The streets of New York were desert, covered in black shadows. Exposing how truly late it was in the early morning. Stiles put his hands inside his grey trench coat trying to gain some heat, he let out his breath, staring his steps and his black shiny shoes hitting against the pavement. It was the only hearing sound, everything was perfectly quiet, only an old cat meowing in the dark and a distant car. He didn’t like it, it reminded him of… home? he should still called it that, he was supposed to still call it that. But everything was so fuzzy, all he could remember about Beacon Hills were tragedies, empty spaces, was he grateful about his pack? About Derek? All that memories from his mother and father, he was, truly was. But they were also… his demons, everyday, one by one, they were pilling up behind him, like a perfect line. He closed his eyes for a moment and he could see their apartment as if he was still there.

Notes
See the end of the work for notes
CHAPTER ONE

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He snatched them opened and shook his head, hoping it had went better, hoping he had said better things, but it was done and he was still sure it had been the right thing to do. Everything just became a routine, monotonous, and loving someone was supposed to be unexpected, abrupt, filled with surprises. He didn’t know the moment Derek and him started coexisting, so used to each other presence, instead of living. He hated the fact he completely missed it, hoping he had done something to fix it in time.

FLASHBACK

Stiles stared at his apartment for a long couple of seconds before sighing and finally giving up, he tiredly sat on the porch and rubbed the back of his head with weariness. He could nearly hear Derek’s head working from upstairs, he could visualize him passing in their living room, side to side, surely furious, taking out his own conclusions why his boyfriend arrived so late and sat outside almost every night.

For months, Stiles had just sat in the porch waiting for time to pass. At first, they were minutes, suddenly they were hours where he could peacefully be, instead of constantly fighting, all the time, every time he left the house, every time he arrived and for such stupid, little idiotic things, that actually covered up for the real problem they refused to see. They weren’t seeing the bigger picture, the real problem were them.

After what it felt like an eternity just staring at the night sky, he stood up and entered the building. The old elevator took a while to arrive, honestly Stiles didn’t know how Derek agreed to move together into the worst old building where things barely worked but it had been theirs and it was beautifully old. Stiles thought in a way, it remained Derek of his destroyed family house, he seemed comfortable and safe. Stiles was suddenly in front of the brownish red door with a big
golden five in the middle of it. He heard Derek’s steps abruptly stopping, he knew Stiles was outside and he knew how coward he was being for staying out for so long.

“Can you just come in please?” He heard Derek ask exasperated. Stiles sighed and slowly opened the door, he couldn’t hide for life, he had to finish this.

The first thing Stiles noticed the moment he opened the door was the little white box in their coffee table. Stiles looked up and stared at his boyfriend, he was furious. Derek raised his eyebrows crossing his arms over his chest, popping his muscles, he knew that was Stiles weakness, the little asshole...

“Who the hell is T. S.?” He suddenly asked, looking so angry at Stiles, he was sure it was the first time he saw him like that. But all he could think, was his old brother was a complete utter crackhead and he was going to kill him. Stiles sighed and shook his head, this was gonna be hard to explain.

“Answer me Stiles” Derek suddenly said raising his voice, “Is he your sugar daddy or something?” He asked looking down as if he was ashamed for even thinking about it. And Stiles he just... laughed, because that simple question was so absurd it was funny but Derek seemed he was about to rip his head off, after all he didn’t know the truth and Stiles was sure he was being a gigantic asshole, but still, he couldn’t stop laughing, making Derek visibly madder and madder.

“Are- are you for real?” He asked between laughs holding his stomach. But Derek growled at him, snapping his arms to the air, “Don’t play with me Stiles!” He yelled walking to the little table, snatching the box with anger, before tearing the white paper, revealing a black box, “What the fuck is this?!” He asked before opening it, showing a watch, a beautiful silver watch that, oh my god, Tony why? seemed more expensive than their apartment.

Stiles stopped laughing and twisted his mouth, it wasn’t comical, not even close. He deeply sighed, “I’m not cheating on you” He assured him, trying to sound as honest as he truly was but Derek shook his head, taking several steps back, as if Stiles was physically hurting him. Stiles let out his breath ignoring the pain and immediately walked toward him, he put his hands on Derek’s face, making the man look at him in the eye, “I’m not cheating on you” Stiles repeated stronger slowly rubbing his thumbs against Derek’s skin, removing the small wrinkles. Derek frowned concerned, his breathing every time more superficial, “Listen to my heart, I’m not lying, listen” He whispered.
Derek closed his eyes and slowly shook his head before leaning against Stiles hand, “But something has changed” He mumbled staring at him heartbroken. Stiles looked deeply into Derek ‘s beautiful green eyes, he had woken up so many times in front of those eyes, he had lived with those eyes for three years. He dropped his hands and took a step back, “But something has changed” He answered looking down, taking with precaution the black box from his hand, he stared at the silver watch and sighed.

Derek didn’t even realize it was gone from his grip, he felt as if his heart was completely gone. He shook his head and dropped himself on the couch, he looked up at Stiles, who was awkwardly switching his weight of one foot to another.

“I am so sorry Derek” Stiles murmured feeling his chest every time heavier. Derek closed his fists feeling his claws digging in his flesh, he knew the moment Stiles started staying at the porch instead of with him in bed, he knew something had broken between them. They changed without noticing, hell, Derek wasn’t even sure what changed.

“But I´m tired of this” Stiles added slowly, finally leaning against a chair, feeling his legs gave in. He fought the tears back and took deep breaths before finally saying it out loud, “We’re over”

Derek closed his eyes and tossed his head back, its for the best, he kept telling himself, but it didn’t felt like it was for best, it felt as if someone had teared his heart apart into a thousand pieces. He suddenly stood up, “I can’t do this” He exclaimed feeling so anxious he began walking side to side, “I can’t do this Stiles” He added feeling the tears running through his cheeks, he finally stopped in front of him, “I love you” He mumbled so painfully honest, before pulling Stiles, his Stiles, against his chest, putting his arms around him, squeezing so hard Stiles had to gasp for air, but he didn’t care.

Stiles squeezed his eyes closed and finally the tears he was holding on, slipped down his cheeks, he hugged Derek too, “I love you too, god, I love you so much Derek Hale” He replied trying and failing for his voice to sound steady. Derek knew him to well to see he was faking. Stiles gently pushed him away before making something he would regret, “This is incredibly sad” He said quietly, shaking his head, once again he looked up and stared at his first love. He half smiled before attracting Derek´s lips to him in a short agonizing kiss.

It lasted too little, Stiles pushed him away unable to control himself and quickly walked away to their old bedroom. He could hear Derek´s crying and it was slowly making him fall into pieces. He quickly packed some of his clothes and stuff in a suitcase. He gave one last look at his room, his bed for the past three years but he had to look away when he felt the nostalgia being too much, crashing his bones. He entered the living room, where Derek was still in the same spot, unable to move. Stiles bit the inside of his cheek looking away, he walked to his forgotten present and gently, took it into his hand, why did it had to hurt so much?
He quickly walked to the door, only momentary stopping to leave his old key inside their usual key bowl, filled with gum and more old candies. Stiles closed his eyes and took one last deep breath.

“Goodbye Derek”

And he was out of his life.

His ride to Scott was emotional hell, he couldn’t even remember how he got there but suddenly he was outside his house, bag on his hand and eyes swollen and red. It was four am in the morning and he knew he was being an idiot, if Scott had woken him up at such hour he sure as hell would blew him away but this was about his first love, a part of his life was now gone, shivered into dust, disappearing through this fingers, unable for him to stop it. He leaned on the porch before ringing the bell again, he felt as if his head could explode any moment. Stiles kicked the door before punching it, his best friend was a bloody werewolf, he was pretty sure he could hear the bell ringing like five times.

“Scott please” He said raising his voice, closing his eyes. When he was about to just surrender, the door wide opened and a pretty bad tempered Scott in his underwear appeared in front of him. He tiredly rubbed his eyes, “What the hell…” He began but immediately shut up when he saw his friend.

Stiles opened his mouth but immediately closed it when he felt his chest heavy as a tone of rocks. Saying it out loud only made it more real, a fucking fact. Immediately Scott was hugging him as if his life depended on it, “You guys are over, right?” He asked quietly. Closing his eyes with sorrow when Stiles nodded repeatedly against his shoulder.

Once inside Stiles was quietly sitting in the couch, staring at nothing and everything at the same time, he kept snapping his fingers, making a little flame appeared with every movement. Scott patiently waited for his friend to say something, anything or just fall asleep. Stiles bit his lip before speaking.

“I have a brother” He suddenly exclaimed standing up making Scott look up and lean against his seat, trying to hide his surprise, “I have a brother and he… he sent me a present for me to visit him and Derek found it and thought…” Stiles mumbled, shutting up when he felt his throat closing up, the tears threatening to appear again. He shook his head, “One more problem to our
complicated relationship and I just… couldn’t do it anymore” He added frowning, staring at the floor, feeling the heavi ness of his choices.

He wide opened his eyes, “I left him…” He whispered before snapping into reality, “Oh my god, I left Derek fucking Hale, my self teenager would literally kill me right now” He added before walking straight to the kitchen, where he knew Scott had liquor for Stiles. He took out a bottle of vodka and didn’t bother to pour it into a glass. Scott frowned worried watching his best friend swallow and swallow, pure, straight vodka. He shook his head, “I know you need to get drunk and just feel it and deal with it but give me that… killing yourself won’t work” He murmured taking away the bottle, he put it on the table beside them and grabbed Stiles arm.

“What do you mean you have a freaking brother?” He asked quietly and a little bit in shock. But he remembered, in that moment it was about Stiles and only Stiles.

Stiles stared at him for what it felt an eternity, he sighed and took the bottle back. Scott pulled a face and stepped back but didn’t say anything.

Finally Stiles cleaned his mouth, embracing the burning sensation in his throat, it was better than a broken heart, “Remember eight years ago, when my father was on the hospital, you know before… well, dying?” Stiles asked looking somewhere behind Scott, who was only able to nod, not wanting to remember those awful days, “Well, the last time I spoke to him, he- he told me he wasn’t my real father” Stiles began quietly, ignoring Scott’s surprised puppy eyes. Stiles let his head fall, “My mother had a fling before knowing my father and well… he raised me as his and literally told that seconds before dying” He complained dropping on the floor with the bottle on his hand.

Scott looked everywhere trying to find some sense but he couldn’t, specially why it was the first time he heard about this brother in eight fucking years and how they didn’t realize until now. He kneeled in front of him and put a hand on his shoulder, he had no idea how to comfort his friend. Stiles frowned and looked up, he stared at the hand before Scott, “What are you doing?” He asked before laughing. Scott dropped his hand and laughed too. It was awkwardly painful and funny.

“Im sorry, I have no idea how to do this” He replied laughing louder. Stiles sighed before shrugging, his life had been reduced to him laying in his best friend’s kitchen floor with a bottle of vodka. Scott offered him a hand and Stiles gladly took it, standing up with effort.

“You mind telling me who your brother is?” He asked as he lead him to the living room again. Stiles smirked dropping himself in the couch, “You wouldn’t believe me if I told you”
Scott frowned confused, “Try me”

Stiles stared at his friend a few seconds and shook his head, he should tell him, it was Scott, his best friend since they were wanky children but he knew once it was out, he would look at him differently and he wasn’t ready for that. He shook his head again and took a long sip. Scott sighed and nodded taking the hint, “Whenever you’re ready buddy” He answered smiling at him. Stiles would be lying if he said he didn’t whimper a little, he sniffle and leaned against Scott’s shoulder, “I’m leaving to New York” He mumbled surprising even himself. He hadn’t actually thought about it, but right then it seemed the most healthy choice and he did need a break from the town and everything but Scott was already up, staring at him as if he was mental.

“What?!” He asked, wide opening his eyes, “What do you mean New York?!”

Stiles twisted his mouth as he sat correctly, he scratched his neck, “My brother lives there and I just… I want- I need to leave” He answered as if it was obvious, “I feel stuck here and I need to move on” He added throwing his arms to the air. He took other sip from the bottle, it was almost done.

Scott remained silent for a few seconds before nodding, as if he had made up his mind, “Do you… want me to come with you?” He asked as he walked away to the kitchen and for Stiles surprise he came back with other bottle. Stiles smiled with fond and smirked.

“Yes please”

END OF FLASHBACK

He smiled at the thought of seeing Scott after weeks of being completely alone. He had arrived two weeks earlier than he had told Tony, it had been a good opportunity to think things over, to breath on his own.

A sudden noise was heard, a small step. He quickly looked up, he stopped moving and looked around him, he knew he wasn’t alone, he could feel some eyes on him, but he couldn’t see anything behind the shadows. He was about to regain his walk when he suddenly felt a blow on the right side of his body, hitting his ribs. He crashed against the wall, the punch pushing the air out if
his lungs.

Stiles growled deeply at the mystery man as he recovered himself when he felt a cutting edge on his stomach. Stiles rolled his eyes and nearly laughed as he easily disarmed the guy. With strength he took him from the shirt collar and crashed him against the wall, his feet above the floor for several centimeters. Using the same pocket knife that was against his stomach, he pressed it against the man’s throat, “Did you really tried to rob me with a fucking razor?” Stiles asked madly, pressing harder. The man choked in his own fear.

Stiles looked at his coat and cursed out loud, he was covered in dirty water and dirt, “I just fucking bought this” He complained raising his voice before letting the man go, who fell hard against the floor, coughing, trying to catch his breath. Stiles groaned shaking himself and threw the knife away.

“I’m pretty sure it looked better in the manikin” A metallic cheeky voice spoke. Stiles looked up to see the one and only iron man flying carelessly above them. Stiles rolled his eyes putting his hands inside his pockets again. The robber looked up too in completely shock filled with horror, “Oh my god, it is Iron-“

Before he could finished his sentence, Stiles knocked him out with a punch straight in his face.

“Good to see you brother” Stiles answered back, raising his hand. Even with the mask on Stiles could visualize him twisting his mouth, half glad to see him, half worried for the intent of robbery. But his brother land in front of him, already his mask retreating, showing the old Tony Stark. He smiled at seeing his little brother, he quickly took his hand with emotion, “Good to se you too St-“

One minute they were standing in the dark alley and in the other in the common floor of the avengers tower. Tony looked around him astonish, it would always amazed him how his little brother kept surprising him every time they saw each other, “What the hell Stiles?” He asked as his armor removed from him, piece by piece, “How do you even know about the floors of this place?” He asked more perplex. Stiles smirked sitting on the couch.

“I still have some tricks op un my sleeve, old man” He answered back before showing off a cocky smile. Tony narrowed his eyes and took a while watching at Stiles, he seemed… tired and somehow older, it seemed he was trying too hard to hide the fact he was sick of everything. Tony knew the feeling too well and he knew how to recognize it, “You look like shit” He answered walking to his mini bar. Stiles laughed under his breath but didn’t answer, he didn’t have one.
Tony pour two glasses of neat whisky, “What happened?” He asked walking toward him. Stiles took the glass and took a sip, “How did you find me?” He asked instead, making Tony rolled his eyes, ignoring the childish game, answer a question with other one.

“I too have a few tricks op un my sleeve dear brother” He answered before waving his eyebrows at Stiles mad stare. Tony took a deep breath and remained silent, taking a few sips from his drink. Stiles narrowed his eyes and stared at his brother, he knew what Tony was doing, getting into Stiles nerves, looking innocent and handsome and totally idiotic. He looked away mad but Tony eyes followed him, he wasn’t even sure the man blinked.

Stiles was starting to feel anxious under those eyes, he had always hated when people looked at him, it made him feel exposed. He sighed exasperated, “I left Derek” He finally hissed angry, finishing his drink in a sip. He stood up and walked to the large windows, taking in the perfect view of New York City. Stiles half smiled with sadness, “He thought you were my sugar daddy” He added quietly, smiling amused at Tonys perplex eyes, “What?!” He asked in complete shock before laughing his ass out, “Thank you very much for the fucking watch” He mumbled before laughing too. It was better than anything.

They laughed until they held their stomachs. Stiles stared at his brother laughing his ass out and for a moment he had the certain, everything would be a little less worse. He had made the right choice, no matter how bad it had hurt, no matter the consequences, maybe he was right where he was supposed to be.

“You're staying in the tower, I don’t care what you think” Tony exclaimed brining two more bottles of whisky, yeah maybe he truly was where he was supposed to be.
Steve entered the common floor and stared at a complete and utter mess. He scratched his head confused watching all the empty bottles and snacks scattered all over the floor and sofas. He frowned and deeply sighed, Tony was an idiot. He walked to the fridge and open it, for his not so pleasant surprise, there were bottles of vodka and whisky everywhere, and Tony’s little brother welcome cake was half eaten, but not nicely eaten, wildly eaten, cake all over the damn fridge. He sighed and took the milk out, he just wanted to have breakfast, some damn cereal, the only thing he could actually prepare.

Halfway through his plate, he saw as the elevator’s doors opened and a pretty fucked up Tony appeared through them, he was slowly dragging his feet and it seemed he was about to vomit his entire living being, it looked like he was still drunk. Steve smirked under his breath, “Fun night?” He asked teasing the man, who only was able to mumble a poor fuck off before crumbling in the couch, “I’m never drinking again” He whispered closing his eyes for a moment, hoping his head just stopped moving in circles.

Steve raised his eyebrows and slowly nodded, “I’ve heard that before” He mumbled playing with the remaining color hoops, he hummed remembering something, “By the way, you ate your brother´s welcome cake” He added looking at the man, still laying on the couch with an arm above his head. Tony groaned against it, “I didn’t do it” He answered slowly.

Steve blinked several times, “Then who did?” He asked.

Suddenly there was a light flash and a tall man appeared out of nowhere. Steve dropped his spoon inside the bowl making the milk splash all over the table and his face, Tony let out a squawk of surprise and sat in the couch with a hand over his chest, “Can’t you use the elevator like a freaking normal person?” He exclaimed throwing a cushion to Stiles before falling against the couch again.

Stiles smirked catching the cushion easily, “I can’t believe you’re hungover” He mumbled mocking his brother, “You’re getting way too old for this shit” 

Steve stared at the guy in blank, who apparently Tony knew, and he was gorgeous, he was tall and he could see his tattoos all over his arms and a few coming out of his shirt through the neck. Steve
shook his head, getting out of his trance, Stiles turned and stared at the cap for a few seconds, clearly entertained. He smirked, “Everything alright over there captain?” He asked, watching the man nervously clean up the table and his face. Steve blinked confused and opened his mouth several times, “Mmm what?” He asked even more confused, who the hell was that guy and how he knew who Steve was.

Tony groaned annoyed standing up really slowly, “Leave the man alone Stiles” He whispered walking toward him. Steve looked between them even more confused, what the hell was a Stiles?

“Stiles?”

“Yeah… he´s my brother, he has a weird polish name that no one can pronounce” Tony answered distracted looking for something in the fridge, he moaned disgusted when he saw all the booze, “Stiles, Steve, Steve, Stiles” He added introducing them. Tony happily took out the cake from the fridge, immediately Stiles stepped in, “Hell no, get your own cake” He mumbled snatching the crumbs from the old hands of his brother.

Steve watched them amused, specially how he left Stiles take the cake, Tony would have never let him or any one of the team take the damn cake so easily.

“Nice to meet you” Stiles said with a quick smile, sitting beside him. Steve gave him a side way look, the guy acted too casual, as if they had known each other for they whole live.

“Nice to meet you too” Steve answered concentrating in his cereal.

Stiles hummed happily eating the rest of his red velvet cake, trying not to laugh at the awkward captain America sitting beside him. He knew he was hot and big, with muscles and a gorgeous butt. But the one sitting beside him, exceeded all his expectations. Tony gave him a look, a look that said I know you playboy, leave the man alone. Stiles rolled his eyes and focused on his cake, it wasn’t as if the image of America would ever fix his eyes on someone like Stiles, he was too… dark. He felt something odd inside his stomach, as if his body was used to only thinking about Derek, not other man. Immediately Stiles felt guilty, even knew he wasn’t supposed too.

Tony joined him with a fork, “Don’t you want to make your bigger brother some breakfast?” He asked playing with some crumbs in front of him. Stiles immediately look up, “You know I don’t
cook Tony” He answered stronger than he was supposed to, he knew Tony didn’t ask to bother him, it was a perfectly innocent question but still it made his stomach switch. It had been their family hobby, cooking. The three of them used to cook all the time, specially his mother, she loved baking. When she died, they continued the tradition, it was a way to remember her. But when his father died too, every time he picked up a pan, he opened a recipes book, it felt like treason. He hadn’t cooked in almost eight years and Tony knew that.

Almost immediately Tony opened his eyes and mouth, “Oh… oh oh, yeah mmm sorry” He awkwardly mumbled, “Just eat your cake” He ordered shoving the matter away with his hand. Stiles shook his head but didn’t answer. Steve decided to ignore the whole thing.

After a couple of minutes of pure silence, the old matter forgotten, Tony decided to open his big ugly mouth again.

“You thought about it, right?” Tony asked quietly, gaining the two mans attention. Stiles frowned, “You mean…”

“Staying here, with me, with us. For as long as you want and I don’t know, maybe you could learn to defend yourself and-”

Stiles twisted his mouth and slowly dropped the fork, “I know how to defend myself Tony” He whispered, “I have these remember?” He asked waving his fingers, where red little flames appeared. He had told Tony the night before he would stay, but in his defense he was drunk as hell and still heartbroken and in reality he had no idea what he was going to do or what he wanted. If honest he just wanted to lose control for a bit and breath and maybe, just maybe he could stay a couple of months and just see how things go.

Steve stared surprised at Stiles hands as if they where a potential threat, when Stiles noticed, he smiled pleased, “You don’t have to worry about anything, big guy” He stopped himself when he realized the nick name he had just said. He used to call Derek that way when they started dating, he didn’t even knew why he said it, it just came naturally out of his mouth. He frowned confused and shook his head, he cleared his throat, “Lets just say, I’m a little magical” He added with a quick smile. Steve was about to answer when Tony interrupted him.

“I know that! And I don’t care, I have no idea what you been through but now you are here so…”

“Exactly, you have no idea Tony” Stiles replied quietly trying to push away his insistences. He sighed when he knew he had made the atmosphere tense one more time. He cursed under his breath and pushed the cake away, he stood up, “We’ll talk about this later alright? I need to be
somewhere else” He added already walking away, not waiting for answer, he didn’t want one.

Tony shook his head at the sudden actitud of Stiles, he frowned, “Wait what? What do you mean, where are you going?” He asked following his brother to the elevator. When Stiles ignored him, Tony sighed, “JARVIS, do not let him ride this freaking elevator” Tony exclaimed, not getting his eyes off Stiles, who only frowned exasperated, “That is not fucking fear and JARVIS please let me use the elevator, I have more important things to do” He exclaimed annoyed, pushing all the controls in the little screen beside the elevator but still nothing.

Tony raised his arms to the sky in exasperation, “How do you even know who JARVIS is?” He asked confused. Stiles rolled his eyes and crossed his arms over his chest, “I think sometimes you forget I´m your brother. I´m as smart as you and sometimes I think smarter and if you can hack, well guess what, so can I” He replied annoyed, still pushing the buttons. Tony sarcastically smirked, “Please, smarter than me? You only wish! You’re a freaking teenage boy”

Stiles gave him a killer look and deeply sighed, trying to calm himself.

“Look I have a meeting, an important one and I´m already late and we will talk about it later, tonight alright? When I come back” He asked without really asking before he tele transported himself out of Tony´s sight.

“That went well” Steve murmured still eating his cereal. Tony gave him a killer look, “Sip it Rogers” He answered back madly. He walked to the table and sat, “I suck at this” He exclaimed pushing the cake away with disgust. There was no point eating it without Stiles. Steve smirked, “I think, he even sucks more than you do at this” Steve answered with honesty before leaving his empty plate in the sink.

Tony smirked scratching his chin, “I have no idea what’s going in his life, inside his little stupid head and suddenly he just pops out of nowhere, making magical tricks and covered in damn tattoos and he doesn’t talk to me” He complained.

But Steve just put a hand on his shoulder, “Yeah, you two have too much in common to be honest” He said, “I think he came here because he needs a break for whatever problems he was into”

Tony nodded, “Yeah, yeah, yeah but he’s so stubborn and he just got here and look at this mess”

“Well so are you my friend” Steve exclaimed happily, it was almost comical how alike and
different at the same time they were. Tony rolled his eyes, “Don’t you have a mission of something, go save the freaking world man”

*

Stiles appeared in his room and took a deep breath, enjoying the silence, way to go in breakfast and have a stupid fight with your brother in front of Steve freaking Rogers. He deeply sighed walking straight to the shower, indeed, he was late for his meeting with Liam, he needed to talk to the alpha of New York’s pack, he had to know the news Stiles was currently out of services and well, out of the pack. He quickly removed his clothes and entered the super unnecessary modern shower, he opened the freezing water and closed his eyes with relief, feeling the tension leave his body, he had always liked better the cold water.

In less than five minutes, he was out with a towel around his waist. He looked at himself in the mirror and twisted his mouth with tiredness. All the runes seemed to shine with their unique power but their beauty was opaque by all his scars. Lots of marks showing his past battles, he didn’t know if he liked them or hated them, what he did know was that only Derek knew his body like that, he knew every scar and every mole and knew what Stiles had went through to acquire them.

He quickly looked away and entered the room, he rummage between all his scattered clothes in the floor, he had taken too little of them, everything was still at his, at Derek’s apartment, he ignored his pained heart. He looked up and doubt a little before asking to the ceiling, “JARVIS?” He asked quietly, with precaution, honestly feeling a little stupid.

“Yes sir?” A male voice asked nicely. Stiles half smiled, “Can you please prepare a car for me?” Stiles asked as he put on his boxers. The mechanic voice took a while to answer, “Sir, Mr. Stark told me not let you go”

Stiles immediately rolled his eyes because he knew it, he knew his stupid brother would pull of something like that, he was childish. He cursed under his breath, “JARVIS, you well know I’m also a Stark, right?” He asked staring at the ceiling.

“Yes sir”

Stiles nodded to himself, “Well following the entire world logic, I can also, practically do whatever the hell I want, right?”
JARVIS was silent for a couple of seconds, “I supposed sir, yes”

“So can you please, my nice friend, prepare a car for me so I’m not too late to my meeting” Stiles exclaimed as he put on a blue light sweater on.

“Which one sir? Mr. Stark has a wide collection of sports car” Jarvis answered immediately. Stiles hummed, thinking, surely, as the big fan his brother was about cars and his huge amount of money, he had the latest models. He widely smiled, “Prepare the Urus please Jarvis, the black one”

“Of course Mr. Stark” Jarvis answered. Stiles frowned a the formality, “Please just Stiles, Mr. Stark is my brother, it sounds too important and formal on me” He replied grabbing his phone.

“Well then Stiles, your car is ready”

To say he stole some looks was little, apparently driving the latest Lamborghini model was truly a novelty in New York City, as well as driving in the streets filled with traffic, how did Tony could stand that level of traffic. He immediately thought about Beacon Hills and its almost empty streets. He shook his head, sending those thoughts away, he had a different road in front of him, it was time he took it.

Liam´s house was on Fire Island, in the outskirts of New York, a little place in the south of Long Island. It was perfectly small, few population but still close enough to the big apple. It took him almost half hour less than the usual to get there. The island was beautiful, there was vegetation and fauna everywhere and well, in few words, it was a town for rich people. He quickly drove to the furthest mansions, the ones hidden among all the large trees, between the mountains. In a way it remembered Stiles of the old Hale house, a huge house in the middle of literally no where. Werewolves were strange creatures.

A soon as Stiles turn off the engine, he knew he had eyes on him. He climbed off and raised his hands, “I come in peace” He mumbled, mocking a little, knowing there was people listening. When there was no answer he rolled his eyes, “C’mon Liam, let me in” He exclaimed walking toward the porch, “I’m sorry I was late” He added teasing. The wide white doors opened and a big, really really tall guy in a black suit came out. The guy had such a serious face, Stiles was sure he hadn’t smiled in his entire life.

“Is this really necessary?” He asked raising his hands again with tiredness, spreading his legs and arms. The man didn’t open his mouth, instead he began feeling Stiles up, looking for something mysterious, “Careful with those big hands, handsome” Stiles teased before widely smiling at the annoyed look the man gave him.
“He’s clean and ready” The werewolf said to the microphone he had in his ear, his voice was ridiculously deep, a perfect match with his face. Stiles smirked already pushing the guy away, “I’m always ready” He whispered quietly walking to the living room he knew Liam was waiting in. Stiles looked around, it was different since the last time he came, the whole pack had came, it had been a good vacations. They had rebuilt and redesign, it looked modern and minimalist, almost every wall was white so the light reflected everywhere. There was too much light for Stiles taste but as he had said, werewolves were strange creatures.

Finally he was in front of a pair of perfect glass doors to a small office, Stiles opened them quickly, entering as if he own the house, “I like what you did to this place” He exclaimed watching as the man pour some brownish liquid into two glasses. He smiled before looking up, his golden eyes scanning Stiles from head to toes, “I like what you did with yourself” He answered showing a perfectly charming smile. He walked toward him, “Its good to see you Stilisnki” He added giving him the glass.

Stiles smiled too before taking a sip, never letting his eyes off Liam, “Good to see you too Liam Grant” He answered before hugging him tight, it had been a long time since they saw each other.

Liam indicated the chair for Stiles to sit and accommodate himself in front on him, in the middle, it rested a little wooden table with some books and scattered papers on it. Liam leaned on his seat and put an arm on the backrest, “Now, I know this isn’t a sympathetic visit, what do you need me for?” Liam asked gaining a serious grin on his face that said everything was business. Stiles half smiled and looked down, “Always right to the point huh?” He asked, mocking Liam a little, who only raised one eyebrow waiting for his response.

Stiles rolled his eyes and wondered what was the deal between werewolves, mansions in the middle of nowhere and talking with their eyebrows. He cleared his throat and left his drink on the table, “Well I don’t need you for anything, I just came to let you know I will be staying in New York for a while, nothing you have to worry about” Stiles answered gaining his poker face too. Liam narrowed his eyes and tilted his head, “And your pack?”

Stiles twisted his mouth feeling so awkward it actually hurt, “Lets just say, we took different paths por a while” He answered forcing himself to smile. It was true, practically the only one who knew where he was, was Scott, he didn’t even told Lydia and he was pretty sure she was gonna kill him for that. He felt bad for it but when he booked his flight to New York, all he wanted was to disappear for a while and be alone.

“That leads me to the second notice, if you need something, you’ll have to talk to Lydia, I don’t think Derek is willing to…” He shut himself up and cleared his throat again, he didn’t like saying his name out loud, “And well… Scott is arriving in a few days, he’s staying with me” Stiles added
finally looking away, finishing quickly his drink. He had never truly liked whisky but the burning still helped.

Liam remained silent for a few seconds, “You broke up with Derek didn’t you?” He asked quietly, piercing Stiles with his stare.

Siles shook his head, avoiding eye contact, “Am I that transparent?” He asked smiling falsely making Liam smirked, “No my dear friend, remember I have known you since you were a brat teenage boy in love with that man and well, you know… werwolves powers” He whispered with a cocky smile. Stiles smiled too but looked down sadly, he knew Liam was thinking the last time they visited him, Stiles couldn’t take out those memories from his head, “I remember too” Liam added lowering his voice, confirming Stiles suspicions.

“Specially the day before you guys arrived. Honestly, it took me a while to remove that awful sex scent you left in my guest room” He exclaimed looking away annoyed. Stiles raised his eyebrows before laughing, “Oh yes, I remember the look everyone gave us in the morning” Stiles mumbled laughing with nostalgia.

“I´m truly sorry for that” He answered honestly. Him and Derek had just started dating and well, they couldn’t take their hand of each other, it had been good times. Good old times.

“I´m sorry Stiles, I know how madly in love you two were” Liam whispered looking genuinely honest. Stiles blinked several times, digesting his words. Indeed he had been so in love with Derek, but that feeling was terrible lost. He immediately stood up, feeling the pressure of the moment being too much. Liam leaned back at the sudden movement. Stiles clapped his hands and smiled, “Well, thanks for the drink and you know where to find me” He whispered already walking away.

Liam remained sitten, he frowned a bit confused, “Actually I don’t, but I guess I’ll figure it out” He answered raising his drink in a gesture of affection.

Stiles stared at him a couple of seconds, “Whatever you need Liam, I´m here” He mumbled and got out, ignoring the body guards looking at him. He felt his anxiety increasing until he locked himself in the car and all the nature sounds were muted. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

He remained still until he got anxious about it too, he shook himself and started the car, he needed to get out, it had been too much of werwolves in just a few hours, too much of Derek.
He was quickly out of town, in one of the Brooklyn bridges, he had no clue which one, he was heading home earlier than he had thought, guess the talk he was trying to avoid with his brother was happening sooner, talking of the devil, his name pooped out in the little screen, along with a ridiculous photo of the man drunk that Stiles was kind enough to take the night before. Immediately he declined it and turned up the volume, letting the voice of Bruce Springsteen fill his car. When he suddenly visualize two black trucks behind him, only a couple of other cars between them. Normally he would had let passed it away but he had seen them on his way to Liam’s house.

Stiles cursed under his breath, “God damn it Tony” He whispered forcing the car to go faster, the lambo roared in response and easily Stiles began to dodge every car, ignoring the curses. But the two rogue overs didn’t give up, in fact they began a chase. One more time the little screen lighted up with Tony’s name. Stiles rolled his eyes going faster, finally leaving behind the freaking cars in a red light. Stiles madly answered the call pressing a little too hard on the screen.

“Did you seriously made two cars follow me Tony, really?” Stiles asked madly, finally slowing down when he realized no one was chasing him anymore. Tony huffed on the line, “You only count two? Cmon Stiles” Tony answered as if it was really the time to mock his brother.

But Stiles didn’t have time to answer, he had to press the brakes to the bottom, making the tires squeal against the pavement. His head lightly crashed against the sit when the car finally stopped. Stiles looked up and saw the long line of motionless cars and then the people running, running away.

“Stiles?” Tony asked unsure when he didn’t hear an answer. But Stiles wasn’t paying attention anymore, “I’ll call you later” He answered distracted as he hung up and slowly got out of the car. Almost immediately only two vans appeared behind him, pushing the brakes exactly as he had did. As soon as the cars stopped, several man in black uniforms stepped out, “Mr. Stark, we have orders to take you back home” One of them said already walking toward Stiles, who only gave him a are you stupid or something? stare that made the man stopped in his place, “Please don’t call me that”

“I am not Mr. Stark” He added walking away, the exact opposite direction from the people frantically running away came from, some of them screaming, other crying. Parents carrying their children. Stiles began to accelerate his pace, crashing against the people the closer he got.

“Mr. Sta- Mr. Stilinski!” The man yelled nervously, following him like a fucking dog. Stiles ignored the man, his heart beating faster because the nearer he got, the more he knew what was probably going on. It was the smell. A distinctive smell of burning sulfur, brimstone to be more accurate. When he heard the deep roar and saw the tall flames, he knew what he was about to encounter.
He began running, pushing the civilians out of the streets until he faced them. Black counterfactual creatures, crooked on their own feet, with red as blood, shining eyes. With hooves and long claws, sharper than werewolves ones. He began chanting in low voice, an elderly spell in old galo.

He watched pleased as the creatures stopped attacking people, his roars ceasing. This creatures were dangerous for one reason, they were able to give orders, anything they wanted and the people without will, were forced to do it but the spell was enough to make them shut the hell up. Stiles easily knocked one out when it came running toward him, he never stopped his spell, speaking louder as he got near them. He felt his hands warmer, his inner power waking up at the battle in front of him. The creatures visibly began to get madder, looking around trying to find Stiles, the spell wasn’t supposed to kill them but it was enough to make them slower, fragile, it made them powerless.

Their voice was deep and hoarse, almost as a throaty loud scream. He quickly dodge two creatures running toward him in his four limps. He finally light up his hands in fire when the monsters pounced at him, they were easily eight of them surrounding Stiles, but he had seen worse and he had been into worse.

He had find out about his abilities back in Beacon Hills and the arid doctor Deaton had actually being a good help, he had taught him about everything related with sparks, although he hated that name. The gift of controlling the elements wasn’t an easy one but he was getting good at it, still learning about it but getting damn good at it. Specially with fire, he didn’t know why but it had been a instant connection since the moment he first felt his hand on literally fire. The one he wasn’t truly good at was wind, it was too… sneaky and didn’t like to cooperate with him.

He fought against them, ignoring the scratches and punches. He provoked a tall wave of dirt hitting the ground with his fists, throwing every creature away in his pass, but they were too many of them, they had been popping one by one somewhere near but Stiles couldn’t see crap, specially when a particular big black demon jumped on top of him, making Stiles hit the ground with the beast on top of him. His mouth wide opened, showing his sharp and thin as needles fangs.

One more time Stiles began his chanting, grabbing the creatures neck with strength, squeezing until it was dead on top of Stiles who quickly shoved him away and leaned on his elbow looking up, when a sudden explosion happened beside him. Stiles turned around putting an arm over his face at the sudden light, trying to cover himself. He looked up when Iron freaking man was cruising the skies. Stiles half smiled about to stand up when he saw a hand in front of him. He widely smiled taking the hand, standing up with effort, “It was time you joined me captain” He exclaimed before clapping him in the back.

Steve shook his head, looking visibly irritated, “You shouldn’t be here” He exclaimed before
throwing his shield, hitting one of those things in the stomach with it. Stiles smiled again, taking off his jacket, “Guess who has been entreating them, until you guys decided to join me” Stiles exclaimed already walking away, throwing a big ball of fire at the one beast running toward him, he felt surprised eyes on him. He shook his head ignoring them and began his spell again, it was the only one he knew against korreds. They were creatures so old, he was sured it was the only existential spell against them. He looked around him, trying to find their source. Normally those things appeared with a ritual. It needed the enchanting, fire, blood and big rocks with special runes on it, the usual stuff for invoking demons and dark creatures. But the person behind all that, had to be powerful, it was needed a huge amount of dark magic to be around forces as dark as that one.

His brother passed flying above him, dangerously too close to his damn head. Stiles rolled his eyes but never closed his mouth, he stared as black widow and hawkeye suddenly appeared jumping out of a quinjet. Stiles kicked one korred on the leg, ignoring the sound on breaking bones and grabbed its head, easily breaking its neck. He heard Black widow’s question and the surprise behind it.

“Who the hell is this kid?” She asked as she kicked some demons butts.

Stiles rolled his eyes at the kid part, he was twenty one years old thank you very much lady. He threw a strong burst of wind making a tone of demons fly away, giving him time enough to locate their source and for Stiles not so pleasant surprise, it came from above the earth. He looked up searching for Tony, making gestures for him to get down, almost immediately Tony was in front of him and yeah, he was mad, “What the hell are you doing here Stiles?!” He asked under his mask but Stiles could hear the anger on his voice.

Stiles shook his head stopping his chanting, almost immediately the korreds began moving faster and stronger again, “Whatever you were doing, keep doing it!” He heard Hawkeye yelled as he took a strong punch right in the face coming from a demon.

Stiles took Tony´s arm gaining his attention, “We have to close that hole or more will come, keep them busy for me” He exclaimed above the noise, already running away. Tony shook his head, “How will you do it?!” He yelled rising up again above the floor. Stiles shook his head, “Leave it to me!” He answered knocking out every monster in his way, he regained his chanting again, almost smiling at the sudden thank you Hawkeye bother to yell.

Quickly, Stiles was in front of the hole, he stared at it and realized the ritual had been done in an abandoned tunnel, it once was a line used by the subway. But the person who started it was now gone. Stiles created a huge ball of water, sending it to extinguish the pentagram in bright fire. Almost immediately he heard the screams from the demons but he knew it wasn’t enough to finally defeat them. He focused and closed his eyes, feeling his connections with earth, he heard it slowly following his inner instructions, he heard the big rocks with runes on it falling and crashing against them, followed by the sad hollows of dying creatures.
Stiles felt his legs weaker and kneeled on the floor, ignoring Tonys callings. He opened his eyes and finally shut up when he knew it was over, he put his hands on the floor trying to suck some energy from it, it was an old trick Deaton had taught him back in Beacon Hills.

He felt a hand in his shoulder, he lightly turned around to see up his shoulder, it was Tony looking at him worriedly. Stiles hated that, he shook himself before slowly standing up, “You´re alright?” Tony asked quietly. When Stiles nodded with a cocky smile, Tony slapped him in the back of his head, “What the fuck are you doing here idiot, you could have been killed!” Tony exclaimed madly crossing his arms over his chest.

Stiles rolled his eyes and immediately turned around, he was too tired to explain himself, “Your welcome” He said instead, looking for his jacket, he didn't know why he had throw it away, it was a nice jacket, but the captain was watching and his stupid brain decided it was time to show off his muscles. He could almost hear Tonys cursing, “Wait a second, do you mind telling us what the hell was all that” Tony exclaimed, grabbing his arm making Stiles freeze in his place, “Can we talk about it in the tower, I feel like I´m about to pass out, I used too many energy and I left your car back there, I want it back”

“You are dead” Tony exclaimed madly following his brother, “No, no, you re gonna be the dead of me” He exclaimed even more frustrated. Stiles gave him a side way look, “I´m fine Tony, you don’t have to worry about me man, I´m not a little kid anymore” He answered tiredly finally finding his damn jacket covered in dust and dirt. Tony stared at him for a few seconds, “You know I can take you in less than five minutes to the tower right?” He asked as he crossed his arms over his chest, “Or you can just do whatever you do with you weird magic to appear somewhere else”

Stiles nodded tiredly, he wished he could tele transport himself that easily, but actually, it reacquired a lot more energy that he actually had, “Totally but am… I think we have some matters to talk about and lets just take the damn car” He answered nervously scratching his neck, just hopping Tony take the hint Stiles was willing and wanted to talk to him in complete privacy. Steve cleared his throat behind them making Tony jump, “Jesus, Steve” He hissed madly making Stiles laugh under his breath. But Steve wasn’t laughing.

“What you did was extremely dangerous” He exclaimed crossing his arms over his chest, acquiring a protective air, “Those creatures were dangerous Stiles” Steve added lowering his voice, as if he was talking to a little kid. Stiles watched his tensed arms, showing off his rigid, big muscles and he almost pass out again. He cleared his throat looking up at him, “No offense good sir but I think I kind of saved your asses” Stiles exclaimed shrugging because there was no question left he was doing exactly that.

Steve stared at him nearly open mouthed, “Language!” He exclaimed madly but Stiles was only
able to smile at the man because he was a dork. Steve was pushed away as Hawkeyes made his way to Stiles.

“Hi, I´m Clint” The man exclaimed grabbing Stiles hand, who was a little surprised at the familiarity the guy took his hand with, “Hi, Stiles” He answered with a quick smile.

“Stiles?” Natasha asked pushing Steve a little more away, who only raised his hands exasperated. Stiles waved his hand awkwardly, “What kind of name is that?” She asked staring at him as if he was a potential threat. Stiles blinked several times, “You´ll have to ask my mother” He answered with a fake smile. When no one answered he deeply sighed, “I´m Tony´s brother, the one that was supposed to arrive like in a week” He answered unsure of what to do next.

But Natasha only shook his head looking at Tony, “He wasn't supposed to know about us and our… line of work” She hissed directly to Tony as if Stiles wasn’t there. Tony rolled his eyes and stared at her, “Natasha, he’s my brother, you don’t think he’s smart or what? Of course he knows”

He crossed his arms over his chest, “Little Stark over here, hacked shield and I don’t know what else, he won’t tell me” Tony actually accused him. Stiles gave him a mad stare before whispering a quick *gossipmonger* under his breath.

Natasha turned to Stiles and stared at him as if it was the first time she was actually looking at him. Stiles just wanted to disappeared under earth at her intimidate stare, “How did you knew, what were does things?” She asked quietly.

Stiles opened his mouth and closed it again when he noticed people around them, taking pictures and crap. He turned to Tony, “Can we go please?” He asked without really asking, taking Tony´s arm with strength. His brother sighed and waved his hand, “See you in the tower guys” He answered following Stiles mad steps.

Once again in the car, ignoring all the flashes and whispering, Stiles adrenaline left him in an instant. He felt his muscles aching, but it was good to feel it again, he had missed that known aching. It remind him of the good old adventures. Tony didn’t take his eyes of him, “Are you alright?” He asked quietly.

Stiles grabbed his neck twisting it, he had always hated that feeling, the exhausted feeling that came along with the price of magic, he knew he had to pay for it, but still... he hated that feeling, “I´m fine… just tired” He answered leaning on his seat, he could feel Tony´s eyes still on him.
“Really Stiles, can you please tell me what is going on with you?” Tony asked tiredly, his voice sounding too honest and hopeful, it even surprised Stiles, who only shook his head, he didn’t want to talk about anything, about his past, his special abilities, his pack, anything, not even about Derek. He was tired from it, but his brother… he was kind enough to take him in his home, yeah he was a millionaire and crap but Stiles knew Tony genuinely care about him.

“I am a… they are called sparks” He began as he started the car and quickly took off, “They are creatures so unique and strong they only appear a couple of years, I am the first one in almost a hundred years and well… we can control the elements and crap and all that, you know magic” He rambled, waving his hand, “And lets just say, I´m deep into the supernatural world and I know all about it, well not all, but a lot of it and saying more, its just… I want to leave all that behind and forget about it” Stiles finally explained, squeezing so hard the wheel, his knuckles were white. When Tony remained silent, Stiles sighed lightly annoyed, “Say something please?”

Tony nodded slowly, “So… you’re a spark” He mumbled to himself before shaking his head and for Stiles surprise, he was laughing, “What an ugly name” He added laughing more. Stiles let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding on and laughed too, “I know, I know, what can I say” He answered staring at the road in front of him, feeling his shoulders lighter. He remembered the other matter, staying in the tower, he twisted his mouth, thoughtful, Tony only wanted to “protect” him, even tho, he was perfectly capable of it but he wasn’t doing it for him, after all it was just for a couple of months, what could go wrong.

“I’ll move in” He exclaimed surprising Tony, who blinked several times, he had caught him unguarded, “You’re serious?” He asked excited, his face lighting up. Stiles nodded feeling lightly awkward, “Sure, just one condition” He answered.

Tony nodded waiting for Stiles to proceed, “Scott has to stay with me”

He blinked again, confused, “Who the hell is Scott?”

Stiles sighed before explaining their whole history, since they where in diapers. How they had passed through everything together, his mother’s dead, Scott’s father leaving him and his mother and more. He never mentioned the recent events, the ones linked to the supernatural, it wasn’t something that he wanted Tony to know, was he being a little coward? Yes, and somehow he felt selfish but he quickly pushed his feelings away. It wasn’t his secret to tell after all.

* 

They arrived to the tower quickly after they little chat. It had felt good, another step more in their
relationship. But for Stiles unpleasant surprise, the entire avengers team was waiting for them in the living room, except for Thor. Patiently waiting, surely for Stiles explanation for everything, but they were professionals spies, Stiles was sure by then they knew everything about him, from his family, studies and well… every time he had trouble with the law.

Stiles paused for a seconds as the doors of the elevator closed behind his back, all eyes were on him. He blinked several times feeling so awkward he wanted to run away. But Tony put a hand on his back and pushed him with strength when Stiles tried to back away, he finally walked to the living room. The first one to move was Bruce, he raised his hand, “I believe we haven’t meet, nice to meet you Stiles” He exclaimed with a kind smile. Stiles remained silent and took his hand with a warm but quick smile.

Bruce cleared his throat gaining his attention again, “I see you graduate first in your class, both psychology and… medicine” The doctor exclaimed as if he was truly surprised. Stiles then realized there was tablet next to him, his nervousness grew because everyone actually knew half of his past now. He quickly shrugged it away, “I got a lot of help” He answered feeling truly stupid. He opened his mouth again, “I finished earlier high school” He explained at surely everyone thoughts of why a twenty one year old had two degrees. Bruce nodded still carefully scanning him, “Sorry for your parents” He added sounding too honest to be true. Stiles looked down, nodding with a fake smile.

Steve stared at Stiles feeling bad for the guy. The moment they had arrived to the tower, Natasha as the distrustful spy she was, dig in, finding everything she could about Stiles. Indeed he was Tony’s brother, only by father. He was raised by a different man and as his mother he had died too. Somehow it remind him about his childhood and the fact Stiles had to live that as well… it made him want to know him better.

Stiles bit his lips before nervously walking to the furthest couch, he awkwardly put a leg on top of the other “So…” He started but Natasha interrupted him stepping in, “How did you knew what were does things?” She asked exactly like before. Stiles cleared his throat, he felt so uneasy under her eyes, him and Tony shared a quick look that Natasha didn’t ignore, she narrowed her eyes even more. Stiles scratched the back of his neck and swallowed hard, “I- I have connections to the supernatural world…” He mumbled unsure, his answer seemed more like a question but Natasha only frowned harder, “How-“

“I was a very curious kid” He finally exclaimed but it was enough to make her shut up, “They were korreds” He added, getting everyones attention, which only made him more nervous if possible. Stiles looked at everyone and laid his eyes on Steve who only gave him a nod for him to proceed.

“They are very old and rare creatures, they used to live in French Brittany” He started when Clint interrupted him, “How did they got here?”
Stiles raised his finger, “Getting to that part, these creatures are dangerous for a reason”

“You mean besides those fangs and claws?” Steve asked getting nearer to Stiles, who only sent him a killer stare. “They have the ability to order people what to do and their victims are forced to do it”

Tony nodded thoughtfully, “So, if they tell you to dance, you have to dance until one of those thing tells you to stop?”

Stiles nodded with excitement, “Korred” He corrected, “And yes or until you die of tiredness” He added quietly, “The spell, incantation, whatever you want to call it, I used before, it was from an old language called gallo and only very few people know about their existence”

“The bad news” He tried to proceed.

“So… those weren’t the bad ones?” Tony sarcastically asked as he sat in the sofa, in front of his brother. Stiles completely ignored him, “The bad news, these creatures do not appear out of nowhere. You need a ritual, a very old ritual with dark magic”

Steve frowned, “So you mean…”

“I mean, someone cause all this mess and they knew what they where doing”

The room felt into an intense silence. Stiles tapping his foot repeatedly in the floor, waiting for someone to say something, he had said too much. But Tony opened and closed his mouth several times, “And this can happen any time soon?” He asked with tension, feeling the gravity of the matter. Stiles swallowed and sarcastically smirked, “Not just that, the person we are dealing with can do whatever the hell he or she wants. You need to be extremely powerful in dark magic for these kind of ritual, I have never seen one so perfectly done”

“Holly fuck” Tony whispered standing up, ignoring Steve's exasperated stare.

Stiles phone began to vibrate, taking him out of this trance, he lightly jumped and quickly took it out, he read on the screen Scottie boy, he sighed as he answered confused, but before he could even
think of saying hello, Scott was talking and loudly talking.

“Why you never told me you’re a fucking billionaire?!” Scott madly asked through the phone, louder than Stiles had wish. He gave an apology smile to the team that was staring at him lightly confused and walked away, he leaned against the large glass, watching the city pass by, “What are you talking about?” He quietly asked to Scott, who scoffed as if he was truly offended, “You’re Iron’s man brother, I mean what the hell Stiles! You made me pay even the repair of your freaking jeep” He exclaimed, playing annoyed.

Stiles opened his mouth trying to find some sense, “What?! How did you- I mean, how do you know?”

“Its everywhere man, you’re the new sensation apparently” Scott complained, it was heard in the back of the line how he pushed himself in a chair, he was probably losing his time in the clinic, instead of attending his clients. Stiles remained immobile, because it actually had sense, of course his face was probably everywhere, wondering how was a lanky guy fighting beside the avengers. And they surely already knew who he was, he put a hand on his face and he groaned against it, “I’ll call you in a sec” He mumbled with tension, already hanging up.

He immediately walked away, near to the flat tv screen, “JARVIS, please show me everything that… has my freaking face on it” Stiles politely asked, as he sat in the glass table in front of the screen, which quickly lit up showing all kind of images and they where all about Stiles and the team. They were specially tons of photos of him and Tony talking, who was suddenly on his side, “Oh my god…” He mumbled watching the screen.

Stiles dropped his shoulders and shook his head, “Damn it” He exclaimed, standing up with his hands in the back of his neck.

The doors of the elevator opened up and a tall blonde appeared through them, Tony´s eyes lit up as he walked toward her, “Pep…” He whispered with excitement. But she kind of completely ignored him and walked toward Stiles.

“Hi, I’m St-“ He was surprised by the huge hug the blonde was giving him. Stiles arm didn’t answer until seconds later.

“Oh Stiles, its so good to finally meet you” She exclaimed excited as she backed away to face him, “Your idiotic brother has kept you too long in secret”
Tony appeared beside him, “What are you talking about, you knew about him!” He complained looking between them. Pepper gave him a killer look, “Its the first time I meet your little brother in all this years!” She complained finally letting Stiles, who was truly perplex at the notice, he had no idea Tony had such a close person, aside the team. He felt a feeling deep in his stomach, just as guilty. But he didn’t ask anything, he kindly smiled at her, “Its good to finally meet you too Pepper” He answered honestly.

“Alright, alright I´m here for business” She said as she took out a tablet from her purse, she clicked some things in her tablet and a new appeared in the screen, everyone stared at it. Specially how they were referring to Stiles, they had no idea how he was related to the avengers, they where all kind of theories, boyfriend, old friend, honestly, Stiles didn’t know which one was the worse. Except he changed his mind when an old picture of him filled the screen, “Dear god…” He whispered as he recognized the picture, it was from his old license, when he was 16 years old and a freaking ugly brat.

Stiles let himself fall against the couch completely choosing to ignore Tony´s unnecessary and idiotic comment, but Stiles had to admit, he will never know why Derek fixed his eyes on him when he was a brat, “Why that picture?” He whimpered to himself as he rubbed his face, he was way too much handsome right then, he had more identifications and recents ones.

Pepper cleared her throat gaining Stiles attention, “You need to make a press conference” She explained as more things appeared in the screen. Stiles wide opened his eyes, “A press conference? But- but I´m stupid! I don’t know how to talk to people” He exclaimed feeling mortified.

“Its your best move” Steve suddenly said appearing behind the couch, putting a supportive hand on Stiles shoulder. The entire team shared a confused look. Stiles shook his head, “I always ramble like an idiot when I´m nervous and trust me, I will be, I already am!” He exclaimed standing up.

Steve dropped his hand watching him carefully with worry, he immediately looked away when Natasha gave him that stare, it was her suspicion stare. He rolled his eyes and shook his head.

“Tony can and will come out with you” Pepper said trying to light things up. Tony rolled his eyes
but finally nodded twisting his mouth when Stiles looked at him hopeful, “Great another press conference…” He whispered shutting up at Pepper´s mad eyes.

“I need to make a call…” Stiles whispered walking away. He quickly dialogued Scott´s number, almost immediately he answered, “You alright buddy?” He asked quietly. Stiles shook his head and rubbed his eyes, “How quickly can you come?”

Chapter End Notes

Thank u for the comments, I hope you like this new chalet, sorry for taking so long.
CHAPTER THREE

Two days after, Stiles was impatiently waiting for Scott in a private airport. The idiot of his friend had to arranged some business back at the clinic before coming to New York, Stiles had suspected it had something to do with Derek but he didn’t ask further. He checked the hour for fifth time in the past twenty minutes as his leg bounced with anxiety.

He felt a warm hand on his shoulder, lightly squeezing. Stiles turned and gave a quick smile to Steve, unsure why he was being so supportive with him but hey, he wasn’t complaining.

Tony watched the exchange with narrowed eyes, “Get your ugly old hand off my brother Rogers” He warned turning on his seat. Both him and Stiles rolled their eyes.

“He’s just being nice” Stiles answered distracted, playing with the radio, trying to play some music. Tony stopped texting and dropped his phone on his legs, “Leave that alone, you're gonna break it” He complained pushing Stiles hand with a smack.

“You know, you could actually learn something from him” He advised, pointing at Steve, who only half smiled nodding in complete and utter agree. Tony once more looked between them with a grin fill with disgust, he scoffed, “Be like Steve freaking Rogers…” He whispered shaking his head as if he couldn’t believe it, “What? You mean, learn to be old?”

Steve deeply sighed and pooped his head between the seats, staring directly at Stiles, ignoring for completely Tony’s presence, “Has the plane arrived yet?” He asked hopeful, at first he had thought it would be nice to ride with Stiles but of course Tony had to tag along and he was just being the same asshole he always was but Steve just wanted for Tony to no be an idiot in front of Stiles, he didn’t know why and he was not going to decipher it.

Stiles shook his head and twisted his mouth, “I think in twenty minutes it will be here” He murmured unsure, feeling a little sorry for Steve, showing an apology smile.

Tony smirked still entertained on his phone, “You said that twenty minutes ago”

Steve shook his head, Tony was a pain in the ass, “I’m gonna grow old in here” He complained leaning on his seat, closing his eyes. But he wide opened them when he heard Tony´s scoff, “Grow old all over again? Is that even possible” He asked before laughing, as if his joke had been funny. Steve pulled a face and popped his head between the seats again. Stiles got ready for the whole
“Really? it was funny the first joke but the twentieth time not so much, so just… shut up before I kick your ass” He threatened him ready to answer back if necessary.

Stiles lightly laughed gaining Steve’s attention, “And what are you laughing at?” He madly asked crossing his arms over his chest. Stiles couldn’t help but laugh harder, “You suck at this” He managed to say between laughs. When his phone rang with a message, he looked down and read it. He smiled feeling the excitement growing inside him, “He’s here” He exclaimed before quickly climbing off.

“Wait Stiles” Steve exclaimed following him. Tony was abruptly left alone in the car, he looked around him before cursing under his breath, “Goddamn it” He exclaimed annoyed closing the door behind him. He slowly walked following Steve’s steps.

“You excited?” Steve asked amused, watching Stiles from behind.

“You have no idea” He answered happily as he watched the plane land, “It has been too many weeks without him” He added, his smile growing with excitement. Steve nodded with a small smile, he could understand the feeling.

The moment the door opened and the stairs descended, Scott was quickly climbing down, back pack on his shoulder and black sunglasses on. Stiles nodded to himself and waved a hand, even from there he could see Scott’s dumb puppy smile.

“Hey man” Stiles said out loud beginning to walk, hands inside his pockets.

“Well, that was truly a good experience” Scott answered happily as he walked toward him too. Stiles smirked, “I’m glad you enjoyed it”

Even that far and with his glasses on, Stiles was perfectly sure Scott was rolling his eyes, “Yeah and thanks to you Mr. big cheap I only enjoyed it until now”

Finally face to face, Stiles was able to brightly smile, he knew it hadn’t been long since the last time they saw each other but it felted like a really long time ago, “God, I missed your bitching” Stiles whispered before hugging him. Scott laughed hugging him back, “I missed you too man”
“Now for god’s sake I need to meet Tony Stark” He exclaimed already looking around. Stiles rolled his eyes and sighed, “Sorry for not telling you earlier”

Scott twisted his mouth and shrugged, “I can understand why you didn’t tell me, I just… I don’t like the fact you thought you couldn’t do it” He answered as they walked back to Steve and Tony, who were chatting between them.

Stiles nodded looking down, he kicked a rock in his path, “I know man, I guess I just didn’t want things to change” He mumbled but immediately felt genuinely stupid, he laughed under his breath making Scott look at him side way, “Guess everything changed anyway” He added shrugging. Scott bumped his shoulder lightly, it was their sign of comfort. Finally Stiles looked up smiling, “I’m glad you’re here”

Scott stopped walking momentary, staring at Stiles with narrowed eyes, “Damn buddy, New York has changed you” He exclaimed teasing Stiles, who only rolled his eyes laughing out loud.

“Shut up, c’mon its time you meet my brother and surely my future crush and husband”

Stiles slow down the car, at the red light in front of him. He cleared his throat at the intense silence there was, apparently Scott was still in shock. Tony had raised his hand with a perfect charming playboy smile, ready to meet his brother’s best friend but Scott had stayed open mouthed in complete surprise. It had happened exactly the same with Steve.

Stiles looked up through the rear view mirror trying to catch Scott’s attention, one more time he cleared his throat and finally he looked up. Stiles almost laughed at Scott’s puppy eyes, wide open still filled with surprise. He made a head movement, trying to encourage Scott to say something, anything instead of the deep uncomfortable silence. Almost immediately Scott nodded excited.

The traffic light turned green and Stiles started the car. Scott cleared his throat gaining Tony’s and Steve’s attention, “So…” He began quietly, “Brothers huh?”

Stiles sighed closing his eyes for a second but for his surprise, Tony laughed and answered, “Yeah… still pretty impressive right?” He answered as he turned his head around to face him, “Tell me Scott, do you work?”

Stiles stared at his brother for a few seconds, feeling truly grateful. Scott nodded repeatedly,
“Yeah… I work in a vet” He answered with a bright smile.

Steve joined the conversation sounding impressed, “Really? Hows that going?”

“Well, I’m still finishing the career but Dr. Deaton has been actually a great teacher” Scott answered. Stiles immediately looked up through the mirror at the mention of Deaton, “Incredible for him right Stiles?” Scott asked laughing quietly at the inner joke. Stiles shook his head when Tony turned to him, “Who is that?” He asked.

“He’s the owner of the vet where Scotts works, no one important” He answered quickly, shoving the subject away. Scott frowned momentary but forgot about it when he remembered, “Hey Stiles, have you meet with, whats his name, you know the alp-”

Stiles cursed internally a thousand times, immediately interrupting Scott, “Liam? Yeah, everything fix with the matter, don’t worry about it buddy”

Tony and Steve shared a look at Stiles weird actitud. Steve frowned looking through the window, Derek, Liam, he didn’t know why he cared. But it was gonna probably disappeared, sooner or later, he just like Stiles to be friends with him, that was all.

The car was silent for a few seconds, “Did he guess why you came?” Scott asked quietly. Stiles remained quiet before finally nodding, “Of course he did” He answered frowning. Scott hummed in response looking away. Stiles gave him a quick look and focused on the road, he wanted, needed to know about Derek, how he was doing and feeling, it was eating him alive. He nearly cursed at his caring for him.

“Scott?” He called quietly bitting his lip.

“Yeah?”

“How is… how is he?” He asked quieter, a little afraid of the answer. It wasn’t like he wanted Derek to suffer for him but… he just didn’t want Derek to move on that easily, after all, they were together almost five years, he just wanted for Derek to be alright, better than him. Still Scott’s answered made his heart stop in pain.

Scott took a couple of seconds to answer, specially when Iron freaking man and Captain America where actually paying attention to his answer, apparently they already knew who Derek was. He could see how tense Stiles hands were, clinging to the wheel so hard his knuckles where white,
how rigid his shoulders were. He looked down feeling sorry for both of his friends, they had been such a good couple. Derek was… a mess, he quickly moved out of their old apartment and returned to his loft. The last time he saw him was two nights ago and his house was pure chaos, clothes and food everywhere. And Derek himself… long hair and beard. In few words he didn’t look good.

“I’m not gonna lie to you… he’s not good, not even a little bit” He whispered honestly watching Stiles hands squeeze harder the wheel if possible. He could smell the pain and guilt radiating for Stiles, even when his face was incredible hard faced, he would always admire Stiles poker face. He deeply sighed, “He will be fine Stiles” He assured him leaning forward, putting his elbows on his knees.

Stiles was only able to nod because he knew he was about to tear apart the wheel. He nodded again to himself, Derek was gonna be fine, sooner or later, he was gonna be.

“He knows where I am?” He asked clearing his throat when his voice sounded to harsh. Scott shook his head, “They all know Stiles, they saw you on the news”

Stiles swallowed hard and let out his breath, “Crap, right…” He mumbled cursing under his breath. He had being ignoring everyones messages and calls, he didn’t even bother to check who they were. He shook his head, “Lydia is gonna kill you man” Scott exclaimed. Stiles moaned concerned, “Oh… I know”

“But she knows, well they all know why you needed to leave” He assured Stiles trying to make him feel better, but he only shook his head, “They all understood?” He asked confused.

Scott tilted his head, “Well… its just, thats what you do” Scott answered quietly, shrugging as if it was obvious. But he shut himself up when Stiles gave him that look, “What is that supposed to mean?” He asked raising his voice.

“It means dear brother, you’re a runner” Tony answered.

Stiles opened his mouth and closed it again, he deeply sighed and pushed the accelerator, he just wanted to arrive home.

Stiles pushed the screen and the elevator doors opened, he suddenly pushed Scott inside and immediately closed them again, ignoring Tony’s callings after him. He deeply sighed, “Good evening Jarvis” He mumbled happily ignoring Scott’s confused stare.
“Good evening sir, how was the ride?”

Stiles smiled with tiredness, “Could have been worse, thank your very much. Dear Jarvis, this is my best friend Scott” He introduced politely, laughing under his breath when Scott looked around him in fear, “Now Jarvis, I need you to do something for me” Stiles asked.

“Whatever you need Stiles” He answered making Stiles smiled.

“I´m only asking you this because I don’t want you to lie to your creator, can you please do not hear the coming conversation I´m about to have, in any circumstance” Stiles indicated ignoring Scott’s even more confused stare. Jarvis remained silent for a few seconds.

“Whatever you need Stiles” He repeated and somehow Stiles knew he wasn’t listening anymore. He quickly turned to Scott, “You can’t say anything about the pack or werewolves or our past in Beacon Hills related to the supernatural, specially every time we where in danger that was… well practically all time, just don’t say anything” Stiles rambled rapidly.

Scott blinked surprised, “What you mean… you brother doesn’t know any of your crap?” Scott asked impressed, raising his voice, when Stiles didn’t answer and just looked away, Scott hummed, “Why haven’t you tell him?” He asked trying to hide his confusion.

Stiles shrugged, “For the same reason I left, its in the past, theres no point digging in it” Stiles answered climbing off the elevator the moment the doors opened in front of them. Scott followed him closely, “So they don’t know anything? Not about Gerard, the alpha pack, not even the nogitsune and how it still affects you?” Scott asked impressed at how his friend could hide those kinds of secrets, especially from his brother but it was Stiles decision.

Scott shut himself up when Stiles stopped in dry and turned on his heels, “Nothing, specially the nogitsune and I please ask you to leave it this way, if I somehow want to open my mouth, well I’ll tell it but meanwhile, its our secret”

“Just like the old times” Scott whispered to himself waiting for Stiles to opened a door to, apparently their flat, because rich people had the luxury to have several flats in a really really tall building.

Stiles nodded pushing the door for Scott to enter, he half smiled with sadness, “Just like the old times buddy”
Stiles showed his room to Scott, that was practically beside his and well he was amazed looking at the entire flat, it had everything, fancy kitchen, the living room, everything they needed and also the unneeded luxury that came along with.

After Scott finished settle in, they were carelessly talking between them in Stiles room when there was knock on the door, both men looked up.

Pepper popped her head through the door, “Have you decided yet?” She asked quietly, coming in slowly, as if she was afraid she was invading Stiles privacy. He shook his head, “Come in Pepper” He exclaimed opening the door for here, “Pepper, this is my best friend, Scott McCall” He introduced them.

Scott immediately smiled, matching Peppers bright smile and Stiles somehow felt and knew, they would get perfectly along. She turned to him again, “So… what its gonna be?”

He twisted his mouth staring at the movie they where watching and then the snacks, he just wanted to lay down and eat crap. He shook his pants from crumbs and scoffed, “Lets just fucking do this”

“I look ridiculous” Stiles mumbled looking at himself in the mirror, in the most unnecessary expensive suit ever, it wasn’t even that pretty. Pepper hummed behind him, watching him in the mirror from head to toe, “Yeah… I don’t think thats the good one” She answered as she pick other suit among the twenty of them that were scattered in his bed. Scott hummed too from his spot, sitting on the floor, charging his phone, “I agree, I don’t quite like it, other one” He exclaimed returning to his phone.

Stiles rolled his eyes as he took other suit Pepper handed him, “This is the last one, I don’t care and we only have…” He checked his watch and frowned worried, “Ten minutes until the press, oh my god” He complained walking to the bathroom. He quickly changed into the grey suit and stared at himself in the mirror, they all looked the same for him. He quickly stepped out and raised his arms.

Pepper stared at him a couple of seconds ready to talk but Stiles interrupted her, “I don’t care if either of you don’t like it, I won’t change again, I don’t care” He threatened as he searched for his shoes, when he heard Pepper scoff, “You’re just like your brother, I was gonna say thats the one, you look handsome” She answered crossing her arms over her chest.

Stiles passed a hand through his hair and smiled shyly, “Thanks” He mumbled. Pepper answered him with a bright smile before walking away, answering a phonecall.
“I can’t believe I’m gonna do this” He mumbled sitting in the edge of the bed, he put his elbows on his knees. Scott stud up and walked toward him, “Cmon man, you got this, just a couple of… personal and intrusive questions but thats all” He exclaimed clapping him in the back several times. Stiles frowned and looked up confused, Scott shrugged dropping his hand, “You know I suck at this but hey, I’ll be in the crowd watching you and whenever you’re nervous or something you can look at me and pretend you’re only talking to me” He encouraged him.

Stiles stared at the floor before turning to Scott, he didn’t even know what to say, he was just able to smile. Scott returned the gesture brightly, nodding to himself, “I know, I’m a great friend” He exclaimed offering his hand to Stiles, who gladly took before rolling his eyes, “Shut up man…” He mumbled standing up.

He looked one more time at himself in the mirror and nodded. He turned around when he heard Scott whistling, “Oh man… Lydia is calling again” He exclaimed showing his phone to Stiles, Blondie was read in the screen. Lydia’s call was only one among million others. He shook his head and threw his phone to the bed, “I’ll call her latter” He mumbled passing his hand through his hair again, at that rhythm he was gonna became bald. Scott raised one eyebrow and stared at him. Stiles rolled his eyes, “I’ll do it, I promise” He hissed hating how good Scott knew him.

“Guys, now we’re running late” Pepper exclaimed as she entered the room, sill phone on her ear. Stiles nodded quickly and got out of his room, followed closely by Scott, who was still trying to say encouraging words but in reality, it only made Stiles wanna laugh in nervousness. He turned around still walking shushing Scott when he crashed against something hard and it wasn’t a something, it was a someone.

“Oh Steve sorry” He apologized stepping back with a smile. Steve opened his mouth and weirdly stared a couple at seconds at Stiles, who only raised an eyebrow, “You alright there?” He asked before lightly laughing under his breath. Steve shook his head and cleared his throat, “Yeah, yeah sorry” He mumbled scratching the back of his neck. Stiles let himself watched the piece of man in front of him. He was wearing also a suit but his jacket was nowhere to be seen. And damn those arms, what the hell was that, it wasn’t even posible to have such muscles.

“Tonys waiting for you, he’s freaking out a little bit” Steve explained getting out of his trance. He regain his walking on his way back with Stiles right next to him and Scott behind.

“I´m gonna fuck this up- sorry screw, crap, mmm I´m gonna suck at this” Stiles rambled feeling so stupid it hurt him. Steve laughed under his breath, “Thank you” He mumbled waiting for the elevator to open, “I think you’re better than you think you’re” He added stepping inside the metal box. He leaned against the wall.
Stiles leaned beside him, “I think I talk too much and tend to screw things up” He said with half a smile. Scott hummed agreeing, “Yeah… he tends to do that” Scott added nodding repeatedly, “You should have seen him every day in high school, god teachers hated him” Scott said laughing.

Stiles smiled rolling his eyes, “Just because I was smarter than them and they all knew it” He complained bumping Steve’s shoulder when he laughed too.

Finally the doors opened and Stiles could hear the bustle of people talking, he took a deep breath and froze on his place for a second. Steve was about to stepped out when he noticed, he put a hand on Stiles lower back and lightly push him, “You got this” He whispered. Stiles stared at those blue eyes for a couple of seconds before nodding repeatedly. He walked outside with still Steve’s hand on his lower back, he didn’t mind at all.

Tony wide opened his eyes when he saw him, “Finally idiot, where have you been” He asked arraigning Stiles coat and white shirt, Steve immediately removed his hand and walked away. Stiles huffed and pushed his brothers hands away, “I’m fine, cmon idiot” He exclaimed grabbing his arm and pushing him behind the curtain.

Stiles turned to Scott when he realized, Derek was probably, surely gonna see him, one way or another, he was going to. The fact wasn’t helping to calm his nerves, “Scott!” He exclaimed waving his hand for Scott to walk toward him.

“What?”

Stiles looked everything but his friend, “You think he’s gonna watch it?” He nervously asked twisting his fingers. Scott didn’t need to hear the name to know who he referred to, he looked down, there was no point lying to him, “Yeah, I think he will” He mumbled honestly. Stiles nodded and sighed, “Alright, alright, alright” He mumbled under his breath shaking himself, “Fuck it, I don’t care, fuck it” He exclaimed pushing Scott away nodding at him.

He stepped outside the curtain and suddenly, the bright flashes were all he could see. Pepper had told him to simply smile and waved. So he dedicate himself to smile and wave, he was pretty sure he seemed constipated and just plain weird. His legs moved in automatic to his seat, he knew Tony was exactly behind him but still he couldn’t hear shit, except see the bright flashes in a blur.

He sat down behind a wide desk with a white cloth and bottles of water on it as he took deep breaths, he couldn’t even find Scott’s face. Finally the lights stopped and he was able to see, he blinked several times. Tony was already sitting beside him, talking and smiling charming. And apparently asking something to him.
“What?” He asked quietly to Tony who only raised his eyebrows and turned to the crowd, “I´m sorry he´s just nervous” He exclaimed with a bright smile and every reporter laughed as if there was something to laugh at. Tony choose a random reporter with a purple sweater.

“Are you part of the team Avengers team or will be?”

Stiles blinked several times before shaking his head, “No, not really, I´m just visiting my brother” He answered with a quick smile. Stiles choose other reporter, “Referring to the first question, you're not planing to be a copy of your brother?”

Stiles stared at the woman with wide open eyes, a copy of his brother? what?, “I´m sorry, a copy of my brother?”

The reporter nodded, “The next iron man” She explained. Immediately Stiles shook his head, he gave a look to Tony and he looked pissed, as if he was too old for his young brother to replace him, “As I said, I am not or won’t be part of the avengers team and certainly won’t be the next iron man” He answered harshly. The reporter nodded with a small smile and sat down. Stiles was hating this, especially when his brother choose other reporter and his question made his blood freeze.

“Why did you kept in secret you have a brother for all these years, was it your fathers idea or yours?”

Stiles stared at the reporter with his coldest stare, was he being serious? Asking why they kept the bastard son hidden. Tony seemed even more mad than Stiles but he still smiled with professionalism, “It was Stiles choice, not my parents or mine and I please ask all of you to keep your unwanted question about that matter for yourselves, thank you”

In a second Tony had recovered his charming smile, showing all his years of experience on those things, after all he was born in the middle of it. Stiles wondered how would his life had been if he had born in the same life, it would probably be so different, he would have missed so many things, he probably wouldn’t even had met his friends, either Derek. Tony pointed other reporter, the interview had to go on.

“Can you tell us what kind of name is Stiles?” A young reporter asked. Stiles nearly stared at her with love for not being an idiot like the other ones. He smiled, “Well, my mother born was born in Poland, she choose the name of her grandfather and its not a name anyone can really pronounce”

The girl nodded writing his answer down, “Do you mind telling us your real name?” She nicely
asked. Stiles twisted his mouth and shrugged, “I’m not even sure I say it correctly, my father was the one that came out with my nickname, ahh is Mieczysław” He answered unsure, he felt a little shy when everyone started repeating his name out loud. The crowd laughed and Stiles noticed Scott sitting in the middle, he raised his thumbs making Stiles laugh, he nodded with gratitude. He choose other reporter and for Stiles not really surprise it was a hurtful question.

“Can you just explain where did you came from? Are you only interested in Tony’s Stark money?”

Stiles stared at the guy nearly open mouthed, he watched side way as Tony prepared himself to insult the guy every way possible one more time but Stiles stopped him, he shook his head watching him dead in the eye, “It’s alright” He mumbled with a quick smile, Tony stared at him before leaning on his seat, madly looking away. Stiles could almost understand those kind of questioning, almost.

