Outside Looking In

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Summary

After a drunken mistake, Sheriff Stilinski sends his omega son to live with his brother. Years later they return to Beacon Hills, but all is not well.
Chapter 1

I do not own Teen Wolf.

Yup, it’s a new fic, but I currently have a decent amount written already.

Enjoy, and please review.

***TW

With a trembling hand, Sheriff John Stilinski rubbed his tired and bloodshot eyes. With a frown, he looked up at the man sitting across from him. "Mark, I'm sorry, but I can't hire you."

"Is it that you can't hire me, or you just don't want to?" The tall, muscular man that looked a lot like the sheriff asked with a sneer. "Because I know for a fact that you are looking for deputies."

Sighing heavily, John collapsed onto his worn out leather chair. "It's true, I am looking for a few deputies, but I can't hire you, Mark."

The man slammed his hand down on the sheriff's desk. "Dammit, John, I'm a damn good cop and you know it. I'm also probably the most qualified applicant you have interviewed. There's no reason not to hire me."

"This isn't an interview." John pointed out, unable to meet the other man's eyes. It was true, Mark was a damn good cop and he was exactly what Beacon Hills needed, but he couldn't hire him, he just couldn't.

Standing up, Mark pulled back his shoulders and lifted his chin as he stared down at the sheriff. "You owe me, John." He said gravely. "You owe me so fucking much, and I'm not leaving here without a badge and a uniform. Don't you even fucking dare deny me this, not after everything I have done for you."

John wanted to curse and throw things like a toddler having a temper tantrum. He did owe Mark, he owed him more than what he could ever repay. For six years Mark has kept away from him and Beacon Hills, just like he had asked, and not once in all those years had he asked for anything for his sacrifice. And now here he was, standing in his office begging for a job. How could he say no? How could he turn him away after sacrificing six years of his life for him?

"Fine." John gave in reluctantly, his voice cracking. "The job is yours, but on two conditions."

Mark grinned. "Sure, anything, boss."

John was pale and looked like he was physically in pain. "I want you to live across town, far away from me."

"Already done." Mark smirked. "I'm renting a small home on the other side of the preserve. If I go any further I'll be in the next town over."

John nodded then took a deep breath. "I don't want to see him, Mark," he said seriously. "or hear his name even mentioned. He is not to come to the station to visit you, even if I'm not here. He is also not to come looking for me, and if by some chance he sees me, he is to turn around and go the other
direction. Am I understood?"

Mark rolled his eyes. "I'll tell the brat, no worries, big bro. The boy knows not to defy me."

"He's not a brat!" John snarled, his face turning red.

Mark cocked an eyebrow. "Cool your shit, brother, it's just a joke between the boy and I. Not that you would know, you haven't seen or talked to him in six years. Hell, you probably won't even recognize him even if you see him anyway."

John clenched his fists as he tried to rein in his temper. "Do you agree to the terms?" He hissed between his clenched teeth.

"Sure." Mark chuckled. "This will be great, two Stilinskis on the force. Sheriff Stilinski, and Deputy Stilinski, big brother and little brother. Just like when we were kids playing cops."

John closed his eyes against the stinging of the tears threatening to fall. He loved his brother dearly, but he had hoped to never see the man again, at least not until the boy was grown and living on his own somewhere, somewhere far, far away from Beacon Hills and him. He didn't know how he was going to do this, how was going to live day by day knowing that he was somewhere out there wandering around his town? He would be going to school at Beacon Hills High with Scott, he would probably attend sporting events and dances, he may even get a job somewhere in town. What the hell was he going to do if he ran into him? Was Mark right, would he not even recognize him?

"Hey, John, don't worry about it." Mark Stilinski said as he placed a comforting hand on his big brother's shoulder. "I'll talk to him and make sure he stays at home."

John shook his head no. "Don't, that's not fair to him. He's sixteen, let him make friends and be a teen. Just keep him out of my station and away from my home. I...I just can't, Mark."

Mark squeezed his brother's shoulder. "I'm sorry I came back here, but I needed a job and a break from the big city life. Beacon Hills is also my home and it was always my dream to be an deputy here."

John nodded his head jerkily. "I know, it just hurts. When you took him you promised to stay away."

"And I did, for as long as I could, John, but it wasn't safe for him in the city anymore. You know how rare male omega's are, and with his heats starting soon, I was worried for him."

John pinched the bridge of his nose. "Mark, I'm sorry, but I can't do this. It's bad enough that you brought him back to Beacon Hills, I can't handle you talking about him. I don't want to hear anything about him, that's condition number three."

Mark held his hands up in surrender. "You're the boss...boss. I won't mention him again."

The sheriff numbly nodded his head. "Fine! Go and see Deputy Tara Graeme and tell her you need a uniform, you'll start tomorrow."

Mark beamed down at his big brother. "Thanks again, brother."

After his brother left, John rubbed at his stinging eyes. He wasn't going to cry, not over him again. He had done the right thing by sending him away, it was what was best for both of them, especially the boy. Still, having him back was like having a deep wound reopened. It hurt so damn much!

*** TW
With a frown, Melissa, who had been resting on the couch after a long shift at the hospital, looked up from the book she was reading. "You're home early, John, I wasn't expecting you for at least another two hours."

John eyes quickly scanned the room. "Is Scott home?" He asked softly.

Worried, Melissa got to her feet. "He's at lacrosse practice. John, is something wrong?"

John jerkily nodded his head, his eyes stinging with the threat of tears. "Mark came into my office begging for a job. I tried to say no, but dammit, Mel, I owe him."

Melissa's mouth dropped open in shock, a slow smile spreading across her beautiful face. "Is he back? Oh, John, please tell me you're letting him come home?"

John's eyes looked desperately to the liquor cabinet, the liquor cabinet that has been empty for six years now. God, he hadn't been this tempted to drink in years. "I can't, Mel, I can't let him come home."

Melissa took a step away from her husband, her eyes blinking rapidly in an attempt to not cry. "Why not, John? Why can't he come home, this is where he belongs?"

"You know why not, Melissa?" John cried. "You know exactly why he can't come home."

"No, I don't," Melissa snapped angrily. "You should have brought him home years ago."

"This is no longer his home, his home is with Mark," John yelled.

Melissa narrowed her eyes. "You're a coward, John Stilinski, and you know it. His home is here with you, his father."

"Coward!" John cried. "Of course I'm a damn coward. The last time I saw my boy he was black and blue from where I had beaten him. I took my anger and grief over the death of my wife out on my ten year old son and I beat him unconscious."

"You were drunk," Melissa corrected, "and you hit Stiles with enough force that you fractured his cheekbone and sent him into the coffee table where he split his head open. It was one hit, John, just one hit. I'm not saying what you did wasn't wrong, because holy hell was it wrong, but had you been in your right mind you never would have laid a hand on Stiles. And Stiles knew that, that was why he cried and begged for you not to send him away."

"I should have been arrested for child abuse," John said brokenly. "I hit my precious omega son when he was grieving just as much as I was. Instead of comforting him I was drowning myself in a bottle. I don't deserve him."

Melissa shook her head. "Is the reason why you don't want to see Stiles because you hurt him six years ago, or because he looks so much like Claudia?"

John paled at the question. "That's not fair, Melissa. I love my son, I love him so much that I sent him to someone who would treat him better than me. I broke my boy's cheek and caused him to get eighteen stitches on his forehead, I'm not fit to be his father."

"That was six years ago, John, and now you're sober," Melissa reminded gently. "After you sent Stiles away you checked yourself into rehab and haven't touched a drop of alcohol since. John, if I thought you were such a horrible father I wouldn't have married you and I sure as hell wouldn't have allowed you near my son. Scott loves you more than his own father. Why can you be a father to
Scott, but not to your own son?"

"Because Scott has never recoiled from me in fear," John said brokenly. "Stiles looked at me as though I was a monster. You should have reported me that night instead of coming when I called and quietly patching Stiles up."

"If I would have reported you, Stiles, a male omega who I love as much as my own son, would have been taken away and given to god knows who over a drunken mistake. You had never laid a hand on that boy before and you loved him dearly, you also checked into rehab the very next day after you sent him to your brother. Stiles was only supposed to be gone for a few months, not six years, John."

John started crying, "I can't look at him, Mel. I can't look in his eyes after what I did. I hit my boy, I hit my omega son. I know I should have picked him up after I got out of rehab, but I was terrified that I would hit him again. I promised Claudia that I would always look after Stiles and do what was best for him, and this is me keeping that promise. Stiles is better off with Mark."

"And how do you know he's better off with him? John, you have not spoken to your son since you sent him away, you haven't even sent him a letter. You know nothing about your own son, you don't even know what he looks like now. I love you, John, and you have been an amazing father to Scott these past three years, but you are wrong. Stiles belongs here with us."

John shook his head. "I can't, Mel, I'm sorry."

Crying, Melissa grabbed her purse and stormed out of the house. John collapsed onto the couch and put his head in his hands. He wanted his boy, he wanted Stiles so damn bad, but Stiles was sixteen now and the last time he saw him he had been ten years old.

It had been two months after Claudia's death and he had been so drunk he couldn't even see straight. He couldn't remember every detail of the incident, but he remembered reaching for another bottle only to find his liquor cabinet completely empty. He then found Stiles in the kitchen dumping everything from the cabinet down the sink. Words were said, he couldn't remember what exactly, and then he had backhanded his omega son so hard that he fractured his cheekbone and sent him into the corner of the table, resulting in eighteen stitches to his forehead.

He was so drunk at the time that he couldn't even take Stiles to the hospital. He called Melissa for help then passed out right there on the floor. When he woke Stiles was all patched up and Melissa was angrier than a momma dragon. She had threatened to take Stiles with her if he didn't stop drinking and seek professional help. When he went to apologize to his son, Stiles had cried out in fear and recoiled from him. He had wanted to die right there on the spot. Stiles, his amazing and fearless little omega son, had been scared of him. So he packed up his son, sent him to his brother, then checked himself into rehab. When he got out three months later, he couldn't bring himself to go and get his son. As far as he was concerned he was the worst father ever and Stiles was better off without him.

He sent Mark money monthly for Stiles' care, but he never once asked about him or sent him birthday or Christmas presents. He hadn't even said more than a handful of words to his brother in the past six years, not until he walked through his office doors that afternoon. It was better off this way. Stiles had probably forgotten all about him anyway. Melissa was an amazing wife and mother, but she just didn't understand. He didn't deserve his little boy, not after what he did to him.

