Corvus Cornix

Summary

Stiles never grew up in Beacon Hills. To him, it was merely the town his parents fondly told him about whenever his story books held no interest to him.

But now, Stiles finds himself in that very town for his final year of high school.

And he has to get used to a new town, deal with high school drama, AP classes, Werewolves who can't seem to use the front door, and supernatural creatures who really can't help but stir up trouble

He may have bitten off more than he can chew.

Great.

Notes
This is my first fic for this fandom. Hope you guys enjoy it.

*I don't own Teen Wolf*
Corvus Cornix, or the hooded crow or the hoodiecrow, is Eurasian bird species in the crow genus. Found across Northern, Eastern and Southeastern Europe, as well as parts of the Middle East, it is an ashy grey bird with black head, throat, wings, tail and thigh feathers, as well as a black bill, eyes and feet. And like other corvids, it is an omnivorous and opportunistic forager and feeder. They are--

"Stiles!" he heard a shrill voice call out, followed by fast pace pattering of feet. Stiles turned in time to see his aging and visibly annoyed--he can tell by her pursed lips--grandmother walk through his bedroom door. It still surprised him how light and agile her feet were for someone of her age. Then again, her lithe form could account for how she could successfully sneak up on him since—well, since the day he was born. And God himself must have blessed the day he got one over her.

"You're going—I thought you were taking that with you?" Perhaps, the most astounding thing about Aliyah O'Byrne was her ability to switch from one train of thought to another yet managed to put up an impassive face while transitioning—no change in her face, just one shift to the next. But if one looked close enough and if they knew her well enough, he or she could see how her chocolate brown eyes darkened with concern.

Stiles fervently shook his head then sighed, forcing as much air through his nostrils as humanly possible. Ha! Humanly. "I should—"

"She would've wanted you to have it," she cut him off, walked over to him and closed the book in his hand. Stiles stared at the dark-blue covered book with intricate, gold cursive in his hand while ignoring how choked his throat got after all this time.

"It's hers," he rasped out. And it always will be. He had no right to take it with him.

"She would've given it to you at some point in time." Stiles looked up, and lo and behold, the mask was gone, and she was back to pursing her lips at him. Sometimes, it really struck him how alike they really were. But apparently, it was too much to ask for him to be blessed with the same facial ability. It would come in handy, especially when dealing with all the politics that come into play living in a world like theirs. "Now, come on. You're going to miss your flight." Without warning (there never was with her), she grabbed his hand and unceremoniously dragged him out of his room—her room. That was never his, too.

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"Wait!" Stiles shouted, just as they passed the doorway. He may have flailed a little. "I just--" he cut himself off, and judging by her slumped shoulders, she knew what he meant.

Stiles swirled around to look at the now empty room, grateful that she didn't let go of his hand. He took a brief moment to take in the white walls and the unpainted, sandalwood floor. The white
curtains were still present on the window in front of him, but the bed was stripped bare, like he hadn't spent the better part of seven years sleeping there, stuffing his face with copious amounts of junk food, pretending to do homework then actually being forced to do his homework--his grandmother could be such a tyrant sometimes--and just staring up at pictures his mom painted on the ceiling: crows, wolves, people, the stars, the moon--a life-like picture of baby Stiles in the middle of all that chaos. On more than one occasion, he wondered if she knew to save that spot for him, if she knew this room would one day be his, or if she knew they would be his only source of comfort when everything got too much for him, and he needed to escape to a much simpler world.

He was going to miss this room.

He was going to miss her--more that he did on a daily basis.

"You could stay." So caught up in his head and his gloominess, he almost missed her soft remark.

"I could," he just as softly agreed. It was as if they believed that if they were loud enough, the shadows and memories of this room would drag them back in. Who knew--maybe it could. "But Dad already got the job, and I have to go with him to make sure he takes care of himself." Stiles turned around and fixed her with an all too familiar knowing and determined look. After all, she had spent his entire life grooming him. And who better to emanate than the woman who gifted him with his chocolate brown eyes, brunette hair, pale skin, freckled body and a legacy? "Besides, Mom always wanted us to live in Beacon Hills. We may be late, but we're essentially doing what she wanted."