“None that is of your business but it was eight years ago that I discovered Howard Stark was my real father, every test was made and well, here I am and to answer any further questions about my brother’s money or the company, no, I do not work in Stark’s industries and I own a small percentage of the company”

The room fell into silence. Tony scoffed under his breath beside him, “More questions?” Stiles said raising his eyebrows.

Every question was more personal than the other one, to a point they asked him about his sexuality, “Excuse me?” He exclaimed watching as the reporter cheeks turned bright red, at least she felt a little ashamed, she clicked something in her phone before raising it, it was Lydia’s Instagram profile, a picture of him and Derek holding hands and smiling like idiots in love. He felt his heart stop and his blood go cold, he swallowed and look down, this had to be a fucking joke, “I think I can enjoy my sexuality, as every other person in this room without no one question it” He answered kicking Tony’s leg under the table with his, he needed this thing to end. Immediately Tony understood, “One last question” He announced, picking other reporter.

“In your records its said you were born in Beacon Hills’ A guy with glasses started. Stiles sighed with tiredness, “Your question?”

“Well, you were arrested numerous times for different reasons, including murder suspect, any comments on that?” The guy asked pushing his glasses up his nose. Stiles remained silent for a few seconds sensing the curiosity and tension in the entire room. He looked down shaking his head, this was crap and his mind was in blank.
“My father was the sheriff of the town and well… I used to stole his records from his office every chance I had and try to resolve the crimes with my best friend and we got into lot of problems for it, he would usually found us in crime scenes and well it didn’t turn out the way we expected” He stupidly answered, trying to sound as honest as posible. He could see Scott´s rigid face with his eyes wide opened. He knew he had to call off the interview.

“Thank you all for coming” Stiles said unexpected, quickly standing up. The crowd exploded into million questions and once again, hundreds of flashes. Stiles just wanted to get the hell out.

He walked and walked, still waving and smiling. Until he arrived to the elevator where Scott was waiting, bitting his nail, Stiles was able to finally breath.

“I hate crowds” Scott mumbled the second he visualize his friend, “They make all my sense blurry and confusing” He complained watching carefully at Stiles, who seemed was about to have a nervous colapse, “You did good Stiles, specially that one last question man… and the one with Derek, I mean, what the hell was that”

Stiles sighed rubbing his eyes, “I need a drink and I definitely do not need to think about Derek, everything less him” He mumbled pushing the screen several times with exasperation, he sighed, “I mean, how did that idiotic reporter even knew that, supposedly I got rid of every proof I was a suspect murder” He mumbled to himself, he shook his head, he was never doing a fucking press conference again. The door of the elevator got opened and he immediately stepped in pulling a distracted Scott by the arm, he knew Tony or even Steve were probably looking for him but he couldn’t care les.

“You did good man” Scott repeated, “You looked really handsome and you were polite and answered every question with professionalism and even I believed all your answers”

Stiles nodded, he didn’t want to talk about the stupid interview anymore, “Wanna get drunk? Well, you want to come with me and watch me get drunk?” He asked widely smiling, batting his eyelashes. Scott hummed, “Watch my best friend get ridiculously drunk as he spends vulgar amounts of money?”

Stiles laughed shaking his head, “Don’t forget with Tonys Stark money”

“You got me with that, lets go get you drunk” Scott exclaimed excited, pushing Stiles out of the elevator.
“And where do you think you’re going?” Tony asked watching his brother put on a black jacket. “You know the media will be all over you Stiles, specially these days” Tony mumbled leaning against the frame of the door. Stiles shrugged because he really didn’t care, “We are only going out for a few drinks, nothing crazy” It was a complete and utter lie.

“It was a tough conference Stiles, we did good” Tony answered instead but Stiles waved his hand, “Thank you for coming out and- you know with me, just, thanks” Stiles rambled uncomfortable. Tony remained silent and just nodded, feeling as uncomfortable as his brother was.

Stiles sat on the edge of the bed with his shoes on hand, he stared at his brother a couple seconds, it was a good opportunity to bond with him, even if it was in a night club and both of them completely drunk, “You are coming right?” He asked looking down. Tony stared him, “I know what game you’re playing” He hissed but Stiles completely ignored him, tying his shoes. He stood up and brightly smiled.

“And you can also bring the hot cap, god knows he needs to freaking party” Stiles exclaimed putting an arm around Tonys shoulders, “Cmon man, when was the last time we party together” Stiles asked ignoring the fact he knew the answer.

“Literally days ago” Tony answered with a deep sight walking out following Stiles steps, “Are you sure this is a good idea?” Tony asked, but almost immediately Stiles interrupted, “I really don’t care right now brother, so I´m gonna get drunk with or without you, your choice”  

Steve entered his room as he untie his shirt and tie. He rubbed the back of his neck and sat in the edge off the bed, he bit his nail thinking one more time about Stiles. He didn’t have a clue of what the hell was going on inside his head when it came to him. The moment he saw him in that grey suit, he knew he was in big trouble. And it had been cute how worried he was about the press conference even he did it incredible, but Steve still wanted to ask, what was all that about the suspect murder and how mysterious he was about his past. He knew it wasn’t his problem but still he wanted to know him better. He remembered the picture of him and that other guy holding hands, it was surely the famous Derek. They looked good and Stiles seemed so happy. Steve twisted his mouth, feeling something heavy in his stomach.

He sighed standing up, removing his shirt, when there was a knock on the door, he frowned as he checked the clock on the night stand, it was ten o clock in the night. He frowned harder and confused as he walked to the door, when he opened it, he was as surprised as pleasant, “Stiles?” He asked smiling looking behind him. Scott and Tony were talking between them and apparently they
all had a bottle of tequila in their hands.

Stiles words left him in the instant he saw Steve, barefoot and his shirt unbuttoned, he almost fell on his ass, “Wanna get drunk?” He managed to ask before taking a long sip, his eyes never leaving those blue ones. Steve smiled, “I don’t think I can even get drunk” Steve answered crossing his arms over his chest. Stiles almost whistled looking at his biceps stand out, he smiled looking at him head to toe, “Lets go find out big guy” He mumbled raising the bottle, which Steve gladly took.

There were advantages of being the latest notice in the city, the moment he got out of the car with Tony and Steve behind him the chain was opened for them. Scott put a hand on his shoulders with a goofy smile as they entered the bustling nightclub, he quickly took off watching the entire place. Stiles smiled and put an arm around Steve´s shoulders, “Ready to show off your dancing or what cap” He yelled above the loud music. Steve swallowed nervously at Stiles proximity, he only nodded with a smile. Stiles squeezed him against his side before walking past him.

Steve watched him go ignoring the strange feeling inside his chest.

An hour later Stiles was drunkly dancing in the dance floor, among more drunk people. Scott never left his side and how grateful he was for it. Tony and Steve remained in the table talking between them, both staring what stupid things Stiles and Scott were doing, especially Steve.

“Alright Rogers, whats the deal with Stiles?” Tony asked getting near the man with a drink on his hand. Steve frowned and sarcastically smirked, “What are you talking about?” He asked playing dumb as he took a long sip. Tony rolled his eyes, pouring more booze inside Steve´s glass, “Come on Rogers, don’t play dumb with me” He exclaimed putting his elbows on his knees.

But Steve had nothing to say to him, sure there was this intrigue, but it was hardly an attraction, not even to say a feeling, so he had truly nothing to say, “Tony, he’s your brother and he’s a lot younger than me”

Tony scoffed, “Everyone is younger than you” He exclaimed distracted watching something behind Steve, “What?” He asked turning around ignoring his bad joke. Tony nodded before a deep sigh came, “I think someone beat you tonight”

Steve frowned searching for whatever thing Tony referred to, when he noticed. Stiles was talking to a girl, bodies pressed against each other and oh my god, what was that dancing. Steve frowned and looked at Tony again, who only shrugged before finishing his drink. He suddenly stood up making little dance moves. Steve returned to Stiles and frowned harder, he was hating himself right
then for feeling that thing he didn’t even knew what it was. He shook his head and finished his drink, taking the bottle, he way needed more alcohol in his veins to be drunk but apparently he had nothing to lose, except he did.

Stiles was happily dancing when he suddenly felt a tiny body against him, he turned and saw a short brunette girl, cute and really sexy. Stiles didn’t waste time. He put his hands on her waist and pressed her harder against him, when he realized the girl was liking it. He noticed Scott’s thumbs up, smiling like an idiot with enthusiasm. He laughed and nodded before putting his head inside the girls neck, lightly kissing it. How glad he felt he was dancing in a dark nightclub with so many many people around him, no one had to noticed.

He felt some eyes on him, he looked up scanning the place when he noticed Steve and Tony still in their table. Tony was drunkly dancing on his own, really feeling the moment, but Steve. He had such a serious face, Stiles frowned confused, you alright? he mimicked. Steve opened his eyes surprised as if he hadn’t noticed Stiles was watching him. Steve quickly nodded with such a fake smile before rising a bottle. Stiles laughed under his breath, apparently Captain America, indeed could get drunk. Stiles lightly pushed the girl away and took her hand, “You want a drink?” He asked her with his most charming smile. Immediately the girl said yes.

Stiles knew he had to care she was only with him because she had seen the news, because she knew who he was but honestly Stiles didn’t give a fuck, he also didn’t care it was the first person he was flirting with since Derek, he didn’t care about anything at all. He dedicate himself to push away his guilt and pain for later, it didn’t made him any good right then.

When he arrived to the table, Tony raised his glass, yelling excited. Stiles laughed too celebrating, they didn’t know what, but something with his brother. Even the girl joined but not Steve. Stiles turned to the girl a bit confused, “What did you say your name was?” He drunkenly asked. The girl blinked several times, damn she looked worse than Stiles, “Casey” He mumbled before putting her tongue into Stiles ear, who only laughed clumsily. Tony and apparently Casey began chatting between them, laughing at every stupid thing they said. Stiles sat beside Steve, who only raised an eyebrow. Stiles frowned, “Whats wrong captain?” He asked putting an arm around him, barely touching him. But immediately removed it when Steve sighed and nearly rolled his eyes, “Alright…” Stiles mumbled walking away feeling way too bewildered.

But Steve put a hand on his arm stopping him and shook his head, “Sorry, sorry, I’m not used to so much alcohol” He exclaimed trying to blink properly. Stiles sat again staring at him worriedly, “You feeling okay?” He asked slapping him in the face. Steve rolled his eyes and pushed his hand away, “Yeah, I’m not that drunk, I still felt that” He exclaimed annoyed staring at the girl talking with excitement with Tony. Stiles noticed and looked between them, he laughed under his breath, “What? you didn’t like Casey?” He asked raising his eyebrows. When Steve shook his head, Stiles stood up, it was all he needed to know, “Alright big guy, everything you want, just give me a sec” Stiles answered standing up.
Steve knew he was being a little baby, childish, telling Stiles he didn’t like her because he just didn’t like her, instead of saying the truth, that he didn’t like her because she was with him. Steve watched as Stiles took the girl a few meters away, before literally putting his tongue inside her mouth. Steve moaned and looked away. He heard someone laughing beside him. Tony stared at him, “Yeah, cause there’s nothing there” He mumbled watching his brother and the girl eating each other. He pulled a face, damn his brother was a little rough.

“Can you please stop watching them?” Steve asked before laughing, “It’s creepy” He added still laughing, taking a long sip of his bottle. Tony laughed too under his breath, “Cmon big guy lets dance” He exclaimed, teasing Steve for the apparently nickname Stiles had used several times to refer to him.

“You know, that’s how he used to call his ex” Tony suddenly exclaimed looking for something in his phone. Steve frowned and blinked, “What?”

Tony sighed filling his glass one more time, “Derek, he used to call him big guy too”

Steve rolled his eyes and shook his head, his commentary was totally unnecessary and Steve was willing to completely ignored it. He stood up and give Tony his hand, “Cmon idiot lets dance”

As the girl sucked Stiles neck, he noticed his brother and the big cap walking to the dancing floor, where Scott was still there. He smiled staring at Steve, god, he was so bad at dancing. The girl’s lips returned to his, he kissed her deeply before stepping back, “I’ll be with my friends, see you later?” He exclaimed ignoring the girl’s surprised eyes. Stiles gave her an apology smile before he shrugged, yeah he was probably being an asshole but he got bored quickly, besides, Steve was way more fun to dance with.

He quickly walked away, dancing his way through among the crowd. Scott smiled brightly raising his arms above his head. Stiles was suddenly in front of Steve, who was a little surprised but didn’t move away. Not even when their hand or legs touched each other for a moment, neither of them seemed to care.

More dancing, more alcohol and more Steve and Stiles was all forgotten about Derek and the fucking press conference, for a night, it was a nice gift.

Until Steve literally passed out of his drunkenness. Stiles had never seen someone drank that much and he knew he was an alcoholic, still the levels of booze Steve consumed in matter of hours, he should be on a hospital instead of secretly carrying him for the back door, avoiding every paparazzi. Stiles had one of Steve’s arm around his shoulders and Scott had other arm on his and
well Tony was no where to be seen and he wasn’t answering his phone, as always he was being of so much help.

It definitely was not easy to carry a drunk super soldier, specially when he wanted to dance more and drink even more. Stiles gave a look to Scott and deeply sighed, “Man, he’s heavy as shit” Stiles mumbled trying to walk, ignoring Steve’s laughs and confused limbs. Scott pulled a worried face, “Whats if he vomits?” He asked still walking to their car. It was right in font if them and yet so far. Steve suddenly straightened up and pushed them away, “I can walk guys” He mumbled taking step by step, slowly making his way to the car.

Stiles and Scott shared a look and both shrugged, “If he says he can walk” Scott mumbled putting his hands inside his pockets, “What happened with the girl?” He asked after a few seconds of silence with curiosity why his friend missed an opportunity of being with someone else. But low-key Scott already knew the answer. Stiles shrugged and shook his head, “I kissed her and thats it, I got distracted” He answered frowning, indeed he had gotten distract and nothing more and nothing less for the drunk man awkwardly walking in from of them.

Scott gave a side way look, “Distracted for the same reason I think?”

Stiles smirked, “What do you think?” He mumbled before turning to him, laughing under his breath, “I don’t know man, it doesn’t feel good, I feel like somehow I´m still betraying him” He added.

Scott nodded, he could relate to that, “Yeah I know what you mean but trust me, it goes away, sooner or later, it goes away” Scott exclaimed before bumping his shoulder. Stiles was about to answer when they heard a loud noise in front of them. Stiles looked up and realized Steve had fallen into his ass and Tony and the girl? What the hell was Casey, Stiles remembered, doing there and helping Steve stand up. Him and Scott shared a look before walking faster.

Tony raised his arms, “Really? You guys let him walk alone?” He exclaimed before crossing his arms over his chest playing mad. Stiles taking advantage Casey was still distracted he took him by the arm and pulled him away, “Really? The girl I kissed and ditched?” Stiles answered back looking between them. Tony only rolled his eyes, “Yeah, what was that? She’s really nice and pretty” He exclaimed clapping Stiles in the back, “We bumped into each other outside the bathrooms” He explained.

He gave him a killer stare, “I´m gonna tell Pepper” He threatened raising his finger but Tony only stared at him. Stiles sighed and looked down, “I’m not ready alright? I can’t” He finally said irritated, lightly hating his brother for making him say his feelings out loud. Tony twisted his mouth and remained silent, “Are you sure?” He asked quietly putting a hand on Stiles shoulder but he just nodded, “Yeah, I’ll will tell her, don’t worry” He said to Tony before walking away.
She was still helping Steve remain on his feet. He stared at Scott, “Why is he not inside the car?” He madly asked taking Steve’s arm, who scoffed, “You know, I’m drunk, not deaf” He rambled annoyed snatching his arm free. Stiles sighed and turned to girl, “Casey…” He nervously started, wishing he had drunk way more alcohol for this crap. But the girl raised her hand and half smiled, “I get it, I can see it” She whispered before winking at Stiles, who only smiled and put a hand on his chest showing his gratitude.

The three idiots watched her leave. Steve frowned staring at Stiles with confusion, “What does she gets?” He asked finally letting himself being carried inside. Stiles shook his head, “That I’m not ready for this crap” He answered before closing the door. Steve was abruptly left alone inside the car. He was drunk, he wasn’t stupid, even him in his condition could understand he was just losing his time, feeling this… intrigue for a person that had just finished a five year old relationship with its first love. He leaned his head against the window and sighed, it was useless, whatever stupid crap was going inside his chest, it needed to stop, he knew it, his sober him knew it and also his alcoholic him knew it, it needed to stop.

“Cmon Tony” Siles exclaimed opening the door for his brother. He was the only one missing. Tony showed him the finger as he talked on the phone. Stiles rolled his eyes and climbed inside the car, he closed the door behind him and stared at Steve, he was completely passed out, loudly snoring with his mouth wide opened. Stiles laughed under his breath taking out his phone and taking a quick picture.

“I am not carrying him inside” Scott warned raising his finger. Stiles scoffed and leaned on his seat, watching as the sun began appearing in the skyline, it had been a pretty good night.

Finally Tony climbed inside, he gave a quick smile to Stiles, who only rolled his eyes, “It was about time” He complained crossing his arms over his chest. Tony was about to reply when he noticed Steve, “Alright, I´m not carrying him inside, less if he throws up” When they finally arrived to the kitchen, Steve still passed out, the sun was completely out. Natasha was already on her uniform, ready for her mission, eating breakfast. She raised a perfect eyebrow watching the four idiots entering according to them with discretion. Tony gave him a charming smile, she just rolled her eyes, watching as they carry Steve to his room.

Stiles leaned on the elevator as this went up, Steve one more freaking time thought Stiles was his bed or pillow because he put an arm around his neck, he felt his warm breathing against his skin. Stile took a deep breath ignoring his excitement, “Something wrong?” Tony asked mocking him making Scott laughed under his breath. Stiles sighed putting his head against the wall, “I hate you all” He mumbled but couldn't help his smile.
As soon as the doors were opened they exited quickly. Tony was the one that lost in scissors, paper, rock and supposedly the one to put Steve into bed. But the moment they entered the room, Tony carelessly dropped Steve in the edge of the bed making him fall against the floor. The three stared at Steve still deeply asleep, his face against the floor.

Stiles titled his head and hummed, “He looks comfortable”

Scott nodded beside him before shrugging. “Yeah, I really don’t care, I’m not picking him up” He exclaimed already walking out. Tony shrugged too and followed Scott and well who was Stiles to carry the captain on his own. He quickly walked out, carefully closing the door behind him.

For his surprise Tony was waiting for him outside, “I have news, I really don’t know how you will take them, apparently Scott got excited”

Stiles sighed as he waited for the elevator, if Scott had gotten excited with the news he was pretty sure he was gonna hate it, “What is it?” He asked with tiredness, god he needed a nap. Tony slowly shook his head, “Well… its a gala thing…” He mumbled unsure, specially when Stiles stared at him, “What?” He asked frowning, “I was talking to the sponsors earlier, we have to go, its a gala” He explained twisting his fingers, at Stiles deep silence, Tony sighed annoyed, “Its too recall fonds for some cause, its an annual thing, I don't know what the cause of this year” Tony rambled putting his hand inside his pockets, “But well, Stark industries is the one financing and well you are a Stark so…”

Stiles pulled a face and shrugged, “I really don’t care right now, talk to me in a couple hours and I’ll have your answer” He exclaimed as he entered the elevator, he just needed to sleep. Tony opened his mouth but Stiles was already out of his sight.

“Right…” He whispered to himself, walking away. He needed some sleep too, Pepper was gonna kill him.

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There was a loud knock on his door, Stiles moaned as he hid his head under the pillow. He groaned loud enough to make sure the person knocking on his door took the hint and get the fuck out but it didn’t disappear. Stiles threw his pillow away feeling way too annoyed, “What?!” He asked with gritted teeth. Slowly Steve popped his head through the door, immediately Stiles anger left him.
“Steve?” He asked unsure as he scattered between his sheets looking for his black shirt, “Can I come in?” Steve asked quietly, really shyly. Stiles blinked several times and put his shirt on when he finally found it, “Yeah, yeah sure come in” He exclaimed standing up, remembering he was on his boxers but it was too late. Steve was already in and he looked like crap.

“You look like crap” Stiles exclaimed honestly staring at the deep purple circles under his eyes. Steve cheeks passed through every color until they were deep red, “I’m sorry, you were asleep, I’ll just…” He mumbled already walking out. Stiles shook his head a little surprised and followed him out, “No, no, I was already awake” He lied with a smile. When he noticed Steve still looking everywhere but Stiles, he then realized.

“Oh, oh, I’ll put my pants on” He mumbled awkwardly under his breath before quickly walking to his room. His room was a complete mess, they where clothes everywhere, dirty, clean, new, a complete dirty mess. He actually took a couple of minutes to find a clean and decent pair of pants.

When he returned Steve looked more relax but still looked like shit, he seemed so out of place and tired, Stiles wanted to laugh.

“You alright?” Stiles asked as he opened his fridge, looking for something to drink. Steve only nodded making Stiles frown, “Come on man, it was a good night” He exclaimed taking out the orange juice. Steve nodded again making Stiles sighed.

“What’s on your mind?” He asked pouring the liquid into two glasses. Steve accepted his with a quick smile, “I feel like shit” He finally murmured looking so out of the blue, all Stiles was able to do was laugh. Steve shook his head, “I’m not supposed to feel like shit” He exclaimed taking a sip.

Stiles nodded, he could perfectly understood the feeling, “Look, hungover hits everyone, even a super soldier. But probably in twenty minutes you’ll be as perfect as always” He assured Steve, who only raised his eyes at the perfect word Stiles had just said.

“Perfect?”

“Well… yeah, your immune system is almost perfect” Stiles answered as if it was obvious, “Oh… right” Steve replied taking a sip of juice, he sat down when he felt his stomach switch. Stiles stared at him a few seconds, he suddenly stood up opening the fridge again, “I don’t know if this will help you but its actually a really effective cure” He mumbled distracted looking for the bottle of vodka he kept in, “Aha!” He exclaimed taking it out.
“Oh my god, no” Steve exclaimed looking away with disgust. Stiles scoffed and rolled his eyes, “Come on, just a sip, its supposed to make you feel better, it really works, I promise”

Steve watched as he poured a little bit in his empty glass, he swallowed hard accepting the glass, “Come on big guy” Stiles insisted watching him trying not to laugh. Steve stared at him a few seconds, he remembered what Tony had said the night before. He used to call this guy Derek the same way, big guy. A stupid coincidence, Steve was sure, something not worth digging in.

Without any more further thinking, Steve took it quickly, he coughed at the burning sensation in his throat. Stiles smirked as he himself took a sip. “Refreshing right?” He asked waving his eyebrows before taking other sip. Steve stared at him still with disgust, “You have a problem” He exclaimed before laughing.

Stiles opened his mouth playing offended when he just shrugged and nodded, “Yeah… I think I do but hey as long as I enjoy it” He exclaimed raising the freezing bottle, taking other sip.

“My god, you want to kill yourself or what?” Tony exclaimed with disgust as he slowly entered the room, rubbing his eyes. Stiles smirked pouring juice on other glass, “Good morning sunshine” He exclaimed passing him the juice, way more happily than Tony could handle.

“I think you mean afternoon” A deep and tired voice spoke. Clint appeared through the elevator, with his uniform covered in dirt and well apparently dried blood. Tony frowned, “Are you just coming back from your mission?” He asked watching the man dropped himself in the chair beside him. Clint hummed a poor yes and put his head against the cold table, “I hate work” He complained, he looked up again, watching everyone, they all looked worse than him, “And what happened to you guys?” He asked but shook his hand when he saw the bottle of vodka in Stiles hand.

“Ahg, never mind, you guys partying and I working” He falsely complained stealing Tony´s glass, who was too tired to fight back for it. Clint pulled a face, “Is there food in this place?” He asked.

Stiles sighed and left the bottle on the table, “Just give me a sec…” He mumbled before walking toward Scott´s door, “Scott!” He yelled banging the door, making Steve lightly jumped in his seat but Stiles was actually right about the sip of booze, he was, in fact starting to feeling better, at least his head wasn’t spinning anymore.

The door wide opened and Scott walked outside in his underwear and his hair in a perfect mess. He
was rubbing his eyes, not realizing half of the avengers team was sitting in his kitchen, staring at him. Stiles stared at him feeling too, sorry for his friend but hiding his laugh, “Why you always wake me up like a crazy bitch” He complained stretching when he turned and realized there was people in there.

Scott wide opened his puppy eyes, “Stiles!” He said out loud running to his room, it almost made Stiles feel bad but he heard the other laughing too. He sat on the table again and turned to Clint, “He’s my best friend Scott, he will cook for us” He explained still lightly laughing.

After a couple of minutes Scott stepped outside wearing only his black shorts and his cheeks deep red. Stiles smiled playing innocent, “I´m sorry buddy, this is Clint” He whispered introducing them. Clint smiled at the man with empathy before clapping his back, “Nice to meet you man, sorry for laughing” Clint said honestly.

Scott was only able to shake his head, “Too early for this shit” He mumbled rubbing his eyes, “Nice to meet you too” He added waving his hand. Stiles tapped him in the shoulder, “Can you please, please prepare breakfast?” Stiles asked batting his eyelashes, brightly smiling. Scott pushed him away and sighed, “Anyone else ask me and I’ll say yes”

After Scott finally finished serving breakfast and a lot of it, he was used to cook for werewolves, Tony decided it was the best time to announced the gala. But he noticed someone was missing, he frowned, “Where is Bruce?” He asked cutting a piece of bread. Clint hummed with food on his mouth, “He left with Nat, don’t know what for, you all know how she is” He mumbled more entertained in his breakfast.

Tony nodded, “Well guys, guess what” Tony asked with false happiness waving his eyebrows. Stiles let out his breath and rolled his eyes, he had forgotten about the gala thing, he twisted his mouth and let his brother carry on.

“Gala time!” He exclaimed waving his hands. Everyone, even Scott, stared at him with laziness, it seemed his excitement had left him. Tony shrugged, “You know its to raise funds guys, what can I say” He mumbled pushing his empty plate away. Clint shook his head, “I hate those things, they’re extremely boring” He mumbled.

Scott hummed playing with his food, “Cmon it can’t be that bad” He exclaimed trying to cheer everyone up, even himself.

Actually it could be.
CHAPTER FOUR

Stiles moaned in concern as he watched the crowd through the window of his car, all those flashes and unknown people, yelling in excitement and surely more reporters, he did not want to deal with more reporters. Scott clapped him in the back trying to comfort him, “Cmon man, everyone´s waiting for us and your brother said he wanted us early” Scott exclaimed before looking at himself in the mirror, arraigning his messy hair. He took a moment to check his golden watch, “Stiles we arrived an hour late! Come on man” He exclaimed shaking Stiles arm with strength, taking him out his trance “Your brother is going to kill us”

Stiles took a deep breath and shook his head, there were times in trouble the only thing someone could say was simply say fuck it. Stiles nodded to himself and shook his head again, he opened the door and the hustle and cheering filled the car with its loud volume. Him and Scott shared a quick look, “Fuck it” Stiles exclaimed one more time and climbed off the car. Scott deeply sighed, “Fuck it” He repeated following his friend´s steps.

Immediately Stiles felt every camera on him, the flashes dazzled him and he quickly grabbed Scott´s arm, momentary feeling a panic growing inside him, but Scott just stared at him and shook his head, he muttered something Stiles couldn’t understand and next thing he noticed, was the dickhead of his friend pushing him forward, directly to the wolves mouths. *Wave and smile Stiles, wave and smile.*

He politely ignored every reporter with more absurd questions. He even heard someone asking if Scott was his date for the night, he nearly laughed in the reporter´s face. Not to say Scott´s cheeks turned deep red.

“Almost there buddy” Scott muttered behind him, near his ear. Stiles looked up and realized they had reached the top of the stairs, a golden pair of doors raised tall from above their heads. Stiles let out his breath impressed, his brother knew how to throw a party. Scott looked around him too, “Damn” He exclaimed excited. The door suddenly opened and a pretty mad Tony made his way out, wearing a dark blue suit. He angrily stared at Stiles, “You’re one hour late!” He hissed before smiling and waving when the cameras turned in their direction.

Stiles rolled his eyes letting himself be dragged inside the building where it was much calmer and way too elegant for Stiles taste, but he had to admit it, his brother had a good taste. Stiles scoffed, “So was Scott” He exclaimed annoyed, grabbing his brother´s arm when he tried to walk away. He began fixing Tony´s twisted tie.

Tony deeply sighed, “You’re an idiot” He exclaimed raising his head, giving more space to his
brother to finish. Stiles hummed, stepping back from him, “Yeah well, I’m your brother so that’s makes you an idiot too, family genes”

At least Scott laughed under his breath at Tony’s exasperated stare, “Just move” He hissed pushing the two of them. Stiles swallowed trying to stop for a few seconds, “Wait Tony-“ He tried but suddenly they were inside a large room filled with tables and people, fancy people staring at them. Stiles froze on his place before taking a deep breath. *Fuck it*, he remembered and started walking behind his brother, politely greeting and smiling at everyone. Tony lead them to their table, where the team was seating, but Steve was nowhere to be seen.

With shaky legs Stiles sat between Natasha and Bruce, who frowned, carefully staring at him, “You alright?” He asked quietly, making sure only Stiles heard him. Stiles shook his head raising his hand, gaining a waiter’s attention, “A double vodka please, neat” He ordered with a quick smile, he finally looked at Bruce and sighed, “I hate all this” He admitted, tapping his finger against the table as he looked around him, faces and names mixing inside his head.

Bruce hummed, “You keep it under control pretty well” He exclaimed before taking a sip of his own drink. Stiles faced him and frowned, “Sorry?”

“You’re deficit of attention, you seemed to keep it under control” He started, “I read it on your files” He explained at Stiles confused eyes.

Stiles opened his mouth, surprised, of course he had read it on his files. He frowned lightly confused, he was pretty sure no one had noticed, “You really think so?” He asked smiling but immediately felt a little stupid, after all he was talking to a master of control. He tilted his head, “Sorry, sorry, thanks” He mumbled honestly. Bruce lightly laughed, smiling at him too.

The waiter appeared again and quietly left the drink on the table. Stiles muttered a thank you and immediately took it into his hands.

“I hate this kind of events too, if I’m honest” Bruce suddenly exclaimed as he looked around him, “It’s too loud, too many people talking and laughing, it’s confusing” He murmured waving his hand, he huffed as if he had remembered something else, “And the damn reporters” Bruce exclaimed shaking his head. Stiles nodded in complete agreement, “I know and all Tony and Pepper say is wave and smile, wave and smile, I’m pretty sure I look like a psychopath”

Bruce laughed under his breath, “Actually you don’t, you look a little freak out, out of the blue, but
leaving all that behind you do it pretty well, for a beginner”

Stiles raised his glass, lightly impressed Bruce was being such an enjoyable companion, “Cheers for that” He exclaimed smiling when Bruce raised his glass too and click it against his. Tony and Pepper suddenly appeared behind them, “Cheers for what?” He asked, quickly stealing Stiles drink with a snatch.

Stiles send him a glare and smiled pleased when he pulled a face filled with disgust and left the drink back on the table with nausea, he stared at Stiles with sickness. Stiles shrugged playing innocence, “That will teach not to steal other people´s drinks ever again” He teased waving his glass before standing up to greet Pepper.

Stiles turned to her and whistled, looking at hear head to toe, she was a wearing a blue dress that matched Tony´s suit, “You look gorgeous” He mumbled before kissing her in the cheek. Tony scoffed putting an arm around her waist, “Get your own” He hissed sarcastically making Pepper laughed. Stiles rolled his eyes, “Cmon Ton, you know what I like” He answered taking a long sip. Tony scoffed again, “That is not what I saw the other night”

Even Bruce looked up at them with curiosity, paying attention at the gossip. Stiles opened his mouth playing offended, “How dare you?” He asked stepping back, he smiled and turned to Bruce, “He saw me kissing a girl and well, he realized I´m more good looking than him” Stiles explained taking his glass from the table. Bruce laughed looking between them as if he was deciding something, he finally nodded tilting his head, “Yeah, I think he´s more handsome than you” He mumbled quietly.

Tony stared at him before rolling his eyes, ignoring Stiles drown laugh. Tony clapped him in the back and pushed him away, “Shut up, its time you meet some partners”

Stiles waved at Bruce and disappeared among the crowd.

Half an hour later, Stiles was ready to drop and run. He couldn’t stand meeting someone else, he couldn’t do it anymore. He had met so many people, he didn't even remembered their names or their faces, while half of them were nice to him, the other was pure gossips and long stares. He grabbed Tony´s arm ready to tell him he would bail on him, but his brother, immediately had pushed him away. He frowned annoyed and surprised, he was about to push him back when suddenly, a young man in black suit was standing in front of them. A beautiful blonde curly hair young man. Stiles raised one eyebrow at his brother, who only showed a perfect cheeky smile, “Wanted to say something?” He asked under his breath. Stiles looked down, his brother was an idiot.
“Stiles this is Thomas Cane and his son, Gabriel” Tony introduced them, “Gentleman, this is my brother, Stiles”

Politely Stiles grabbed both hands with his most charming smile. The old man, Mr. Cane, was a short bent man, with grey hair and overjoyed eyes, Stiles liked him immediately. Mr. Cane showed him a kind smile, revealing his numerous wrinkles, “It was time we meet the mysterious little brother Stark” He exclaimed grabbing Stiles hand with his shaky ones, “Tony always talks about you”

Stiles raised his eyebrows impressed, he smiled pleased, “Is that so?” He asked gladly, specially when Tony rolled his eyes. The man nodded excited, “He always says only good things about you”

Before Stiles could answer, Tony stepped in, he cleared his throat, “Come on Thomas stop it, it will go to his head” He exclaimed clapping him lightly in the back. Stiles rolled his eyes, it was already on his head.

The old man put a hand on his shoulder’s son, as he carefully took a slow step, “Well, personally, I can’t wait to make business with you Stiles” The man said, already walking away. Gabriel smiled at them politely and waved. Stiles returned the gesture, watching the man´s back and his pretty good ass. He smiled pleased.

As soon as they where out of sight, Stiles faced Tony and raised his arms, “You did that on purpose, why wait this long? ” He asked annoyed. But Tony only shrugged playing innocent, “I thought you weren’t ready?”

Stiles narrowed his eyes, “Low blow, really low blow” He hissed madly. Tony laughed and put an arm around his shoulders, “I’m messing with you”

“You're just a complete idiot”

Tony scoffed, “What? Come on, did you want me to miss that look in your dumb face, besides the guy looked like he was eating you alive” He mumbled waiving his eyebrows with excitement. Pepper nodded catching up with them, “Its completely true, I saw it. Besides he’s really cute”

Stiles narrowed his eyes looking at them, “Is he even gay or something?” He asked feeling half hopeful, half doubtful, maybe an innocent flirting wouldn’t be so bad, besides he was bored as hell.
Tony shrugged, “Well, if he wasn’t, now, we’re sure as hell, he is” He answered. Stiles shook his head and smile, “You’re such a good brother” He exclaimed putting an arm around Tony’s shoulders, who only rolled his eyes, “Get off me” He exclaimed laughing under his breath. Stiles squeezed him with strength before letting him go.

“But first of all, I need other drink” He mumbled waiving his empty glass to Tony, who only muttered something back, not really caring, “Make good choices” Stiles heard Pepper advising him. He walked away until he found the bar. Fortunately it was almost empty, beside than a old couple chatting between them. He sat far away from them and leaned his elbows against the table, immediately the bartender was in front of him, “What can I get you sir?” She asked with a bright smile.

Stiles returned the gesture, “Double vodka please”

“I would be careful with those if I were you” Someone said behind him. Stiles turned around, surprised at seeing Gabriel, smiling at him, hands inside his pockets. Stiles smirked clearly entertained, “I can tell you don’t know me at all”

Gabriel narrowed his eyes but didn’t dare to answer back. The bartender cleared her throat trying to gain Stiles attention, “Give me other one of this please” He asked as he handed his drink to Gabriel, who gladly took it. He reached the glass to his lips, never taking his eyes off Stiles. Who was he kidding, Gabriel was gay to the bone. And well who was Stiles to say no to an only innocent flirting.

Steve returned from his meeting with a partner to find the table almost empty. Natasha and Bruce were privately talking between them and Clint was nowhere to be seen, he was surely doing some spy work, hidden in the roof with his paranoid. He sat beside Scott, who was quietly talking on the phone, he seemed tensed and worried. Steve frowned confused, specially when he rapidly hung up and gave him a quick smile, playing dumb, but Steve didn’t ask, their friendship wasn’t in that level. He looked around searching for… saying his name even inside his head was accepting the fact he wanted to see him and well Steve was in complete and utter denial.

He heard Scott scoffed beside him. Steve turned and raised his eyebrow questioning him, “Tony took him to meet some people like an hour ago I think” Scott explained, nearly laughing at Steve’s perplexed eyes.

“I wasn’t-“ He tried to say but closed his mouth when Scott rolled his eyes, “Come on man, I don’t blame you, if I were gay and not his best friend since little kids I would probably be attracted to him too” He mumbled, shrugging as if it was obvious Steve felt an attraction to Stiles. Apparently they were in that level of friendship.
Steve suddenly felt exposed, he stuttered for a few seconds before finally speaking, “I don’t feel attraction for him” He immediately exclaimed. Scott tilted his head, he knew Steve wasn’t lying, he could hear his heart. But he wasn’t saying the complete truth either, “Alright then, tell me you don’t even feel a fraction of attraction for him or I don’t know, curiosity at least” He said teasing the man.

Steve sighed feeling he was being challenged, “I don’t feel anything” He said slowly but Scott smirked, he could hear his heart skipping, “You’re lying” He exclaimed before laughing under his breath. He took a sip of his drink before explaining at Steve’s surprised face, “I have a way… to detect liars and you my friend are one of them” He mumbled pointing at him with his glass.

“Captain America a liar?” Stiles exclaimed looking between them with curiosity, “Thats like insulting this country, Scottie boy”

Scott smiled before shrugging, “I don’t know what you’re talking about Stilinski” He exclaimed. Steve stared at him feeling so grateful he smiled. Scott winked at him before turning to Stiles and only then they noticed someone beside him. They remained silent for a few seconds before Scott raised his eyebrows and cleared his throat.

Stiles opened his eyes and lightly jumped, “Oh right, guys this is Gabriel” He introduced awkwardly pushing the guy to the front.

Gabriel half smiled and waved, “This is Steve and Scott” Stiles said before sitting beside Steve, curly guy right beside him. Steve stared at the blondie guy, before turning to Scott, they shared a quick stare. Scott only shrugged, clearly as impressed as Steve was. He shook his and leaned on his seat, this sucked, completely sucked. He felt when Scott lightly touched his leg with his. Steve shrugged and shoved it away.

“I’m going for a drink” He mumbled standing up, Stiles gave him a weird look but didn’t say anything. Steve disappeared between the crowd in a blink of an eye.

“Is he alright?” Stiles asked frowning, watching the way Steve had just disappeared. Scott shrugged and blinked several times, “I think he’s just bored” Scott said when he felt his phone ringing inside his pocket again. His shoulders tensed for a second and he nearly growled out loud. He slowly took it out and one more time it was Derek calling. Scott shook his head and stood up, he waved his phone to Stiles as he walked away, who only nodded with a smile.
He watched his friend leave too, phone on ear. He regained his attention back to Gabriel, he quickly smiled as the man talked and talked and honestly Stiles wasn’t even paying the proper attention to him. If Scott thought he didn’t notice how tense he got with every phone call he received, well he was an idiot. He didn’t like the fact his best friend thought he had to hide who was calling him, he didn’t care if it was Derek or someone else but he didn’t like to see him that strained without doing nothing.

For the third time in ten minutes, Gabriel talked about his father company; how it was thriving and what a big role he played in it and how important his market stall was. Stiles almost rolled his eyes, if he was bored before right then he was about to past out of pure boredom. He finished his drink in a quick sip, immediately he raised his hand ordering other one. He kept nodding and laughing when he was supposed to. But Scott never appeared again and he was beginning to despair.

“Would you excuse me for a sec?” He asked interrupting the guy, who only blinked and nodded repeatedly, as if he had noticed he never stopped talking about him. Stiles gave him a smile and stood up, he quickly walked away, wandering through the tables, looking for Scott. Greeting briefly whenever someone tried talk to him. He finally exited the room, closing the door behind him with a soft click. He looked around him, the golden hallways were tall and wide, filled with numerous expensive paintings. There were deadly quiet, compared to the dinning room, almost empty except for service people carrying trays of food or whatever the client asked for.

He kept wandering inside the long hallways, until he found a pair of glass doors conducting to a large garden.

Knowing Scott he was probably there, at least he was hoping he was, he had looked everywhere. Stiles entered slowly, enjoying finally some fresh air, he looked up at the night sky and took a deep breath, he could nearly see the stars, it was a nice reminder of Beacon Hills for a change. He sighed and looked around the garden, “Scott?” He hopefully called out loud. He didn’t find the one he was looking up but ended up finding much more.

“Stiles?” Steve asked unsure turning around when suddenly Stiles appeared between the bushes. He raised his eyebrows surprised and put his hands inside his pockets, “Hey” He answered quietly, a smile playing on his lips. They remained in an awkward silence until Stiles spoke again, “I’m just looking for Scott” He explained uncomfortable, he didn’t even knew why he felted uncomfortable. Steve made him feel that way, awkward and clumsy as if he was still a teenager.

Steve nodded, “Haven’t seen him” He answered before turning around to the view again. Stiles nodded confused and turned around ready to leave and let the man be, when something hold him back. He stopped in his tracks and hesitated, “You… you wanna get out of here?” He finally asked
quietly, as if he was planning a mischief, honestly a little afraid of his answer, “What do you say Captain?” He added when Steve didn’t say anything.

Steve stayed quiet and looked down, “And your date?” He asked before smirking, angry at himself for even asking. Stiles rolled his eyes, mocking Steve, that couldn’t even count as a date, “What date? That guy? I just met him, Tony introduced us twenty minutes ago, he’s not as half as interesting as he seems, trust me” He answered getting near to Steve, who only hummed, “You’re gonna bail on him?” He asked shaking his head but he had a smile on his lips. Stiles smirked and looked away, “You make me sound so awful” He exclaimed before taking his phone out showing his chat with Tony, “He can cover me up” Stiles assured him typing a quick message to his brother. Steve stared at those long fingers, quickly typing but didn’t dare open his mouth.

“What do you say big guy?” Stiles asked putting his phone away.

They fell into a comfortable silence as they looked at each other. Only the light breeze was heard and the awake city, finally Steve shrugged, “Why not?”

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“Well, that was extremely easy” Stiles exclaimed as he quickly got inside his car behind the wheel, he almost felt like a teenager escaping from school. Steve looked around them, the parking lot was completely empty, which was stupid, it was filled with the most expensive and newest cars of city.

“When Tony realizes you’re gone, he will kill you” He warned Stiles as he climbed inside the car too. But Stiles completely ignored him starting the machine, he smiled pleased when he heard the engine come to life, “Us, he’s gonna kill both of us” He corrected before quickly taking off, giving Steve a big bright smile.

Steve shook his head, he couldn’t believe why it ever would crossed his mind the simple idea of listen to Stiles and he was right, Tony was gonna kill them both and to made it worse, he was gonna bother him with his feelings just like the other night, “And I thought Tony was the crazy one”

Stiles smirked as he incorporated the road with rapidity, “I think you underestimate me Rogers” He exclaimed dodging every car in front of him.

Steve gave him a look and remained silent, indeed he did and apparently he still did.
“So… wanna go, I don’t know, eat something?” Stiles asked distracted after a couple of minutes just driving in silence, enjoying the ride, it had always been one of Stiles favorite things to do, drive in complete silence in the night when the streets were deserted. Steve bit his nail thinking why he let himself be dragged into this situation when he knew better, he had to known better since the night at the club. He did remembered everything that happened, even if he got ridiculously drunk, he remembered the girl. Stiles was not available and he had said it several times and all he wanted was to be friends with Steve and he wanted that too but… how was he going to accomplish that by getting into the car with him, specially alone in the night. He needed boundaries, if he wanted this… curiosity to leave, he needed boundaries and big ones.

Stiles spoke again before Steve could tell him it was better to simply return to the party, “Oh my god… I know where I´m gonna take you” He gasped as he remembered that little place his father took him once in a trip. He just hopped it was still opened.

Steve shut his mouth close and watched the streets passed by, something was telling him it was better to tell Stiles to stop the car and return before anyone noticed they were gone, but on the other hand, Steve was happy to be with him, it was just so damn confusing and he was so hardheaded he hated himself, he always had to overthink everything.

Ten minutes later Stiles parked in front of a little coffee place. He smiled with excitement watching the bright sign with yellow light, “My father brought me here once when I was little” He mumbled without thinking, when Steve gave him a glare, Stiles cleared his throat, “I mean not my father father, the other one who raised me” He mumbled awkwardly hating himself with every passing minute, hoping he shut the hell up, he choose to simply climb out.

Steve deeply sighed watching him leave, big boundaries, big huge boundaries, he remembered himself.

A bell was heard as Stiles opened the door, a bright dumb smile printed on his face as he looked at the restaurant. The place was mostly empty, only a couple on a corner and a few other people, other than that, the place was comfortably in silence and it was the same as Stiles remembered, the same homey feeling. It didn’t matter Stiles was only ten years old the last time he was there, it felted as if it had happened the day before. He turned excited to Steve, who was still under the frame of the door, looking around “Come on” Stiles exclaimed taking his hand pulling him inside. Steve let himself be dragged with a small smile on his lips.

After Stiles happily ordered half the menu and a freaking milkshake wight milk light, he was watching his figure thank you very much. He put his elbows on the table and leaned his head on his crossed hands, he stared at Steve’s blue eyes, “So… tell me about you” He impulsed Steve
to say something, he had been so quiet the entire night. It would almost amazed Stiles how weird he was, one moment he was talking and laughing with him and in the other it was as if Stiles had done something wrong.

“About me?” He asked surprised before shyly laughing, “What else can you know about me, I mean-”

But Stiles huffed interrupting him, shaking his hand, “No, no, not about Captain America, about you”

“Yes?”

“Yeah you, Steve Rogers, come on, tell me anything” Stiles insisted laughing at Steve´s surprised, “Well… I- I honestly don’t even know what to tell you”

“Alright…” Stiles said nodding, the poor guy seemed so out of place and confused, Stiles actually thought the man had never went on a date, he mentally frowned, a date? it wasn’t a date, he had no idea why that idea popped inside his mind. He shook his head confused and smiled, “Alright big guy, i’ll start, what do you wanna know?” He asked as he took a sip of his strawberry milkshake.

Steve stared at him, everything, was what he wanted to say but he shook his head and instead went for the typical questions, Natasha had told him what to ask in the first date, although he knew it wasn’t one, “Well, tell me about Beacon Hills” Steve asked unsure, shrugging. Stiles let out his breath and leaned on his seat, “Well… small town, cold, in the middle of nowhere, too many trees and fauna”

He shrugged, “Pretty, picturesque” He added with a quick smile. Steve hummed, “How was growing up there?”

Immediately images of him and the pack running away, fighting, almost been killed several times, Derek, his family passed through his mind in a blast, he shook his head, lightly smiling, “Ah… different” He rambled before laughing under his breath.

“Really? Thats how you would describe it?” Steve asked impressed lightly laughing. Stiles opened his mouth before laughing, “I mean what can I say, if I have born somewhere else, probably I would say the same thing, my life its not exactly normal”
Steve had to agree to that, he nodded, “What makes you so different, well besides the fact you’re Tony’s Stark little brother and well… your abilities”

“Trust me… you wouldn’t believe me if I told you” Stiles hissed hoping that was the only two different facts on his life that weren’t normal, but they sadly weren’t, everything about him and his life was a puzzle, even to himself.

“Come on, you don’t actually think I’m gonna swallow that” Steve exclaimed laughing, after fighting aliens and profesional assassins, well he was pretty much opened for every possibility but Stiles shook his head and closed his mouth, he put his fingers on it as if he was closing a zip. Steve pulled a face, “You’re a pain in the ass” He mumbled watching as the waiter brought their order.

Stiles opened his mouth offended as Captain freaking America insulted him, “That was way harsh coming from you” He mumbled distracted, watching as they put his food in front of him. Steve laughed watching him. He had forgotten where he put his freaking boundaries.

The food had been delicious and the chatter had never stopped, neither the laughs. In reality, Stiles couldn’t even remember the last time he laughed for so long and Steve was such a dork and well he had that kind of smile that was contagious and practically lighted up the entire room. Stiles stirred his strawberry ice cream as he laughed at Steve’s dumb story when he was a way teenager and was beaten up behind a cinema, “Are you really still hungry?” Steve asked impressed as he watched Stiles played with his food on the bowl. Stiles nodded before he shrugged, “I actually can eat a lot” He honestly exclaimed happily as he tapped his stomach, “But right now I’m actually totally full”

“Thank god, after all that I would be afraid if you were still hungry” Steve mumbled as he raised his hand asking for the check. Stiles tilted his head but remained silent, he was sure he could eat more, growing up with werewolves, well you caught some of they weird customs.

The bill arrived quickly and as soon as it was on the table, they both put their hands on it. Stiles looked up and raised his eyebrows, Steve did the exact same, “I’ll pay” Stiles mumbled trying to take the bill but well Steve was faster than him, “It’s my turn” He replied.

Stiles sarcastically smirked, “Its the first time we go for something to eat, come on Rogers, it was my treat” Stiles insisted slowly taking the bill from his hand. The waiter seemed so awkward, he stared at them feeling a little exasperated, they were the last clients and he wanted to close the damn restaurant and leave. Steve took the bill back, “Well yeah but you know, it was your plan, we took your car, you drove here and you chose the restaurant”
Stiles rolled his eyes, “I’m a billionaire, give me that!” He exclaimed snatching the bill back. Steve scoffed and laughed, “You’re brother is a billionaire but fine, whatever, as you freaking wish” He finally hissed raising his arms to the sky. Even the waiter seemed to be relief. Stiles laughed under his breath giving his credit card.

Five minutes later they were standing outside the closed restaurant, both of them in complete silence, standing in front of each other. Steve looked down awkwardly, “Wanna go for a walk?” He asked already walking away, “You know, to walk off your entire meal” He added teasing Stiles, who only laughed under his breath and followed him. The streets were deserted and pitch black, except for the worn out yellow post lights. It reminded Stiles of the first night he met Tony, he half smiled. It seemed it had happened years ago.

“What’s so funny?” Steve asked as he bumped his shoulder. Stiles half smiled and returned the gesture, “I’m just remembering the first night I met Tony, I was walking just like this when he found me” He answered.

Steve nodded, “Oh yeah, I remember, you arrived earlier right?”

Stiles stayed quiet for a few seconds, “Yeah I did” He answered slowly, he wasn’t sure if he wanted to talk about it but with Steve, somehow it was easier. Steve gave him a side way look, “Can I ask why?”

“I’m pretty sure you already know” He exclaimed before laughing. Steve nodded and opened his mouth several times, “I just know you broke up with someone” He answered half honestly. Steve raised his hand when Stiles gave him a look, “Come on, you watched the press conference, I think you know more than just that”

He was terribly right, Steve sighed, “Alright… I know he was your boyfriend and I saw the picture, thats all, I promise” He whispered honestly, “You don’t have to say anything” He immediately exclaimed when Stiles gave him a serious stare.

Stiles remained silent for a few minutes until they arrived to a small park beside the river, the water was so calm it was almost audible. He leaned against the cold railing watching the dark water pass by and the distant lights at the other side, it was so relaxing.

“We… we were together for almost five years” Stiles suddenly said gaining Steve’s attention, who was beside him in an instant. Stiles stared at him in the eye, “I was… sixteen years old when we
met, he’s older than me and took me almost a year to catch him” He said before laughing under his breath, remembering those days where he was just mean and the sourwolf man he used to be, “It was hard at first, he wouldn’t admit his damn feelings, beside the trouble about age. He had been through so much it was hard for him to trust but when he did… oh man, what a wonderful guy”

“We bought a place for us, an ugly apartment where things barely worked but it was ours for three long years…” He exclaimed even surprising himself, he couldn’t even believe they lived together for three years. He shrugged, “It was a nice change honestly, after my father died I practically lived alone my entire life”

He laughed when he saw the sweet look Steve gave him, “Come on big guy, they were… interesting years, I learned a lot on my own” He said honestly. They weren’t easy, he admitted that but he had to grew up so fast because he had to, he didn’t get a choice and he did learn things, on the hard way but he was grateful for them, “Derek is a good man, a great human being, a little stubborn and sometimes bad tempered and his eyebrows… they have so much personality” He honestly said, lightly smiling with nostalgia.

He looked down feeling a pressure on his chest, “I really did love that man” He mumbled clearing his throat when his voice cracked a little.

“What happened?” Steve asked quietly, lightly leaning against his shoulder. Stiles gave him a stare and smiled, “Life I guess, one day I woke up and… nothing, I felt nothing and we started having problems and every time they were bigger and stupider and I couldn’t do it anymore, I stopped being in love with him” He exclaimed shrugging, he finally straightened putting his hands inside his pockets.

Steve twisted his mouth, “I´m really sorry” He whispered truthful. Stiles shoved it away with his hand and half smiled, “Don’t be, I wouldn’t have chosen any other person to be my first… you know” He mumbled awkwardly scratching his cheek.

Steve sighed, he did know, if he had had the opportunity to be with Peggy for five long years, he knew he would felt just as Stiles did.

Stiles phone began ringing inside his pockets, he quickly took it, Scott was calling him. He show it to Steve who only raised his eyebrows and whistled, “You’re in so much trouble” He teased. Stiles rolled his eyes and pushed him away as he answered, “Sup Scottie boy” He replied as he laughed when Steve pushed him back.

“Where the hell are you?” Scott immediately asked madly. Stiles stopped laughing and frowned,
“Is Tony mad?”

He heard Scott sighed over the phone, “I don’t think he has even noticed you guys are gone”

Stiles frowned harder, “Then what? Are you alright?” He asked feeling his anxiety raise. Steve stared him worried.

“Derek called me, I think we have to talk” He whispered, even over the phone, Stiles could tell how tensed Scott was, that was never good news but Stiles sighed exasperated, “Scott if it is about us I don’t want-“

Scott interrupted him immediately, “Stiles, he didn’t call for that man, its about… I don’t even know what its about but he sounded worried”

Stiles looked around him cursing internally a thousand times, he shook his head, “Alright, give me twenty minutes, I’ll see you in the tower” He mumbled before hanging up. He stared at his phone before putting it away.

“Is everything alright?” Steve asked as he touched his arm. Stiles nodded repeatedly, “Yeah, don’t worry big guy” He exclaimed smiling, gaining his poker face. He made a head movement for Steve to follow him, “But we have to go, Scott wants to talk about something”

The ride back home was extremely quiet, Stiles wished it was a comfortable silence but it wasn’t, he couldn’t take out images of his friends injured, kidnapped or worse, he knew Derek wouldn’t call for just a chat, if something worried him was because he actually had something to worry about. He made the car go faster as he ignored Steve’s side way stares, he sighed a little exasperated, “Stop it” He exclaimed watching the road.

Steve pursed his lips and looked away, “Sorry” He whispered, he didn't have a clue of what to do or say, specially every time when Stiles pushed the accelerator going every time faster. It seemed his head was working with thoughts and anxiety per minute.

Ten minutes in pure tense silence Stiles finally arrived the tower. He quickly climbeded down and pressed the screen for the elevator, “Come on…” He whispered tapping his foot. Steve right behind him extremely quiet.
“Sorry about this, just Scott is an idiot and he didn’t tell me what’s going on and I just overthink things…” He suddenly said as the elevator went up. Steve nodded and shrugged, “It’s alright” He answered a little confused why he got so anxious about a phone call, what possible issues his friends could have for him to act like that, “I’ll just…” He mumbled climbing down when the elevator doors opened in his floor.

Stiles stopped the doors when they were about to close, “I… I had a good night” He suddenly said making Steve froze in his place, he slowly turned around, “It was fun… I had fun, we should do it again” He added stepping back finally letting the doors closed.

Steve remained steady on his place for a few seconds before lightly smiling, he frowned and looked away, it had been a good night indeed. He moaned and dropped his head, it had been a really good night actually and of course his freaking curiosity never left and his boundaries? lost. He walked to his bedroom, dragging his feet, how did he expected to leave all that behind when he had just went on a, on a what? a friendly meeting he guessed. If he wanted for Stiles to stop messing with his head, then he needed those damn boundaries. That would be his personal task from day to day, boundaries, specially with, he couldn’t forget, with the little brother of one of his closest friends.

Stiles tapped his fingers against the wall as the elevator went up. He deeply sighed as he passed his hand through his hair.

“I’m sorry sir, I’m going as fast as I can” Jarvis suddenly said out loud, making Stiles flinch. He put a hand over his chest, “Jarvis, you scared me” He mumbled before shaking his head, “I know, I’m sorry I’m being a dick, the elevator is great” He awkwardly exclaimed trying to sound honest.

If Jarvis could laughed, he would be doing it, “It’s alright sir, have a good night” He answered as the doors wide opened. Immediately Stiles stepped out, “You too Jarvis” He exclaimed with a small smile walking straight to Scott’s bedroom.

“Scott?” He called out loud wide opening the door, “Please tell me everyone is alright” He exclaimed worriedly as he stared at Scott, who was relaxingly laying down on his bed, an arm caressly above his head, “Everyone is alright” He assured him confused, sitting down on the bed, “Don’t worry man” He added when he saw Stiles frightened eyes.

Stiles felt as if he could breathe alright again. He punched Scott in the arm, “Your scared me asshole!” He exclaimed annoyed, sitting on the bed too, he let his head dropped against his hands,
as he rubbed his face. Scott gasped at the punch and rubbed his arm, “Don’t punch me!” Scott complained.

“What was it?” Stiles asked as he looked up and put a hand on his chest. Scott twisted his mouth, “Well… Derek wasn’t even able to tell me properly, he said he had a, a feeling?” Scott said unsure.

Stiles frowned confused, “Hold on, you made me drive here from Brooklyn in only ten minutes just cause Derek had a fucking feeling?”

Scott twisted his fingers and looked everywhere but Stiles, “Well, when you say it like that…” He started quietly. Stiles closed his eyes and stood up, he shook his head disbelief, Scott was incredible, “I was having freaking dinner with…” He shut himself up when he realized what he was about to spill. He took a deep long breath and reminded himself what a good and empathic human being he truly was. He raised his arms, before falsely smiling, “What kind of feeling?”

Scott stared at him, eyes big and round, he swallowed before talking, “He said… he said there’s something wrong with the nemeton, that he can feel it changing” Scott answered frowning looking somewhere behind Stile, who actually paid attention but finally sighed, the nemeton was constantly changing, what was the difference that time, “So, it means there’s a new threat in Beacon Hills… what’s the problem? we used to deal with different creatures every week”

“I know and trust me, he knows but still says it has nothing to do with what we normally deal with, he says it feels darker, stronger, something he had never felted or experienced before” Scott answered worriedly. Stiles twisted his mouth and remained silent. He sat again in the bed and rubbed his face tiredly, he knew those weren’t good news but… what could they do? They were kilometers away from each other. He could make some research for Derek but beside that, he wouldn’t leave New York and go running back to that place just because Derek had a feeling.

“Does he want us to go check on it?” Stiles asked as he turned to face Scott, who shook his head, “No, he just wanted us, well me to know” He answered as he leaned on the bed again, relief he had told Stiles because Scott had no clue what could be but either did Stiles. He nodded slowly, guilty he felt relief he didn’t have to return, “You think it’s really something bad?”

Scott twisted his mouth and hummed thinking, it always was something bad when it came to them and Beacon Hills, “Well I really hope its not” He answered shrugging, he had no idea what yo say. Stiles laughed under his breath and shook his head, “Oh my god…” He mumbled standing up, he really hoped that too. He gave one last look at Scott who smiled, “See you later buddy” He said before walking away, he needed some good sleeping.
He turned off all the lights from the flat and walked to the door of his room, he gave one last look at the place when he felt a cold shiver down his spine. He frowned, everything was perfectly quiet under a pale blue light, still... he felt something odd, there was something watching him. He felt a cold breeze suddenly hugging him. He quickly shook himself and blinked several times, he entered his bedroom and quickly closed the door behind him. It was surely what Scott had said to him, it had left a bad taste on his mouth, he was just being paranoiac. He was sure it was nothing. He removed all his clothes and tossed them away, not caring where they fall. He slowly laid in bed, letting out a deep breath. He closed his eyes for a moment and a smile appeared through his face as he relived his night. Hanging out with Steve was... such a good and funny distraction, it felted good. He had never thought Steve was like that, he seemed serious and strict but in reality he was a dork, a big muscled dork. His smile became wider, it had been a really good night.

He took a deep breath as the dream slowly pulled him in until he was completely gone.

He wide opened his eyes and all he could see was darkness. Stiles remained seated on the floor unable to move, he tried to blink but his eyes didn’t listen, they remained opened. His breathing became superficial as he understood he couldn’t move. He tried to raise his arm, move his fingers, something but his entire body was ignoring him. His eyes became watery as they struggled to close. He suddenly felt a presence, a force inside him. It felted as if something was crushing his entire body from the inside out, his lungs were running out of air but he couldn’t gasp for it. He began to feel dizzy, his brain wasn’t getting any oxygen. A tear rolled down his cheek as his eyes began to dry. He felted his chest and head as a ticking bomb, desperately calling for air. The moment his head began pounding, like a hammer inside his head, he knew it was it, when suddenly he could breath.

He gasped for air as he bent on himself coughing and blinking several times, tears running down his cheeks. His breath shivered as he looked around him, it was all black, he couldn’t see anything but he knew he wasn’t in the tower or anywhere he could recognized. The room was covered in black shadows, he could only see a pale grey light, dimly illuminating which was strange, there was no windows in the bizarre room. He only noticed a small door on the other side of the room, he knew it was his only shot. He slowly stood up but had to drop himself down when his legs didn’t listen to him, they couldn’t, they were too weak. Stiles frowned confused staring at them, they were thin and weak, what the hell was going on. He waited minutes trying to control his panic and breath until his legs weren’t shaking anymore. He gave a try one more time and stood up, this time he was able to stand up for himself.

The first step was hell, he twisted his mouth when his limbs protested in pain but he didn’t stop, it seemed he hadn’t use them in months, as if he had spent his entire life sitting in that dark room until then. He gave one more step and another and another until he was suddenly in front of the door. It was so quite he could hear his organs working, his heart rapidly beating against his ribs, his head working with his millions theories of where he was. But it was his breathing, his silent breathing sounded so loud against those four walls it was driving him crazy, he needed to get out, to where? he had no idea. He slowly grabbed the doorknob, it felted too rough and cold against his pale skin. He twisted and opened it, he stopped momentarily when the door cracked, rusted for not.
being used for so many time.

He stepped out and entered a long hallway, there was nothing. It was lightly more illuminated that the room but still he couldn’t see nothing. He looked both sides, both covered in pure black shapes, he chose the left side and stepped away from the doorknob. The door closed behind him as Stiles began walking, to the front? he had no idea but he had a hunch. He could hear a small draft of air and feel it. It was so cold he hugged himself as his skin shivered, only then he realized he was only wearing a worn out black pants, he looked down and stared at the clothing, it seemed he had been using it for months, it was torn apart. He touched his hair and face and noticed it was too long, specially his beard. He felted his skin, it was dried and arid, he then realized he looked exactly as a prisoner, a prisoner of that dark room with only a door on it. Stiles felted he was going to throw up, he needed to get out and quickly. He regain his walking when something made him stop. He looked behind him, noticing a darkness was following him. Stiles stopped for a minute and stared at it, he felt himself running out of air, the darkness seemed to stare right back at him, quietly calling him, there was something alive in there and Stiles knew it, he felt his hair stand on end. He began walking again, this time faster but the darkness never let him alone.

His hands began shaking the faster he walked, every step he took made his stomach twist in pain and nausea. He removed the cold sweat of his forehead and opened his mouth, he licked his sudden dried lips and moved faster. But there was no end on the tunnel and the shadow was every time closer, hovering on his back, calling him louder, urgently. He felt the panic increase, agitating his soul and he began running, he stumbled with his own weak feet but quickly recovered as he impulsed himself up with his hand, his bones began screaming in pain but he ignored them all. He could feel eyes digging on his back, slowly burying in his flesh, he could feel their hands on him pulling him back.

He began running so fast he thought his lungs would collapsed and his legs broke, when he suddenly saw it. The end of the tunnel, a white light that seemed so far away it was almost impossible to reach it, but he kept running. One more time he fell hard against the floor, he felt how his teeth bit the inside of his cheek, he taste the metallic flavor of blood inside his mouth. He desperately gasped standing up, the blood rolling down his chin. An invisible hand pulled his feet but Stiles let go with a deep groan. He kept moving, running until the light was in front of him, he could perfectly visualize it, it was hurting his eyes with it brightness. He raised his arm, tasting the moment, feeling the warm of that white light could only be in the tip of his fingers when he fell and the darkness swallowed his body.

Stiles wished he could scream, fight but there was nothing beside the shadows, all he could feel was darkness, a moodiness crashing his bones and soul, slowly tearing his body apart until there was nothing left of him, beside his own darkness.

He wide opened his eyes as he sat on his bed gasping for air. A silent shout stuck inside his throat, he could feel the panic attack coming. He stick his fists to the sheets, covered in sweat. He breath
and breath trying to calm himself down. He touched his hair and face gasping in relief when he noticed everything was back to normal. He touched his body afraid his skin was dried and arid but it was fresh and covered in cold sweat. He looked around him scared, so scared he couldn’t remember the last time he had dreamt something so terrifying. He whipped away the sweat of his forehead and closed his eyes with strength, *it was just a dream*, he repeat to himself until he felt the metallic taste inside his mouth, he swallowed confused. He slowly and carefully touched his chin until he felt wet, he lowered his hand and saw the dark liquid on the tip of his fingers. He stumbled his way out of the bed, the sheets around his waist and legs made him fall hard against the floor but he was quickly on his feet. He passed a hand through his wet hair and shook his head.

It had been so illusory and yet so real, he could still feel hands and eyes on him. He quickly walked to bathroom and turned the lights on. He narrowed his eyes annoyed at the sudden light but low key he was glad for it. He deeply sighed, he could still feel his heart beating so fast inside his chest in any moment it would ripped apart his ribs. He looked at himself in the mirror for entire minutes until his breathing was normal and so his beating heart. He quickly washed his face for the sweat and blood, carving so hard, his skin was red when he finished. He turned around and leaned on the sink, holding to the brink with strength, feeling he could fall any time. He stared at his legs feeling as if they would give in any moment as they did in his dream.

He slowly walked out and stared at the bed, it was chaos. The sheets where on the floor and so were the pillows, and he could only image how many sweat it had. He rapidly began looking for his clothes, he grabbed his boxers when he found them and quickly put them on with his still shaky hands. He grabbed his white shirt from the night before and clumsily slipped it through his arms, he was freezing and he needed a damn drink. He walked to the door and hesitated for a few seconds, his hand centimeters away from the doorknob, was he afraid he was gonna appear on that dark tunnel again? Yes, he was terrified. He quickly opened the door ignoring his fear and stepped out.

He was received by the flat covered in darkness, deadly quiet but Stiles closed his eyes with relief when he heard the noises of the still awake city and noticed the moon lightly illuminating the flat with a blue light. He quietly walked toward Scott´s door, he put his ear against it and hear his loud snoring, he nod to himself, at least someone was having a good night. He stepped away staring at the wooden door, wondering if it was a bad idea to woke his friend up, he didn’t want to be alone. But he quickly walked away and pressed the elevator. It opened almost immediately, he pressed the button to the common floor, the machine moved following Stiles orders. He bit his nail and looked up at the ceiling before speaking out loud.

“Jarvis?” He called quietly, he cleared his throat at his hoarse voice, husky for not being in use for so long.

“Yes sir?” The metallic voice answered immediately. Stiles leaned his head against the wall as a smile filled with relief spread all over his face, he suddenly didn’t feel so alone anymore.
“Has everyone arrived?” He asked quietly, his voice sounded too loud against the quiet elevator.

“Yes sir, everyone is asleep, except for you”

Stiles smirked under his breath as the door opened in front of him, he stared at the common floor a few seconds before he realized he was truly there. He slowly walked out, “Except for me…” He repeated under his breath looking around with concerned, he wasn’t so sure he could handle the darkness right then, he needed some lights. “Jarvis can you please turn on the lights?” He asked quietly as he walked to the fridge. His barefoot feet barely making sounds against the cold floor.

Immediately the room lighted up with a faint yellow light. Stiles felted as he breath deeper, better, “Thank you” He truthful said, “And Jarvis?”

“Yes Stiles?”

Stiles stared at the wide opened fridge for a couple of seconds, “Don’t ever mention this night to anyone” He quietly ordered as he took out a bottle of vodka. He grabbed a glass and sat on the couch as he poured himself a drink. He took a sip and leaned on the couch, grateful for the burning sensation down his throat. He looked at the view, there was no other building as tall as the tower which let Stiles enjoy the large city. He took a sip and sighed, even with the lights on, he couldn’t get rid of the shadows. He closed his eyes for a moment, snatching them opened when he appeared on the tunnel again, he sighed and truly doubt if calling him was a bad idea. In those moment, where he was on his lowest, his vulnerability exposed, he missed having some arms around him. He missed Derek. He always knew how to make him feel better, one way or another. He finished his drink immediately pouring other one, he didn’t want to think, he didn’t want to feel, he just wanted to be drunk and passed out so he didn’t have to dream that ever again.

*

Derek cursed under his breath as he picked up the spoon he had just dropped with a sonorous metallic sound. He slowly stood up and stared at his cup of coffee, the deep brownish color that didn’t help him stay awake but thanks to Stiles he had made fond of it. He closed his eyes at remembering that name, his coffee never tasted as good as his and even the coffee seemed simple, plain without him. He took the warm cup on his hands and walked toward his grey couch where a blanket and a book were waiting for him. He carefully sat down and sighed, the silence suddenly embrace him, he hated it. He hated that damn silence since he left, he couldn’t stand it. Stiles used to every damn time make noise, no matter what he was doing, he was so clumsy Derek would hear every time he dropped something or even him falling, followed by his laugh. He closed his eyes, remembering with pain that unique laugh, but it was all gone, the noises, his laugh and the damn
good coffee. And suddenly it was only him.

He twisted his neck when he felt that known shiver running through his spine. He closed his eyes again and leaned on his seat, waiting for it to pass. There was something wrong with Beacon Hills, more than usual. He could feel it in his bones, in his entire being. The town was changing and not for the good, but still he couldn’t quiet hold on to that feeling, he didn’t know what it was or what to do with it but it had such a strong energy that the entire pack knew something was coming and it was coming for them.

Constantly, Derek could feel eyes on him, a dark presence harassing him, he knew he wasn’t alone at any moment. The only thing it occurred to him besides scaring the pack, which had suffer many casualties since Stiles left, was to call Scott. There was this stupid and delusional hope he would be able to talk to Stiles but how? He was too busy, he had better things to do and Derek didn’t blame him. He wide opened his eyes as he remembered the press conference, how cold his blood had went when he saw their picture together on the tv, how his heart had stopped beating when he saw him smiling and waving like the idiot he was. He had looked so handsome. But Derek could see through him, he knew how nervous he surely was, he knew how badly he was containing himself to not explode against the reporters and their damn questions about him and his past. He felt so bad when they asked him about his family, he knew how bad it hurt him. But he felted abandon, they were together for so long, for five years they shared their life and Stiles never told him about his brother, not to talk about the fact, it was the Tony Stark.

And Derek? He felted betrayed, he felted left out, specially when Scott was gone, he knew Stiles would needed someone to be with him at his side, but still… they left him. They left him with an empty and silent apartment and a horrible taste in his mouth. He passed his hand through his too long hair and deeply sighed. He took a sip from his coffee and tried to regain his lecture when he felt the shiver again, this time stronger. The book fell from his hand as he took deep breaths.

Derek looked around him, he stared at the large windows. There was something outside, in those woods and Derek knew it but he had no idea what to do. He deeply sighed as he picked up his book, he hated the silence.
The room filled by the sound of Stiles heavy breathing as he repeatedly hit the punching bag, his arms ached with tiredness but he didn’t let them stop. He couldn’t do it, he couldn’t let go. The next day, after the nightmare, Natasha had found him passed out of his drunkenness in the couch. She had put a hand on his shoulder and lightly shook him awake. Stiles only regretted passing out in the common room instead of his, he had felted so awkward he backed away from her. He had swallowed hard as he tried covering himself up, trying to hide his scars but he knew she had already seen them. But she had only offered her hand and helped him stand up, she never said or asked anything.

They began picking up his entire mess in complete silence, when the doors opened and Steve appeared through them, all clean and ready to deal with his day. But his morning smile disappeared as he watched the scene in front of him. Immediately Stiles stared at him wishing he was able to wake up and face life like him instead of getting ridiculously drunk but he couldn’t, he didn’t know how and he was not going to ask. He had quickly buttoned his shirt and walked away, giving a small smile to Natasha, trying to show his gratitude and comfort.

Steve had watched him quickly left the room, running away. He had turned and stared at Natasha waiting for an explanation but it never came. She had remained silent as she put the bottles in a plastic bag. Steve had only stayed still in his place, clearly confused but didn’t ask anything. He had looked around him, at the mess Stiles had done and sighed, he began helping picking up, he had no clue how to be more helpful than that.

Stiles punched with strength the bag one more time before stepping back, grabbing his hands when his knuckles burned in pain. He kicked the punching bag in frustration trying to recover his breath. He put his hands behind his neck as he walked around the gym, closing his eyes, focusing on the moment and only the moment. He sighed as he tightened up the bandages.

“Already tired, kid?” Natasha asked leaning on the frame of the door, with a smile playing on her lips. Stiles looked up impressed before shrugging, wondering how long she had been watching him, “Just getting started” He answered as he got into position and began his exercises again. He heard as she walked around him, slowly analyzing, it was getting into his nerves. He dropped his hands in exasperation and gave her a look, “Needed something?” He asked.

Natasha remained silent for a few seconds before taking off her jacket, “I think we started with the wrong foot” She suddenly said.
Stiles stared at her a little surprised, he smirked walking to the bench where he had left a bottle of water, “I think we did” He replied sitting down, taking a long sip. She sat beside him and hummed. Stiles knew she wanted to ask about the other day, what inducing him to drank that much instead of sleep.

“Wanna talk about it?” She quietly asked after a couple of minutes of silence. She seemed even more uncomfortable than Stiles, which was somehow hilarious.

He smirked and put his elbows on his knees, “Not really” He honestly answered, he licked his lips before talking again, “Thanks for not telling Tony or anyone else” He added under his breath.

Natasha nodded, “Anytime kid” She answered honestly. Stiles looked away remembering his nightmare, the frustration and fear he had felt, they were still with him. He shook his head, “It was just a bad dream” He exclaimed suddenly standing up. Natasha looked up at him and nodded again. Stiles began passing side to side, she could see the anxiety slowly consuming him, “I… it had been a long time since the nightmares stopped, it took me by surprised” He exclaimed closing his fists, “It took me by surprise, thats all” He mumbled to himself. Somehow he felted the need to explain himself even he knew she wasn’t asking for it.

But she only quietly nodded again, waiting for the kid to take his frustrations out. She could understand his feeling, as same as everyone living inside the tower, everyone had bad dreams of their huntings, and past demons, she just wondered what were Stiles ones, strong enough to keep him awake at night.

“It had been a long time” He repeated to himself before shaking his head. Natasha sighed as she stood up, she knew he needed a distraction, she quickly took off her boots and left them beside Stiles shoes, “Come on kid” She suddenly exclaimed as she entered the blue tatami. Stiles frowned staring at her and smirked, was she being serious?

She shrugged, “You need to clear your mind, come on” She insisted as she jumped on her feet and stretched her arms, she was being serious. Stiles threw his empty bottle away and slowly stepped in, walking side to side inside the tatami, watching her with still a small smile on his face. The tatami felted too soft against his feet, used to run in the forest. He raised his fists at the level of his eyes protecting himself. He smiled when he easily dodged a jab Natasha threw. She was fast, but so was he, she threw other jab that he also easily dodged.