Figuring that he was on his own for dinner, but not having much of an appetite anyway, John slowly climbed the stairs then went to his room. If he couldn't drown himself in a bottle, then he was going to try to sleep this horrible day away. He hadn't wanted a drink this bad in six years.
With his head down, Stiles clutched his backpack tightly to his chest as he waited for his uncle to unlock the car door. He couldn't believe that he was back in Beacon Hills after all these years. He was both excited, and terrified to be home. He knew that he wasn't allowed to see his dad, that his dad wanted absolutely nothing to do with him, but hopefully Scotty would still want to be his friend. He had missed Scott so damn much these past six years.

Wincing when a hand harshly grabbed his elbow, Stiles turned to look at his uncle, his eyes downcast. "I-I'm sorry, did you say something, sir?"

Mark gripped the bony elbow tighter. "What did I say about paying attention, omega?"

"I'm sorry, sir," Stiles whimpered in pain. "I'm just really nervous about being back here."

Mark roughly thrust the arm away from him. "I said, you are to walk home through the preserve, not through town. Your father doesn't want to see you and I don't want you ruining this for me. Keep your head down and stay the fuck out of trouble or so help me you will regret it."

"Yes, sir," Stiles said softly. He couldn't believe he was going to have to walk the six miles home through the preserve, just the thought terrified him. He knew that he was just a kid the last time he had been in the preserve, but he remembered hearing his dad tell his mom stories about mountain lion attacks in the preserve and other dangerous creatures. He didn't want to go in there alone.

"Your scrawny ass better be home with dinner ready by the time I get home at six, so you better hoof it and not stop to smell the flowers like the little fag you are."

Stiles quickly nodded his head, not wanting to piss off his uncle. His uncle was a cruel man and he was terrified of him.

"I don't want to hear of any alphas sniffing around you either, boy."

Stiles swallowed nervously. That was going to be hard, he was an omega and alphas were always sniffing around omegas. The fact that he was a male omega made it worse since they weren't as common. He hated being the freak show.

"Now get the fuck out of my car!"

As soon as he heard the lock unclick, Stiles quickly jumped out of the car. He had barely had time to move out of the way before his uncle was peeling away. "Fucker!" He grumbled under his breath. He hated his uncle, he hated him with a red hot passion and he fantasized everyday all the different ways he could kill him. Swinging his backpack onto his shoulder, he dropped his gaze onto the ground then quickly made his way to the office. Hopefully, if he was lucky, he could get through the day without any incidents, but luck was something that had never been on his side.

**TW**

Derek didn't like him. There was just something about the new guy, the sheriff's brother, that rubbed him the wrong way. The man was a beta who acted cockier than any alpha he had ever met, and there was the scent of fear clinging to him that had his wolf's hackles raised. It wasn't the man's own fear he was scenting, but someone's close to him.

"Stop glaring at the new guy," Parrish warned. "Incase you have forgotten, he's the sheriff's little brother."
Derek snorted. "How could I forget, the bastard has only let that little piece of information drop about a hundred times. The man thinks he's hot shit just because his brother is the boss."

"Yeah, the sheriff doesn't play favorites. He's not going to get special treatment just because he's related to him."

"I don't like him," Derek growled. "He has my wolf snarling."

"I have barely said two words to him and I don't like him either." Parrish agreed. "The man's a snake."

Derek glowered as the man in question cockily approached them. He really didn't like the scent clinging to the man, there was so much fear and desperation, yet under that there was a mix of vanilla, strawberries, and a hint of something that reminded him of home. Whatever it was it had his wolf perking up with interest, and he wasn't sure how he felt about that.

"So, I was thinking about inviting a few guys to my house this Sunday for the game, you two interested? My omega nephew is a mean little cook who loves serving alphas."

Derek didn't like how the man stressed the word serving, it sounded more like he wanted to say servicing. Maybe he was just reading too much into it since he didn't like the man. He couldn't be all that bad, not with John Stilinski as his brother. "It's my Sunday to work," he grunted, thankful that he didn't have to come up with a better excuse.

"Sorry, previous commitment," Parrish said, knowing that Derek would hear his lie.

"Oh, well, maybe some other time," Mark said shortly. "I'm just trying to get to know everyone better. It's not easy being the new guy, especially when your brother is the big boss man."

Derek and Parrish exchanged glances, Derek rolling his eyes behind the guy's back. "The sheriff is a good man, he won't ride you too hard," Parrish smirked.

Mark looked down at his watch. "Well, that's lunch for me. Does the diner down the road still serve a mean bacon cheeseburger?"

Parrish nodded his head while Derek just moodily glared at the beta. How was he going to be able to work with this man when his wolf wanted to rip his throat out? After the new guy left, he looked to Parrish. "Previous commitment?"

"Yes!" Parrish chuckled. "I have a previous commitment with my couch. Were you a bit uncomfortable with how he mentioned his omega nephew?"

"Yes," Derek said darkly. "You don't think he was talking about the sheriff's boy? It's been six years since the boy disappeared and I'm pretty sure he was an omega. I was just entering the police academy when the sheriff sent him away to live with a relative."

"I don't know, I have only been here for three years and have just heard rumors about the boy, I don't even know why the sheriff sent his son away let alone what his classification was. Why did the sheriff send his son away?"

Derek shrugged his shoulders. "I remember mom saying that the Stilinski boy was hyper as hell, but also extremely smart. Maybe raising him on his own was just too hard on the sheriff."

"Maybe," Parrish said skeptically, "but why then didn't he take him back after he married Melissa. Just seems odd that he's raising Scott but not his own son."
Parrish looked over his shoulder to the sheriff's closed door. Normally the sheriff kept his door open unless he was in a private meeting, but that morning he closed the door behind him as soon as he came in. No one had even talked to or seen the sheriff all day. It was very odd behavior for the normally outgoing alpha. "You don't think the boss has something against omegas do you? Normally alpha fathers are extremely protective of their omega children, I would assume they would be even more so with an omega son. There are a lot of whackos out there that believe male omegas have special powers since they're so rare. I see reports all the time of missing male omegas."

"Nah, the sheriff has always been for omegas, not against them. He's the best on the force when it comes to calming omegas during interviews. No, something had to have happened. I know he sent his son away shortly after his wife's death. Maybe the kid reminded him too much of her. I heard that he had been madly in love with his wife."

"Derek, there's a disturbance at the Simms grocery store, some knot head is fighting with the manager over bananas." The dispatch called.

Derek groaned, he hated dealing with alphas hyped up on their mate's incoming heat. The alpha was probably bitching that the bananas were too green for his mate who probably craved only ripe bananas on her heat. Alphas could lose themselves in their need to provide for their mate on their heat.

Chuckling, Parrish clasped his colleague and friend on the shoulder. "Good luck."

***TW

With his schedule clutched tightly in his hand, Stiles kept his head down as he searched for his locker. Already he could hear whispering and see fingers being pointed at him out of the corner of his eyes. He didn't know if they were gawking at him because he was the new kid, or because he was a male omega. He already knew that he was the only male omega in Beacon High. Hell, he was the only male omega in all of Beacon Hills. He was probably the first male omega anyone here has ever seen.

Stiles had just located his locker when he was grabbed from behind and lifted into the air. He was just getting ready to lash out, even though he could tell that whoever had him was extremely muscular and could easily take him, when a face with a crooked jaw and puppy dog eyes popped into his line of sight. It was face that he hadn't seen in six years, but he had been desperate to see again.

"Scott!" Stiles cried as he turned around and threw his arms around his friend’s neck. Inhaling deeply, he took in Scott’s warm and familiar scent...the scent of home.

Laughing happily, Scott lifted Stiles off his feet again as he hugged him back. "Dude, mom told me you were back. Damn, it's good too see you again, brother. I have missed you so damn much."

Stiles’ smile was blinding when he was placed back on his feet. "Damn, have you been eating steroids three times a day, you're huge?" The last time he saw Scott he was as scrawny as him and sickly because of his asthma. Now Scott stood at over six feet and was rippling with muscles. He knew that Scott was an alpha, but he hadn't expected him to be so big and strong.

Scott blushed. "Nah, I just finally grew into myself," he lied. It was more like he had talked Alpha Derek Hale into biting him and now he was a werewolf.

Stiles was so happy to see Scott that he could cry. He had honestly never expected to see his best friend ever again. For two years he cried almost every night for Scott and his dad and Melissa, he
couldn't believe that he was finally home. Not that he was allowed to return home, his dad had made that clear yesterday when he hired his uncle. He was not to go anywhere near his dad, the station, or his old home. Not that his uncle would let him anyway. It was straight home after school for him, he wasn't even allowed to have friends.

Scott looked down at his brother, a slight frown appearing on his face. Stiles was skinny, and not a healthy skinny either. Stiles was nothing but bones under his baggy clothes and he looked frail and easily breakable. He also wasn't healthy looking, with dark circles under his eyes and extremely pale skin. His brother looked more corpse than human.

Stiles fidgeted under under Scott's intense gaze. "Alright, enough gawking at the funny looking omega. Tell me about yourself."

Scott groaned when the warning bell for first class rang. "Dude, what's your first class?"

Stiles quickly checked his schedule, he didn't want to be late for class and get detention. If he was late getting home his uncle would flay him alive. "Uhm, AP History."

Scott pouted. "Darn, I have English. Man, I wish we could just ditch and hang out together. I haven't seen you in so long."

Stiles' heart started pounding at the thought of his uncle finding out that he ditched school. The man would kill him. "Uhm, I-I can't ditch, not on my first day here."

Scott's eyes dropped to Stiles' chest where his heart was erratically beating. What had he said to scare his brother so badly? "No, its fine man, I get it. Let me see your schedule, hopefully we have some classes together."

Relaxing, Stiles handed over his schedule. He had been afraid that Scott was going to try talking him into ditching. Six years ago he would have been the one talking Scott into ditching, he was the one always getting them into trouble, but uncle had cured him real quick of his habit of getting into trouble.

"What the hell, man, you're taking all advanced classes."

Shrugging, Stiles took his schedule back. He had always been smart, one of the top students in his class, but after moving in with his uncle, his school books were all he had. His uncle didn't allow him out of the house, wouldn't let him on the internet or tv, and he wasn't allowed to have a phone. Studying and waiting hand and foot on his uncle was all he was allowed for the past six years.

"Unfortunately I'm not in any advanced classes, but we do share the same lunch and we at least have gym together. Do you want to sit with me and my friends at lunch?"

Grinning, Stiles nodded his head yes. At his last school he had no friends because his uncle had scared everyone away, it would be nice to actually spend lunch hour in the cafeteria with friends instead of hiding out in the library all alone.

"Sweet!" Scott said happily as he pulled his brother back into another fierce hug. "This is the best day ever. I'm so happy you're home."

"Me too," Stiles sniffed. If only he was truly home. He would do anything to move back in with his dad and get as far away from his uncle as he could, but his dad didn't want him. His dad didn't love him. His uncle was all he had...at least for now anyway. His uncle's had plans to sell him off to an alpha after his first heat, an alpha that was even worse than his uncle. He was terrified of the alpha, but there was nothing he could do about it. He had thought of running away, but he literally didn't
have a penny to his name. There was nothing he could do and no one that would help him, he was going to be forced to mate with a mean alpha that was more than three times his age.

