peppering kisses and sucking on her neck, his hands touching her where he can, pulling at her hair. It’s all just him.

“I’m gona. I’m close, now” Stiles says, just as Lydias legs lock around his sides and she comes around him with a cry and her nails scratching down his torso. Stiles carries on pounding up into her for as long as he can and until he feels her tighten around him once more, and he comes inside of her.

“Fuck. Feel so good” he moans into her hair as he reaches his own climax, holding her close to him. Lydia falls against him when they’re both done, she sits up so he can come out of her and she reaches for something to wipe herself with.

Thankful Stiles always keeps some wipes or tissues in the back, she goes to clean up but find his come running down her thighs. Sighing, she wipes it away, before pulling up her jeans and hugging him tight.

He’s still naked, his arms sitting comfortably around her waist with his head in the crook of her neck. “Sorry it wasn’t long” He strokes her back as he speaks, feeling her head shake.

“You sure?” he asks, eyes wide and staring up at her as she smiles down at him.

“Yeah, prom-”
“Stiles? We need help, the dread doctors- Lydia? Oh shit, fuck, my bad” Scott opens the door just as quickly as he closes it. Catching a mostly decent red headed banshee on top of his naked best friend. Along with catching the smell of sex.

“What the hell?” Lydia scrambles off the boy to find her shirt, pulling it on and spinning back around to find Stiles all dressed in an impressive amount of time.

“Scott?” Lydia finds him a few feet away when she hops out the jeep in front of Stiles. The Alpha can’t even smile, shooting daggers at his best friend.

“Okay, look. The Dread Doctors are in the school with Parrish. We found something out today. They’ve revived the Beast of Gevudan. The first and the most deadly werewolf in the books. He’s no where to be found” Scott panics, blood stains on his shirt.

A loud, ear splitting howl comes from inside the school, making the three of them hop back into Stiles’ jeep and drive out of the parking lot. The look of disgust on Scott’s face made Lydia want to laugh. But she’s too scared to even make a sound.

“Well, think we know where he is now”