“Good reflexes kid” She exclaimed smiling too, clearly entertained, “But not good enough” She added before she easily made a low kick, hitting Stiles on his calf, he fell on his knee at the sudden pain, Natasha took advantage of it and punched him in the ribs before a straight jab in his face.
Stiles fell on his ass before laughing out loud, he was quickly on his feet again.

He quickly attacked her, throwing punch after punch, she was able to dodge some hits but not all. She had been right, it was distracting Stiles, honestly it was the first time he fought against someone that skilled and it was a good change. He kicked her in the stomach with strength making her fall, apparently with too much strength. She looked up impressed but she didn’t stop there, neither did he. They fought against each other until they breaths were irregular and Stiles was lightly bleeding from a cut in his eyebrow and she from her nose and lip.

The fight began to heat up, specially when she applied a weird key trapping his arm between her legs, twisting it, but Stiles wouldn’t surrender so easily, the pain, it only made him angrier, it made him want to defend himself. He got free punching her above her knee. She gasped in pain and Stiles took advantage of her distraction as he grabbed her leg between his, applying other key, with strength but apparently too much strength because she actually began tapping his arm. Stiles let her go immediately backing away, frowning as he realized he had gone too far.

Natasha remained in the floor, taking deep breaths, she stared at him frowning. Stiles swallowed as he stood up, he had forgotten. The thing was… he knew he didn’t have the strength of a normal human being, he was stronger. The nogitsune not only had left a piece of him inside Stiles soul, it had also left him his strength and speed, his agility, it was all inside him, a capture memory inside his brain.

He sighed before offering his hand to Nat, who shook her head and took it slowly, “You are… good, too good” She said quietly as she stood up with effort. He knew there was a suspicion, questions behind her words and he didn’t want to answer them. Stiles nodded with a quick smile before stepping back, “You too” He tiredly answered as he turned around, he walked toward the bench where he rapidly put on his shoes, all the time Natasha had her eyes on him. He began feeling anxious one more time, he hated her eyes on him, it was slowly breaking him.

He finally looked up and they stared at each other before he quickly walked away rubbing his neck. He didn’t know if the fight had actually been a good idea but it was done and it had been distracting, at least for a moment. He just hoped Natasha would let it all pass, but somehow, even knew he didn’t know her that well, he knew it was impossible.

He pressed his bloody eyebrow trying to stop the bleeding and huffed, as he walked to the elevator doors. He removed the sweat of his forehead before impatiently dropping his hands as he waited for the elevator, he scratched his neck and the doors opened. Steve was leaning against the wall on the other side. He opened his mouth surprised but frowned, “What happened to you?” He asked pointing to his forehead with a head movement. Stiles instinctively touch it again and noticed it was still lightly bleeding, he shrugged stepping in, “Practice with Nat” He answered smiling taking off with bloody bandages from his hands.
Steve nodded with understanding staring at his movements, “She kicked your ass” He exclaimed as if it was already a fact. Stiles scoffed, honestly a little offended, “Don’t be so sure about it, you should stop by and see her” He answered leaning beside him on the wall, he then realized Steve wearing his uniform and he looked damn hot on it, “Going somewhere?” He asked as the elevator went up. Steve nodded quietly, “Mission” He simply answered, almost dried.

Stiles frowned a little confused and nodded, “Alright, good luck” He said honestly, he didn’t know what else to say. They remained silent, Stiles wondering what was going on with Captain America right beside him, if he had done something wrong, maybe he was still mad for the other night for the ride back home, after all they hadn’t seen each other since and it had happened days ago. Stiles twisted his mouth, confused because… he wasn’t liking it, he didn't like Steve being like that with him, he didn’t like the fact he was apparently mad at him.

Steve gave him a side way stare and quickly looked up again, swallowing hard. Stiles was all sweaty and he looked like such a bad boy it was being hard for Steve to control himself, but he had remembered, boundaries. His big big boundaries.

Stiles felt his phone vibrating inside his pocket in the exact moment the doors wide opened at his flat. He took out his phone and frowned confused as he realized Liam was calling him, he knew he had said he could count on him for anything but certainly not that fast. He quickly got out ready to answer his phone when he remembered Steve was still behind him and he was leaving. He hurriedly turned around when the doors began to close, “Be safe!” He quickly managed to exclaim before the doors were completely closed. He watched it leave before answering his freaking phone.

“Liam?” He asked unsure.

The man sighed with relief, “Stiles hey” Liam greeted before clearing his throat, not giving time for Stiles to talk, “Remember when you said if we needed anything, well you could help us?” He asked. Stiles scratched his cheek as he walked to the couch and tiredly sat down, “Yes, of course” He answered immediately, truly confused what could possible bother his friend.

“You need to come, I’ll tell you here but you need to come before tonight’ He nervously exclaimed, he sounded exhausted. Stiles raised his eyebrows as he turned to Scott’s room that had the door closed. He took off a shoe and throw against it with a sonorous slap. Immediately Scott popped his head out with his headphones on, he raised one eyebrow, he seemed pissed. Stiles cleared his throat returning his attention to Liam, “Give me thirty minutes man, I’ll be there with Scott” He promised before hanging up.
“Come on man, Liam needs us” He exclaimed as he stood up and walked toward his bedroom, he needed a shower. Scott took off his headphones and tossed the away, he followed his friend frowning, “Needs us? For what?” He asked watching as Stiles took off his pants. Stiles straightened up and shrugged, “Not a clue but he sounded worried, he asked for us, he needs help”

“Be ready in five minutes” He ordered as he closed the door of the bathroom, leaving a confused Scott alone, who only scratched his head and walked back to his room.

Twenty minutes later they were in front of Liam´s mansion. Scott climbed of the car as he stared at the extensive green forest, before the large white building in front of them, it was beautiful. He smirked with nostalgia, it was as exactly as he remembered but somehow there was something different. He looked at the forest again, narrowing his eyes before shaking himself and finally looking away, there was something odd hidden in the trees.

Stiles watched his friend with curiosity, “You alright?” He asked as he got near him. Scott shook his head and gave him a kind smile, “Yeah, of course, lets go” He said walking toward the house, he quickly climbed the stairs and stepped into the porch.

Stiles followed him in silence, before turning around and carefully watching the forest. It seemed different since the last he was in there, it wasn't lively anymore, it seemed off. He frowned confused but let it pass. He gave one look to Scott, who nodded. Stiles took a deep breath and finally knocked the door.

For Stiles surprise, Liam was the one that opened the door. Stiles frowned, what had happened to serious tall and fat guy, “Liam?” He asked surprised walking toward the guy, he seemed exhausted, he put a hand on his shoulder and lightly squeezed with half a smile. Liam returned the gesture and put his hand over Stiles one, he watched past him and sighed in relief as he stared at Scott, he quickly hugged with strength, “Hey man, its so good to see you” He mumbled before letting go. Scott nodded nervously and smiled, “Good to see you too” He answered quietly. Stiles gave his buddy a quick stare, a little confused.

“Come on in” Liam said stepping aside letting Stiles and Scott in. Stiles entered slowly, but he immediately stopped as he watched the house, even it, was different, it was opaque and terribly quiet. Stiles regained his walk as he and Liam shared a tense look, “I know, we can feel it too” He mumbled as he opened with effort the glass doors to his office. It was exactly the same, except it was a mess. Stiles looked around him, staring at the thousand papers and books, scattered all over the floor and desk. Stiles opened his eyes surprised as same as Scott. He began grabbing random pages, he gave a look to one book, it was about witchcraft and spells. Stiles gave it a quick browsing before dropping in it on the floor. He looked up at Liam raising his eyebrows waiting for an explanation.
Liam sighed exasperated, “Look, its as simple as this, my pack can’t control their selves anymore” He nervously exclaimed before sitting down, passing a hand through his messy hair, it seemed he had been awake for days, it seemed he was slowly losing his mind. Stiles frowned as he capture what Liam had just said, “Wait, what?”

“The transformation is no longer voluntary Stiles, its as if they were puppies all over again, beginners” He explained before shaking his head. He felted so tired and confused, he couldn’t found something to help his pack.

Stiles remained silent for a few seconds before he sat in front of him, “Have they attacked anyone?” He asked quietly.

Liam shook his head and leaned on his seat, “No, Ive been able to keep them here but I’m losing control man, I don’t know what to do anymore…” He whispered as he put his head on his hands, “Its my pack and I can’t help them, I don’t know what else to do”

Stiles sighed as he thought, he had a medium point, he needed something strong to control the transformation but not strong enough to hurt them, “Have you tried mistletoe?”

Liam frowned and scoffed, “You know that shit doesn’t work Stiles” He answered exasperated. Stiles looked down and deep breathed, “Actually it does Liam, it was used by druids and Scandinavians, they thought it was a sacred plant, it will help” He assured Liam before putting a hand on his leg, “Look, you can also use hecatolite, its a white moon stone, it blocks the effect of the full moon, it can stop the transformation” Stiles added trying to make Liam look at him, but he looked away bitting his lip, “How does it work?” He finally asked under his breath. Stiles sighed and stood up looking for a clean paper to write on.

“I’ll give you a contact that will help you, she’ll tell everything you need to know, its actually easy, it works as a medicine” Stiles explained writing down Anna´s phone, she was a great friend that would help them immediately. Although he wished she had moon stone, it was pretty hard to find, “Call her tonight, tell her your a friend of mine, she will help you” He added handing the paper to Liam, who only stared at it but didn’t take it. Stiles sighed deeply and kneeled in front of the man, “Liam” He whispered quietly, lightly shaking his leg.

Liam blinked several times before staring at him in the eye, he seemed confused with even himself, “What if it doesn’t work?”
Stiles stared at him before looking down, “Then… we’ll try something else, something stronger” He answered, already his mind coming up with different ideas, when Liam still didn’t look satisfied Stiles sighed, “Look if it doesn’t work, I already know what to do alright? Let’s just not worry ahead” He assured putting the paper on Liam’s hand, closing it into a fist. He only nodded repeatedly before rubbing his face with his hand. Stiles straightened up staring at him worried, it was the first time he saw Liam like that, tired, confused and extremely worried. He didn’t like that facet of him.

He looked up, searching for Scott, he hadn’t said a word, which was extremely odd because a person like him would have said something to comfort his friend but instead, he was quietly seated away from them, barely paying attention, he gave Stiles a quick smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

Stiles smiled too, a little concerned and baffled. Liam stood up, gaining his attention, he smiled at Stiles with gratitude and put a hand on his shoulder, “Thank you” He mumbled with honesty, Stiles stared at him in the eye, they didn’t show anything, they were empty. Stiles nodded smiling too, he backed away.

“I’ll call her right now” Liam whispered as he walked toward his desk where an old dial disk waited for him. Liam began dialing the number, Stiles took the hint and he turned to Scott, he wave a hand trying to earn his attention.

“Scott?” He called quietly.

He blinked a few times before shaking his head, he looked up, “Let’s go” Stiles exclaimed making a head movement for him to follow him.

They were stepping out when Liam suddenly stopped them, “Stiles?” He called as he put the phone behind his ear.

“Yeah?”

“Be careful tonight, its full moon” He whispered before returning to the phone. He turned around giving his back to them, as he talked to Anna. Stiles stared at Liam’s back, watching how the tension left him as Anna surely calmed him down. Him and Scott shared a quick look and finally walked out.

Stiles watched through the window as the sky slowly darkened. He frowned worried and stared at
the road, as he pushed the throttle with force. He didn’t want to had Scott in the car when the full moon appeared, he didn’t have a good feeling. He knew Scott was a master in control but the chat they just had with Liam, the problems with his pack, they weren’t normal. And well it wasn’t a coincidence Scott was acting so strange, at least he hoped it was, maybe taking him along hadn’t been a good idea after all. Scott had been terribly quiet all the trip since they arrived Liam’s house, he gave him a side way look, “You alright?”

Scott nodded slowly staring the streets passed by, “Yeah… sorry I´m just” He rambled before shaking his head, “I think its the full moon, sorry man” He finally mumbled before smiling, one more time it didn’t reach his eyes. Stiles looked between him and the road, concerned but he smiled too, “Don’t worry man, we’re almost there”

The first thing Scott did when they arrived the flat was let himself dropped with tiredness in the sofa. Stiles watched him worried but let him rest in peace, he was starting to look sick. He quickly entered his room and closed the door behind him carefully, he leaned on it a few seconds before taking his phone out. He looked up for the name Blondie and hesitated for a moment staring at the screen before finally dialing the number. He put the phone against his ear as he heard the ring tone sound several times. He closed his eyes waiting for her to answer, “Come on Lids” He mumbled under his breath, when he was about to give up, she picked up.

He fondly smiled and opened his eyes, “Hey Lids” He greeted quietly. She stayed angrily in silence, he could hear her head working trying to come up with new ways to insult him. And honestly he didn’t blame her, he had been a terrible friend, he knew that, he had ran away, it didn’t matter that was his thing, as Scott had said, he still had left all his friends behind, he had no good excuse. Well that he broke up with Derek was a pretty good one but still… he should have told them the truth. He deeply sighed, “Look Lydia-“ He tried but of course she interrupted him.

“You little piece of shit, you think you can just disappear on us, on me after months, you think I want to hear about your stupid sudden brother on television, you think I want to call like a desperate chick that I know I am not! And just call me and say Hey Lids, you know what, go directly to hell” She madly exclaimed but never hung up, she finally stayed quiet. Stiles bit his lip trying to hold on his laugh, he never hung up either.

“Hey Lids” He repeated hopefully after minutes of silence. He heard her sighed over the phone and knew her anger was mostly gone, “I’m sorry” He honestly apologized, “I should have told you, it was no fair for you to find out like that” He added, nervously scratching his cheek waiting for her to answer.

Finally she sighed annoyed, “You’re an idiot Stilinski” She complained but Stiles could hear the smile on her words. He laughed under his breath, “How are you Lids?” He asked walking to his bed, where he sat at the edge.
“Well... how do you think? I miss you” She answered, “Both of you”

Stiles nodded even she couldn’t see him, he understood her perfectly. He sadly smiled, “We miss you too, I miss the entire pack” He answered truthful, “Even the idiot of Jackson” He said before laughing under his breath. She laughed too but they both knew they had a missing chat and Stiles had been posturing it for a long time, “How are you handle it?” She asked. Stiles immediately knew what she meant, he sighed, “I hate the media” He honestly answered.

Lydia smirked, “I supposed you would do, sorry for the press conference hon”

Stiles shoved it away and huffed, “It was a piece of cake” He lied making Lydia hummed, “Yeah, surely it was” She mumbled knowing he was lying. Stiles rolled his eyes, “You wanna meet him”? He asked bitting his nail with excitement.

“Are you really serious? Why do you think I've been calling all this time” She exclaimed as if he was a complete idiot. He laughed under his breath, “Keep talking to me like that and I promise you will never meet my brother Lydia Martins” He threatened laughing louder.

They laughed together until they remained silent for a few seconds, “You’re taking care of him right?” He asked as he twisted his fingers with nervousness. Lydia smirked, “Who else if not me honey” She exclaimed.

Stiles closed his eyes, nodding repeatedly to himself. He felt calmer with her answer, “Thank you” He answered honestly.

“Now... I don’t think you only called to chat with me” She whispered, she knew Stiles wasn’t the one to pick up a phone and just call for a chitchat.

Stiles sighed, he wanted to know how things were in Beacon Hills, Scott’s explanation had been bullshit, he hadn’t say anything that could make Stiles understand what was going on and it wasn’t as if he could pick up his phone and call him. But Derek’s strange feeling along with Liam’s control problem well… it was too much for just a coincidence.

He deeply sighed before explaining, “The other night, Derek called Scott to tell him... he had a feeling?” He said unsure but Lydia hummed in agreement, “Yeah, the entire pack has it too and Stiles...” She started before a deep sighed, immediately he knew she didn’t have good new.
“Since Scott left, they have been so many disappearances, too many attacks, people are scared Stiles” She mumbled scared, “Something evil is attracting them here and we can all feel it. Its changing everything into something dark, the town seems colder and off”

Stiles remained silent processing her words, it was happening the same at Liam´s place, “Lids…” He quietly called, “Has the guys and well Erica, have been having trouble controlling themselves?” He asked rubbing his chin waiting for answer.

But Lydia remained silent, feeling a red alarm inside her “Actually yeah… specially Isaac” She answered worriedly, “How did you knew it?”

Stiles twisted his mouth, he wasn’t relief he had found a connection, specially when it was Beacon Hills, it seemed he couldn’t scape that place, “Liam called me, the pack have been having trouble too”

“What? Stiles this doesn't sound good, what did you do?” Lydia asked surprised. He heard as she stood up, surely from her bed.

“Well, I gave him Anna´s phone number and told him to use mistletoe and hecatolite”

“Mistletoe and hecatolite?” Lydia asked unconvinced, “Stiles you know those are myths and-“

Stiles sighed exasperated, they worked, they had helped him numerous times in his fucking life, it bothered him no one freaking believe him, “Trust me it works, its just…” He shut himself up thinking, “Just what?” Lydia asked waiting for him to proceed.

“I honestly don’t know to what extent they will work, we are talking about the pack- the pack of…” He tried to say when he heard strong and loud noises from outside. He frowned, standing up, “Wait a minute” He murmured distracted as he walked to his door.

“Everything alright?” Lydia asked concerned, when he didn’t answered she pushed, “Stiles?” She called again with concern.

Stiles stopped in dried, his hands inches away from the doorknob, when he heard the sound of
glass breaking. He immediately knew what was going on, Scott, he thought as he wide opened the door and stared at a complete mess, “Call you later Lydia” He exclaimed before throwing his phone away, he didn’t care the sound as it broke against the floor.

Scott was steady on the floor, where it was supposed to be a table, surrounded by million pieces of glass. He was on his four limps frozen, staring at the black carpet below him. He was shaking as he struggled against the transformation. Quietly Stiles got out of his room slowly walking, “Scott?” He called out softly, raising his arms when Scott snatched his head up, his fangs out and his red eyes shining.

Stiles kept slowly walking, being careful of not touching the scattered broken stuff in the floor, he had broken furniture, the tables and the decoration. Scott never let his red eyes off Stiles, “Its me buddy” He slowly said getting closer to him. Scott let out a groan making Stiles freeze in his place, he raised his hands higher and ducked his head down, “You know me Scott” Stiles whispered getting near him. His eyes struggled, changing between brown and red, Stiles could see the fight in them. Scott was fighting hard to remain him but he couldn’t do it alone.

“This alright buddy, breath” He whispered getting near him. Scott body stopped shaking as he realize what was going on, he looked at the room scared before at his friend, he opened his mouth but closed it again, he shook his head confused. Stiles smiled relief, he was only a step away from him, his hand dangerously close to him, “Thats right Scottie, it’s only me”

He did not count of the idiot of his brother and the entire team storming their way in. In a blink of an eye Scott lost control and threw a blow at Stiles, who wasn’t able to dodge it completely, he felt at his claws cut the flesh of his arm. Stiles let out a groan before backing away grabbing his bleeding arm with strength, “Stop!” He yelled at his brother and the team.

Tony stared in shock at the scene in front of him, “What the hell Stiles?” He asked out loud as he stopped in dried on his place, watching as his brother walked toward the beast, arms raised and head ducked.

Scott groaned at everyone showing his large fangs, ready to attack if necessary, “Stop right there” Stiles hissed madly, this was getting out of his hands and if Scott injured anyone… he would never forgive himself, “Back off” He whispered under his breath. He watched as Natasha and Tony fortunately listened to him and backed away in fear. But Bruce stepped in surprised, “Is that… is he a werewolf?” He asked disbelief backing away when Scott groaned at him before taking a step closer to the team.

Stiles cursed internally as he made noise trying to gain Scott’s attention back, but the elevator doors wide opened and Steve entered, oblivious of what was going on. Still wearing his uniform bloody and dirty, his hair in a perfect mess. He wide opened his eyes as he watched the scene and
then at Scott, he didn’t hesitate when he realized Stiles was on the other side of the room, alone, disarmed and his arm bleeding.

“Stiles…” He mumbled scared, as he tried to get toward him but Stiles raised his arm and sent him a furious stare, “I said fucking stop!” He yelled desperately. Steve froze on his place lightly surprised at Stiles abruption and backed away.

Stiles began walking toward his friend again, “Scott its me, its Stiles, just breath” He exclaimed but it wasn’t working, he could see he wasn’t dealing with Scott anymore, it was a beast in that moment and it wasn’t calming down.

“Shit, shit” He cursed out loud as he surrounded Scott with extreme careful, his mind was blur and he couldn’t focused, less if he had the team in there, “I need you to get out guys” He whispered stopping for a second. Scott was a ticking bomb, he was feeling threatened by all the people inside the room surrounding him. Stiles needed everyone out or Scott was gonna attack someone. But Tony immediately shook his head, “Are you crazy?! I am not gonna leave you alone with that thing!” He exclaimed under his breath.

Stiles sent him a mad stare, “Its still Scott!” He said back, distracting himself for a moment, he didn’t like anyone calling his friend a thing, it was still Scott. But he knew he had fucked up, when he stepped on a piece of glass and this crunched under his weight. Stiles looked down before he heard a deep roar. Everything happened in slow motion. Stiles launched himself to Scott trying to stop his friend of hurting himself or anyone else but Steve instinctively put a hand around Stiles waist pushing him away before Scott could bite him, “Get off of me!” Stiles yelled pushing Steve back with strength. But he still grabbed his arm, “Stiles don’t!”

Scott was suddenly walking toward them, showing his white fangs. Stiles pushed Steve away again with strength, stronger enough to make him stepped back. He tried grabbing Scott’s arm when he suddenly felt his claws dig in his stomach, it had been stupid, he knew it. He groaned in pain as he took Scott’s other arm stopping him but he was too strong, he scratched Stiles again and again but he never let go. Finally Stiles was able to put his arm around Scott’s neck immobilizing him. He struggled slashing the air, he fell on his knees as Stiles squeezed harder taking away his oxygen. He looked up and saw the entire team froze in complete shook, “Help me! Get something to put him to sleep!” He yelled in desperation when Scott began to struggle harder. The first one to react was Clint, who quickly ran out of the destroyed room.

“Its me, Scott!” Stiles yelled as he put an arm around Scott’s chest, hugging him with strength. He could feel Scott’s heart loudly banging against his ribs. But Stiles knew he had no control over himself and he wasn’t going to stop fighting against him. He let himself dropped backwards with Scott on top on him, he immobilized Scott’s hip and legs between his own, which were frantically
moving, trying to kick something, to stand up. Stiles groaned squeezing harder his neck, “Where the fuck is Clint?!” He yelled worried he was gonna chocked his buddy, who was still roaring and choking at the same time, “It’s almost over buddy, breath” He said against Scott´s head, his wet hair sticking to Stiles mouth. When he finally saw Clint running toward him with a syringe filled with liquid ready on his hand.

“Now!” Stiles yelled as he raised one arm and Clint threw it to him. Stiles caught it easily, he groaned as he bit the cap off and spitted away. He immediately buried the syringe into Scott’s chest who deeply groaned in pain, he started moving harder, shaking his head side to side, to set himself free but Stiles didn’t allow it. He felt as he’s breathing became steady and his heart slew down. His force began to disappear and so his movements. And finally Scott had fallen asleep. Stiles let him go and let out his breath. He stared at the ceiling for a few seconds taking deep breaths trying to calm himself down.

“Can you guys help me please? He’s heavy” Stiles muttered, lightly annoyed. He saw and felt as Steve easily removed Scott´s body away from him.

“Can you put him in my bed, please?” He quietly asked as he sat in the floor, ignoring the pain in his stomach. He closed his eyes for a moment before deeply breathing. Tony stepped in, “No, we´re taking both of you to the nursing room” He exclaimed watching as Steve adjust Scott´s dead weight on his arms, “Now Stiles” Tony added as Stiles stared at his brother for a few seconds before nodding. He began to stand up when he felt a pair of hands helping him from the back, “I´m fine” He immediately said to Clint, who raised his hands stepping away.

With difficulty Stiles stood up, he watched his scratched arm and the blood running down, he sighed and looked down at his stomach, it wasn’t that bad, he had received worse but it still hurt. He used his good arm to put against his stomach, ignoring the incoming pain. He avoided everyone stares, the only thing he could handle right then was the fact everyone would wanna know who the hell was Scott and him.

“Come on” He murmured following Steve.

Tony watched as everyone walked away. He remained froze on his place, he looked around him, he stared at the broken glass and furniture at his feet and then the fresh blood from his brother. He tiredly put a hand over his face and sighed against in, he felted like a terrible big brother. The way Stiles controlled the situation, he had been dealing with those problems for a while, it wasn’t the first time he witness that shit and Tony had no clue what his brother had went through, he had known better, it was his job, to know better. He quickly walked out and press the elevator.

Stiles watched as Steve carefully put Scott in a stretcher and closed his eyes for a moment in relief, no one had turned out injured. The adrenaline left him in an instant and he felt his wounds ache.
Scott was gonna lose his mind the next morning, he was gonna feel bad and upset and Stiles could only perfectly imagine.

“You won’t need the rabies vaccine would you?” Tony asked as he entered the room. Stiles opened his eyes and tilted his head, “Really?” He tiredly asked. Tony sadly smiled and looked down at his feet, “Steve put straps on Scott´s arms please” He nicely asked ignoring the gasp Stiles let out, “Its not necessary, he’s sedated” He exclaimed directly to Steve who froze on his way to the stretcher, eyes wide opened, clearly uncomfortable to be in the middle of the situation. Tony snatched his head up, “Yeah it is, I don’t care” He madly answered.

Stiles gritted his teeth, “I said its not” He answered back, “He’s my friend Tony!” He exclaimed raising his good arm pointing to Scott´s steady body. He jumped when Tony slapped the wall, “And you’re my brother!” He loudly yelled, the room felt into silence as Stiles looked away, “And this is my team, my friends and my house and I am not putting anyone on danger, I don’t care who he is” He hissed with shaky voice. Tony looked up at Steve, “Put him on some damn straps” He commanded. Steve followed his instructions.

Stiles closed his eyes pained as he heard how Steve put on a damn leash on his friend. He knew Tony wasn’t being unreasonable, he was just protecting his friends but still… he hated seeing Scott moored and passed out. He sighed as he straightened up with effort. He slowly walked toward a chest of drawers. He opened one of them, taking a pair of bandages, but Tony was already shaking his head, “No, I don’t care you studied medicine, you’re gonna sit you ass down, let Bruce cure you and tell us what the hell happened”

Everyone stayed quiet waiting for Stiles reaction. But he only blinked staring at his brother and finally nodded, he didn’t want to fight anymore. Even him knew when to give up a fight, everyone deserved some answers. He sat down on an empty stretcher and rubbed his eyes with his good hand, he deeply sighed before starting, “Remember the first day I arrived… I told you I had an important meeting?” Stiles asked as he let Bruce take off his shirt. He then remembered his scars, everyone was gonna see them. He stopped half way there and lightly pushed Bruce hands away, he gave a look to Nat. She shrugged, they both knew it was gonna happen sooner or later. He finally removed his shirt throwing it away, quietly groaning when his stomach protested. No one talked for a moment, the room was so tense Stiles could cut it with a knife.

He deeply sighed, knowing what was coming and raised his hand, “Let me explain-“ But Tony finally exploded.

“What the fuck happened to you Stiles?!” He furiously yelled as he watched his brother torso, filled with tiny scars, huge scars, scars everywhere. He walked straight to him and put a shaky hand on his chest, he looked up, “I want the fucking truth and I want it now Stiles” He demanded with
jittery voice. Stiles remained staring at the floor, too coward to look up and realized everyone eyes were filled with what? pity, confusion, even with suspicion, he wouldn’t blame them. He swallowed with difficulty, “Remember the first day I arrived I told you I had an important meeting?” He asked again, ignoring Tony’s exasperated gasp.

“I met with the alpha of New York’s pack in Fire Island” He explained eventually looking up. Tony stared at him from head to toe, “Why?” He finally asked with tension as he leaned against the wall. Stiles swallowed, looking down. He just wanted to disappear and run away, “Cause I am—was, the emissary of Scott’s pack”

“What?” Steve asked disbelief when no one said anything. Stiles gave him a look before bitting his lip, “Everything you know about the supernatural world is real, every story, every legend, every myth, everything is real” Stiles explained as he leaned against the back of the stretcher, he was beginning to feel dizzy and plain tired. Bruce reacted rapidly and put his hands on Stiles shoulders, making him carefully lay on bed, “I need some anesthesia…” He murmured under his breath but Stiles shook his hand, “Its fine, I don’t need it” He answered ignoring Bruce distrustful eyes, “Its fine” He repeated stronger.

When no one say anything Stiles regained his speech, it was better to let everything out in only one round, “One night the sheriff got a call, some campers had found a dead body lost in the forest, being the curious kid I was, I interfered the call, they were looking for a half dead body, I thought it was the coolest thing I had ever heard “ Stiles mumbled feeling so stupid then, if he hadn’t go looking for the corpse, Scott would had never been bitten and everything would be just fine. He slowly shook his head, “I woke Scott up and made him go to the reserve with me, looking for it” Stiles explained as he stared at the ceiling, being grateful he could feel the pain for his distraction, “But we didn’t know it was Derek’s sister body we were searching for, we had no idea we were getting mixed between a pack fight for being the alpha”

“Wait a second” Tony suddenly said raising his hands, “Derek is a werewolf?” He asked surprised. Stiles half smiled, for him it was such a stupid question, “Derek was part of the Hale pack, his mother was the alpha, it was a big deal between werewolves” He explained.

“Was?” Natasha asked quietly as she put a chair beside Stiles and sat down. Stiles stared at her as he remembered Derek’s dark past, he ignored the question, it was not his story to tell, “That same night, something attacked us and bit Scott, the next day the injure… it was gone”

Stiles stretched his neck watching his friend deeply asleep, “It didn’t took me long enough to figure out Scott was bitten by a werewolf, Derek’s crazy uncle was the one to do it”

He shook his head as the memories flooded his mind, it had happened so many years ago it was almost funny, their problems from back then seemed so easy now, he wished the only thing he had
to deal was psycho Peter again, “What happened tonight… was as if Scott was again that beginner omega with no control” He explained confused, how was that possible? Scott was a true alpha, he wasn’t supposed to have trouble controlling his shift.

“Are you sure?” Tony sarcastically asked, Stiles gave him a mad stare, “He’s a true alpha Tony, he has learn more control than any other werewolf I know” He answered lightly annoyed, pulling a face when he felt the pain increase. Bruce gave a quick stare, “Sorry…” He mumbled returning back to his work.

“What does it mean he’s a true alpha?” Steve asked suddenly. Stiles swallowed as he remembered that night, the alpha pack, they had thought everyone was gonna die, he remembered every day he thought he was going to die, he let it go in an instant, “The alpha is the strong one, the leader of the pack, the hierarchy is strict for one reason, you control your pack and its betas”

“To become an alpha you have to kill other one but not a true alpha. The only way to become a true alpha is by force of will, strength of character” Stiles explained as Bruce straightened him up with careful. In complete silence he began putting bandages around his stomach.

“And Scott is a true alpha?” Tony asked disbelief bitting his nail. Stiles nodded watching carefully at his brother. Tony scratched the back of his head with frustration, “And you?” He asked.

Stiles frowned confused, “What about me?” He asked as Bruce took his arm. Tony sighed, “I mean how did you end up mixed in there? Scott was the one bitten and you said it yourself, your… your damn abilities only appeared a little ago, so I ask you, what about you?”

Stiles looked down letting his breath go when Bruce began cleaning his arm, “He’s my best friend Tony, since we were kids, what was I supposed to do? Leave him?” Stiles asked madly looking at his brother, who only shook his head, he knew he was being unreasonable asking that but still his brother was covered in scars and he, he didn’t do anything to prevent it.

“We all been through a lot Tony, but together, Derek, Scott, me and the pack” He added trying to make everyone explain, “They’re my family Tony, besides you, he’s all I got” The room stayed quiet before Tony deeply sighed, “You’re getting trained, Steve and Nat and everyone in this house are going to train you and I don’t care what you think, did you hear me?”

Tony commanded crossing his arms over his chest, daring anyone to tell him otherwise. Stiles stared at him and finally nodded, “Good” Tony exclaimed before walking to his brother, he pushed Bruce away, who only raised his arms in defeat. Stiles backed away a little staring confused at his brother’s proximity, “You’re an idiot Stiles” He whispered before putting his arms around him.
Stiles remained frozen on his place frowning before slowly hugging Tony too, he shook his head, “Sorry” He mumbled truthful, as he thought all the things he was letting in secret, the nogitsune, Allison, Gerard, It was better that way. Some things were better left in the dark. But apparently not that night.

“Stiles” Natasha suddenly called, Tony stepped away before clearing his throat, he clapped Stiles in the back making him twist his mouth in pain, “Sorry” Tony mumbled stepping away. Stiles looked up at her and raised his eyebrows, “Yeah?”

Natasha put her elbows on her knees, “Taken for granted everything you said tonight is the truth, Scott is a werewolf thus his strength is bigger than ours but you managed to immobilize him in matter of seconds and hold him down, how?” She asked truly impressed.

Stiles felt his heart beat with rapidity as everyone stared at him, waiting for an explanation. He swallowed hard, he wasn’t ready, he didn't want anyone to know the truth about him, he opened his mouth and closed it several times before shaking his head. The words couldn’t leave his body, he couldn't do it.

His always savior, the good sir Jarvis decided it was time to step in, “Sir, I’m sorry for interrupting, but Stiles phone has been ringing several times, a Blondie as it says on the screen is being very persistent”

Stiles closed his eyes and dropped his head on his hand, “Shit Lydia” He mumbled under his breath. “She’s calling right now, how do you want me to proceed?” The mechanic voice asked. Stiles shook his head, it was better to deal with it as quickly as he could, “Put her through please” He answered immediately.

“Speaker?”

Stiles nodded, “Speaker is fine Jarvis, thank you” Stiles said staring at the ceiling with a small smile. Almost immediately, Lydia’s panicked voice filled the entire room with her high pitched voice, “Thank god asshole, I thought you were- you’re an idiot, why you never answer you goodman phone and use the bloody senses our good god gave you to be less than the idiot you are” She exclaimed out loud.
Stiles let of his breath as he heard Lydia insulting him, “Lids?” He tried to say but she interrupting him, “Don’t Lids me again asshole, I’m sick of you” She exclaimed annoyed. Stiles could perfectly visualize her passing inside her room side to side, arms crossed over his chest.

Tony laughed under her breath, “I already like her” He mumbled nodding. Immediately Lydia shut up, “Am I on speaker?” She asked sounding even more annoyed if possible. Stiles smirked, “Yeah hon” He answered, “Everyones listening, including Tony Stark” He added.

The line was quiet again as she proceeded she had just insulted Stiles in front of the entire avengers team, in front of his brother “Oh my god, Mr. Stark I´m so sorry, I had no idea” She tried but Tony interrupted her, “Please darling, you only said the things I’ve been dying to say myself” He answered before laughing out loud.

Stiles rolled his eyes, “Yeah yeah, shut up” He hissed directly to his brother, who only shrugged playing innocent, “I´m not the one that say them” He mumbled. Lydia moaned over the phone, “Sorry for that, to everyone, sorry” She said directly to everyone in the room. Steve couldn’t handle so many bad words in a row.

“You’re alright?” She worriedly asked after seconds of silence. Stiles huffed playing offended, “Of course I am hon” He answered automatically. But Lydia groaned on the phone, “That bad huh?”

Stiles nodded shaking his head realizing she couldn’t see him he answered, “A little bit”

“How is Scott?” She quietly asked. Stiles looked away and stared at Scott asleep body, “Well… he’s sedated” He answered but shut up when Lydia gasped, “What? Stile what happened?”

“Nothing to worry about Lids, we are both fine” He assured her, trying to calm her down, “How are things back there?” He asked distracting her, “Are the boys and Erica alright?”

Lydia sighed over the phone, “No, not really, Derek kicked me out when he realize everyones was losing it” Stiles nodded repeatedly, ignoring the mention of Derek’s name, “Is he alright?”

She didn’t have to hear the name to know who he refer to, “He’s… holding on and well helping the others, you know how he is” Lydia answered. Stiles could only imagine what she referred to, Derek surely restrain them with chains and surely himself too. Stiles sighed tiredly, he couldn’t handle thinking about Derek, “I’ll call you in the morning, alright?” He said as he climbed off the stretcher. Lydia hummed in response doubting his proposal. Stiles laughed under his breath, “I
promise, I will call you” He assured her.

Lydia was quite for a few seconds, he knew she didn’t want to go, “Alright” She finally said before hanging up. Stiles let out his breath and stretched his shoulders with careful trying to digest the news, werewolves were losing their control, not only on New York but Beacon Hills as well and god knew where else. They weren’t good news, he didn’t know what was going on, if it was about werewolves genes, something about they cycle and the moon or if someone was causing it, but the fact he had to fight against korreds, the disappearances and then werewolves losing control, their weren’t a coincidence, he just had to figure out how they were connected.

Tony gave him one last look before shaking his head, he opened his mouth, wanting to say something else, something that would comfort his brother and himself, but he was short of words and he was damn tired. He finally decided it was better to leave Stiles to rest, he quickly walked out from the room, followed by Nat and Clint. Stiles stayed a little longer as Bruce finished with his arm, “Thank you” He said smiling. Bruce nodded and gave him a look, “You’re not who we all thought you were” He exclaimed as he removed his gloves, stained with blood. Stiles raised one eyebrow, “Oh yeah? What was that?”

Bruce shrugged before walking away, “Just Tony’s little brother”

Stiles watched his back until he disappeared through the doors, he looked down at his arm and shook his head. People would always underestimated him, he was used to it but it felted different coming from the team, he wasn’t sure he liked it.

He carefully climbed off the stretcher and gave one step when his stomach protested in pain. He moaned tiredly at his stupid injuries, “Need some help?” He heard someone ask behind him. He smiled because he knew who it was, “Yes please” He answered as grabbed Steve’s arm and slowly, they made his way to the elevator. He wave one last look at Scott stopping for a second, “He’ll be fine” Steve assured him with a whisper.

Stiles nodded with a weak smile and let himself be dragged down the elevator fighting against his entire will, he wanted to stay but he knew Scott needed to rest, as well as him. He gladly leaned against the wall, only then he noticed Steve was still on his uniform and he was a mess, “How was the mission?” He asked staring at the front. He felt Steve’s eyes on him, “I think it worked better for me” He answered quietly. Stiles smiled and shook his head, “I really think it did” He said before closing his eyes for a moment.

“You alright?” Steve asked quietly. Stiles opened his eyes and looked at him, “Of course I am” He answered before shrugging, “I just didn’t want for Tony to find out like that, and well, either of you” He added as he watched the elevator opened. Steve nodded as he helped him walked outside, “Yeah, it was a little….” He shut himself up when he noticed the room was still pure chaos,
Stiles stopped on his tracks and looked around him, “Shit” He tiredly whispered. He tried to reagon his walk when Steve stopped him, “Are you sure you want to sleep here?” He asked feeling suddenly nervous when Stiles stared at him, “Huh?” He asked confused.

Steve swallowed and nodded, “Yeah I mean, you can sleep in my flat…” He whispered unsure. Stiles raised his eyebrows, “With you?” He asked impressed.

“No! no, I mean no I- I have a spare room” He immediately explained himself before clearing his throat. Stiles stared at him a few seconds before looking around again, he stared at the spots of his blood on the floor and shrugged, “I mean I could…” He mumbled but shut himself up, Steve was kind enough to let him sleep in his flat. He shook his head, “Yeah, sure” He answered before smiling. Steve was finally able to breath, he nodded as they walked to the elevator again. Stiles let his body leaned against him for a bit, “I´m sorry, I just feel exhausted” He explained as he stared at Steve´s red cheeks.

Steve nodded, “Of course you are” He answered watching Stiles closed his eyes.

“We´re almost there” He whispered as he practically carry Stiles, leading him to his spare room.

As soon as Stiles saw the bed he dropped himself in it, ignoring the ache across his body. He kicked his shoes off and hugged the pillow against his face, “Thank you” He mumbled honestly as he watched Steve awkwardly stand in front if the bed, “I don’t even know why you are so nice to me” He added confused.

Steve stared at Stiles a few moments disbelief, what kind of trust issues Stiles most had to not know why a person would do kind things for him, beside Steve´s curiosity was still there and somehow stronger than ever. He smiled at Stiles, “See you in the morning” He said instead, quietly as he walked away.

“Night Steve” Stiles mumbled before he completely fall asleep, what an exhausting day.

* 

Slowly Derek dragged his feet inside his bathroom, he tried to control his breathing as he watched
to sun rising through his window, the morning had finally arrived. He leaned on the wall and dropped himself on the floor with tiredness. He put his head between his knees before closing his eyes with strength. He couldn’t even remembered the last time he couldn’t control his shift, he had learned to control himself since he was a kid, he was a born werewolf, he could do it. But what he had felted the night before was chaotic, uncontrolled. It had been as if something was constantly calling his inner wolf and Derek could do nothing to ignore those callings. There was something wrong and that night only confirmed his suspicions.

He raised his head and stared at the orange sky, wondering what kind of darkness was able to made them lose control that easily.
Stiles stepped out of the shower and walked to the sink before leaning on it. He removed the steam of the mirror, dropping his hand. He carefully watched his stomach, the scratches were almost gone. Normally they wouldn’t be healed yet but Stiles was not normal and his healing process, although it wasn’t as fast as werewolves, it was faster than usual. Everyone in the tower noticed it, still, no one asked, they all ignored it as same as they had been ignoring him and Scott.

He put the towel around his waist and exited the bathroom.

“Stiles?” He heard Scott calling him unsure from outside.

Stiles opened his closet looking for his gym clothes, he had training with Clint and Steve that day, “In here” He said out loud as he took his black pants out. Scott slowly popped his head through the door, “Hey…” He mumbled before walking inside. Stiles gave him a gaze and a quick smile, “Sup Scottie boy” He greeted happily as he opened his drawers, searching for a clean shirt. It was incredible the huge clutter he managed to create inside his drawers and closet.

“How are you?” He asked when he noticed Scott was awkwardly standing in the middle of his room, rocking himself in his feet. He looked down before shrugging, “Alright, I guess” He answered restrained. Stiles gave him a look and rolled his eyes, “Come on man” He exclaimed walking toward him, he clapped him in the back before holding his shoulder. But Scott shook his head staring at the big scratches in his friend stomach, he didn’t pretend to, but the guilt made him do it. Stiles noticed and twisted his mouth, he quickly put his shirt on.

“Its fine Scott” He whispered honestly. Scott sighed long and sick of everything. He walked away from him, “No, its not Stiles” He muttered back as he sat in the bed, “Its not” He assured at Stiles when he buffed. Scott shook his head again, the morning before full moon, he felted like crap, tired and sick and he couldn’t remember anything that had happened. But the stares everyone gave him as they entered his room to check on him, Scott knew he had fucked up, he was aware everyone knew his secret and surely about Stiles and the pack. But the way Tony had stared at him, mistrust in his eyes. Keeping his distance, in that moment he knew he had hurt Stiles.

“Scott, look at me, I´m fine” Stiles insisted kneeling in front of Scott, trying to level their glances. But Scott immediately raised his head, looking away. Stiles sighed exasperated, “Scott please-“
But his friend was laughing, choking with his spit. His cheeks lightly red. Stiles frowned confused, “Can you please put some clothes on? Please” He begged still looking away, it was definitely a side of Stiles he did not want to know. Stiles peeked down, seeing he was exposing a little too much. He quickly covered himself with the towel before standing up. He walked away looking for some clean boxers to wear, “Sorry bro” He muttered uncomfortably laughing out loud.

“But seriously Scott, knock it out, we’v been into worse, you know that!” Stiles exclaimed as he put his boxers on. Scott nodded and groaned, “Man… it felt, Stiles I couldn’t control myself”

Stiles wide opened his eyes and nodded, “Yeah… we all noticed”

Scott shook his head and quickly stood up, raising his arms, “No, no, shut up, I mean, it was as if I, me, Scott McCall was sleep but there was something, someone inside me, controlling, calling me over and over” Scott mumbled, his eyes lost in the memories of that night. Stiles gave him a bewildered glare before throwing his towel away, “Its not like that all the time? I mean, when you were a new born werewolf, you didn’t feel like that?” He asked disconcerted. Scott felt a shudder and shook his head slowly, “It was different, I mean it was always hard as hell since the beginning but now… its different, now it feels almost impossible to dominate and somehow its darker, that calling was darker” He snarled, eyes still lost.

Stiles remained silent, glaring at the floor, a glint of uncertainty in his mellow eyes, “Look, I’ll see what I can do, I will do the research and find out what is the cause of all this alright?” He guaranteed Scott trying to sound as honest as he was, the vow written in his eyes. Scott finally agreed with a head movement and deeply sighed, “I don’t know Stiles, this doesn’t feel good”

He nodded in understating, showing his true concern, “I know Scott, trust me, I know” He assured as he finished putting on his clothing. He gave one last uneasy gaze at Scott, “I have training with Clint buddy” He explained as he picked up his black sneakers, “We’ll finished this talk tonight alright? I promise”

Stiles rapidly entered the elevator and sighed as this went down, he was making too many promises and he didn’t know if he could keep them all. What Scott had sensed, they weren’t good news, it left a bad taste in his mouth and a red alarm on his head. Liam had called the day before, said the mistletoe and hcatolite had worked pretty well. Stiles had smiled, at least something had worked that freaking night. He immediately had called Anna to thank her and asked her the exact same
stuff for Scott, she had built him a hand made necklace of pure white moon stone, when it opened, it revealed it had some mistletoe in it, it was beautifully perfect and it said Scott on every part of it. He made sure, Anna made some necklaces for the pack as well.

To made it worse, he hadn’t talked much to Tony or anyone else of the team actually, they were busy, missions and crap as they liked to call it. But Stiles could realize they were avoiding him and Scott too and he was mad for it, it only provoked Scott felt more guilty if possible, it wasn’t fair but he tried to understood. They were afraid, stunned and had no idea what the hell was going, Stiles either but he and Scott were a team, they had known each other since they were babies, the team didn’t.

Even Steve seemed to be keeping his distance and Stiles… he hated it, he wanted him back. He thought they were actually getting along, having a good relationship, a friendship. And it was nice, he was glad for it but he had woken up in his flat that morning and Steve was no where to be seen, he was already gone. Since that day every time they suddenly ran into each other, in the kitchen, gym, whatever place, Steve was dry and distant, would only say a couple of words and that was it, Stiles wanted things to be, normal again, specially with him, Stiles couldn't stand the silence anymore.

And Tony, he was worse, he was still mad at Stiles for not telling him the truth, he knew he was worried for him but still he couldn’t get angrier at him because he decided to keep his past hidden, it was his and no one else, not even Tony’s and they were his demons and he was old enough to decide what to do with them. It was the first time since he arrived he actually wanted to… leave. But he wasn’t, Scott and the pack, they were right. Stiles was a runner, every time he felted bad, uncomfortable, he ran, well he wasn’t doing it, no matter how bad his guts were telling him to. He was sticking with Tony and the team until they told him otherwise.

The doors opened and revealed a wide space with targets shaped as bodies practice but Clint was no where no be seen.

“Thanks Jarvis” Stiles mumbled as he climbed down. He looked up, the room was tall and dark, only illuminated by big bright white lights. He walked to the wall to his side, were they where all kinds on weapons, handguns, shotguns, rifles, automatics, semiautomatics, everything hanging in the wall. Stiles eyes wide opened as his fingers touched the numerous guns. He whistled amazed as he took a desert eagle .50 in his hand, he noticed the little light that appeared when a weapon was taken, Tony and his paranoid technology. He checked they weight and balance on his hand, it felted good. He half smiled to himself as he raised the gun, testing his aim.

“Dont hurt yourself kid” Clint suddenly exclaimed. Stiles lightly flinched as he gave him a tense stare, he noticed how Clint voice changed, it wasn’t friendly anymore, more like only a teacher. He lowered the gun and twisted his mouth, “Thanks for the tip” He sarcastically snarled before putting the gun back in its place. Clint gave him a long stare, “Here, use this one” He said as he picked up
a gun, taking it from the wall, he handed him a black glock 19, nothing fancy.

Stiles took it, twisting it in his hand, it was practically a beginners gun. Apparently Clint still took him for granted. But he shrugged with one shoulder. He gave Clint a half smile before putting the earmuffs and the googles on.

He took the gun again and settled himself in front of the target. Stiles raised his arms ready to fire, he aimed at the farthest target, directly to the head.

“Now, what you have to do-“ Clint tried to say as he walked toward him when Stiles started shooting. He quickly finished the entire cartridge, a cocky smile on his face as he lowered the gun, pretty happy with the results. But Clint gave a him a mad glare for interrupting him, “You are gonna hurt yourself” He exclaimed tensed but shut up when he realized Stiles had perfectly shoot the middle of the target, two shoots in the head and three on the chest. He stared at Stiles, a mix of amusement and confusion in his eyes.

Stiles grabbed other cartridge with anger before looking up at Clint, “My father was the sheriff man, give me some credit” He exclaimed charging the gun again.

Clint couldn’t take his eyes off him, watching as Stiles raised the gun again, ready to fire. He then noticed the correct position of his legs, his secure eyes. How the muscles of his arms tensed as he fired over and over, how his veins popped with tension. He looked down before shaking his head, before remembering who that kid truly was. For a moment he had forgotten everything about him, he had forgotten the other night. He noticed the still pink scratches on his arm, they were healing faster than usual, he frowned as the curiosity raised inside his guts, but he didn’t ask. If he had learn one thing about Stiles was not to ask unless he was willing to tell the truth. In reality no one wanted to ask him about the fact he was healing faster, not even Bruce. He imagined the kid had some issues from his pasts, he could see it his eyes, his distrustful personality. But never like that, never as his torso demonstrated.

No one really knew those kids, not Scott´s story and his past and not Stiles, not completely.

Stiles deeply sighed before putting the warm gun back at his case. He walked along the wall, searching for other weapon, a funnier one, “I learned how to shoot when I was little, its not one of my hobbies but sometimes it can be entertaining” He explained before shrugging as he grabbed a semiautomatic rifle, “I think rifles are my favorite ones” He added quietly as he raised the gun testing its aim.
“You’re father taught you well” Clint answered honestly as he crossed his arms over his chest, watching one more time at the fired targets. Stiles stopped in dry, the tension finally giving in. He gave him a long painful stare, he sighed with exasperation, “Stop acting as if Scott or me, were someone else, its still us, its still me, you guys have been avoiding us like assholes for days, its childish, stop it” He exclaimed annoyed, taking the rifle with strength, aiming the targets. Clint remained silent, staring at the floor. He heard as Stiles fired and fired, charging once, charging twice, taking out his frustrations.

“I mean, whats the scary deal with one tiny fucking werewolf, you guys fight aliens, those shits are scary not Scott, he’s a stupid puppy for christ sake” Stiles continued complaining, he wide opened his eyes, “And me? Whats scary about me? absolutely nothing, I´m an hyperactive kid with a big mouth so if Tony told you guys to give us space or whatever crap, cut it out, its not funny anymore”

Clint shook his head, “Its not like that Stiles” He mumbled quietly, wishing he had kept his mouth shut. Stiles sarcastically smirked and turned to him wide opening his eyes, “Then what? What is it?” He asked putting the rifle back with more strength than necessary.

“You’re just a kid Stiles! And just look at you, you’re…” He tried to say but shut himself up, the wrong words coming out if his mouth, “I’m what? Fucked up? Of course I am! And so are you and so as everyone else in this damn building! so stop acting as if we were scared children, we are not anymore and we sure as hell don’t need any special treatment, specially not from any of you”

They remained in tense silence as Stiles calmed himself down, taking deep breaths. Clint swallowed and finally nodded, acknowledging a lost of words when he saw one, “You’re right” He admitted crestfallen, “We just… I just thought it was better to keep distances” He rambled uncomfortable. Stiles pulled a face, as saying are you stupid or something, he finally sighed and shook head, “Well don’t, its annoying instead, who the hell asked you to do it"

“I know, we can be stupid too, believe me” He exclaimed raising his arms in clear defeat. Stiles rolled his eyes, “Oh trust me, I believe you” He answered back feeling the anger leave his body. Clint scratched the back of his head with nervousness. He snatched an arrow of the wall and inspection it.

“We´re alright?” Clint asked after a couple of seconds in complete silence, spinning the arrow in his hand. All he wanted was to this drama shit be over. Stiles twisted his mouth and shrugged, “I don’t know, are we?” He sarcastically asked, hiding the small smile playing on his lips.

Clint half smiled, putting away the arrow, he raised his hand waiting for Stiles to just take it, “Yes”
He mumbled honestly. Stiles stared at his hand before looking up, narrowing his eyes with suspicion, he finally grabbed his hand and shook it, “Alright” He mumbled, honestly he was glad and relief at least him and Clint were in good terms.

“Well, are you sure you need me to practice shooting? I think you have it under control” Clint asked watching again at the targets. He was feeling kind of useless. Stiles followed his line of view and smiled, his aim was nothing compered to Clint´s or even Natasha´s one but it was still pretty good.

Stiles blinked several before nodding, he didn’t want to leave just yet, he liked talking to Clint, “I mean, I could learn some archery” He answered shrugging, leaving the question in the air. Clint hissed and raised his eyebrows, “I don’t know, could you?” He sarcastically asked, mocking him.

Stiles gave him a sassy stare before looking down, a smile playing on his lips, “Lets do this archer guy” He exclaimed excited.

Half hour later, Clint actually let him use the bow, after hours of theory. Stiles positioned himself in front of the target as he aim, it was pretty hard actually to keep the damn arrow on its place.

“Relax your arms” Clint instructed as Stiles felt his hands on his shoulders. Stiles let out his breath and the tension was momentary gone, “Good…” Clint muttered distracted watching Stiles position before letting him go. Stiles visualize his target, the red circles on it.

“You learn fast kid” Clint exclaimed smiling as he arranged Stiles arms one more time, who only hummed in agreement, trying to focus himself, “You’re father taught you something about archery as well?” He innocently asked. Stiles let go the arrow at the questions, feeling how the bowstring touched his mouth. He huffed and twisted his mouth when it didn’t hit in the middle. He turned to Clint and shook his head, “No, I guess he didn’t have time for it” He answered before painfully laughing under his breath, even though he knew it was definitely not funny to joke about his father´s… well dead. Clint gave him a long stare, “You always do that” He finally exclaimed taking other arrow, passing it to Stiles, who gladly took it, he hummed taking his position again.

“Always do what?” He asked, his mouth against the bowstring.

“Mock your pain” Clint answered shrugging, as if it was really that obvious. Stiles supposed in a
way it was, even Derek had questioned that fact about him, it just seemed easier to laugh at it rather than… deal with it. Stiles huffed, “I don’t do that” He lied.

But Clint smirked and frowned “Yeah you do, trust me” He assured Stiles, who only rolled his eyes and sighed, “Sorry?” He exclaimed unsure. Clint laughed as he corrected Stiles arms again, “Its okey, its just weird”

Stiles half shrugged and nodded, staying still when Clint groaned correcting his posture one more time, he knew it was weird, “Well I guess it started since my mother died” He honestly answered thinking, the first punch life sent him was his mother dying, he didn’t quite remembered those days but he guesses his sarcastic and cynic personality grew from that and when his father died it only grew bigger.

“How old were you?” Clint asked quietly. Stiles let out a deep breath getting ready to fire again, “I was six, she was sick for a long time” He answered before letting the arrow go, he smiled pleased when it hit the middle. Clint hummed, “I’m sorry Stiles” He whispered but Stiles shoved it away with a hand gesture, they were past waters, past issues, he had made peace with them. Stiles figured Clint probably wanted to ask about his father too, he already knew half about his life, why not a little more, “And my father died when I was a teen, tough days” He added shrugging.

“Line of duty?” Clint asked before taking the bow from Stiles hands, who only nodded. Clint put himself in front of the target and easily shoot, aiming perfectly in the middle. Stiles half smiled watching him but the smile didn’t reach his eyes, “He got shot” He explained.

“But hey, he taught me how to defend myself before you know… he died” He added uncomfortable backing away. Clint shook his head and pursed his lips, “You’re all a character” He stated.

Stiles smirked and shrugged, “Whats the point if not” He exclaimed laughing when Clint only rolled his eyes.

Five more round of shooting arrows and bullets and practice was finally over. But that only meant he had training with nothing less and nothing more than Steve. He just expected and wanted for them to return to as they used to be. Stiles missed him, he was never gonna admit it out loud but he missed having someone to talk to about everything and anything, all at once. He could perfectly
imagined the ticklish situation of the practice, both of them in stressful perfect silence, he couldn’t handle it, he was going to be edgy all the damn training. He bit his nail nervously, he just wanted things to be normal again.

“He’s just worried for you” Clint suddenly exclaimed as the elevator went up. Stiles was taken by surprised, he raised his eyebrows, “Huh?” He asked lightly startled.

“Steve? He got worried for you and he doesn't know how to deal with that” Clint blurt out, half shrugging. Stiles sent him a long, kind of resentful glare, “I wasn’t-“ He tried to say but shut up when Clint sent him a stare.

“Yeah, whatever” He hissed as he ready to stepped out, “Just have a nervous collapse as you had with me and he will feel bad for avoiding you and surely will apologize and talk to you” Clint declared as if it was really that simple but Stiles didn’t answer, he didn’t know what to say. He twisted his mouth as he climbed down and stepped into the gym.

“He’s a dork Stiles and he’s stupid too” Clint added with half a smile, he winked his eye to Stiles before the doors finally closed.

Stiles watched the elevator leave, he hoped it was truly that easy, he hoped Steve would just talk to him, even if it was hypocrite of his part, Stiles wasn’t one person that talked, at least he didn’t like to take the first step.

He was warming up and stretching on the floor when he noticed Steve climbing down the elevator, bag on his hand, expression ready to kill someone, surely Stiles. And wearing gym clothes, wearing skinny gym clothes. Stiles swallowed hard trying not to stare as he quickly stood up, nervously smiling when Steve gave him a weird, long glare.

“Coming from Clint?” He asked as he dropped his bag on the floor, he began slowly passing in the room. Stiles watched him gawking as he stretched his arms and legs. Apparently he had stared a little too long because Steve raised one eyebrow in clear question. Stiles cleared his throat, “Yeah, yeah, I had practice with him today” He babbled feeling so stupid it hurt him.

Steve nodded, “Alright, we’re starting with a quick run” He instructed as he jumped on his feet and twisted his head. Stiles pulled a face with disgust, he hated running, he hated it so much when Derek and the pack ran, he dedicated himself to sat his ass down and watched them chaise their tails like fools. But he was training with Captain America, he couldn’t show his lazy him, at least not yet.
He nodded repeatedly with fake energy, a bright grin in his face. Gaining other weird stare from Steve who only shook his head and began jogging, giving Stiles his back. Stiles let out his breath and shook himself, he could do it. He quickly caught up with the cap, this was gonna be more hard than he had thought.

Fifteen minutes later and Stiles was ready to drop and leave and he wouldn’t care. His legs were burning and constantly protesting, begging him to stop freaking moving. He gasped for air as he stopped, putting his hands over his knees, he shook his head, feeling he was about to die. Steve didn’t notice he was gone until he was meters away, he turned around and raised his arms, still jumping on his feet, “What are you doing Stiles? Come on” He exclaimed jogging back but Stiles shook his head and shook his arm for him to leave.

“I am done” He tiredly hissed finally straightening up with tiredness, pulling a face when his back hurt, he couldn’t even talk properly as his lungs gasped for air. He removed the sweat from his forehead with his hand and shook his head again, “I am not running anymore” He assured Steve as he walked away with shaky legs, he needed to fucking hydrate himself.

Steve twisted his mouth and followed him, “Stiles, we´ve been running for only fifteen minutes” He said as he crossed his arms over his chest, finally giving up in his jogging. He watched as the man dropped his ass on the floor with tiredness, “No” He immediately affirmed raising his finger, “I hate running, I’m not doing it anymore, I tried” He grumbled before finishing the bottle in a sip. Steve looked at Stiles throat swallow and swallow with desire. He had to look away exasperated, “Well its part of your training so come on” He insisted lightly kicking him with his foot for him to move, but it was useless.

Stiles obviously didn’t listen to him, he remained steady in the floor, heavy breathing, “How do you do it?” He painfully asked, he immediately realized his question was stupid, he waved his hand, “Forget I ask that, super freaking soldier” He mumbled between teeth, almost jealousy. But Steve wasn’t giving up either.

“Stiles five more minutes, stand up” He insisted beginning to despair, which wasn’t even against Stiles but Steve was taking it out on him. Stiles gave him a confused glare, “Why are you so stressed? Chill big guy” He muttered confused trying to light things up.

Steve gritted his teeth and looked away again, this is why he didn’t want to train him, he couldn’t
fucking do it, he was letting his emotions get in the middle, “Stiles, move” Steve blurted raising his voice. Stiles nearly opened his mouth of pure surprise, he slowly stood up, he wasn’t gasping anymore and his friendly stare was gone, “What is your problem Steve?” He asked shrugging, clearly perplexed, he couldn’t understand why he seemed so mad at him.

“Are you mad at me?” He asked impressed, wide opening his eyes when Steve madly looked away, “Well are you?” Stiles pushed harder, he wanted to be over with their stupid apparently fight that he had no idea when or why it started, the only fact he had about it was that he wanted it over.

Steve was only able to shake his head and rubbed his eyes with tiredness, hating himself. He needed to control himself, one more time he was letting his unknown feelings get on his way.

He took deep breath before looking up, Stiles was still waiting for a damn answer, “Look if you don’t want to run, thats fine but please listen to me when I tell you what to do, this is not a game Stiles and I’m doing a favor to your brother” He finally exclaimed, pained at the stare Stiles gave him, already regretting the last words that came out of his mouth but they were out.

Stiles backed away as if Steve had pushed him, it had felted exactly the same. He swallowed hard before shaking his head, he finally raised his arms, “Alright, whats next teacher?” He sarcastically asked. But Steve was an idiot and sarcasm wasn’t his forte. He began taking his sneakers away with impatience , “To the tatami, now” He ordered between gritted teeth.

Stiles dropped his shoulders, mentally cursing, this was getting out of freaking context. He couldn’t even say bad words out loud because he could offend the asshole old man in front of him. He mentally cursed harder at himself for caring Steve didn’t like bad words. He madly sat on the floor again as he took his shoes off. If Steve wanted to be an idiot, perfect. Stiles could perfectly handle it, not in reality, but denial worked sometimes. He kneeled leaving his shoes when he noticed his phone was ringing, it was Lydia calling, it was the fourth time she called in ten minutes. Stiles bit his lip debating, looking between his phone and Steve, he finally shook his head, he could call her later but not all the days he had an open window to kick Captain America ass, at least he hoped he could it. He quickly stepped into the blue tatami, feeling the softness below his feet. He began stretching his neck and jumping on his feet, never taking his eyes of Steve, who would had guessed they were gonna end up fighting, practicing, Stiles corrected mentally.

“Are you scare or what? Come on!” Steve exclaimed getting into position. The anger grew inside Stiles, what was his fucking problem, if Stiles was just being a fucking favor then Steve at least should be professional and not the freaking brat he was being right in front of him. Stiles raised his fists, taking a deep breath as he prepared himself. The first one to attack was Steve, he easily dodge it. Lightly pleased at Steve’s surprised eyes.

He was getting sick at everyone underestimating him, he was not a kid, he was not just Tony’s
little brother and he was not only a fucking favor. He threw his first punch directly at Steve’s face, he dodge it but got distracted at his speed, Stiles took advantage of it and punched him in the ribs before other one straight in the face but he didn’t stop there. Stiles kicked him in the upper leg before launching himself to Steve torso going for his leg, but it had been a bad idea, a really bad idea. Steve used his elbow to hit him in the back repeatedly times but Stiles didn’t let go until he felt his knee kicking his stomach. Stiles let him go in an instant as he felt his scratches burn and his air was gone. He groaned stepping back, putting an arm around his stomach. Steve was immediately next to him, “Are you alright?” He asked surprised, he had forgotten, for a moment he had completely forgotten.

“Stiles?” He called exasperated taking his arm, he did not count he was gonna get punched directly in the face, right on his nose. He backed away as he held his nose between his hands, he looked up surprised, staring at Stiles who had a half cocky smile on his face, he raised his arms before shrugging, “That was low” Steve mumbled as he cleaned the blood away, a smile on his face. Stiles laughed too, “Come on big guy” He hissed raising his fists again.

Steve shook his head before running toward him, tucking him into the floor. Stiles let out all his breath as they rolled over the floor, “You’re an idiot!” He exclaimed as he felt his knuckles touching bland flesh. Steve groaned as he hit Stiles too, directly on his mouth and he was suddenly on top of him, holding his arms against the floor. His worrying and anger was gone as he lost himself in those brown eyes.

“Let go off me!” Stiles madly hissed trying to set free when he realized they were dangerously close to each other. So close he could perfectly visualized Steve’s perfect blue eyes. He didn’t mean to stare back but he was locked in those eyes. Steve’s lips were barely opened and for a moment Stiles actually wanted to know how they tasted like.

The moment was broken when he heard his phone ringing. Both men looked up and Steve let go in an instant, as if he was burned by the touch. Stiles was quickly on his feet, he cleared his throat and arranged his shirt. Steve gave him a stare but Stiles backed away, he opened his mouth but nothing came out, he shook his head again and walked toward his still ringing phone. He rapidly took it and noticed Lydia was calling again, he frowned confused as he picked up, “Sorry hon, I was training and-“

But her scared voice shut him up immediately.

“Stiles” She breathed with tension.
“What happened?” He asked as he leaned against the wall, he could feel Steve’s confused eyes on him, “Derek, he...”

He closed his eyes pained as he got ready for the news, “We can’t find him, its been hours, we don’t where he is and and his place...” She finally painfully admitted. Stiles took a deep breath trying to control his breathing, he straightened up and opened his eyes, “I’ll be there tonight” Was everything he was able to say. He quickly hung up and began grabbed his shoes and stuff. He needed to get the hell out.

“Stiles, are you okay?” Steve worriedly asked trying to grab his arm but Stiles shook his head and gave him a pained look, the guilt and pain as he engulfed it, he almost kissed him, he almost... he shook his head again, he needed to leave. He began walking away, almost falling down as his feet stumbled with Steve back pack. He regained his posture back and walked away, trying to control his shaky hands. Steve was suddenly left alone, he looked around him, at the empty, silent gym before sighing. Things hadn’t gone as he expected them to be, he didn’t mean to freak him out, he was just... he cursed his damn intrigue as he picked up his shoes and bottle of water,. He was about to leave when he stopped and tiredly sat in the bench, cursing again the moment he let his feelings for Stiles grew.

Stiles began putting his shoes on as the elevator went up, “Jarvis, prepare the quinjet please, discreetly” He instructed trying to maintain his balance when he crashed against the wall, he groaned in anger.

“Suppose that Mr. Stark doesn’t know anything about this” Jarvis asked. Stiles looked up at the ceiling and half smiled, “You know me to well dear Jarvis” He answered trying to control his panic, every time bigger inside his chest. He bit his lip and closed his eyes from what if felt an eternity when the doors opened at his flat and Jarvis spoke again, “Its done sir, the quinjet is ready”

Stiles shook his head, Jarvis was beginning to become his freaking best friend, “Thanks Jarvis” He mumbled trying to sound as emotional as he truly felt.

“Scott?” He called out loud as he ran to his room. He opened his closet and grabbed his back pack, he began pouring every cloth he found, clean or dirty, he packed everything his shaky hands found, he didn’t know how long he was going to stay, “Scott!” He shouted desperately when there was no answer. He heard quick steps as Scott ran to his room, “What? What?” He asked stressed as he entered, a towel around his waist and white shampoo on his hair.

Stiles pursed his lips and sighed, long and tired. He rubbed his face tiredly. Scott carefully stared
him down, “Something happened” He stated, already the worrying growing inside him. Stiles remained silent before walking out of his room, “I don’t know when I’m gonna come back” He muttered instead.

Scott gave him a speechless look, “What?” He asked stopping in his tracks behind him, “You’re not leaving without me Stiles” Scott exclaimed but Stiles shook his head, “I need you here, you know things are out of control, I need someone of my trust here” He reasoned trying to make him understand, he didn’t have other valid explanation on his mind.

Scott stared at him in surprised, trying to be the reasonable friend he was asking him to be, behind his words, “Stiles I don’t like this” He stressed, but Stiles shook his head and regain his walk, “Lydia is waiting for me, I’ll call you when I land” He reassured him as he trudged forward. Scott moved from his way as he watched him leave, he knew there was no point arguing with him, when an idea was inside his head there was no turning back.

He deeply sighed defeated as he walked to his bath again, he had left the water running.

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Stiles adjust himself in the seat as he started the motors of the quinjet, they roared as they came out to life. He quickly put in the coordinates to Beacon Hills and closed his eyes as the jet slowly rose above the ground. Stiles immediately put in on automatic and relaxed on his seat. He had no idea how to drove one of those things.

“Jarvis?” He called out loud as he laced his hands and put his elbows on his knees.

“Yes Stiles?” The machine asked.

“Please erase the history of this quinjet and don’t let Tony noticed its gone” He muttered closing his eyes for a moment, knowing he was asking too much, but he didn’t need his brother breathing on his neck, either the entire team. He could handle things on his own.

“Are you sure?” Even Jarvis knew it was a bad idea but yes, he was stupidly sure, “Please Jarvis, no one can know where I am, at least not yet” He breathed as he passed his fingers through his hair, he knew sooner or later Tony was gonna find out where he was, but in the mid time, he could put some kilometers between them. He stood up as he walked to his bag, he needed some research
He leaned back on his chair in clear surprised as he watched the numerous police reports popped in the screen of the laptop he stole from Tony. Stiles eyes wandered as he read each and one of them, disappearances, animals attacks, murders, kidnaps. The crime rate had increased in matter of months. Stiles recognized the patterns of werewolves attacks, just committed in the last full moon, apparently he was right, the control problems were scattered all over the country, not to say the world. And they weren’t just werewolves. As he dig more into the FBI records, god it was so easy to hack them, the majority of them were cataloged as attack animals or a really messed up murder.

But Stiles could see the truth, he could easily visualize the patterns. Vampires, orcs, pixies, every supernatural creature he could think of had attacked a human at least once. And the disappearances, he could see the same creature, person, whatever the hell it was, was behind them but which one, who could it be. Stiles needed to witness a crime scene, he couldn’t figure out through reports, pictures and interviews, he needed more.

He closed the laptop with strength as he stood up, he looked trough the window. He was still in the air, he didn’t even know how long it he had being staring at grey clouds. He needed to arrive fucking yesterday. And to made everything worse, his head was a mess, a pile of thoughts and frustrations. He couldn’t think about anything that was happening, everything was so fuzzy, disperse, like trying to grab fog with his hands, stupid and useless.

And the fact he was returning his… home town, whatever the hell it was, wasn’t helping shit. He didn’t even know what he would say to the pack, how to find Derek… what to say when he found him. He closed his eyes pained, and put his forehead against the cold glass. The simple fact of picturing him in danger made his skin burned in anger and agony. He needed to find him, it was all that matter, finding him safe and sound, not matter what happened next. Then he could return home and forget all about Steve… even when he didn’t want to, a part of him didn’t want to forget, but what was the damn point. Stiles had actually took fond of him, he enjoyed his company and his talking and laughing and just, he didn’t want to screw that up with a one night thing, not even a night, a fucking roll, which was everything he was looking for, even with Steve, right?

He loudly groaned returning to his seat, his mind was already a chaos to add Steve on it, “Call Scottie boy please” He said out loud as he heard the ring tone almost immediately, he closed his eyes waiting for his idiotic friend to answer.

“You arrived? Is everyone okay? Is Derek dead? Lydia is fine? Omg Isaac…” He quickly rambled, stumbling with his own words. Stiles shook his head overwhelmed, “No, no, stop talking!” He insisted when Scott continued asking meaningless things. Finally Scott shut up long enough for Stiles to listen to his own thoughts, “Sorry” Scott mumbled shyly before clearing his throat.
Stiles deeply sigh, rubbing his forehead. “Has anyone noticed?”

“Steve was looking for you, freaked out a little bit, I told him not to worry” Scott answered. Stiles nodded. “Thanks man, and the others?”

He heard as Scott walked, he was surely passing inside his room, “Well, according to Jarvis, everyone is still at missions, except for Nat” He answered. Stiles passed a hand through his hair, she surely already knew he was gone. But somehow he knew she wasn’t going to say anything, they had established a strange connection without words.

Stiles closed his eyes and flinched as the quinjet let out an alarm, he had arrived, “Scott, I just arrived, I’ll keep you informed” He promised hanging up not waiting for an answer. He immediately stood up and walked to the window again as he watched as he slowly landed right in the middle of the preserve. Stiles packed all his stuff in his bag and threw it to his shoulder as they finally touched land. He watched as the ramp descended to a perfectly calmed forest. The quinjet shut himself off and everything became deadly quiet, but he remained steady on his place, taking deep breaths, his legs suddenly froze. He knew he had to move, but once he was out, he was back at Beacon Hills.

He took a deep breath and shook himself, he quickly walked out already taking his phone out. The ramp behind him closed in an instant as Stiles dialogued Lydias phone.

“I’m here” He said as soon as she picked up.

“Everyones at my place, need a ride?” She asked but Stiles was already shaking his head, “No, I’m going to… Derek’s, I need to check it” He mumbled as he thought if he was still in their old apartment but knowing his ex boyfriend, he probably left the second Stiles did, he would have done the exact same thing.

“He’s staying at the loft hon, we’ll wait for you here” Lydia muttered shyly, only confirming what he already knew. Stiles nodded, he couldn’t dare opened his mouth, he was afraid his voice would cracked if he spoke. He finally he cleared his throat, “Give me an hour guys” He answered weakly.

“We’ll be waiting for you right here”

Stiles hung up and began his walking, not letting himself stop, if he did there was no turning back.
It was almost ridiculous how well he knew his way to the damn loft from every part of the preserve. He looked around him as he walked, Derek was right, something had changed in the forest, he could feel it in his bones, there was something stalking, analyzing from the shadows. Everything was perfectly quiet, too quiet, not even a bird or the wind was heard. He didn’t like that feeling, it made him wanna run away.

It didn’t take him a while to arrived, the proximity the loft had to the preserve was actually handful. He stared at the tall grey building raising above the trees, he had to look away when he felt the construction leaning on him with his heavy nostalgia and memories. But he had to move on, he needed to find Derek and leave the soon as possible from that place.

He wide opened the door, lightly jumping at the sonorous slap he always forgotten the metal door did. He could almost visualize the pack inside, laughing, watching movies, as the old days, they had been so good. But the place in front of him was unknown, he deep breathed as he watched the entire loft made a mess. He slowly entered, being careful not to step on anything. He kneeled on the wooden floor and lightly touch it with his fingers, his eyebrows impossibly raised, lacing between each other.

The scenery in front of him revealed an arduous battle, the struggle as Derek resisted being taken away. He rubbed his chin as he imagined Derek fighting against anything that threatened his home. He slowly stood up and inspected the room, he found some dried blood in the white carpet. He passed his fingers through it as he felt the anger boil inside him. Somebody had taken his fucking ex boyfriend and he was going to find out who did it and made them wish they hadn’t do it in the first place.

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Stiles froze, a little panicked, with his fist raised centimeters away from the door as he heard a soft chuckle inside. He heard as Isaac told Lydia to shut up as he noticed someone was outside. Stiles smiled to himself as he heard Isaac’s hurried steps. Suddenly the door wide opened and he was pulled into a hug by strong arms. Stiles laughed as he hugged Isaac back.

“I missed you too buddy” He exclaimed letting go, he happily pat him his cheek. Isaac seemed so tired and frustrated, how the hell not? his friend was missing and the other two idiots left to New York.

“It was time you returned pack mom” Jackson exclaimed from his place, seated on the floor, surrounded by millions of books. Stiles raised his eyebrows as Isaac moved away to reveal the entire pack. Stiles tilted his head and narrowed his eyes, “Don’t call me that, asshole” He
exclaimed but couldn’t hold on his laugh. He walked toward them as everyone stood up, except for Jackson.

Erica was the first one to move, he punched him in the arm before throwing her arms around his waist. Stiles pulled a face but didn’t complain, he deserve it. He put his arms around her higher back and kissed his head, “Hey cat woman” He greeted as he let himself be marked by her, he surely smelled so different than pack.