***TW

"Aren't you going to eat?" Scott asked with a frown as he looked to the empty spot on the table in front of his brother. Most everyone at the table were werewolves so he was use to seeing piles of food in front of everyone.

Looking down at his hands, Stiles shook his head no. "I'm not hungry."

Not only could Scott hear the lie, but he could also hear Stiles' stomach grumbling. Stiles was too damn thin, he needed to eat. "I have an extra sandwich," he offered as he started rooting through his bag.

"I'm good, Scott." Stiles grinned weakly. "You're the one with all the muscles that need feeding."

"And you're the one who is a walking skeleton," Lydia pointed out with a huff.

Maybe eating lunch in the cafeteria hadn't been such a good idea after all. Stiles wasn't use to having people worry about him eating. The last time he ate lunch in school was when he was ten and still living with his dad. His uncle had certain beliefs about omegas, and one of them was that omegas should be super thin and delicate looking. Since day one his uncle has strictly monitored his food intake. He wasn't allowed to consume over a thousand calories a day, and most days he didn't even eat that much. There were times where his uncle would make him go days without eating. His uncle was a sick bastard who got off on his suffering.

"You can have half my cake," Issac offered. "Derek packed me a huge piece and I don't mind sharing."

Even though his stomach was cramping painfully for food, Stiles shook his head no. "Guys, I'm fine. I swear, I'm not hungry." He wasn’t hungry...he was starving. His uncle hadn’t allowed him to eat the day before and all he had been allowed that morning after making his uncle waffles was a granola bar. It was killing him looking at and smelling all the delicious foods everyone was eating.

All the werewolves looked at each other hearing the omega's lie. Scott gave a subtle shake to his head, telling his pack mates to back off. He could scent how upset Stiles was getting and the last thing he wanted to do was upset his brother. He was worried to death about him not eating, but he was going to drop it for now.

"So, if you're the sheriff's kid, why don't you live with him?" Erica asked as she munched on her Doritos. She vaguely remembered Stiles from years ago, but six years ago she was in and out of the hospital with her seizures so much that she spent most of her time being homeschooled.

Clenching his fists, Stiles dropped them to his sides so everyone at the table couldn't see how badly they were shaking. "I don't know," he answered softly.

"Is it because you're an omega?" Issac asked warily. "Never mind, don't answer that. I know that the sheriff isn't like that, he's a great guy. Every time I spend the night with Scott he's always so nice to me."

Stiles tried to hide his wince, but hearing that Issac got to sleep over at his house when he wasn't even allowed to look at it was like a kick to the gut. He didn't understand what he did to make his
dad hate him so much. He remembered his dad hitting him that one time when he was drunk, but that was nothing compared to what his uncle has done to him.

Scott placed his sandwich on the table, no longer hungry. He remembered when Stiles first went away, his mom had told him that it was only going to be for a few months while the sheriff was in the hospital. After the sheriff came home there was always one excuse after another why Stiles couldn't come home. He remembered being so exited for his mom's and the sheriff's wedding because he just knew that Stiles was finally coming home...but he didn't. Why did he get to live with the sheriff, but not Stiles?

"So you won't be moving back home?" Scott asked tentatively, not wanting to upset Stiles.

Dropping his eyes, Stiles shook his head no. "I'm still living with my uncle."

"Oh," Scott said sadly. "Well, now that we're brothers, maybe I can visit you at your uncles?"

Stiles head snapped up so fast that it sent a bolt of white hot pain shooting up it. "N-No, you can't. My uncle, he doesn't like us having visitors."

"We can all hang out at the loft," Issac suggested. "You know that Derek doesn't care if we all hang out there as long as he's not sleeping."

Stiles eyes flicked nervously around the table at all the alphas and betas, he was the only omega in Scott's group of friends. He wasn't use to so much attention, he just wanted lunch to end so he could get away from everyone. "My uncle is really strict, I'm not allowed to go to anyone's house."

"Dude, you're sixteen, grow a pair," Jackson snorted.

"He's also a male omega," Kira pointed out. "I'm sure his uncle is just trying to keep him safe."

Stiles quickly stood up, he could no longer take everyone talking to him. For six years he had been forced to live in a bubble that consisted of only himself, his abusive uncle, and his future alpha, being around so many people who wanted to talk to him was just too much. "I'm...I'm just going to..." he nervously pointed to the door, his words failing him. Grabbing his backpack off the floor, he dropped his eyes submissively then left the cafeteria as fast as he could without breaking out in a run.

"Stilinski is even weirder than what I remember," Jackson said as he watched the omega leave with a frown. "I mean, he was always a twitchy little thing, but now he's..."

"Terrified," Scott finished for his pack mate. "There's something wrong with him. The Stiles I remember was also hyper and talkative and always confidant, this Stiles is the complete opposite."

"Did you see the way his eyes kept darting around the room?" Allison asked. "No offense, Issac, but he kinda of reminded me of you before Derek took you in."

Issac's eyes widened. "You're right, I was just like that." When he had been living with his abusive father, he use to constantly scan the room looking for threats. Before Derek had taken him in and turned him, he had been afraid of every shadow and every load noice.

"You don't think his uncle is hurting him, do you?" Scott asked, all of a sudden feeling sick to his stomach. Not only did he still consider Stiles his best friend, but Stiles was now his brother...his omega brother.

"Your eyes!" Allison whispered in warning as she jabbed her boyfriend in the stomach.
Scott hadn't even felt his eyes change from his human brown to his werewolf beta yellow. Closing his eyes, he concentrated on changing them back. It had been a long time since he had lost control like that. "Sorry," he mumbled.

"I say we all keep a close eye on Stiles," Lydia suggested. "We don't want to jump the gun on this, it has been six years and people change, but if we feel he is being hurt by someone then we will go to Derek."

"Why not my dad?" Scott asked, his eyes back to normal. "He is Stiles dad too, and the sheriff."

Jackson rolled his eyes. "He's also the one who sent Stiles away and cutoff all contact with him. Use your brains, McCall, I don't know if it's because Stiles is an omega, or just weird, but the sheriff doesn't like his own kid for some reason."

Allison placed her hand on Scott's knee and squeezed when he went to argue with Jackson. "Scott, I know you love your dad, we all do too, but you have to admit that it's a bit odd that he's raising you and not his own son. Stiles is back in Beacon Hills but not living with you guys, that’s just not right."

Everyone at the table nodded their heads in agreement. Scott didn't like hearing anything bad being said about his dad, and as far as he was concerned, John Stilinski was his dad. Even before his mom started dating John, the man had been there for him. He loved his dad, he was the greatest. He didn't want to admit it though, but it was odd that his dad didn't want anything to do with Stiles, he never even talked about him. He remembered when they were younger, Stiles and his dad had been extremely close. Stiles had thought the world of his dad.

Packing up his uneaten lunch, Scott decided to hunt Stiles down to check on him. He was going to help his brother, no matter what it took.

***TW

Stiles ducked into the first boys bathroom he came across. Whimpering, he stumbled to the sink then turned the cold water on. With trembling hands, he cupped the cold water then splashed it on his face. He had to calm down before he had a panic attack. It had just been all too much for him. Too many people looking at him, asking him questions, and bringing up his dad, he just wasn't ready for that.

After his first two years with his uncle he tried forgetting about his dad and everyone back at home that he loved, it just hurt too much. Even though he tried forgetting, he never did. Even though his uncle tried beating him into forgetting, he never did. He had so many questions to why his dad didn't want him, and he wanted the truth, not what his uncle told him.

His uncle had told him that his dad didn't want him anymore because he was a stupid omega who killed his mother. He wasn't stupid and he knew that he wasn't responsible for his mom's death, she had died from cancer. His father hating him because he was an omega was possible, it would explain why he loved Scott, who was an alpha, and not him, but his dad had loved him for ten years as an omega, why would he all of a sudden change? He did remember that his father had been drinking a lot after his mother's death. He drank so much that most nights he passed out on the couch.

Stiles' last memory of his father was when he got so upset because his father was drunk again that he took all the bottles of alcohol out of his father's cabinet and dumped them into the sink. His father had been so furious with him when he found out that he hit him. He remembered being in so much pain that he just laid on the floor bleeding and crying until Scott's mom came over and helped him up. She had picked him up, carried him upstairs to the bathroom, cleaned the blood off his face, then stitched up his forehead. She then felt around his cheek where a large bruise was forming. She told
him there was a small fracture, but it wasn't bad enough to need to go to the hospital. He was to be
careful with it and eat only soft foods until he felt better. After that she tucked him into bed and told
him to stay there while she talked with his dad. He then remembered his dad startling him awake so
badly that he cried out in fear, and then the look of absolute devastation on his dad's face. He then
was told to pack a bag because he was going to go and stay with his uncle for a few months while
his dad got help for his drinking. That was the last times he saw or even talked to his dad.

He had cried and begged his uncle for months to let him talk to his dad, but his uncle would just
knock him on his ass and tell him to shut the fuck up and that his dad gave him to him because he
didn't want a stupid omega anymore. Maybe that was all it came down to, his dad just didn't want an
omega son.

Stiles heard someone enter the bathroom, but he was too busy trying to fight off a panic attack that he
didn't bother to look, not until he felt someone press up against him from behind. Feeling a nose on
his neck, he stiffened in fear.

"Hmm, I have never smelled a male omega before, you smell absolutely mouthwatering."

Stiles tried to fold in on himself, but a strong arm wrapping around his middle prevented him from
doing so. He could tell that the person behind him was an alpha because his natural instincts were
screaming at him to submit. He didn't want to submit to this douche, but it was hard fighting biology.

"Looks like I caught myself a rare little gem," The voice behind Stiles chuckled.

"Please leave me alone," Stiles whispered. "I'm not interested."

The voice chuckled again. "I bet I can get you interested. Omegas are supposed to love taking it from
alphas. Do you want my knot baby?"

Stiles tried kicking backwards when he felt a hand slip down the back of his jeans, but the alpha was
so much stronger than him.

"Ah, none of that now," the alpha purred. "You know you want your greedy little hole filled, that's
all omegas are good for. And I am going to fill it real good and knot you up so hard you won't be
able to walk for a week"

"Please," Stiles pleaded.

"Awe, you don't have to beg, sweet one, I'm going to give it to you."

A loud roar from behind them had Stiles cringing and folding in on himself. The next thing he knew
the heat from the alpha was being ripped off his back. Dropping to his knees, he ducked his head
down and threw his arms over it to protect it. Six years of being beat taught you how to protect the
vital and vulnerable parts of your body.