If possible, her shoulders slouched farther. "To think, I had years to come to grips with this but still am having such a hard time letting you go," she pulled herself together to say but still sounding downcast.

Stiles closed the distance between, wrapped his arms around her and muttered into her more gary than brunette hair, "This doesn't mean goodbye, Grandma." Stiles pulled back to look at her. "I'll be really pissed with you if you don't pop in every now and again." She threw her head back and let out a boisterous laugh. That was the other astounding thing about her. For someone so tiny and petite, she sure did know how to be loud. When she finished laughing, she pinned him with a serious look of her own. "Me popping in every now and again is going to get bothersome, no teenager wants their grandmother around all the time. So you better call me every chance you get and video chat. I want to know everything you're doing over there and if someone catches your eye." She had the gall to smirk at him.

Stiles rolled his eyes at her. Why did he put with her again? "I'm going to miss your sense of humor," he deadpanned, failing to contain his blush. "And like you wouldn't already know what's going on." For most, it would have been alarming to see how quickly her smiling could go from teasing to predatory, but to Stiles, it was another reason to roll his eyes at her. Stiles remembered someone comparing her to Autumn Crocus, beautiful to the naked eye, stealing one's breath until very soon he or she was clawing at their own chest with the need to breathe. He pity the fool who believed her to be a weak, defenseless, old woman. Though, in all honesty, she wasn't that old. Okay, sixty-seven could be considered old to a lot of people.

"True," she concurred before turning around again. "We better not keep your father waiting." She resumed dragging him down the hall to the staircase.

God, he was going to miss running down this hall, whether it was when he was little, and Grandpa was chasing him, or running through it to get something from his room, ignoring the yells about being late for school. That in itself was another thing--school. Olympia High School was not a place
he would miss. Actually, who in their right mind would miss the place where he or she was ostracized because they were a little bit spastic and could talk for hours on end about anything. Though, he would miss the library—the one place where he could escape it all while filling himself up with useless facts and mindless trivia knowledge. And it didn't hurt that they school wasn't that far from Ward Lake, where he would sit on the dock and be alone with his overactive brain. If he was bold enough, he might take a dip before heading home.

Stiles steeled himself when he got to the bottom of the stairs.

No.

He couldn't think like that now. Else, he would never leave Olympia. And he desperately needed to leave.

He had a promise he needed to fulfill.

"—can handle the warm weather." His grandfather's gruff voice drew his eyes away from the ground and his fists.

His dad amusedly snorted. "You all keep forgetting I grew up in California." Dad chuckled, eyes still glued to the mass of forest ahead, a lovely green backdrop for the yellow cab waiting to take them to the airport. "Through, I will miss the snow."

The temperature here hadn't hit eighty, which wasn't anything new. Olympia tended to stay close to eighty during the summer months.

The gray, six-foot-three-inches of a man threw his head back and laughed, and all that came out was a airy laugh. Where he lacked in sound, his five-foot-five-inches of wife certainly made up for it. Where his stature gave him present, her voice reigned in attention. His grandfather's robust form might be another reason why people thought twice about messing with his grandmother.

Stiles loved to laugh at the fear William Justin O'Byrne elicited in people's eyes. Because Grandpa was perhaps the softest out of the four of them. He was a dedicated animal rights activist. He couldn't help but stop and make faces at any child who crossed his path. He couldn't help but stop to help anyone struggling: a mother who needed help pushing her cart, a lost traveler or get someone's cat out of a tree—that specific one had happened far too many times.

Stiles couldn't fault people for judging his grandfather based on his appearance. Not everyone was familiar with the man who would carry Stiles everywhere he went and only let go of him when he was handing the infant off to a relative. Not everyone was familiar with the man who was the first to volunteer to care for a sick Stiles. Not everyone was familiar with the man who was hurting most by the move.