“What the hell is that smell, is all over you” She annoyingly asked backing away from with narrowed eyes, but Stiles just winked at her and he put his hand on Jackson’s shoulder and lightly squeezed, it was the best greeting he could come up that didn’t made them feel uncomfortable. Jackson looked up at him and gave him a tired smile, there was no reason for words.

Stiles walked past him and waved at Boyd, who weirdly opened his big arms before holding him in an awkward hug. Stiles laughed under his breath as he patted him in the back, “Good to see you Boyd” He whispered honestly stepping back and then there was Lydia. The always impossible ginger love of his life. He couldn’t help his bright smile as she launched herself to his arms. “I missed you so much” He mumbled against her neck. Lydia brightly smiled as he backed away enough to see each other in the eyes, hers seemed lost and tired, she had purple bags under her eyes. Stiles twisted his mouth as he passed his thumbs through them. He shook his head feeling the regret and guilt inside him. But immediately Lydia shook her head stepping away, “You know it wasn’t you fault Stiles” She breathed before crossing her arms over her chest, leaving room for no questioning. Stile half smiled about to open his mouth when Jackson stepped in.

“Seriously, what is that smell Stiles?” He asked confused looking around him. He frowned distracted but then he remembered, he had being practicing with Steve and he hadn’t showered, and they had ended up with him in top and almost… he felted as his cheeks turned deep red. He shrugged trying to play innocent but it was late.

“Oh no… what did you do?” Erica asked as she cupped his face in her hands, watching him dead in the eye. Stiles tilted his head between her hands before rolling his eyes, “Its no one, its just Steve” He answered, already regretting saying his name out loud, demonstrating Stiles actually thought about him in a way not entirely friendly.

“Steve? Steve who?” Isaac asked innocently, stepping into the talk. Stiles felt on eyes on him, he sighed and tossed his head back, “Steve as you know Captain America” He muttered under his breath as he scratched the back of his ear. The room felt into silence, practically everyone in shock.
“I´m sorry, I didn’t quite hear, what did you say?” Jackson asked finally standing up. Stiles gave him a mad stare because he could stand up at the mention of Steve but not to greet him, “I said Captain America, get over it” He exclaimed as he removed his coat and threw it on Lydia´s purple couch.

The room burst into millions of questions, everyone talking at the same time. Stiles shook his head, but he wasn’t impressed, he could see it coming, “Shut up, shut up, shut up” He insisted raising his hands, glaring at everyone with threatening eyes, daring anyone to continue asking.

When there was silence, he was able to breath, “Now, I can answer whatever the hell you want after we find Derek, alright?” He asked without even asking. Everyone nodded annoyed, muttering offensive things under his breath.

“See, thats why you’re and always will be pack mom” Jackson happily exclaimed as he sat down in the floor. Immediately Stiles angrily turned around, “Would you just stop” He mumbled between gritted teeth, ignoring everyone's drowning laughs. There was a reason he didn’t like to be named that, besides the fact he was not a freaking mom. It was his nickname along with Derek, only god knew why, but they considered them the parents of the pack, because they actually were the only damn adults in that pack, beside Lydia of course.

“Now, can we focus on finding Derek please”

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Hours later and Stiles hair was a mess, thanks for the many time he had passed his hand through it in pure despair and frustration. He couldn't find anything, nothing, zero, nada, rein, nic, only pure useless crap. He stood up and put his hands behind his neck as he tossed his head back. He began passing inside the room, he needed a god damn drink, “Do you have any alcohol inside this house?” He asked already walking to the kitchen, where he opened the fridge, he found an almost finished bottle of wine, he shrugged, it was that or nothing. But Lydia was already on his side, he snatched the bottle from his hand and closed the fridge with strength, “This is not the time for drinking Stiles” She madly hissed before pushing him to the living room.

He rolled his eyes and raised his arms in defeat as he let her push him. He sighed looking around him, they were books everywhere and none one of them was helpful. He watched the blackboard cork again where they were only two useful clues.

“Alright so we know… theres been attacks all over the town from vampires, we still don’t know where they are, but we also know Derek was taken in daylight so how…” He muttered to himself
as he passed his hands through his hair one more time.

“And they were trials of fog in the loft when we arrived” Lydia casually added. Stiles sent her a hard glare, “What?” He asked raising his eyebrows. Lydia looked up at him and shrugged, “They were trials of fog in the loft when we arrived” She answered as if it was obvious.

Stiles looked between her and the board, “Why isn’t that helpful and precious information in the board guys?” He asked between gritted teeth. Everyone stared at the board in blank, Lydia opened her mouth but close it against as he send a mad glare to Isaac.

“It was Isaac’s job” She finally accused pointing him, Isaac only shrugged trying to play innocent. Stiles rolled his eyes as he quickly wrote down the information into a white paper, he hooked it in the board and stepped back. He leaned on the chair beside him, rhythmically snapping his fingers. He thought over and over the clues inside his mind, vampires, daylight, fog. He discard the idea of vampires using a spell against daylight, it was possible but they must had left a trail of magic and there was none, Lydia or him would had sense it. Maybe the blue stone lapis lazuli against daylight but there were extremely hard to find, not to say almost impossible.

The thing that took Derek away could walk on bare daylight, disappeared and create fog and liked to suck blood. He could almost hear the answer inside his head, he had it at the tip of his tongue. When it suddenly hit him, he remembered an old text he had read a long time ago. He quickly straightened up before realizing, he had been so stupid. He quickly walked to the bookshelf, he looked among the books, passing his finger through them. Him and Lydia had created a pretty good collections of bestiaries from almost all the cultures and places around the world. He easily located an old green book with a worn out cover, almost tear apart.

“Stiles?” Lydia asked unsure as she stood up, getting near him, but immediately he shut her up with a hand movement. She opened her eyes lightly surprised ready to answer back when he spoke again.

“I think I know what took him” He whispered under his breath as he passed his fingers through the old, almost yellow, sheet. In it, it was read Úukom Soots, an old kind of mayan vampires, they were supposed to be extinct, they dated since the conquest in Mexico. But apparently they weren’t, everything matched perfectly.

“I think I know what took him” He exclaimed louder turning around to the pack, book on his hands. Lydia walked toward him and took it from his hand, “Mayan vampires?” She asked frowning as if she was doubting about it, “Stiles this is-“
But he shook his head, “No, look, everything matches Lydia” He insisted showing to her the page with the information, “They’re immune to sunlights and fire, they can transform into fog, it all matches” He insisted feeling the hope inside him, he watched the book again, staring at the old drawing of a vampire, they were scary as hell but at least they knew what they were fighting against.

Slowly Lydia took the book from his hands, reading for herself, she finally sighed, “Are you sure? This things haven’t existed in years, how?” She finally asked looking up at him. Stiles stared at her in the eye before nodding when his phone began ringing. Everyone in the room turned to the new sound, surprised to hear it.

Stiles swallowed before walking to the chair where he had dropped his jacket. He quickly took his phone out, hoping it was only Scott calling but he cursed internally as he closed his eyes getting ready for the surely fight he was gonna have with his brother.

“Tony?” He asked unsure.

“Where the hell is your intercom?” He loudly asked over the phone. Stiles could hear the loud noises behind the line, he frowned confused “What’s going on?”

The noise became higher and Stiles could recognize the screams and the blasts of air, he was surely on his suit but why, “I asked you first!” Tony yelled exasperated. Stiles rolled his eyes, “I’m in Beacon Hills, didn’t want to be bother so I left it home” He muttered under his breath, making perfectly clear his brother was bothering him.

Tony was silent for what it felt an eternity, “WHAT!”

Stiles moved away the phone from his ear, he sighed, ignoring everyones surprised and uncomfortable stares.

“I said I’m in Beacon Hills, we have a… situation, I’ll be back soon” He explained sitting on the chair, hand on his face, he didn’t have time for another fight with his brother. He heard Tony groaned and a loud noise, as if he had fallen against the ground, he frowned worried, “You’re alright?”

But Tony groaned again, “I can’t believe you’re gone! And you didn’t say anything, the moment we
“need you the most you idiot!”

Stiles frowned harder, “What’s going? Are you alright? Is Scott alright?” He immediately asked but he wide opened his eyes when he remembered, “Is Steve alright?” He immediately added cursing to himself, specially when he felt suspicious eyes on him. Tony sarcastically smirked, “Really? You’re worried about your boyfriend?”

Stiles shook his head, almost panicked at hearing the word, “Shut up Tony!” He madly exclaimed standing up, walking away from his friends. When he was far enough he talked again, “What’s going on?”

He heard him deeply sighed, “We have no fucking idea” He answered tiredly. Stiles dropped his shoulders, “What do you mean? You have eyes, use them Tony” Stiles exclaimed.

“I mean we can’t see them, they are... like shadow, red shadows, Scott doesn’t even know what they are” Tony explained exasperated. Stiles looked down, his mind already taking out conclusions, “They literally suck the energy out of you when you touch them?” He asked walking to the living room again. Lydia was suddenly on her feet, “Hold on” He mumbled putting the phone on speaker, he turned to the ginger girl, “Everything about Larvaes now” He asked as he put his attention back to his brother. Immediately Lydia went to the bookshelf, looking for it.

Tony groaned before a loud noise was hear, “How did you know?” He asked lightly impressed, “They are everywhere, Clint is already out and the cap can barely hold them, I don’t know Natasha and Scott are”

Stiles swallowed hard, trying to ignore the cap and Scott’s part, “Tony, listen to me, do not touch them, they are specters of the dead” He explained as he gave a small smile to Lydia when she handed him an opened book, he quickly began reading.

“What? You mean fucking ghosts?! How is that even possible!”

Stiles sighed and passed a hand through his hair, “They are not ghosts!” He desperate hissed as he quickly read. Lydia took over the phone snatching it from Stiles hand, “You have to make noise” She muttered. Tony was silent for a few moments, “Noise? I think its loud enough in here, thank you very much”
Stiles shook his head, “She’s right, how many of them are we talking about?” He worriedly asked.

“Tons Stiles, we can’t even count them, they are fucking shadows, they disappear”

“Listen to me Tony, the copper can hurt them, it works as silver for werewolves” Stiles instructed as he walked to the kitchen, where he began opening every cabinet, “What are you looking for?” Lydia asked already on his side, “I need black beans and salt” He instructed as he finished reading the instructions of the ritual against them.

“Are you sure?” Tony asked over the phone.

“Of course I am! Now, keep them busy for me, I know what to do but I need time” He exclaimed turning to Lydia, “We need the nemeton, I need a source of energy big enough to defeat them” He instructed Lydia, who only nodded, “I’ll drive” She exclaimed before taking the keys to her car.

Stiles grabbed all the ingredients with and arm and walked to the door, he stopped on his tracks when he was about to stepped outside the house, he gave a look to the pack, who where lightly shook and seemed out of the blue, Jackson raised his eyebrow questioning him, “Find everything you can about the mayan vampires, we’ll be back” Stiles instructed before he quickly ran to Lydia’s car.

“Stiles, it’s working!” Tony exclaimed excited, a hope clear on his voice. Stiles could hear the loud bangs of metal behind the line.

“Of course it’s working” He madly exclaimed holding to his seat bely when Lydia gave a weird dangerous curve, almost losing control for the speed. Stiles gave her a mad glaze but she only shrugged, “You said quickly” She innocently replied. Stiles watched amazed as they where quickly on driving beside the preserve, he then noticed she was driving to Derek’s loft.

“What are you going to do?” Tony asked after a couple of minutes of silence.

Stiles swallowed hard, “This things don’t appear in herd an attack people for themselves Tony, they were called by someone”

Tony was silent as he digested the bad news, “So, you mean, whoever did the ritual ages ago is
“The same person who did this yeah” He mumbled to himself. Lydia gave him a side way look, thinking what he referred to about the other attack, but they were questions for later. She quickly parked the car close to the loft. She hadn’t even turn off her car when Stiles climbed down, “I’m gonna make a ritual to take them from your back, they will return from wherever the hell they came for, I’m going as fast as I can” He exclaimed worriedly when he heard Tony gasp in pain.

“Come on Lids” He mumbled taking her arm, quickly pushing her as the began running among the trees, looking for the nemeton. He could feel it every time closer and every time stranger, it wasn’t the same feeling he remembered. He gave a worried look to Lydia as they keep jogging, “I know, I can feel it too” She managed to mumble between gasps.

Suddenly among the trees, as an act of magic, Stiles could visualized the freaking cut tree, “There!” He breathed with relief as he ran faster. Tony yelled something over the phone making Stiles stop in dry, “Are you alright?” He asked with fear, trying no to show in his voice the panic he was feeling.

Tony groaned as if he was doing to much weight, “Whatever you’re planning to do, do it now!” He tiredly hissed. Stiles nodded to himself as he regained his walking only to stop in dry when he saw the supposedly sacred tree. He let out it his breath as he realized how dead it seemed, but it wasn’t, the pure magic it radiated was now gone. The truck seemed rotten and their roots were pitch black, the soil around him seemed dead as well, there was no grass around it or anything alive. It emanated such a dark and dangerous energy Stiles wanted to back away from that place, it screamed danger in every sense of the word, but he couldn’t backed away. He heard more loud noises on his phone and deeply sighed.

“I got your back Tony” He quickly whispered to his phone before throwing it to Lydia, who easily caught it. He launched himself toward the dark nemeton ignoring his beating heart. He quickly took out the salt and made a circle around the stem with it. He shook his head when his eyes suddenly visualize pure darkness, he groaned confused but didn’t stop, he didn’t have the luxury of it. When he finished he quickly stood up in top of the stem before looking around him, he gave a look to Lydia who was still on the same place, carefully staring at the nemeton, phone on her hand, black beans on the other. He quickly marked a protective figa on his forehead with the trials of salt, he shook his head when a flash of darkness appeared inside his head again, he didn’t know what was going on.

“Lydia pass me the beans” He asked out loud raising his hand, ignoring Tony’s loud scream asking him to move his ass. But she didn’t react, not even move her hand an inch. Her eyes were lost in the dark thing below his feet, “Lydia!” He blurted out with almost despair, he could feel the cold
sweat running down his spine. She snapped into reality before looking up at him, she shook her head as she took out a bunch of dark beans, “Pass me nine of them” He instructed lowering his voice. Lydia nodded several times before handing them, “You alright?” Stiles asked watching her carefully.

But she immediately shook her head, backing away in almost fear, “I don’t… I don’t like this” She muttered before scratching her head with nervousness. Stiles nodded and deeply sighed before turning away. He kneeled, breathing for a moment before putting his palm against the rough surface, one more time all he could see was pure darkness. He snatched his eyes opened as he removed his hand, as if something was burning him. He felt the need to run away, get away from that darkness but Tony was still yelling, asking for help, he couldn’t let him down. Stiles shook his head ignoring his fear before putting his hand back against the rotten surface and closing his eyes.

He began reciting in low voice as he threw the beans behind his back "I throw them, and with them I save myself and mine"

He managed to say the second line before he was suddenly back at that dark tunnel from that distant, but not forgotten dream, immediately the fear ripped him apart, he knew he wasn’t alone.

“Stiles!” He heard his brother calling in despair. He frowned with his eyes still closed but he continue his task, "I throw them, and with them I save myself and mine" He said out loud again, this time louder, but he couldn’t scape his vision, it was slowly swallowing him. He kept trying to ignore the presence behind him, every time closer. But one more time he couldn’t move, he was frozen inside the dark tunnel, it was hunting him. He suddenly felt the presence moving around him, watching him, calling him. When his brother desperate yells were all he could hear, when the fear was all he could feel, when the presence was all he could see, raising his arm to touch his chest, Stiles somehow managed to finish his enchanting.

He let out a yell as he snatched his eyes opened and removed his hand away from the stem. He quickly threw himself away from the nemeton, falling against the dead ground. He felt a couple of hands grabbing his shoulders, “Its me! Breath!” He heard Lydia yelling repeatedly. Stiles took deep breaths as he looked around him, he was on the calm forest again, “Oh my god…” He whispered under his breath as he let himself leaned against Lydia´s chest, “You’re alright” She mumbled caressing his arms up and down. Stiles shook his head before suddenly straightening up.

“Tony…” He muttered before dragging himself to his phone, which was forgotten, resting on the grass. He took it on his shaky hands and removed the dirt and dead leaves from it, “Tony?” He asked half hopeful half worried. When he heard his brother huffed against the line, he closed his eyes and let out his breath with relief. He slowly stood up, “Your fine” He stated before clearing his throat.
“Please come back” Was all his brother could say. Stiles gave a look to Lydia, who had her arms around her, protecting herself from the cold wind. He turned to the black nemeton where the salt was beginning to disappear thanks to the air blasts. He slowly nodded and swallowed, “I’ll be there” He exclaimed quietly before finally hanging up.

“What was that?” He heard Lydia asked with tense voice. He looked up at her but remained his mouth shut, he had no idea what to answer, “Are you alright?” She asked worried, a perfect frown on her soft face.

Stiles shook his head and passed a hand through his hair, “I’ll be fine when we-“

He would never get to finish his sentence since a freaking vampire tackled him to the ground. He landed hard on the floor as he gasp for air, he heard Lydia screaming his name. He looked up impressed as he watched horrified as a bunch of winged creatures where suddenly surrounding them.

Stiles quickly stood up and walked to Lydia as he stared in tense panic the vampires flying around them, he didn’t even hear them coming. He recognized them from the drawing in the book, apparently he was right, there were freaking mayan vampires that believe to be extinct, except they weren’t, they were horrible creatures. Grey, wrecked skin and eyes red as blood. He watched amazed as one of them convert himself into fog and disappeared, they were in big trouble.

“Stiles, what do we do?” Lydia asked trying not to show how scared she truly was.

“Call the pack” Stiles mumbled preparing himself when he saw one of those things flying for him. He quickly threw a blast of air that sent the vampire away but it wasn’t enough, they were too many. He felt a couple of fangs taking his arm pulling him to the ground again. Stiles groaned as he felt his connections with the earth. He raised his hand and a powerful blast of dirt tackled the two vampires from him. He quickly took his phone out of his pocket as he dialogued Jackson’s number. He took one vampire from his leg when it went after Lydia, throwing him with strength to the other side, he heard as he hit hard against a tree.

“We know how to kill them!” Jackson exclaimed as soon as he picked up. Stiles half smiled at the good news, but he had to drop his phone to the grass as he took other vampire from the wing and crushed it to the ground. He grabbed his head, ignoring the loud squawks the creature was doing, calling for help, before breaking his neck. The creature fall dead on the ground. Stiles recovered his breath as he pick up his phone.
“Cutting their head won’t work Stiles, this things can grow back all their limbs” Jackson quickly exclaimed, in perfect time as Stiles watched in shock how the vampire began moving again, before twisting his head, getting it back to the normal position, his bones throbbing with the healing. Stiles swallowed stepping back, they were so screwed.

“How do you fucking kill this things?” Lydia asked yelling as she dodge the claws from one of the vampires before grabbing his head from the back and crashed it against the ground.

“You need a balsam wood stakes! We have them right here, were going as fast as when can guys” Jackson mumbled with desperation. Lydia and Stiles heard as the wheels from his car shrilled against the road of dirt, they were closer to them. Stiles suddenly felt a pair of claws digging on his shoulders, he moaned in pain and surprised when he tried to free himself but the vampire was too damn strong. He raised him above the ground, almost a meter up when he crashed him against the ground. Stiles closed his eyes and felted the metallic taste of blood inside his mouth. For his not so pleasant surprise he felt the fangs digging in his shoulder, sucking every drop of blood inside his body. He snatched his eyes opened as he fought against the creatures grip, trying desperately to get rid of the horrible sensation. He put his hand on the ground and a blast of dirt pushed the vampire away from him. Stiles leaned on his elbows recovering himself, he quickly cleaned the blood away from his neck.

He watched around him again, he count five of the fucking vampires, they needed a distraction or they weren’t walking out of it alive. He kneeled on the ground before putting his fists against it. He groaned as he felt his power grow. He concentrated on the control of the wind around him, he closed his eyes with strength as he heard the air blasts every time moving faster, sending away everything at its pass. He felt Lydia’s back against his as she tried to protect herself from the strong wind. He heard as the creatures roared in protest and surprise as the burst send them away. He opened his eyes looking up, for a moment they were completely alone, he took deep breaths trying to recover his breath.

Jackson suddenly appeared among the trees, stakes ready on his arm. Stiles looked up impressed before half smiling, it was about damn time. He raised his hand as Jackson threw him a stake. He caught easily, in perfect time to stab one of those things right in the chest. The vampire opened his mouth a perfect o before dropping dead to the floor. He heard as his brothers yelled in clear anger.

“How did you got this?!” He asked dodging a pair of claws, before taking the vampires wing and pulled him to the ground, Stiles buried deep the stake in his back, between the wings.

Jackson groaned as he fought against a vampire, trying to put as much space as he could from the bloody fangs the monster was showing, thirsty of more blood. Jackson roared as his fangs came out and his eyes shined deep yellow, the creature tried to run away but Jackson dig his claws into
his soft flesh before biting into his neck. He quickly tear his throat apart. He took deep breaths as he watched the dead vampire fall against the ground in front of his feet.

“Werewolves bites can kill them too” He explained cleaning the blood away from his mouth at Stiles surprised glare.

“And now its the time you tell us?” Stiles asked impressed before aiming the stake to a vampires chest, he threw it with strength. Half smiling when it buried deep in his chest, killing the monster in an instant as he fell dead against the floor. Stiles then realized they were finally alone and the vampires completely dead around them. He closed his eyes with relief before tossing his head back, he tiredly rubbed his neck, feeling a shiver down his spine at the simple thought of one of those things sucking blood out of him again.

“They were courtesy of our dear Dr, Deaton” Jackson explained as he walked toward him, he spit with disgust to the ground, “Disgusting” He muttered to himself cleaning his mouth with his hand. Stiles watched him before lightly laughing under his breath. Jackson sighed and shook his head before laughing too.

Lydia stared at them before rolling her eyes, she put her hand against three deep cuts she had on her arm before looking around, “Where are the other three idiots?” She asked lightly worried but Jackson raised his arm calming her down, “First let me look at that” He whispered concerned. With extreme careful grabbing his girlfriend arm between his hands. He immediately began to take the pain away. Lydia gave him a small smile with relief before leaning against his chest.

Stiles watched them carefully before turning around, staring at the night sky, he felt something steaky running down his forehead, he sighed but didn’t make an intent to remove the blood, was there gonna be a moment of his life where he didn’t end up hurt, he didn’t think so, he put his hand on his nose and groaned at the pain, it was surely broken. He spit the blood from his mouth before sighing.

“We know where Derek is” Jackson suddenly exclaimed. Stiles stayed still, unable to breath, he felt as his heart frenetically began beating against his ribs, unable for him to control it, he slowly put a hand agains his chest bur didn’t turn around, he couldn’t. Jackson send an empathy stare to his friend when he heard his heart and smelled the pain radiating from him.

“When you guys left, we discovered this kind of vampires like to nest near a body of water and well theres only one near here” He added explaining, trying to change subject and smooth the air.
Stiles finally turned around with a perfect fake smile on his face, ready to thanked his friend, when one more time a fucking bloody creature, suddenly grabbed him for his arm. Stiles let out a gasp of surprised as he saw the ground every time farther from his feet. He heard the couple calling his name when the creature abruptly let him go, scratching his arm with his long claws on the process. He saw his life passing through his eyes as he began falling, hitting with the branches from the trees, before finally falling against the ground with a sonorous slap, he felt as the air abruptly left his lungs. He raised his arms trying to stood up when he felt a pressure on top of him. He felt the fangs dig into his neck as he took his blood away. Stiles raised his hand ready to defend himself, but apparently the creature wasn’t stupid and had surely being hidden, waiting for the perfect moment to attack. He knew about his powers because he immediately grabbed Stiles wrist between his big claws and squeezed with strength.

Stiles gasped several times as he began to lose energy, his head fall dead against the ground, the grass and dirt sticking to his sweaty face. He began to see everything blurry as he lose consciousness. He didn’t realize the weight was gone from him after a couple of seconds, he blinked and frowned confused trying to focus his view, he managed to recognized Erica’s fine features and her worried yellow eyes. He groaned as he slowly stood up with effort. He put his entire weight on one arm as he turned around to face, his still hot as hell, ex boyfriend standing in front of him. A dead vampire at his feet and blood on his mouth and he looked damn pissed, not to mention tired and sick as hell, he needed a fucking bath.

“Shit…” Stiles muttered to himself as he put a hand on his head, a terrible headache threatening to appear. He looked up again at Derek and noticed the thick beard on him and god, Stiles heart began to beat with rapidity.

“Thanks for that” He managed to say, straightening up with effort. He gasped under his breath when his shoulder protested in pain. Stiles looked down to it and noticed the bone out of place, of course he had ended up with a dislocated shoulder.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Derek madly asked walking toward him, fists closed. Stiles immediately backed away at the proximity, almost afraid at hearing his voice, it had been so long. He had actually prepared emotionally for that moment but it was nothing compared to his thoughts, he couldn't even breath correctly at the nervousness. He shook his head and swallowed, he felt he was gonna throw up any time soon, “Saving you freaking ass Derek, what do you think?” He answered back almost with anger, immediately regretting his words when Derek’s show his blue eyes at him and a low roar sounded from his chest.

Stiles raised one arm in clear defeat, he truly didn’t want to fight, he was glad to see him alive, but why? He had to idea why the vampires had kept him alive, maybe they liked to had fun a little bit, for all Stiles could see, they had been feeding on Derek since the day they captured him, it was a pretty hard image to see him like that, “Relax Derek, Lydia called me, needed some help with research, thats all” He explained leaning against Erica when he felt his head spin, he had lost so much blood and energy. He rubbed his forehead with tiredness when Derek spoke again, making the little blood he had inside his system, freeze.
“Leave” Derek suddenly exclaimed between gritted teeth.

Stiles stayed quiet, in true shock, he heard as Lydia and Jackson suddenly appeared. Stiles swallowed feeling the embarrassment leave his body in waves. “What?” He managed to ask, he couldn’t quite think in that moment, he body wasn’t letting him think, but still that word pierce his heart with every strength.

“I said leave Stiles, no one asked for your help” Derek hissed again, never taking his eyes off him.

“Derek…” Lydia whispered trying to step in but Stiles immediately raised his hand. Lydia froze on her tracks and dropped her shoulders, “I’m leaving” He mumbled already walking away with the tiny dignity he had left, he wanted to say something more but he couldn’t figure out what to do, what could be his next step, hug him? Derek would pushed him away and Stiles wouldn’t bear that, so yeah, he walked away, if that was was Derek wanted, he was doing it.

He could still feel Derek´s eyes stuck on his back, he could perfectly imagined him, the pain and guilty written all over his face but Stiles wasn’t strong enough to face it, one more time he was running away and he was glad for doing it.

For what it felt an eternity, he managed to find the quinjet, gladly it didn’t took him that long, only a couple of minutes. The ramp descended for him in matter of seconds, Stiles was beginning to see little stars in his vision. He needed to rest, the vampire had sucked too much blood from him. He dragged his feet inside, “New York please, as fast as you can” He mumbled to the console as he dropped his ass on the seat. He immediately saw everything upside down, he wide opened his eyes and shook his head, groaning when he moved his shoulder too much.

He suddenly heard his phone inside his pocket. He dropped his head against the seat, “Answer please” He asked out loud. He closed his eyes for a moment and half smiled when he recognized the voice.

“Pretty toy you have there” Jackson mumbled against the line. Stiles smirked before nodding, “I can lend it to you, only if you promise to stop calling me pack mom” He heard as Jackson laughed under his breath, “You know that can’t happen pack mom” He happily answered making Stiles smiled. They were silent for a few seconds before Stiles spoke
“Hey, who do you think kept you ass alive?” Jackson asked with mockery. Stiles could perfectly visualize his cocky grinned on his face, “Your girlfriend” Stiles easily replied, laughing when he heard him gasp. Jackson laughed too before sighing, “Don’t be a stranger again Stiles, you know Derek didn’t mean to…”

But as Jackson perfectly imagined, Stiles quickly cut him off, “It doesn’t matter guys, of course I’ll be back” He truly promised, wishing he had at least said goodbye to his friends but his head was a constant martyr. Jackson stayed quiet for what it felt an eternity, “See you then buddy” And he hung up.

Stiles let out his breath as he stared at his shoulder again, it was killing him. He raised his injured arm, cursing out loud at the pain, but he had to put the bone back. With his other hand he pulled his arm until he heard the bone crunching back at his place again, “Fuck!” He yelled at the sudden relief his body felt. He slowly ripped his shirt and use it to make an improvised string, he put it on before closing his eyes for only a moment, to rest them. But when he opened them again, the quinjet was resting inside the tower. He wide opened his eyes looking around him, he must had passed out after treating his arm. He tiredly rubbed his face, what an awful fucking trip. He laughed under his breath at the ridiculous it had been, dark visions, mayan vampires and an asshole ex boyfriend.

“Stiles?” He heard Jarvis calling him unsure. Stiles cursed under his breath, looking up. He forced his body to stand up, “How long-“ He tried to ask when his head spin again. He put his hand against his forehead, he was feeling much better but he still needed to rest and some damn food.

“You arrived one hour ago sir, I tried to wake you up but wouldn’t respond, I didn’t call anyone”

Stiles shook his head and half smile, “You’re truly my angel Jarvis” He mumbled as he got out of the jet. He walked to the elevator as the doors opened, “Is everyone alright?” He worriedly asked remembering the attack, “How bad was it?” He asked climbing inside.

But Jarvis didn’t answer his question, “They managed to control the damage sir, everyone is asleep”

Stiles could only image the lost lives, he closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead again, as if somehow it could ease his pain, “And Scott?”
“He seems less guilty sir, he’s alright” Jarvis answered. Stiles smiled with happiness, they were good news, terrific news, finally some good news. He then remembered he didn’t have any left food on his flat thanks to a certain werewolf ate everything in his nervousness, “To the common room please Jarvis” He quietly asked. He heard as the elevator went up and up until the doors opened. Stiles quickly climbed down only to realize the sun was already rising. He swallowed as he dragged his feet to the fridge when he side way noticed the couch, it looked so damn comfortable. He slowly sat down, resting his head against the seat. He let out his breath as he put his injured arm against his chest, it was gonna be healed in matter of hours, but it still hurt.

He didn’t mind to fall asleep but he felted so out of energy, exhausted. He then remembered the nemeton, how dark it had converted and then his visions. His skin shivered just at the thought of them, whatever thing was inside that imaginary tunnel with him, had something to do with everything that was going on, he just had to figured out who or what it was. The sleep began to drag him again, he was lightly conscious as his body was slowly falling, until he touched the cushions, he moaned in pain when his arm was trapped below the weight of his body. He settled himself and leaned against his back. His mind began to wonder, ready to fall asleep when he suddenly heard a gasp.

“Stiles?” He heard someone calling his name, pure worried surprise. He wide opened his eyes and straightened up, immediately regretting his decision when his stomach twist. He then felt a pair of strong but soft hands holding his shoulders. Stiles moaned getting away from the touch when his shoulder protested in pain. He quickly looked up and stared in complete surprise at those knwon blue eyes.

“Steve…” He breathed with relief, trying to half smile, but his eyes closed again, unable for him to stop them.

“What the hell happened?” Steve asked worriedly, frowning when Stiles didn't open his eyes, not even tried to do it. “Stiles” He hissed kneeling in front of the man before cupping his cold face between his hands. Stiles leaned without thinking against the touch. Steve swallowed and twisted the mouth as he stared at his face, he had a cut in the forehead and his nose was crooked and it was beginning to get purple, it incredible stand out against his pale skin.

“Stiles?” He tried again clapping him lightly. He managed to open his eyes before focusing in Steve’s eyes. Stiles let out his breath and sighed, he removed Steve’s hand from his face and backed away.

“Mayan vampires kidnapped my ex boyfriend” He managed to explain with a hand movement. Steve raised his eyebrows before shaking his head in disbelief, “What?” He breathed in shock. Stiles deeply sighed, “Exactly as you heard big guy” He answered with a tired smile that didn’t reach his eyes.
“Help me stand up, would ya?” Stiles asked already standing up. Steve swallowed as he stepped back, watching as Stiles stumbled with his feet, he seemed almost drunk. He quickly grabbed what it seemed, Stiles good arm, “What the hell happened to you?” He madly asked as they slowly began walking away. But Stiles hummed in clear disapproval, “Cursing is bad cap”

Steve sighed exasperated, “Stiles…” He hissed.

“Vampire attack Steve, what do you think” Stiles answered in desperation, showing his neck where two perfect dots appeared, exactly the spot the fucking bloodsuckers had fed off him. Steve stared at them freezing in his steps, staring at them in complete utter horror shock, “Why didn’t you ask for help?! You could have been killed!” He madly exclaimed, trying but terribly falling not to show how much he cared.

Stiles gave him a long, careful glare, “You’re worried?” He asked impressed under his breath but Steve only shook his head and regain the walking. Stiles swallowed, trying to ignore how fast his chest was beating with such information.

“Worrying is all I do for you” He finally answered, painfully honest, getting Stiles inside the elevator, who only stared at his feet, his dirty sneakers filled with dust and dried blood, he then remembered he had the same gym clothes from the day before, he must looked like crap. Stiles decided it was better to ignore those words, he couldn’t deal with with the excitement he heard at them.

“Its what we do, what I do, protect Beacon Hills against dark creatures since Scott was bitten” He explain shrugging one shoulder, it was practically the only life he knew in that place, “I need some food” He mumbled when he felt his head spinning again. Steve stayed quietly, he didn’t know what to say. The only thought on his mind was that it was the second time he helped him walked because he was too hurt to even move, too tired and Stiles just blurted things out and expected no one to worried about him? What a bunch of crap, what did he expected from them? To not worry? How could Steve not worry when everything he wanted to do was hug him and take his visibly pain away.

“He asked me to leave” Stiles suddenly exclaimed, so low Steve barely listened to him, “What?”

“Derek” Stiles explained, “He fucking asked me to leave, after I saved his ass, he asked me to leave”
Steve didn’t even bother to protest against the bad words. He squeezed Stiles arm against his hand and shook his head, “My flat?” He was all he could think of asking.

Stiles gave him a half smile before slowly nodding, “Would you leave again?” He asked, his brain catching up too late, but it was out.

Steve stared at him lightly surprised, watching his perfect side face, “I’ll be there when you wake up” He answered under his breath. Walking again when the doors opened. Stiles let his ass be dragged, trying not to think too much about the fact he felted so relief Steve was staying that time. They walked in perfect silence until they were in front of the bed. Stiles sat on the edge of the bed, where he began taking his clothes off.

“Let me” He heard Steve ask without really asking. He only managed to nod as he watched him kneeled in front of him, taking away his shoes. Steve’s hands hesitated a seconds, debating if he should help him get rid of his pants but he shoved away his insecurities. He began taking his pants away.

“Don’t tell Tony about this, I don't want him to worry” Stiles asked standing up letting Steve removed completely his pants, “Sorry for not being here in the attack” He honestly added.

Steve gave him a glare and shook his head, “Sorry for not being there with you” He answered lightly pushing Stiles for him to finally lay down. Stiles half smiled and shrugged with his good shoulder, “You’re too good for me big guy” He admitted, as if it was already a fact. Steve deeply sighed, trying not to give so much thinking to his words, “Just sleep Stiles” He whispered, watching as the man only managed to nod and he was completely fall asleep. Steve dropped himself in the nearest chair still watching his softened purple face. He put his hand against his mouth and leaned his elbow against his knee. Wishing, hoping he had being there for him, defend him from the monsters, his own monsters but he couldn’t. All he could do was support him and being there when he wake up.
CHAPTER SEVEN

“Any new clue?” Lydia asked looking up from her book. Stiles stared at the screen of his laptop before shaking his head, “Not really, at least, nothing new” He answered disappointed before closing his own book and throwing it away, ignoring the several things it knocked down in its pass. Lydia groaned annoyed in response and got back to her lecture, burying her nose between the pages. Stiles bit his lip as he looked around his room distracted, it was replete with books and notes, useless books and notes.

Even on the large window he had written scattered words and spells and still, they where in complete blank. They knew why the magic and supernatural creatures had suddenly lost control, it had been the Nemeton. The moment it had turned black, evil, that was the exact moment everything went directly to shit. But the question was how? How did someone had the power to carry through such a plan and managed to do it, without any of them noticing. And the questions only grew from there, how many people where behind it? When could be another attack? Are we waiting for supernatural creatures to go berserk?

And yet, no answers, at least none it could help the team and the pack. Stiles stood up for his chair with a long sigh, “I mean, we know its a kind dark of magic… so what? Darachs? Demons? Fucking satanic worshipers?” He asked unsure, shrugging. The branch of people and creatures that could control dark magic was immense, they needed more clues to figure out what they were dealing against.

Lydia sighed too, surrendering with her lecture. She let the book slowly close in front of her before looking up, eyebrows raised. Stiles nodded and shook his head, “I know I´m being a pain in the ass, I just hate to be in the dark Lydia, literally in the dark” He muttered bitterly before dropping his ass on the chair again. Lydia carefully watched his movements, “Any more nightmares?”

Stiles swallowed before shaking his head, “Not really” He answered under his breath. It was technically true, he had only being dreaming about one thing and one thing only. That dark tunnel again, the same presence beside him, it never talked, it never moved, it only stared at him. Stiles shook his head snapping back to reality, he looked up at Lydia, who had one eyebrow raised, she wasn’t buying it. He sighed tiredly, “Its the exact same dream since the… nemeton” He finally exclaimed, shoving it away with his hand.

Lydia only nodded looking down, they hadn’t talked much about that night, especially about Derek.

“He asked about you the other day” She suddenly exclaimed, looking down at her desk, typing her fingers against it with a constant rhythm. Stiles froze for a moment before swallowing with effort, a shiver running thorough his body, he twisted his mouth with discomfort, “Lids, I really don’t
wanna know” He started because he truly didn’t want to know anything about Derek, except he
did, he wanted to know how he was, how he felted but he didn’t want to ask, it would only showed
he still deeply cared. She interrupted him immediately raising her hand and eyebrows. Stiles closed
his mouth and looked away annoyed.

“He asked if you were alright and if you were mad at him” She mumbled trying to gain his friends
attention back, looking for his eyes but he only looked away again.

Stiles remained silent, he had no words and no head to think about it, “I told him you were holding
on and that indeed you are mad at him” She honestly answered, searching for something, a
reaction in Stiles steady eyes, but they were locked. He dropped his head down, staring at his
hands, calmly resting on his legs. He wasn’t admitting he was mad at him, at least not out loud. Of
course he was mad at him, he had been an immature asshole but still…. Stiles understood. Derek
had panicked, after being kidnapped for hours by sucking blood animals, who would want to be
found by his ex boyfriend. He honestly didn’t expect anything more or anything less but still, his
words had hurt him and yeah, he was mad at him.

Finally Stiles looked up at her and shrugged, pursing his lips, “I don’t know what I’m supposed to
answer” He mumbled, slowly shaking his head.

Lydia sighed before half smiling, trying to show support, “I don’t know either, i just wanted you to
know”

Stiles nodded, a sad smile on his lips, “How is he?” He finally asked the question he was meaning
to make since the call began, before his mind could caught up with what he was saying. But Lydia
only smiled seeing right through him, “He’s alright hon, a little beat up and out of the blue but
beside that… he’s fine”

Stiles smile became a little happier as he nodded again, “Good, good, its uh good to know, I was
worried…” He started but immediately shut himself up and shook his head, he didn’t feel he had
the right to ask how his ex was, not anymore and certainly not after the tense encounter they had
had. But Lydia only huffed before rolling her eyes, “Stiles, no one expects for you to not be
worried, its fine to be, he was, he still is your, well your love after all” She muttered. Stiles twisted
his mouth at that word, that painfully word. He didn’t even know if Derek was still that to him and
he didn’t want to figure it out, not yet, he had ran away for a reason, from that same reason he
didn’t want to think about him anymore.

He heard as the door of the flat was opened and a couple of cushioned voices, chatting and
laughing. Stiles frowned confused staring at his closed door, it had been days since he had heard
laughs like that, at least in his flat, “Lids, I think Scott is back, talk to you later?” He asked already
standing up with curiosity.
Lydia nodded repeatedly, “Sure thing babe” She exclaimed.

“Keep digging alright? We’re close to find something” He said with fake excitement, they weren’t close to find anything, but at least they were trying. Lydia only nodded again, a bright smile on her face before ending the call. Stiles stared at the screen in black for a few moments, still hearing the excited voices, he recognized one from Scott. He sighed as he straightened up, already trying to forget the little stupid chit chat about Derek. He tiredly walked to his door, dodging every book scattered on the ground. He finally opened it to find, for his surprise, nothing less and nothing more then his best friend and his brother laughing together in the island of the kitchen, as if they had been friends forever, gossiping between them.

Their laugh slowly turned off as they realized Stiles was watching them, one eyebrow raised in clear surprise. He narrowed his eyes watching at his friend, he was sweaty from his training with the cap, even Scott was alright with Steve, he hated that fact. He swallowed uncomfortable, him and Tony still didn’t talk to each other, not much since he came back and yeah it was crap, specially after seeing him so freaking delighted with Scott. He noticed how his brother uncomfortably stared at the floor and Scott at the ceiling, almost playing dumb. Stiles rolled his eyes, feeling an intruder, “Sorry” He bitterly muttered, trying to ignore the displeasure he was feeling, he was ready to close his door again and be alone with his book and millions theories when Scott stopped him.

“Stiles wait!” He exclaimed raising his arm. Stiles stopped on his tracks and popped his head out again, one eyebrow raised in questioning. Scott swallowed, “Come man, I prepared something to eat” He exclaimed with a kind smile, his puppy smile, Stiles had seen it so many times when Scott was up to something. Stiles frowned and narrowed his eyes, because there was nothing on the table beside a bottle of water, yeah he was up to something.

Stiles looked between his room and his friend, debating if it was a good idea to come out. Scott stared at him dead in the eye before mimicking something. Stiles frowned harder, confused. Feeling uneasy under his friend’s crazy eyes, he was beginning to look scary, what?, he asked under his breath shaking his head. Scott stared at him a couple of seconds, he finally only shrugged. He began slowly walking away before a smirk came out of his mouth, “I need a shower” He suddenly explained raising his arms, as he kept walking away. At the same time still pointing Tony with his head but Stiles only dropped his shoulders and gave him a pretty mad glare. Scott was a complete indiscreet asshole, but an indiscreet asshole with good intentions.
Him and Scott kept with his stare fight until he finally closed the door of his room and they suddenly fell into an uncomfortable silence. Stiles cursed internally as he wide opened the door again, he began rocking himself on his feet, looking at everything but his brother, he had no idea what to do or say.

“So…” Tony began twisting his fingers, he seemed even more uncomfortable than Stiles, and that was saying too much, “How are you?” He asked unsure finally looking up. Stiles stared at him lightly surprised at the vain question, he rolled his eyes as he finally walked outside, not giving it too much thinking. It was completely ridiculous, they were two grown up men that could perfectly handle a fight between brothers, two grown up idiotic and childish men but grown ups after all.

“Look, I´m sorry for everything, I didn’t mean to…” Stiles rambled trying to find the correct words but he was that kind of idiot that couldn’t express what was inside him, it seemed stuck and he knew it was the right time where he needed to explain everything, it was his chance and it was so damn frustrating because still the words wouldn’t leave his body, “I never meant for you to find out like that and-”

But Tony interrupted him raising his hand. Stiles looked up at his brother surprised as he spoke, “You seriously think I´m mad because you didn’t tell me?” He asked disbelief. Stiles opened his mouth, taken completely surprised by the question. He quickly closed his mouth impressed, “Mmmm yes?” He muttered even more unsafe under his breath.

Tony rolled his eyes before sighing, “I wasn’t… I suck at this alright? And when I saw you that night I just, didn’t know what to do, how to deal with it or how to protect you and I think I´m mad at myself for not taking care of you, for not getting more involved in your life and the day you told me you were in Beacon Hills alone and you didn’t tell anyone, not even Steve. I don’t want you to feel that way with us, the team, with me. Like you have to hide things from us because you don’t have to, you can trust us. And I just… I know it wasn’t the correct move, to push you guys away but the same way you can’t deal with feelings and all that crap, well, its the same from everyone in here”

Stiles remained silent, slowly bitting the inside of his cheek, digesting the words, he would be lying if he said he didn’t want to cry like a baby, he swallowed as his heart warm up. He tilted his head, hiding his smile, “I suck at this too…” Was all he was able to say, god, he did suck at emotional talking. Tony nodded several times, because he could see how similar they were, he smirked under his breath, “The apple didn’t fall far from the tree huh?” He muttered, a smile playing on his lips.

Stiles smiled became wider, before looking down at his feet, he awkwardly put his hands inside his pocket. He twisted his mouth remembering the damn attack, they had to struggle against it without any help and he knew the team could handle things on their own, of course they could. But still he felt kind of guilty for leaving, “I´m sorry I wasn’t here for you the other night”
But Tony only huffed and rolled his eyes, gaining this Tony´s Stark character again, “Please kid, we were incredible without you and besides, you did help us plenty and… well I’m sorry I wasn’t there for you either, it must have been hard seeing him again after all this time” Tony muttered under his breath looking down at Stiles surprised glare, but in a way he saw it coming, if Scott hadn't say anything he would probably have, sooner or later.

He hummed as he pursed his lips, “Scott told you?” He asked sitting beside his brother, putting his elbows on the table, he already knew the answer.

Tony shrugged several times, “Not much, something about Derek being in danger” He rambled trying to hide he already knew most of it but terrible failing.

Stiles rolled his eyes at this cynicism of his brother, he half smiled, “Yeah, he was kidnapped by mayan vampires” He exclaimed, laughing out loud at the confused glare Tony gave him, “Trust me, in Beacon Hills its not even that strange” He added shrugging with one shoulder.

Tony shook his head, deciding it was better to simply not ask about the fact mayan vampires were a damn existing thing. But there was still a remaining question inside his head, “Can I ask you something?” He exclaimed quietly gaining Stiles attention, who only raised his eyebrows and nodded repeatedly, “Of course”

“Well… besides the fact you woke up on Steve’s flat, again” Tony started, emphasizing the word again. Stiles nearly choked on his spit but cleared his throat waiting for his brother to continue. He definitely was not discussing that matter, if he didn’t want to discuss it with himself then he wouldn’t discuss it with anyone and that included Tony, specially Tony, “You woke up screaming that afternoon” His brother continued, leveling their stares, trying to find Stiles eyes. But he shook his head and closed them, he pinched the bridge of his nose as he answered.

“Yeah… that, well, its just- its, something happened to me when I made the ritual back at the town” He tried to explain, putting a hand over his face. Tony stayed patiently quiet, waiting for his brother to organize his thoughts. He knew there was no scape from there, he had to explain Tony everything, after his big brother speech how couldn’t.

“In the world there are scattered energy sources, sacred energy sources that work as a lighthouse for supernatural entities, creatures, supernatural everything. This sources are filled with exceptional energies, where different cultures of the world, would carry on with their rituals and spells” Stiles explained with tiredness, lost on his thoughts.
He frowned concerned as he remembered the Nemeton back at Beacon Hills, the rotten trunk and its dark roots, “Theres one of them right in Beacon Hills, it was used by Celtics, druids to be more specific and well, this sources are supposed to be… benevolent but somehow the Nemeton is now dark”

“Hold on, dark how?” Tony asked.

Stiles twisted his lips and shrugged, “I have no idea but the night I made the ritual I- I had a vision of something, well someone, still don’t know what it is but it honestly scared the shit out of me and I been having nightmare of these dark someone” Stiles finally finished nodding with raised eyebrows. Tony stared at him a long couple of seconds, thinking.

“And you have no idea where are these... others energy sources?” Tony asked impressed.

Stiles shook his head and swallowed, it sounded way worse when it was said out loud, “Nope” He answered popping the p.

Tony slowly nodded, looking away, “But the one energy source that you actually, for a fact, know where it is, has now turned to the other side?”

Stiles nodded, yeah it sounded way worse, “Yep”

Tony was silent a few seconds, impressed his brother, his brilliant and smart brother was in blank, “But was does it mean?”

Stiles sighed before explaining, “It means, it brings a dark energy to the world filled with bad intentions and bad creatures, old ones that we thought they were extinct, but not really and they are ready to kill innocent people and we honestly don’t know more”

Tony raised his eyebrows impressed nodding, he pursed his lips before talking, “Well, we’re in deep shit” He easily assured. Stiles looked down and nodded, yeah, they were in deep shit.

“Need some help?” He suddenly asked turning to Stiles, who stretched his neck surprised. He shook his head before quickly nodding, “Yeah, yeah sure” He answered immediately, already standing up with excitement. Tony nodded a smile playing on his lips at his brother lovely surprise and followed him to his room.
But Stiles stopped in dry, a few centimeters away from the doorknob, he looked up his shoulder, “Just… please don’t criticize my mess” He exclaimed before finally opening the door, he moved to a side, letting Tony pass who only stop on his tracks in shock, staring in complete blank at the room.

“No wonder you can’t think inside this place, its gross!” He exclaimed walking inside, immediately stumbling with a pile of books and clothes. Stiles stepped in before the pile completely fall, he arrangement quickly before picking up some clothes from the floor, “Be careful idiot” He hissed under his breath but it seemed Tony didn’t even listen to him. He kicked away a bunch of dirty clothes with disgust, “You’re a pig” He exclaimed turning around, pointing him with his raised finger. Stiles rolled his eyes as he made his way to his desk, “Shut up and help me” He muttered.

Tony looked around him, a face filled with disgust as he look for a clean spot to sit down, he finally chose the furthest chair that magically didn’t have anything on top of it, “No wonder Steve lets you sleep in his flat” He muttered under his breath, sitting slowly on the chair, taking a book of the floor before taking a quick look.

Slowly Stiles turned around to face him, an eyebrow raised, “Really?” He asked annoyed watching as his brother smiled with malice.

“I only speak what I see Stiles” He replied shrugging, totally playing dumb. Stiles rolled his eyes and gave him his back, it was useless to discuss things with Tony, stubborn and stupid Tony.

One hour later and Tony was actually siting on the floor, surrounded by several opened books. Stiles passed a hand through his hair as he continue writing down on the window, every helpful information they could find about magical energy sources.

Tony threw away the book he had on hid hands with exasperation before taking other. Stiles patiently waited leaning against the glass watching his brother frantically read and read, it had been him in the same exact position two hours ago. Tony threw the book too and sighed, he looked up at Stiles and raised his arms, “Nothing” He madly hissed as he stretched his legs.

Stiles twisted his mouth and dropped himself to the floor, they weren’t fresh news. They remained in silence when they heard Scott knocking on the door, “Stiles?” He asked popping his head through the door. He wide opening watching in shock at his room, he whistled before shaking his head.
Stiles rolled his eyes and threw the sharpie his was holding to his friend, “I know, its disgusting, shut up” He bitterly mumbled putting his hands inside his pockets, he didn’t need other lecture about how messy his room was.

“Its even worse than your old house” He whispered still looking around him. He raised his eyebrows innocently at the pretty mad glare Stiles gave him, “So, any clues?” He asked walking toward them, trying to light up the room but Stiles sighed annoyed at the question, “Not really” He muttered under his breath leaning his head against the glass.

Scott twisted his mouth and gave a questioning look to Tony, who only nodded in confirmation.

“Well, those are terrific news” He mumbled sitting on the edge of the bed. Both brothers rolled their eyes and huffed, it was almost comical.

“Tony?” They heard someone asking in the distance.

“In here” He exclaimed raising his arm.

Clint suddenly popped his head through the door and Stiles could imagine what his words would be, “Wow” He whispered looking around him impressed, “Dude, what happened?” He asked looking at Stiles, raising his arm in questioning. Stiles stared at him a couple of seconds before shrugging and looking away, “Shut up” He hissed crossing his arms over his chest.

Clint raised his eyebrows and whistled before clearing his throat, “Alright” He exclaimed giving his full attention to Tony, “So, our pretty boy is here”

Tony frowned confused, “Thor?” He asked disbelief. But Clint nodded excited, a huge smile on his face. He wide opened the door as he moved away and the god of thunder, literally the god of thunder slowly entered Stiles room, Stiles messy and disgusting room that surely smelled like crap. He tilted his head as he closed his eyes pained and embarrassed, wishing they were in other complete different place rather than his messy room.

Thor slowly entered, his boots making a deep pounding with every step.

“Well this is a pigsty” Those were the first words Stiles heard the god of thunder say.
Stiles deeply sighed, sinking until his back was against the floor. Tony clapped excited, “That’s the word I was looking for!” He exclaimed as he quickly stood up and walked to his friend before clapping him in the back, greeting him.

“To whom this unfortunate compartment belongs to?” Thor asked still looking around the room.

Stiles reside his hand defeated before slowly standing up, “That would be me” He mumbled trying to show his better smile. But the blond guy stare him down head to toe, narrowing his eyes.

“This is the one?” He asked directly to Tony, who nodded excited. Stiles blinked looking between Thor and his brother with suspicious but he never got to ask cause suddenly he was between a pair of really really strong arms raising him above the floor. Stiles let out all his breath, eyes wide opened. Pretty confused and certainly surprised at the sudden embrace. He shook his legs trying to let go but Thor squeezed harder.

“It so good to finally meet the little Stark” He happily mumbled still holding Stiles, who twisted his mouth trying to breath.

He puffed dropping his head against his shoulder, giving up when once more he heard his door opening. Why did people kept coming inside his room? it was beginning to get annoying.

“Thor?”

Stiles heard someone asking with genuine excitement. He began searching for the source of the voice when blondie suddenly let him go. Stiles fall against the wall behind him as he stumbled with his own feet. He pulled a face rubbing his neck when he saw Steve and Thor hugging and laughing and not only him, Nat and Bruce where behind them and yes, staring at his room in complete disgust. At least they had the courtesy to not mention it. Natasha only gave a glare and raised one eyebrow. Stiles shook his head, imploring for her to not ask before he looked away, sobbing his arm with discomfort.

Finally Steve and blondie let go, only then Steve noticed the mess around him, he gave a look to Stiles in perfect questioning. “What happened?”

Clint stepped in shaking his head before Stiles could open his mouth, “Don’t even ask” He muttered before clapping the cap in the back. He pointed the room with his hand, “See? This is
why you should let Stiles sleep on your flat more times” He exclaimed under his breath, slowly shaking his head as if he was truly thinking about it. Steve cheek’s turned ridiculously deep red as he looked everywhere but Stiles, who only closed his eyes and let out his breath. He heard Scott drowned laugh beside him. Clint was an asshole, he quickly walked away, laughing too under his breath.

Stiles gave him a mad stare before elbowing him with strength. He then looked up at Steve, still with his red cheeks and wishing earth would swallow him.

“Oh yes, Natasha has been kind enough to fill me up with Steve unwanted curiosity” Thor suddenly exclaimed, an innocent playful smile on his face.

The room felt into an intense silence. Stiles stared at the floor in shock, trying to ignore the sudden excitement inside his stomach an chest that apparently curiosity made him feel. He looked up and stared at Steve for a few seconds, he seemed he was about to throw up, Stiles knew he needed to take everyone out before the man had a nervous breakdown. He cleared his throat and clapped gaining everyone’s attention, “What about something for dinner huh, Scottie?” He asked without asking, staring dead in the eye and Scott, who reacted immediately and quickly walked out, followed by everyone. Steve was the first one to quickly ran away.

Stiles was left alone, he rubbed his forehead and let out his breath, for him, it was already forgotten and not worth digging for, it didn’t matter his entire being was practically dying to know what did blondie meant with the unwanted curiosity but Stiles knew what he had to do and that was ignored his basic instincts because it was Steve and Steve was… his friend, only his hot friend.

He quickly began piling up the books trying to arrange his messy life. He gave one more look at it before shrugging, it was his room and only his room anyways, nobody else business. He quickly walked out closing the door behind him, expecting his flat to be empty, everyone in the common floor. But he then realized the entire team was chatting in the kitchen, already sitting in the island as Scott empty their fridge. He raised his arms confused, “What are you guys doing in here?” He asked.

Steve raised his hand shutting Thor and his apologies up, the moment he heard his confused voice. He turned on his chair wide opening his eyes, feeling the panic inside him raise. One more time his cheeks turned deep red unable for him to control them. “Keep it that way and he won’t notice, I promise” Tony sarcastically whispered behind his ear. Steve turned to him surprised and annoyed before lightly pushing him away, ignoring Tony little chuckles.

“Scott is cooking, come on!” Clint happily exclaimed tapping the empty space beside him. Stiles stared at it for a couple seconds, everyone in silence waiting for him to move, before shrugging. When he had said having dinner he meant on the common floor but in reality, it was nice to have
the team back at their place, after everything that had happened. He quietly sat as he watched everyone falling into their little chit chats again, talking and laughing among them. Him and Scott share a look and nodded to their selves, yeah it was nice to have them back.

After and incredible big dinner, Stiles leaned on his seat happily, clapping his stomach repeatedly. He deeply sighed as he watched side way how Clint pushed his plate away, curly fries on it, “Are you eating that?” He asked already taking the plate not caring for the answer.

“How can you still eat?” Natasha asked impressed watching him devour the entire plate. Stiles shrugged, mouth filled, “Werewolves eat a lot and I mean a lot” Stiles explained before shrugging, “I guess I caught up with it, after being so long with the pack” 

Scott puffed, raising one eyebrow, “Don’t blame us, you have always ate like a vacuum cleaner” He mumbled stealing some fries from his friend, ignoring his mad stare.

“Come on, you and Derek always empty the fridge in pack nights” He answered back, laughing under his breath. As always his chest twitching at the mention of his name. But he was getting better at ignoring it.

“Pack nights?” Clint asked, actually paying attention to their conversation. Stiles opened his eyes lightly surprised before nodding, “Yeah well, they were nights where we hung out and… eat” 

“Yeah and you drank” Scott muttered under his breath laughing when Stiles threw him a fry.

“A chip off the old block” Tony exclaimed raising his arms. Stiles smiled with warm and rolled his eyes, it was completely true. He stood up, picking up the empty plates from the table. The team followed his steps and everyone began to scatter around the flat. He couldn’t help but notice, Steve never mentioned a word toward him or even a glare. Stiles hated Steve’s silent treatment for his discomforts.

He began washing his dishes in complete silence, enjoying the white noise when Bruce appeared behind his back, “Stiles?” He quietly asked.

Stiles gave him a quick glare before humming in response.

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and turned to him, an eyebrow raised, “Tests?” He asked confused as he dried his hands on his pants. Bruce nodded shyly as he leaned against the sink, “Well, yeah I just… have some questions” He replied trying to show him a smile.

Stiles raised his eyebrows, understanding what Bruce meant, he wanted to know about Stiles ability, if you could call it that, about healing faster than humans. He couldn’t help but smirk as he crossed his arms over his chest, “Actually, you took long enough to ask doc” He answered honestly.

Bruce half smiled and looked down, “Yeah well, didn’t know if it was prudent to ask you but… what do you say?”

Stiles scratched his chin, thinking about his answer but he finally shrugged, “Why the hell not?” He exclaimed as he clapped him in the back.

Bruce straightened up with excitement, “Excellent, I think its time for you to meet the lab” And what a laboratory. Stiles looked around him amazed, everything was made of crystal and silver metal, the lab was fresh and somehow homey. In few words, it was incredible, filled with strange technology and weird homemade machines Stiles was dying to know how they worked, “This way” Bruce mumbled as he pushed Stiles low back to a chair. Beside it, there was a series of screens and monitors. Stiles silently obey and sat down in the cold metallic chair. He watched as Bruce moved around him, turning machines on and getting everything prepare.

“Alright!” Bruce exclaimed after a couple of minutes of silence, “So, I’m just gonna…” He muttered under his breath as he put weird cables on Stiles forehead before taking his arm and suddenly inserted a needle in it. Stiles lightly jumped at the abrupt movement, he gave an annoyed glare to Bruce, but he only smirked under his breath, “Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing” Bruce assured him, showing a perfect calm smile. Stiles pursed his lips as he stared his blood leave his body through a little intravenously, directly into a machine. He returned the smile and cleared his throat, “You mind telling me, what are you doing?” He asked concentrated in Bruce movements, his fingers quickly typing something in the computer.

“I want to know how your body works when you’re healing” Bruce explained distracted as they both watched the screen lighting up, taking in the information. Stiles watched amazed as a gene map of him appeared on one of the screens, “So, whatever happens with my body, the machine will read it, watch and follow the behavior?” He asked looking up at the doc, who only nodded and smiled, “Exactly” He explained impressed Stiles caught up with it so easily.
Stiles nodded, pursing his lips impressed, he actually wanted to know too why the hell his body healed faster and if it had something to do with the nogitsune powers inside him or the spark. He lightly frowned wondering if there was gonna appear something… dark in the screens, guess he was about to figure it out.

“Sorry about this” He heard Bruce mumbled but before he could even react, he felt a small pain on his arm. He looked down lightly impressed to his arm and noticed a small cut on it. He gave a glare to Bruce who only shrugged distracted as he watched the screens with a small smile playing on his lips, he seemed like a little kid waiting to open his Christmas presents. Stiles stared at the machines reacting at the pain he had felt, they showed how his body reacted at the injure and quickly worked to solve it.

“There” Bruce pointed to the screen before zooming in, exactly to the part he had pointed. They both stared in deep surprised how a black matter followed the blood stream, stopping right where he had the cut. Stiles turned to his arm, watching as the cut began to almost magically disappear.

“Holy shit” He muttered frowning as he look up at the screen again, watching as the black matter do its work before it completely disappear. Stiles dropped his shoulders, guessed indeed it had something to do with the nogitsune. One more time he gave a quickly glare to his arm, where the cut was supposed to be but it was completely gone. He passed his finger through his warm skin before smirking.

“What was that Stiles?” Bruce asked impressed pushing his glasses up his nose. Stiles stayed still remembering the doc was there, he swallowed with effort before opening his mouth, the truth dying to came out but he wasn’t sure if it was the right moment or if it was actually a good idea to develop one of his deepest secrets. Bruce and him stared at each other for what it felt an eternity until they heard that metallic known voice calling them.

“Sir? Stiles? Mr Stark is calling for you, theres a problem” Jarvis exclaimed surprising them both. Him and Bruce shared a quick look before a sudden alarm began ringing. Immediately Stiles looked up, “What is that?” He asked impressed. He heard Bruce deeply groaned as he began turning everything off, ignoring Stiles question.

“Shit” Stiles muttered under his breath as he carefully took the needle out. He quickly stood up following the doc to the elevator but Stiles shook his head and put a hand on his back, “Too slow” He exclaimed ignoring Bruce questioning eyes before he tele transported theirselves to the common room. Bruce backed away from him in complete surprise, “What was that?” He asked impressed staring at his hands and body. But Stiles completely ignored him as he walked to his brother, staring at the screens in front of them.

“He likes to show off the fact he can tele transport himself and others” Tony explained, eyes
locked on the monitors. Stiles rolled his eyes and shook his head, completely ignoring his comment “What’s going on?” He asked instead staring at the screens, where it was shown different spots of the city, to be more exact, central park.

“There has been several reports of wild beasts attacking people in central park” Steve suddenly explained appearing on his side, uniform on and everything, gaining Captain America air. Stiles stared at him a couple of seconds before turning to the screens, “Werewolves?” He asked unsure but immediately Natasha shook her head, “No, they look like…” She hissed unsure, being interrupted by Clint.

“Hyenas” He muttered confused.

Stiles gave him a confused look, “Hyenas? What? Did they escaped from the zoo?” He asked more confused than before but shut himself up when he saw one of the beasts coming out from the bushes and that was not a hyena.

“That isn’t a hyena Clint” He muttered watching as the beast, barely as big as a medium dog attack a couple with rapidity.

“You know what are those things?” Tony asked directly to his brother. Stiles turned to him and opened his mouth, his mind looking with rapidly for the answers. He looked at the screen again, “Freeze the image” He asked quietly. Tony sighed doing exactly what he was told.

Stiles rubbed his chin as he watched the monster, he shook his head, he was pretty sure what were the things but once again, they were supposed to be extinct. He immediately felt a little stupid, he should know better since everything that had happened, “I think I know what they are but I’m really wishing they aren’t” He muttered already taking his phone out before sending a quick message to Lydia, he needed to know everything about Leucrotas.

He put his hands behind his back as he stared at the image again, “That bad?” Steve asked beside him. Stiles turned around at the sound of his voice, surprised to hear it so near him. He tilted his head, never responding as he watched as Scott appeared through the elevator doors followed closely by tall blondie. He realized how tense Scott seemed the closer he got toward them, his eyes fixed in the screens.

“Shit” He exclaimed worriedly ignoring the groan, the cap sent him. He shared a look with Stiles, “Leucrotas” They both said at the same time, as Stiles felt his phone vibrating inside his pocket. He quickly took it out and began reading every information Lydia had sent him.
“Shit” Scott repeated before shaking his head, “This is why I couldn’t be here sooner” He suddenly explained gaining Stiles attention, who only frowned confused and put his phone away, “What?” He asked disbelief.

Scott nodded repeatedly, “Yeah, we had to deal with this things back at Beacon Hills” He explained looking down at Stiles pretty mad and still confused stare. Stiles bit his lip looking away, trying to ignore his immature self wanting to ask why the hell he didn’t know anything about that fact but they were bigger and important things right then. He repeatedly nodded, “You know how to kill them?” He asked instead, surprising Scott.

“Sure, they died by impalement through the spine” Scott explained easily. Stiles nodded before staring at his brother dead in the eye, “Lets go”

*

Twenty minutes later, they had successfully managed to empty the entire park without any casualty and only a couple of injured people. Stiles kept walking in silence as he scanned his surrounding, hearing the trees moved thanks to the wind. He watched the body of dark water and turned to the team, stopping on his tracks, “Remember, this things imitate human voices, can’t close their eyes or either look behind them” Stiles whispered loud enough for only the team to hear to him.

“I easily count like twenty of this things, they are scattered all over the park” Tony exclaimed through the intercom. Stiles twisted his mouth at the information as he waited for them to decide what to do. They had a long ground to cover. Looking for those things in central park was like looking for a needle on a haystack.

“Lets team up” The cap ordered as everyone waited for longer instructions, “Thor, Clint and Scott, follow Tony, take the north” He ordered, the others already jogging away. Scott and him shared a looked that said everything they couldn’t say out loud, he watched his buddy running away, disappearing around the corner before paying attention to the cap, “Me, Nat and Stiles, we’ll take the south” He whispered before he gave a long stare at Stiles, who only nodded in confirmation. Steve sighed holding on to his shield with strength, “Lets go” He muttered to him and Nat before running away.

“Be careful Stiles” He heard Tony ask quietly. Stiles wanted to answered back but his pride didn’t let him, instead he rolled his eyes and scoffed, playing offended, “I’m serious” Tony hissed madly. Stiles swallowed and dedicate himself to only nod and follow the cap’s blue suit.
After a couple of minutes of running and securing zones, Stiles let out his cold breath as he stop jogging, raising his fist for the others to stop, “I hear something” He whispered under his breath. They three of them remained silent waiting for a hearing sound. When nothing was heard Stiles was about to regain his walking when he definitely caught the sound of bushes moving. He suddenly kneeled behind a tree when he heard a brach breaking near them, by then he was sure something was watching them. Stiles deeply swallowed as he realized everything was quiet.

“Theres something watching us” He whispered slowly turning his head. Steve and Natasha right behind him, hidden too between the trees. Stiles searched in the darkness in front of them, his eyes adjust to it and he was able to see a fainted beam of lights, like glowing eyes searching for something, “I see it” He exclaimed under his breath, tapping Steve’s shoulder with excitement. Suddenly another branch breaking was heard, closer to them, only a few meters away. Stiles senses sharpened as his hand tightened his grip around the handle of the knife hidden in his back. Those glowing orange eyes appeared again, this time Stiles was able to visualize in perfect clarity as the Leucrota stepped out from his hidden place, lowering his neck in threat, the beast knew he wasn’t alone. The three of them watched the beast with curiosity, it was smaller than a medium dog and indeed, it looked exactly like a hyena, except it had a large head, strangely like a horse and big lions paws. Its mouth was enormous, nearly filling its entire face, covering it side to side. It seemed it was widely smiling but instead of several sharp teeth, it had a large yellow bone, spotted with blood that looked as strong as a rock.

“Stiles?” The animal suddenly whispered, raising its head, imitating the voice of a little child. Stiles was only able to watch in scared amazed as the animal produce the sound, never moving his mouth, “Stiles? Steve?” It asked again, this time louder, the voice more acute and sharpened, “Nat Nat Nat” The leucrota said repeatedly before a crazy, almost hysterical laugh came out of it, his mouth never moved. In a blink of an eye there was sudden silence and Stiles lost sight of it.

He swallowed confused as he turned his head in every direction. He shook his head before slowly stepped out of his hidden place, ignoring Steve’s urgent callings.

His feet creaked on the wet ground filled with leaves and branches, he knew the beast was staring at him, he could feel its eyes digging on his flesh, “Stiles” The leucrota mumbled again, prolonging the s for a few seconds before making silence again. Stiles swallowed taking out the knife he had on his back, turning on his feet, looking. He saw side way as Steve tried to reach him, a grin filled with concern. But he immediately raised his arm, asking to remain steady. Steve stoped in dry on his tracks before backing away, hiding again. Cursing the moment Stiles decided to be so damn reckless.

Stiles took a deep breath before kneeling on the ground, he froze on his place when he heard the softs steps behind his back, “Stiles” The animal whispered behind his ear, dangerously close to him. He felt his cold breath down his neck, the rotten smell of blood impregnated. In a blink of an
eyes, he turned around before cutting one of his legs, he heard the best squawk in clear surprise and pain. Stiles quickly backed away, putting the knife closer to his chest. The leucrota looked down at his injure leg before a deep groan sounded, slowly turning into a slow, broken laugh. Stiles pulled and face and shook his head, what the hell was the deal with those things, they were scary as shit.

The animal slowly began to walk around him, watching him, “I’ll give you the sign cap” He muttered to the intercom before suddenly dropping the knife on the floor, between him and the cornered beast. He raised his arms in clear defeat, showing he was disarmed.

The leucrota actually looked down at the knife, stained with its blood. Stiles stared amazed how his muscles tensed as he prepared to jump toward him.

“Now!” He yelled out loud as he easily caught the animal´s neck between his hands, he launched him down against the dirt, where he hold him down with strength. Steve shook his head, impressed by the stupidity of Stiles but Natasha only smirked beside him, clearly impressed by Stiles speed. He quickly walked out, a knife ready on his hand. He gave a mad glare at Stiles, as saying what is wrong with you but Stiles only shrugged, a clear pleasant smile on his face. Steve rolled his eyes before stabbing with strength the spine of the beast, ignoring the sound of breaking bones. Finally Stiles pushed the monster away and stood up.

“You’re an idiot” Steve hissed as they watched in silence as the animal stopped struggling and slowly died, a light escaping its strange orange eyes. Stiles looked up at Steve and smiled, he lightly pushed him playfully.

“What the actual hell guys” Natasha whispered impressed, still staring at the dead monster at his feet, eyes and mouth still opened. Stiles stretched his neck rubbing it before walking to his forgotten knife, resting calmly on the ground. He slowly grabbed it, cleaning the blood on the grass, “I know” He muttered watching too the dead animal. He had read about Leucrotas, stories reciting how scary and dangerous those monsters were, how they hide in forest, calling their victims by their names to devour them. He had never needed to worry about meeting those creatures, as he had said, they were supposedly extinct, until then, indeed they were scary as hell.

They were preparing to leave when it was suddenly heard a loud rhythmical ticking, as if someone was thundering its tongue in disapproval. It was heard every time nearer them, every time faster. The three of them reacted immediately, linking up their backs into a small circle, weapons already out. Stiles frowned confused as the ticking slowly turned into an hysterical laugh, he then realized the different voices calling them, the different crazy laughs. They quickly looked around them as the loud laughs began to slowly swallow them, every time nearer.

“Alright guys, lets not fuck this up” Stiles exclaimed ignoring the small push Steve game him with his elbow. Three seconds later four beast appeared from different spots between the shadows.
Orange eyes, bright and murderous and mouths wide opened ready to kill.

* 

“Everyone alright?” Tony asked with concern through the intercom when there was pure silence in the line for entire minutes, specially when not even the idiots of Scott and his brother had said anything.

Steve responded with a deep groan as he tried to push away a leucrota away with his shield. The beast throwing slashes, its claws dangerously close to his face, “Stiles!” He shout in honest despair, watching as Stiles killed one of the beast. He looked up at hearing his name surprised, he reacted immediately. He looked around searching for Steve’s lost knife, he launched himself for it and threw it. Steve easily caught it and immediately stabbed several times the thing on the spine, which fall down with its dead weight on top if him.

Steve shook his head and let out his breath as he pushed the animal with his shield. He quickly stood up again with effort in perfect time as he realized other leucrota was running toward him, “We´re outnumbered!” He yelled dodging his claws for only centimeters. He use his shield trying to put as much space as he could between the animals mouth and his neck. He managed to see side way how Natasha stabbed the beast on the spine before it felt dead on the ground.

“We could use some help guys” Stiles exclaimed out loud sending a ball of fire to a beast as he fought another one. He fall to his knee ignoring the pain as the beast dig his claws on his leg. Stiles grabbed his head before breaking its neck. He cursed out loud when other beast tackled to him to the ground.

“Coming right there” Tony immediately replied. But Stiles was to busy pushing the leucrota away from his face. He managed to heard Tony landing in the middle of the battle, he side way saw the blast of orange and yellow flames of the explosions, feeling the heat on his face and seeing the beasts flying away along with dirt and rocks. Stiles groaned as he lit his hands in fire and put them around the animal`s neck, squeezing with strength, burning its skin. It was enough for the leucrota to back away in pain. He straightened up and reach the nearest knife he found before burying it deep in the leucrotas back.

He dropped his hand with tiredness taking deep breath as he looked around, piles of dead leucrotas were gathering in the area, even so, they were still outnumbered. He turned to his brother when he heard him calling him with desperation. Stile saw as three damn monsters knocking him to the ground, scratching and tearing apart his suit. Stiles didn’t think twice, he was quickly on his feet, running toward Tony. He grabbed from the neck one of the beats before tossing its head back, he used his knife to split its threat opened before burying the it on his back. He felt as other leucrotoa bit his arm, trying to pull him away. Stiles let out a groan as he desperately tried to let his arm free
but the damn thing was too strong but at least Tony was standing up.

He saw as Steve suddenly appeared beside him, repeatedly stabbing the thing in the back until it lost all the strength on its jaw and fell dead. Stiles let out his breath as he put his arm against his chest, already feeling how it was slowly healing. He gave the cap a quick glare, thanking him with a small smile. Steve returned the stare, trying to recover his breath, a small smile playing on his lips, when they suddenly heard Natasha’s loud and surprised yell.

Stiles perfectly saw as one of the remaining living beast threw her against a tree. He heard her body crushing against the tree before falling hard against the ground. The beast immediately launched itself at her and buried his large bone in her flesh, they both heard Natasha’s bones breaking and her pained scream between gritted teeth. Immediately Steve was running toward her, shield ready on his hand. Stiles was about to follow him when a leucrota stepped in his path.

“Stiles?” He heard Scott suddenly calling him. He shook his head taking several steps back, “You alright?” He immediately asked watching as Steve killed the leucrota and pushed his body away, staring in complete terror at Natasha’s leg.

“Something else is in here” Scott suddenly mumbled quietly, as if he was afraid that something was gonna listen to him. Stiles blinked several times confused, feeling his blood go cold. He saw as Steve quickly took Nat in his arms, she was unconscious and Steve was yelling something. Stiles watched as the leucrota lost interest on him, fixing his eyes on Steve and the unconscious body on his arms “Stay right where you are” He exclaimed to the intercom, launching himself to the beast without thinking twice before it could reach Steve and Nat. He grabbed it by its neck, pulling it with his arm, he hold it back as he squeezed with effort. He began to push the animal away, which was struggling against him trying to free itself.

“Where are you Scott?” He loudly yelled, groaning with effort.