Feeling hand hand on his shoulder, Stiles cried out and started pleading, "I'm sorry, alpha, I'm sorry.
Please don't hurt me, alpha, I'll be a good omega."

***TW

Scott was seeing red, he couldn't believe what he had walked in on. Greenberg had Stiles pinned
with his hand down his pants threatening to rape him. An omega's natural instinct was to obey alphas, it's just what their biology tells them to do. He knew that Stiles didn't want Greenberg because he could smell his tears and his fear.

It had been a year since he was turned and he had very good control over his wolf, but when he walked in on that, he lost total control and shifted into his beta form. Grabbing Greenberg by the shoulders from behind, he lifted him up and threw him across the room. With a crunch, Greenberg hit the tiled wall and didn't get back up. Not caring if he seriously hurt or killed Greenberg, he rushed to his brother who was huddled on the floor curled almost into a ball.

Scott gently placed a hand on Stiles' shoulder. "Stiles, are you okay?"

"I'm sorry, alpha, I'm sorry. Please don't hurt me, alpha, I'll be a good omega." Stiles repeated as he kept his head down with his arms protecting it.

Scott knelt next to his brother. "Hey, it's okay, Stiles, you're safe. I knocked Greenberg out cold, he's not going to be getting up for a while."

Stiles slowly lifted his head, tilting it to the side to show his submission. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to attract the alpha. I was just washing my face when he grabbed me from behind."

"It's not your fault," Scott quickly reassured. "You should be allowed to safely use the bathroom without being attacked."

Stiles shook his head. "No, it's my fault. He's an alpha and I'm an omega, I was the one who was wrong."

Scott sat back on his heels, stunned. What the hell was Stiles saying? Why did he believe that it was his fault? Omegas had just as much rights as alphas. Why did Stiles believe that he was inferior just because he was an omega?

Stiles kept his head tilted and neck bared. "I'm sorry, alpha, I promise that I'll do better."

Scott didn't know who this was, but this wasn't the Stiles that he loved and remembered. His Stiles had been strong willed and fearless, this Stiles was meek, submissive, and scared of his own shadow. What the hell happened to his brother?

"You're forgiven," Scott said, not knowing what else to say or do. "Can you please look at me, Stiles?"

Stiles slowly straightened his head, but he refused to make eye contact with Scott. "I'm sorry."

"I know," Scott said sadly not knowing who the boy was in front of him. "Are you hurt?"

Stiles jerkily shook his head no. His arm was hurting him from when his uncle had grabbed it that morning, but he hadn't been hurt by the alpha.

"We need to go to the office and report Greenberg," Scott suggested as he got to his feet. "Attacking an omega is a serious offense."

"No!" Stiles cried as he lunged to his feet and looked his brother in the eyes for the first time. Gasping, he covered his mouth with his hand. "Scott, your eyes!"
"Shit!" Scott cursed as he quickly closed his eyes, he hadn't realized that they were still yellow. "I-I can explain."

"You're a werewolf, Scotty? Oh my god, how did that happen?"

Scott snapped his eyes open. "You know about werewolves?"

Stiles nodded his head, unable to take his eyes off of his brother's glowing yellow eyes. "My uncle is friends with hunters. They love to brag about their kills whenever they come over."

Scott winced at hearing that. "I'm not going to hurt you, Stiles, you're my brother and I love you."

Tears started to fall from Stiles' eyes, it had been so long since anyone told him that they loved him. His uncle was always talking down to him and insulting him, he had never said a kind word to him. "I'm not scared of you, Scotty, I could never be scared of you. What happened, how did you become a werewolf?"

Grinning, Scott relaxed at hearing that Stiles wasn't scared of him. "I got the bite because my asthma was really bad, I could barely go a week without ending up in the hospital. Dad is friends with the local werewolf alpha and he went to her asking if she would consider giving me the bite and allowing me to join her pack. She gave me the choice to be bit by her, or by her son who is also a werewolf alpha. I chose her son."

Stiles lowered his head in shame. "I'm sorry that I wasn't there for you when you were sick, you must have been really bored in the hospital."

Scott nodded his head, not wanting to point out to Stiles that he had other friends now, like Isaac who had stepped up and become his best friend a year after Stiles left. Stiles would always be his best, best friend, his first best friend, but Isaac was also his best friend. "It's alright, Stiles, it wasn't your fault."

Stiles tensed when he heard the alpha that attacked him start groaning. "C-Can we go now, Scotty?"

Turning his head, Scott glared at Greenberg. He wanted so badly to put his fist through the knot head's chest. "We need to go to the principle and report him for assault. If I hadn't walked in when I had..."

Stiles quickly shook his head. "Please, please don't tell anyone. My uncle doesn't like it when I cause a scene."

"A scene?" Scott repeated in disbelief. "Stiles, you didn't cause this."

"Please, Scotty, let's just forget about it. If my uncle gets a call about me on my first day he's going to be furious."

Scott reluctantly gave in, Stiles was reeking of fear, and it wasn't Greenberg who he was scared of. Stiles was terrified of his uncle for some reason. "Okay, but I'm going to be keeping a close eye on him, and if he even so much as looks at you, you better tell me."

Despite the situation, Stiles grinned. It felt good having someone care about him, it had been so long that he forgot what it felt like. "I promise."

Grabbing Stiles backpack for him, Scott draped his arm over Stiles' shoulder as he led him out of the bathroom. If he kicked Greenberg hard in the head on his way out, there was no one there to witness it. If Greenberg came near his omega brother again, he was going to do a whole hell of a lot more.
than knock him out and kick him in the head.

***TW

Scott had to break out into a sprint to catch up with his brother. For a skinny, little omega, the boy sure as hell could walk fast. How he made it to the other end of the hall that fast was a mystery to him. "Hey, Stiles, wait up!" He called.

Checking the clock on the wall, Stiles sighed when he saw the time. It was only three, but he still had over a six mile hike through the scary as hell preserve to do and dinner to cook before his uncle got home. Most kids his age could easily get through six miles in no time, but he wasn't exactly healthy. His uncle didn't feed him enough to sustain a bird let alone a somewhat growing teenage boy.

"Hey, where's the fire?" Scott asked as he came to a stop next to his brother. "Why don't you stick around and watch lacrosse practice? Yours truly is captain of the team this year."

"Co-Captain!" Jackson yelled from the other end of the hall.

Stiles tilted his head curiously as he looked at Jackson. "Is Jackson a you-know-what, like you?" How else could he explain Jackson hearing Scott from such a distance, especially seeing as Scott hadn't been talking loud.

Scott fidgeted as he shrugged his shoulders, he still couldn't believe that Stiles knew about werewolves. He was thrilled that he didn't have to lie and hide what he was around his brother, but he was going to have to tell Derek that not only did Stiles know about werewolves, but that his uncle was also friends with hunters. Was the man a hunter too? That was all they needed, another hunter in their territory.

Stiles frowned. "Okay, keep it a secret. Whatever, I have to go."

As Stiles turned to leave, Scott could scent sadness rolling off of his brother. "Hey," he called as he reached out and grabbed Stiles by the shoulder. "I didn't mean to upset you, I'm just not use to people knowing what we are. Yeah, Jackson is a werewolf, along with Isaac, Boyd, and Erica."

"Are you all in the same pack?"

Scott wasn't sure if he should be telling Stiles all this seeing as his uncle was a possible hunter, but he trusted his brother and him and Stiles had never kept secrets from each other. "Yeah, we're all in the same pack. It's great, having them is like having a second family."

Stiles smiled wistfully, he would love to have a family. "That's great, Scott, but I really have to get going. I have to have dinner on the table before my uncle gets home at six."

"Six? Dude, it's only three," Scott said, as he pointed to the clock.

Stiles paled when he noticed that it was actually three fifteen. That was fifteen minutes he was going to have to make up for. "Scott, I really have to go," he stressed as he moved away from Scott's hand that was still on his shoulder. "It's a six mile hike through the preserve to get home and if I don't leave now I'm never going to make it."

"The preserve!" Scott cried. "Stiles, you can't go through the preserve. The Hales guard the preserve, but there are still mountain lions in there and the occasional omega werewolf. It's too dangerous for you." Not only were there mountain lions and omegas wolves, but there was a good chance that Stiles could stumble across a less than friendly alpha. It wasn't safe for an omega to wander the woods alone, especially a male omega.
Hefting his backpack higher up onto his back, Stiles tightened the straps. He was going to have to run now if he wanted to make it home in time to cook dinner before his uncle got home. "Scott, it doesn't matter, I really have to go."

"Stiles, please you can't..."

"McCall, stop flirting with the pretty omega and get your ass out on to the field!" Coach Finstock bellowed.

Stiles blushed. "I'll see you tomorrow, Scott," he said sadly as he turned and hurried out of the school. He wished that he could watch his brother's practice and then go home with him, but he didn't have a home with Scotty. Scott got to have a wonderful Mom and his amazing dad, while he got his abusive uncle. He really wished that his daddy didn't hate him.

Scott wanted to chase after his brother, but he knew that coach would have his ass if he missed another practice. Hating that he couldn't help his brother and feeling helpless, he made his way to the boys locker room to get ready for practice. He didn't know how he was going to help his brother, but he was going to find a way. He had to talk his dad into letting Stiles come home, he just had to.
Peter rolled his eyes as the omega tripped and fell for the fourth time. He had been secretly following the boy through the preserve for the past two miles and he didn't think he had ever seen anyone as clumsy as this omega. In the boy's defense though, he was nothing but skin and bones and he could hear the poor thing wheezing and struggling to breathe all the way from where he was hiding. The boy was definitely not physically fit enough to be jogging through the preserve. If the omega kept it up, he was going to end up having calling 911 on him.

Tilting his head back, he inhaled the omega's sweet, yet sickly and unhealthy scent. He had been surprised and confused while out on patrol when he picked up the scent of an omega, but an omega unlike anything he had ever scented before. There was the telltale scent of omega clinging to the boy, but there was also the scent of sadness, fear, desperation, pain, sickness, medication, and most confusingly of all, magic. The boy, this omega whoever he was, was magical. The magical scent pouring off the boy was even stronger than Deaton's scent. This boy, this frail and sickly omega, was more powerful than their emissary.

The boy was such a confusing mix of scents that it had his wolf on edge. As a happily mated alpha, his instincts were screaming at him to protect the omega, but as the pack's enforcer, Talia's right hand man, he wanted to capture and question the boy. He had so many questions for the omega, like what the hell was he doing wandering the preserve all alone? The boy was an untouched male omega, ripe for the picking for any less than friendly alpha. There were still alphas out there that thought that omegas were below them and only good for two things...knotting and birthing pups.