"Bunny," Grandpa fondly said, the first to notice their presence, forest-green eyes twinkling. Stiles knees almost faltered. He was going to miss that, no matter how ironic it was. "Ready to go?"

Stiles nodded his head, not trusting his voice.

"So, you taking that after all?" Dad inquired, eyes softening at the book in his hand. Unconsciously, Stiles gripped the book and nodded, which was unnecessary since his dad was the last person to take the book away from him. "Okay, then. Ready?"

'As I'll ever be,' Stiles thought.

"Yep," he responded, hoping to reassure them and himself.
Grandpa wasn't buying it because he walked up and pulled him into a tight hug, lifting him off the ground. "You'll be fine."

"He'll be more than fine. There's nothing Beacon Hills can throw at him that he isn't prepared for," Grandma firmly added.

Stiles nodded, feeling reassure. Maybe all he needed was to know that they weren't making a mistake by going there? Or he needed their support more?

"You can put me down now," Stiles said, still lax in his grandfather's hold.

His grandfather quietly chuckled and put him down. "Just trying to commit that to memory. Who knows when the next time I'll be able able to hug you." His soft smile turned to teasing. "I--"

"No." His dad vehemently shook his head as Stiles's cheeks heated up, all to familiar with where his grandfather was going with that train of thought. "Don't even go there."

His grandfather choked on his laugh while his grandmother unabashedly chuckled next to him. Somethings just never did get old.

A honk snapped them out their mixed reactions.

"Time to go," his dad said and hugged his grandmother. "We'll call as soon as we land." She nodded when they pulled apart, wan smile on her face. "Will." His turned his sights on his grandfather and held his hand out. Grandpa ignored it and pulled him into a hug.

Stiles snorted. His dad should have known better than to try and shake his hand.

His grandmother pulled him into a bone crushing hug and whispered to him, "You'll be fine. Just let fate run its course."

"Thanks," he whispered back, letting go to give her a meek smile before turning to his grandfather and pulling him into a hug. There was only so much his ribs could take. "Take care of Grandma," he said to his grandfather, who snorted and kissed the top of his head, ignoring the indignant squawk they heard.

And then they were off--all too aware of the two people behind them that had helped them through his mother's death while grieving for a daughter themselves--to take a thirty minute drive to the airport where the real test began.

When they got to the airport, Stiles felt stuck in the very same haze he was since he left his grandparents house. All his energy and concentration were fueling his growing need to compose himself for the trip that he was meant to take with his mom, which was why he barely registered the ride here and getting in line to check in. And he was fairly sure he dad even had to lead him by hand to board the plan.

Stiles didn't recall if he had ever thanked his dad for doing all of this: leaving his job here to be the sheriff of Beacon Hills, allotting so much of his time to going there to transfer all their stuff into their new home--for saying 'yes' even before Stiles could open his mouth all those months ago.

Stiles should be honest with himself. The entire two hour flight to San Francisco wasn't that bad, all thanks to the elder woman he got seated next to--Mrs. Howards. One critical eye from her, looking up from her knitting, and she could already tell what was bothering him then proceeded to make it her life mission to rescue him from the 'funk' he was in--her words not his. She when on to regale him with stories of her twin granddaughters she was visiting in San Francisco: from the day they
were born--there was a thunderstorm that day--to the time they sneaked into their neighbor's house to 'burrow' his cat. The last time Stiles borrowed something he got his wrist slapped.

Well, it was going surprisingly well until she started giving him fashion advice. She deemed him a fall. She vehemently denied her assessment had little to do with the bright-red t-shirt he was wearing. Stiles was pretty sure he was a deep winter, but then again, what did he know about fashion? His dad--the frustratingly smug traitor--saw what she was doing from the beginning since he announced he was tired the moment they sat down then proceeded to take a 'nap' with a smirk on his face.

Stiles was willing to overlook the comment about his fashion sense--heavens knows, he heard enough of that already--because she was homely with her soft smiles and slightly teasing nature, and he needed someone to talk to.

She was also the cause of his current plight.