“In the Bethesda fountain, hurry!” Scott answered desperate, still under his breath.

Stiles and Steve shared other long stare, where he could see the worrying written in those blue eyes. He nodded to him, trying to show his support before he tele transported himself along with the beast. Stiles suddenly fall hard against the floor, his back crashing against it. The leucrota almost slip from his hold but Stiles grabbed its neck again, “Kill it!” He shouted in despair. Immediately Scott was pulling the animal away from him and stab it several times in the spine. Everything became quiet as Stiles recovered his breath, still laying on the floor. He closed his eyes hearing the water of the fountain and the wind passing by. Stupid monster attacks.
He finally looked up at his friend and nodded with gratitude. Scott scoffed putting his hand on his knees, “You alright?” He asked offering his hand to him.

Stiles took it with effort before shaking his head, “Nat is down” He muttered under his breath, but he was quickly distracted by the fact they weren’t alone. He looked around him perplexed but everything was perfectly quiet, even the water running seemed to mute down. Scott swallowed nervously, instinctively getting near Stiles, “Can you feel it?” He whispered trying to see something but it was pitch black, they could only see the top of the trees and the leaves moving at the beat of the wind.

Stiles nodded slowly, his eyes still looking, “There something watching us” He mumbled before fixing his eyes between the trees a few meters away from them. He tilted his head dazed, he could feel an energy coming in waves toward them. Slowly pulling him in, but it wasn’t a bad feeling, it was something mystical, there was something or someone powerful in there. Without thinking about it, his legs began to move by theirselves, walking straight to the forest.

“Stiles wait” Scott breathed putting a hand on his arm but he shook it away immediately, “It doesn’t want hurt us” He assured Scott, never stopping his walk. He finally was in front o the tall trees, Stiles looked up, somehow feeling intimidated by its hight. He swallowed before staring at the perfect line between the tiles and the green grass. He titled his head as the calling became stronger, he finally let his instincts win and stepped inside, followed closely by Scott.

He stopped in dry when he heard the bushes moving around them.

“Can you see it?” Scott asked under his breath. Stiles shook his head and turned to his friend, putting a finger over his lips, “Listen” He muttered stretching his neck. Several branches broke as something slowly walked toward them. He heard its deep breathing as the hasty burst of wind it created. They backed away when a sudden shadow stepped in front, it was big and tall, almost as tall as a tree. Stiles put an arm around Scott pushing him away.

“Call the team” He muttered immediately but he couldn’t get his eyes away from the mysterious shadow, it was completely immovable and silent, only watching them. Scott nodded before stepping back and quickly disappearing as he ran away looking for the others.

“What are you?” He asked under his breath the second he knew they were alone. The shadow remained silent for a few complete minute before it quickly moved. It was suddenly in front of Stiles but he never backed away, his legs stuck on the ground. He anxiously swallowed when he felt the strong smell of dirt and swamp flooding his senses, he resisted the need to cover up his nose. Slowly the shadow began to turn into a small man, an old one, covered it moss, dirt and other plants, his grey face so wrinkled it was hard to distinguish his features. He was barely as tall as Stiles leg and had long white hair, except it was covered in moss too. It seemed he had just came
out from a long hibernation in a dirty swamp.

“And who are you?” The old man asked, his voice cheeky and hoarse for not being use in so long. Stiles raised his eyebrows in complete astonishment, he kneeled in from of the creature and frowned, tilting his head, “You’re a demon” He exclaimed impressed and honestly a little scared, before smiling in complete disbelief.

The little old man twisted his mouth and pushed him away with the little strength he had. He began slowly walking, his joints thundering with every step. Stiles fall in his ass, still in complete shock as he watched him sat down in the nearest rock, his feet covered in dried leaves and mud, barely touching the ground. If honest Stiles felt as if he was about to be trained to become a Jedi master.

“I´m a Leshii” He corrected raising his long walking stick, “And you boy, you're a spark” The demon hissed, almost thrilled, a singing voice filled with curiosity. Stiles twisted his mouth at hearing the name, he had always hated it, he looked away and finally nodded, “You know why I am here?” The demon suddenly asked, his black shining eyes locked on Stiles one.

He slowly shook his head before swallowing hard, he felt as if he was being played.

“You even know who I am?” The demon asked, his voice lower. When Stiles shook his head again, the demon smiled with almost pity, showing his crooked and yellow teeth. He tilted his head before raising his long arm, un-proportional against his short body and legs.

“My name is Abahel” He introduce himself, opening his eyes with excitement and proud at hearing his name out loud. Stiles carefully watched his wrinkled hand, his lengthy gnarled fingers along with his grey, too longs nails. He let out his breath before raising his own hand, he twisted his mouth, hesitating. He licked his sudden dry lips doubting if it was a good idea to be such near a demon of the forest. They were creations as old as the earth itself, and they weren’t known for their kindness, after all they were still demons, protectors of the forests, but still demons. For everything Stiles could know, he was the one that had started the attack, maybe their encounter was planned and he was directly falling into a trap. But the creature smile became wider, almost mocking him, as he already knew Stiles thoughts. He stretched his arm finally removing the short space between them.

Stiles lightly jumped at the asperity and coldness of his hand. The demon squeezed his hand with strength before finally letting him go in an instant, backing away a little, he leaned his head on the tip of his walking stick and his almost charming smile suddenly disappeared, “I asked you a question boy” The creature hissed, almost with desperation, pointing him with his fingers. The act was essentially threatening. Stiles raised his eyebrows and opened his mouth trying to remember what was the actual question, “I´m…” He tried to said but the nervousness didn’t even let him think.
"You're lost" Abahel answered for him. Laughing under his breath, a horrible sharper noise that made Stiles bones shiver, "I sensed you boy, the moment you entered this forest"

“How?” Stiles was only able to asked before he cleared his throat. Abahel narrowed his eyes as if he was debating something, “I thought you were smarter than that” He replied shortly before looking away, “The same way you sensed me, after all you’re a powerful spark, a dumb one but still a powerful spark”

Stiles opened his eyes surprised and kind of offended, “I’m not dumb” He muttered straightening up, trying to show more presence. The demon quietly laughed with clear entertainment, “He can talk” He mocked him crossing his fingers over his stick. Stiles looked down trying to hide his smile, “My name is Stiles” He finally answered.

He tilted his head before admitting the demon was completely right, “And indeed I am lost” He softly replied, almost ashamed for saying it out loud. The demon fixed his eyes on him for a few seconds, “You’re closer than you think you’re, boy” He whispered with a sudden excitement, his head moving closer to Stiles, who only frowned confused, closer? closer to what?

“You need to find them all Stiles” The demon hissed, eyes wide opening with every word said.

“Find what?” He asked confused, his eyebrows raising.

“The sacred sources, the nemetons, you need to find them all before its too late, before they lose their good core” He muttered before a wide smile appeared on his face. Stiles suddenly felt the strong bursts of wind around him, every time faster. He looked around him, scared, watching the leaves and dirt fly surrounding him as Abahel disappeared in front of him, his old body dissolving into dust.

Stiles put hand over his face trying to protect his eyes from the wind, “Wait!” He exclaimed, extending his arm trying to hold on the demon, but his fingers grabbed pure dust before it disappeared too. And suddenly he fall against the floor and everything was perfectly quiet again, the strong wind was completely gone. He quickly straightened up as he looked around him surprised before he heard his name being call in the distance. He quickly stood up shaking his pants with nervousness. He put a hand over his forehead thinking over and over the demons words. He couldn’t help but smile as a delusional hope grew inside him.

“Stiles?” He heard Scott still calling. He shook his head before coming out of the trees, stepping
again into the square where the entire team was looking for him, except for Natasha and Steve, they were nowhere to be seen. He frowned confused when he noticed how the tense the atmosphere felt.

“Scott!” He said out loud raising his hand. He began jogging to his friend with excitement, ready to tell the news when he suddenly felt a huge and really hard smack on the back of his head. He moaned out loud angrily, turning around facing a pretty mad Tony, fuming through his ears. Stiles frowned confused and raised his arm sobbing his neck, “What the hell Tony!” He mumbled pushing his brother away before he could smack him again.

“Where the hell have you been?! I thought you were- god, I´m gonna kill you!” Tony asked yelling and mad, completely mad, gaining the teams attention. Stiles frowned harder, totally confused at his brother huge abruption, “What do you mean? I was gone for only five minutes!” He exclaimed annoyed. Tony was ready to literal kill him but Clint kindly, stepped in the discussion shaking his head, “You were gone for nearly an hour” He muttered confused watching Stiles perplex eyes.

“What?” Stiles breathed looking down at the floor, searching for an explanation. Trying to remember how was that even possible. He slowly shook his head when he remembered, time was different around demons. He passed a hand through his hair, “Shit sorry, I just-“ He tried to explain himself but Tony interrupted him, he raised his hand, “I really don´t care Stiles” He muttered between gritted teeth, he took a long, deep breath before speaking again, “Natasha is seriously injured and Bruce wants your help, now”

Stiles opened his eyes, cursing out loud, he had completely forgotten about her injury, Steve must be losing his mind, “Shit, shit” He exclaimed grabbing Tony hand’s between his before he could walk away. Tony watched his hand on his and pulled a face but Stiles didn’t let him go, “Everyone hold hands” He instructed out loud watching as Scott grabbed Tony’s hand and then Clint, following his instructions.

But Thor stared at them holding hands, eyebrows raised in questioning. Stiles rolled his eyes impatient, “You too, blondie the second!” He exclaimed extending his empty hand waiting for him to grab it.

He felt Tony’s confused eyes on his side, “Blondie the second?” He asked under his breath. Stiles rolled his eyes before huffing, they didn’t have time for that, if Clint was right and he was long for nearly an hour, that only meant less percentage of success in Natasha´s case, “Lydia is the first one, now shut up because I have never tele transported more than two persons” He hissed between gritted teeth before closing his eyes. He shook his head and concentrated.

“Are you sure you… " Scott started but in a second he was seeing everything upside down, spinning and spinning and in a blink of an eye they were holding hands inside the medical flat of
the tower. He groaned under his breath as he put a hand over his stomach, ignoring the nausea, he would never get used to that strange feeling.

Siles let go of his brother and blondie before looking around searching for Bruce or Steve, ignoring Thor’s excited whistles and his dizzy head, tele transporting five persons was definitely not easy. He put hand over his stomach swallowing with effort, he needed to find Nat, “Where is she?” He asked directly to his brother, clearing his throat when felt he was gonna throw up. Tony gave him a short glare before making head movement for Stiles to follow him. They walked in complete silence, Stiles wondering if he was mad at him again when they arrived to the end of the hall. Stile grabbed the doorknob but stop on his tracks, he turned to Tony, opening his mouth, “Sorry” He finally breathed.

Tony opened his eyes surprised before shaking his head, as if Stiles apologizing was stupid. He put a hand on his shoulder and squeezed before walking away. Stiles send him a kind smile before he immediately stepped inside. The room was in complete silence, just the alive monitor beeping following her arrhythmically heart. Natasha was unconscious, laying on a stretch, her body covered in a thin blue surgical blankets. Bruce was concentrated, curved on himself, his hands moving with rapidity as he continue operating Natasha’s leg. Steve was sitting on a near chair without disturbing, his breathing barely making a sound. Bruce looked up and stared at Stiles for a few seconds before shaking his head, even with the mask on, Stiles knew he was twisting his lips in pain for his friend.

Stiles breathed with difficulty, his legs moved on their own as he approached the stretcher and see the damage. In few words, Natasha’s leg was torn apart, and the bone, well there was no bone, at least none they could fix. There was simply too much damage to work something out. Stiles carefully put his hand on her forehead, watching her asleep. He slowly rubbed her cold skin with his thumb before swallowing. He looked down at her leg before at Bruce, “I know what to do” He muttered dropping his hand. Bruce gave him a unrecognizable stare before nodding. Steve was suddenly on his feet, beside her, taking her hand between his.

Stiles stared at her soft face one more time before kneeling on the floor in front of the stretcher. He carefully put his hands on her leg, immediately soaking in blood, before closing his eyes. Deaton had actually taught him a variety of healing spells, nothing fancy, but still helpful. He didn’t know much about them and actually he had only use them a few times, between the healing powers of the werwolves and his, well he didn’t need them much. He honestly hoped it worked, the injury had been opened for too long and Stiles wasn’t completely sure the spell was gonna work after such long time, but he couldn’t surrender, specially when they were talking about saving the leg of the best spy inside that tower. He took deep breaths as he began reciting out loud over and over again.

“Zdrowy, zdrowy ogon żaby, jeśli nie jest zdrowy, zagoi się jutro” He repeated, until he felt his hands getting warmer as his magic passed through them into her flesh. He heard as the bones and muscle slowly repair themselves, nerves and muscles joining as one. He completely ignored the impressed gasp Steve let out. He twisted his mouth when he felt a strong headache on the back of
his neck but he completely ignore it, as he slowly opened his eyes and watched in pleasant surprise, his spell had worked. He dropped his hands and backed away, watching as Natasha took deep breaths, as if her body somehow knew she was alright again.

Stiles stood up slowly before leaning against the stretcher, he let out his breath before looking down, shaking his head. He opened his mouth ready to apologize for arriving so damn late when he was suddenly between a couple of strong arms. Steve squeezed him so hard Stiles gasped for air closing his eyes, “Alright big guy, I give up” He managed to mumbled tapping his back repeatedly.

“Thank you” Steve whispered on his ear before dropping him in the floor. Stiles nodded, clearing his throat, trying to hide his beating heart and his lightly red cheeks. He quickly walked out of the room before Bruce could hug him too. He rubbed his temples as the headache grew and grew, he had lost an entire among of energy between tele transporting himself and other people, healing legs and talking with a demon. He waited for the elevator still rubbing his head.

“Common floor, please Jarvis” He muttered with a quick smile, leaning against the metallic wall, “You’re brother is expecting you sir” Jarvis answered immediately. Stiles deeply sighed and nodded, he had it coming.

He patiently waited until the doors finally opened, reveling the common room almost empty, except for Scott and Tony. Stiles slowly entered, watching his friend nervously bitting his nail and tapping his feet against the floor.

Scott looked up impressed when he noticed Stiles, he frowned confused and shook his head, he hated Stiles was too quiet for him to notice him. He quickly walked toward him grabbing his arm pulling him away from Tony. Stiles let himself be dragged, “You alright?” Scott asked finally letting him go.

He nodded repeatedly, “You won’t believe what happened” He muttered excited, “It was demon of the forest, it was a Leshii” He exclaimed, failing at hiding his smile. Scott opened his mouth impressed before shaking his head, “What?” He mumbled higher than he meant to. Almost immediately Tony turned at them narrowing his eyes. He put his phone away and straightened up.

“Allright you two, come on, talk” He exclaimed with suspicion, crossing his arms over his chest, acquiring a protective air of older brother. Stiles deeply sighed before walking toward him, followed closely by Scott. He sat on the couch beside his brother, he felted like a scolded kid with his best friend. Tony raised his eyebrows waiting for him to proceed.
He moaned annoyed before speaking, “Well…” He started with precaution, “I, well a- something contacted me in the forest, a magical creature, he helped me with some answers”

Tony remained silent staring at his brother, “What?”

Stiles dropped his shoulders, pulling a bothered face, “A demon Tony, a demon contacted me, nothing out of the blue” He exclaimed ignoring Tonys surprised and pretty mad eyes, “He told me we needed to find the other energy sources, just like the nemeton” He explained. Scott suddenly appeared beside him making Stiles jumped and frowned astonished, “What for?”

Stiles shook his head slowly and shrugged, he looked down remembering they’re little chit chat, “I think they can be in danger, we need to find them before they turned… dark” He explained confused, he still didn’t know what the demon had meant with lose their good coref, but his guts were telling him desperately that was what happened to the Nemeton back at Beacon Hills, it was the most reasonable theory he had heard. But Scott pulled a face before shaking his head not buying the story, especially when it came out of the a demon’s mouth.

“And you’re gonna listen to a freaking demon?” Scott asked impressed at his friends genuinely but Stiles buffed looking away, “Then why would he even bother to contact me Scott”

But Scott shook his head, wide opening his eyes, “Stiles come on, thats what they do, they tell you what you want to hear, they trick you!” Scott exclaimed trying to make some sense with his friend, but Stiles shook his head looking down, refusing to believe him.

“Stiles you more than anyone should know it! Don’t you forget everything that happened with the nog-“ But Stiles immediately send him a furious stare, eyes wide opened. Scott abruptly shut himself up before licking his lips, he looked down feeling the guilt inside his chest, he knew he had gone too far.

They were silent for a tense moment. Tony looking between them confused, he had no idea what just happened and why his brother seemed so mad, he finally spoke, his voice strained and uneasy, “Its the only clue we have Scott, theres nothing more, if you have a better plan I would like to hear it” Stiles answered back between gritted teeth. His eyes never leaving his friend. Scott finally looked up again and shook his head defeated, he swallowed trying to understand what Stiles wanted, “What if its a trap Stiles?” He asked quietly, putting his elbows on his knees.

“Actually I’m on this one with wolfie right here” Tony suddenly exclaimed, pointing him with his thumb. Stiles gave him a quick mad glare before returning to his friend, he would be lying if he said he didn’t consider that option but after all it was their only option, their only opportunity.
“I don’t know what else to do” He finally whispered honestly, shrugging with defeat, “No one knows what else to do Scott” He added raising his arms, “Trust me, I don’t want to do this but…”

“Its our only option” Scott finished for him before shaking his hair with his hand, Stiles was right, it was their only real clue, even if it was trap, eventually they would lead them to somewhere, they needed to get out of that blind alley. He finally sighed, repeatedly nodding, “What do you want to do?”

Stiles rubbed his hand between each other thinking about the next proper step, “Well, we already know where is one energy source, we just have to figure everything about it” Stiles answered shrugging as if it was really that simple. Scott twisted his mouth and nodded, “You mean returning to Beacon Hills”

Stiles stared at his friend dead in the eye for what it felt an eternity, he finally nodded slowly, knowing that was what he needed to do, still it wasn’t easy. Scott raised his eyebrows impressed and opened his mouth but nothing came out. If Stiles was willing to return to that place, it was because he strongly believe in his theory.

“You two aren’t returning alone” Tony suddenly exclaimed as he stood up from the couch. Stiles turned to him in complete surprise, “What?” He managed to breath, exchanging a quick look with Scott, who seemed as confused as Stiles was.

Tony gave him a long and exhausted stare, “I told you I was gonna protect you Stiles” He answered quietly, almost shyly to say his feelings out loud. Stiles opened his mouth, watching astound as his brother call out Jarvis, telling him please to reunite the team for an emergency reunion. Stiles immediately knew what was going on and he was begging life for it not to happen. He felt his heart stop as his legs stood him up in automatic, he walked toward his brother, “Tony, wait” He exclaimed, trying to grab his arm but he pushed his hand away. He felt his throat dried as he passed a hand through his hair, he turned to Scott desperately searching for support but his friend shrugged confused, what could he do? What could Stiles do? Absolutely nothing.

“Tony please” He asked under his breath putting a hand on his brother arm, this time he didn’t push him, but Tony could perfectly imagine his coming words, “You can’t come with me” He mumbled freezing on his place when Tony turned at his words, to face him “What am I supposed to do Stiles? Leave you?” He madly asked raising his eyebrows. Stiles remained silent, he knew his brother was completely right. What did Stiles expected Tony to do? Leave him alone when he they are all facing something dark and unknown? It sounded as a completely bad idea even for him.

“I know its your old home, your past you want to hide but this is not about you Stiles, at least not
completely” Tony muttered before lightly clapping him on the cheek with tender. Stiles breathed with difficulty before nodding, words couldn’t come out from his mouth. He let out all his breath as he heard the team appeared through the elevator doors, chatting among them. Stiles walked away from his brother until his legs hit the couch, he let himself dropped in it with complete tiredness. Watching as the team sat down around him and Scott waiting for someone to tell them why they call them.

Stiles bit his lips and his leg shook with anxiety, he looked up to find Steve’s blue eyes on him. Stiles tried to smile but his mouth only made a weird attempt of it. Steve immediately frowned confused, he opened his mouth ready to ask what was wrong when Tony cleared his throat.

“Allright guys…” Tony started before clapping his hands, “Family vacation!” He exclaimed with false excitement, a huge smile on his face. Trying to lit up the room, but everyone exchanged confused looks. Stiles rolled his eyes and shook his head, he slowly stood up as he began explaining everything that happened int he forest, he also explained them what where the sacred forests, how they worked and how changed the one in Beacon Hills was. When he finished the room felt into an intense silence. Stiles swallowed and rocked his feet waiting for someone to say something, anything.

“Thats the worst plan I have ever heard” Clint finally muttered, he had no other words to describe it. He passed hand through his hair, before he shook his head, “But its the only one we got” He answered to himself nodding when Stiles gave him a disappointed glare.

“Guess we´re meeting you home sweet home guys!” He exclaimed clapping Scott on the back. The team burst into loud talking but all Stiles could do was pulled a face at hearing those words repeating inside his head, they were meeting the pack, his friends and it sucked, it completely sucked but as Tony had said, it wasn’t about him. He gave Clint a fake smile before standing up. He nervously rubbed his sweaty palms against the fabric of his pants. He quickly walked away to the kitchen as he heard Tony instructing the team they were leaving first thing in the morning, as soon as the sun was out. He shook his head as he opened the fridge and took out a bottle of vodka, he just wanted his head to stop overthinking over and over again. He began pouring himself a large drink when someone cleared its throat gaining his attention.

Stiles looked up impressed, staring at a really uncomfortable Steve, he had his hands behind his back and was looking everything but him. Stiles raised an eyebrow in questioning as he put the bottle away but didn’t say anything.

“You alright?” Steve finally asked under his breath. Stiles deeply sighed, lightly annoyed, “Talking to me now?” He asked before his brain could caught up with his mouth, immediately regretting his words when Steve’s cheeks turned deep red and he looked down. Stiles took a long needful sip from his drink, “Sorry” He blurted out, he didn’t want to take it on him, he didn’t deserve it, specially when it wasn’t his fault and his friend was just badly injured.
“Sorry” He repeated truly regretting his words, rubbing his eyes with tiredness. “I think I just need to sleep” He lied with a quick smile. Steve stared at him in a way, his unique way his eyes seemed to pierce him. Stiles felt transparent, as if Steve could see right through him and that fact terrified him. He swallowed hard as he remembered blondie the second´s truly unnecessary comment. Immediately his stomach twisted with excitement despite his desperate intents for it to stop.

“My flat?” The man asked shyly, almost afraid to listen to the answer. Stiles couldn’t help but smile as he looked down, amazed how such a beautiful, big, strong man could be so shy. He let out his breath with honest relief, not knowing he wanted to hear those word until he did, “Yeah…” He muttered happily taking his glass on his hand. Steve let out a goofy smile as he began walking away, Stiles right behind him when he suddenly remembered someone had to let know the pack they were coming and they weren’t coming alone. And he was sure as hell he won’t be that someone telling them. He began looking for Scott, he found him, still sitting on the couch, talking and laughing with Clint about something.

“Scott!” He said out loud raising his arm. His friend immediately looked up at him and gave him a quick smile before jogging toward him, “Yeah?”

“Can you please, please, notify the pack we’re-“ Stiles started to beg when Scott raised his arm, stopping him, “I already told Lydia, its done” He assured Stiles with calm, who only let out his breath in pure relief.

“Thanks man” He breathed honestly already walking away to the elevator, where Steve was patiently waiting, leaning against the frame. Scott narrowed his eyes, looking behind Stiles with a half smile on his face, “Yeah, unwanted curiosity my ass” He exclaimed before laughing at Stiles wide opened eyes playing offended, “Shut up idiot” He answered back, a small smile playing on his lips.

“Thank you for healing Nat” Steve suddenly exclaimed as the elevator went up. Stiles gave him a side way look before shrugging, acting careless “And…” Steve continued, this time fully facing Stiles, “Thank you for saving my life earlier back at the park… thanks” He finally exclaimed, shaking his head with awkwardness.

Stiles faced him too and shrugged again, “You’re not the only one that can worry big guy” He murmured smiling when Steve looked away, hiding his face. The doors opened in the flat and Stiles slowly walked out, hand inside his pocket and his drink on the other, “Good night Steve” He whispered walking to his usual room, already knowing the way. He quickly entered and closed the door, not waiting for an answer. He leaned against the closed door and finished his drink in a long sip, dropping the glass on the white carpet, wondering why in gods name he didn’t brought the whole bottle. He kicked his shoes off, his eyes lost in the darkness. He dropped his head on his
hand as he felt the fear finally invade him. He didn’t want to face Derek and Beacon Hills again, specially not in front of his brother and the team and… Steve, they would see the real him. The simple idea of that made his stomach switch, he ran away from that place for a reason but still fate kept putting it in his path.

He knew nothing good would come out from that trip. He could only imagine how it would be, Derek and the pack would knew about his… unwanted curiosity was actually a pretty good description of it, about Steve and he wasn’t ready to deal with those feeling, still a little voice inside his head was telling him, yelling at him he was never ready for anything. He never want to deal with things and just kept pushing them away until they solved on their own. It was truly stupid but pretty hard to let go to his old costumes.

He removed his clothes and finally laid down on the bed. He closed his eyes and deep breathed hugging the white pillow against him. How come he could deal against dark beasts and powerful threats with the potential to kill him and his loves one but not the strength to deal with… his feelings. It sounded so stupid and immature and still… Stiles wasn’t gonna figure out anything about Steve or Derek or anything about them, how could he feel something for someone just months after he broke up with his first love? It wasn’t even possible, right? so he was gonna put all his doubts and stupid feelings inside a little box and dig it in the deepest of himself and he was not doing anything about it.

For the fifth time Stiles rolled on the bed trying to fall asleep, he hit the pillow before dropping his head on it. Seconds, minutes passed and nothing, he let out his breath and opened his eyes annoyed. He quickly sat on the bed before passing a hand through his hair. He remained silent and steady on his place waiting for the sleep to take over him but it never happened. He cursed under his breath as he got out of the bed, groaning annoyed when his legs stumbled between the sheets, he hated when he couldn’t sleep.

He quickly put his pants on and wide opened the door, greeted by darkness. He slowly stepped out, glass on hand, ready to have other drink when someone turned on the lights. Stiles jumped before freezing on his place putting a hand over his chest, “Idiot! you scared me” He madly hissed, watching as Steve laughed quietly from the couch.

“If you’re looking for alcohol, theres nothing in here” Steve mumbled as he returned his attention back to his sketch book. Stiles twisted his mouth, he stared at the empty glass on his hand and quietly left it in the table beside him. He slowly walked toward the couch, curiosity growing inside him as he tried to take to look from the notebook on his hands, “Couldn’t sleep either?” He asked as he sat beside him, leaning his head against the seat. Steve looked up from the notebook, his mouth and nose hiding behind it.

He finally shook his head an returned to his work. Stiles deeply sighed getting the hint, Steve wanted to draw in complete peace and silence. He slowly stood up, “Right…” He muttered getting
ready to return to his room when his voice stopped him.

“Want some hot cocoa?” Steve suddenly asked finally leaving his sketch book oh the glass table in front of him. Stiles frowned watching his movements, “God, you’re weird” He answered as he walked back to him.

Steve pulled a face and sighed, “Yes or no?” He asked crossing his arms over his chest. Only then Stiles noticed he was wearing blue pajamas and the shirt was dangerously stuck to his body, popping his muscles. Stiles cleared his throat and nodded, “Sure, hot cocoa whatever” He muttered before sitting down again. He watched as Steve quickly walked to the kitchen to prepare the drinks. He deeply sighed as he looked away, waiting for his freaking hot cocoa, Captain America was such a dork. His eyes landed on Steve’s opened notebook and the curiosity grew inside him again, he extended his arm, ready to take it when he stopped centimeters away from it. He shook his head and backed away, they were Steve’s things, Steve’s really personal things and if he didn’t want to show them, Stiles would respect it.

He backed away from the table and dropped himself with tiredness against the cushions. Steve returned with two blue cups on his hands. Stiles accepted his with a kind smile before taking a short sip, raising his eyebrows impressed at the taste, “This is good” He mumbled to himself before taking other sip.

“Nervous?” Steve suddenly asked after a couple of minutes of pure silence. Stiles gave him a long, careful stare before quietly leaving his almost empty cup on the table, for a moment he remembered his nights with Derek, when either of them could sleep and Stiles would prepare coffee from him, Derek used to love it in latte, cappuccino, American, in every way. They used to talk about everything and anything until the sun was out and they had to go to work. He quickly shook his head and shrugged. Steve nodded with understanding, “I would be nervous too” He muttered, looking at something behind Stiles.

He looked down, swallowing hard, “I don’t know why but you have something…” Stiles started trying to make himself understand, “I feel I can talk with you about everything” He finally muttered, smiling when he felt Steve hand pushing his shoulder playfully. He swallowed hard, his smile disappearing, he couldn’t dare raise his head, “I am nervous, I- there are too many things you don’t know about me, bad things about me that I didn't want anyone of you finding out, at least not yet” He finally accepted, a weight less from his shoulders.

Steve remained silent, watching how Stiles twisted his fingers with nervousness, unconscious from the movement. He watched how he blinked several times, his long eyelashes batting with every movement. Then he spoke again, really quietly under his breath, sounding almost ashamed.

“I was in high school when I started having problems to sleep, nightmares, panic attacks, I quickly
figure out there was something trying to reach me but I shut it down” Stiles started, his heart beating every time faster and faster, the nervousness clouding his thoughts but somehow sure about telling Steve the truth, he actually wanted to do it, “I decide to ignore it until one day I began to have visions, vivid visions and to sleepwalk till one point… one night I woke up and I realized I had no idea where I was, I had to call Scott for help but that same night something… attacked me, I had an internal struggle with something evil as he tried to invade my body and mind”

Steve wished he could reach and take his hand between his, but he knew it would only scare him away, so he dedicate himself to only listen closely.

“See, my mother was sick for a long time, she had something called frontotemporal dementia and the symptoms she showed were the same I was living. Scott´s mom was a doctor in Beacon Hill´s hospital, she began the medical tests trying to prove I had the same disease but in the magnetic resonance, I… disappeared. I was gone for almost 48 hours and I couldn’t remember any part of them or what I had done. Until I appeared in the forest and realized I had set up traps around the preserve, I almost kill my coach that day” He exclaimed twisting his mouth.

“That same day I decided to intern myself into a medical facility, I didn’t know I was directly falling into a trap of this… dark entity. He attacked me in my weakest moment, when they doctors of the hospital put me to sleep and suddenly I was possessed” He added finally looking up, his neck aching for being immobile for so long. Steve stared at him frowning, his eyes looking for something on his features.

“Possessed?” He asked quietly, disbelief. Stiles swallowed and nodded, “This entities are called nogitsunes, they are spirits, searching to feed from tragedies, pain and fear” He explained leaning against the seat with tiredness.

“I was the perfect victim and well, to not make it longer, it possessed me, I did things… things I´m not proud of and well, people died because of me…” He whispered, his eyes lost as he remembered the night Allison died. A shiver run down his spine as he felt his throat close, he swallowed and let out his breath, “But the pack managed to find me and bring me back” He finally said.

Steve remained silent, staring down, frowning, honestly a little in shock, “When you mean people died because of you…” He rambled quietly, ashamed of even thinking about it. But Stiles didn’t even flinch at the question, “I meant, Scott´s first love, one of my closest friends, died because of me”

Stiles cleared his throat a the sudden silence, he straightened up and shook his head, “My god, this hot cocoa is going to kill me” He exclaimed finishing it with a quick sip, hating the burning sensation down his throat. Steve stared at him for a few seconds, before his mind could up with
what in earth he was doing, he took Stiles hand on his and squeezed, “It wasn’t you fault” He muttered with honesty but Stiles raised his other hand and stopped him immediately, he didn’t need to hear it.

“Its in the past big guy, I made my peace with that matter a long time ago” He strongly assured Steve, who only nodded, rubbing with his thumb against Stiles warm hand.

They felt into other silence, a comfortable one, where words didn’t need to be said out loud. Stiles smiled at the image of their holding hands and looked up, to find Steve´s eyes on him, his beautiful blue eyes fixed on his. Stiles hummed lost in them, “You never told me about this unwanted curiosity” He whispered as his body got closer to him. He felt a sudden rush inside him, butterflies inside his stomach and all that romantic crap.

Steve licked his sudden dry lips before nodding, “I don’t know what to say” He honestly breathed, his mind spinning with rapidity. His heart beating faster and faster as he wasn’t able to control his body, slowly he raised his free hand, his fingers closed to Stiles soft skin, he was dying to touch it.

Stiles was only able to lean on the touch and let out his breath as he felt the warm caress of his cheek, “You’re truly an idiot Steve Rogers” He muttered before closing the space between them. For a moment Stiles shut down the red alarm inside his head and listened to that little voice yelling every time louder fuck it, fuck it, fuck it.

He deepened the kiss when Steve returned it, the same hunger and desperation written on that perfect kiss. Stiles passed his hands through his long hair before lightly pulling it. Steve groaned against his mouth before putting one hand behind his neck, pushing their lips even closer.

They broke away when they felt his lungs about to explode, asking for air. Stiles put their foreheads together as he tried to recover his breathing. His eyes lost and confused. He suddenly realized the sun was already out and the reality hit him. He straightened up and stared at Steve in complete and utter shock, “Fuck” He breathed before standing up, stumbling with his own feet. Steve remained silent on his place watching him leave. Stiles began walking away, his eyes never leaving his. He quickly pressed the elevator, tapping his foot against the floor when the doors opened for him. He opened his mouth wishing to say something but nothing came out, the doors closed in front of him and they were suddenly separated. Stiles stared at the blue metallic doors and tried to took deep breaths, what had he done?

Steve stared at the closed doors Stiles had just disappeared through, before turning to the orange sunset. He swallowed hard before taking deep breaths, what had he done?
Stiles bit his nail, nervously bouncing his leg as he stared at the back of Tony’s head, who was resting against his backrest, trying to get some decent sleep. He shook his head as his mind thought one more time about the kiss, that perfect kiss. It was as if he couldn’t block it, since it happened he hadn’t been able to think about something else, anything else. It kept popping inside his head over and over. He knew he had fucked up the moment the elevator doors closed behind him and he stared at his lonely, quiet flat. He had managed to one more time, push Steve away a little more. They had just started being… friends again and his stupid horny, coward head had to ruin everything.

“Can you please tell me what’s going on with you?” Scott asked urgently, suddenly appearing beside him, he had being watching Stiles act weird all morning, specially every time Steve did or said something, immediately he knew something had happened but his friend had being avoiding him since he woke up. Stiles lightly flinched and gave him a mad stare, muttering under his breath. Scott frowned more confused and faced him, “Seriously dude, what the hell happened?” He asked puzzled, carefully watching his friend.

But Stiles only scoffed, “Besides the fact I’m gonna be spending my precious time along with my ex boyfriend and my idiotic brother as I look for sacred trees all around the fucking world?” He annoyingly asked without asking before crossing his arms over his chest, accommodating himself in the tiny seat, giving Scott his back.

“Jeez…” Scott whispered, slowly walking around the sit to face him again. Stiles sighed rolling his eyes trying to ignore him, “You’re a pain in the ass in the mornings” Scott exclaimed, perfectly knowing he was getting into his friends nerves. Finally Stiles straightened up, raising his arms, “Everyone in here is trying to get some sleep but you’re annoying voice isn’t letting them” He hissed between gritted teeth before standing up and walking away, getting near to the large window.

He gave a quick staring to the quinjet, everything was perfectly quiet as the team tried to get some energy, everyone was exhausted, except from Natasha and Bruce that had stayed back in the tower, her leg wasn’t completely cured and Bruce wanted to stay behind with her. Stiles didn’t question him or his reasons, but everyone in the tower seemed to know what was going on between them expect for them. Unintentionally his eyes landed on Steve’s still body, his chest slowly moving up and down, the man could barely fit correctly in his seat.

“Omg… something happened between you two” Scott suddenly exclaimed appearing beside him, making one more time Stiles flinch. Scott looked between his friend and the asleep men and wide opened his eyes when Stiles didn’t say anything, instead he looked down, his cheeks turning deep red, “Oh dear god, something happened!” He exclaimed out loud, not being able to control his voice. Immediately Stiles shush him annoyed. They watched as Tony deeply groaned and settled
himself in a different position before he completely fall asleep again.

Stiles closed his eyes in relief but still didn’t say anything, “I can smell him all over you and your damn confused emotions Stiles” Scott whispered, trying to put hand on his arm but Stiles slowly shook his head before putting his hands against his face, “I feel guilty alright?” He exclaimed against them, his voice sounding cushioned, he could feel the shame inside him for just saying those words out loud.

Scott sighed and twisted his mouth, he lowered his eyes, “You like him?” He asked under his breath. But Stiles snatched his hands down and frowned, as if he was personally offended by the question, he opened his mouth, one word dying to come out but he couldn’t say it out loud, not even inside his head, “Oh man” He muttered instead, his body leaning against the glass.

“Stiles…” Scott began, putting a hand on his shoulder trying to gain his attention, “Look man, you can’t decide how you feel, you don’t control it, pushing them away will only confuse you even more” He said trying to reason with him but Stiles shook his head, it was too damn early for such a talk like that, but Scott wasn’t backing away, “You didn’t ask for this Stiles, the same way you didn’t ask for stop being in love with Derek, so stop overthinking so much, it will ruin you”

Stiles snatched his head up with surprise at hearing those words. He never asked for stop being in love with Derek, the same way he didn’t ask for Steve to show up and certainty not that… attraction. Scott was right, completely right and Stiles was doing nothing about it. He was an idiot, an idiot that had just broken up a nearly five year relationship. And accepting his feelings for Steve, would only complicate things even more. They were in the middle of a quest, there was no time for lame feelings, if Stiles could even call them that. He shook his head with despair, his mind in a complete blast, “Look Scott, I don’t want to think about or feel about it, I just want to forget it” He exclaimed honestly, tilting his head, feeling the urge to finish their talk.

Scott kept his mouth shut, thinking his buddy was an idiot and a coward but it was still his buddy and he still had his good reasons to avoid his feelings, after all, it was what he had always done, “As long as you’re sure of what you’re doing Stiles, I’ll support you on everything you decide dude” He truthful answered, clapping him in the back with tender.

A quiet alarm began to sound all over the ship, letting know they had arrived their destination. Stiles dropped his head on his hand with tiredness and rubbed it, as he heard the team waking up around him.

“Breath” Scott whispered beside him, before quickly walking away to grab his things. Stiles took a deep long breath, following his advise and raised his head. He looked through the window and stared at the top of the trees appearing through the clouds along with the orange sun, as they went down. They really had arrived. No one spoke much, everyone too tired to say something
meaningful. Stiles picked up his improvised bag in complete silence, stealing quick glances from Steve as he arranged himself. The man seemed so tired and somehow drained from life. Stiles wished he could say something to him, pass his hands through his messy perfect hair, trying to comb it but he knew he had fucked it up and getting near him wasn’t an option.

“Stop staring at him” Scott suddenly whispered behind him. Stiles jumped at hearing his voice, he turned around, eyebrows raised, “Stop it!” He exclaimed annoyed but Scott only laughed under his breath. Stiles shook his head and one more time he gave a glare at Steve, “I can’t help it” He muttered painfully honest, pursing his lips. Scott twisted his mouth and put a hand on his shoulder, dragging him away from the cap, in front of the ramp, as they waited for it to descend, “Just play it cool dude” He advised him, as if it was really that simple.

Stiles scoffed as he arraigned the weight of his bag on his shoulder. The quinjet landed on earth, the same spot Stiles had the last time he was in there, it seemed ages ago, “Here we go” He bitterly murmured as the ramp slowly descended, letting in a small burst of wind. Erica, Lydia and Jackson standing outside of the ship, waiting for them.

Stiles couldn’t help but smile as he saw Scott already running outside, dropping his bag to the ground as he hug Lydia and Erica. Slowly he walked outside toward Jackson, dropping his bag on the ground as well. That time they did hug each other. Jackson clapped him in the cheek as they stepped away, a half smile on his lips.

“Its good to see you man” Jackson said happily. Stiles deeply sighed but smiled too, titling his head, almost pained. Jackson smirked nodding with understanding, “I’m sorry dude and honestly, good luck pack mom” He muttered before laughing out loud when Stiles scoffed and lightly pushed him away at hearing one more time his freaking nickname.

Jackson stared at something behind him, narrowing his eyes with suspicion. Stiles followed his line of view and sighed again when he noticed who he was staring, “Its him huh?” Jackson asked under his breath as he watched Steve walked out of the quinjet with weariness, he looked like total crap, Stiles could only figure out why.

“Shut it” Stiles immediately said, pointing him with a finger as his cheeks turned deep red.

“You have always like big guys” Lydia exclaimed on his side as she carelessly put her elbow on his shoulder, watching the cap as he stretched his arms above his head, Stiles tilted his head watching a pad of hair disappear through his jeans. Steve suddenly looked up at them, eyebrow raised, lightly confused. Him and Lydia reacted immediately and turned around, holding their breaths. Stiles couldn’t help but laugh under his breath with sadness and shake his head, she was totally right, “Hey blondie” He greeted instead putting his arm around her. Lydia deeply sighed hugging him back, “Oh honey, good luck” She muttered, almost with pity. Stiles rolled his eyes letting her
go, “You’re all asses” He muttered under his breath. Widely smiling when Erica extended her arms toward him.

“Hey cat woman” He exclaimed, letting himself be dragged into her arms around his neck, “Oh my…” She exclaimed impressed against his neck, “I can smell him all over you” She added cupping his face on her hands, squeezing his cheeks. Stiles rolled his eyes again and sighed as he shrugged, the long shower he had took that morning hadn’t helped in the minimum.

“Are you gonna introduce us or what?” He heard Tony asked behind them with exasperation, watching how his brother let the curly bundle girl play with his cheek, who would have thought it? Stiles was a softie after all. Erica let him go impressed, her eyes wide opened as she stepped away of him.

Stiles cleared his throat, “Yeah ah, guys this is my brother” He introduced him, confused if he should call him Tony or his brother. He finally shook his head, it was literally the same thing, “This is Lydia, Erica and Jackson” He added nodding, staring how Tony put on his charming smile and shook their hands, introducing himself as Tony Stark, honestly Stiles was sure he just liked to say his name out loud so people would be impressed, and for what he saw it was working perfectly fine, specially with Lydia.

“This is Clint” He exclaimed grabbing his arm, pushing him to the front. Clint send him a mad stare before showing a kind smile, greeting everyone. Stiles pointed his thumb to Thor, who was already hugging everyone, “This is blondie the second, Thor” He muttered watching Jackson’s uncomfortable face as he let himself be hugged to dead.

Lydia sent him a glare, raising her eyebrows in questioning. Stiles shrugged and twisted his mouth, clearly without other explanation than he was way too blonde to not be call like that. Lydia huffed and shook her head, “I’m blondie the first apparently” She said with a kind smile, opening her eyes impressed as he hugged her with even more strength. Thor dropped her on the ground, a wide excited smile on his face as they began a conversation about blonde hair and its advantages. Stiles shook his head confused at they chit chat before turning to Steve, only to find he already had his eyes on Stiles, eyebrows raised waiting for being introduced and yeah, he looked so serious and dry Stiles felt something in his stomach switch.

“And this is Steve guys” He finally mumbled, watching concerned as he gave polite smiles and shook their hands. The three idiots of his friends, eyeing him from head to toe, according to them, playing cool but they intentions were completely obvious. It was a treat Steve decided to let it just pass.

They all kept politely smiling at each other, waiting for someone to say something. Lydia suddenly cleared her throat at the awkward silence, gaining everyones attention, “So, this way” She
exclaimed kindly smiling, beginning her walk. Everyone looked at each other before following her in complete silence.

“Where are we staying?” Scott asked from behind as he watched his step, already excited for seeing the complete pack again after so long, don’t get him wrong, he had loved his stay in New York, specially with Stiles and the team but he had missed the pack. Lydia swallowed and stayed quiet for a few seconds, gaining a curious stare from Stiles.

“At the loft” She finally admitted between her teeth. Twisting her mouth when Stiles momentary stop on his tracks impressed. He hang opened his mouth before catching up with her, “What?” He breathed pursing his lips, “He’s not letting me stay in there” He hissed, nodding repeatedly when Lydia gave him a long stare.

“Neither the captain” He heard Jackson said from somewhere behind them, the mockery clearly behind his voice. Stiles raised his eyes looking for him madly. Scott laughed like a dork beside him as same as Tony and Clint somewhere behind him. Thor too busy with his own thoughts but Steve was nowhere to be seen or heard. Stiles closed his eyes cursing under his breath, “I hate you all” He whispered tiredly, smiling when everyone laughed, except Steve, he remained painfully quiet.

“Well, what are you going to do idiot? Stay in a hotel?” Lydia asked giving him a quick stare. Stiles scoffed playing offended, “I´m a millionaire, I think I can afford to do whatever the hell I want” He answered as if it was obvious, lightly bumping her shoulder.

“You're not seriously staying at a hotel” Jackson exclaimed impressed. Stiles remained silent watching his feet and finally shrugged, “I mean, if its uncomfortable already, imaging us sleeping at the same place for days, we´ll kill each other!”

“You guys did it for four years Stiles, it will be a piece of cake this time!” Scott muttered appearing at his side, a stupid smile on his face. Stiles opened his mouth impressed, his blood freezing when he suddenly heard Steve clearing his throat in clear discomfort. Stiles looked down shaking his head ashamed, “Can we please stop talking about my failed relationship?” He asked without even asking, raising his voice to left it in perfect clear. The team and the pack maintained their mouths shut for a complete big, long minute.

“If you’re staying at a fancy hotel, I call to be your roommate” Scott suddenly exclaimed raising his hand. Everyone around him sighed annoyed, muttering between teeth, “My god” Stiles whispered exasperated under his breath as he walked faster, leaving behind him the gang of pure gossips.
It didn’t take them long to arrive to the loft. Every step Stiles took, getting nearer to it, the more nervous he got. He stopped in dry staring at the tall building, the team and pack passing by his side in complete silence. He swallowed narrowing his eyes at the reflect of the sun, rising his hand to cover himself up. He let out his breath about to regain his walk when he accidentally stumbled against someone and yeah that someone was Steve, “Sorry” Stiles breathed wide opening his eyes. Steve gave him an unrecognizable stare and never stopped walking.

Stiles dropped his shoulders watching him leave, “Thats the coldest stare I have ever seen” Clint muttered innocently beside him, already wondering what possible thing Stiles had done to receive that kind of stare, specially from the dork of Steve Rogers. Stiles sighed and shook his head, “Wipe the slate clean dude” He exclaimed regaining his walk, “Wipe the slate clean” He repeated under his breath to himself, everything would be just great, he already knew that, it didn’t matter he didn’t believe it.

His hand stopped centimeters away from the doorknob, he stared at the metal door for seconds, hearing how the voices stopped talking inside the loft, already knowing there was people outside. He couldn’’t do it, he backed away several steps, shaking his head, “You go ahead” He told Lydia, already putting a hand on her back, pushing her to the front.

“Your gonna have to deal with him Stiles, sooner or later, you'’ll have to” Lydia exclaimed as she wide opened the door, a sonorous metallic slap that made the team jumped impressed. Scott pushed Stiles to a side as he ran inside, his arms wide opened as he embraced Derek in a huge hug. Stiles was only able to remain on his place, eyes locked in Derek bright smile. The pack and team moved around him, slowly entering the loft.

“Breath Stiles, breath” Tony muttered kindly, putting a hand on his back, lightly pushing him inside the large room, Stiles was only able to swallow, grateful for the push. Immediately Derek’s eyes were on him, his blood freeze but his legs continued moving. They stared at each other as Scott let him go and proceed to hug Isaac.

Stiles finally stopped in the middle of the living room, it was as exactly as he remembered, he side way stared at the grey individual sofa Stiles had gave him on one of their anniversary, he thought Derek had left it in their old apartment, surely abandoned by then. He half smiled, swallowing hard and raised his hand, ignoring the suddenly urge to hug him. Derek returned the gesture as he slowly walked toward him, hands inside his black jeans.

“Hey” Derek whispered, looking down. Stiles swallowed at hearing his deep voice, he tried to control his beating heart but he noticed he was terribly failing when Derek half smiled. Stiles let out his breath, he felted so shy. For a moment he kept forgetting it was Derek he was talking about, besides his romantic partner, they had been friends first. Derek was one of the few persons that knew him that well.
“You look good” He answered weakly, putting his hands inside his pockets too, “Better than last time” He added, clearing his throat when Derek raised his eyebrows, god he had missed the eyebrows, “I mean, you look cleaner than last time and not pale and all covered in blood and yeah… am, its, its good to see you under normal conditions, well not that normal just, you know, no one in risk of dying or something like that, at least not right now” He painfully rambled, his cheeks turning deep red, unable to just stop talking.

“Oh god” He heard Lydia muttered somewhere inside the room, followed by surely Jackson’s stupid chuckle. Only then Stiles kept his mouth shut and nervously let out his breath but Derek was trying no to laugh at him, “Its good to see you too Stiles” He replied instead under his breath, his voice deep and smooth. Stiles smiled at hearing his words, looking up only to notice the entire room was staring at them.

Stiles opened his mouth when he realized Steve’s eyes were fixed on him, something indescribable written in them. His smile was immediately gone as well as Derek’s one, who only was able to look between the two of them as the reality hit him.

Derek stared at Steve, who was leaning against the frame, he seemed relax and carefree but his beats were betraying him, his heart was frantically beating. Before Derek could think what he was doing he walked toward him, his hand raised, “Derek” He muttered sharply.

Steve looked down at his hand for a couple of seconds before taking it, “Steve”

Derek frowned as he wide opened his eyes in complete surprise. He could smell Stiles all over him, feel him in that unknown man, the jealously radiating from him in waves. Derek let go from his hand in an instant, as if he was burned, looking between him and Stiles, his heart beginning to hurt. He looked down stepping back in complete shock, it had to be a goddamn joke, a truly cruel joke. But when Stiles shook his head and quickly walked away, Derek knew it wasn’t. And that new smell emanating from him was the feelings he had for other man.

Stiles deeply sighed as he walked to the kitchen completely ignoring the drama in the living room, he was there to do one thing and one thing only and that was researching about sacred forests. He opened the fridge, twisting his mouth when he found absolutely nothing, only a lonely piece of cheese, Derek was so weird. He close the fridge with strength, cursing the moment they decided it was a good idea to stay at the loft. He leaned on the marble table, taping his fingers against it before making up his mind.

He quickly walked out, gladly to see everyone was at least chit chatting under their breaths, deciding it was a good idea to just pass that awkward meeting. He sighed as he took Lydia’s car
keys from the bowl beside the door. Tony gave him a concerned look, raising his eyebrow in questioning. Stiles raised the keys and waved them in answer as if it was obvious. He was about to leave when he managed to give a glance at a pair of old set of keys. He turned his head impressed, they were the old keys to his jeep. He stared at them in complete surprised before slowly taking them into his hand, they were covered in dust.

He opened his mouth, frowning. His jeep was supposed to be destroyed after a long battle between duct tape and crazy mad creatures. He turned to Derek, who was listening Scott talk and talk about something, he seemed exasperated and about to shut Scott up. He closed his hand into a fists and squeezed them, nodding to himself.

Quietly he opened the large door, giving a quick glare to the room before closing it behind him. He hurriedly climbed down the stairs, a new excitement he thought he couldn’t feel as long as he was in that place was starting to grow inside him. He quickly stepped inside the garage, where Derek’s black Camaro was, along with Lydias and Jacksons cars. In the furthest of the large room, below a white blanket, covered in dust, he was able to distinguish the wheels of his beloved, almost forgotten jeep.

He impatiently took the blanket into his hands before pulling it to the ground. A blast of dust spreading out around him, “Oh my god” He whispered before laughing, as he touched his still blue car, his car with new, renovated pieces. He wasted no time and climbed inside, even the seats seemed new. He passed his fingers through them as he couldn’t help be flooded by memories, all kind of memories. He thought his car was in some dumpsters at the outsides of the town, but instead it was calmly resting inside Derek’s loft. He couldn’t believe he fixed it. How was it even possible?

After a couple of tries the car actually came to life. Stiles laughed impressed, smiling at the living sweet roar his car made as he pressed the throttle. He honestly couldn’t believe Derek did it for him, it was too much. And he was surely not supposed to find it. He rested his hands on the wheel thinking when did Derek had the time to arrange it. If he had done it after their breakup, Stiles wasn’t so sure it was a good idea to take it, but on the other hand… it was only accumulating dust. One more time he muttered a silent fuck it as he drove away.

The road to the nearest supermarket was heaven. It had been quiet and without interruptions from his car, it worked perfectly alright. He looked up at the grey sky as he climbed down, closing the door behind him. He felt a tiny, cold drop falling in his cheek, it was gonna rain anytime soon. He looked around him, the parking lot was almost empty, except for an old man climbing into his car. Stiles realized how changed the town seemed, how grey and gloomy it felt, waiting for better days to come.

He put his hands inside his jacket, trying to gain some heat as he walked to the store, his boots making a loud pounding against the quiet environment. A small bell was heard as he steeped inside
the store, he looked both sides of the long hallway and realized it was completely empty too, even the shelves had too little items on them. He sighed lightly impressed as he walked to the cash register, where the employee was standing behind it, his hands resting on the counter, completely immobile. Stiles stared at him frowning waiting for him to react, breath, something but he never moved or even blink.

He finally shrugged, accepting the fact, sometimes people were just plain weird. Stiles stepped into his line of view, a bright, charming smile on his face, ready to order. But the man’s eyes where lost somewhere behind him. Stiles followed his eyes confused trying to find something worth staring at but found absolutely nothing, just the refrigerators filled with sodas and other drinks. He slowly returned to the cashier, only to find the man madly grinning at him. He would be lying if he said he didn’t flinch, lightly stepping back.

Stiles stayed still before nervously smiling too, “Hey” He muttered under his breath. They guy nodded once but never opened his mouth, “Alright…” Stiles said before clearing his throat, “Can I have two bottles of vodka please?” He asked watching as the guy walked away, a peculiar jerky steps like a puppet. The seller kneeled searching for the order when Stiles noticed he had his shoes on the wrong feet, his skin seemed almost dead and dried. Stiles swallowed taking out his wallet and a couple of bills. The man put with truth effort the two bottles on the desk before taking a long deep breath, as if he was gonna faint in any moment. He stretched his long arm, opening his thick fingers and accepted the money. Stiles remove his hand before they could touch each other.

“Having a dinner party sir?” The seller asked, his voice sounding without feeling, almost like a robot. Stiles blinked before taking the bottles, he stepped back a little before half smiling, “Yeah sure, why not?” He answered ready to walk out, “Keep the change” He muttered noticing the madly smile was back at the cashier’s face as well as his eyes stared at the front again. Once again the guy stayed still waiting for his next costumer.

Stiles was quickly inside his car, watching how the rain finally began falling with a sudden strength. He shook himself, trying to get rid of the odd sensation that weird man had left in him. He started his car and easily incorporated to the road, leaving the market behind him, the lights disappearing the further he went into the road, among the trees. He narrowed his eyes trying to see past the rain, but in matter of seconds the sky began to fall with rapidity and it was making difficult for him to drive.

“Come on” He exclaimed out loud trying to force the car, but the road back to the loft was starting to get muddy. He pressed the mottler several times trying to get out of the hole he had gotten himself into when he managed to see the smoke coming out of the hood of the car. He let out all his breath parking beside the road before the car literally died. He dropped his head against the wheel, cursing between his teeth, it had to be a goddamn joke. It would be too good to be truth if he had driven his bloody jeep without any kind of mishaps. He quickly took out his phone and noticed the few signal there was, “Fuck” He whispered raising his phone but there was no luck.
He gave a look at the pouring rain and sighed, it was getting good sign or walking all the way back to the loft, his ability to teleport himself was still too weak for the night before. He climbed off the car, immediately getting soak wet as he ran under a tree, trying to keep as dry as he could his phone. He quickly dialogued Lydia’s number.

“Come on Lids” He exclaimed looking around him, he was completely alone and all he could hear was the rain. He cursed out loud when she didn’t answer, he quickly looked up for Tony’s number and sighed as he pressed his number. After seconds passed, he was about to hung up when he managed to hear his brother voice. He frowned confused, “Tony? Can you hear me?” He tried but his brother kept saying incoherent things behind the static, Stiles couldn’t understand shit, “Tony, my car broke down I need help, Tony? Tony!”

The line went dead and Stiles cursed, he stared at his phone before putting it away, shaking his head. Once again he climbed inside his car, not even bothering to close the door. He passed his hand through his wait hair, making drops of water fall everywhere. He tried starting the car again but the engine made a strong noise before dying. Stiles dropped his hand defeated, he gave a look to the rain and sighed, guess it was walking back to the loft.

He wrapped himself with his coat before steeping out. He use his inner fire to warm up at least a little, the rain hadn’t decrease, in fact Stiles thought it was only getting stronger. He looked up at the sky, but the fog was making it pretty hard to see something. For a moment he was actually a little concern another mayan vampire was going to attack him. He accelerated his pace as he felt his paranoia increase. He smiled pleased when he saw the loft raising in front of him the closer he walked. He removed the wet hair from his forehead and jogged until he was inside the building.

He quickly removed his coat and squeeze it trying to removed as much water as he could, he was soaking wet. He climbed the stairs, his teeth and body shivering from the cold. He was about to finally opened the door when he heard the scandal inside the room above the rain. He slowed down his pace and frowned confused, he heard the loud yelling followed by the cursing. He flinched when he heard the sound of wood and glass breaking.

“What the hell guys?” He asked as he wide opened the door and stared at a complete and utter mess. No one reacted at his arrival, in fact no one even had noticed, “Guys?” He tried again, confused walking inside. Everyone was fighting between them. Boyd and Erica were loudly cursing to each other about nonsenses, he raised his eyebrows impressed when she saw her slap him across the cheek.

“Tony?” He asked even more confused in perfect time to see his brother pushing away Clint, who fall into his ass but he was quickly on his feet, fist raised. He was rapidly between them, he tried to push Clint away, protecting Tony, when he felt Clint’s fist connecting to his jaw before tackling Tony to the ground. Stiles crawled out of they way as he watched them rolled on the ground trying to kill each other. He looked up when he heard more glass breaking. Steve had pierced through the
tall wall of pure glass with freaking Derek on top of him. Stiles felt his blood freeze as he ran toward them.

“Stop it Derek!” He yelled grabbing his arm when he was about to hit Steve, who was lightly bleeding from his head. Derek roared pushing Stiles away, returning to his fight. Everyone seemed under a spell. That’s when Stiles noticed, the strong, dark vibe in the room, it felted like being under water. He suddenly could hear a distant loud demonic laugh pierce the entire room. He quickly covered his ears looking around again, everyone was still decided to kill each other.

He ran to the bookshelf where Derek had a wide collection of old books too, not as good as Lydia’s but still a pretty big. He began searching for something it might help him. He quickly found one book against spells and dark magic. But he couldn’t do it on his own, his practice with dark magic was practically null. He looked around, searching for the blonde hair among the crowd until he spot Lydia. He saw perfectly as Jackson pushed her hard against the floor, his hands going down for her neck. In a blink of an eye, he saw everything red, he quickly ran toward them and grabbed him by the shirt pushing him away from her, for a moment Jackson gave him a glare, Stiles couldn’t even recognize him, his eyes seemed distant and nearly dead, it wasn’t him. He grabbed the vase from the table beside him and crashed it on the back of Jackson’s head. He saw his body wobble until it fell on the ground, where stayed still, knocked out against the wooden floor.

“Lydia!” Stiles shouted putting his hands on her shoulders, shaking her body over and over, “Lydia! Come on!” He yelled ready to slap her if necessary when she blinked several times, as if she was just waking up. “Stiles?” She asked quietly, her voice cracking a little. He quickly took her into his arms and straightened her up, he put his hands against her cheeks, cupping her face, “Your alright?” He asked urgently before passing a hand through her hair, still hearing how they were breaking everything inside the loft.

Lydia blinked again, she opened her mouth confused and shook her head, “Whats going on?” She asked startled, wide opening hey eyes when she heard the loud noises around her. She tried to look away but Stiles forced her to stare at him in the eye, “I need you, are you alright?” He asked strongly, raising his voice when someone broke other window. Lydia nodded several times before swallowing, “Im fine” She assured Stiles, who finally let her go.

“What do you need?” Lydia asked standing up, her legs shaking a little bit. Stiles stared at her a couple of seconds before nodding to himself, “Three roses of Jericho, three white candles, and three bowls of water” Stiles instructed as he pushed away the white carpet and the broken pieces of glass away, leaving the wooden floor free.

“Derek has all that?” She asked confused, giving him a glare. Stiles nodded repeatedly, “Before we bought our department, I made sure this place remained protected, everything is in the kitchen”
Lydia quickly followed his instructions, running to the kitchen, dodging everyone still fighting against each other. When Stiles heard the loud moan in pain coming out for someone in the room, followed by a deep roar, he knew they didn’t have much time. He grabbed a piece of glass and made a small cut on the palm of his hand. He began tracing in the wooden floor a big pentagram. Lydia was quickly back, carefully handing the bowls back to Stiles, who accommodate each in one corner of the star, creating a triangle.

“You know what you’re doing right?” Lydia asked quietly, her breath sounding shaken as she watched Stiles lighted up the candles and accommodate them in front of the bowls. Stiles shook his head and swallowed hard before putting the plant inside the bowls. He quickly picked up the forgotten book beside him and read the prayer inside his head, memorizing it. He took a deep breath and threw the book away. Indeed he had no idea what he was doing, he wasn’t used to made rituals, specially against demons and black magic.

“If I fuck it up, you’ll finish for me alright?” He asked to Lydia, who only nodded in response. Stiles let out his breath before closing his eyes, he put his hand in the middle of the pentagram and began reciting, “By the holy flame of Melchizedek, for the divine flower that is reborn, by the colors of San Alejo, that the evil that my house is suffering, by the three divine forces, disappear forever from my rooms”

He felt as his magic slowly woke up, the air moving faster around him as he heard the sounds of the fights became stronger, higher. He lowered his head, raising his voice above the scandal around him, he managed to hear Lydia between the bustle, “Its working!” She exclaimed excited before a loud, surprised gasp came out of her mouth. Stiles suddenly felt as someone pushed him from his side, directly to the ground.

Stiles opened his eyes surprised in perfect time to feel Derek´s knuckles against his face. His head dropped to a side as he felt the pain spread around his face, “Finish it Lydia!” He yelled before spitting the blood. He stoped Derek´s fists when it was centimeters away from his face. He managed to push it away before thrusting Derek to the back, he was quickly on his feet, launching himself for the book. He had barely grabbed it when he felt as Derek pulled him by the back of his shirt before crashing his body against the wall.

He gasped for air as he threw the book to Lydia, who easily caught it. He turned to Derek, who was still under the spell, “Derek, listen to-” He tried to say before he crashed Stiles again. He groaned as he ignored the pain of his back. He heard as Lydia began reciting the prayer again.

Derek suddenly turned to her direction, his eyes staring at her before dropping Stiles to the floor. He looked up as Derek began walking toward her, arms raised, ready to attack her. He didn’t think it twice, he quickly stood up and jumped on his back, putting an arm around his neck, squeezing hard. Derek staggered in his step trying to let go of his grip.
"Come on Lydia!" He exclaimed letting out his breath when Derek backed away, hitting him against the wall one more fucking time. Stiles groaned annoyed and tightened his grip around his neck. Slowly, really slowly, Derek began to lose his force, his legs gave in and he kneeled on the ground trying to catch some breath. Stiles looked around him and notice how everyone was starting to wake up, blinking several times, touching their selves, surprised by their injuries. He felt as Derek tap several times his arm, gasping for air, “Can you please let me go?” He managed to say, his voice out of breath.

Stiles set him free, lightly surprised and immediately stepped away from Derek, putting himself between Lydia and the others, ready to protect her if necessary. Only then Stiles felt a couple of eyes digging on his back as knives, he could feel them as they dig inside him. He looked through the window, among the trees, where he managed to visualize a green shadow, it was a tall man, dressed as an ancient archer, his face almost angelical. He showed a perfect, charming smile before raising his bow. Stiles slowly backed away as he stared how the man released the arrow. Instinctively Stiles raised his arms, protecting himself. Only to notice side way, the perfect red arrow buried in the wall beside him, lightly bouncing side to side.

“What the hell happened?” He heard someone weakly asked. Stiles let out his breath impressed, turning to search for the broad man but he had vanished in the thin air. He looked up to the red arrow again, steady on its place, before raising his arms. He had barely touch it with the tip of his fingers when he felt a strong burning sensation running through his entire hand. He immediately jumped away from the arrow in pain before looking at his hand, it was starting to get shiny red.

He shook his arm trying to get rid of the burning sensation but it only increased. He felt it travel with an incredible speed to his other arm, chest and finally to his legs. He opened his mouth when he felt his throat close up. His legs gave in and he felt on his knees, grabbing his throat with both hands trying to breath.

“Stiles?” He heard Lydia asked, but her voice sounded too far away. He closed his eyes and shook his head, his forehead felt warm against the floor as he continued to struggle to breath. He felt a couple of hands on his shoulders, straightening up his body. He managed to see through tears Scott’s puppy eyes, he was saying something but Stiles couldn’t understand anything. He pushed him away and began to crawl toward the pentagram, his vision began to became blurry and he fall on the floor again.

A strange whistle flooded his ears but he didn’t give up, he groaned against the burning sensation inside his throat as his hands continued searching for one of the bowls they had used in the ritual.

“What do you need?” He heard someone urgently asked but he shook his head again, “B- bowl” He managed to say, even to his ears his voice too hoarse and deep, strained. He suddenly felt the wet
sensation of water on the tips of his fingers. He rapidly took it and approached it to his dry lips, he desperately drink the water, feeling as the fire extinguished inside him. When he finished he tossed the empty bowl again, coughing several times before taking a big deep breath.

“Are you alright?” He heard Scott or Tony, someone speak before feeling a hand on his back, slowly making circles. Stiles nodded, putting his forehead against the wet floor, still catching his breath.

“Don’t touch that thing” He managed to gasp, he cleared his throat before closing his eyes with strength, his voice was still too hoarse.

“Yeah, I think we got the message loud and clear” He heard the idiot of Scott exclaimed. Stiles slowly straightened up before giving him a mad stare, he shook his head and noticed the person still rubbing his back was Steve. He couldn't help it, he leaned on the touch. But he quickly remembered where he was.

“I´m alright” He exclaimed immediately, standing up with effort. Steve let his hand steady on its place before dropping it, he scratched the back of his neck and followed Stiles steps. Stiles then realized he was covered in blood and water again, he looked at the floor and noticed a mess of was used to be the pentagram, “Great” He bitterly muttered taking off his jacket, before cleaning his face.

“Everyone alright?” He asked out loud, realizing everyone looked like crap. He stared at Tony, who was resting on the couch, a hand on his eyebrow, he seemed he didn’t even have a clue what was going beside him and was trying too hard not to fall asleep, “Tony…” He muttered worried walking toward him. He passed beside Lydia, who was carrying an still unconscious Jackson on her arms, he twisted his mouth with guilt, “Yeah my bad… sorry” He whispered shrugging as an apology. Lydia only shook her head and rolled her eyes as she arranged his sweaty hair and hug him against her chest.

“Can someone please, bring me a first aid kit please?” He asked to anyone who was listening as he kneeled in front of Tony and put a hand in his chin, carefully raising his head, “You’ll live” Stiles muttered, half smiling. Tony slowly shook his head and sighed, “You alright”? He asked, his voice sounded cushioned thanks for the swollen lip.

Stiles nodded, still smiling. Thor appeared beside him, with the kit on his hand. Stiles turned ready to grab it when he saw his face, it was even worse than Tony’s, “Don’t go anywhere blondie” He exclaimed before staring at Clint, who seemed as bad as Thor, “That goes for you too archer guy, sit down wherever I can see you” He instructed doing a head movement. Clint rolled his eyes and huffed but he finally sat down, struggling to not close his eyes.
“You know what happened?” Tony asked after a couple of minutes in silence. Stiles finished other stitch, ignoring Tony’s pained gestures and titled his head thoughtfully, “Lids? Can you pass me the book please?” He asked out loud, hearing how she was looking among the scattered stuff in the floor.

The book was quickly beside him. Stiles removed his plastic gloves and took it with a grateful smile, he opened the book searching for his objective, when he did, he lightly tap the open page and passed it to Tony in complete silence. He put new gloves on and continue his work.

“How did you know it was him?” Scott asked, his injuries already healing. Stiles shook his head, “I didn’t, when I arrived, everyone seemed under a spell, I made a ritual of protection, it was till I saw him throw that arrow when I realized who it was” He said pointing at the arrow, still on his place, “It was stupid to touch it, I should have known better” He muttered under his breath.

“Why?” Derek asked shortly. Stiles gave him a quick glare before shrugging, he didn’t expect for no one to hear it but he had forgotten, damn werewolves, “He’s an archer, his arrows have poison that provoke diseases, they make injures suppurate and putrefy but he can also cure almost all”

“All done blondie” He added quietly, showing a small smile. Slowly Thor stood up, he seemed he was about to fall asleep in any coming moment, but he still showed too a bright smile of gratitude, “Your turn, stupid” He exclaimed to Clint, who only rolled his eyes, in fact one eye, the other one was so swollen, he couldn’t even open it. Stiles heard as Derek deeply sighed before standing up, he began to clean up in complete silence. Erica, Boyd and Isaac helping him, in complete silence too.
“Anyone remembers something?” Stiles asked out loud, when he received silence as an answered, he twisted his mouth, everyone remembered why they had fought.

“Are you alright?” He asked to Clint quietly but the man only shook his head and gave a quick stare at Tony, who was still sitting beside them, “You should talk to him” Stiles muttered under his breath, cleaning his bloodied face with warm water. Clint remained silence for a few seconds before moving Stiles hand away. Stiles took the hint and backed away, he saw as Clint walked toward him and grabbed Tony’s arm and Thor, apparently the problem was among the three of them.

Stiles stayed on the floor, watching them disappear through the kitchen. He deeply sighed before realizing someone was sitting in front of him, he raised his hands ready to give she or him medical treatment when he noticed it was Steve. Stiles lowered his hands immediately staring at those blue eyes, “You alright?” Stiles asked before clearing his throat, soaking the cloth in the still warm water before starting to clean his face. Steve twisted his mouth with pain when he felt his cut in the eyebrow ache.

“I think you already know the answer Stiles” He answered, his voice was still dry but Stiles could heard the relief and kindness hidden behind it. Stiles slowly shook his head, his hands resting momentary in his cheek, before lightly rubbing it, “Im sorry” He whispered honestly. Steve nodded quietly, looking down, twisting his fingers with nervousness. He opened his mouth with intentions to answer, say something but Stiles stopped him, he didn’t want to discuss, “I’m truly sorry Steve” Stiles exclaimed lowering his hand. They both knew what Stiles meant and they both knew what had provoked the fight between him and Derek, still they knew it wasn’t the time to talk about it.

Stiles felt some eyes digging in his back, he didn’t have to look twice to realize it was Derek. He stretched his head and continued cleaning Steve’s beaten up face, “He gave you a pretty good fight huh?” Stiles asked distracted with the suture.

Steve half smile and smirked, “It doesn’t count, I was under a spell” Steve answered back. Stiles smiled too and stared at those blue eyes, “Whatever you say big guy”

Minutes later Stiles looked around him, the room had been cleaned up, as same as the blood and pieces of glass. The group was finally asleep, all scattered around the room. Thor, Tony and Clint were actually spooning. Stiles couldn’t help but smile and rolled his eyes, slowly shaking his head. He passed a hand through his hair as he watched Steve sleep, his chest slowly moving, his smile disappeared and became into a frown the more he stare at him.

Not matter how strong and bad his curiosity was, he didn’t want to know what possibly things him and Derek had said to each other. He hadn’t returned to Beacon Hills to start a fight, another fight,
he didn’t have the time for it. He deeply sighed as he looked away, he needed to check on his car and well have his drinks. He was about to open the door when a voice stopped him.

“Going somewhere?” Derek asked quietly as he walked out of the shadows. Stiles looked at him up his shoulder and shrugged as he opened the door quietly. “The jeep broke down on my way here” He explained finally facing him.

“You found it” He exclaimed not even surprised, walking toward him. Stiles stayed still on his place, he was only able to nod, short of words.

“Need a ride?” Derek asked even surprising himself. Stiles tilted his head and wasn’t able to stop himself as he gave a quick glare to Steve, he finally deeply sighed and shrugged one shoulder, “Why not?” He replied already walking away, hearing Derek´s steps as he followed him.

Stiles swallowed as he looked through the window, watching the trees pass by, it was the first time they were together and alone since they broke up and it was as awkward as Stiles had imagined it would be. He lightly caressed the leather seats, he never thought he was gonna ride Derek´s Camaro again.

“So…” Derek suddenly whispered, gaining Stiles attention, who only raised his eyebrows impressed, “So…” He answered confused, Derek was never the one to start conversations.

“So, big guy huh?” He asked quietly.

Stiles felt his blood freeze as he looked away again. He stayed quiet for what it felt an eternity, “I don’t know why” He muttered honestly, “Its just came out the first time I saw him”

“Its fine Stiles, you don’t have to explain yourself” Derek exclaimed immediately, raising his hand momentary to shut him up, “You never did” He muttered under his breath to himself but Stiles was able to hear it. He shook his head and sighed, it had been a bad idea, the ride had been a bad idea. They were too many unsaid things hanging in the air and those unsaid things formed a little thorn that was constantly bothering, leaving the wrong sensation instead of just the good times and memories. The learned lessons of their relationship.

“Sorry for being a dick the last time you were here” Derek muttered before clearing his throat, as if it had been a truth effort saying them. Stiles nodded slowly, “Its alright”
“And thank you for the help” He added, nervously scratching the back of his head. Normally Stiles would have rolled his eyes and lightly punched him in the arm before mocking him, but things weren’t normal. So instead he simply said, “Your welcome”

Derek tilted his head before nodding, he sarcastically smirked under his breath, “Can you say something else Stiles, please?”

Stiles remained silent, thinking and thinking but his mind was a mess. He finally shook his head and looked through the window again, they were closer to his jeep, “I don’t know what to say Derek”

He climbed off the Camaro and walked to his jeep, it was covered in wet leaves and broken branches. Stiles opened the door and rubbed his hands against each other, it was freezing. He put the key in the ignition switch and gave it a try. He twisted his mouth disappointed when the car failed, if he had to ride with Derek again he would literally cry.

He saw how Derek raised his eyebrows in questioning. Sties gave him a half smile and waved his hand, asking him to wait. He gave it a try one more time and smiled pleased when his old car came to life. He turned to Derek and gave him the thumbs up. But Derek only stared at him, the sadness clear on his features, he finally gave him a half smile that didn’t reach his eyes before quickly taking off. Stiles watched him leave before dropping on his seat, he put a hand on his face and deeply sighed against it. He turned to his side and stared at his forgotten bottles of vodka, he took one in his hand before giving it a long stare.

He finally shrugged, opening and taking a long sip. He pulled a face at the burning sensation and tossed it back to the seat. He finally began driving back to the loft, enjoying the deep silence. But his calm disappeared when he parked outside the loft, he stared at it a few minutes before climbing out the door, he nearly laughed out loud at the funny situation he had gotten himself into, one more time he was outside their place, avoiding Derek and their pending conversations.

He took other long sip as he opened the door and stared at the loft in pitch black, he managed to hear in the distance how a door was being closed. Stiles shook his head, letting his legs lead him wherever they wanted to. He wasn’t even surprised when he sat beside Steve’s still body, completely fallen asleep. He leaned on his seat watching him before deeply sighing, the ride had been a bad idea.

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“You're up?” Stiles heard someone asking him quietly, oddly very near him. Stiles frowned
annoyed and groaned, trying to push whatever idiot was waking him up, “Stiles” Someone hissed insisting, before lightly clapping him in the face, “Wake up man”

Stiles sighed annoyed before widely opening his eyes, “What?!“ He exclaimed out loud raising his head, only to find, of course it had to be him, Scott’s face, oddly still very near him. Stiles groaned mumbling a fuck off before closing his eyes, ready to get back asleep.