He also wanted to find out who the hell this omega's father, or guardian alpha, was and slap him a good one. All omegas had to have an alpha in their life, be it a father, a relative, a friend, a mate, or someone appointed to them by the court, to watch over them, guide them, and protect them. They didn't have to be in their life daily, but they did have to visit with them weekly. Either this omega didn't have an alpha in his life, or the boy's alpha was a piece of shit. It was plain to see that this omega was being neglected, possibly even abused.

Panting, Stiles leaned against a tree in an attempt to catch his breath. He didn't know how many miles he had jogged so far, but he was pretty sure it was a hundred. He was shaky, nauseous, and his poor lungs felt like they were going to explode. He wasn't use to this much exercise, back at his old home they only lived a mile from his school so walking to and from school wasn't that big of a deal. Not only was he underweight thanks to his uncle, but he was extremely out of shape. His uncle never allowed him out of the house, it was straight to school and back. The only physical activity he has gotten over the past six years was doing chores. He wasn't use to this much walking or jogging, he was pretty sure that he was going to die out here all alone in the preserve.
Looking down at his scraped up and bloody hands, Stiles sighed loudly. He had always been a bit clumsy, he blamed it on his ADHD, but it was probably just him and his two left feet. He remembered how his dad used to pick him up after face planting, dust him off, then kiss him on the forehead while telling him to be more careful. His dad used to say they always tripped because his heart was too big for his small body. He knew that he hadn't been an easy child, he had always ended up scraped up and bloody after playing outside with Scotty, but his dad had always been so patient with him. His dad had never treated him differently just because he was an omega.

Wiping his bloody hands off on his jeans, he took a couple deep breaths then pushed off from the tree. He didn't have a watch or phone so he had no idea what time it was, but if he was even a few minutes late, and his uncle would know because he had cameras hidden all throughout the house, his uncle would beat the shit out of him. The man had no patience, especially for him. He didn't know if his uncle hated him because he was an omega, or because he was jealous because he was a beta while his dad was an alpha, but his uncle took great pleasure in hurting him.

Breaking back out into a jog, he only made it a few feet before he tripped over a branch and crashed back to the ground, this time his face landing painfully on a medium size rock. "Fuck," he groaned as he rolled onto his back, his eyes stinging with tears.

Unable to watch the train wreck any longer, Peter stepped out from behind the tree he was hiding behind. "Boy, just stay the hell down before you kill yourself. I have never met anyone as accident prone as you."

Despite the pain in his face and the stars he was seeing, Stiles quickly scrambled to his feet. Seeing an alpha smirking down at him, his heart started pounding in his chest. He was out in the middle of the preserve with no one around with a strange alpha.

Peter held his hands up and took a step back. The poor omega's heart was beating so fast and hard that he feared that the boy was going to have a heart attack. "Easy there, kid, I'm not going to hurt you. I'm mated to a very scary female beta who will literally have my eyes if I even so much look at another. I'm not joking, she has on more than one occasion threatened to make earrings out of them."

"I have to go," Stiles said, his voice barely above a whisper as he eyed up the alpha. The alpha wasn't as tall as Scott, but he was still bigger than him and rippling with muscles. Despite the alpha’s extreme good looks, there was a coldness in his eyes, like he wouldn't hesitate to rip his head off if he said or made the wrong move.

"You shouldn't be wandering the preserve, it's dangerous, especially for a cute little omega like yourself."

"Tell that to my uncle," Stiles mumbled.

Peter raised a curious eyebrow. "I will tell that to your uncle, just give me the loser's name."

Stiles paled, his uncle would kill him if this alpha confronted him on his behalf. "Please don't, I'm just cutting through the preserve to get home quicker."

"Does your uncle know that you're out here?"

"N-No," Stiles lied.

Peter easily picked up the omega's lie, not that he needed to be a werewolf to detect the boy's lie, he was a terrible liar. "Is your uncle your alpha?"

Stiles shook his head no. "My uncle is a beta, but he is my guardian."
"Do you have an alpha?"

Stiles started fidgeting, he didn't like talking about his alpha. "Please, I really have to go."

Peter wanted answers, he wanted to know who this omega was, where he came from, who his family was, why did he reek of fear and sickness and magic, and a hundred other questions, but the boy was terrified and looked ready to pass out. He may be a bastard, but he didn't want to cause the omega anymore stress than what he was already under. "Where are you going?"

"Home, our place is on the other side of the preserve."

Peter nodded knowing exactly the house that the omega was talking about. According to Derek, whom he had met with for lunch earlier that day, the sheriff's brother was living there with his nephew. Derek hated the new deputy with a passion, which wasn't odd for Derek seeing as he hated most people, but there was something about the sheriff's brother that really had Derek's wolf on edge.

"So, you're the sheriff's mystery son?" Peter asked, taking a guess. Derek had questioned him about the sheriff's son during lunch, but he really hadn't known much about the boy. The sheriff didn't become part of the pack until after he had sent his son away when he had saved his entire family from burning alive. The sheriff had shown up just in time to take out Kate Argent and half her hunters and then free them before they all burnt to death. After that the man had not only become their friend, but a cherished and much loved pack member.

Stiles felt his blood run cold at the mention of his father. Would his dad get mad if he admitted that he was his son? "I-I haven't been Sheriff Stilinski's son for a very long time. I really can't talk anymore," turning around, he started walking away as quickly as he could.

The amount of sadness rolling off the omega was almost enough to knock Peter on his ass. What the hell had happened between the sheriff and his son? "I know a shortcut!"

Closing his eyes, Stiles sighed loudly as he turned back to the alpha. Could he trust this alpha? Was he desperate enough to follow a strange alpha through the preserve and show him where he lived? "What time is it?" he asked nervously.

"What, no phone?" Peter teased. "Aren't all teenagers glued to their phone?"

Stiles just stared blankly at the alpha. He didn't have time for this, at this rate he was never going to make it home in time. His uncle was going to beat the living shit out of him and it was all this cocky alpha's fault. Shaking his head, he turned and started walking away again.

"It's five fifteen," Peter called out with a frown. This little omega may seem submissive and meek, but there was still fire in him. He could tell that the boy was being mistreated and that he was terrified of his uncle, but the beta hadn't managed to fully break the boy just yet.

"Shit!" Stiles cursed as tears came to his eyes, he was never going to make it.

"Shortcut!" Peter reminded as he followed the boy down the path. "I can get you home in fifteen minutes, less if you don't trip." He knew the preserve like the back of his hand, they would have to go off the beaten path, but he could get the kid home.

Wincing, Stiles rubbed the side of his face where he could feel a bruise forming. "Fine, I'll follow you." He didn't trust this alpha, not by a long shot, but if he could get him home in fifteen minutes then he was willing to follow him. He didn't have a choice, he really didn't want to get beat again. Peter didn't know whether to smack the omega in the back of the head for being stupid enough to
follow a stranger, an alpha at that, or whisk him away and hide him away from whoever was hurting him. No one should be so afraid of their family that they were willing to risk being raped or killed just to get home in time. The desperation leeching off of the boy was enough to burn his sensitive nose hairs.

"We'll do this at a nice easy jog, I don't need you to spilling your brains all over the preserve because you have two left feet."

Blushing, Stiles gave the alpha a shy smile. "I have always been clumsy, but my dad said..." Smile slipping off his face, Stiles shrugged. "It doesn't matter what he said, I'm just clumsy."

Peter was really curious as to why John sent his son away, he could tell that the boy loved his father and was sad that he was no longer with him. He had seen John and Scott interact, the man was a great father, why wasn't he raising his own kid? John has been part of the pack for five years and not once in all those years has he mentioned his omega son. It didn't make any sense to him, but he was going to question the man. John was an alpha who sent his son away to live with a possibly abusive beta, that was not okay in his book.

Peter was also going to look into the sheriff's brother, dig up whatever he could on the man. Between his nephew and his wolf not liking the man, and then scenting the fear on the omega, not to mention seeing how unhealthy the boy looked, there was something very wrong going on. He wasn't a kind man, not in the least, but there was something about the omega than made him want to help him.

***TW

"Five thirty on the nose," Peter smirked proudly. "Told you I could get you home in fifteen minutes or less."

Stiles gave the alpha a rare, true smile. "I only tripped and fell once, yeah me!"

Peter chuckled. "Technically you tripped four times, I just caught you three of those four times."

"Hey, don't rain on my parade. My face only came in contact with the dirt once, and that's all that counts,"

"Fine," Peter conceded, "I'll give you this win."

Still smiling, Stiles nervously rubbed the back of his neck. He wasn't use to being comfortable around an alpha, but this alpha was kind of cool. "Thank you for bringing me home, but I really have to get in and get dinner on the table before my uncle gets home."

"Take care, omega. Will you be traversing the preserve on a regular basis?"

"Probably," Stiles sighed.

Peter frowned at hearing that. The preserve really wasn't safe for an innocent omega. "You know, the school does have a bus that comes this way."

"I know, but my uncle..."

"Won't let you take the bus?" Peter finished.

"Thanks again," Stiles said as he started walking towards his house. Luckily the house they were renting backed right up to the preserve. The preserve was literally their backyard.
"What's your name, omega?" Peter called after the boy.

Stiles shyly turned around. "Stiles, Stiles Stilinski."

"Peter Hale," Peter offered. "Stay safe, kid." Peter watched until the kid made it safely in the house before leaving. He was going to talk to his sister to see if she knew anything about the omega, or why John gave the boy up. He found the omega to be quite pleasant and witty once he warmed up to him. He just couldn't imagine what would cause the man to give up his child, it just didn't fit with the John Stilinski he knew.

***TW

"Set an extra plate," Mark Stilinski grunted roughly as he stormed into the kitchen. Removing his gun from his holster, he placed it on the middle of the table. He knew how nervous his gun made his nephew, the omega was such a little pussy.

"Yes, sir," Stiles answered softly as he grabbed another plate from the cabinet. Thanks to Peter Hale he managed to get home and have everything ready before his uncle got home. He only made spaghetti and meatballs with garlic bread, but it was almost on the table so hopefully he wouldn't get smacked around tonight.

Snarling, Mark grabbed the omega harshly by the hair and jerked his head back. "What the fuck did you do to your face?"

"I fell walking home, sir," Stiles cried as he tried to keep his balance. His uncle had his head yanked all the way back to where he was almost bending over backwards.

Sneering, Marked poked at the quarter size bruise on his nephew's face. "You're such a worthless little shit," he snarled.

Stiles whimpered when his uncle jerked him farther back until he fell backwards onto the floor. "I'm sorry, sir."

"You're a sorry excuse for an omega," Mark grumbled. "Get the fuck up and finish getting dinner on the table, Alpha Argent will be here any minute."

Stiles tightly gripped the counter when his legs started shaking and threatened to give out on him. He didn't know the alpha was coming tonight, he thought that he was still out on a hunt. He had hoped to be free of the bastard for a couple more weeks.