"I miss Grandma," Stiles morosely announced, head resting on the cab window as he slouched against his side of the car. "Don't roll your eyes," he added on.

Their destination was ever growing closer.

"You're going to burn yourself," his dad retorted, dripping with exasperation and the tiredness he tried to fend off. He should have actually went to sleep and not pretend.

Stiles groaned, his own tiredness seeping into his tone, but removed his head from the heated glass, eyes drifting ahead of him to stare at the open road flanked by dense forest on either side. He never thought he would miss fairly deserted roads and thick shrubbery until they left the congested lanes back in San Francisco. He also cried tears of joy at not having to stare out the window to have the person in the next car staring back at him, even if it was leering. Okay, the leering was kinda creepy. Creepy dude with an even creepier smirk.

"I never thought I would see one of your kind doing this type of job," Stiles offhandedly said, needing the distraction as well as to stop fidgeting with his hands.

"Jesus Christ!" his dad hissed, grabbing onto his armrest and clawing into Stiles's thigh when the car swerved slightly.

The raven-haired driver quickly righted the car while his shoulders stood rigid before dropping with the sigh he released. His light-gray eyes shot to the rear view mirror filled with surprise as well as amusement. "And here I was, under the impression that you had no idea what I am," the guy smirked.

Stiles shrugged with a smile, feeling the pressure gone from his thigh as his dad let loose a gust of air.

"Which is what exactly?" his dad asked eyes switching from the back of the driver's head to the steering wheel to Stiles and back again.

The gray eyes were gone. "Why don't you tell him?" The guys said, laughter in his voice. "Then you can explain to me why my occupation baffles you, little one?"

Stiles crossed his arms and pressed farther into his seat, not even miffed by the sobriquet. It was an apt name given the age difference. "Nymphs normally avoid people, and you were parked in front of an airport. Hardly the most people-free place on the planet, you know, with all the coming and going." Stiles looked past the glamour to see a mess of dirty-blond hair but quickly averted his eyes when the bright yellow glow became unbearable.
The nymph gave a gruff laugh. "Very true," the nymph amusingly mused, "but how else am I supposed to help?"

Stiles looked back to him and was momentarily blinded. Blinking rapidly to keep from seeing past the glamour, Stiles took the time to quell some of his confusion. "What do you mean help?" Stiles inquired, seeing black, not gold, once more. "What use is a light nymph in the middle of the day?" Stiles was all too aware of a nymph's pull to use their powers to help, whether to grow a flower or clean a lake.

The nymph looked back to the mirror with furrowed brows. "You haven't met many of my kind I take it?"

Stiles truthfully shook his head. The only other light nymph he had ever met was a female nymph by the name of Hedia, who was the embodiment of moonlight. She was traveling from state to state, following the moon as she put it.

"Well," he started, taking on the tone of some old shaman, ready to bestow great knowledge, and Stiles's love of knowledge kept him from rolling his eyes, "all light nymphs emanate some form of light, whether it be from the moon or the sun, but we also take on the metaphorical aspect of light—the ability to illuminate things, causing one to see and to be seen. Sight and Truth. And finally, Goodness and Intelligence."

"Do you posses all of them?" Stiles found himself asking because intelligent wouldn't be be a word he would use to describe Hedia. His dad was still silent, as he always was whenever Stiles met a supernatural creature, merely listening and looking for any form of hostility or for any threats.

He shook his head. "We tend to exhibit only one aspect of light."

"Which do you have?" Stiles eagerly questioned.

"Sight, though some may say truth," he replied before huffing. "I'm considered a guiding light. I help those see what path to take." His face turned grave, his eyes looking ancient and knowing. "And you, little one, could use some guidance."

Stiles was shocked into silence, mouth opening and closing, no doubt to deny his statement. While searching for the right words, something occurred to him. "You signalled us out," Stiles all but shouted.

The silence that followed and the glint in his eyes were enough of an answer. "I find my talents, if you must, are better put to use when I have people to guide," he said, stressing the last part. "So, what better place than an airport where travelers come and go--"

"And what better job than a taxi driver, where you can ask people about their problems and give them advice," Stiles finished for him. He ginned widely at Stiles, and Stiles finally rolled his eyes at him. "You signalled us out," Stiles all but shouted.