“See? This is why you shouldn’t drink yourself till you literally die” Scott complained shaking him one more time, when Stiles didn’t react in the minimum, he deeply sighed, walking back to the kitchen.

“Any luck?” Tony asked, his mouth filled with eggs and bacon, when Scott shook his head, he rolled his eyes handing him a plate filled with pancakes and chocolate syrup, “Just put this under his nose, he’ll wake up” He muttered before getting back to his breakfast.

Scott narrowed his eyes looking between him and the plate, “If its food, it will work with pack mom, you know that” Jackson exclaimed, cupping the cup of coffee in his hands as he leaned against the bar. Lydia appeared beside him, still rubbing her eyes and trying to arranged her messy hair, she finally leaned against Jackson, putting her arms around his waist, “It will work” She assured him, nodding slowly.

“I hate when I have to wake him up” Scott bitterly complained as he walked back to the living room. Scott stared at his passed out buddy, his body dangerously closed to Steve’s one, yeah right, unwanted feelings, his ass. He sighed ready to put the damn pancakes on his nose when he noticed Steve rubbing his eyes.

“Hey” He muttered, dragging the word trying to scare the sleep away. He frowned staring at Scott, holding a plate on his hands and his eyes wide opened, “What are you doing?” He asked confused, stretching his neck. Scott opened his mouth looking between him and Stiles, still asleep on the couch.

Steve followed his line of view and stared at Stiles, he was about to ask when he noticed the empty bottles of vodka around his feet. He deeply sighed before shaking his head, “What are you planing to do with those?” He asked pointing the plate with a head movement.

“Oh…” Scott muttered, “I was just…” He exclaimed before approaching the pancakes to his nose in explanation. Steve raised his eyebrows impressed as he watched Stiles nose follow the scent, “Just give me that” He whispered to Scott, already raising his hand.
Scott didn’t think twice and passed him the plate before stepping back, “I’ll just…” He rambled pointing back to the kitchen before starting to walk away only stopping for a moment, he hesitated for a second, “Just… for you to know, you’re not simply a one night thing” He exclaimed, half smiling before quickly disappearing inside the kitchen.

Steve watched him leave before staring at the plate on his hand, his words piercing his chest. He finally sighed deciding not too give it so much thinking and followed Scott’s example, putting the pancakes below the nose. Almost immediately Stiles raised his head following the scent. Steve lightly smirked moving away the plate. Stiles right behind it like a freaking dog. Seconds later the plan worked and Stiles slowly opened his eyes before rubbing them, he moaned annoyed as he dropped himself against the couch.

“Can you get that disgusting thing away from me?” Stiles muttered annoyed staring at Steve with a sour face, “I think I’m going to throw up” He added as he removed his jacket, it was still lightly wet from last night.

“You need to stop drinking Stiles” Steve suddenly exclaimed finally putting the plate away. Stiles stared at him for what it felt an eternity before rolling his eyes, it had to be a joke. He stood up, putting his hands behind his neck, “Whatever you say big guy” He sarcastically answered, giving him the thumbs up. He was too hangover to even think of a proper answer.

Steve swallowed hard before standing up, “Can you stop being so childish?” He asked quietly crossing his arms over his chest. Stiles deeply sighed looking away, kicking a bottle in the process, “Come on Steve, knock it out, whats the problem in here”

“This” Steve exclaimed, picking a bottle from the floor, shaking it in front right on his face, “You know how many times I have seen you passed out of your drunkenness?”

Stiles groaned snatching the bottle from his hand before throwing it away, hearing how it crashed against the ground, he didn’t care in the minimum, “Steve, don’t do this” He muttered honestly, shaking his hands, walking away from him. He could imagine the entire pack and team hearing them through the kitchen, “You know I just- I deal whatever way I can, you know that so just back off” He muttered annoyed, he didn’t need a talk about his problem, he was lightly aware from it.

Steve remained silent before looking down, shaking his head, “What are you sorry for?” He suddenly asked under his breath, unable to contain the question, it had been running through his head the entire night.
Stiles raised his eyebrow surprised, swallowing hard, “Excuse me?” Was all he could manage to answer.

“You heard me, what are you sorry for?” He asked again, this time harder, louder, standing up from the couch, he raised his hand, counting with his fingers as he asked, “Are you sorry for kissing me or for running away or for your damn hot, big ex boyfriend kicking my ass last night?”

Stiles felt his cheeks and neck turn deep red as his blood boiled with anger. He then heard the wood grind behind him. Stiles closed his eyes pained cause he could only imagine who was the one watching them, hearing them. He finally looked up and saw as Derek scratched the back on his head, an unreadable expression on his face. He gave a dry half smile at Stiles before quickly walking away, dragging his feet inside the kitchen. They fall into a deep, tense silence, Stiles cursing a thousand times between his teeth, he rubbed his eyes with tiredness, “Look Steve can we not-“ He tried to say but the man was already walking outside, jacket on his hand.

Stiles was suddenly left alone, standing like a complete idiot on his place, he raised his arms to the sky before cursing out loud. He madly kicked the other bottle away, hearing how it broke into a million pieces against the wall. He passed his hand through his hair, turning around to realize Lydia was watching him, she was leaning against the frame of the kitchen.

“Follow him” She said under her breath, only for them to hear it. Stiles sighed and tossed his head back, staring at her, “Lids…” He whispered quietly. But she shook her head, “Follow him Stiles or I will, cause he deserves some damn answers” She exclaimed, this time raising her voice, as she walked closer to him. Stiles bit his lip with nervousness before standing up. He gave her one last stare, “Go…” She insisted pointing the door. Stiles nodded slowly before quickly taking off. She was right, he deserved some real answers.

“Steve!” He yelled, looking around him among the trees. He let out his shaky breath, putting his arms around him. The forest was freezing, still wet from the raining and covered in deep, white fog, “Shit…”He muttered when he stumbled with a large branch, almost falling to the ground, “Shit! Shit! Shit!” He yelled, desperately kicking the branch beside him until it was broken on the grass, indeed he needed to stop being so childish.

“Can you stop with the cursing please?” He heard Steve asked as he approached him, “And with your incredible tantrum"

Stiles stared at him, recovering his breath before shrugging, “I’m not sorry for the kiss Steve” He muttered honestly.
Steve stopped in dry on his tracks a few meters away from him and remained silent, watching him.

“I’m just- I’m not... I’m not good for you alright?” Stiles finally admitted, pointing his chest as every word came out from his mouth.

“And I’m freaking out so badly Steve, whenever I see you I... I just finished a long five year relationship with the man literally meters away from me and I don’t want this, I don’t need this, I don’t want to fight, specially with you, I want simple and fun and carelessly and you... you don’t, you deserve more, better and I can’t give you anything you want, we need to just stop this stupid little game between us before it gets worse”

Steve remained steady on his place, he could nearly hear his heart twisting in pain, he had never wanted to admit his feeling from that man, but in that precise moment he knew what he felt for Stiles was not just plain curiosity, it was something else, something more and it hurt him. And he couldn’t hear him saying those words, they weren’t the ones he wanted to hear. Stiles was right, it was getting too difficult, too messy. And they had important things to handle with. He let out his breath finally looking up at him, “It’s alright Stiles” He answered, his voiced sounding empty even for him.

“You’re right, this, us, isn’t good for anybody” He muttered, his legs finally moving away from him, he needed to run, “Let’s forget about this alright? We have better things to do”

And he was out of his sight. Stiles finally let out his shaky breath, putting a hand on his chest. He shook his head and kneeled on the floor, that pain piercing his chest was what he wanted to avoid, that hollow looked on Steve’s eyes was what he wanted to avoid. He didn’t want to dig his feeling for Steve for not breaking both of their hearts and that was exactly what he ended up doing and just because he was too coward to chase them.

He finally straightened up with shaky legs, rubbing his chest several times. He began walking back to the loft, things couldn’t get any worse with Derek so fuck it, he wasn’t his bigger concern in that moment. He had managed to screw the little thing that actually made him smile and that was Steve’s friendship.

He was about to enter the loft when he noticed Tony walking side to side in the entrance. He looked up when he heard Stiles, he raised his arms clearly dazzled, “What the hell did you say to him?” He asked impressed.

Stiles shook his head, passing right beside him, entering the building “Not now Tony” He muttered honestly under his breath, begging to climb the stairs. But Tony’s hand on his wrist stopped him in
his tracks.

“Are you alright?” He asked quietly, confused.

Stiles truly thought about his answer before deeply sighing. “No, I´m not, Derek is being… Derek with his unsaid things and his talkative eyebrows and I just, I don’t know what he wants me to do or say! What can I even say to him that doesn’t hurt him anymore! And Steve… he just, I´m too damn afraid to actually do, feel what I want to feel and I just pushed him away for pure nonsense because thats the idiot I actually am!” He yelled desperately, leaning against the wall as he closed his eyes.

Tony stayed quiet, he had no idea what to say. They remained in pure, tense silence until his brother figured out a proper answer.

“You’ll fix it, whatever problem is happening between you two, you’ll fix it Stiles, its just human, to fuck things up its human but don’t, don’t get stuck in your mistakes, specially with him, he’s a good person, a great person and so are you Stiles, maybe you can’t see it right now, maybe you need more perspective to realize what you can lose and win, I just hope its not too late when you finally realize cause that man right there, cares for you and I know for a fact, you do too” Tony added, raising his hand to point at the closed door, just meters away from them, “Just don’t take too long cause you’ll regret it, he’s worth it”.

Stiles remained quiet, hearing his words. He finally shook his head and slowly sat on the stair, “I´m an idiot” He exclaimed.

Tony nodded several times in complete agreement, “I know, we all do, Steve knows too, he’s a bigger idiot for sticking with you and doing nothing”.

Stiles smirked and nodded, “I can’t do that to him Tony, he deserves better”.

But Tony gasped, almost annoyed, and shook his head as he spoke, “Don’t be that coward Stiles, this, right now, its the moment you need to decide if your feelings for him are strong enough to do something about them and if they are, well get your damn ass up and go tell him, its alright if you need time, just be damn honest with yourself and him, he deserves the truth, not hurtful words to push him away when you clearly don’t want that, I know its just easier to do what you’re doing but you’ll regret it in the future, trust me you will and you’re gonna hate yourself for not acting up”
Stiles sighed, half smiling with sadness, “Damn brother, when did you grow up and got smart?”

Tony twisted his mouth, before starting to climb the stairs, leaving him behind, “Think Stiles, think what you want and go for it”

He watched as his brother opened the door, letting the distant voices filled the stairs. Stiles remained on his place, thinking and thinking his words, it was so easy to know what he wanted, what he needed to do but actually doing it, that was the hard part, the scary part and he wasn’t ready to actually do it, he was stuck on his place, avoiding and hoping everything would work out eventually, even knowing deep down, things in life don’t work that way, specially for him. After a couple of minutes he finally stood up, he shook his pants, just to do something with his hands as he slowly climbed the stairs.

He momentarily stopped, centimeters away from the door before taking a long deep breath, getting mentally ready to ignore all his instincts and inner thoughts. Taking the step forward was actually harder than he had fought. The room stayed quiet as they notice he had entered. Stiles rolled his eyes and dragged his feet to the nearest empty couch. Steve was on the other side of the room, staring through the windows. Stiles couldn’t help but stare at him, feeling the guilt grow inside him like a ticking bomb, he felt the urgent need to throw up. He quickly stood up, practically jogging to the kitchen where he quickly poured a glass of water, finishing it in a quick, long sip.

He dropped the empty glass on the bar before leaning against it, in which moment thing had gotten so damn complicated.

“I will always be impressed on how many chaos you manage to create in matter of just minutes” Jackson exclaimed as he carelessly entered the kitchen, an empty cup on his hands. Stiles gave him a mad glare before buffing but didn’t dare open his mouth, knowing Jackson was totally right.

“Impressive talent” Jackson continued his mockery, half smiling as he prepared more coffee. Stiles twisted his mouth and faced him, “You’re an ass” He muttered under his breath. Jackson smirked and widely smiled, “And you pack mom, a pure troublemaker”

“Alright alright, knock it out dickhead” Stiles mumbled raising his arm in clear defeat, “I know I fucked it up, I know that”

Jackson scoffed, crossing his arms over his chest as he faced him too, “Then stop doing whatever the hell you’re doing and fix your problems with that man out there”
Stiles rolled his eyes and shook his head, “I don’t think he wants me near him right now” He mumbled, shyly looking down at his feet.

Jackson hummed, “Well, neither did Derek and hey, here you are”

Stiles gave him other mad glare, titling his head, “Would you just stop?”

“Come on Stiles, you already know what to do man, you’re not dumb, an idiot yes but not dumb, just let him know what cards are on your table before he gets his owns conclusions” Jackson exclaimed as if it was truly that easy.

Stiles nodded quietly before smiling at him, it was actually a pretty good advise but he would never admit it out loud, “Thanks for the tip man” He muttered sarcastically but Jackson only bow at him, a cocky smile on his face, “Just for you to know, Deaton its outside, waiting for you lame ass to appear again” He added, pouring two cups of coffee.

Stiles gasped annoyed, “Great, fucking great” He bitterly mumbled, walking outside, spotting Deaton´s bald head leaning against the wall. He slowly got out of the kitchen, ignoring Steve´s and Derek´s eyes.

“Dr, Deaton” Stiles greeted raising his hand waiting for the man to shake it. As always, Deaton narrowed his eyes and gave him a long, cold stare, “Good to finally see you Stilinski, its been a long time” The man finally exclaimed, dragging his words, before turning around.

Stiles closed his hand into a fist before lowering it, “Yeah” He hissed, falsely smiling before walking away, knowing the doctor was right behind him, “So, I need your help with this” Stiles explained, leaning against the wall where the red arrow was still there, steady on its place. Deaton looked between him and the arrow before raising his hand, ready to touch it.

Immediately Stiles grabbed his wrist with strength and lowered his hand, “I wouldn’t do that if I were you, doctor” He suggested quietly, a small smile on his lips.

Deaton stared at him, getting his hand back, he deeply hummed, “Me I presume you already know what is this object?” He muttered, putting his hands behind his back as he stepped away.

Stiles almost rolled his eyes, “Its a demonic arrow, not really that impressive but I can’t touch it, no
“Is he always like that?” Clint asked impressed watching the man walk side to side. Stiles scoffed and that time he did rolled his eyes, “Trust me, right now he’s being cool” He muttered before clearing his throat, gaining the doctor’s attention, “Any idea to get rid of it?”

“I’ll take it, you don’t have to worry about it” He answered shortly, taking out a white small cloth from his pocket. Stiles raised one eyebrow lightly confused but didn’t question him, “Sure thing doc” He mumbled instead, half smiling watching as the man took with precaution the red arrow into the cloth before wrapping it.

“How about you?”

“Now that you mention it… yes” He hissed walking toward him, “I need you to tell us, show us everything you can about the Nemeton” Stiles explained looking at him in the eye. Deaton didn’t even seem surprised, he nodded slowly, taking a few steps back. Stiles raised his eyebrows uncomfortable, waiting for an answer but all he got was to see the doctor walking away. Just when he thought Deaton wouldn’t give a fuck for them, he stopped, doorknob on hand.

“Well, lets go Mr. Stilinski, how else you pretend to know” He exclaimed, looking above his shoulder. Stiles and Scott shared a quick stare before rolling their eyes, he deeply sighed dragging his feet behind the vet.

“Come on idiot” He exclaimed under his breath grabbing Tony’s wrist, pulling him behind him, ignoring how his brother stumbled with his feet. He managed to hear everyone else following them in complete silence.

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“I screwed it up even more” Stiles suddenly exclaimed watching the trees pass by with rapidity, showing only a green blur. Lydia gave him a quick glare before focusing back on the road, following Derek’s car, “I figured” She shortly answered, putting his elbow beside the opened window.

Stiles nearly rolled his eyes but resisted doing it, he didn’t want anyone else to be mad at him. Jackson popped his head between the seats, “I already talked to him honey, don’t worry” He
assured her, showing off a perfect smile but Lydia only scoffed, sarcastically laughing under her breath, “Thats like a blind leading other blind” She exclaimed shrugging, as it was truly a fact.

Jackson stared at her frowning surprised, “Well, who’s the one with two failed relationship? certainly not us, babe” He madly hissed back, before dropping himself against his seat, crossing his arms over his chest. Stiles muttered between teeth before turning on his seat to face him, “That was so not necessary, idiot”

But Jackson only rolled his eyes and looked away through he window. Isaac quietly laughed beside him gaining too a mad stare from Stiles, “Come on man, what was so bad you made him run away?” He asked raising his eyebrows. Stiles stared at him a couple of seconds before returning to watch the green blur again. He remained silent for a long time, “Try to fix our problems apparently”

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Deaton´s vet was exactly as Stiles remembered, he could nearly see themselves as teenagers running around the place trying to save their lives, he nearly laugh at how long it had been. He could acknowledged the same feeling in the pack´s faces, thinking the exact same. They waited on the lobby until Deaton appeared again, waving his hand for Stiles to follow him, who did in complete silence, showing a quick smile to his brother. He looked around as he entered the office, he had forgotten about that room. Deaton was so private they hardly knew it existed. It was weirdly airy, noticing there was no windows, and they were weird symbols Stiles couldn’t quite recognize, they were perfectly painted in every wall of the room with red ink. There was also a huge brown bookshelf, almost covering an entire wall, it looked ages old, carved with also runes and more symbols. He passed his fingers through the old book spines impressed, some of them covered in dust.

“You won’t find anything helpful in there” Deaton exclaimed, giving Stiles his back before kneeling in front of his desk, covered in more books and different colored finders. There was a safe box calmly resting above the desk. Stiles watched, leaning against the bookshelf, as the doc put the password on and hear the click as it opened, honestly he wasn’t even impressed.

But he was truly impressed when Deaton only took out a couple of pages, old almost yellow pages covered in black letters and that was it, not even a small book or a damn finder. He raised his eyebrows impressed taking the pages when Deaton handed them to him, almost laughing at his open mouthed expression.

“Thats it?” He breathed as he gave them a quick browsing.
“That’s it” Deaton confirmed walking back to his desk before leaning against it.

Stiles opened his mouth before closing it, he looked at Deaton and finally the words came out, “Not to offense you dear doc, but you’re a druid, I think you would have a lot more information about the Nemeton” He answered half smiling, hoping it was just a joke but Deaton only scratched the back of his head, almost ashamed, “This is really old stuff were talking about Stiles, a lot has being lost over the years, this is all I got” Deaton explained before shrugging.

Stiles nodded slowly and remained silent. He gave it other useless browsing, still impressed, “Mind if we stay here checking this up?” He finally asked raising his hand with the pages.

Deaton almost smiled and quickly shook his head, “Not at all, I prefer all of you in here where I can see you” He answered raising his hand, showing the only exit to Stiles, who only followed his gesture, walking back to lobby.

“Bad news guys” He exclaimed as soon as he entered the reception, where everyone was scattered, “This is the only real information Deaton had” He added almost bitterly raising his hand with the papers on it.

Lydia was quickly on her feet, snatching the pile of papers from his hand. Stiles dragged his feet to the nearest chair and dropped his ass into it.

“Are you serious? Is he serious?” She asked impressed looking at him. When Stiles only nodded, twisting his mouth, she scoffed annoyed, “Well…” She began as she divide the papers, “Get into partners, we need to do some research guys” She instructed.

Immediately Stiles called out for Scott, urgently raising his hand, “Come on dude” He hissed watching as Scott happily walked toward Derek, putting an arm around his shoulders. Derek seemed annoyed at the touch and quickly shook himself getting rid of it but Scott never lost his puppy smile. Stiles dropped his shoulders and deeply sighed. He watched as the entire room team up, he knew he could just walked toward a pair and be with them but honestly, he didn’t want to be around people.

“Just…” He muttered to himself, taking a random bunch of papers from the desk. Lydia stared at him lightly confused, “Are you sure?” She asked under her breath but Stiles quickly nodded, “Yeah, I’ll be with Deaton” He answered, half smiling before walking away. He quickly returned to Deaton´s office, where he was calmly sitting in his desk, looking at some papers.
Stiles cleared his throat, gaining the man's attention who turned on his seat, lightly impressed, “Can I stay here?” Stiles quietly asked, feeling almost shyly, looking down at his feet.

“I need some quietness” He quickly explained when Deaton didn’t answer.

They stayed in silence until Deaton nodded, watching him carefully as Stiles sat on the floor, crossing his legs.

“Things must be pretty tense outside” Deaton suddenly exclaimed turning back to his papers. Stiles tilted his head, lightly confused, “Sorry?”

“Well, if you Stiles Stilinski, need some silence, things must be pretty tense out there” He explained distracted before shrugging.

Stiles remained silence staring at the back of the doc for a couple of seconds before looking down, frowning. He finally shook his head and began reading, he had no idea what to answer.

Stiles reread the pages for third time, hoping to find some clue, word, anything, he had missed the first two times but it was useless. There was nothing written in those papers that they didn’t know already. He tossed the pages away, lightly exasperated, watching as they scattered all over the floor around him. He had thought they would found something, anything but his expectations quickly turned off as he realized they had arrived to another end road.

“Any luck?” Deaton asked quietly, still giving him his back. Stiles shook his head, even knew he couldn’t see him and slowly stood up, he began passing side to side inside the room, trying to find some connection between everything but he was in blank. He stopped on his tracks staring at the bookshelf, he looked among the numerous books, they were about everything, mythology, astrology, bestiaries, it was an impressive collection. He was about to return to his place in the floor when a red book caught his attention. He lightly frowned and quickly turned to it. He took it out and read the cover.

With big, black letters, it was written demonology. Stiles tilted his head, slowly opening the book, caressing the worn out pages with curiosity.

“Deaton?” He exclaimed out loud, his nose still between the old pages as his eyes continued reading.
“Yes?”

“I think I know how to find some answers”

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“Absolutely not” Scott immediately exclaimed after hearing Stiles insane plan. He snatched the red book from Stiles hands and tossed it to the table, “Are you out of your mind?” He madly asked raising his arms to the air.

Stiles scoffed rolling his eyes, “We already establish that and its actually not a bad idea” He tried to convince his friend but Scott shook his head in complete disapproval again.

“You're right, its a terrible one!” Erica exclaimed, stepping into the conversation. Stiles send her a side way glare before taking the book back from the table, “Look guys, this crap didn’t help in the minimum” He exclaimed pointing at the pile of papers that was scattered in the desk, “No offense doc” He added raising his hand in Deaton´s direction, who only nod one, “None taken” He whispered, showing a small smile.

“But summon a demon Stiles? Really?” Tony asked quietly, unsure, twisting his mouth. Stiles sighed exasperated, he began browsing in the book the page he was looking for, “Look” He exclaimed before passing the open book to his brother. Tony deeply sighed before taking it, his eyes began to move following the lines of words. He finally looked up at Stiles, eyebrows raised.

“Paimon?” He asked under his breath, giving the book to Thor when he extended his hand.

Stiles smiled recklessly, “Paimon” He answered waiting for someone to say something, but the room fell into an extended silence.

“Your crazy” Derek finally snapped taking the book away when Clint tried to take it, “This is dangerous, even for us Stiles” He added walking toward him, book on hand.

Stiles had forgotten how tall he was, he stared at him in the eye, “You have a better idea?” He asked quietly, watching how Derek bit his cheek, clearly searching for one.
“Let’s do it then” Stiles exclaimed when he didn’t open his mouth. He took the book from Derek’s hand and stepped back, “Look, Deaton will help me and-“

But the vet immediately raised his hand making Stiles shut up, “Oh no kid, this is dark magic Stiles, I don’t mess with it” He immediately answered, already walking back to his office, “You’re free to do the ritual here but I’m not messing with it” He strongly added before leaning against the frame of his door, it seemed he was beginning to despair to get back to his work. Stiles dropped his shoulders and nodded, it wasn’t a surprise but still I had been a better idea to at least had Deaton on his side.

“Alright then, I’ll fucking do it myself” He exclaimed already reading what kind of ingredients he needed, “You have all this?” He asked out loud, not looking up at the doc, who only shook his head and deeply sighed, “I know where to get it, are you sure of this Stiles?” He asked crossing his arms over his chest.

Finally Stiles looked up and stared at him, he wasn’t sure about anything, “Yes, I am”

* *

“Oh my god, I hate so much right now” Scott muttered between his teeth as he lighted up black candles around the pentagram made with salt, his hand almost shaking with fear. Stiles send him a quick stare, “Sip it, you said you’ll help” He muttered getting back to the book, reading again every step of the invocation, he didn’t want to screw things up.

Scott scoffed before mimicking him under his breath, “I mean, do you even know what you’re doing idiot?” He asked straightening up, putting his hands on his waist, staring at his friend waiting for an answer. But Stiles was too focused into his thoughts. The book said for a successful invocation the demon had to ask a question, one the invoker had to answer for the ritual to proceed normally, as normal as an invocation could proceed. Stiles frowned confused, it was only one question, it made no sense the demon only asked one.

Scott sighed walking outside the consulting room, quietly closing the door behind him, knowing Stiles wouldn’t answer his question. Derek immediately looked up at him, “All set up?” He asked standing up from his seat. Scott shrugged, “I guess, he seems pretty nervous though” He answered honestly giving a look to the closed room.

Derek let out his breath and walked toward the room, he could only imagine how nervous Stiles felted, he had never messed with something so dark, neither of them, “Well, lets do this” He exclaimed under his breath, hand on the doorknob but for everyone surprise it was Tony who put a
hand on his arm stopping him, “Are you sure you being in there is going to help him?” He asked quietly, looking up at him. No one needed other lovers fight, specially in such a crucial moment, specially when it was Stiles doing the invocation.

Derek swallowed and shook his arm, he looked down at Stiles brother, calmly sitting on a chair. It kept being a huge surprise that man was his big brother, Derek wasn’t used someone being so protective over Stiles, specially when it came protective of him against Derek, “I’m not letting him do it alone, if you have a problem with that, well, you can come inside too” He answered shortly before opening the door, where Stiles was standing in the middle of the room, looking around him. Stiles didn’t even notice someone had entered the room until he heard him cleared his throat.

“You good?” Derek asked crossing his arms over his chest, staring at him head to toe. Stiles remained silent, his eyes lost on the faint light of the candles, he finally deeply sighed, recognizing the voice but he didn’t dare looking up, “Let’s just finish with this” He exclaimed instead, after a couple of seconds in silence, finally facing Derek before pointing at the door; “I’ll let you know guys when I’m over” He added, he didn’t want anyone distracting him, he was already nervous for messing with such a dark magic but Derek was already shaking his head in complete denial.

“No way you’re doing this alone Stiles” He immediately answered, taking his jacket off before throwing it to the floor. Stiles stared at the jacket before looking up at him, eyebrows raised. He finally buffed, “I don’t need your help sourwolf” He muttered, almost regretting saying his nickname when Derek swallowed and look down.

“Oh, you need help idiot” Tony suddenly exclaimed as he entered the room, Scott, Lydia and incredibly, Steve right behind him. Stiles raised his eyebrows even higher, lightly impressed, “You’re the idiot” He answered back nervously.

“So, how do we do this?” Lydia asked staring at the salt pentagram, covered in black and blue candles, dark climbing plant and weird symbols made with white chalk, she would be lying if she said she wasn’t nervous as hell. Stiles scratched the back of his neck and twisted his head.

“Guys, I don’t think-“ He tried to say but Tony slapped him in the back of his head, already getting ready for whatever shit they had to do, “Shut up and tell us what to do” He muttered shortly, acquiring an air of protective big brother. Stiles stared at him a few seconds and deeply sighed. In reality, deep inside of him he was glad they came inside the room to help him, even Derek and well especially for Steve, but he was never admitting it.

“Everyone just hold hands and whatever happens, don’t let go, don’t speak, don’t do anything” Stiles instructed watching everyone in the eye, putting himself in the northwest of the pentagram, the book said he had to be facing that direction for the ritual to success. Derek let out his breath, already extending his arm beside Stiles, waiting for him to take his hand.
Stiles raised his eyebrows playing impressed, staring at Derek’s big hand, still waiting for him to take it, it was a pretty bad idea, “Thank you guys” Tony suddenly exclaimed squeezing himself between the two of them, pushing Derek away from his brother, who only rolled his eyes and took Tony’s hand between his with more strength than necessary. Tony smiled nearly pleased and nodded to Stiles when he gave him a quick glare, half smiling.

Stiles watched everyone taking their places around the circle before holding hands as he had instructed. When someone took his free hand he turned around lightly impressed. Steve didn’t even bother to look at him, his jaw was tense as he stared directly at the floor. Stiles swallowed uncomfortable and looked away, things couldn’t get any worse.

“Alright guys, ready?” He asked before letting out his breath not waiting for an answer. Everyone remained silent, hearing as Stiles began talking in an old language, Tony and Lydia only recognized vaguely. Unconsciously he squeezed Steve’s hand when he felt something pulling his chest. He twisted his mouth, the nervousness growing inside him but he never stopped his chanting, a curious sensation settled in the back of his head before it followed his spine. The air around them began to move faster, creating strong blast that made the flames of the candles dance.

Stiles opened his eyes and stared at the symbols on the floor as they began to shine, every time brighter. He felt an inner alarm inside him as a cold feeling grew inside his guts. When he finished the spell, the wind abruptly stopped and the room felt into a deep silence and darkness. He looked around him, expecting flames, screams, something but nothing happened.

“Did it work?” He heard Scott asked, lightly scared, “Stiles” He called out loud, about to take a step. But Stiles send him a glare, “Don’t move, just wait” He exclaimed when he suddenly felt something dropping him to the floor. His knees gave in and he kneeled on the floor, “Don’t move!” He exclaimed again when he felt Tony urgently moving toward him to help him stand up.

“Its working” He muttered impressed under his breath, watching as the candles came to life again, lightly illuminating the room, he twisted his arms trying to get into a comfortable position when he heard a small gasp near him. Stiles froze on his place and was able to visualize someone kneeling in front of him but somehow he knew it wasn’t the demon they had summon. He looked up and stare at those black shinny eyes, there was nothing inside them. The fear nearly swallowed him completely. He tried to back away from the terrifying man but he couldn’t move. The creep in front of him slowly opened his mouth, revealing it had no tongue or teeth. His skin was teared apart and was deep grey, covered with dark dirt. He smelled rotten. One more time, Stiles tried to back away but he couldn’t move, it seemed something was holding him down.

“What is that?” He heard someone asked between the shadows. Stiles looked away from the dead man and noticed he wasn’t the only one, behind him there were several people, women, children
and everyone was dead with their mouths wide opened.

The rotten man in front of him suddenly let out of high pitched scream that hurt Stiles ears. It was a yell filled with fear, pain and regret. The moment he started screaming everyone followed.

“Shit” Stiles whispered desperately trying to step back but his legs were still frozen. He felt how Steve and his brother squeezed his hands with strength, the same fear swallowing them too. When the screams were too loud, almost unbearable, they all disappeared. In their place, there was a man, a tall man dressed in gorgeous blue and red tunics. He seemed like a king, his small features were beautiful, almost angelical but his eyes, his eyes were deep red and pure demonic.

“Shit” Stiles breathed again looking down when he heard Paimon´s voice, soft as silk, almost a whisper, “Silence human” He muttered.

Stiles knew he was the one with power in that situation, he was the one controlling the demon but the emotional battle between them to do it, that was the hard part. Stiles bit his lips as he tried to stand up again, he felt his legs lightly moving when he dropped against the floor again, his knees crashing with strength against the white tiles.

“Dont challenge me mortal” Paimon angrily exclaimed, raising his voice, “You own me an answer” He suddenly added, his voice a whisper again. He widely smiling, showing a perfect pair of white shining fangs.

Stiles was getting tired at his position, he looked up and stare in the eye at the demon, “Ask” He exclaimed, his lips in perfect tense line.

The demon remained silent, laying his eyes for seconds on everyone inside the room, he finally stared at Derek, taking a longer time on him. It seemed the demon could see through you, your sins, fears, everything.

“I said ask” Stiles exclaimed, almost desperate, raising his voice. Paimon snatched his eyes at him, lightly impressed. He slowly walked toward him, dragging his naked feet, showing the golden jewelry in them. He finally stopped in front Stiles, staring at him.

“Who do you love?” He whispered, even more quietly.
Stiles breath stopped for an instant, he tilted his head and blinked several times before looking up at the demon´s red eyes, they were almost hypnotically, “I...“ He stuttered uncomfortable, his throat becoming dry.

“Who do you love?” He asked again, slowly dragging the words.

“Derek” He exclaimed shortly, the word coming out almost as a cough, he closed his eyes with strength trying to calm himself. He felt the grip on his hand decrease, instinctively he squeezed Steve´s hand harder, until it hurt him but he couldn’t let the circle brake.

But the demon asked him again, higher, stronger, “Who do you love?” He east, not buying Stiles bullshit.

“I said Derek!” He strongly yelled too, snatching his head up only to find the demon kneeled in from of him. His golden face dangerously close to him, “Who do you love?” He repeated, his breathing tickling his face.

Stiles remained silent, his breath coming out shaky as he understood his only option was saying the truth. His voice cracked only a bit as he lowered his head, “No one” He finally admitted.

The demon smiled clearly pleased, finally stepping away from him. Stiles remained silent, ignoring the tension around the room. He swallowed hard before taking a deep breath, they needed to finish the ritual for once all. He twisted his arms, ignoring the ache for being the same position for so long and slowly stood up, his legs finally obeying him, “Tell us about the Nemeton” Stiles exclaimed as soon as he was up, watching as the demon walked side to side, like an animal inside a cage.

“You're getting into dangerous paths Stiles” He simple answered with a cheeky voice, before finally sitting in the middle of the pentagram. Stiles tilted his head and forced his will making the demon talk, he watched the demon swallowing with discomfort, “Theres nothing you can do now, anyone of you, the Nemeton is ours and will remain that way” He hissed between gritted teeth, as if he was doing a clear effort to keep his mouth shut.

“How do you destroy it?” Stiles asked pushing harder. The demon shook his head, clearly uncomfortable, “You… can’t do it” He muttered with effort, lowering his bald head.

Stiles half smile, pushing harder and harder, desperate from some damn, well deserved answers,
they needed to know “Don’t try us Paimon and tell me how its done” He blurted madly, knowing saying his name would give him more power over him, “Tell me!” He yelled louder.

The demon almost flinched and let out a long moan, “Sacrifice” He finally cried, slowly tossing his head back.

Stiles was about to ask what he truly meant by sacrifice when he suddenly felt other presence, a much darker and stronger one. As if the demon could sense it too, he snatched his head up, fear clear in his features, he stared at Stiles right in the eye, “I can’t help you now” He hissed under his breath, before grabbing his chest with desperation as a loud pained yell came out of his mouth, clear and utter hurt on it.

“We need to end the spell” Stiles suddenly blurted out closing his eyes with strength as a vision came to him.

“What?” He heard Tony ask beside him, “What do you mean?” Tony added confused, watching as his brother struggled to keep his eyes open, “Stiles?” He called again worried, squeezing his hand. He looked when the demon suddenly disappeared, leaving a small trial of air and a fainted metallic smell.

He looked around him, everyone seemed as startled as he felt. The candles suddenly went out and the room was left in complete darkness, only their shaky breathings were heard.

“Stiles?” Tony breathed scared but once again, there was no answer, at least not the answer everyone expected. In a blink of an eye, Stiles snatched his eyes opened and let out a loud yell filled with pure fear. He felt into his knees, pulling Steve and Tony along with him as he crashed his body against the cold floor.

He couldn’t see right, the room was spinning inside his head, making everything a dark blur and suddenly, he was inside the tunnel again and he wasn’t alone. Standing in front of him, it was him. Stiles could recognize the dark shadows under his eyes, the pale, almost dead skin and the murderous glint in his eyes. It was him possessed by the nogistune. He wanted to scream, to desperately run away from that thing he was so afraid of but he couldn’t. Their eyes were locked in each other.

He gasped for air, the fear tearing him apart, “Let me out” He breathed, his voice cracking. But the evil creep in front on him smiled pleased, showing his rotten teeth, he nearly laughed at Stiles fear, “Let me out” He said again, being able to finally shake his head, desperately trying to ran away.
“You’re mine, you will always be mine” The creep hissed, his voice deep and demonic. Slowly his eyes turned red and his body began to transform into black smoke but he never lost his human form and Stiles somehow knew that thing in front of him wasn’t human and he snapped. The horror embrace him and he was lost in it.

The black shadow swallowed his entire body and Stiles could feel him inside him, every cell, every fiber was covered by that dark entity and he couldn’t do anything about it.

“What do we do?!” Lydia asked scared watching Stiles body twisting in the floor, low moans coming out of his mouth, sweat covering his face and hair.

“Stiles!” Scott tried, yelling in despair but his friend never reacted, he couldn’t hear them. He shook his head about to approach him but Lydia looked up at him, stopping him in his tracks, “He said we can’t let go!” She yelled scared.

“We can’t leave him like that!” Steve exclaimed, kneeling on the floor when Stiles pulled harder his arm, another drowned scream coming out of him. It was such baffling, to watch him like that, was baffling. He was used to Stiles poker face, showing his coldness but always calm but seeing him break in that way, it was real impact and Steve didn’t know what to do.

“Fuck this” Derek suddenly exclaimed, finally letting go of Tony’s and Scott’s hand, “Derek wait!” Tony yelled but it was too late. Almost immediately Stiles scream’s became louder, he finally let go and put his hands on his head, digging his fingers on his hair with strength.

“Stiles!” Derek breathed kneeling in front of him but Stiles body was immobile, his forehead still against the floor, “Come one Stiles, its me!” He tried again putting his hands against his, squeezing them, “Breath with me” He muttered, getting so close to him he could smell the sweat and fear, pure real fear radiating from him.

“I can’t get out” He suddenly exclaimed, the words stumbling out of his mouth. An unrecognizable high pitched tone on his voice.

“Follow my voice” Derek whispered, caressing his hands with tenderness, “Its me, you’re with me” He breathed closing his eyes, feeling the pain from him.

Slowly Stiles was able to open his eyes and for his pleasant surprise he was back at Deaton’s
office, he snatched his head up making Derek abruptly backed away. Stiles let out a shaky breath and looked around the pentagram, without even thinking about he destroyed it, making the salt and candles flew away, he quickly erased the symbols with chalk, making everyone backed away from him.

He shook his head and noticed everyone still inside the room, staring at him in complete shock, expect for Derek, he was still in front of him, watching him with understanding, cause he did. They both knew, Derek was the one that took care of him in his anxiety attacks, his nightmares, Derek was the one there and he was still there. Stiles body leaned against Derek’s chest, the movement so known, so easy and comfortable. He closed his eyes and shook his head as he felt his arms close around him, “You’re alright, you’re back, just breath” Derek whispered, his voice strangely choky as he slowly caressed his arms, up and down.

“It was me, I saw me” Stiles blurted out against his chest. Derek squeezed harder and didn’t ask, he knew Stiles wouldn’t talk if he didn’t want to, no matter how many times he asked for it. All he could do was hold him and scared his troubles and fear away or at least, help him do it.
Stiles tiredly rubbed his hands against each other, trying to gain some heat. He kept his eyes closed, slowly rocking his head as his breathing became steady, he snatched them opened when he heard steps walking toward him.

“Its only me” Derek assured him quietly, momentary stoping. He finally kneeled, leveling their eyes. Stiles swallowed and looked around the room, not being able to hold on Derek´s sight. They were back at the loft and indeed it was only him. The minute Stiles was able to stand up from Deaton´s office, recovered from his panic attack, Derek had practically carried him outside the vet, arm around his waist, preventing him to stumble with his own feet. He hadn’t said a word in the trip back to the loft, none of them had said anything. He didn’t even quite remembered arriving or walking to the couch, his mind was only stuck in that memory, that horrendous feeling.

Derek suddenly raised a full glass and offered it to him. Stiles eyes took a while to focus the transparent liquid, “Its what you like” Derek explained quietly when Stiles stared at the glass as if it was a potential threat. Stiles raised his arm ready to take it when he froze, remembering Steve’s talk as if it had just happened minutes ago, he needed to stop drinking his demons away.

“I´m alright” He answered instead, weakly pushing the glass away, his voice small and hoarse. Derek stared at him for a long time before straightening up. The moment his ex rejected a glass of pure vodka, that was the exact moment he knew Stiles wasn’t alright in the minimum, but at least he was talking. Derek slowly walked away from him, watching him carefully, still slowly moving his head and rubbing his hands, still sitting on the couch, immobile. He stopped for a few seconds, twisting his mouth before entering the kitchen, when everyone was reunited, patiently waiting.

“He didn’t want it?” Tony asked impressed, watching as Derek put the glass on the table before shaking his head, out of words. Tony deeply sighed and passed a hand through his hair, “Shit” He breathed concerned.

“Can someone just tell us what the hell happened inside that room?” Isaac asked, nearly desperate. Searching for an answer in their faces but everyone seemed in blank. Eventually Lydia shook her head and answered, “We don’t know”
“We mean we don’t know, he saw something” Tony answered madly, passing side to side inside the kitchen, waving his hands, “What do we do?” He finally asked, waiting for someone to say something, anything, “We need to do something”

“You know I can hear your lame asses right?” Stiles slowly asked as he entered the kitchen, nervously snapping his fingers, making a small flame appear with every movement. Almost immediately Tony and Scott were on his side, blocking his way. Stiles was baffled by their questions, coming out in a mess of words.

He raised his hand exasperated, “Stop it!” He exclaimed, “I´m alright guys” He assured them, walking to the forgotten glass in the table. He stared at the transparent liquid, his mouth almost asking him to drink it, but he looked up and stared at Steve, their eyes locked for a moment before Stiles, for everyone´s surprised, poured the liquid in the sink. He walked to the fridge, where he took out a bottle of water. He couldn’t stand the deep, tense silence, it was too much.

“Can someone say something please?” He muttered, looking away before taking a long sip.

“Are you alright?” Jackson asked quietly, watching him swallowed and swallowed water as if he was dehydrated or imagining what he was drinking was straight vodka.

Stiles dropped the bottle on the counter before looking up at everyone, he knew that wasn’t what they wanted to know, at least not completely, “If you want to ask, just do it” He tiredly muttered, rubbing his eyes, shaking his head when he saw the dark tunnel again for a moment.

“What did you saw?” Steve finally asked. Stiles locked his eyes on the floor, the memories running through his head with rapidity, the fear spreading again, “My best guess is, other demon” He finally exclaimed, looking up at him.

“Whatever thing that was, was strong enough to make Paimon disappear” He added, sitting down beside Thor, who only clapped him in the back with comfort. Stiles nearly laughed at the strange movement.

“And whatever thing that was didn’t want us to have answers” Lydia finished for him. Stiles nodded in agreement, “Exactly”
“Did you get some?” Erica suddenly asked, when everyone stared at her, she deeply breathed, “Answers?”

“Not as we expected but… yes” Derek answered, nodding to himself.

“In few words, these Nemeton is fucked up, theres no turning back” Tony rambled, ignoring Steve’s narrowed eyes on him, “Oh suck it up Rogers” He exclaimed annoyed, rolling his eyes.

“What does that mean?” Clint asked before Steve could answer back, staring at everyone.

Stiles tilted his head before answering, “It means we need to destroy it” He breathed before standing up, he felted exhausted. Taking the hint, Tony was on his side, hand on his shoulder, “We can discuss this in the morning guys” Tony muttered distracted, walking out of the kitchen with his brother, Derek right behind them.

“You want the bed?” He suddenly asked, stopping on his tracks when Stiles froze on his place, thinking about his answer. Sleep in that bed when they had shared a huge amount of time together, not to mention sex? Yeah, it was a really bad idea, “No thanks” He answered almost immediately, regaining his walk to the nearest couch.

“Are you sure?” Derek asked under his breath but Stiles raised his hand, “I´m fine Derek” He assured him, half smiling before sitting down. Tony right next to him.

“Alright… if you need anything…” He muttered quietly, already walking back to the kitchen. Stiles watched him leave before looking down, staring at his hands in complete calm. After what it felt an eternity in complete silence, Tony cleared his throat, “Wanna talk about it?” He asked in low voice.

Stiles let out his breath and pursed his lips, he slowly shook his head, “Not really” He muttered before looking up at him, he shrugged, “I think I just need a good night sleep”

Tony nodded, half smiling before standing up. He gave other look at Stiles, doubtful, thinking if it was a good idea to leave him alone. But Stiles was already leaning against the seat, his eyes closed. Tony let out the breath he didn’t know he was holding on and tiredly rubbed his chin. Watching his brother lose his nerves, break that way, was simply an image he would never want to see again.
Stiles wide opened his eyes as a drown gasp came out of his mouth. He blinked several times
adjusting to the darkness, he deeply sighed as he realized he was in the loft, calmly resting on the
couch. Slowly he straightened up, looking around him. The sun was barely rising, lightly
illuminating the room, everyone was asleep scattered around him. He slowly stood up, stretching
his arms above his head, his muscles protesting in pain, a goddamn drink would be great but after
his fight with Steve he didn’t think it would be a great idea, beside he knew he needed to stop
drinking. He dragged his feet to the kitchen, where he poured himself a glass of water, he drank it
almost desperately, his throat was so dry.

He poured other one before walking back to the living room, he stared at everyone still asleep and
made his way to the balcony. The cold air welcomed him, making his skin shiver.

He let out his breath leaning against the rail, staring at the calm forest. He passed a hand through
his hair and dropped it against his arms, taking deep breaths when he felt his stomach twist. He
could still feel that thing inside him, slowly, scratching his guts, making his way to his deepest
secrets. Stiles had never faced something so completely dark. His guts twisted every time he
remembered seeing himself that way. He didn’t want that part of him back, it scared him, cause
deepe down he could feel it, it was asleep, waiting for the right moment to emerge and that scared
the shit out of him.

He looked up from his shoulder when he heard the door opening behind him. He took a long sip of
his glass as he heard Steve slowly walking toward him, leaning against the rial beside him. Stiles
swallowed hard but didn’t open his mouth, the words he had said still fresh between them.

“Better?” Steve suddenly asked.

Stiles tilted his head and bit his lip before answering, “Sure thing” He muttered before taking other
sip, wishing it was vodka.

Steve watched his movements closely, before staring at the almost empty glass, “Don’t worry
Steve its only water” Stiles exclaimed, almost bitterly.

“I didn’t ask” Steve answered, facing him. Stiles raised one arm and shook his hand, “I wanted you
to know, thats all” He answered before things could go in a complete different direction they both
wanted.
They remained in silence until Steve cleared his throat, gaining Stiles attention, “You already know what he meant with sacrifice?” He suddenly asked.

Stiles raised his eyebrows, taken by surprise for the question, he shook his head and shrugged, “Well, when it comes to magic, everything comes with a price, I think what he meant with sacrifice was to give up something personal” He answered, his eyes lost as his mind worked looking for answers.

“It sounds incredible simple” Steve replied, narrowing his eyes as the sun finally came out.

Stiles couldn’t help but half smile, looking down at his feet, “Trust me, its not” He muttered before looking up at him. Stiles couldn’t help but stared at those blue eyes, the question came out of his mouth before his brain could caught up with what he was saying, “Are we alright… Steve?”

Steve backed away as if he was pushed, he half smiled with sadness and shook his head, “We… we have better things to discuss Stiles” He muttered under his breath before quickly walking inside the loft leaving Stiles alone. He swallowed hard before smirking with almost pain, they had better things to discuss, he couldn’t argue with that.

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“Alright guys, any ideas?” Stiles asked as he watched everyone take their places in the large table of the dinning room. Jackson happily stared at the several plates of food scattered in the table before looking up at him, “I already called Deaton” He exclaimed shrugging before eating a green grape.

Stiles raised his eyebrows and awkwardly smiled at him, “Alright, other suggestions…” He tried again as he pushed his plate away, he wasn’t hungry at all, he knew if he ate something he would only return it. Instead he finished his second cup of coffee and began preparing himself other one when he noticed Scott staring at him, narrowed eyes.

“What?” He asked uncomfortable, frowning.

“You haven’t eaten anything and you’re drinking coffee like its vodka?”

Stiles rolled his eyes and took a sip, leaning on his seat, “Its decaf” He defended himself before sticking his tongue out.
“No, its not” Derek suddenly exclaimed, two more plates on his hands.

“Since when its not decaf?” He asked surprised, staring at the coffee as if it had personally insulted him.

Derek remained silent, switching his weight from one feet to other one before putting the plates down, “Well… since you- since you left” He finally whispered, sitting down at the point of the table. Stiles muttered a poor oh in answer and looked down, he pushed his coffee away and cleared his throat when no one breathed or moved.

“Caffeine doesn’t affect me, so… I don’t have to buy it decaf anymore” He added quietly, shyly shrugging. Stiles raised his eyebrows as he nodded, “Alright…” He muttered clearing his throat again, “Any ideas?” He asked again trying to break the ice.

“When you say sacrifice, you don’t mean… human, right?” Clint asked, looking up at him from his breakfast.

Stiles opened his mouth for several seconds, thinking about his answer, “Well… druids used to make human sacrifice to their gods, but I don’t think thats the case in here”

“Why?”

“Well, as I said, dark magic comes with sacrifice but its a personal sacrifice, so if we want to destroy the nemeton, I think we need to-“

“Sacrifice something dear to us, as a precious memory or an object” Lydia finished for him, nodding to herself.

“I think so, yeah” Stiles exclaimed, nodding too.

“And if it doesn’t work? I mean, its not like we can sacrifice a random person we find in the street, right?” Tony exclaimed.
“Well…” Stiles started, tilting his head when Scott lightly slapped him in his arm, “Don’t you even think about it Stiles Stilinski”

Stiles rolled his eyes and scoffed, “I wasn’t” He answered back, taking his cup of coffee again, to hell if it wasn’t decaf, they had put on with drunk Stiles, it was time for hyperactive Stiles to appear.

“Look, if it doesn’t work, then we’ll think of something else, until then lets have our hopes up” Lydia assured Tony, who only twisted his mouth but didn’t say anything and concentrated on his breakfast, “And I don’t mean human sacrifice Stiles” She added, giving him a long stare when he raised his hand and opened his mouth. He finally nodded and kept his mouth shut. He stared at the brownish liquid, waiting for it to be drank. He put the cup agains his lips, feeling the warm sensation against his tongue, hoping, wishing, he was drinking vodka for breakfast.

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Stiles stared at his opened suitcase, his clothes scattered around it. He bit his lip and put his hands on his waist, thinking. Personal sacrifice, indeed, it sounded simple. But he had never been one of those persons that got attached with objects, not really. He slowly took the keys of his jeep from the couch and twisted them in his hand, watching the blue old dolphin along with the rusty key, making a small metallic sound. It had been a present from his parents, so many years ago. It had belonged to his mother on her youth. He closed his hand around them and nodded to himself.

He got out of his trance, shaking himself and turned around, watching as everyone got ready for their mission. It was late at night and the moon was shining with furor, as if it knew what they were up to.

“Everyone ready?” Derek asked out loud as he opened the door from his loft, creating the known metallic slap no one get really used to it. Quietly, everyone began to walk outside the building.

Stiles followed them in complete silence, watching his steps, ready to get out when he felt a strong hand on his chest, stopping him. Immediately he looked up at Derek, heartbeat already raising, “Yeah?” He asked quietly, watching Isaac’s back disappeared down the stairs, swallowed by the shadows.

“I think… you could use this, I know you probably don't have many personal stuff to… you know, just take it” He nervously rambled, frowning and shaking his head as he raised his hand, something on it. Stiles stared at him confused for a few seconds, hesitating. He finally swallowed as he raised his hand, palm facing up.
Slowly, Derek dropped a tiny object on it. Stiles frowned confused, as his eyes adjust to the dark and he was able to identify it. He snatched his head up, eyes wide opened as he stared at Derek, “What is this?” He asked baffled, staring again at the black ring rolling on his hand.

“Derek” He pushed when there was no answer. He took the ring with shaky fingers before raising it, leveling it to his eyes. It was beautiful. In it, it was carved different symbols, which Stiles could recognized as protective ones. The ring was made with a black, shiny rock he couldn’t recognized.

Derek smiled with sadness and shook his head, “Something we both can sacrifice, a closure” He muttered, nostalgia and somehow relief, hidden behind his words.

Stiles swallowed again, lowering his hand, he looked dead in his green eyes and slowly shook his head, a million questions running inside his head, “Derek, I-“ He tried to say after licking his sudden dry lips, “I would have said-“

“You would have said no… Stiles and thats- thats alright” He finished for him, rubbing his eyes with a tiredness Stiles was familiar with, he could feel it too.

“I´m sorry” He whispered, desperately trying to sound as honest as he truly felt. He finally walked away from him, crashing against his shoulder in the process. His legs rapidly moved on their own, as they frenetically looked for the nearest exit. He heard as Derek muttered something, his voice echoing in the stairs but his ears were too clogged with a strange whistle, for him to understand something. The fresh air hit him as a blast when he exited the building. He closed his eyes with strength and let out his breath.

“Everything alright?” He heard Lydia asking beside him, her small hand on his low back. Stiles opened his eyes and stared at her, he half smiled and raised his hand, where the black ring was.

Lydia frowned confused, before slowly taking the ring from his hand. Her eyes wide opened as the realization hit her, “Omg…“ She whispered looking between him and the ring, “Did- did he-“ She nervously stuttered.

Immediately Stiles took the ring and shook his head, almost impressed, “No, not… right now, he was apparently going to, but… well, you know how well things ended” He bitterly rippled, putting the ring away as he stared at everyone scattered outside, waiting for Derek to climbed down the loft.
“Is he alright?” Lydia asked quietly, looking up at the building, biting her lip. Stiles half smiled again and looked down at his feet. He shrugged before walking away, “You’ll have to ask him yourself dear” He replied walking where Scott, Clint and Isaac were talking among them.

Lydia watched him leave before looking up at the building again. She finally sighed and shook her head, walking back to Jackson’s arms. One more time, she gave a stare at his friend, who was laughing as if nothing had happened. She watched as he put an arm around Clint’s head and squeezed it, laughing playfully. She heard Derek walking toward them, a small smile playing on his lips and nothing else, just as Stiles, a perfect poker face, showing nothing more than calm and fake happiness on it. She deeply sighed again, walking along with his friends, following Stiles quick steps. They still had too much things in common.

“Ready for this?” Scott asked, catching up with Stiles, as he stared at his steps. Stiles gave him a quick stare and hummed, “Of course I am, you?”

Scott shrugged in response and kept his eyes locked on the floor. Stiles frowned and gave him other long stare, “I know, this sucks” He muttered, putting his hands inside his pockets, nervously spinning the ring between his fingers.

Scott sarcastically smirked and nodded, “This better works, cause I can’t think on other personal sacrifice rather than this” He answered raising his hand. Stiles watched as an object fall from his hand, only to hang thanks to a chain Scott was holding between his fingers. It was a watch pocket, one even Stiles remembered when they were kids, it had belonged to his father.

“Are you sure?” He asked looking away, noticing they had almost reach the Nemeton. When Scott shrugged again and put the watch away Stiles already knew the answer. He nodded and let out his breath, “This will be over soon” He whispered, half smiling when Scott bumped his shoulder.

Deaton was already waiting for them, beside the black Nemeton, sitting in a large rock, he almost seemed like a creature from the forest, if not for his clothing and shoes, unnecessary expensive shoes.

“Doctor” Stiles exclaimed shortly, making a head movement. Deaton returned the gesture and stared as everyone surrounded the Nemeton. He looked up at Stiles and nod at him, “You already know what to do Mr, Stilinski” He exclaimed quietly, finally standing up and backing away from him.
Stiles nodded distracted, walking near the Nemeton, he stared at the rotten heart of the trunk and twisted his mouth. His hand hesitated, lightly shaking as he approached the center of it. He didn’t want to see that demon again, that dark tunnel, he didn’t want to. He let out his breath and finally touched it, feeling the cold surface below his hand.

Disquieted. He felted disquieted. There was an infinite darkness and nothing else.

He snatched his hand from it, almost afraid before shaking it several times and with rapidity backed away from it, his eyes still locked in the dark trunk. Slowly he turned to Deaton and extended his arm, “The enchanting?” He asked, watching as Deaton took out a small piece of paper from his pocket. He unfolded it before handing it to Stiles, who gently took it into his hand.

He read the words inside his head over and over as he approached the trunk again. He printed the spell inside his head and recite it several times until he completely memorized it. He finally dropped the paper and one more time he put his hand on the center of it. He closed his eyes and felt the warm of the fire as it spread around his hand. He heard the wood grind, giving up to the heat of the flames. He removed his hand and opened his eyes. He focused on the bright orange as he began reciting in low voice.

He saw as the flames danced at the beat of his words, following the magic, his magic. When he was done, he walked away, stopping beside Scott, “Its ready” He muttered, at first no one dare to move. Too nostalgic, too fond of their objects. It was Erica the first to move, she slowly walked toward the fire, a piece of paper on her hand. She raised her fist and hesitated a for a few seconds before letting out her breath and finally dropping it. They all watched as the paper consumed into blue flames until it was completely gone. Everyone thank her in silence for being the first one to do it. The spell per se, was freeing, private, to let go no matter what, no one was actually prepared for something like that.

Stiles swallowed, taking out from his pocket the keys of his jeep, he gave them a long stare, twisting them in his hand again. They were just some old keys, he told himself as his feet took him near the fire.

“They are just some old keys” He whispered to himself before finally dropping them, watching as the fire slowly consumed them. Somehow, he felt his chest lighter, a memory realized. He looked up watching the ashes dance with the wind as they flew away.

“Are you ready?” Derek suddenly asked beside him, his voice small as a child. Stiles turned to him, lightly surprised before swallowing. He took out the black ring from his pocket and remained steady, watching it, feeling the soft texture against his rough fingers, feeling the carved symbols on it. He slowly shook his head and looked up, watching as Tony got near the fire, he turned away giving his brother some privacy, “Not really” He answered truthful, finally facing Derek, who was sadly smiling, a longing expression in his eyes.
“Me either” He answered quietly, taking himself his ring out of his pocket. He threw it high in the air and easily caught it. Stiles watched the movement in complete silence, “But, I don’t think we’ll ever be” He added, giving him a long stare before walking away. Derek didn’t think it twice before tossing the ring to the fire. Its black color stood out from the light orange of the flames. He finally walked away from him, disappearing between the dark shadows of the night.

“Fuck it” Stiles muttered apathetic, following Derek’s steps. He didn’t think twice before dropping the ring inside the fire, he didn’t even look at it, it was like jumping from a high cliff, like taking off a band aid. He immediately turned around, hands inside his pockets and began walking away. He could still hear as the rest of the team and the pack saying their goodbyes to their old beloved objects and memories.

Stiles didn’t feel sad or incomplete, he felt as if he had finished an important assignment, he didn’t like it but it was something he had to do and somehow, it was freeing.

He leaned in the nearest tree and patiently waited for everyone to finish. He twisted his neck, still feeling the power and the darkness radiating from the rotten trunk. It felt as if a bug had stung him, the sting was still inside him, burning him, until there was nothing. He felted nothing. He stopped breathing, waiting for something else, a feeling, a pull, but nothing came, there was just an empty space that used to be the Nemeton.

He snatched his head up, staring at Deaton, their eyes locked and he knew the doctor could feel it too.

“Did it work?” Stiles asked disbelief, walking straight to Deaton, who looked around him until his eyes locked with the cut tree, the fire and the burning objects suddenly gone. The dark trunk was exactly the same, still black, still rotten, except there was nothing alive coming from it, its presence had simply stopped existing.

“I think it did” He answered distracted before lightly touching the common tree, “It worked” He confirmed looking up at Stiles, a genuine smile playing on his lips.

Stiles felt as a huge weight left his body. He dropped his head against his hand and took a deep breath, it was finally done.

Tony and him shared a hopeful stare, a small smile on their faces, “Breath man, its done” Scott muttered, appearing by his side before putting an arm around his shoulders. He shook him with
excitement, a goofy smile on him, “It’s done dude” He exclaimed again before walking away with even more excitement as he approached Isaac and Boyd.

Stiles tossed his head back as a genuine smile appeared on his face, he felt tiny drops of water crashing against his face, he didn’t care in the minimum, at least they had managed to do something right, it was a victory. He was about to walk away when he managed to side way see Steve staring in blank at the black trunk. He frowned watching him carefully, from head to toe. His shoulders were rigid and his hands were closed into fists. Unconsciously he walked toward him, his steps barely making a moist sound from the wet grass and dirt.

“Are you alright?” He asked calmly.

Steve lightly jumped before suddenly turning to him, he opened his mouth and eyes and took a few seconds to answer, “Yeah, yeah, of course” He rambled before half smiling, as if Stiles question had been stupid.

Stiles nodded in silence, before staring at the trunk, there was nothing left on it, except for ashes, he tilted his head, “I hated this too” He exclaimed honestly. Steve raised his eyebrows and gave him a glare. Stiles couldn’t help but laugh under his breath, “Yeah, trust me, I didn’t want this”

Steve was quiet for a few seconds, “I gave up a Peggy’s picture”

Stiles didn’t bother to look at him, he slowly shook his head and let out his breath. His hand trembled as he reach Steve’s arm, he hesitated for a few seconds before putting it on his upper arm, “I’m sorry Steve” He whispered truthful. He fondly squeezed his arm when Steve was only able to nod.

They remained in silence until the rain got lose and began to fall with strength. Stiles didn’t care but it was like a wakening for Steve, who shook himself, specially his arm and took several steps away from him. He opened his mouth for a few seconds, his eyes confused and dazzled.

“See you back at the loft” He finally exclaimed before walking away.

Stiles nodded, pursing his lips. He looked down as he heard Steve quickly walked away until the sound of rain was all he could listen to. Stiles closed his eyes enjoying the cold water splashing against his shoulders.
“We need to protect this town” A voice suddenly exclaimed from behind him. Stiles quickly turned around and let out his breath, realizing it was only Deaton, soaking wet as him.

“Excuse me?” Stiles asked confused.

Deaton took a step near him, “I said, we need to protect this town, tomorrow I need your help for protective spells and some vanguards but I can’t do it alone” The doctor exclaimed, watching him carefully.

“Sure thing doc, I’ll see you in your office”

As same as he appeared out of nowhere, he suddenly vanished between the shadows. Stiles nearly rolled his eyes and shook his head, it was so Deaton. After a couple of minutes of staying down the water, he finally decided it was time to return to the loft, if he didn’t want anyone to think he had been kidnapped or something, live had made them too paranoid.

Stiles and Deaton met as they accorded, in his office the day after. Deaton had taught him basic protective spell and vanguards. It wasn’t easy ones but the doctor was a good and patient teacher.

“We’ll start in the preserve” He had said to Stiles as they climbed to the car and disappeared in the road.

Tony watched through the window as his brother slowly walked away, as always, hands inside his pockets.

“Do you think he’s alright?” He asked out loud, twisting his fingers.

Clint hummed in response and dropped the book he was reading on his chest, he twisted his mouth, “Well, I think he’s holding on, as same as everyone” He answered slowly. Tony gave him a long stare before turning to the large window again, he rubbed his chin thoughtful, “I think I have an idea” He suddenly whispered.

But Clint was already shaking his head, sitting down in the couch with determination, he put his book away, “Oh no, you’re ideas suck, specially when it comes to Stiles and he is not around”
“Cmon, I just want to ask some questions”

“Tony…”

But he was already walking away, Clint right behind him, stepping on his toes, “This is a bad idea” He hissed on his ear, watching as Tony completely ignored him and sat down on the carpet where Lydia, Erica, Isaac and quiet Boyd were silently losing their time, concentrated in their own choirs. Almost immediately Lydia looked up at him from her tablet, she raised an eyebrow lightly confused watching as Tony smile expectative.

“Yes..?”

“So you guys have been friends for a long time” He started, catching Erica´s and Isaac´s attention, “Right?” He pushed when no one answered.

“Right…” Lydia answered carefully, putting her tablet away, giving her full attention.

Tony nodded, almost with excitement, “And you have been together since, well since all this started”

“Not exactly” Erica answered, shrugging, “Isaac, Boyd and me, we arrived a little later”

“But yeah, everything we been through, we have solved it together” She added.

Tony remained silent for a few seconds before nodding again. He was about to talk when Erica interrupted him, “You guys remember the time, me, Boyd and Stiles were kidnapped by Gerard and he kicked the shit out of him” She muttered, her eyes lost in the memory. Isaac scoffed and nodded quickly, remembering those days, “How forget” He muttered under his breath, retuning to his phone.

“What?” Tony blurted out impressed, he shook his head getting out of his trance, “Who’s Gerard?”

“Was” Isaac muttered, before thundering his tongue in disapproval and slowly shaking his head.
Tony turned his head to him, expecting for more information, “Well, who was Gerard?”

“Allison’s crazy grandfather” Erica answered carelessly. Tony opened his eyes at hearing the unknown name, he opened his mouth for a few seconds, almost shy to ask, “Who is Allison?”

Almost immediately Lydia stepped in, dropping the tablet as she straightened up, “No, this is not out secrets to tell, if you’re brother hasn’t tell you, it’s not our problem so lets leave Allison out of this” She exclaimed roughly. A knot in her throat as it always happened when someone mentioned Allison, she shook her head and snatched the tablet from the floor, ready to get back at it. Erica and Isaac shared a quick stare and kept their mouths shut.

Tony swallowed and let out his breath, “Look guys, he’s my brother, I only know him for eight years but he’s still my family, I just want to get to know him better, that’s all” He answered quietly, raising his hand to make notice he came in peace.

“Then ask him” Lydia answered shortly.

“Cmon Lydia, you know him better than I, you know how close he is… believe me, I have tried but…” He tried one more time, hoping someone would say something.

Lydia stayed quiet for a few seconds. She stared at the ceiling and finally, she deeply sighed, “What do you want to know?”

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Stiles watched impressed the pale blue light radiating in the sky, they reminded him of the northern lights. He let out his breath marveled, he could feel the vanguards with his power covering the town, it felt like a pull, a constant reminder inside his head. He could feel it inside his chest every time, someone went in or out, passing through it. He was leaving a part of him in the town or better said, he was leaving with a part of Beacon Hills inside him.

“Its beautiful” He whispered unable to take away his eyes from it.
Deaton smiled beside him, quietly nodding, “It is” He replied.

“Will this keep the town protected?” He asked.

Deaton lightly shook his head, “Not completely, everything can be broken but if anything tries to enter this place, we’ll feel it”

“Guaranteed?”

“Guaranteed Mr, Stilinski, when have I ever lie to you”

It wasn’t a question, it was fact. Stiles took a deep breath, avoiding to answer his comment. All he could think was his job in Beacon Hills was done, he could finally return to New York, away from the drama and chaos. He could arrange his problems with Steve back home and for a few moments be in peace.

“My guess, you’ll be returning to New York soon?” The doctor suddenly asked taking Stiles out if his thoughts. He couldn’t help but smile and nod, “As soon as possible” He answered before facing Deaton, he lightly clapped him in the back and widely smiled, “As always, its been a pleasure” He added kindly raising his hand.

Deaton gave him a stare and finally shook his hand, “Hope to not see you soon Stiles” He answered honestly.

Stiles smirked under his breath and backed away, “Hopefully” He replied before tele transporting himself.

He appeared in the middle of the living room, surprising everyone around him.

“What the actual hell Stiles?!” Lydia blurted out, putting a hand over her chest before rolling her eyes annoyed. Stiles laughed under his breath bumping her shoulder. He walked away from her as he watched everyone quickly moving around him, getting ready to finally leave the damn loft. He managed to see his brother behind Thor and Steve, packing his stuff in complete, tense silence. Stiles frowned lightly confused and made his way toward him.
“Ready to go?” He asked before playfully clapping his back. But his brother barely reacted, in fact he even shook himself to move Stiles hand away. He made a head movement and kept his mouth in a tense, straight line.

“Tony?” He asked more confused when he suddenly felt a hand grabbing his arm. It was Clint, quickly pulling him away, “Better not” He replied quietly, stretching his neck to steal a look from Tony, still minding his own business.

“What happened?” Stiles asked even more confused, looking between him and his brother.

“Its better to wait until New York, no one needs another fight in this place” He shortly answered before walking away, making sure Stiles wouldn’t try to go talk to him again. Stiles opened his mouth in complete shock, he raised his arms and scoffed, what in gods name had he done now? Reluctantly he began making his own suitcase, putting his clothes inside with more strength than necessary in a complete and utter mess.

“What happened between you two huh?” Scott asked appearing beside him, staring at Tony as well.

Stiles scoffed closing his suitcase, “Go ask him, I have no idea…” But the words died inside his mouth, “What is that?” He asked distracted, staring at the several baggage behind his friends legs, “Why you need so much stuff?” He added looking up at Scott, who opened his mouth and nervously scratched the back of his neck, “Well…”

“We’re coming with you” Jackson suddenly exclaimed behind him, distracted as he put on a blue sweatshirt.

“Excuse me?”

“You’re not leaving alone with this mess Stiles, of course we’re coming with you” Lydia exclaimed as if it was obvious. Stiles let his mouth hang opened, he mumbled between teeth before speaking, “Look guys, its not that I’m not grateful and excited but…” His words were forgotten as he watched Derek climbing down his stairs and yes, bag in hand.

“Are you kidding me?” He muttered to himself before shaking his head. He send a killer stare to Scott and let out his breath. He must had knew it, Derek would had never let his pack go alone to
other country, not even New York.

“I’ll wait in the quinjet” He muttered shortly, voice tense as wire. He turned around and disappeared through the door ignoring everything and everyone.

“Well, that went well” Derek exclaimed crestfallen, watching his ex leave. If honest, he didn’t expect any other reaction coming from him, it wasn’t Derek’s idea of fun either, to spent his time with him in another country, with his brother and his current… guy. But they were bigger things in state and he wasn’t leaving his pack alone, even Stiles, despite who ever liked it or not.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Tony asked hostilely, watching him carefully. He wasn’t sure if they needed more drama in the tower, no one needed it, but Derek belonged to the pack and they were bigger things than Derek’s and Stiles problems.

“I told you I’m not leaving my pack alone and that includes Stiles” Derek answered strongly before accommodating his bag on his shoulder. Tony was only able to nod as he looked away, he could understand him.

Suddenly, Steve deeply sighed, passing beside Derek, brushing his shoulder, “This is gonna blow in our faces” He whispered provocative under his breath, but it was enough for Derek to hear him loud and clear and he wasn’t gonna take it, “You have something to say?” He asked angrily, not being able to maintain himself.

Steve stopped on his tracks and faced him, dropping his bag in the process, “Oh trust me, I have many things I want to say big guy” He answered bitterly, raising his arms to his side, emphasizing the big guy part.

Derek took a deep breath, clenching his jaw, almost hearing his teeth crack. Immediately Scott stepped between them and put a hand on Derek chest pushing him back, “Cmon guys, knock it out” He exclaimed looking between them. Steve shrugged, half smiling, he scoffed before grabbing his suitcase from the floor. He turned around, ready to leave, “As I said, this is gonna blow in our faces”

“I’m so glad we’re not going” Erica muttered from the couch before returning to her book, Isaac and Boyd agreeing with her in complete silence. Derek send her a mad stare before buffing, “Please lets just get over this”
Stiles leaned against his seat as he took a deep breath. He could feel Tony’s eyes on him, digging on his neck like a freaking vulture waiting for its prey. It was starting to get into his nerves. He angrily returned the look and raised his eyebrows waiting for a reaction, something, anything but Tony stayed on his seat, arms crossed over his chest. Stiles rolled his eyes and looked away, he began biting his nail, his leg bouncing with nervousness. One more time he looked at him, Tony hadn’t even blinked, his eyes were still furious. Stiles had had enough. He suddenly stood up and made his way toward him, ignoring Clint’s and Steve’s curious stare.

“Alright, what’s your fucking problem?” He angrily asked, finally facing him.

Tony even had the guts to seemed confused, “Excuse me?”

Stiles sighed angrily and grabbed his arm, pulling him up. Tony gasped surprised, stumbling with his feet as Stiles dragged him away from the crowd, “Can you just tell me what’s going on?” He asked tiredly.

Tony let go of his grip and looked away, he twisted his mouth, “Why you never told me?” He asked so quietly Stiles wasn’t sure he heard correctly, “What?” He breathed, “Tell you what?”

“Everything Stiles, everything” He muttered looking up at him. A sad expression on his face.

“What are you talking about?” He asked confused.

“I could have help you, if you just-“

“Tony” Stiles interrupted him raising his arm and closing his eyes, “What are you talking about?”

“About you, about your pack, Scott, Lydia, that fucking crazy old man that kidnapped you, the asylum-“

“Shut up” Stiles blurted out, his voice drowning with the commotion, “Who told you?”
Tony sighed and looked away, keeping his mouth shut. Stiles looked around him, searching for Scott, Jackson, anyone. He then realized Lydia had her eyes tied in them and Stiles somehow knew, she was the one that opened her big mouth, how much did she told him? He had no idea but Tony knew the secrets of the pack, his secrets.

“Why did you ask her?!” He madly yelled facing his brother again, “Why Tony? If I would want to tell you I would have! How can ambush my friends into telling you everything?!”

“Because your a fucking tree!” He shouted making Stiles hissed angrily.

“You're a fucking trunk, you never talk! you never show anything but I can notice, I realize it hurts, I know it hurts you and if you could just let me be there for you, if you could just let me fucking in”

They remained painfully silent for a few seconds, Stiles felt them as minutes, hours. He shook his head and passed a hand through his messy hair, “Not like this Tony, not like this” He answered quietly, “They aren’t just mine to tell, they affect everyone, its affects us as a pack and if you can’t understand that, then-“

“Thats bullshit, you know thats bullshit, I care about you, don’t pull that shit on me when I only care about you Stiles” Tony interrupted him, almost disillusioned.

“Well, don’t put that shit on me either, I did what I had to do and I don’t regret anything, not even asking for your damn help as if I ever need it!”

“Its not like that Stiles! JUST LET ME FUCKING BE THERE YOU!” He yelled euphoric.

Stiles stayed quiet, blinking several times. He knew half of the pack and the team was now listening, surely the whole time they had been listening, they hadn’t been exactly quiet. Stiles swallowed hard and shook his head, he let his anger go and all it was left was exhaustion, “I´m sorry you had to find out that way” He finally muttered.

Tony lightly flinched, as if he was that really impressed Stiles was letting go. Tony opened his mouth and closed it several times, he shook his head. Suddenly Stiles was surrounded by his arms, he blinked several times confused before leaning on his brother, awkwardly clapping his back.
“I hate you so much sometimes” He whispered stepping back, but Stiles could hear the smile on his words.

“You’re an idiot Tony, an idiot with good intentions but still an idiot” He answered clapping his cheek.

“How much do you know?” He asked leaning on the wall beside him.

Tony twisted his mouth and put his hands inside his pockets, rocking himself in his feet, “Sorry I ambushed your friends” He answered instead.

Stiles smirked and shook his head, “That much huh?”

“They didn’t tell me everything, just a small resume, except for…” He muttered, his words dying inside his mouth, avoiding to say her name out loud.

“Except for Allison” Stiles finished for him, nodding. “Except for Allison” Tony confirmed, looking down. At least he seemed lightly regretted.

Stiles shook his head, stepping back from him, “Next time, can you just… ask me instead?” He exclaimed, raising his eyebrows. Tony was about to answer when a loud alarm began sounding around them, they had arrived their destination, “And you're showing Derek and the stupid couple their stupid rooms, I’m taking a fucking nap”*

Stiles dropped his bag on the floor of his room, it was still a mess, books all over the damn place and it was beautifully disorganized. He bitterly whimpered as he climbed into his bed, not caring to take off his boots or jacket. Scott had been kind enough to fill him up with the… little discussion between Derek and Steve back at the loft, and the trip hadn’t even started yet. He limited himself to scoff and rolled his eyes as he climbed the elevator, happily greeting at Jarvis. Scott had asked what he was going to do, his answer was absolutely nothing, it wasn’t his problem.
Except it was, it was his ex boyfriend and his current… something. It was his problem right? Still he didn’t want to do anything, what could he do? Arrange his many, many problems with Derek? They were beyond that, there was too many pending things hanging between them. And Steve? That was another, totally different story. They weren’t even together in first place, they weren’t even friends, at least for Steve’s part. Stiles was willing to left anything past him, to just be friends with him, he wanted Steve in his life, one way or another.