Seeing the omega's reaction, Mark started chuckling. "What's the matter, bitch, are you afraid of your alpha?"

"Y-Yes, sir," Stiles admitted shakily as he pulled himself together and started putting the food on the table. He didn't see any reason to lie, both his uncle and Alpha Argent knew that he was terrified, he had been terrified of the alpha ever since he was ten years old and first met him.

Leaning back in his chair, Mark swatted his nephew's ass when the boy passed him. "Your alpha can't wait to knot that cute little virgin hole of yours. He's hoping your first heat comes soon, he's anxious to mate you."

"That I am!"

Stiles almost dropped the bowl of pasta when his hands started trembling. Quickly placing the bowl on the table, Stiles dropped to his knees then tilted his head back, baring his neck in submission.
"Alpha," he greeted softly.

"Beautiful," Gerard Argent said as he approached his omega. "Seeing him like this is always a turn on. Remember how stubborn he was when he first came to you?"

"Thought he was too good to kneel to his alpha," Mark chuckled, reaching for a beer. "Didn't take us too long to break him." He remembered how his ten year old nephew used to fight and cry when he forced him to kneel at Gerard's feet, but a few sessions with the whip had him dropping to his knees for his alpha in less than a month.

Stiles closed his eyes when his alpha reached out and started caressing his face. He so badly wanted to vomit on the old man, but he was even more afraid of Alpha Argent than his own uncle. Gerard Argent was a very cruel man that got off on hurting others, especially him.

Gerard ran his thumb over the bruise on his omega's cheek. "I see you had to discipline him again?"

"No, the worthless bitch tripped and fell." Mark snorted.

"Perhaps he should remain on his knees," Gerard suggested, still petting his omega.

"It's where omegas belong," Mark agreed.

Gerard nodded in agreement. "Omega, to me," he ordered as he walked around the table and took his seat.

Stiles crawled after his alpha on his knees then placed his head in the man's lap after he took his seat. He wanted to cry, he hated this so much. He knew that this was wrong, that just because he was an omega didn't mean that he had to kneel at his alpha's feet like a damn dog, but he knew better than to disobey.

"Omega," Gerard growled in warning. "Do I have to show you where to properly place your head?"

Shaking his head no, Stiles quickly shoved his face in his alpha's crotch trying not to gag at the man's stench. The last time he refused to put his face between Gerard's legs the alpha hit him him upside the head so hard that he couldn't hear out of that ear for two weeks.

"That's a good boy," Gerard coo'd as he started running his fingers through his omega's hair. "Deep breaths, take in your alpha's scent and let it fill your lungs."

Stiles bit his tongue to keep from whimpering or recoiling back in disgust when he felt the old man start to harden in his pants. At least there was a layer of jeans between his face and his alpha's cock, the last time he was forced to do this Gerard had only been wearing boxers.

"So, Mark, how has my omega been these past two weeks?" Gerard asked as he started eating his dinner.

"He's been a little out of sorts, but I believe it's because of the move and the fact that his first heat should be starting soon. It's common for an omega to get a little moody and little hormonal before their heat."

"And have you made an appointment for him with an omega specialist like I asked?" Gerard asked as he ate with one hand while the other hand cupped the back of the omega's head so he could rub his crotch against the boy's face. This was part of the omega's training, getting him use to the feel and the scent of his mate.
"He has an appointment Friday after school."

"Good," Gerard praised. "Do not allow them to put him on heat suppressants, but for now he can go on birth control. I want to enjoy my omega some before breeding him."

Mark knew that the doctor was going to give him hell for not putting his nephew on heat suppressants, which was common for underage omegas to go on since heats were so hard on their young bodies, but he would do as Gerard ordered. An omegas heat happened every three months lasting anywhere from three days to a week and teenagers always got put on heat suppressants until they were legally old enough to decide for themselves if they wanted off of them or not. As Stiles guardian, he had the right to refuse the suppressants stating that they were against them, much the same way as anti-vaxers were against getting their children vaccinated, but it was extremely frowned upon. He would stand his ground against the doctor though, he knew better than to go against an alpha as dangerous as Gerard Argent.

He knew that Gerard couldn’t wait until after Stiles’ first heat so he could officially claim him. He had no doubt that the man was going to fuck and knot his little nephew the day after his first heat finished. Hell, knowing Gerard, the man would fuck his nephew the very same day after his fever breaks without even giving Stiles a chance to recover from his heat, that’s how badly he wanted Stiles’ ass.

An alpha couldn’t be with an omega during their first heat, an omega had to go through their first heat all alone, it was part of the maturing process. During an omega's first heat, their bodies undergo a lot of internal changes, changes that get their bodies ready for mating and breeding. The changes are even more drastic in male omegas whose internal organs has to completely shift in order to make room to carry a fetus. If an omega has sex and is knotted on their first heat, it can completely throw off or stop the changes happening resulting in the omega becoming infertile. Gerard was anxious to fuck his nephew through his heats, but he also wanted to eventually breed the boy. He was willing to wait until after his first heat, but he wasn't going to wait until the boy was legally of age. There would be no heat suppressants for his nephew.

Stiles would rather die then have Alpha Gerard Argent mate him, he couldn't imagine spending the rest of his life tied to the sick and sadistic bastard. He didn't know what he was going to do though, there was no one to help him. Other than his dad that hated him, he had no family, no friends, and no money. He has Scott, as least he thinks he has Scott, but Scott couldn't help him. He couldn't risk Gerard finding out about Scott being a werewolf, he would kill his brother in a heartbeat. He had seen pictures of what Gerard did to wolves, there was no way he could put his best friend and brother in danger by going to him for help.

Feeling his release approaching, Gerard unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them down just enough so that the omega's face was pressed against his cock through his boxers. "The sheriff won't be a problem?" He asked huskily and he pushed the omega even harder into his crotch.

Tears were streaming from Stiles' eyes, both from the act that he was being forced to endure, and from lack of oxygen. He hated this, he hated Gerard and his uncle, and he hated his life.

Licking his lips, Mark watched hungrily as the old alpha fucked himself on his nephew’s face. "My big brother won't be a problem, he gave me custody of the bitch right after he got out of rehab. Stiles is mine to do with as I please."

Gerard gave up trying to eat and grasped the omega's head with both his hands. "That's it, beautiful, feel your alpha's knot swelling? Pretty soon you're going to ride that knot like the cock hungry bitch you are. Fuck, get ready, boy, here comes your treat."
Stiles tried to pull away when Gerard let out a shout and wet warmth flooded his face, but the alpha was holding him tight against his crotch. The smell of the alpha's come was so strong that he threw up in his mouth. He could feel through the thin fabric of the boxer's Gerard pulsating as come continued to erupt from the man's throbbing cock.

With a fistful of the omega's hair, Gerard yanked his head back, chuckling when he saw how red and raw looking the omega's face looked after getting a thorough face fucking through his boxers. He could even see traces of his come on the boy's face from where it had seeped through his boxers. Sticking his finger in his boxers, he scooped out a blob of his come. "Taste it!" he ordered as he held his fingers to his omega's mouth.

Eyes wide and full of tears, Stiles shook his head no. This has never happened, Alpha never made him taste it before. He knew if Alpha put his come coated fingers in his mouth that he was going to throw up all over the man.

"Do as you're told!" Mark bellowed.

Gerard gripped the omega's hair tighter when the boy started thrashing and trying to get away. "I am your alpha and you will do what I say without question. You will take my seed then thank me for giving it to you. I am your alpha, your master, you will crave my seed and beg me for it when I'm through training you."

Stiles I was fighting the alpha, but he was weak from not eating all day, not to mention his six mile hike through the preserve. Alpha Gerard may be old, but he was strong and healthy for an old man.

"Hold his head!" Gerard ordered. "He will take my seed or else it's the whip for him."

Honestly, Stiles would rather the whip than have Gerard's come in his mouth. He has had the whip for the past six years, the whip he could handle.

Mark came around the table and roughly put his nephew in a headlock. "No marks, he has an appointment with the doctor on Friday," he reminded.

"Then I'll be back Friday night to dish out this disobedient omega's punishment for refusing his alpha's seed." Gerard said harshly as he squeeze the boys cheeks then shoved his fingers into his mouth, spreading his seed all on the boy's tongue.

Chuckling, Mark clamped his hand over the omega's mouth when he started gagging. "You throw up boy and I'll let your alpha knot your mouth. You will learn to cherish your alpha's seed, or choke to death on his knot."

Sobbing, Stiles slumped in his uncle's arm, exhausted from his fight. For once he was glad that his uncle had his hand over his mouth because the second he tasted Gerard on his tongue he threw up in his mouth. The taste of his bile was much better than the musky, salty taste of Gerard.

"Pathetic!" Mark spat as he threw his nephew away from him.

"He will learn," Gerard grunted as he buttoned and zipped up his jeans. "Before you know it he will be begging me for my seed."

Mark kicked his nephew in the ribs. "Get up and get the fuck out of here so I can talk to your alpha without your pathetic cries distracting me."

Body aching, Stiles quickly got up and fled the kitchen. Still crying, he ran right to the bathroom where he fell to his knees in front of the toilet and threw up everything that he had in his stomach,
which was hardly anything. Feeling weak and shaky, he rested his head on the toilet as he continued to cry his eyes out. He had been forced to rest his head in the alpha's lap since he had turned twelve and the past year was when Gerard started rubbing his face to completion, but this was the first time he had ever made him taste his come and he felt so dirty and disgusting. He wanted his daddy so much right now, he wanted his daddy to bust into the house and shoot both his uncle and Alpha Gerard, but he knew that his daddy wasn't going to come to his rescue...no one was going to come to his rescue. There was no hope for him, he was going to be forced to mate with Gerard and his life was going to be a living hell. Well, there was one hope, but he didn't know if he was going to be able to go through it. He had thought about suicide multiple times over the years, but he had stupidly held on to the hope that his dad would come and get him and save him, but now that he was back in Beacon Hills and his dad still didn't want to see him, that hope had been crushed to dust. His dad wanted absolutely nothing to do with him and he didn't care what happened to him.

Crawling into the shower still fully clothed, he turned the water on hot then laid there as the scolding water beat down on him. He couldn't do this anymore, there was no more fight left in him. He didn't want to die, but he preferred death over Alpha Gerard Argent. He wasn't sure yet how or when he was going to do it, but he had nothing left to live for. He was just grateful that he got see and spend time with Scotty again and that Scott still loved him. Scott was the best.

***TW

Now that his hands were free, Gerard could finally enjoy his dinner. He knew that his omega ran to the bathroom to be sick, but that was okay. The boy would learn to crave the taste of his seed. "How was your first day as Deputy of Beacon Hills?"

Kicking his feet up onto an empty chair, Mark snorted. "My brother runs the Sheriff Department like the pussy he is."