But yeah, he decided it wasn’t his problem and he was gonna take a long, well deserved nap as they arranged theirselves downstairs. He clapped his pillow and rubbed his head against it, getting into a more comfortable position, it wasn’t his goddamn problem.

Hours later, Stiles snatched his head up at hearing a knock on his door. He passed hand through his face, removing his sweaty hair from it. There was other knocking on the door, more persisting. He deeply sighed sitting on his bed, “Coming” He blurted out, clearing his hoarse throat. He looked around him, frowning, the night had fallen and his room was in pitch shadows. He removed his jacket and tossed it away. Stretching his arms in the process.

He slowly stood up from his bed, removing his shirt, he smelled like crap. He kicked his shoes off and dragged his feet to the door, “Hey” He muttered, still sleepy as he opened the door.

Lydia blinked several times, staring at him, “Hey” She answered shyly.

Stiles eyed her closely and thunder his tongue, he backed away leaving the door opened, “Lights on” He exclaimed out loud. Narrowing his eyes at the sudden brightness, “Sorry, its a mess” He muttered watching as Lydia carefully entered his room, dodging his books and clothes.

“I can notice” She replied, looking up at him. Stiles half smiled and nodded, scratching his neck, “I’m gonna take a shower, I smell like crap” He suddenly exclaimed, not quite sure why he said it.

Lydia nodded, “I’m sorry for telling your brother, I didn’t want to cause a… well, he convinced me, he was genuinely concerned for you and I, somehow thought he already knew, at least a little bit” She nervously rambled.

Stiles raised his hand and shook it, “Its alright Lids, I know how persuasive he can be, he had his ways and, well, I’m kind of relief he knows and I don’t have to tell him myself” He answered truthful before shrugging, “I would have been an endless fight” He added before quietly laughing.
Lydia nodded again in response, “You do smell like crap” She exclaimed, half smiling, “Everyone is at the common floor, Scott made dinner” She added, already walking back to the door.

“I’ll be there in ten minutes” He promised entering the bathroom. He heard the door closing and let out his breath as he opened the watering can. He removed his clothes and stared at himself in the mirror, slowly covering in steam as the water got hot. He lightly caressed his too long beard and hair. He seemed older than an only twenty one years old. He quickly took out the razor and without thinking further he began removing his beard. Strands of hair began falling into the sink. He finished minutes later and touched his bare skin, he still looked old.

“Common floor, please Jarvis” He politely asked leaning on the wall of the elevator, trying to arrange his messy wet hair with his fingers.

“Somebody looks like a baby” Was the first thing Stiles heard the moment he stepped out of the elevator. He smiled scratching his cheek, “Shut up” He answered to Scott, walking toward the table where the pack was eating, the team was nowhere to be seen. Except, for his surprise Lydia and Natasha were happily chatting between them, he was glad they were getting along.

Scott send him a glare and clapped the empty space beside him. Stiles slowly sat beside him, he stared at the plate filled with green food and shook his head, the simple thought of eating something, still made his stomach twist, specially when they were vegetables. He immediately pushed the plate away, pulling a face.

“You haven’t eaten anything solid in days Stiles” Scott exclaimed lowly, pushing the plate to its original place, in front of his friend. One more time Stiles refused to eat but Scott wasn't giving up either, “I specially prepare this for you” He hissed, “Eat, Stiles”

“Make me”

“Oh you little piece of shit” Scott exclaimed, already raising a fork with food on it.

“Would you two babies knock it out?” Lydia hissed madly, sending them a furious stare. Stiles gave her a curious look, noticing she and Natasha were writing things down.

“What are you two doing?” He asked, pushing Scott away before getting closer to them. Natasha hummed not looking up, “Research” She shortly answered. Stiles curiosity grew as he leaned on the tablet, he managed to read something about Italy and energy sources before wide opening his
eyes, “You found something?” He asked disbelief, innocently, snatching the tablet from the table.

Lydia groaned taking it back before punching him in the arm, “Leave that alone idiot” She muttered giving him a long stare.

Stiles twisted his mouth and patiently waited for them to explain theirselves. Finally Natasha put her elbows on the table and looked up at him, “We think we discovered a pattern to find more energy sources”

“No shit” Stiles breathed, his mouth lightly opened. Natasha raised one eyebrow and lightly smirked, “Yeah shit, look”

She handed the tablet to Stiles, who quickly took it and started reading the information, his eyes passing through the words. He looked up at them, bitting his lip, “Are you sure?” He asked after a couple of seconds on silence. Lydia nodded taking the tablet back, “For now, yes”

Stiles nodded and rubbed his chin, it made sense, “And your planing to run this into Jarvis and simply came out with a result?” He asked.

“Thats the plan” Natasha answered.

Stiles took the tablet back and read again. Megalithic constructions, deep forests with mountains around it, history of religious practices, strong energy and supernatural activity, were only a few patters among the list, “This won’t be easy, finding them, its gonna take a long time” He exclaimed putting the tablet away.

“Its a start Stiles” Lydia exclaimed, giving him a cocky smile, “Its a good start” She added more seriously. Stiles watched her as she walked toward the table, she took something in her hands before turning to him, “Now, Scott is right, you haven’t eaten anything solid in days” He exclaimed, handing the disgusting plate to him.

Stiles rolled his eyes standing up from his chair, he pulled a face of poor friends and walked toward the fridge, he wide opened it and stared at the usual bottle of vodka he had guarded. He let out his breath as he looked away from it, the temptation being too much. He quickly took out a box of old pizza, it seemed it had been there for days. He smiled to himself as he heated the frozen pizza with his hands.
“Are you serious?” Scott asked watching him, almost with disgust.

“What?” Stiles asked distracted as he watched the cheese melt.

“That thing has been there since we left Stiles, what’s your problem?” Scott breathed, twisting his mouth.

“I like bad food” He simple answers shrugging. He took a slice and immediately put it inside his mouth, humming happily, the taste was even better.

“You like bad life” Lydia muttered under her breath as she put the plate of green food inside the fridge. Stiles gave her a quick glare before shrugging and showing her the finger.

“Manners for gods sake” Tony exclaimed as he entered the kitchen, his walking in a hurry, “What’s for dinner?” He quietly asked as he opened the fridge, “Omg, are those vegetables?” He exclaimed taking out the same plate it was meant for Stiles.

Scott let out his breath before snatching it, “Don’t even think about it, it’s for your damn unhealthy brother, who is eating a week old pizza”

Tony raised his eyebrows, clearly impressed. Him and Stiles shared a long stare before Tony raised his arm, “Give me a slice” He exclaimed walking toward him but Stiles was already running away, “Hell no, get your own damn food old man” He muttered, his answer almost understandabe for his full mouth.

Natasha rolled her eyes, climbing from her chair, “Tit for tat” She complained already walking away. Lydia looked between Black widow’s back and his best friend, still fighting for an old pizza and took a decision, “Wait for me” She breathed walking right behind her.

“Don’t leave me” Scott exclaimed, quickly following the girls. He hoped Stiles and Taly got stomach ache for eating, literally crap, instead of his cooking.
“Wanna watch a movie?” Lydia asked as she entered Stiles room, food on arms. Jackson right behind her.

“What?” Stiles asked quietly, leaning on the headboard.

“Watch a movie” She answered shortly, already sitting beside him. Stiles raised his eyebrows, watching as she put her head on his chest and took the control, searching for a film in Netflix, “Alright…” He muttered, getting into a more comfortable. Jackson sat beside him, on the other side and crossed his arms over his chest, making their shoulders bump.

“Uh, movie night!” Scott exclaimed excited as he entered the room too. Stiles watched him walk toward them, he sat in the bed, in front of them. He deeply sighed as he moved his legs for Scott to lay in bed, “Thanks man” He happily said, distracted as he watched the screen. As Stiles finished the chips, Lydia finally decided for Clueless.

“We need more food” He muttered tossing away the empty bag.

“What?” Lydia breathed, giving him a serious stare, “I barely ate any” She complained.

Stiles rolled his eyes as he took out his phone, Jackson buffing in the process, “Hold on” He muttered writing a quick text to his brother.

Minutes later, the door opened and Tony made his way in and he wasn’t the only one. Clint and Thor were happily chatting between them, carrying more food in their arms. Stiles raised his head, hoping to see him too but Steve never appeared. Tony threw a new bag of chips at his face, “Mission” He shortly said, sitting down on the floor, leaning against the bed. Stiles swallowed hard and lightly shook his head, he focused on the movie and his second bag of chips.

Half hour later, Jackson was lightly snoring, his head kept falling against his will on Stiles shoulder. He was pretty sure, Scott and the other three idiots were asleep too, “I need more food” He mumbled, lightly pushing Lydia´s head from him. She gave him a look, “You’re gonna get fat” She simply answered, focusing back in the movie. Stiles smirked and rolled his eyes, “Yeah, right” He answered, quietly walking away. He closed the door behind him before walking toward the kitchen, where he was pretty sure all the food was gone.

He twisted his mouth before tele transporting himself to the kitchen in the common floor. He
blinked several times trying to adjust to the darkness as he search for more chips, he hummed searching inside all cabinets, “Chips, chips, chips” He muttered annoyed.

“You’re gonna get fat” Someone muttered behind his back. Stiles lightly flinched, turning his head.

Slowly, Derek walked toward him. Wearing his grey and white pajamas, Stiles could recognize them for the several, for not saying hundred times he took them off from him.

“Curious, Lydia said the same thing and still, I don’t believe it” He answered with a deep sigh as he finally found a half eaten bag of chips, he shrugged taking them out. Derek smirked under his breath, “When two people say it, its because it means something Stiles”

“Oh fuck off, bitter old man” He complained, filling his mouth with more junk food, “I do a lot of exercise”

“Stiles” Derek breathed, “You are lazy”

He had the nerve to look offended, “Excuse me, I am not” He exclaimed, unable to contain his laugh. Derek smiled too, looking down at his feet. The laughs eventually died and they fell into a deep silence, yet not uncomfortable.

“We’re watching a movie, wanna join?” Stiles finally asked quietly.

Derek remained silent and twisted his mouth into a weird smile, he shook his head, “No, I need some sleep, its your time with them” He answered, already walking away. Stiles raised his eyebrows lightly impressed at how Derek had referred to them, as if they were their children, as if they had just gotten a divorce.

“Alright, good night” He limited himself to answer, watching as the man dragged his feet to the elevator. Stiles sighed and shook himself before tele transporting himself into his flat. He walked toward his room trying not to make noise and opened his door. The movie was still on and everyone was completely sleep. He sighed staring at his brother and the other two completely asleep, laying on the floor in really uncomfortable positions. It seemed everyone had forgotten his room was a disgusting mess, he didn’t know why they liked reuniting inside his room when there was a perfectly huge cinema in the tower, instead of piling up inside a tiny room.
Carefully he climbed into his bed, accidentally kicking Scott’s head in the process. He twisted his mouth watching as his friend muttered something under his breath before falling asleep again. He let out his breath relief and squeezed himself between Lydia and Jackson, it had been a bad idea. Almost immediately Jackson put an arm around him and rubbed his face against his arms. Stiles pulled a face and scoffed.

He managed to watch the end of the movie and the beginning of sixteen candles before he was completely sleep, what could he say? He loved romantic movies.

*

Stiles felt as if his skin was burning, he hummed slowly opening his eyes to realize Jackson’s face was dangerously close to his. He pursed his lips and backed away, crashing with other body, “What the hell?” He complained looking around him. He didn’t know when but Thor was laying on his bed too, strangely spooning with Scott. He frowned at the weird image and slowly sat in bed, he was soaking wet in sweat, too many people around him.

“Great…” He muttered climbing off with effort, trying not to wake anyone up.

When he was finally out, he quickly checked the hour, it was barely six am in the morning. He had slept so little and yet, he felt rested enough. He clapped his stomach and twisted his mouth, indeed he was getting fat. He quickly changed into gym clothes and made his way to the elevator.

“Good morning Jarvis” He muttered as the elevator went down.

“Good morning sir” Jarvis answered immediately.

“Has Natasha and Lydia updated you with the new information?” He asked.

“Yes sir, I’m running the datas but its going to take a long time”
Stiles nodded, he was expecting that response, it was gonna take them a long time to find energy sources around the world. He was silent a few seconds, nervously biting his nail, “Jarvis?” He called quietly.

“Yes?”

“Did Steve- uh, did Captain Rogers arrived?” He finally asked, clearing his throat.

Jarvis took a few long, painful seconds to answer, “No sir, he hasn’t”

Stiles ignored the sudden alarm inside his head, he swallowed hard and repeatedly nodded, “Alright” He breathed, watching the doors wide opened to the main floor, “Please let me know when he does” He suddenly exclaimed before clearing his throat, he quickly walked out before he could hear an answer. He exited the tower and stepped into the cold street. He began stretching as he walked away, ignoring the several stares into his direction. He put the intercom on and played some music, he needed to run the three bag of chips away.

Half hour later, his legs were in literal fire, he collapsed against the building beside him as he took deep breaths, “Oh my god…” He breathed before removing the sweat from his forehead. He nearly groaned at the woman that gave him a weird look, “Nothing to see here” He muttered, closing his eyes, feeling his chest was gonna explode.

He couldn’t give up that easily, he could at least run other thirty minutes. Taking a deep breath, he began jogging again, almost whimpering in pain. There was something about running, beside the exhaustive fact you had to maintain a steady pace as well as your breathing, it was distracting, it kept your mind busy, Stiles could nearly understand why Steve and the pack liked it so much, nearly.

“Sir?” Jarvis suddenly exclaimed interrupting the loud music. Stiles stopped on his tracks, looking around him, “Yeah?”

“Captain Rogers has arrived”

Almost immediately Sties felt as if he could breath better, deeper, “Alright, thank you Jarvis” He answered, turning around, ready to head back home.
“Also, your brother asked me to tell you everyone is that the gym” Jarvis added.

Stiles scoffed, rolling his eyes, of course they were training. He looked around him again, before quickly entering a dark alley, he was not running or walking back at the damn tower. Confirming he was completely alone, he tele transported back to the kitchen in the common floor. He almost stumbled with his shaky legs, “Goddamn it” He complained, feeling like an old man.

“Why did you asked Jarvis to let you know when I arrived?” Steve suddenly asked behind his back, making Stiles flinched meters away from him, “What the hell dude?” He angrily exclaimed, rubbing his chest. He let out his breath and shook his head, “What?”

Steve stared at him before crossing his arms over his chest but didn’t open his mouth. Stiles frowned, cursing the moment he didn’t tell Jarvis to keep his mouth shut, he then realized Steve was still in his uniform and it was covered in blood. Without even thinking about it, he stepped forward, his hands looking for any injuries. Steve exclaimed something but Stiles was too busy staring at the deep cut he had on his ribs.

“You're hurt” He breathed, lightly stepping back. Unconsciously his hands traveled through his chest and messy hair, until they were resting on his face, perfectly cupping his strong jaw. Stiles swallowed hard when he realized what he was doing but didn’t dare walk away.

“I´m fine” Steve said, removing Stiles hand from him, he wasn’t that strong, “I´m already healing” He added when Stiles eyes didn’t move from him, not believing him. He deeply sighed showing the injure to Stiles, which, indeed was already healing, there was only a pink scratch where the blade had cut, he hadn’t been quick enough to avoid it.

“Alright” Stiles answered shortly, stepping away from him. He finally shook his head and pay his attention back to the fridge, ignoring his beating heart.

“Are you going to answer?” Steve asked, watching Stiles neck as he stretched it, looking for only god knew what.

“Answer what?”

He nearly rolled his eyes, “Really?”
Slowly Stiles straightened up, a box of juice on hand, “I just wanted to know where you were, thats all” He simply explained before taking a long sip of orange juice, and for his really unpleasant surprise it was rotten. He pursed his lips and maintained the liquid inside his mouth until he approached the sink and spit every bit of it, “Oh my god, why we always keep old food in this fucking house, why? This is disgusting” He complained to himself, opening the watering can and desperately drinking water from it, trying to get rid of the horrible taste, “We´re millionaires for gods sake” 

Steve watched him in blank, drinking water like a dog and deeply sighed, there was no use. He turned around and walked away, ignoring Stiles moans. He put a hand on his ribs when they protested and entered the elevator.

“Bad day Mr, Rogers?” Jarvis suddenly asked.

Steve looked up and half smiled, “How many times do I have to tell you Jarvis, call me Steve” He answered instead, talking about his day wasn’t something he wanted.

“Mr, Stark wants a word with you Mr, Rogers” Jarvis answered, almost emphasizing the Mr, Rogers.

Steve smile became wider and he nodded, “Tell him I’ll be there in twenty minutes please” He muttered, making his feet walk when the doors opened to his flat. He slowly made his way to the bathroom, taking off his suit with painfully movements in the process. The warm water didn’t help relax his muscles as it always did, either helped clear his mind. The fact of seeing Stile wearing sweaty gym clothes wasn’t either and having his damn, lets face it, hot ex boyfriend, practically living with them wasn’t either. It was getting into his nerves to a point, it was distracting him from his missions. That day´s mission was supposed to be simply, easy, instead he managed to get himself hurt and nearly killed.

He could understand why Derek decided to tag along, how couldn’t? They were his friends, his family but seeing him, seeing him and Stiles, see their long relationship, what they used to have and somehow, still had. It made his heart ache, psychically ache, because he knew they didn’t have that. All Steve had with Stiles were… fights, not even fights, just long stared and unspoken hurtful words and one pathetic, unique kiss.

Every time his mind wonder to that morning on the forest, every time he heard him say those words again, he quickly blocked them away. He didn’t want, needed to heard them again, he didn’t want to understand them, to feel them. It was painful enough to see them together every damn day. Derek knew how to protect him, how to comfort him, he had seen it the day of the failed ritual, with his own eyes and it suddenly hit him, he had no clue about Stiles life, Stiles secrets, he knew shit about him.
And Stiles, he- he even had the nerve to show worrying about him, to ask Jarvis about him, when he had left perfectly clear, with every action he had made, every word he had said that he didn’t want or like Steve. Every time he had managed to built a wall between them, to put boundaries, somehow Stiles would knock them out and like the idiot Steve was, he let him do it. And there he was, a deep cut on his ribs and a confused mind but always thinking about him again, thinking about him wearing sweaty gym clothes.

Stiles turned around, mouth still filled with water, to find he was completely alone. He frowned confused looking around him. He called for Steve, the name barely understandable before spiting in the sink, “Steve?” He tried again but the answer never came. He deeply sighed, knowing he had fucked up, he had no business asking for him, worrying for him when he had told Steve to, practically stay away from him. But he couldn’t hep it, his caring and worrying for Steve was genuinely real, didn’t matter it wasn’t fair for anyone.

His hunger had suddenly left him, he bitterly made his way to the elevator and finally the gym. The door opened in perfect time for Stiles to see as Natasha kicked Scott’s ass. He laughed under his breath watching as Scott fell down with a sonorous slap, he was gonna wake up with a huge bruise the next day. Scott gasped on the tatami from air as he put an arm around his stomach.

“You suck at this Scottie boy” Stiles exclaimed, offering his hand, waiting for his friend to take it.

Scott send him a mad stare and buffed, pushing his hand away, “I don’t see you kicking her ass either” He muttered standing up with effort.

Stiles scoffed, “Thats cause I already did it”

Scott stayed quiet, staring at him before bursting into laughs. Stiles dropped his shoulders and pursed his lips, “Yeah, laugh whatever”

“Actually he did” Natasha admitted stepping into the conversation. Scott stopped laughing for only a second, “Come on!” He exclaimed, laughing again.

“He really did but he won’t tell me how he did it” She exclaimed giving Stiles a quick glare, who only rolled his eyes and shrugged, “Talent girl, pure talent” He cockily answered, walking away from them. He had barely raised his arm, waving at Tony when he felt an arm around his neck, squeezing hard. He stumbled with his feet, ignoring Scott’s victorious laugh. Stiles rolled his eyes before bending on himself, making Scott fall on his back.
Before Stiles could even think of punching him, Natasha had tackled him to the ground.

“Thats not fucking fair!” He shouted, hearing as Scott joined her too.

Derek, Lydia and Jackson stopped their training to watch the silly fight, “Yeah! Kick him!” Jackson yelled, encouraging Stiles to do it, earning a serious glare from her girlfriend, “Thats not even a fair fight” Derek exclaimed, already stepping into the tatami. No one made the attempt to stop him.

“This is gonna end up so bad” Jackson muttered, putting his arms around Lydia, who was only able to nod in agreement.

Steve could hear the bustle from inside the elevator. He frowned confused as the doors opened and he was able to see the whole rampage.

“What the hell” He whispered quietly, watching as Natasha made a weird key, immobilizing Stiles right arm, the same time Scott tried to make other one to his leg but was terrible failing. He saw Tony standing on the other side of the room, loudly laughing, clearly enjoying the show.

“You’re an ass” He exclaimed, standing beside him.

Tony gave him a quick glare and half smiled, “It went that bad huh? You look like shit”

He looked down, sadly smiling, “It has gone worse” He answered before shrugging.

Tony let out a deep breath, he opened his mouth ready to answer when his eyes settle on something else. Steve frowned following his line of stare when he noticed Derek had joined the fight and he was helping Stiles and he was touching his lower back. He clenched his jaw, his jealousy growing inside him against his will. He madly looked away when Stiles smiled at him, clearly thankful his freaking ex boyfriend went for his rescue.

“See you later” He muttered already walking away, he heard Tony calling after him, saying something but Steve couldn’t care any less.
Stiles tried to recover his breath as he gave Derek a grateful smile. Scott said something, followed by Natasha’s laugh but Stiles was too busy staring how Steve walked away, his shoulders seemed tense and his jaw was clenched, as it always happened when something was bothering him. Without thinking about it, his legs followed him.

“Steve?” He called out loud, forgetting for a moment, everyone was around them, listening, specially Derek.

Steve froze on his tracks and looked up his shoulder, “You alright?” He heard Stiles asking, raising his hand to touch him. He abruptly took a step away from him, acting as if Stiles was about to somehow hurt him, who was only to leave his hand still, hanging on the air before slowly lowering it.

“Everything alright?” Derek suddenly asked. Almost immediately Stiles gave him a look, his look, his mad look that said back the fuck up.

“I don’t think thats none of your business” Steve angrily exclaimed, surprising Stiles, he had never heard or seen that facet of him and he wasn’t sure he liked it, either Derek´s big bad alpha attitude.

“I don’t think this is the moment or the place for this” Stiles answered, putting himself between them, giving both of them a serious grin. But it didn’t go as he had planned, instead Steve’s eyes snatched to him with a sudden anger Stiles couldn’t quite comprehend, but could understand. He could understand it was him causing it, the realization hit him like a wave. He took a step back as if Steve had pushed him, grabbing Derek´s arm in the process for him to give Steve some space too.

“I get it big guy, I get it” He muttered, nodding to himself. He cleared his throat and took more steps back. He turned around, ready to leave when he noticed everyone was staring at them. He rolled his eyes, “Goddamn it” He cursed louder than he meant too but things couldn’t get any awkward, so he simply walked away, climbing the elevator. The doors began to close when an arm appeared through them, stopping them.

Stiles tilted his head pained, letting out his breath, “Knock it out Derek”

“What are you talking about?”
“Stop it, just stop it, alright?” Stiles exclaimed, raising his voice.

Derek let out his breath, trying to say something when Stiles interrupted him, “No, shut up” He nearly yelled, raising his hand, “You think I don’t know what you’re doing? You think I don’t know you, Derek?”

“What are you talking about Stiles?” Derek asked again, his voice deep as a sigh, as if he was extremely tired.

“Don’t bullshit me, whatever problems I have with Steve, is none of your business, you and I are over, my relationship with him doesn’t concern you on the minimum, so back the hell up”

He didn’t know if those were the right words, he knew he was right. But he wasn’t sure he had used the correct words, not when he saw the hurt in his green big eyes, but they were said and there was no turning back.

The doors opened in Stiles flat, without anything left to say, he walked out, his shoulder brushing Derek’s, only for a second, but it was enough for Derek to grab him by the neck before slamming him against the wall of the elevator, some habits were never lost.

Stiles was about to roll his eyes, to ask him to stop being such an idiot, to let go when he felt Derek’s lips against his, they were warm and soft, known, but it wasn’t refreshing, it felt old. The kiss was desperate, hopeless, a weak attempt to bring something back, something that was lost. Stiles barely dare to move, too weak to push him back, too weak to return the same passion.

Derek stopped moving, resting his lips on his for a few seconds before backing away, his breathing agitated.

“We’re over” Stiles whispered, his voice heartbroken and empty even for his own ears.

His legs moved by their own, he was conscious he was moving, walking, but everything he did seemed automatic. Opening the door to his room, walking to the bathroom, removing his clothes and entering the shower. He was in blank. He suddenly didn’t appreciate the cold water that much.
“Well, that was something to talk about” Scott exclaimed as he leaned against the door frame of Stiles room, who only raise his eyes from the book of history about dark magic he was reading, “You can save your not welcome comments, thank you very much” He simply answered with a fake smile.

Scott smirked as he entered the room, “What happened?”

“I told him to back the hell up from me and Steve”

“And?”

“He kissed me”

Even Scott raised his eyebrows impossible high, “He what?”

Stiles sighed, putting his book away, “He fucking kissed me Scottie boy, thats what happened”

“Are you- is he- how?” Scott muttered, truly confused with the sudden turn of events, “I don’t know how, I don’t know if he’s alright and I… I wish I could say I wanted to kiss him back, that I felt what I used to feel, but… I don’t, I don’t anymore”

His eyes got lost as the security from his words grew inside him. The realization didn’t make him happy, instead it only left a huge empty circle inside him, everything inside of it was gone, along with him. Stiles wasn’t sure what to do with that or what could fill it.

“And I… really don’t know what to say, beside… I’m truly sorry” Scott whispered, scratching the back of his neck, looking down.
Stiles remained silent, in his place he wouldn’t know what to say either. He shrugged, stretching his arm with the intention to get back to his reading when Scott cleared his throat, “Actually, Lydia sent me, she asked if you wanted something to eat”

“Like what?”

“She and Natasha are going to get some chinese food”

Stiles was actually paying attention at that, he sat on his bed, “Chinese food you say?”

Scott smiled fondly at his friends silly excitement for only food, “You want to go with them?”

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“Come one, you idiot” Lydia hissed, grabbing Stiles hand, who was distracted staring at the several stores in chinatown. For such late hour, there was a sea of people, most of them enjoying a late meal. He smiled, looking up at the sky, watching the several red lights hanging in the air.

“I don’t know why we don’t do this more often” He exclaimed watching a candy stand, filled with every existent color, already tasting the different flavors.

“That’s cause you’re a little kid and get distracted with everything in our pass, come on” Lydia hissed, pushing him in front of her and Natasha, who only laughed under her breath.

Stiles twisted his mouth and followed them in complete silence until they arrived to the furthest damn restaurant they could find. Before entering, Stiles noticed the mass of people had suddenly disappeared, instead they were only a couple passing by. He frowned confused, there was something odd, a feeling deep in his stomach. He shrugged it away, it was probably his hunger.
A soft jingle was heard when he opened the door, he looked up, noticing the mobile of birds hanging in front of him. The little restaurant, with blue walls and golden signs was oddly empty and quite. They waited, standing in the middle of the room for someone to come out and take their order. Lydia cleared her throat but no one appeared. She and Stiles shared a quick look.

Stiles walked toward the long bar, filled with food, only then he was able to realize, every trade of food seemed cold and old. He frowned, the odd sensation inside his stomach intensified. He turned around, ready to tell the girls to leave when he heard that soft jingle again.

Everyone froze as the door slowly opened.

Steve popped his head inside the room, eyebrows raised. Stiles let out his breath, dropping his shoulders.

“What are you doing here?” Natasha asked impressed, walking toward him. Steve sighed as he entered the restaurant, “Tony sent me, said you Nat never get the order right and with Stiles helping you, it will be a mess”

“Are you serious?”

“Sadly, yes, he won’t shut up with his tantrum, something you two have in common” He exclaimed, directly looking at Stiles, who only pursed his lips and nodded slowly, it was sadly true. He was ready to answer back when he managed to hear something, something outside the restaurant. He frowned closing his mouth.

“Stiles?” Lydia called him taking a step near him.

He raised his hand, stopping her, “I think… I feel something” He whispered giving her a look. Before he could think of moving, Lydia was already walking outside, her step decisive, “Lydia wait” Stiles called after her, following her. The moment he exited the restaurant, something stopped him, a wave of magic energy made him stop, he felt it on his bones. He took a deep breath looking around him, the wind was blowing with strength, making the garbage and the lamps danced with it.

He noticed Lydia standing in the middle on the road, looking up. The few people around them, were backing away, the same fear written in their faces.
“Lydia, get them out of here” Stiles exclaimed, walking toward her.

“Theres something there” She breathed, raising her finger, pointing to the front. Stiles followed her line of view and noticed the darkness at the end of the road, he couldn’t see nothing passed it, immediately he remembered his dream, his body yelled at him to run to the other side but he couldn't.

“Get everyone out of here” He repeated as he began walking to that strange darkness. A quiet sound was barely audible, something was inside it, slowly moving. Stiles could hear as if something was being dragged.

Slowly, a person emerged from the shadows, Stiles stopped on his tracks watching as the woman’s eyes were lost, seeing nothing and everything at the same time. Even with the fade light, he could see her pale skin, almost yellow. It seemed dried and arid, it seemed dead. He could see a dark liquid traveling her veins, it looked repulsive.

“Hello?” Stiles said out loud, with precaution.

The woman didn’t stop moving, every time getting closer to him. He stayed still on his place, not really knowing what to do. When she was a couple of meters away from him, he realized where that strange sound came from, her right foot was crooked, it was completely broken to a point her bone was exposed. All doubts were forgotten as Stiles immediately walked toward her, thinking she might have been in an accident, that she might be in shock, “You alright ma´m?” He asked, raising his arm to touch her.

In a blink of an eye, her head snatched to him, making the bones of his neck crack. Stiles lowered his hands, stopping on his tracks. Their eyes locked in each other, hers were almost yellow, as well as her skin, but it was her pitch black pupil that made him step back from her.

“Lydia?” He called out loud, unsure, his voice sounding scared even for him.

The woman showed her deformed and rotten teeth, letting out a deep groan, she raised her arms, scratching the air, trying to catch him.

Stiles tried to step back but the woman was faster than he had though and stronger too. She launched herself toward him, knocking him down.
“Lydia!” He yelled, putting an arm against her chest to keep her away, but her teeth were dangerously closed to his face. He pushed her away, far enough for him to stand up, “Hold on!” He yelled at the lady but she wasn’t listening, she attacked him again.

“Goddamn it!” He shouted desperate before punching her right in the face. Her head tossed back as a splash of dark blood came out of her mouth.

He heard as his friends called him in despair. Stiles was prepare to leave when he managed to see movement in the shadows, he could see tons of bodies walking in his direction and each one of them, seemed as dead as the woman beside him. Necromancy, was his first thought. They needed to get the hell out from that place. He turned around, ignoring the woman’s groaning behind him and began running. He waved his hands for the others to began running as well, but they were froze on their place, staring at something above in the sky.

Only then, he was able to hear a distant motor, a loud draft. He looked up to the sky, where a plane was surfing the night sky. It wasn’t from the avengers or Tony’s, it was a military place and they didn’t know they where there. He managed to see Steve making gestures, yelling something but Stiles couldn’t understand what he meant, until he saw the red flames and heard the loud canon. In matter of seconds he saw his world upside down before crashing against the ground.

The punch knocked out the air out of his lungs and his ears were clogged with a strange whistle. He blinked several times, trying to focus on something, but everything he could see was a bright orange light and ashes. He tried calling Steve, anyone but his voice sounded flooded, as if he was under water. He put his weight on his elbows, trying to stand up when he felt a pair of arms pulling his shirt. Stiles looked up impressed, the same woman was trying to get him, except half of her face was burst into flames and most of clothes were tattered.

He deeply groaned, creating a blast of fire that sent her flying a few meters away. He was finally able to stand up, lightly stumbling with his confused feet, “Steve?” He tried again, coughing for the thin smoke surrounding him.

He managed to see a still body, laying on the street. His heart stopped for a second as he approached it, “Steve” He whispered as he leaned in front of him. He quickly removed the dirt from his resting face, “Oh god” He whispered cupping his face, staring as the blood came out from his nose and mouth. He snatched his head up when he heard that known, deep groan. The creatures were still moving, moving toward them. He needed to find Lydia and Natasha and get Steve the hell out from there.

With struggle he carried Steve from the waist, he pulled a face filled with effort and began walking, ignoring the pain from his left ankle, “Lydia!” He shouted, almost desperate but there was no answer and the groaning was every time near them, “Natasha!” He tried again, it was
impossible to see past the flames and dark smoke. Everything around him was burning.

He pulled Steve up when the weight began to be too much, he knew he needed to get the hell out, the girls would be alright, they needed to be alright. He took a deep breath before tele transporting theirselves. Stiles fell hard against the cold floor of the tower with Steve right on top of him.

“Steve! Stiles!” He heard someone yelling their names, followed by pairs of hands trying to help him, to take Steve away from him, “Hold on!” Stiles shouted overwhelmed, immediately everyone around them took a step back. He heard someone asking if he was alright, he shook his head, cupping Steve’s face between his hands, the bleeding had stopped but he wasn’t giving any sign he was gonna recover any soon. Slowly, Stiles laid his body on the cold floor before starting to check for more injuries all over his body.

He felt a hand, lightly touching his shoulder, but he pushed it away, almost with anger. He twisted his mouth when he touch Steve’s chest, his ribs were surely broken for the impact, “Shit” He muttered, feeling the worrying grew inside him.

“What happened?” Stiles asked looking up at the team, everyone was there except for the girls, he felt the panic grew inside him. Everyone was on their uniforms, ready to leave. Even the pack were wearing black combat uniforms.

“What happened?” Tony whispered unsure.

Stiles send him a mad stare and clenched his jaw, “Necromancy” He corrected before staring at Steve again, he shook his head. He stood up, making the team backed away from him, “What happened? Why are you still here?” He asked again, avoiding Derek’s eyes on him.

Tony put a hand on his lower back and pushed him toward the computers, “This things, whatever you want to call them, are attacking in a 30 km radius” Tony explained, showing his brother images of the dead, making their way through the city.

Stiles eyes traveled through them, noticing they were walking north, “Where are they going?” He whispered to himself before shaking his head, “How did they appeared better said” Clint exclaimed stepping into the conversation. Stiles send him a stare and sighed, “Necromancy” He repeated distracted, trying to solve the puzzle.

Clint stayed quiet a few seconds before shaking his hands, “You keep saying that and we still don’t
know what it means”

Stiles deeply sighed, “It means its dark magic, it means someone has conjured the dark from the beyond to raise the dead, and no Tony, they’re not zombies, but it means they are here for a purpose, it means- it means…”

The words died in his mouth as the realization hit him, “It means its changing” He whispered to himself before pushing Tony away and taking control of the computer.

“What is changing?” Tony asked quietly, watching as Stiles rapidly type, “Stiles?” He quietly tried again but his brother didn’t even pretend to listen to him. Tony looked up and read, “Places where the violence rate had suddenly increase?”

“Remember back in Beacon Hills, every disappearances, murders, it meant the nemeton had changed, I’m guessing thats whats happening right now”

“But you have no idea where its happening”

Stiles nodded stepping back from the computer, watching as it worked. He shook himself, he still needed to find the girls, “We need to make a perimeter around the herd, keep them inside” Stiles instructed as he walked toward the wall were Tony had hidden an arsenal, “Have they clear the zone?”

“Mostly” Tony whispered watching his brother get ready.

Stiles took a deep breath and turned to the team and the pack, “Well, lets go” He exclaimed making everyone flinch and move. He gave one look at Steve, still laying on the floor and shook his head, he was gonna be alright.

Tony handed him an intercom and Stiles gladly took it, “Be careful Tony” He whispered taking a few steps back.

“Wait you’re not coming with us?”
“I need to find the girls, we separated after the bomb… I need to find them, alright?” He asked without really asking.

Scott appeared beside him, “Is Lydia alright?” He asked panicked but Stiles didn’t have time to listen to it. He managed to hear something about his brother telling him to stick together before teleporting himself back.

He fell into a mass of dead people. He fought against every arm trying to reach him but they were too many.

“You're an idiot!” He heard Tony yelled through his ear.

Stiles groaned annoyed making a blast of air, sending every body around him far away and he was free, “There are too many Tony, I need your help here” He yelled beginning to run, “Im on my way” His brother answered immediately.

The fire had mostly disappeared but they were trials of ashes and smoke that made impossible to see something past them.

“Natasha! Lydia!” Stiles shouted at the top of his lungs looking around him. His heart beating and the sound of the dead was everything he could hear until the shooting begun. He stopped on his tracks, trying to control his breathing and hear past the loud bustle when once again he heard the shooting, as clear as the water.

He began running as fast as he could, pushing away every corpse that tried to catch him.

“Natasha!” He yelled again, jumping through a curtain of remaining fire as the figure of two bodies appeared in front of him and they did not need his help. He saw as Lydia grabbed a dead’s body head before cracking its neck.

“Lydia” Stiles breathed with relief, jogging towards her.

“Stiles” She exclaimed surprised, whipping the sweat from her forehead.
Stiles had never been so happy to see her and that was saying a lot. He put his arms around her the moment they were facing, “You’re alright” He muttered closing his eyes for a moment, “I lost you and Steve was knocked out and I thought- you’re fine” He rambled, backing away, lightly putting his fingers against her bloody eyebrow where a deep cut was.

“Is Steve alright?” He heard Natasha asking as she opened fire again.

Stiles shook his head walking toward Natasha, she stared at her a few seconds before attracting her to his body, surrounding her with his arms, “You’re alright too!” He exclaimed excited. Natasha froze, clearly impressed for his affection before awkwardly clapping his back.

Stiles immediately let her go when he realized what he was doing and cleared his throat, “Ah… Steve is alright, he just got a big hit in the head” He explained looking down.

“Can you just stop hugging them and do something?” Tony muttered through the intercom.

Stiles looked up in perfect time to see his brother fly above them. Stiles shook himself, “How many you see?”

“Hundreds Stiles, its a fucking herd, the walking dead kind of herd”

He rolled his eyes, ignoring the reference, “They are not zombies!” He exclaimed as he continued his fighting against the dead bodies.

“You know what this means right?!” Lydia asked.

Stiles wanted to answer but he was too distracted trying to get rid of a particular big man that had his face cut off, “It would be great if you just told me!” He answered with a deep groan.

“This is necromancy, someone is doing this!”

“I´m aware of that!” Stiles shouted taking out a gun before tossing it to Natasha, who easily caught it, “Are you aware how we need to end this?” She quietly asked, putting her back against his, trying to recover her breathing.
He frowned at her question, “Killing the crazy psycho thats doing this?” He asked unsure cause seconds ago he was pretty sure that was the answer but Lydia was shaking her head, “Stiles this isn’t the work of a random dead worshipper, the person doing this is something beyond powerful, and I’m not pretty sure its a human being doing this”

He pursed his lips, tying to come out with a different solution but the only one that occur was… sacrifice, “You don’t mean..?”

“Sacrifice?” She finished for him.

“Yes..?”

“I can’t think of anything else, you know how this dark magics works, its based on sacrifices and dead”

“Yeah and drinking animals blood and touching corpses” Stiles wanted to answer, to tell her they could not do it, it was a terrible idea, it was a magic something so dark and rotten, once you’re into it there was no turning back. Stiles didn’t want to mess with it but they had their hands tied behind their backs, being surrounded by thousands of putrid corpses wasn’t the best scenario to think about fast solutions, “I don’t think its the best…” His words died inside his mouth, watching as every body they had managed to kill, was coming back to life. Again. He understood it was an endless story.

“I dont think we have other solution” Lydia muttered instead, “We need to get the hell out form here” Natasha exclaimed, throwing the empty gun away, “We cannot keep doing this” She whispered, watching as the number of dead people grew, they were completely outnumbered.

Stiles swallowed before nodding, “Where are you guys?” Stiles asked to everyone who was listening. Several voices answered him, stumbling with each other panicked tones, “Wait, wait!” Stiles exclaimed, beginning to run, taking Lydias hand into his, “One at a time idiots!”

“Union square man, they all gathering here!” Scott answered, better said yelled, “The green guy can’t hold them all, they're too many!”

Stiles and Lydia shared a quick stare, the same answer on their head. Stiles understood they had no other choice, “On our way” He muttered.
Suddenly Jarvis interrupted Scott’s panicked voice in the intercom, “Stiles, you’re getting several urgent messages and calls from someone called Mr, big bad wolf but from NY”

Stiles blinked several times, remembering it was Liam, “Put him through Jarvis, please” He instructed.

Immediately Liam’s panicked voice filled his ears, “Tell me, you’re fucking alive asshole”

Stiles couldn't help but smile despite the knot in his stomach, “I’m offended by your question”

Liam was silent a few seconds before answering, “My pack and I are coming to help, you’re holding on?”

Stiles shook his head, “Just… meet me in union square, quickly” Stiles answered before ending the call. He looked around him, the dead bodies were surrounding them, there was no scape. He clenched his jaw as he took Natasha’s hand into his, “Just breath” He whispered directly to her. Natasha opened her mouth confused but in a blink on an eye she saw everything upside down and somehow, they were standing in the middle of union square. Scott, Jackson Derek and Thor around them.

Stiles let go of her hands and stared at the ocean of corpses around them. And they thought they were outnumbered.

“Shit” Stiles breathed.

“We need to do it Stiles! And we need to do it now!” Lydia yelled before taking a step to the front, “Cover your ears!” She yelled at the team, opening her mouth. Stiles had barely time to do it before he heard her loud yell. He kneeled on the ground putting his head between his legs, managing to see hundreds of bodies flew away. And still, it wasn’t enough.

He straightened up, taking deep breaths, she was right, they needed to do something. They managed to see a speeding car, quickly driving toward them, “Look out, look out!” Thor yelled grabbing Natasha’s hand, pulling her away when the car suddenly crashed beside them.
“Liam!” Stiles yelled running toward the destroyed van and tried opening the door, but it was stuck. Stiles groaned before smashing the glass with his fist, “Everyones alright?” He asked helping Liam’s pack climbed outside. He felt someone stood beside him, helping too. Him and Derek shared a quick stare but didn’t dare say anything.

“This is madness Stiles!” Liam exclaimed, climbing off. But when he realized Derek and Stiles were standing right in front of him, something in his expression changed, it was gone as soon as it came. Stiles swallowed, wanting to ask but there was no time.

“Tell me you know something about necromancy” Stiles asked Liam, watching as he shift into a big wolf. The man groaned in response and nodded, somehow Stiles knew he had the same answer as they did, “Shit!” Stiles yelled desperate.

“Take Lydia to the nearest graveyard, I´ll meet you there” He promised already walking away. He sideway saw how Liam took her into his arms and quickly disappeared, half of his pack behind him.

“Lydia!” Jackson yelled panicked trying to follow her but the corpses wouldn’t allowed him, “Where is she going?” He yelled to Stiles, the fear clear on his features.

Stiles completely ignored him and took a deep breath, getting mentally prepared, “Cover me” He whispered to Derek and Scott, having only a nod in response. He slowly kneeled on the floor, watching as the corpse recovered from Lydia’s attack. He put his bloody fists against it, almost hearing the dirt crack beneath his weight. He took deep breaths, barely opening his lips and closed his eyes, he felt his magic waking up inside him, following his callings, traveling with its power, it was begging to come out. He felt his connections to the center of the earth and its surroundings, increasing as he called them repeatedly. He heard the earth crumbled, cracking below him. A loud yell came out of his mouth as the earth shook around him.

A big crack began opening at his feet, swallowing everything in its pass, swallowing every corpse into it, Stiles heard the groaning of the dead as they fell, the alarms of the cars and the sound of buildings cracking, unable to stop crumbling down. He wide opened his eyes, hearing how the remaining corpses came to get him. It was a strange feeling, his powers felt awake as it had never did, stronger and powerful than ever. He felt his eyes shine as he lit his fists into fire and started throwing punch after punch, vaporizing everything in his way.

“Get out of here!” He yelled at the team, “Go the nearest graveyard, Lydia is waiting there! Go!” He added, not even waiting for their response and stop to see if they were gone. He continued fighting against everything in front of him and it felt damn good, that sudden power traveling through his veins and body, felt good. Tearing every body with his bare hands felt good. Staining with their blood as he continued slaughtering them, it was such a rush of pure power, he didn’t
want to stop. And that scared him.

It was like a sharp awakening, he froze on his place for seconds, even for a minute and finally, dropped the bag of skin, blood and bones to the floor, hearing its dead slap as it crashed against it. He waited to hear more groaning, more feet dragging, more bodies trying to catch him but it never came, instead a deadly calm was only heard. He fell into his knees looking around him. A gasp came out of his mouth, staring at the hundreds of bloody pieces of persons, they were people and he was the one that did it. He looked down at his hands, at his clothes, his face and hair, all him was covered in rotten, dark blood.

He quickly stood up, stumbling with his feet, desperately wanting to get rid of that guiltiness, “Oh god…” He whispered, passing a hand through his face and hair, getting stained with more blood in the process, “Oh god…”

“Stiles?” He heard someone quietly calling him, in clear and evident shock.

He snatched his head up to that scared voice, making Steve flinch, they stared at each other for a few seconds, “I…” Stiles started, knowing how scared and vulnerable he most seemed, he suddenly felt exposed. He closed his mouth and swallowed, quickly putting back his poker face and burning every fear about himself deep inside him.

“Lets go, the others are waiting” He exclaimed instead, surprising even himself, at the hardness of his voice.

He began walking away, already hearing as the remaining corpses came back to life. Again.

Steve watched him walked away before looking back at the bloody scene, he swallowed hard and shook his head. He put a hand over his ribs when they protested in pain again, he wasn’t healing faster enough. He wasn’t sure if ignoring what just had happened was a good idea, he wasn’t sure if asking about what just had happened was a good idea either.

He wasn’t sure of knowing what he had just seen, the only certain thing he knew was that it wasn’t Stiles, it wasn’t their, his Stiles. It was a complete different person, the anger of his movement, the pleasure of doing it, it wasn’t Stiles, it couldn’t be, Steve told himself, ignoring the sudden concern inside him, it wasn’t Stiles, it couldn't be.
Stiles punched a dead body right in the face when the creature tried to bite him, raising its putrefied arms, “Goddamn it!” He muttered annoyed before taking his head and easily breaking it, he noticed Steve was several meters behind him, taking deep breaths, “Are you alright?” He quietly asked at him, dropping the corpse on the ground. Steve leaned against a lamppost with tiredness, carefully watching Stiles movements.

“I´m fine” He answered strongly, turning his head when he heard slow movement behind them, “We need to move” He added, already beginning to walk.

Stiles followed him with his eyes and twisted his mouth, wondering how long he had watched him in his… previous accident. He sighed following him. The streets were deserted of the living, the police had actually made a good work clearing the zone and people knew better than returning.

“Are you guys still there?” Stiles asked thorough the intercom, putting his fingers on top of it.

Immediately Lydia´s voice appeared, she had surely stolen Jackson´s intercom, “I have no idea what I´m doing, you need to come, right now” She muttered, trying but falling for her voice not to sound scary.

Stiles nodded and hardened his step, tele transporting wasn't an option since he had lost so many energy and he knew he needed the little rest for the ritual. He had never messed with necromancy, he didn’t like it, it was too risky, too dark, it was the forbidden kind of magic, no one wanted to deal with it, unless psychos and dead worshipers. Messing with the dead and the spiritual forces, it always left scars.

“Come on” He whispered taking Steve´s arm into his, trying to help him but he immediately pushed him away, “I said I´m fine Stiles” He repeated louder.

“Can you stop being so childish?” Stiles exclaimed back, remembering, so long ago, those were the words Steve had told him in the forest, the day Stiles decided it was a good idea to brake both of their hearts, “Well, can you?” He pushed when there was no answer.

Steve gave him a long stare, the same memory running inside his head, “Really Stiles, I´m fine, lets just keep walking” He answered instead, making Stiles rolled his eyes, “You know you’re walking like the old man you’re supposed to be? And besides, the corpses are waking up again and
if we don’t hurry we’re gonna end up in the middle of them again, so can I please help you so we can get the fucking out of here?"

They stared at each for an entire minute, finally Steve clenched his jaw and looked away, “Fine” He mumbled between gritted teeth, extending his arm for Stiles to grab it.

They remained in tense silent, the only available sound was of the dead stepping on their heels. Eventually they approached the doors of the nearest dark graveyard. As in every horror movie, the railings were tall and dark, covered in dead plants and vines. The energy emanating from that place made you feel tiny and intimidated. Stiles swallowed hard, as if he could already feel the darkness swallowing them.

“You alright?” Steve asked beside him, watching his perfect rect nose and how it wrinkled with nervousness.

Stiles nodded and faced him, “I’m fine” He answered, starting his walk again.

The first thing Stiles noticed were the tall mausoleums, so old and worn out, the once white rock, seemed mostly black, filled with green moss, that stand out against the dark color. He noticed the several tumbs that were empty, a big whole in the middle of the earth were the dead people had emerged from. It was so difficult to see in the dark, past the fog and the faint light from the remains lamp posts that wasn’t really helping the in minimum.

“This is kind of… scary” Steve whispered, almost afraid of breaking the deep silence, not even the wind or the nocturnal animals were heard.

Stiles gave him a quick side way stare before looking up, he half smiled, accommodating his arm around his waist, “Hold on, Captain America is afraid of the dark?” Stiles teased him, laughing under his breath when Steve buffed.

“Of dark places where the dead can attack us in any moment? Yes”

“I’ll take care of you big guy, you don’t have to worry about anything” He muttered, a cocky stain on his voice.

“You took me out” Steve exclaimed, it wasn’t a question, it was a fact. Stiles didn’t need to ask
what he referred to, he nodded quietly, “I had to, you were knocked out and couldn't find the girls anywhere, we were surrounded”

Steve remained silent a few seconds, “Thank you” He whispered, looking up when he managed to hear the team and pack meters away from him, “Any time Steve” Stiles answered distracted but honestly. He could see Lydia’s blonde hair in the distance, standing out in the dark, “We’re here” He added with a deep breath with relief, walking faster, “We’re here” He repeated, the excitement clear on his voice. But his smile disappeared when he managed to hear that familiar, horrible groaning.

Steve and him stopped for a moment on their tracks, turning their heads behind them, “They’re up” Steve whispered. Stiles swallowed and practically carry Steve up, cupping his waist on his arms, “Lets just get over this”

Liam’s head snatched to the darkness surrounding them, “What happened? Its them?” Lydia asked urgently, taking steps toward him.

“Its them” Scott confirmed, staring at the same direction Liam was, he wrinkled his nose in sign of disgust, “God, Stiles smells horrible” He muttered taking a step front when he saw him. Stiles clothes and hands were covered in dark blood, “Why is he always covered in blood?” He quietly asked to the thin air. Then he saw the panic on his features and he managed to hear the bustle behind them, “Not again” He whimpered jogging toward his friend and Steve.

“They’re right behind us!” Stiles yelled practically tossing Steve to Scott´s arms, who caught him surprised.

“Tell me you know what to do” Lydia whispered, watching as Stiles put his hands behind his neck and bit his lip, walking side to side. He fiercely shook his head, “I have never done this Lydia” He confessed nervously, “I have studied it but I have never- I… I really don’t want to do this”

Lydia remained silent, not knowing what to say that could comfort him. They didn’t have other choice. Instead she watched as he grabbed the purse where she had put all the ingredients Stiles had told her to get, “We have everything?” He asked clearing his throat, the nervousness was gone as soon as it came. She just nodded quietly.

“Good, good, I need a- I need a body” He whispered to himself. Looking up when he heard his brother calling him, “What the hell happened to you?” Tony asked impressed, grabbing his dirty clothes. Stiles shook his head and removed his jacket, taking steps away from him, “I need you to do something for me” He answered instead.
Tony raised one eyebrow, waiting for his proposal.

“I need you to bring me a body, dead, half alive, I don’t care, i just need a body”


Stiles closed his eyes for a moment, “Just a body Tony, please” He breathed, feeling the pressure of the moment slipping through his bones. Tony gave him a quick strange stare but didn’t dare say anything, he followed his brother petition instead.

Stiles got away from the team and the pack, completely ignoring them and walked to a wide plain, the trees were surrounding him, creating a little capsule. He felt trapped in it. Remembering his studies of necromancy, so long ago, he created a big circle of fire. Lightly illuminating with red light the night sky. He took out the salt, silver knife with a black handle and a small copper bell with ancient symbols on it. With shaky hands, he made a smaller circle using the salt, inside the fire one.

Seconds later, Tony was on his side, corpse on his arms. He dropped it on the floor like a bag of dirt. Stiles kneeled in front of it, staring at the brown hair that belong to once a beautiful young woman. He actually wondered what her name was, if she had people missing her, what she had done to deserve to die in such a horrible way. He twisted his mouth and straightened up. Carefully he took her into his arms and entered the circle again, slowly he put her body on the middle of it. Almost laughing at the irony of being so delicate with her when minutes ago he had massacred hundreds of them. He didn’t realize when Tony walked away from him.

“Are you alright?” He heard someone asking behind him. Stiles looked up his shoulder to see Liam, standing outside the circle of fire, the flames barely lighting his pale face and golden eyes.

Stiles shook his head, twisting the knife on his hand several times, getting used to the rough feeling of it.

“You know what you have to do, right?” Liam asked quietly. Stiles gave him a hard look and clenched his jaw, “How long do I have?”

Liam remained silent a few seconds before looking down, “We are hidden for the moment, take your time”
Stiles nodded in response and faced him that time, “Alright, you’ll notice when I’m done” He exclaimed, hoping Liam noticed the hint of leaving Stiles alone to finish his job. He took a few seconds before gasping an oh and clearing his throat, “We’ll be waiting for you” He breathed and walked away.

Stiles didn’t answer, hearing the soft steps as Liam walked away. One more time he stared at the girl laying on the cold grass in front of him. He let out his breath, taking the copper bell into his hands. He stared at it a few seconds before ringing it several times. It felt like going under water. Every sound around him turned into a deep whisper, as if he had his ears clogged. He clenched his jaw trying to get rid of the odd sensation but it never left him.

Carefully he grabbed the knife and cut his left hand, watching as the blood came out in jets, falling on the grass with thick drops. With the same dagger, he cut the blouse of the woman, revealing her chest and yellow skin with dark veins on it. He began reciting under his breath, the forbidden words he didn’t dare to say were right then coming out of his mouth with rapidity and fluency, as if he had recite them his entire life. With his bloody hand he traced the symbol of the dead, finally finishing his conjuring. He swallowed hard raising his hand with the blade on it.

He hesitated for a moment, his hand shook with nervousness, almost dropping the knife, “Fuck it” Stiles whispered before dropping his hand, hearing how the knife buried in her flesh, cutting, destroying her. The fire around him, suddenly disappeared, leaving him in complete darkness. The sounds came to life but all he could hear was his shaky breathing.

He let the knife fall and backed away from the corpse, taking deep breaths, wanting to get rid of that dark feeling inside him. He subbed his arms and legs as if that could help him, “Oh for fucks sake He whimpered, finally being able to stand up. He put his arms around him at the sudden cold embrace he was feeling. But that wasn’t what made his blood go cold, that wasn’t what made him froze on his place as he heard the tons of voices yelling at him to go back, yelling at him that it didn’t work, that the dead were still behind them, waiting to catch them.

Stiles let out a shaky breath and took a step back, the sudden sound of groans and people dragging their feet unexpectedly hit him like a wall of rock.

The ritual hadn’t worked and deep inside him he already knew why it didn’t. The first thing he saw was Bruce green eye’s, shinning in the dark, followed by his deep roar. Suddenly Clint was pushing him away by his shoulders, shouting something, Stiles couldn’t quite comprehend. He didn’t dare move, say something, until Liam was in front of him, filling his line of view. Liam put his hands around his face, yelling something and all Stiles could understand was that sacrifice, real sacrifice was needed. He needed to kill a living person.
“Are you listening?! Fucking move Stiles!” Liam shouted, taking his hand into his as they began jogging away. Stiles got out of his trance before stumbling with his feet, “It didn’t work Liam, how can we-“

But both of them, already knew the answer. Stiles was already shaking his head in complete denial, “No” He blurted out, “No, I’m not doing it!” He yelled passing through him, walking toward the clear when everyone was gathering, once again, fighting against the dead.

“We don’t have other choice!” Liam shouted desperate, following him closely.

Stiles didn’t stop until he was standing in front of the extinguished circle, he stared at the corpse of the woman and bit his lip, “What are you proposing? That I kill a random person? How can you even say that?”

Liam roared at him, his fangs and golden eyes shining in the dark. Lydia appeared between them, putting a hand on Liam´s chest to push him back, “You know Liam is right Stiles” She breathed, her voice sounding shaky and unconvinced even for her own ears.

“I- how do I even do this?! How do I even find someone willing to…” He couldn’t even say it out loud but they were running out of time. Once again they were outnumbered by the thousands of dead bodies around them and not even him, could save them. Stiles felt the increasing panic attack as he heard million of voices around him, everyone saying something different, demanding, asking, until he heard an offer.

Her voice was barely audible, her soft face and angels remind Stiles of a young child, an innocent one. He closed his eyes pained, stepping away from that person.

He heard Liam´s panicked voice, asking her what the hell she was doing. Her response was simple, helping my love ones, she had whispered.

Next things he noticed was someone approaching him before feeling the cold black handle on his hand, somehow it felt heavier. Stiles looked up at the girl and shook his head, “I can’t do this” He whispered, feeling the desperation and frustration growing inside him, “You’re just- you're just a kid”

The girl had simple smiled, almost with tender, it surprised Stiles how calm she seemed, knowing she was about to die.
“It’s my choice”

Without more thinking, he created the circle of fire around him and the girl, “What’s your name?” He quietly asked, ignoring the bustle of questions around them, everyone asking something different. Stiles could perfectly acknowledge Steve’s voice among the other, standing out, trying to reach him.

“Lara” She answered looking down, for the first time showing the heaviness of her choice, “My name is Lara” She added, her voice stained with a choke fear.

Stiles kneeled on the floor where he had abandoned the forgotten bell and carefully took it into his hand.

Every passing seconds the dead were surrounding more closely. Stiles could actually stared at the black of their eyes, “I’m so sorry Lara” He whispered truthful. He rang the bell and once again everything mute, the screams, the punches seemed to be far far away from them. He noticed Lydia was shouting something, the fear clear on her eyes, he managed to understand it was telling him to hurry the fuck up, they were running out of time.

Stiles knew it was a more powerful ritual, a dangerous one. He raised his hand with the knife on it and stabbed his left hand, seeing how the thin silver blade went through his hand. He opened his mouth, repressing the yell that was desperately asking to come out. Lara’s face went suddenly pale, her eyes never leaving Stiles bloody hand, not even when he began tracing the symbols on her bare chest.

“This is it” She whispered strangely calm.

He heard his friends desperately calling for help, asking for a way out. Stiles swallowed and let his body move by its own. He dropped himself in top of her, hearing how the knife cut her. Stiles face was suddenly close to hers, so close he could see himself, reflected on her wide opened eyes, he saw as a light scape from them, he felt her last gasp as she let out her breath. Her legs gave up and she crumbled into his arms. Stiles let go go the knife and caught her before she completely fell.

“I’m so sorry” He kept subbing against her hair as he caressed it. Lara’s body shivered for a few seconds before staying still, her arms dropped with its dead weight beside her body.
“Oh god” Stiles breathed, hugging her closer to him. The fire went out and so the capsule around him, making every sound hit him with its sudden loud volume. He fall into his knees and heard as every corpse around them did the exact same thing, finally loosing the little humanity inside them.

He wanted to cry, wanted to scream, destroy something but all he could think was that he didn’t like the person he was becoming, he didn’t like that sudden hunger for blood he had previously experienced, he didn’t like that side of him, it was dark and unknown and it remind him of the nogitsune, he didn't like he felt attracted to it. A cold shiver went down his spine, making him dropped Lara’s body. He twisted his fingers, ignoring the huge pain in his right hand but he was glad for it, it was a reminder he was still human.

He felt a strong hand on his shoulder, he didn’t need to look up to realize it was his brother. Stiles wasn’t able to look up, too embarrassed of himself to do it. Instead he put his hand above Tony’s one and squeezed it. Squeezed it so heard his knuckles were white and it was like a ticking bomb. He exploded.

He bent on himself, feeling the urgent need to puke. He swallowed closing and opening his hands into a fists, glad he had that pain but it wasn’t enough, nothing was.

“We need to leave Stiles” He heard Tony said, feeling how he put his arms around him. Immediately Stiles shook himself, knowing if he let someone touch him, someone comfort him, that would be it, he would brake and he couldn't allow that.

Get up, get the hell up, he whispered to himself before straightening up, ignoring everyones eyes on him, “Lets go” He whispered, gladly taking Scott’s hand when he offered it.

“It will be alright Stiles, it will be” Scott whispered, loud enough for only him to hear it. Stiles half smiled with an utter sadness at the silly words of his friend and clapped him in his cheek feeling a sudden exhaustion, he just wanted to lay in bed and never get out.

But it wasn’t over, of course it wasn’t, it was never over.

Stiles smile quickly disappeared, one more time, he felt something in his chest, pulling him. He backed away from his friends, frowning, “Stiles..?” Scott called him confused. Stiles raised his finger to shut him up looking around them, “Something is coming” He whispered.

The team looked around them, acquiring attack positions, protecting their backs. The wind was
suddenly cut off, it seemed that time was suddenly paused, not the trees, not the grass was moving. They watched as the corpses slowly turned into ashes, dissolving against the floor.

“We need to get the hell out from here” Stiles whispered, already pushing everyone around him to run, simply run. But it was too late.

What used to be Lara´s body was now standing up, her feet barely touching the ground. Her head crestfallen, making her brown hair cover her face. She raised her arm, making every bone cracked as if she had broken all of them. Slowly she put her crooked fingers around the black handle and took out the knife from her chest, pouring a stream of blood with it. Stiles opened his arms, putting Tony and Scott behind him, as well as everyone else, his eyes never leaving the corpse.

“Well, well, well, you’ve been a bad boy certainly” Lara´s body blurted out, a deep, choked voice, spitting out blood and saliva. It wasn’t her, something else had taken her body and Stiles was pretty sure who it was. She began laughing, laughing so hard, so broken, her entire body was shaking like a bag of bones.

Stiles stepped back, “Run” He breathed, “Run! Run!” He yelled turning around, stumbling with Tony´s feet. Stiles recovered easily, pushing his brother up with him.

“What’s happening?!?” Steve yelled against the wind as they ran.

But he couldn’t answer, he was too busy hearing the trees flew away behind him, that thing following them, they couldn’t keep running, they had to deal with it. Stiles stopped on his tracks, grabbing Tony´s arm in the process.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” He madly yelled, kneeling on the ground when a tree flew dangerously close to their heads.

“I need you to bring me something from my room” He started but Tony stared at him as if he was mental, “Are you kidding me?!” He shouted, ready to continue running away when Stiles pulled him at the ground again, “I need a book to defeat it! I can’t do it on my own!”

Tony gave him a long stare, debating if leaving them, leaving his brother was a good idea. He finally nodded, knowing he had no other option.
Stiles let out his breath, “It’s an old book with dark cover, you’ll know it when you see it, trust me” Stiles explained him, distracted by the fact the demon was reaching them, “Go! go!” He yelled pushing his brother away from him. He began running again, not turning to see if Tony was gone or where he was.

“Do you really think you can run away?” The creature asked, its voice bouncing against the trees, creating an echo that embraced him.

“I can defeat you, we can” Stiles answered stopping on his tracks, quickly looking at his surrounding, trying to find the source of the voice but it was impossible.

A demonic laugh was heard before a strange whistle, “You know that’s not what I mean… Stiles” He swallowed hard, short of words.

“It’s inside you… and it will always be” The body groaned. Stiles felt that evilness inside him shake, he felt as it woke up. He shook his head and put his hands on his ears, “Shut up, shut up, shut up” He managed to blurted out. Falling to his knees when he felt like choking.

He felt a cold blast of air on his back, lightly caressing him, “It’s you and you can’t run away from you” It had been a whisper, barely audible but it was enough to make his skin burned on anger, “I said shut up!” He angrily yell, standing up as he slashed the air, letting out a blast of fire. He smelled the carbonized body of Lara as she flew away from him.

But the body was still laughing, “It’s you, you can’t change it! You can’t change what you are! What you’re meant to be and always will be!” The body kept repeating, over and over and Stiles, he lost it.

He launched himself forward, grabbing the still warm body by the neck, squeezing so hard he heard the bones cracking. He could still hear its chocked laugh, spitting saliva out of its mouth. He raised his fist ready to punch when he felt an arm holding him back.

“Stop it Stiles!” Steve yelled holding him against his chest, ignoring the coming pain on his ribs.
Stiles threw kicks and shouts, asking, begging for one hit, only one hit. The body kept laughing at him but Steve didn’t let him go, “This isn’t you! Stop it!” He shouted, his lips dangerously closed to his ear. It was like a wakening, Stiles felt his warm breathing on his neck and his anger let go. He stopped his fighting and put his hand on Steve’s strong arm.

“Breath with me, this isn’t you, you’re alright, breath” Steve whispered, kneeling on the floor when Stiles legs gave in.

“I´m sorry” Stiles mumbled looking down, “I´m so sorry” He whispered, feeling so pathetic with himself, so stupidly vulnerable. Minutes, seconds passed. Stiles wasn’t sure of it. Steve held him closely without moving, not even an inch. Stiles found a sudden comfort between his arms, a safety he had only felt so long ago, only with Derek.

“I´m alright” He exclaimed under his breath before clearing his throat, “I´m alright” He repeated stronger, straightening up. Steve let him go without doubt. Stiles looked around him, noticing the demon was still laying on the floor where he had left the body. He realized the demon was too weak to even move and everything it did was played tricks with his head. Stiles let out his breath before closing his hands into fists, squeezing so hard he felt his nails digging on his soft flesh, he felt sick to himself.

The exorcism didn’t last long. Lydia did most of the ritual, Sties too tired and drown in himself to even think about it.

The media and the internet were going crazy, demanding answers and quick solutions. For their luck it was Tony who gave a press conference and Stiles didn’t ask further. The first thing he did when they returned to the tower, was climbed into the elevator, ignoring Clint´s questions. He stared at his flat for minutes when he entered, it had never felt so cold and distant as it did in that moment. His room was even a bigger mess than usual, the bookshelf almost empty, every book laying on the floor in front of it. He couldn’t care any less.

He kicked his boots away and dragged his feet to the bathroom, he opened the shower and immediately stepped in, he didn’t bother removing his clothes. He watched the water get inked with the black and red blood as it went down the drain. He deeply sighed and shook his head before dropping it on his hand. The crazy need to laugh invaded him, who would have though it? He was a freaking psychopath.

When he got out of the bathroom, still with the sensation of blood all over his body and a towel around his waist, he didn’t expect to find Steve, carefully sitting on the edge of his bed. He didn’t have to pretend to feel excitement, he did. He felt something warm inside his chest. He smiled
fondly despite everything, walking to his drawers where he took out a black boxer. In complete
silence he removed the towel, not really caring if Steve was looking or not.

“You’re even more screwed up than I though you were” Steve suddenly confessed, looking down.
His cheeks more red if possible. Stiles turned to him and deeply sighed, he passed his hand through
his wet hair, brushing it and walked toward him.

“I’m sorry” He whispered quietly, not knowing what else to say. Steve nodded and half smiled
with sadness, he shrugged looking up, his eyes traveling through his naked torso. Words seemed
like a waste of time, instead he cupped Steve’s face between his hands, slowly caressing him,
trying to show how grateful he felt and in reality how needy he was in that moment. He passed his
fingers through his dirty hair, over and over, until Steve closed his eyes and tossed his head back.

They both needed urgent sleep, without thinking about it, he pushed him back. Steve opened his
eyes impressed and raised his eyebrows in clear questioning.

Stiles only shrugged and climbed into his bed, dropping himself on it. He heard as Steve stood up
and began taking off his clothes before feeling a warm body beside him. Stiles let out his breath
facing him, noticing he was shirtless too, only wearing a pair of grey pants.

“I’m sorry” Stiles whispered again, his heart beating with strength.

Steve looked down and shook his head, “What did you see?”

“Huh?”

“The day we summon- the day of the ritual, what did you see?”

Stiles remained silent a few seconds, he swallowed hard and slowly shook his head, “I- am... I saw
me” He answered half smiling. Steve frowned confused and was about to ask when Stiles
interrupted him, “I saw me as if I was the nogitsune again” He explained.

“You see, a piece of him never left me, thats why I’m faster and stronger but it also left a… a
darkness inside me”
He couldn't help but smile when Steve grabbed his hand between his, it was his sign of comfort, “What you saw this night… I don’t know how- I just, I’m afraid that was the real me” He rambled, unable to find the correct words.

Steve squeezed his hand and looked at him dead in the eye, “Listen to me Stiles, you are a good person, you’re good”

But he was already shaking his head, closing his eyes, “You don’t know how I felt Steve, how I…” Enjoyed it, he wanted to say but wouldn’t dare to. Steve put a hand on his cheek, forcing him to stare at him, “You are good” He repeated, so confident, so sure, Stiles felt the pressure on his chest.

“I don’t even know why you’re so nice to me Steve Rogers” Stiles whispered smiling.

“Trust me, I dont even know why” He whispered before shortening the distance between them. Stiles didn’t feel the need to push him away, didn’t feel regret, it felt right, secure. The kiss was tender, almost as a whisper, there was no rush, it was only them.

Sleeping had never been that good in his entire life.

Stiles blinked several times, feeling Steve’s arm tightened up his chest. He could feel his heart beating in his back with a constant rhythm and his warm breathing on his nape. He closed his eyes, simply enjoying the moment. The sun was hiding again and the night sky had caught them, they had slept the entire day. The more time he stayed still in his place, wide awake, the more he understood where he was and what he was doing. He felt a sudden heat that made him want to run away.

With extreme careful he removed his arm, Steve grumbled something incoherent in his sleep and turned around but didn’t wake up. Stiles let out his breath, climbing off the bed, he stared at Steve’s body, his chest slowly moving, “Shit” He breathed putting his hands behind his head. He didn’t want to think if he was ready or not, he was sick of overthinking and analyzing. But he was also completely terrified of all him. He needed baby steps, baby steps were the answer. He couldn't continue running away, if he did, there was a chance he wouldn’t get Steve back and he couldn't allow that.

He grabbed Steve’s black shirt and quickly put it on before walking out of his room. Everything was perfectly quiet and steady, not even the city seemed awake as it always was, still afraid of the night. He walked toward Scott room, pressing his ear on the door. He heard the low snoring of his friend. He nodded to himself and walked away. As always the kitchen was completely empty,
assaulted by hungry werewolves.

He closed his fists trying to tele transport himself but it felt like a barrier he couldn’t transfer. Guess, his energy wasn’t completely back. He greeted Jarvis on the way to the common floor, smiling when the mechanic voice was glad to see him on his feet again. The kitchen in the common floor was empty and quiet too, everyone still asleep. Stiles opened the fridge and found nothing eatable, at least nothing he could warm up and that was it.

He took out the package of eggs and bit his lip, hesitating. He hadn’t cooked in years, guess it was time to start again.

The smell of herbs and burning bacon flooded the kitchen. He smiled, almost with proud watching his just made omelet. Her mothers recipes were still hidden inside his memories. He left the plate on the table and began beating more eggs, everyone would probably be hungry as hell when they woke up.

“Stiles?” He heard someone asking surprised.

Derek was standing outside the elevator. Expression still sleepy and his hair in a perfect mess. Stiles frowned, acknowledging it. It was his sex hair, he would recognized it everywhere. It made no sense.

“Are you cooking?” He asked, narrowing his eyes, “Are- are you wearing Steve´s shirt?”

Stiles opened his mouth and looked down at the black shirt covered in stains of food, “Yes” He whispered looking up. Derek let out his breath, keeping his mouth shut, tense as wire. Stiles dropped the pan on the sink, giving him his back, “I´m not trying to hurt you Derek” He tried to say but Stiles heard his naked feet quickly walking away. He swallowed hard and lightly shook his head, he began washing his hands when he managed to heard voices talking among them.

Quickly the kitchen filled as everyone took a plate and sat in the long island. Tony moaned with his mouth filled, “Omg, who did this?” He muttered, not really caring for the answer.

Stiles leaned on the fridge and smirked under his breath. Scott suddenly bumped his shoulder before winking at him, “Being a long time huh?” He asked teasing him. Stiles rolled his eyes but didn’t say anything, instead his eyes focused on the elevator doors as Steve climbed out and yes, wearing Stiles red shirt, for their luck it was clean. He couldn’t help the smile that spread on his
face with fondness, he watched him greet Natasha, kissing her in the cheek before clapping Thor in the back.

And their eyes met. Slowly Steve walked toward him, half smiling, “Hey” He whispered.

“Hey”

Steve smiled like a dork, looking down, his cheeks deeply red. Stiles couldn’t help but laugh as he put an arm around his head and pull him close.

“Oh” He heard Tony whispered, before pulling a face, “Disgusting”

Stiles rolled his eyes, laughing quietly, “Shut up” He muttered, hugging Steve’s head with strength. He thought showing his feelings for him would be awkward, everybody would questioned them but no one really cared, in fact, it seemed everyone already knew about their feelings when they didn’t, so no one was really impressed, except for… Derek.

Steve let go of him before kissing him quickly on the lips, “You cooked?” He asked impressed watching the kitchen. Stiles shrugged in answer and playfully pushed his shoulder. Before Steve could respond, Jarvis voiced filled the room.

“Excuse me, sir but I have found a possible result”

Everyone stayed quiet, “Result?” Thor asked confused.

“Another energy source” Stiles exclaimed, staring at the roof before quickly walking to the computer, he heard everyone following his steps.

On the screen it was brightly written, Rome, Italy.

“Nemi?” Scott asked quietly.

“It’s a little town at the north of Rome” Lydia answered.
“Guess we’re going on a trip guys” Stiles whispered, tilting his head, “Again"
“Are you sure man?” Tony asked, watching as his brother pack other suitcase, his clothes with no order whatsoever.

“I trust Liam, alright? He’s a good friend we can trust in, even you dear brother” Stiles exclaimed, without looking up. He closed the suitcase and exited his room, followed closely by Tony, “Are you completely sure?” He asked again.

Stiles deeply sighed, feeling he was dealing with a little child, “Yes Tony, I´m completely sure, you have already told Jarvis to keep them only in their flat and the common floor, what could they fucking do?”

Tony remained silent and looked away annoyed, hating when his brother was right.

“Look, we need someone who can take care of business here, beside Clint and Thor, alright? Even they, could use some help” He asked, throwing his bag in the pile of suitcases it was gathered in the living room of his flat before putting his hand on Tony´s shoulder, forcing him to look at him dead in the eye.

“Alright” Tony finally hissed, shaking his shoulder, “Idiot” He added under his breath, making Stiles roll his eyes, “Is everyone ready? We need to leave like now” Stiles exclaimed as he sat on the couch, taking a deep breath. Seconds later the doors of the elevator opened and Derek and surprisingly, Liam walked out of it. Stiles couldn’t help but frown as he noticed Liam seemed distant, he was avoiding him, he wouldn’t meet his eyes. And Derek, well Derek was mostly like Stiles, he was a freaking tree that didn’t show anything beside fake happiness and a resting bitch face.

They fell in a tense silence, where Tony would only stared at Liam as a potential threat, “You’re leaving soon?” Liam suddenly asked before nervously clearing his throat.

Tony narrowed his eyes and twisted his mouth, “I just hope you know I have several ways to kill you if you do something to get me or my friends mad” It wasn’t a threat, it was fact. Liam swallowed hard and nodded slowly, “Clear as water”
Stiles deeply sighed and rolled his eyes, “Leave him alone idiot” He muttered standing up, walking away, “I’m gonna check on the others, we need to leave” He added, raising his arm, entering the elevator before Tony could answer back. If honest he just wanted to go to Steve’s room and make out with him before leaving for good.

Trying to get some decent sleep, in a tiny seat with a super soldier beside was a pretty hard thing to do. Stiles couldn’t understand how Steve was able to sleep whenever he wanted to, in any possible position, it was actually annoying. He twisted his mouth, sitting up. Watching as Steve twisted himself, trying to find a better position to sleep, he was such a dork.

“Couldn't sleep?” He heard a soft voice asking him. Stiles followed the sound and noticed Natasha was leaning against the large glass, watching the ocean, it was a view as peaceful as intimidating.

He groaned as he stood up with effort, being careful not to touch Steve, “Not really” He muttered quietly, walking toward her. They remained in comfortable silence for minutes until she spoke again, quietly but her tone wasn’t gentle, not even close, “I swear if you ever hurt him again, I will kill you”

Stiles swallowed and let out his breath, “I believe you” He whispered, for a second doubting about himself. He liked Steve, that was already a known fact, but he had this other thing, beside always running away, he had a tendency to screw things up. The panic about screwing things up with Steve grew inside him. It wasn’t getting killed by Natasha, that she would surely do it, it was hurting him. Again. He stole a quickly stare from the man deeply sleeping and sighed.

“I totally believe you”

After six hours of flight, they were finally landing in the middle of the night, among millions of tall and strong trees. Stiles put his hand on Steve’s shoulder and lightly shook him, trying to block away the horrible sound of the alarm, indicating they had finally arrived their destination. Almost immediately Steve straightened up, shoulders tensed and eyes struggling to close again.

“Wo, calm down soldier boy” Stiles muttered, laughing under his breath, earning a pretty mad stare from Steve, who only groaned in response before rubbing his eyes, “What time is it?” He tiredly asked.

Stiles hummed, looking through the window, “Judging by the sunset, I would say seven pm, come on big guy” He exclaimed, extending his hand. Steve pulled a face and groaned again, slowly standing up. Stiles couldn’t help but laugh at his bad temper. Who would had guessed, soldier boy didn’t like to being woken up.
“Shut up” Steve mumbled shaking himself, trying to scare the sleep away, “Where are we?”

“We, my friends, are in the north of Rome, Italy, you would know it Rogers, if you would stop drooling for my brother and pay attention instead” Tony complained, watching the ramp descend in front of them, letting in the cold air of the north. Stiles laughed out loud, carefully walking out of the quinjet, steeping into a dense forest with pines as tall as buildings.

Steve gasped offended, “I know we’re in Rome idiot! Just freaking where?” He exclaimed, extending his arms, revealing they where standing in the middle of freaking nowhere.

“Jeez, calm your boyfriend down”

Steve almost punched him right in the face, if not for Stiles holding him by the chest, repressing his laugh,

“Another forest?” Scott whimpered as he climbed down, bag on shoulder and sad puppy expression on his face. Derek, Lydia and Jackson right behind him, unbelievers expressions as well, “Man, first thing first I will do when all this is over, is going to the damn beach”

Stiles rolled his eyes, hearing Lydia´s excitement of going to the damn beach. as if they were gonna go. They could hardly arranged to go get the chinesse food.

“Any idea how to begin?” Jackson asked behind him, groaning as he carried Lydia´s completely unnecessary big suitcase. Stiles shrugged with one shoulder, watching as Tony made fun of Steve´s bad temper, strangely mimicking him. He smirked, turning his attention to Jackson, “I think we need to do some research about the place history, we need to find the records”

“And where are you, smart ass, planing to find them?”

Ten minutes later, Stiles raised his arms, wide opening them with excitement. A tall worn out orange historic building behind him, a tall historic building closed, completely closed, lock on doors. That no one could really enter without permission.

“Thats private property” Derek exclaimed pointing at it with a quick gesture, making Stiles rolled
“Yeah, you clearly know many about it” He muttered annoyed.

“Eh?” Tony asked confused, looking between them. Scott, who was standing beside him was kindly enough to fill him up, putting an arm around his shoulders, “That’s the first thing he told us when we met, we were trespassing his damn private property” Scott exclaimed, staring at Derek, raising his fingers to mock him.

“Seriously, how are we doing this?” Steve asked, interrupting the silly discord.

Stiles couldn’t help but stare at his… current something, he was so innocent, “Don’t worry big guy, I got this” He muttered clapping him in the back with tender.

Steve opened his mouth, asking what his… current something was planning to do when he suddenly disappeared in the thin air, “Omg, that’s illegal!” He exclaimed, looking between the group and the tall building, where he managed to hear quiet noises and, of course, Stiles silly laugh.

Scott sarcastically smirked, “Please, he has done so many illegal shit that this is like a piece of cake”

“Knock it out guys, knock it out” Bruce whispered when they saw a bunch of policeman appearing down the corner, their faces so serious and strict it actually scared them. Everyone began to play dumb, they started acting like tourists, talking among them about the impressive structure in front of them. Scott even told Derek to take his picture as he put his thumbs up and wide smiled.

“What are you guys doing? You look like idiots” Stiles suddenly asked, popping his head though the tall wooden door. Tony flinched at his brother appearance and grabbed him by the shirt, pulling him outside, flinching when the door cracked at being closed, “Just shut up, you got them?”

Stiles took out a bunch of yellow papers from the bag he was carrying, “Its all here” He muttered excited, “Come one hon” He said directly to Steve, grabbing his hand, pulling him to his side, “You’re a criminal”

“And you’re adorable”

Stiles dropped the pile of papers on the small coffee table, getting distracted by watching Steve
quietly read. They had been reading for hours inside the little cabin at the outskirts of the village they had rented for days. The cabin had only three big rooms, so they had to team up into groups of three and for Stiles discomfort, his brother was staying with him and Steve. And Tony hadn’t shut up in the whole night about how he wasn’t sharing bed with them.

“Would you just shut up?” Stiles exclaimed to his brother before throwing him an empty can of red bull. Tony stared at him before muttering between teeth, “I need food” He complained already standing up.

Stiles and Steve were suddenly left alone, he let out his breath trying to control his hormones, reminding himself they had to find an energy source, they weren’t there to make nasty things.

“You´ve been staring at me like for five minutes, its creepy” Steve suddenly exclaimed, looking up from his yellow pages. Stiles choked with his laugh and lightly tilted his head, “I´m not staring at you” He muttered, getting bak to his reading. But he could feel Steve´s eyes on him, it was getting into his nerves, especially when he decided to open his big, beautiful, stupid mouth.

“What are we?”

Stiles froze for a whole minute, before swallowing hard. He let out his complete breath and opened his mouth but nothing came out. He finally looked up at Steve, who seemed shyly regretted for asking. Stiles couldn’t help but smile as he dropped the pages and slowly stood up, his legs cracking in the process for been seated down for so long. He walked toward Steve and stopped when they were centimeters away from each other, he kneeled in front of him, leveling their eyes and widely smile.

The moment Steve asked the question, Stiles had no real answer but he just needed a deep look into those blue eyes and he suddenly knew it, “Whatever you wants us to be big guy” He whispered truthful. Steve let his mouth hang open, wanting to say something but he was lost.

Stiles attracted their lips together, smiling against them when the big bad super soldier let out a gasp of surprise.

“You're such a dork” Stiles whispered before returning to the kiss.

They ending up rubbing against each other on top of the table, making a mess of papers. Steve’s shirt was open, showing his chest when someone cleared it throat real loud. Steve and Stiles wide
opened their eyes, staring at each other for a couple seconds before stepping back.

“Seriously?” Tony exclaimed, freezing in his place with a several bags of chips on his arms.

Immediately Steve climbed off the table, clearing his throat in the process, his cheeks more red than ever. Stiles couldn’t help but laugh as he arranged his hair and clothes, “Oh man, sorry bro” Is all he exclaimed trying to avoid eye contact, otherwise he would laugh his ass off, he sat back at his chair trying to get back to his reading.

“I’m going to Nat´s and Bruce, I’m done with this shit”

*

“Think I found something” Lydia exclaimed as she entered the room, Tony and Scott right behind her, hopeful expression on their faces. Stiles stood up immediately, following her movements as she sat in front of the table, spreading the papers on it, “According to his” She started, pointing at an ancient script on one go the pages, where the ink had mostly disappeared, “Theres a legend about a woman named Diana, a goddess and her sanctuary was by the lake Nemi”

“You think, it is there?” Stiles asked looking up at her.

“It has to be, I mean… it also says, every foreign person that dare put a feet near the lake was sacrificed in a ritual, plus we really haven’t found anything else” She muttered, watching the ancient maps of the town as she scratched her chin, “It has to be” She repeated under her breath, biting the inside of her cheek.

Stiles nodded, straightening up, “Its fits every pattern, it has to be” He exclaimed turning to Steve, raising the eyebrows, letting the question hang in the air. Steve shrugged and twisted his mouth, “Its your call, whatever you want” He answered. Stiles nodded again and sighed, “Lets go then, we can’t lose any more time”

Twenty minutes later, a search group, leaded by Stiles, was stepping into the unknown forest, leaving the cabin behind. Derek, Scott, Jackson and Bruce decided it was better to stay put, trying to find something else for their help. Stiles was low key glad Derek didn’t get along with them, it
would had made everything a lot more uncomfortable, beside he couldn’t help but notice his sudden strange behavior, he seemed more introspective and paranoid than usual since the moment they landed in the town, but it wasn’t his place asking, not anymore.

The more they step into the heart of the forest, the more energy around them, Stiles could feel. It was different, unknown, probably filled with creatures so ancients he had never heard of them. It felt older, somehow mature in a way the nemeton back at Beacon Hills wasn’t. He twisted his neck, rubbing it with his hand, the energy was too strong, he felt like an outsider, he wasn’t connecting properly with it and the forest was letting him know that.

“I can feel it too, you alright over there?” Lydia asked quietly beside him, her mouth and shoulders showing her anxiety, “It feels… different, not wrong, just” He tried but struggle to find the correct word to describe it.

“Different?”

Stiles half smiled before nodding, “Yeah, different”

There were silent for a couple of minutes, long enough for Stiles to realize the quick side way stares she was giving him every passing second. Stiles gibed, lightly exasperated, “If you wanna ask, just do it”

She almost rolled her eyes and deeply sighed, “Alright… whats the deal between you and Steve?” She exclaimed bluntly, directly to the point.

He remained silent, cause in reality he didn’t know the answer, not completely, “I just know, I- I like him” He finally whispered, “I like him a lot”

She nodded and kept her mouth shut. Stiles though in a way, she was kind of in the middle, Derek and him, they were her family, her best friends, and keeping his secrets from Derek as well as being also a confident of Derek, well it wasn’t fair for her, Stile knew it and he didn’t want to put her in that position.

“You can tell him, I mean, if you want to, if you think its necessary” He exclaimed suddenly, making Lydia hummed in response, raising her ginger eyebrows, “Huh?”
“Derek, I’m not… I don’t want to hurt him, I’m not trying to do it, but I also don’t want to hide my, whatever thing I have with Steve from him, he doesn’t deserve it, either Steve and either me, so, if you want to tell him, go ahead” He explained, stopping on his tracks when he sensed something.

Lydia didn’t notice she was walking alone, until she was meters away from him, “Stiles?” She asked confused, looking behind her.

The group stopped in their places as well, confused, trying to figure out what made Stiles suddenly stop. He looked around him, searching for something in the dark, he could hear something in the distance like a crying, it was calling them.

“You hear that?” Steve asked quietly, standing beside him. The crying became stronger, it was the crying of a little child but Stiles wasn’t sure it was one. Those trees were as old as the earth itself, there was numerous ancient creatures, some he didn’t even know they existed. But before he could even think of telling the group to go into a different direction, Steve was already moving.

“Steve no, wait!” Stiles exclaimed, trying to grab his arm but the stupid captain began jogging, following the sound. Without doubting, Stiles went right behind him, almost stumbling with the several big roots from the trees and pines, “It’s not what you think, wait Steve!” He tried yelling but suddenly the blue and red suit had disappeared among the tall pines. Stiles stopped in dry, looking around him. All he could hear was that crying, every time louder, more desperate, asking for help. Stiles began to follow it until he manage to see between the bushes a small clear of dark water where the moon reflected. On the shore, kneeling on the soft dirt, was Steve, staring hypnotized at the water.

“Steve?” Stiles tried, slowly reaching him.

He didn’t even move at hearing Stiles voice, he couldn’t hear anything, beside the desperate callings. Instead he extended his arm, his eyes locked on the strange body below the dark water, “There’s a child in there” He whispered, feeling the freezing water on the tip of his fingers.

“Listen to me, that is not a child Steve”

In a blink of an eye, Stiles saw a rotten arm coming out of the water, before grabbing Steve by the neck and sank him down. Stiles wide opened his eyes, running to try catch him but he was suddenly gone, everything became quiet. The crying was gone and the water was steady again.
“Steve?” Stiles exclaimed, taking second to realize he was gone, “Shit”

He jumped into the freezing water, taking an air mouthful before diving in it. He couldn’t see anything, everything around him was pure frozen, darkness.

“Where are they?” Lydia asked confused, stepping into the shore, looking around her.

“They went this direction” Natasha exclaimed, trying to catch her breath when something caught her attention, “The water…” She whispered, staring at the soft waves, when there was suddenly a splash. Stiles gasped for air, swimming to shore with one arm, carrying Steve with the other.

“What the hell is that?” Natasha breathed, watching a strange creature, stuck in Steve´s back, she managed to see, the monster had his fangs buried in his flesh, “What the hell is that?!?” She exclaimed, entering the cold water, helping Stiles to carry the unconscious body.

“Don’t touch it!” Stiles yelled, grabbing Tony´s wrist, centimeters away from the black creature, “Its an apallimay” Stiles explained, watching the fangs of the monster dig deeper in his naked flesh. Steve moaned in response and his skin visibly paled. Stiles panic highly grew inside him, “We need to take him out of here” He added, already taking his cold hand on his.

“What do we do?”

“We can’t do anything, not even me, we need to take him to a healer, its the only way” Stiles explained, “I’ll see you back in the cabin guys” He added, not waiting for an answer before teletransporting himself and Steve into the center of town. Steve fell hard against the ground over his chest. The black monster didn’t even flinch at the punch, didn’t even blink, his big green eyes wide open, it seemed hard as a rock.

Stiles looked around him, they were completely alone, too late in the early morning for anyone to be awake. He licked his sudden dry lips, carrying Steve by the waist and began his desperate searching. He had no idea where to find a healer, specially in an unknown country, in an unknown town where he didn’t have the remote clue where the fuck he was. He just hopped his guts told him the exact place. After minutes of walking aimlessly, Steve’s weight began to be more heavy, his skin was every time more pale and dead.

“Shit, shit” Stiles muttered, stumbling with a hole in the pavement, falling on his knees against the hard floor but he didn’t drop Steve, “Shit!” He cursed out loud, tightening his grip against his
waist. He snatched his head up when he heard something in front of them. As an act of magic, Stiles was able to see a little cabin with a smoking chimney, barely illuminated by the old lamppost beside it. It seemed as a cabin taken out of a fairytale. He felt the hunch he was looking for. Immediately he stood up with effort, dragging himself and his current friend slash boyfriend to the almost broken down, little home.

“Aiutare!” Stiles screamed, dropping himself on the door when Steve’s weight was too much, “Steve?” Stiles called him, laying themselves on the floor, “Steve” He tried again, clapping his pale face but there was no response. Stiles heart stopped for a moment before he looked up, staring for a few seconds at the big wooden door in complete shock. He began knocking repeatedly, with more strength, “Aiutare per favore!” He yelled again, the desperation clear on his voice.

When he was about to surrender and find help some other place. The door wide opened and a couple of old women pooped their heads out, a little white candle in hand of the tall one, “Aiutare per favore, lui è mio amico, sta morendo” He whispered, unconsciously, caressing Steve’s cold and sweated cheek.

The two women exchanged a quick stare before nodding to their selves, “Portalo dentro” The tall woman with the white candle and golden hair whispered, as the other one, short, robust and dark hair, quickly ran inside of the house.

Stiles put his arm around Steve’s waist and picked him up with effort, slowly taking a few steps.

“Sbrigati ragazzo dai!” The tall woman exclaimed, looking something behind Stiles, searching for something, “Seguimi” She added, giving him a long stare. Stiles noticed her eyes were strangely olive green. The light of the candle produce a sinister shadow on her face. She turned her back on him and began walking. Stiles swallowed hard and looked around him, they were standing in a long hallway, made with grey big stones, there was barely lighting and he could perceive a faint smell of dampness.

He began to follow her in complete silence, only Steve’s feet dragging were heard. He began wondering if trusting in those two unknown women, when Steve was unconscious had been a good idea when he managed to see, the tall woman was limping, one foot was slightly taller than the other one and her legs seemed crooked and thin. What did he managed to get theirselves into?

They quickly reached a little living room, it was lightly more illuminated than the long hallway but the smell was stronger. A wooden, big table was resting against the wall. On it, tons of herbs and old books were scattered. Stiles swallowed, noticing only one black couch in the middle of the room, that seemed as old as those two woman.
“Mettiolo li” The tall woman exclaimed, pointing the couch with a head movement. Stiles did what he was told, quietly laying Steve on the couch upside down. Stiles hand hesitated a second, shaking as he still hold his arms before backing away from him, almost feeling as small as a child.

“Sei americano?” She suddenly asked, giving Stiles her back as she quickly moved her arms, doing, preparing something on the long table, he had no idea. Stiles was only able to nod as he stretched her neck, trying to take a peek of what she was doing.

“E bene?” She pushed, looking up her shoulder. Stiles snatched his eyes to her and swallowed, “Se” He whispered, feeling his legs abut to give in.

“What are you supposed to be? A damn wizard? Satanic worshipper? I can’t figure it out” The woman asked, surprising Stiles, who only wide opened his eyes at her, surprise, surprise, she had British accent, “Excuse me?” He blurted out frowning. The woman turned her head, facing him, twisting her lips, “I can feel your powers and... something else, something strange, so I ask you boy, what are you?” He kept his mouth shut, staring at her dead in the eye, making sure he left perfectly clear, he wasn’t opening his mouth, specially not to her.

“Can you leave the poor kid alone, Amanda? Please?” A cheeky voice spoke, followed by quick steps.

Stiles turned, following the sound, to find the short, fat woman, carrying a big grey book on her hands. Apparently, Amanda send her a pretty mad stare before returning to her work. Stiles tried to figure out, what kind of relationship those two had.

“Hi, my name is Sariah” The short woman exclaimed, distracting him from his own thoughts, showing a bright smile and her numerous wrinkles. Stiles raised his eyebrows and rubbed his sweaty hands against his legs, he had no idea why those women made him felt so nervous.

“I’m- ah, I´m Stiles” He answered, trying to return the smile, “Is my friend going to be alright?” He asked, before clearing his throat, his nervousness growing every time higher.

Amanda scoffed, finally finishing whatever thing she was doing, only then Stiles noticed she had a small wooden plate on her hand, a strange, green liquid inside of it, “Please kid, the way you look at that man, that isn’t friendship” She exclaimed, nearly rolling her eyes. As if they had been
Stiles decided it was better to completely ignore her comment, watching as she approached the liquid to Steve’s dry lips. Stiles resisted the need to push her away, his distrust beginning to grow inside him. He closed his hands into fists, “Is he going to be alright?” He asked instead. 

The answer took seconds to came, “He has lost a lot of energy, this things feed on it, it doesn’t matter if we take it off, the spirit of the apallimay will remain inside him, feeding on him” Sariah explained him, looking for something in the big book, “We need to resit the spell to take it off, otherwise…”

Stiles didn’t need to hear the end of the phrase, he was immediately beside him, holding his hand, “Just do what you have to do, please” He asked quietly, his voice tense as wire.

He felt Amanda’s eyes on him before he heard her deeply sigh, “Just… this won’t be pretty kid, be ready”

It wasn’t pretty, not even close. Stiles had to look away, bitting his lip when Steve moaned in pain again, clenching his jaw.

“This is almost over kid” Amanda exclaimed, repeating her enchanting in an old language Stiles couldn’t recognize. The enchanting had lasted minutes and the monster wasn’t showing any sign of tiredness, “You think he will hold on?” Stiles heard someone asking him. He frowned as if the question had personally offended him, “Of course he will, he can” He strongly exclaimed, squeezing his hand, wishing he could take his pain away.

For the fourth time, Stiles began making the green liquid medicine that Amanda had actually though him to. Stiles crushed the several herbs on the mortar, ignoring the strong scent of it, as fast as he could. Trying not to flip at Steve’s urgent groaning.

“Is it ready?” Sariah asked, raising her voice, not looking up at him. Stiles frowned concerned pouring the liquid into the wooden plate, “Its here” He answered, quickly walking toward Steve before kneeling in front of him. He slowly approached the plate to his lips and Steve drank it with desperation. The liquid falling through his cheeks and chin. Stiles suddenly heard a loud squeak and a groan before feeling a couple of claws grabbing him by the neck, holding him tight, followed by fangs trying to bite him. He dropped the plate impressed, not really knowing what the hell was going on.
“Kill it Amanda! Someone kill it!” Sariah yelled, trying to catch the beast herself. Stiles gasp in true horror, trying to take it off but it was like trying to grab something slobbery, humid, it kept sneaking thought his fingers, “Goddamn it!” He exclaimed annoyed, before slamming his back against the nearest wall. It was enough for the monster to fall to the ground. Only then, Stiles was able to really look at it. And it looked like a fucking gremlin. But their faces were different, the monster in front of him, almost seemed as an old man, his features were filled with anger and resentment.

The monster groaned at him, ready to attack him when suddenly, Amanda was slamming at it with a fucking whip, but it seemed it was working, “What the fuck?!” Stiles shouted, watching the monster twist in pain as it desperately tried to find an exit.

“Its going to scape!” Stiles yelled, about to follow it when the animal escaped through a window, braking it into a million pieces, letting fresh air enter the closed room. Stiles dropped his shoulders disappointed, remembering Steve was finally free. Amanda muttered something about the apallimay not being able to hurt anyone again but Stiles was too distracted to comprehend her words.

“Steve...” He muttered under his breath, kneeling beside him. Steve was breathing through his mouth and his eyes were barely opened, “Stiles...?” He managed to say before completely falling back asleep. Stiles clenched his jaw and let out his breath, resting his head over his knee. He felt the pressure leaving his shoulders, he was gonna be alright. He remained steady on his place for entire minutes, afraid of moving or even breathing, feeling Steve was gonna disappear any moment.

“You know, none of you can stop whats coming, right?” Amanda suddenly whispered, crossing one arm over her chest, “Not even you... little spark"

Stiles turned his head, staring at her for a couple of seconds, she was carelessly leaning against the table, eating a red as blood apple. Stiles watched her movement as she approached the red fruit to her equal, red lips. It perfectly contrasted against the green of her eyes.

“So, you’re aware something is going on?” Stiles asked, slowly standing up.

She shook her head and half smile, almost with pity, “We know as much as you do kid and we both know, none of us, not even you, had felt such powerful darkness to defeat it, you can’t stop whats coming”

Stiles kept his mouth shut, somehow knowing, arguing with her was a waste of time, he shook his
head, almost with desperation, “Nemi’s lake…” He said instead, “Its the energy source in this place, right?”

Sariah was the one to answer, “It is” She whispered, rubbing her chin as she carefully stared at Stiles, it was getting into his nerves, “You’re not just a spark, right?” She suddenly asked. Stiles twisted his mouth with discomfort, “I guess no, I’m not”

“What are you?” She asked slowly.

He looked away, staring at the broken window and the night sky behind it, “I was possessed by a nogitsune when I was younger, nothing worth talking about” He bitterly muttered, ignoring the gasp of surprise one of the witches let out. But it was Amanda’s comment what made his blood go cold, “You have a darkness inside you kid, we can see it, it is slowly eating you alive and it will success if you don’t fight it”

Stiles closed his eyes for a second, taking a deep breath, “I’m not- I’m not bad, I’m a good person” He muttered, almost feeling like a frightened child, “And I’m gonna to try to stop this, I will stop it, whatever the hell is coming, I will do it, no matter if I die in the process” He angrily exclaimed, putting his hand on Steve’s shoulder. Without anything else to say, he tele transported back to their cabin. Stiles caught Steve before he crashed again the floor, “Bruce!” He immediately yelled, checking the already healing mark bites of Steve’s back and neck.

He suddenly heard hurried steps, he could only prepare for the million questions he was gonna get. The door wide opened and the entire room filled with high voices. Stiles rolled his eyes before closing them, pinching the bridge of his nose with tiredness, “I said Bruce guys!” He shouted making everyone shut up.

Slowly Bruce popped his head between the mass of people, “Here” He muttered raising his arm. Stiles looked up at him, smiling with fond, “You can take care if him, right?”

“Of course…” Bruce answered unsure, watching Stiles stood up before removing his still wet jacket and boots.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Tony rambled, watching his brother run like a crazy bitch around the room, changing clothes, “Trying to protect this shitty place idiot, what do you think?”

Tony raised his eyebrows, impressed by his rude attitude, he muttered between teeth, “Need some
help?” He finally asked unsure. Stiles groaned in response, shaking his arms, “Just- just wait for me, alright?” He breathed. Tony had barely time to think what to answer when Stiles was completely gone, disappeared in the air, “Great” He whispered, twisting his mouth, “Lets just….” He started to say, picking Steve from the floor, his buddy was having a really difficult weekend, not to say month, at least he was dating someone, too bad it was the idiot of his brother.

Stiles landed on soft dirt. He leaned on his elbow, looking up, staring at the calm water of the lake. It was so big he couldn't see the other side of it. But what made him run out of air was the brightness of the water. It seemed was clear as in the day, the water was bright blue and shiny, it seemed magical. Stiles frowned, sitting on the sand, burying his fingers on it as he took deep breaths. He could feel the magic of the energy source, it was calling him, it was powerful and pure, nothing dark had reach it. Yet.

Quickly, Stiles began taking his shoes and socks off. He let out his shaky breath, burying his feet on the cold sand too. The words of the tall witch were still haunting him, fresh in his thoughts. Someone else noticing that dark matter inside of him, it wasn’t good, it meant it was growing and he had no clue how to stop it. Without trying to give it more thinking, he removed his white shirt and tossed it away. The cold wind made his skin shiver, his teeth began to tremble as he slowly approached the water.

“Oh sweet fucking Jesus” He whimpered, as his toes touched the water, followed by his feet and finally his legs, it was like taking a band aid. He took several deep breaths before diving into the freezing water. He wide opened his eyes and what he saw was something completely different what he expected. There was only an infinite blue and darkness below his feet. He felt tiny and intimate, he needed to get out. He emerged from the water, gasping for air and removed with his both hands, his too long hair from his forehead and shook his head. He began swimming, trying to use his inner fire to keep him warm, but it wasn’t working, he looked down at his hands and gave it one more try but nothing happened, his fingers were beginning to turn purple.

He continued moving his arms and legs, against his will. Until he was able to see in the distance the other side of the lake and the far away lights of the town. His lips shivered with strength, he tried lighting his hands on fire but they didn’t answer, he frowned confused, trying again but it never happened. “Shit” He exclaimed, understanding if he didn’t hurry up, he would literally get hypothermia, he needed to continue moving. After minutes he finally arrived to what seemed to be the center of the lake.

He felt something hard below his feet, he frowned before submerging, noticing there was a tall rock where he could stand. Carefully he climbed it. The water only reached to his waist, he rubbed his arms and torso, trying to gain some heat and took a deep breath.

As he began reciting the protective spells, he felt a bigger connection to the lake. Blue and purple lights began forming in the sky, as same as it happened in Beacon Hills. It was beautiful. When he
finished, he dropped his hands, feeling a sudden tiredness, he resisted the need to let his legs give up. He looked around him, everything was still dark, the sun wasn’t giving any signs to appear. One more time he tried heating himself, it didn’t work. He tried tele transporting himself back to the shore but it didn’t work either. He cursed out loud, slapping the water, he stared at it for a couple of seconds, preparing himself to swim back. He was fucking freezing to dead.

He crawled out of the water with the little energy he still had, burying his frozen fingers in the sand. He rolled on his stomach, staring at the night sky. He let out his breath, putting his arms around him, quickly warming himself up, this time he was able to do it, “Come on, come on” He rambled impatiently, desperately wanting to feel something more than cold. He quickly straightened up, grabbing his boots and shirt and tele transported himself back, finally to the damn cabin.

Stiles fall hard against the floor but didn’t dare move for seconds. He kept his eyes closed and his arms around him, getting into heat, when he managed to hear a quiet breathing. Slowly he sat on the wooden floor, acknowledging he was back at his room. Steve was completely asleep in the bed. Without thinking about it, he quickly stood up and walked toward the bed as he took all his clothes off. Steve was on his side, a bandage around his chest, covering his back. He grabbed clean and, more important dried and warm boxers and quickly put them on, followed by his black pants.

Stiles half smiled, so glad Steve was alright, more glad than he thought he would. He removed the sheets and climbed into bed, he carefully put his arms around Steve and ignored his sudden gasp of surprise, “You’re freezing, get off of me” Steve complained, never opening his eyes.

“Sorry” Stiles answered quietly but didn’t let him go, instead he buried his face in Steve´s neck, breathing in it, “Hi” Stiles added.

Steve hummed in response, lightly moving, “Hi” He answered. Stiles couldn’t help but smile, lightly kissing him in the cheek.

“You need to stop doing dangerous things on your own” Steve suddenly said, finally opening his eyes, turning his head to face Stiles, who only hummed in response and narrowed his eyes, “Sorry” He repeated before beginning to kiss Steve´s neck.

“I’m serious Stiles, you need- you know we can- I can help you and-“ He tried to follow his scolding but his damn lips were too distracting. He groaned when he felt Stiles cold hand on his lower back, slowly rubbing it, “I’m going to kill you” He muttered, drooping his head, giving up.

Stiles laughed quietly, he kissed him one last time before looking up, “How you feeling?” He
asked, leaning his chin on Steve´s shoulder, “I´m alright, don’t distract me again, Tony and Bruce said you ran away like the idiot you are”

Stiles smirked, “I went to find the energy source big guy, did it pretty well without help”

“You’re an idiot, you could have been hurt” Steve complained, putting a hand over his face and slowly rubbing his eyes. Stiles swallowed hard and half smiled, “I like when you worry about me”

Steve scoffed, dropping his hand, “Its the only thing I do” He answered, looking at him in the eye, “Thank you for saving my life”

“Oh yeah, I did, I saved your pretty ass soldier boy” Stiles exclaimed before lowering his hand and playfully pinch his butt. Steve let out a squawk of surprise, straightening up and his cheeks turned impossible red. Stiles laughed out loud, simply enjoying his man´s innocence.

Twenty minutes later, Stiles was falling asleep when he managed to feel and hear Steve climbing off the bed, whispering something about going for something to drink. Stiles felt a sudden coldness that made him pulled a face, he mumbled between teeth and waved his hand, hearing the naked steps of Steve as he walked out of their room. Seconds had barely passed, when he snatched his eyes open as he heard something breaking in the distance.

His first thought was Steve, the apallimay had returned and attacked him again. He quickly sat in bed, feeling a sudden panic and his blood go cold, “Steve?”

He heard his brother screaming something he couldn’t quite understand. Stiles tossed the sheets away and wide opened the door of his room.

“Steve!” He yelled as he started running, stumbling with his still asleep feet.

“Bruce, bruce, look at me” He heard Natasha, hurriedly whisper. He quickly climbed off the stairs and faced what was going on and it wasn’t Steve. In the middle of the living room there was the biggest black wolf with blue eyes Stiles had seen in his entire life, the animal said Derek in every sense of it, on his blue eyes and black fur, but it couldn’t be, Derek hadn’t turn into a full wolf, afraid of hurting someone since they began having control problems. The wolf was directly looking into Bruce´s eyes, they were locked in each other. Stiles realized the green guy was about to make an apparition, he seemed hypnotized and lost in them.
He looked around the room, realizing not even Scott, Jackson or Derek were there. He frowned confused wondering were the hell everyone was.

“Natasha” He called her quietly, as he walked toward the wolf, “Natasha” He tried again, snapping his fingers. She snatched her head to him and swallowed hard. Stiles nodded several times, trying to calm her down, “I will grab the wolf and you and Tony will take Bruce out of here, alright?” He asked without really asking, beginning to move faster when he heard Bruce groan and gasp, struggling the transformation, “Tony?” He asked looking for confirmation. His brother immediately nodded in response as well as Natasha.

“One…” Stiles started, nervously taking a big step.

“Two…”

“Three!” He yelled before launching himself toward the beast, not turning to see if Natasha and Tony had succeed. Stiles saw the moment his hands were centimeters away from the black fur and saw, in complete horror, how they passed through, it was like trying to grab smoke, useless. He landed on the floor, immediately turning around to see the wolf was intact and it had his blue electric eyes fixed on him.

Stiles saw from the corner of his eye, how Tony tried to approach him, “No! Just go! Go!” He yelled, dodging the claws of the wolf. Stiles began crawling, trying to scape from the wolf when he felt something sharp digging on his leg. He turned his head impressed, realizing the wolf had caught hi leg between his fangs.

“Fuck!” He screamed, trying to defend himself but it wasn’t working, he couldn’t touch it, either his powers. Stiles felt how his leg was teared apart, he repressed a scream as he began groping the floor, trying to find something. When his fingers felt something cold and hard. Without thinking he took it into his hand and used it to stab the wolf in its chest. For his surprise he heard the monster roar in pain.

He managed to hear in the distance between the wolf’s cries, someone yelling his name. Stiles stood up, ignoring the strong pain on his leg and backed away from the wolf, “Metal! Metal can burn him!” He yelled to whoever was listening. His hand frantically moved between the broken fragments in the floor, searching for something metallic. He suddenly heard Scott’s panicked voice, saying over and over something about Derek not waking up.

Stiles froze for a fraction of second, hearing his words. He stared at the wolf again and realized why it reminded him so much about Derek. It hit him in the lowest of his stomach, slowly he stood
up, noticing Tony was fighting against the wolf, following his instructions. Steve was there too, with his shield and his bloody bandages. He couldn't care any less. He began climbing the stairs, his leg didn't protest in pain anymore or at least, he couldn’t feel it anymore. He shook his arms, feeling he was under water.

The roar’s of the beast were still audible but Stile heard them kilometers away from him. Scott was suddenly in front of him, putting his arms on his face, shaking it. Stiles blinked several times trying to understand what he was saying. Until he felt his friend knuckles on his cheek, punching him with strength. It was everything he needed, in a blink of an eye, he recovered his movements, he pushed Scott away and began quickly limping toward the room. His hand shook the moment the opened the door and stared at the scene in front of him.

“What is happening?!?” Lydia yelled, clapping Derek´s asleep face.

Stiles walked toward her and took her into his arms, pushing her away. Without saying anything, he took Derek´s unconscious body into his arms, ignoring the protest of his bones at the dead weight and its heaviness. He groaned as he tossed him to his back and began walking back, still hearing the fight in the first floor.

“What the hell are you doing Stiles??!” Jackson yelled, trying to stop him but Stiles never stopped walking. He couldn’t, the more he got closer, the more his fear and anger grew, the closer he got, he knew what was going on, what Derek had done.

“Move” He blurted out, pushing everyone away, before dropping Derek´ s body on the couch. He watched without surprise how the wolf connected his eyes on him and slowly walked toward the inert body. Stiles wished he could curse, he could yell, cry, he could punch him right in the face but nothing came out, he was in pause, in blank. They watched how the wolf closed his blue eyes before turning himself into dust and suddenly it didn’t exist anymore.

Stiles let himself dropped on the couch, facing how Derek, slowly blinked his eyes before wide opening them and straightening up. Him and Stiles stared at each other for what if felt an eternity.

“How could you?”

“How could you do that to me?”
Here's the tradition from the Italian guys

Aiutare! - Help!
Aiutare per favore! - Help please!
Aiutare per favore, lui è mio amico, sta morendo - Help please, he's my friend, he's dying
Portalo dentro - Carry him inside
Sbrigati ragazzo dai! - Hurry up, come on!
Seguimi - Follow me
Mettilo lì - Put him there
Sei americano? - You are American?
E bene? - Well?
:)))))))) Cool cool cool
Derek froze on his place, his hands began shaking and his head spinning, “This isn’t what it looks like, Stiles…” He tried to say but suddenly Stiles flipped the resting table in the middle of them, breaking it into pieces. Derek flinched at the movement and looked down.

“Don’t you fucking dare Derek!” He yelled furiously, beginning to pass side to side, so mad, so angry he didn’t know what to do with his own hands, “How many times?” He breathed. He felt a hand on his arm, trying to pull him but he shook himself angrily, “I said how many fucking times?”

Derek swallowed and took a deep breath, shaking his head again. He put his hands against it and pulled his hair. He suddenly stood up, making everyone backed away from him, “I can’t do this right now” He exclaimed before quickly running away, disappearing up stairs.

Stiles scoffed, he couldn’t believe his coward ass. He was ready to follow him when, one more time, he felt a hand stopping him, “What?!” He exploded, turning around, arms wide opened. Lydia stepped back, visibly frightened, “Are you alright?” She asked quietly. Stiles cursed under his breath and passed a hand through his hair. He sat down again and closed his eyes for a moment, knowing he needed to calm the hell down.

“That thing… we all saw tonight, it wasn’t a wolf” He began, his jaw so clenched it hurt him, “They are called karjachas and they…” He couldn’t say it out loud, he wouldn’t dare, the anger, the pain too fresh. It was Lydia that gasped surprised, “You mean…” She muttered, the words dying inside her mouth.

“I mean… this things is a projection of your deceptions, my guess is… being so close to an unknown energy source, it popped out” He muttered before laughing out loud, “It fucking popped out”

“You're not saying that Derek, that he…” Scott whispered.

Stiles remained silent, he let his breath and clenched his jaw, it wasn’t over, he deserved a fucking explanation and he was getting one. He stood up, ignoring his brother’s callings after him, his anger wasn’t letting go. He climbed the stairs, two by two and didn’t bother being silent. He slapped the door opened. Derek didn’t flinch at the sound, he remained seated on the edge of the bed, eyes locked on the floor.

He kneeled in from of him, forcing him to look at him in the eye.

“Liam” He suddenly whispered, so low, Stiles thought for a moment it was his mind playing cruel tricks on him, “What?” He echoed, almost smiling at the absurdity but Derek said it again, louder and stronger, “Liam, Stiles, it was with Liam”

He felt his heart stop, suddenly it was hard to breath. His body fell backwards, he wide opened his eyes, trying to find some sense, something, trying to feel something, “Liam?” He breathed, closing his eyes with utter, raw pain, “How could you Derek? Why? Why?” He whispered, dropping his head against the floor, trying to feel something cold compare to his sudden heated skin. The need of crying invaded him, he snatched his head up, letting the bomb explode.

“Answer me you fucking jerk! Why?!” He angrily yelled.

“Because you fucking left me! You fucking left me! You left!”

It was like a slap right in his face, he let out a short painful laugh, not because it was funny, it was all he could do, laugh, “So, this is my shitty fault now?” He exclaimed, slapping himself in the chest. Derek looked away, raising his arms and clenching his fists, “I didn’t say that Stiles-“

“Except you are! We were having problems and you just choose to leave to go have a fucking stir-“

“It wasn’t like that Stiles, I just-“

But none of them was listening, both of them talking at the same time, words mixing between them, confusing them, trying to make their excuses valid. Stiles closed his eyes, putting his hands together in desperation, shutting himself for a moment.

“You stopped loving me asshole!” Derek suddenly screamed, so loud and heartbroken Stiles kept his mouth shut, “You were fucking there but you didn’t love me, not anymore”

He tried digesting the words, he tried understanding them but in that moment everything was
clouded, everything was anger and sadness and he didn’t want to feel them, he was tired of feeling for Derek, he was tired of him, “That’s fucking bullshit! I never stopped loving you! I stopped being in love with you!”

Derek moaned in pain and closed his eyes with strength, as if he couldn’t bare hearing those words, less coming from Stiles, “I can’t look at you” Stiles muttered, pulling a face with disgust, “With fucking Liam… my fucking friend, you…” He rambled under his breath, putting his hand behind his neck, slowly shaking his head.

Derek suddenly smirked, facing him, “Don’t act like you’re better than me”

“Don’t you fucking dare Derek” Stiles answered back, taking a few steps until they were face to face, centimeters between them. Derek swallowed, visibly concerned for having him so close, “You think I don’t see you with him? You think it doesn’t hurt me? Seeing you and that son of a bitch, fooling around-”

He didn’t need to hear his name, it was the drop that spilled the full glass. He saw everything red, unconsciously he grabbed Derek by the neck and pushed him back until his body crashed against the wall, “Don’t you ever mention him again Derek, it’s none of your goddamn business, me and him, it’s different” Stiles hissed, almost with hate.

“How?” Derek blurted out but he didn’t get an answer, “How Stiles?” He repeated louder. Stiles let him go but didn’t step back, he clenched his jaw, hearing how Derek said the question again and again, “How Stiles? Tell me how!”

He couldn’t help it, his arm and fist moved without him knowing about it, he felt the wood cutting his knuckles as he made a hole in the wall behind Derek, “Because I’m in-“ The realization of what he was going to say hit him like a wave. He stumbled as he stepped back. Derek looked down and shook his head, a perfect broken smile on his face, “Say it, just fucking say it, put me out of my misery, please”

Stiles looked away and swallowed hard, he couldn’t, “Just stay away from me Derek, please” Is all he could say. He turned around and walked away, hearing how Derek fall to his knees. Stiles left the room, not surprised of seeing the group standing in the hallway. He froze for a moment, noticing the pity stares, he couldn’t handle them, he couldn’t handle anything, not that night. He meant to walk away when he felt a tiny hand on his chest.

“Breath, breath with me Stiles” Lydia whispered, about to hold him in her arms but the couldn’t allow it. He stopped her and clenched his jaw, wanting to say something but he was pure chaos. He
dropped his hands and began walking again, that time Lydia didn’t stop him.

He climbed down the stairs and desperately walked to the kitchen, snatching the fridge open, hoping, wishing there was something he could drink but it was empty, “Shit, shit, shit!” He yelled closing it with strength, making the fridge tremble. He passed his hand through his hair and dropped his head, closing his eyes. The adrenaline suddenly left him and all he could feel was exhaustion. He dropped himself down and whimpered when his leg protested. For a moment he had forgotten that fucking thing had bit him.

He teared apart the cloth that was hanging and let out his breath when he saw the deep cuts and the blood and it didn’t look like it was healing, “Fuck…” He exclaimed closing his hands into fists and flinched when his right hand hurt. He looked down at it and well, it was probably broken. He needed to get the hell out. Slowly he stood up, ignoring his aching body. He began walking to the front door when someone called his name.

“Where are you going?” Steve asked quietly, standing in the middle of the mess that used to be the living room. Stiles blinked a few times and twisted his mouth, he had forgotten for a moment about him, “Out of here” He exclaimed giving him his back. He didn’t want to take it out with him, specially with him.

“Stiles wait” Steve tried.

“Not now Steve, please- just, not now” Is everything he couldn’t bare to say, not after almost saying those words, not after being betrayed by the first love of his life. In that moment, his trust was destroyed, there was not other way to call it. Without anything left to say he walked out of the house, leaving Steve, standing still in the middle of the living room.

The bar he randomly chose was mostly empty, taking in consideration it was the middle of the day. The place was dark, illuminated only by artificial light, creating a heavy atmosphere, combined with the drunk men of the town and their smell, and the tense smoke of cigarettes, it wasn’t a homy place. Stiles chose the darkest corner and sat himself down, “Una bottiglia di vodka per favore” He order the minute the waitress was near him. She gave him a long stare, carefully moving her eyebrows up and down as if she was deciding something. Stiles resisted the need to roll his eyes and instead gave her a charming smile. That known playboy smile he gave when he wanted someone to be his. It left him a bad taste on the mouth.

The waitress returned the gesture, her intense red lips standing out against the dark environment, she seemed like a character taken out of the fifties.
In the middle of his second bottle, he began to think she was attractive, her easy smile and charismatic reminded him of Steve’s one. He felt the guilt on the top of his stomach when the girl sat beside him, putting an arm around his shoulders. It was almost incredible how she decided to ignore the smell of blood and his clothes, as well as the high level of alcohol inside his body. His phone kept vibrating inside his pocket until it died from the battery, he didn’t even bother checking it. The brunette girl was suddenly sitting on his legs, laughing about something he had supposedly said but he couldn’t remember. He felt uncomfortable but his senses were too blurry and confusing, so he did what his body wanted to.

After minutes of silly flirtation, he learned the girl’s name was Gianna, a twenty old girl, trying to pay her studies, he wished he had a life a simple as that. When she suddenly asked what he do for a living, what he do for fun, what was the story of his life. It was perfectly normal question and the answer came naturally out of him. He said he was a medicine student, taking a six month vacation from college, he said he was single, that didn’t have anyone back home waiting for his return. He could acknowledge the pity on her eyes, as if it was really that sad not having anyone waiting for him. He got distracted on his thoughts when he suddenly felt her lips on his neck, kissing and licking. Stiles didn’t like it, he could feel her sticky lipstick and her insistent teeth.

He heard a loud alarm inside his head, telling him he was better than that, that there was actually, someone waiting for him, that is was Derek that cheated on him, not Steve.

_Steve._

Immediately Stiles stood up, making the girl fall to the ground with a loud hit. His drunk legs betrayed him and he almost fell against the table. The whole bar became quiet from the sudden abrupt, he began mumbling how sorry he was. He tossed a couple of dollars on the table, shaking his head again and again, ignoring the girl’s cursing. He couldn’t care any less, all he could think was him, was Steve and how disappointed he was going to be, at seeing Stiles like that, drunk and flirting with an italian unknown girl. He needed to get the hell out.

Without thinking he stumbled his way out. The strong rays of the sunset hurt his eyes, he covered them, resisting the need to vomit, how long did he was gone? Tony was gonna flip out and Steve…

Stiles began to walk, crashing against people, not being able to hear their curses and questions. He closed his eyes with strength when his head turned and turned and suddenly he was leaning against a lamppost, taking deep breaths, so glad he was finally breathing pure air.

He didn’t know how, but suddenly he was standing outside the cabin. It was deadly quiet. He crashed against the front door when he tried opened it. It had never been so difficult for him to open a damn door in his entire life.
“Steve?!” He called out loud, dragging his feet, he felt his leg burn in pain. He looked down and notice it wasn’t healing as fast as usual, he frowned confused because the bone’s from his hand were healed, it was still cut open but alright, but not his leg, the muscles were still exposed The world around him suddenly turned upside down and he finally fell on the floor, “Steve?” He whispered, knowing he most look like the most pathetic human being in the entire universe. He closed his eyes and took deep breaths, he had to stood up, he was going to stood up.

“Stop it Stiles, stop moving, let me help you” Someone exclaimed and Stiles had never been more confused in his entire life.

“Steve?” He muttered hopefully. His drunk eyes opened enough for him to recognized those perfect blue eyes, “Oh my god, its you” He exclaimed, putting his head against his chest, so glad he was feeling that known warm, those known arms around him, “I´m so sorry” He exclaimed, like a little child afraid of the dark.

Steve was saying something, caressing his cheek but he couldn’t understand shit. God, why did he had to drink so much? Why he couldn’t handle things like a grownup? why he always had to fuck things up and get drunk to at least, feel some pain.

He closed his eyes for a second, only for a second but when he opened them again, he was inside a shower, freezing water falling down his body. He frowned looking down, noticing he was still wearing his clothes, “What?” He muttered leaning against the wall.

“I got you, you're alright, I got you” Steve whispered as he continued passing his fingers through Stiles hair, over and over again. Stiles looked up, narrowing his eyes and the stream of water and smirked, “i´m such a mess” He exclaimed, before laughing out loud, “I´m such a fucking mess” He repeated shaking his head.

“It will be alright Stiles, did you hear me? It will be” Steve exclaimed, cupping his red cheeks into his hands. But he shook his head again, “I’m sorry Steve, you don’t- you don’t need to do this, I… I´m sorry” Stiles rambled.

Steve let out his breath, almost annoyed and shook his head, “Cant you please, stop moping around and help me get your clothes off?” He asked without asking. Stiles only nodded and began taking his shirt off, noticing how pale his skin was, what was going on with him? Without talking, he removed his entire clothes, knowing it was the first time Steve was gonna see him completely naked, how pathetic that was.
Stiles remained under the water for minutes, until his lips turned blue and he was shivering and thank god, his drunkenness wasn’t that bad, “I´m alright” He exclaimed, standing up with effort.

Steve stared at him a long, painful minute before closing the water, they suddenly fell into an intense silence, where Stiles was still inside the shower, shivering like an idiot and Steve was standing outside, a big blue towel on his hands.

“It gets bigger, I promise, its the cold and the vodka” He tried joking as he stepped outside.

“My god, Stiles, shut up” Steve exclaimed, shaking his head, beginning to dried him up.

Stiles was suddenly aware of the intimate of the act. As if they had known theirselves for years, themselves and their bodies. He felt the guilt again and his mouth opened before he could even think of what he was saying, “I flirted with a hot, italian waitress”

Steve froze, his hands steady on Stiles waist. He took a deep breath, before looking up at him and taking a small step back, “Stiles, I-“

“I didn’t kiss her, I… I couldn’t, I would normally had, because I´m that kind of jackass, but I couldn’t do it, you were stuck in my stupid, drunk head the entire time”

Steve took other deep breath and slowly leaned on the sink. He rubbed his eyes and opened his mouth several times, as if he was trying to decipher what the hell he could say that didn’t make things worse.

“I won’t brake your heart” He finally exclaimed, staring at Stiles dead in the eye, “I wouldn’t do anything conscious to hurt you, Stiles” He continued, ignoring how uncomfortable Stiles seemed, yet, hopeful too. And god, Steve was in love with that drunk, shivering, naked man in front of him.

Stiles bit his lip, his drunk head trying to work out a good response, a worth saying out loud response, “I didn’t know I would miss you that badly, that much” He muttered, “After Beacon Hills I mean” He added, waving his hand, “I didn’t know I like you this bad and I´m sorry it took me so long to catch up with it but I got stuck, I´m… I´m terrified Steve and after all this...”

“Hey, hey” Steve interrupted him, putting his hands on his face, forcing him to stare at him, “I’m
not him and Derek, he’s- he’s a good person” He added, squeezing his hands when Stiles tried to look away, a sudden anger on his eyes, “I know you cant see it right now, how could you? But, I told you and I’m telling you, I won’t brake your heart”

Stiles swallowed hard, aware of how close they were. He tilted his head and half smiled with sadness. He didn’t want to hear anything more coming out of that beautiful pink lips, he was all he needed. He attracted their lips together, moaning when his teeth crashed at the intensity of the kiss. Stiles didn’t know the moment the towel disappeared between them, he just knew he wanted Steve, all of him. He quickly removed his shirt and pushed their bodies together. Steve always so warm and Stiles always so cold. He was just glad he wasn’t that drunk anymore, even if he still saw everything blurry.

“Well, it does get bigger”

“I told you big guy”

* *

They didn’t know how long it passed inside that tiny bathroom. They didn’t have sex, “I don’t want our first time to be with you drunk as hell” Steve had said and well Stiles couldn’t blame him, he couldn’t even walk properly. Steve helped him get into bed, putting the covers over his body. Stiles smiled like a dork as he pat the empty space beside him. Steve dropped himself with a tired sight.

“Where’s everyone?” He quietly asked after a couple of minutes in calm silence, as Steve passed his fingers through his hair.

“Everyone is at the house Stiles, no one dare move when you were gone”

He hummed in response, twisting his lips, “Guess, I am a runner after all huh?” He whispered, half smiling.

Steve let out his breath and stopped moving his hands for a moment, “You came back”

“Yeah, I guess I did” He answered, “i couldn’t leave you alone guys, all you idiots without my awesome personality and natural charisma, you wouldn’t survive”
Steve deeply sighed again, “Whatever you want to believe to make yourself feel better hon”

*

The moment he and Steve stepped out of their room, bags ready and packed. Tony had walked toward him, clapped him in the back and tightly hug him. It was everything Stiles needed. Not even Scott, Lydia or Jackson had asked him where he had disappeared. He was truly grateful for that. He had successfully been avoiding Derek, it was like a radar, every time he knew he was close, he felt an uncomfortable switch. So, like the coward he was, he walked away. He was pretty sure everyone noticed but no one asked. He was double grateful for that.

“Holding over there?” Lydia asked, bumping his shoulder playfully.

Stiles smiled at her and shrugged, “Been better but.. yeah, sure”

She nodded in response and looked away, staring at the deep forest. They were standing outside the quinjet, waiting for his brother to finish the last arrangements to finally, leave that ugly town for good.

“Do you think, you’re leaving a… a part of yourself in this place?” Lydia suddenly asked.

Stiles narrowed his eyes at the strong rays of sunshine hitting his face. He thought about the question, more than leaving a part of him in that place, it felt more like a swap. He was also leaving with a piece of energy from the source. Like matching pieces getting exchanged, “In a way…”

“Mhm?”

“I mean, it was like an exchange, I can feel a piece go energy from this place inside me, I know I´m protecting it, but…”

“But what?” Lydia asked facing him.
“I think it’s making me weaker, I mean, I’m using so much energy, leaving so much of me in here, in Beacon Hills, it’s making me weaker” He explained before shrugging. Turning around when he heard Tony yelling they were ready to leave.

“You know this because..?” She exclaimed, letting the answer hang between them.

Stiles deeply sighed before stopping on his tracks, he slowly kneeled and uncovered his barely healing leg. Lydia let out a whistle and pulled a face as is she was the one injured, she twisted her mouth, “Yeah, that doesn’t look good”

He stood up and buffed, “I know, theory proved”

They kept walking in silence until Stiles put an arm around her shoulders, “Let’s just get the hell out from here”

*

Scott quietly sat beside Stiles, as he watched the calm ocean and the soft, blue waves. Stiles swallowed hard and twisted his mouth, he leaned his head against the cold glass and notice Scott’s side ways stare for the third time.

“Are you holding on?” He eventually asked.

Stiles shrugged and looked behind him. Watching as Tony said something to Steve, they both seemed tense and mad. Tony was walking side to side, closing and opening his hands.

“What you think is going on over there?” Scott asked, watching the same direction as Stiles, who only shrugged again and twisted his mouth, “I think he’s even more mad than me at Derek and… Liam” He blurted out, the name barely understandable. It was the first time he dare say it out loud and the result wasn’t any good at all. He twisted his mouth with anger, making Scott put a hand on his shoulder, “Hey… I know-” Scott tried to say but Stiles shook his head.

“The first thing I did when I arrived New York was visit him, made sure he kew I was in his territory and he… he even had the guts to ask if me and Derek had broken up when he knew, he
fucking knew and he said he was sorry, he said he knew how in love Derek and I were, why I didn’t see it? How couldn’t I see it?”

“Maybe you did…” Scott whispered quietly.

“What?” Stiles breathed looking up at him.

“I mean, Stiles, it was with Liam, you must had…”

“Must had fucking what Scott? Knew it? Sense it? How could I-“ He scoffed, angrily looking away, crossing his arms over his chest, “This wasn’t my fault” He blurted out, blinking several times, feelings his eyes burning, “I know we drew apart and I know how lonely he must had felt, I did too but I didn’t go have sex with a friend, he betrayed me Scott, he betrayed my confidence and I don’t- I don’t know how to deal with that, I’m just angry, I have nothing more for him beside anger”

Scott remained silent, bitting his lip, “I’m sorry Stiles and I know for sure, Derek is too”

Stiles shook his head, getting really tired, people were apologizing for him, instead of him having the damn balls for doing it himself. Stiles stood up and scoffed again, he opened his mouth ready to send Derek and everyone directly to go fuck theirselves when something caught his attention. He turned to the window, seeing they had arrived New York, he could see the tall buildings in the distance but it was the dark cloud that made his breath go cold.

“What the hell is that?” Natasha breathed, standing beside him.

“Its moving, right?” Scott asked, narrowing his eyes.

Stiles moved his head, trying to take a better look at it, he was able to notice the black mass was moving, like tiny dots jumping and running and coming in their direction, “Its moving toward us” Stiles exclaimed, already pushing everyone behind him. It wasn’t a black cloud, it was millions of black grasshoppers flying in their direction.

It hit them like a wave of water and sank them into it. Stiles was holding Natasha´s hand in a second and in other he was falling, he felt something hitting his head and everything became numb. He didn’t notice the moment the quinjet hit the water of the ocean and began sinking. He was
barely conscious everyone was screaming something but he couldn’t move, his limbs didn’t answer and he couldn't focus his eyes right. He licked his lips and tried raising his arm as he heard someone yelling his name.

He suddenly felt a coldness on his legs and how it quickly traveled to his waist, his torso and finally his neck. It took him a couple of seconds to realize he was sinking along with the ship and the water was covering him. He had to move, he had to stand up. Fighting against the strong watercourses, he made his way through the water, taking a deep breath. He took several puffs looking around him, everything was pitch black and cold. The level of the water was raising and he was loosing his time and breath.

His head wasn’t helping either, it felt like a hammer hitting him repeatedly, the pain increasing with every hit, “Shit, shit” He breathed before diving into the freezing water but it was useless, he couldn’t see anything. With his hand he tried creating a stream but it was too weak, he only heard the glass creaking lightly. He couldn’t die fucking drown. He needed to get out, he began swimming, his hands groping in the dark, trying to find something useful. His chest began to burn and unconsiously he took a a breath, swallowing salt water, his throat burned with the water. He had to hurry up.

He closed his eyes with strength when his fingers closed against something, he hold on to the large, hard object and pull it. He had no fucking clue what it was but he began hitting the thick glass with the little energy he had. His eyes began to close and he felt a burning sensation traveling through his throat and chest. His body began shaking, struggling to find air but he failed. The object slipped from his grip and a strange calm invaded him.

He didn’t realize when he lost consciousness and the water finally swallowed him complete.

Tony scratched the surface with his hand and he took a deep breath of air as soon as he was out of the water. The buzzing became audible, the bugs hit him in the head as they pass flying against him. He removed the wet hair from his face and looked around him. He managed to see Steve´s blonde hair and Natasha´s red one. He saw as Scoot was shouting something, fighting against Jackson´s arms to return back to the water. Return back to the water.

“Stiles?” He whispered looking around him, trying to find his dark hair and stupid pale face, “Stiles?!” He tried again, the fear growing inside him, “Steve! Where is him?!” He yelled swimming toward him. Steve frowned visibly confused and opened his mouth. His eyes traveled through every posible emotion until they got lock on the fear. He disappeared into the water in a blink of an eye. Tony tried calling Jarvis, tried to call his suit but everything seemed flooded.

“What happened?!” He yelled swimming back to Scott, who only shook his head, “He- he hit his head and I tried to- the water, it arrived so fast, it was everywhere and I- I couldn’t find him” Scott
rambled shaking his head, staring at the dark water, “I have to go back” He whispered ready to dive in when Derek stopped him, “Look” He exclaimed pointing to the city, where dark towers of smoke began appearing through the buildings, filling the sky, they could hear the screaming and panic of the city, “They need our help” Derek added, pushing Scott back.

“I’ll go, I’ll find him, move Scott, move!” He yelled before diving into the water, following Steve´s steps.

Tony shook his head, sinking into a trance, he began swimming. Derek was right, they had to move and go help, “Move guys” He strongly exclaim, knowing his brother was going to come out safe and sound, he had to come out safe and sound, otherwise he would kill him.

Steve´s lungs began to protest the deep he went, everything was completely dark and cold, making difficult to see, until he managed to see the blinking lights of the ship in the bottom of the ocean. He ignored his protesting body and swam harder, thinking about him and only him.

Stiles dreamed of him and Derek when they started dating, the first incredible awkward first date they had in that ugly coffee place that, of course, Derek was the one that chose it. Derek hadn´t talk or ask anything, he dedicate himself to stare at Stiles, as he devoured his food and kept talking and talking and more talking. In their first date, Stiles had decided he was gonna love that man forever. But seeing him, seeing his blue, bright eyes on the water, the desperation and, still love on them made Stiles want to go back to that dreaming.

It was almost easy to return to that dreaming, it was welcoming and known and it was as simple as closing his eyes. Except that shaking didn’t let him do it, there was a constant and annoying calling. Murmuring his name over and over, demanding for him to wake up. He felt so damn annoyed for waking up. But he had to. The moment he tried to breath, he began coughing every inch of water inside him. He wide opened his eyes and saw caos above him. Planes and helicopters flying around them, the sky red and black smoke.

He heard someone say his name and he wished he could punch that someone, he turned on his back, coughing more water and trying really hard not to think of the constant pain on the back of his head and that burning inside his chest. He felt a hand rubbing his back, before brushing his hair backwards, removing it from his forehead. He blinked several times and let out a shaky breath. He tried talking but only a hoarse and strange whistle came out from his mouth.

“Dont talk, you drank a lot of salt water” That someone exclaimed, beginning to caress his back again.
Stiles pinched the bridge of his nose and shook his head, sitting down, “To- Tony” He managed to blurt out, when he suddenly felt a strong arms holding him. He looked up impressed, perceiving Steve’s characteristic smell of him. He then realized it was Derek that took him out from the water, it was Derek that had rescued him, he had took him out of the water.

He rested his head on Steve’s shoulders, taking deep breaths. He stared at Derek, who was kneeling away from them, he was soaking wet and breathing fast and hard, “Thank you” He whispered truthful, only loud enough for him to hear it. Derek closed his eyes for a couple seconds and nodded, he slowly stood up, he gave Stiles one last look and walked away.

His arms didn’t have the strength to hold Steve back, he was only able to rub his damn cold face against his neck, “I´m sorry” He whispered huskily, closing his eyes.

Steve shook his head and hold him tighter, “I couldn’t find you, everything was complete dark and confusing and I couldn’t find you”

“Its alright Steve, I´m alright” Stiles tried to assure him but Steve gasped, shaking his head.

“Don’t you see it? I was terrified Stiles and I- I couldn’t breath knowing you were down there, I- I thought…” He struggled finding the words before grabbing Stiles face forcing him to see each other dead in the eye, “I think… I think I-“

But Stiles would never had the opportunity to listen to those words, cause he managed to see Tony running toward them, yelling, yelling really loud and waving his arms. Stiles tilted his head and frowned, removing Steve’s hands from him.

“Tony…” He croaked trying to stand up but Steve hold him down, putting a hand on his arm, “Wait” He breathed, looking up, “Listen” He whispered, staring how the sky covered in black shadows. In them, a loud buzzing began to sound.

“Tell me you know what´s going on” Steve whispered, swallowing hard.

Stiles stood up, taking shallows breaths, “I can’t- I can’t hear anything” He muttered. Stiles knew the answer before it hit him straight in the face. His head tossed back as an entity stroke him. A loud whistle clogged his ears.
“Stiles?!” Steve yelled about to hold him when he felt a pressure on his chest. He opened his mouth but nothing came out and for a moment he actually thought he was under water again. He tried grabbing something, anything but suddenly he was falling backwards.

Stiles closed his eyes with strength and shook his head, “Abaddon!” Stiles yelled trying to stand up but it was getting inside his head, clouding every emotion, every feeling. Stiles could feel him inside him, could almost hear his laugh, could almost hear his voice demanding for Stiles to confess his sins, “Don’t listen to him!” He managed to say, noticing Steve was in a worse shape than him. It took Stiles a harsh battle and a huge amount of energy to repress the demon away and remember how to cast it outside.

He began reciting in low voice, managing to stand up but the force hit him to the ground again.

“You’re not match against me human” A strong voice exclaimed inside him head, mocking him.

Stiles stopped for a moment, staring the soft floor below him, taking small breaths, trying to gather courage cause he had to, he had to fight and he was gonna do it. He snatched his head up and began his reciting again, stronger and louder. Believing in his words. Eventually he could breath better, harder, he could see clearly, he could hear his surroundings and the chaos exploding.

He saw Steve struggling beside him, shaking as if he was freezing. Stiles could see the sweat on his forehead and the tension on his muscles. He took him in his arms without doubting, “Breath, breath, its almost over” He whispered under his breath, caressing his cold lips against his wet hair.

Steve let out a shaky breath and shook his head, “I think I love you Stiles”
CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Tony looked up from his tablet when he heard the doors of the elevator opening. Slowly his brother walked out from it, removing his white coat, as always, stained in blood. He dragged his feet, rubbing his face, making an annoyed gesture as he felt his too long beard, scratching his fingers.

“Rough day?” Tony asked quietly, clearing his throat.

“Rough weekend” Stiles answered, dropping himself on the couch with such tiredness, he even made Tony want to go to sleep.

“How was the hospital?” He asked after a couple of minutes in silence. Stiles opened his eyes and gave him a stare, “Crowded” He simply answered, straightening up, “Chaotic” He added, scratching the back of his head before standing up, “There are still too many victims after the attack” He breathed walking toward the kitchen, “Too many casualties” He whispered from himself as he opened the fridge. He didn’t doubt as he took out a bottle of vodka. He could feel his brother’s eyes on him but he didn’t care, not really.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” He heard him ask.

Stiles couldn’t help but half smile, pouring himself a pretty big glass of straight strong booze, “Frankly my brother, I don’t give a fuck”

Tony breathed hard and annoyed, “If Steve saw you he would-“

“Well, he’s not here, is he?” Stiles blurted out, harder than he meant to. He cursed under his breath and dropped the bottle, ignoring its squawk and the splashing. “Could we not mention him Tony? Please, I haven’t seen him in-“

“In weeks, I know, I know Stiles, I’ve been here too, alright?” Tony answered putting the tablet away, “We all saw what happened Stiles”

Stiles took a while to answer, instead he drank from his glass and let out his breath, “Any good
news?” He asked weakly, half smiling as he looked up to his brother, who only twisted his mouth and shook his head. “Well, after loosing energy for weeks, I think things are going back to its course but as you said, too many victims, too many victims in complete fear Stiles, people are scared and we can’t control everything, its too much”

Stiles nodded slowly, not really wanting to talk again about how they screwed up, because they did, they screwed up thing in a big way. But he didn’t want to fight against his brother again, he had enough with Steve. So instead he asked, “Where’s the pack?”

He heard Tony’s deep, long breath followed by a groan, “Out, everyone is gone, its just you and me in here”

Stiles didn’t bother to answer back, he took the bottle into his hand and quickly walked toward the elevator. He managed to hear Tony, saying something about Steve and him being alright. But the doors closed and every sound became mute. Stile stared at the front in blank, feeling as the elevator went up and up and up. His heart made a twist every time he heard his name, he had missed him so much. But something had changed between them, since that day in the beach, since Steve said those words.

Unconsciously he dropped his head against his hand and groaned against it. The attack had created pure chaos, the electricity had disappeared for weeks, making the world fall into shadows, they didn’t know the extend of the strike, it had been too big. All they knew was that they couldn’t help everyone, they were doing their best and still it wasn’t enough. Him and Bruce had dedicated theirselves to attend every possible hospital and all the injured people, as Tony fixed the lines power. Steve and the others had team up since day one and they were simply gone. Stiles didn’t quite remember the moment they separated after everything calmed down, after he had said those words, they had only shared one look and Steve had climbed into that plane.

That had happened weeks ago.

And Stiles was completely terrified, terrified for him, from him. He knew Steve didn’t mean no harm but what in heavens name he pretend Stiles to fucking do? Say it back? It took him almost forever to accept and deal with his feelings for Derek, it took him years… and he just dropped it like a bomb, it felt like a bucket of ice water. Stiles had just stand there, froze, watching him with his mouth wide opened, it had been pathetic and painful and Stiles couldn’t remembered anything from there until he left and saw those blue eyes for the last time. It was shit.

The waiting, the worrying was complete shit, the not knowing what the hell was going on, was shit.
Stiles sat on the edge of his bed and stared at the charred carpet, the dark pentagram and the protective symbols traced on it. He had lost account on how many demons, dark creatures he had conjured, even exorcized and still, no one had answers, it was exhausting and every goddamn time, he was getting angrier and angrier at himself, at fucking life and freaking universe, and he didn’t know why, but he couldn’t control it.

An idea, a dangerous one, had been running inside his head for days, it was like a little thorn pocking him, but… there was always a but. He quickly stood up and walked around the pentagram, being careful not to step on it, until he was facing his bookshelf. He stared at it, his eyes looking for his objective until he found it, he locked himself in a black book, incredible kept, taking into consideration all the years the book had lived.

“I don’t know what you’re up to, but you’ve silent for five minutes staring in blank at that book and I know for sure, whatever you’re thinking its a bad idea” He heard his stupid, completely right brother exclaiming, carefully looking at him. But Stiles ignored him, his worrying and doubts growing bigger, he began browsing the book, his fingers quickly changing the pages, he really didn’t like messing into dark magic and didn’t want to know anything that couldn’t help him, more than the necessary.

“Your burned my carpet”

Stiles let out a long breath and twisted his mouth, “I’ll get you a new one” He shortly answered, turning around, walking back to his bed, where he threw the book as he began removing his clothes.

Tony watched him in silence, staring the accumulated tension in his brother’s shoulders, “Jarvis announced the pack will be back tomorrow morning” He exclaimed, not really sure if lying to Stiles was the right thing to do but the man needed some good news, every one did.

Stiles half smiled and sarcastically smirked, “Are you sure you want to involve Jarvis into your lie?”

“Well, I’m the one telling you, the pack will return tomorrow”

Stiles gave him a stare and shook his head, “You don’t have to do this Tony, its alright, I’m alright, we’re alright” He answered before grabbing his almost forgotten glass. He took a sip, sitting in his
bed, grateful for the burning down his throat. They felt into a deep silence, it wasn’t uncomfortable, yet they were pending words between them and Stiles needed someone to tell him, Steve was going to come back, safe, that he was going to come back to him.

“Do you- I mean, you think they’re alright?” He eventually asked, his lips barely brushing the tip of the glass and his eyes lost.

Tony looked down before speaking, “If I think he’s alright?”

Stiles swallowed hard and finished his drink before slowly nodding.

“What happened between you two Stiles? You haven’t mentioned anything about that day”

“You mean, besides the fact I almost died?”

Finally Tony entered the room, carefully dodging the black pentagram, “Yeah, beside that”

But his brother didn’t answer, instead he closed his eyes and shook his head and said those words Tony never thought would hear him say, at least not from him, definitely not him, “I just... I miss him so much”

Tony sat beside him, “You want me to lie?”

Stiles smiled and dropped the glass on the carpet, he grabbed the bottle and lightly shook it, “Yes please”

“He’ll be back tomorrow morning Stiles, safe and sound, you don’t have to worry about him”
Stiles had to say his condolences to the third family that day and he was barely waking up from his last shift, he was starting to feel tired again. The woman in front of him started crying, sobbing so hard, her entire body was shaking. She crumbled into her knees and put her hands against her face. Stiles wondered if he had broken like that, cried like that, but he had never, it made him feel kind of sad. One more time he expressed his sorrow, saying they had tried everything their hands could do, that he was sorry. He quickly walked away from that young lady, she had just lost her fiancé, thanks to a car crash, a silly car crash, at least it had been a quick dead, no pain. Stiles wasn’t able to save him, or the other three, it wasn’t being a good day, he had lost all his patients and he was fucking hangover. Again.

He removed the patient’s name from the organ waiting list and began the long paperwork with boring but necessary politics. He leaned on the desk and gladly accepted the coffee his favorite nurse was handing him, “Another rough night?” Stiles heard a hoarse, cheeky voice asking.

Stiles twisted his mouth and groaned, “Another rough morning sweetheart” He exclaimed with fake happiness. He looked up from the paperwork and stared at the old lady with black hair and white stains on it, “You’re adorably Patty, thank you” He whispered taking a sip from the coffee, tasting the sweetness on it.

Patty hummed in answer and pursed her too red lips, “Another one?” She asked instead, pushing her glasses up her nose.

Stiles bit his lips, watching her long nails quickly type in the computer, “Another one” He finally confirmed, he quickly signed the papers and passed them to her, “Have you seen Dr, Banner?” He asked stretching his arms above his head, trying to relieve his tense muscles. Patty snatched her eyes opened and for a moment the sound of her fingers tapping stopped. Stiles turned into her direction confused and frowned, “What is it?”

“Dr, Banner told me to let you know he’ll be busy most of the day, he won’t be able to communicate with you, or others, Dr, Stilinski” She suddenly blurted out. Stiles froze on his place and lowered his coffee, piercing her with his strong eyes, “What aren’t you telling me, Patty?”

But she didn’t answer, her mouth hang opened for a few seconds before Stiles heard his name being called repeatedly in the out speakers, he frowned and shook his head, “I will be back, you hear me?” He exclaimed as he turned around and began running to the emergency room, dodging stretchers, people in wheelchairs and more injured patients, more victims. He wasn’t sure when the chaos was going to pass, not really.
The new patient was a nine year old boy, dark hair and pale skin. He was incredibly tall and skinny and he was dying in Stiles surgery table, “I need more blood, B negative!” He yelled for the second time as his hands went deeper and faster inside the kid’s stomach. Desperately trying to find the internal bleeding. It had been a silly accident, he had fallen down the stairs, it was a silly procedure, a known one, an easy one and he couldn’t stop the bleeding. He wasn’t exactly sure how he was facing the parents or which words came out of his mouth, he just felt someone holding him tight.

There was a feeling, bothering him, he couldn’t concentrate, not correctly. The fact he had lost five patients, including a child, wasn’t bothering him as it had to do, there was something else. He gently removed the woman’s arms from him, he repeated how sorry he was, that they had tried their best and continued his walk.

The first thing he saw was her red hair, as it always did, standing out among the crowd. He stopped from a moment and every cable connected, somehow he knew. His feet moved by their own, “Natasha?” He blurted out.

She shook her head and opened her mouth, her eyes said everything.

“What happened?” He asked, louder than he meant to. Suddenly Bruce was in front of him, hand on his chest, “Stiles, wait... just wait!” He exclaimed trying to stop him but it was in vain. Stiles pushed him and licked his sudden dry lips, “Don’t even try it” He whispered, voice tensed as wire, pointing at Natasha when she tried to say something. He looked through the window, inside the room, in the stretcher, the furthest one, was laying Steve. He was barely moving. He had a tube down his throat and his chest was barely moving.

Stiles head stopped, all he could do, was watch in complete silence. He wasn’t sure how many time passed until he figure out what to say, “Where the fuck is Tony?”

But the answer never came. Stiles swallowed again, hardly, “He doesn’t know” He confirmed when one more fucking time, he began listening his name on the speakers, over and over again, it was starting to get into his nerves. The urge to hit the wall invaded him.

“Stiles...” Natasha whispered but he raised his hand and shook his head, pushing his lips, “I have work to do, please I want to see Tony here” Is everything he managed to say as he turned around and walked on the way back to the emergency room. He wasn’t loosing any other patient.
“I’m sorry I couldn’t tell you honey, it was Dr, Banner demands” Nurse Patty whispered when Stiles handed her even more paperwork. He stared at her as he removed his medical gown and softly left it on the desk, “Don’t worry sweetheart, I still need my daily morning coffee”

When he saw Steve again, he was alone. The team was back at the tower after they had a pretty loud fight between Tony and the rest. Stiles didn’t blame him, he was mad too, no one had told them anything about Steve’s accident or when did he arrived the hospital. He sat in the chair beside him and watched him carefully. He wasn’t quite sure what to do, how to react or say. The last time he had to lay in a chair inside the hospital was when his mother died and that had happened years ago, so many years ago, he didn’t quite remember how he felt in that moment, he was only a child after all. His father had died in the moment, as well as his deceased friends.

He desperately passed hand through his hair, his way too long hair and shook his head, it took him a while to speak and not to feel stupid.

“You're an idiot Steve, a truly big idiot” He exclaimed, putting his hands over his knees, it took him a lot more time and breathing to say the next words, “I think I can say it back, I just need time, I just... I need to figure this out and put my shit together, I need to... really feel, to really feel you and I’m going to need time to do it, but at the same time, I’m afraid that I will feel so much for you and you’re going to realize I’m just... not worth it, cause eventually you will and if that happens and I’m in love with you, its going to tear me apart, I’m not ready to feel so much pain again, so I just... I need time but I need it with you, so it would be great if you just... woke up”

The silence was crushing.

“Wake up Steve, please”

End Notes

Honestly, I’m pretty nervous about this fanfic but well, I really hope you truly like it and feel free to say anything. Thanks for the good vibes.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!