"Well, after we take him out I'll make sure you get his job." Gerard smirked.

"I can't wait," Mark grinned. "I hate that prick so much."

Gerard rolled his eyes, he was tired of hearing Mark bitch and moan about his older, alpha brother. Little did Mark Stilinski know that he would also be taking him out. He hated the sniveling bastard, he only put up with him so he could get his hands on the omega. Once Stiles was mated to him, Mark would be of no use to him. "Has the boy been taking the pills?"

Nodding his head, Mark cracked open his third beer. "I can't believe the little bitch inherited the family gift. As if it wasn't bad enough that John was born an alpha, his worthless spawn had to go and inherit my great grandmother's spark."

"Jealousy doesn't become you, Mark," Gerard sniffed. "With training and the boy firmly under my foot, Stiles will be far from useless. You must keep up with the magic blocking pills until that time though, he can't know how powerful he is."

"I'm not jealous," Mark grumbled, even though that was a lie. It wasn't fair that John was an alpha and Stiles a spark, while he was just a plain beta. He had wanted to drown the boy the first time he showed signs of being a spark when during particularly brutal beating he melted the whip that was in his hand. After that Gerard had a special pill made that would prevent his nephew from accessing his magic until they had him firmly under their control. Once mated, Stiles wouldn't be able to defy a direct order from his alpha.

"With Stiles and his spark under my control, we will be unstoppable." Gerard grinned, already imaging all the power he would have once the omega was his.
"After my brother, we're taking out those self-righteous Hales." Mark crowed happily as he thought back to how Derek Hale had looked at him all day as though he was nothing more than shit on his shoes. He'd show the wolf who was better, both him and the hellhound.

"The Hales are mine," Gerard said darkly. "John may have put the bullet in my daughter's head, but it was the Hale’s fault. I'm going to make sure that pack suffers for a very long time before I grant them death."

Mark raised up his beer in a toast. "To the death of my brother and the Hales."

"To the death of all supernaturals," Gerard corrected as he too raised his beer.
John was exhausted, and not just physically. Yes, it was two in the morning and he had been at the station for over fifteen hours, but he was also mentally exhausted. Knowing that his son, his baby boy was back in town, close enough to reach out and hug, was weighing on him something horrible. Every time he had to leave the station that day he searched every face he passed wondering if it was his Stiles.

He knew when he hired Mark that it was going to be hard, but this was killing him. It was one thing knowing that Stiles was hundreds of miles away completely out of reach, but knowing that he was in his town, that he was less than a thirty minute drive away, it was just too much.

A million times today he had to remind himself that he was doing the right thing, that Stiles was better off with Mark, but he desperately wanted his boy. He wasn't a good father, good fathers didn't beat their children, and he had beat his omega son. Mark was a good cop, a good man, a good uncle, and a good guardian, he was exactly what Stiles needed.

Quietly entering the house, John was surprised to find Scott sitting up asleep in the chair facing the door. The television wasn't on and he didn't see Scott's phone anywhere, so why was the boy asleep in the living room, especially on a school night? It almost looked like Scott was waiting on him.

Placing his keys on the coffee table, he approached his son and gently shook his shoulder. "Wake up, Scott, you're going to get a stiff neck sleeping down here."

Groaning, Scott's eyes slowly fluttered open. "Dad?" he mumbled, "Is it time for school?"

Chuckling, John ruffled his son's shaggy mop of hair. "No, son, you fell asleep in the living room. It's only two in the morning, you still have four hours left to sleep."

"I was waiting for you," Scott said sleepily as he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. "Wanted to talk."

Frowning, John took a seat on the edge of the coffee table in front of his son. "Is everything alright, son?" He asked in concern.

Scott shook his head. "No, dad, everything is not alright. I saw Stiles today and he looks bad, like really bad."

John jumped to his feet, his face closed off. "Scott, I don't want to talk about him, he's fine."

Growling, Scott also jumped to his feet. "Stiles is most definitely not fine. Have you seen him with your own eyes? Stiles is nothing but skin and bones and he’s afraid of his own shadow. You have to save him."

"Stop it, Scott!" John snapped. "I said that I don't want to talk about him. He his happy and healthy where he is at."
"Have you actually seen him?" Scott asked again. "What did Stiles do for you to hate him so much?"

"Go to your room, Scott! I told you that I didn't want to talk about him and if you can't respect that then you can leave."

"Fine!" Scott spat. "I'll leave." Storming to the door, he grabbed his shoes and angrily shoved them on his feet.

"Scott, where are you going?" John called tiredly.

"I'm leaving, just like you ordered."

"That's not what the hell I meant and you know it."

Scott turned and glared at his father, "Oh, forgive me, I thought that that was what you did, kick your kids out of the house when angry. I don't know what my brother did for you to throw him away, but until Stiles is allowed home, I'll be living with Derek."

John's knees gave out on him and he collapsed onto the couch when Scott went storming out, slamming the front door behind him. Scott and him had had some arguments over the years, even some about Stiles, but never had they been this bad. He knew that Scott loved Stiles, but he couldn't believe that he walked out over him. He couldn't lose Scott too, he had always had a very close relationship with him and he loved him every bit as much as he loved Stiles. Melissa was going to kill him.

***TW

Wearing just his boxers, Derek opened the door to his loft, a tired scowl on his face. "Scott, it's three in the morning and I have to be back at the station at five, what the hell are you doing here?"

"Hey, Derek," Scott said anxiously. "I was kind of wondering if I could crash here for a few days?"

Sighing, Derek stepped aside so Scott could enter the loft. He may be tired and grumpy, but Scott was his beta and there was obviously something wrong with him. Pack always comes first, even before much needed sleep. "Is everything alright at home?"

"No," Scott said brokenly. "I just got in a fight with my dad and I couldn't stay there. Can I please stay here until everything blows over?"

"Or until your mom drags you home by your hair?" Derek chuckled. Melissa was tough as nails, he wouldn't want to get on her bad side. "You and your dad are incredibly close, what were the two of you fighting about?"

"My brother!" Scott cried. "I don't know what happened, both my mom and dad refuse to tell me, but when I was ten dad sent my brother away. He wasn't my brother legally at the time, but we were as close as brothers. Well Stiles moved back to Beacon Hills with his uncle and I got to see him for the first time today. Derek, he looks so bad. Stiles is nothing but skin and bones and pale and sickly looking. The Stiles I grew up with was fearless and always getting us into trouble, but this Stiles was timid and afraid to look anyone in the eyes. I have never smelled so much fear on anyone before. I tried to tell dad that something was wrong, that Stiles needed help, but he said that he didn't want to talk about him and then he ordered me to my room when I kept trying to bring Stiles up. Derek, my dad couldn't even say his name."

"Does the sheriff know you're here?" Derek asked as he padded down the hall to the closet. Opening it up, he grabbed a spare sheet, blanket, and pillow.
"Yeah, I kind of told him that I was staying here until he let Stiles move back home." Scott confessed sheepishly. He knew he should of asked Derek first, but he had just been so angry at his dad. He just didn't understand why his dad hated Stiles so much.

"I don't like that you and your dad are fighting, Scott, but I understand where you are coming from. I too have been trying to figure out why the sheriff sent his son away. Now, I have never met Stiles, but his uncle is now a deputy and I can honestly say that the man is snake who has my wolf on edge. All I can say is go with your instincts as far as your brother is concerned, but don't let him discover what you are, not until we know more about him."

"Yeah, about that," Scott said fidgeting. "I may have lost control of my wolf today when I found Greenberg in the bathroom attempting to rape Stiles. I just saw red when I walked in the bathroom and saw Greenberg with his hand down Stiles' pants and scented the fear rolling off of him. My wolf completely took over and Stiles saw."

Derek's eyes angrily flashed red. "Scott," he growled, advancing on his beta.

Scott quickly scurried around the couch so the piece of furniture was between him and his angry alpha. "I'm sorry, Derek, I didn't mean for it to happen, but it's okay because Stiles already knows about werewolves."

Derek's eyes faded back to normal, but he was still furious with his beta. Rule number one, always keep what they are a secret. "What do you mean he already knows about werewolves?"

Scott wasn't stupid, he knew that Derek was still angry so he was keeping himself out of striking range, not that Derek has ever struck him, not unless they were training. Derek did like pinning people against walls while threatening to tear their throats out with his teeth though. "As soon as Stiles saw my eyes he knew that I was a werewolf and he wasn't scared of me, even though he said that his uncle was friends with hunters."

"What?" Derek snarled, his eyes bleeding red again. "Why are you just now telling me about this?"

"I'm...I'm sorry," Scott stuttered. "I had lacrosse practice and then I couldn't stop thinking about Stiles. Derek, Stiles needs help."

"I don't care about Stiles!" Derek hissed. "I care about my pack. Mark Stilinski being friends with hunters means that he's a threat to the pack."

Scott's own eyes flashed in anger. "I care about Stiles, and Stiles is my pack, my brother...my omega brother. I will protect the pack, but I'm also going to protect my brother. If you have a problem with that then I'll leave the pack."

Derek sighed, his anger leaving him. He was still upset, but he understood what Scott was feeling, he would be the same way if he was in his shoes. After coming close to losing his entire family, he was very overprotective of them all. "I don't want you to leave the pack, Scott, and I do care about Stiles. You're my beta, anything that upsets you concerns me. For now I need you to keep your head down though, until after I have had a chance to look into Stiles' uncle and find out who his friends are. I know you're worried about your brother and that you love him, but you have to be careful around him. It's been six years, Scott, Stiles isn't the same little boy he was when he was ten. I'm not saying that he's dangerous, I'm just saying be cautious around him."

"Stiles would never turn on me," Scott said with conviction. "And he needs help. I think his uncle is hurting him."
Derek pinched the bridge of his nose, he was too exhausted for this. "Okay, Scott, for now go to sleep, we both have to be up in a few hours. Tomorrow, after practice, we'll sit down and discuss your brother, okay?"

Yawning, Scott nodded his head. "I'm sorry for waking you up."

Derek shook his head. "You're my beta, Scott, you're always welcome here."

***TW

Stiles was up hours before the sun cleaning the house, getting that night’s dinner organized incase he was running late again, and getting breakfast ready for his uncle. After his shower last night, he tried to block out what happened to him by burying himself in his homework and reading a book he had checked out from the school’s library, but his head had been such a mess that he had trouble concentrating and sleeping. He had hardly slept last night and he was feeling it now. It was going to be a very long day for him.

Plating the bacon, eggs, sausage and toast for his uncle, he placed the plate on the table next to his uncle’s coffee then started on the dishes. He knew that his uncle was coming, he could hear him stomping down the stairs grumbling and cursing. His uncle was not a morning person.

“Good morning, omega bitch,” Mark Stilinski greeted with a smirk as he took a seat and reached straight for his coffee. He had been up way too late planning with Argent last night, it was going to take more than one cup of coffee to get him moving.

“Morning, sir,” Stiles replied softly as his hands shakily did the dishes.

“I’m going to be generous this morning, omega, even though you deserve to be punished for fighting your alpha last night. You can have one fried egg this morning for breakfast and a piece of toast, no butter. Hell, you can even have a glass of orange juice.” He actually wasn’t being generous, but Argent pointed out that the omega doctor would probably pull blood tomorrow so it was good for the boy to have some food in his system.

Turning around, Stiles bared his neck to his uncle in submission, his eyes downcast. “Thank you, sir, for your generosity.” He was thankful for the food, he was so hungry that he could barely stand. Before his uncle could change his mind, he quickly got started on making his breakfast.

Leaning back in his chair, Mark ate his food while he watched his nephew cook. He really despised the boy, he hated everything about him, he had only taken him in because he hated his brother even more and hurting Stiles was his way at getting back at his brother. He had only expected to have Stiles for a few months while his drunk brother got his shit together, but John being the weak alpha that he was, couldn’t bring himself to father the little omega that he had beaten. It was an inconvenience for him keeping his nephew for six years, but at least he had gotten a maid, cook, and stress reliever out of the boy by being in his care. Not to mention, Argent was paying him a pretty penny for the boy’s ass. Hopefully his first heat will hit soon so Argent will take the whiny bitch off of his hands.

Stiles could feel his uncle’s eyes on him, but he ignored him while he stood at the counter and quickly wolfed down his food. A fried egg and toast, even dry, was a big meal for him. He wished that he could take his time and enjoy it, but he wanted to finish it before his uncle changed his mind.

“Yu’re walking home again this afternoon, but tomorrow I’ll be picking your worthless ass up and taking you to the omega specialist. Do I have to threaten you to keep your trap shut tomorrow?”
Stiles quickly shook his head, he knew better than to tell anyone how bad his uncle treated him. “No, sir, I'll behave.”

Mark couldn’t wait for doctor’s visit to be over with, it had been hard keeping his hands to himself the past few weeks, but he couldn’t take his nephew to a specialist all bruised up and back covered in welts. “I’m hunting with your alpha tonight, but I expect you home before six. Still cook dinner, but it doesn’t have to be ready until nine. You can have one chicken leg and a half a cup of mashed potatoes.”

Stiles couldn’t believe it, his uncle was allowing him both breakfast and dinner. He normally wasn’t allowed anything with potatoes because his uncle knew how much he loved potatoes, especially curly fries. God how he missed curly fries! “Thank you so much, sir.”

Mark rolled his eyes. “Get your books and get in the fucking car, I’m tired of looking at your pathetic face.”

***TW

Even though he was exhausted from hardly getting any sleep the previous night, Scott got up and got to school early hoping to catch a glimpse of Stiles’ uncle. He knew that Stiles wasn’t being treated right, he could feel it in his gut, but he needed to get proof before he could do anything. He didn’t know what he could do seeing as his dad didn’t even want to talk about Stiles, but he wasn’t going to sit back and do nothing while his brother was being hurt.

He just didn’t understand his dad and what he had against Stiles. John Stilinski had been there for him even before he married his mom. Everyone loved his dad, he was a father figure to everyone in the pack. During pack meetings and parties, all the pack pups flocked to his dad, hanging from his legs and climbing up onto his lap. And his dad loves it, he loves the pups and he always spoiler them. What happened to make him hate his own son so much?

“Isn’t it a little early in the morning for you to be thinking so hard?”

Scott jumped a foot in the air. Spinning around, he looked wide eyed at a smirking Peter Hale. “Jesus fucking Christ, Peter, give me a damn heart attack!”

“Tsk, tsk, I see our lessons on always being aware of your environment isn’t rubbing off on you, pup. You should have heard me coming a mile away.”

Scott placed his hand over his beating heart. He had been so lost in thought over his brother that he hadn’t been paying attention to what was going on around him. Peter, Talia, and Derek were always drilling it into their heads to always be vigilant of their surroundings. “Sorry, I have a lot on my mind. I know it’s know excuse, but...”

“If I had been a hunter you’d be dead right now, pup. I’m not trying to be a hard ass, I’m just trying to keep you alive.”

Peter always confused the hell out of Scott. Ninety eight percent of the time the man was a total dick, but then he goes and says stuff like that proving that deep down he does care. “What are you doing here, Peter, I thought Cora was suspended the rest of the week.”

“Oh, my dear niece,” Peter chuckled. “No, I have not brought her to school today, she is indeed suspended for the rest of the week for cussing out Mr. Harris. I’m here to catch a glimpse of our dear omega’s uncle.”

“Stiles? You know my brother?” Scott asked in shock.
Peter grunted. “I had the pleasure of watching him stumble his way through the preserve yesterday. That boy is a danger to himself.”

Scott smiled softly. “Stiles has always been a klutz. Mom use to keep a first aid kit under the bathroom sink that had Stiles’ name on it. She used it so much that she had to restock it every month. He wasn’t hurt too bad in the preserve was he?”

“A few scrapes and bruises, but I managed to get him home in one piece and with no broken bones.”

“Jesus, Peter, you confronted Stiles? You must have scared the shit out of him?” Scott cried in disbelief. Peter was terrifying, even other alphas were terrified of him, his omega brother must have been scared shitless.

Peter raised a single eyebrow. “I think you need to give your brother more credit. That little omega is tougher than what he looks. He was scared of me, what omega alone in the woods confronted by an alpha wouldn’t be, but my charm quickly won him over.”

Sighing loudly, Scott turned back towards the parking lot, eyeing the line of cars that were coming in. “I’m worried about him, he’s not the same Stiles I knew and loved six years ago.”

“What happened six years ago to cause the sheriff to send his son away?” Peter asked, hoping that the pup knew the answer. He had asked his sister last night, but she didn’t know much about the sheriff before he joined their pack. She had met young Stiles around town with his mother a few times, everyone knew who they were because it had been big news when a male omega had been born in their small town, but other than a few passing hellos, Talia had never talked to them.

Shrugging his shoulders, Scott shook his head no. “The last I saw Stiles, mom and I were dropping him off at his house after school. Later that night mom got a phone call from the sheriff then went rushing out the door after promising me to stay in the house and keep the doors locked. She was gone for two hours, but when she came back I could tell that she was upset and had been crying. She told me that Stiles had to go live with his uncle for a few months because the sheriff was sick and needed to go to the hospital.”

“John was sick?” That was the first that Peter had heard about that. He knew that the man had some cholesterol issues before he married Melissa, but the nurse straightened his diet out real quick.

Scott looked back at Peter. “That’s what mom told me, but Stiles had already told me that his dad had been drinking a lot after his mom died. Most nights the sheriff drank until he passed out, not even feeding Stiles dinner or packing him a lunch for school. I use to share half my lunch with him because he didn’t even have money to buy lunch. I don’t think the sheriff was sick, I think something happened that night and he checked himself into rehab.”

Peter had never asked, but he had figured that John had had a drinking problem. The man always reeked of anxiety, self-loathing, and want whenever he passed the alcohol during one of their parties. Whatever happened that night must have been truly bad for Melissa to leave her ten year old son home alone to rush to the Stilinski’s. Not only that, but John had checked himself into the hospital the following day. Something big happened to cause the man to all of a sudden seek help, something big that had involved his young omega son.

“They’re here,” Scott whispered as he watched a patrol car pull into the parking lot.

Tilting his head back, Peter inhaled deeply. “What do you smell, pup?” He asked of Scott.

“Excuse me?” Scott asked in confusion.
“Your senses, boy, use your senses.” Peter growled. “You’re a wolf, act like one. It’s your senses that will keep you alive.”

Confused, Scott copied Peter and inhaled. “I don’t know. There’s so many people and all the fumes from the cars, I’m not really getting anything from Stiles and his uncle.”

“Block everything and everyone out but them.” Peter instructed. “You should be able to hear them and smell them from this distance.”

Scott tried harder, but there was so much going on around him that it was distracting him. There were so many scents clogging up his nose, perfumes, soaps, detergents, the cafeteria workers cooking their lunches, car fumes, he could even smell the janitor cutting the grass out on the lacrosse field, but he couldn’t zero in on any scents coming from Stiles’ uncle’s car.

“Wolfsbane.” Peter hissed in frustration. “Stiles’ uncle isn’t just carrying normal, police issued bullets, he also has Wolfsbane bullets on him.”

“Stiles said that his uncle was friends with hunters,” Scott said numbly. “And Derek made it sound like Stiles could be dangerous, like he could be a hunter too. You don’t think he is a hunter, do you?”

Peter didn’t know how to answer the pup. He didn’t want to tell him that he didn’t think that Stiles was a hunter and then Scott let his guard down around him, but he also didn’t want to say that he thought Stiles could be a hunter and then Scott alienate his brother. The only thing he knew for certain was that Stiles looked and smelled like he needed help. He didn’t think the boy was a hunter, but he did think that he needed saving from them.

“I think,” Peter said cautiously, “that your brother needs help. I also think that his uncle is very dangerous so you have to be careful around Stiles. Do I think your brother will betray you to the hunters? No, I don’t, but I do think they can use him to get to the pack.”

Scott opened his mouth to say something, but he was stopped when he heard whimpering coming from his brother. He was getting ready to rush to the police cruiser, when Peter grabbed his arm and stopped him.

“Down, boy. Until we learn more about this Mark Stilinski I don’t want you anywhere near him. I know you’re worried about your brother, but he’s fine. See.”

Scott watched as Stiles climbed out of the car, his foot almost getting run over by his uncle speeding away. “He’s hurt,” he pointed out as he noticed that Stiles was rubbing his arm with a grimace on his face.

“His uncle grabbed him and threatened him to behave in school,” Peter explained.

“How do you know that?” Scott asked with a frown.

Rolling his eyes, Peter pointed to his eyes and ears. “Derek really needs to work with you on your senses.”

“Sorry,” Scott mumbled shamefully. “I’m just really worried and shook up about my brother. I want to help him, but with dad not listening, I don’t know what else to do.”

Peter placed a comforting hand on the distressed pup’s shoulder. “You’re not alone, pup, that little omega won me over yesterday. Right now all we can do is observe and gather proof, but if I find that Stiles needs help, he’ll have the Hale pack at his back. Just be patient and don’t do anything stupid.”
Scott wanted to cry, he had been so worried about his brother and what he was going to do to help that hearing Peter say that felt like a gigantic weight had been lifted off his shoulders. Before this he never thought that Peter was a kind and caring man, but it seemed that Stiles brought out the good in him. If anyone could help his brother, it was Peter. Peter was not a man to mess with.

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