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"Yours is easy, little one," he said, grin never slipping from his face. "Self-doubt is your problem. And all I have to say to you is stop." His gaze intensified to the point of intrusion while his dad shifted in his seat. "Intelligence shines bright in you and couples well with the goodness you rarely show. Trust those two, and you will do well, little one."

"Do you always take that tone with your customers?" Stiles inquired, squirming under his now shining eyes and glowing and hardening face. The mask slipped, and he shot Stiles an exasperated look. "What?" Stiles said, affronted. The nymph shook his head and focused on the road. Stiles,
never being one to handle silence very well, piped up asking, "How come you don't hid out in the forest and help lost travelers?" His dad muffled his snicker.

The nymph shot him an incredulous look but answered, "Because everyone has a phone these days with GPS." Stiles's eyes went from the face in the rear view mirror to the GPS on the dashboard then back to the mirror. The gray eyes shot to his dad as Stiles opened his mouth. "How do you put with him?" He desperately asked. His dad bellowed with laughter. "I should offering you guidance."

"You learn to ignore him," his dad chuckled. "And thanks, but I can handle him."

Stiles rolled his eyes at the laughter that followed before questioning the nymph. And that was how they spent the rest of the car ride with Stiles heckling the nymph with copious amounts of question.

"Here, we are, gentlemen," he said, pulling up to the side wall.

Stiles looked out the window to admire the two story, Victorian style house with its own porch and what Stiles hoped was a working swing bed. The house was painted white but the roof--the one covering the upper section and the one covering the porch--was painted black. The house looked new, not wore down by age--his great Uncle's house, the very same house he lived in when he moved from Ireland, the same house he gifted Stiles's mom after his death, which she then gifted to his dad after her death and would one day be his. This was also the very house she stayed in when she spent countless summer days in Beacon Hills, the town she and his dad met in, all those years ago.

"Come on," his dad instructed, and Stiles heard the car door open. Stiles took a deep breath and hesitantly opened the door, not taking his eyes off the house and stepping out into the humid air. This was going to be his home from now on. Dread and excitement filled his stomach.

Too worried about what he was leaving behind had clouded his mind to the prospect of what life here had to offer. His mom always said that Beacon Hills was something special.

There he went again, sinking back into his despondent state yet again. Stiles sighed again, more frustrated this time. His changing mood was getting on his nerve.

"Here," his dad said, handing him his black carry on which he gladly accepted then closed the door behind him.

Stiles walked over to the passenger side door and poked his head in. "Thanks for the ride and the answers!" Stiles smiled.

"My pleasure, little one," he smiled back. "Remember what I told you. Have more faith in yourself."

"I will," Stiles said with what he hoped was a reassuring tone. He didn't look too convinced but didn't comment on it.

"And the name's Argar since it never crossed your mind to ask."

Stiles flushed instantly. "Stiles."

"Well, Stiles, it was a pleasure meeting you, especially since you managed to see through my glamour." Argar gave him a pointed look that made him flush again. "Take care, little one."

"You, too," Stiles said before pulling back and watching the car drive off. He swirled around and hastily walked up to the house and up the stairs to meet his dad at the front door.
"Do you want to look around?" his dad asked as they stepped into the house. "Or do you want to see your room? All your stuff is already there. Still in boxes though since I don't know where you want everything."

"I should probably sort them now while I have the energy," Stiles answered distractedly while looking up the stairs in front of him. "Who knows if I'll have to will to do anything tomorrow." He lightly chuckled after that.

"Okay," his dad said. "I'll sh--"

"I know where it is," Stiles cut his dad off, rolling his eyes then grabbing his carry on and making his way up the stairs to the door that wasn't too far away on his right side.

Stiles didn't know what he was expecting, but scattered boxes on the floor and on his bed was not what he was expecting. Did his dad just hazardously throw them into his room? Stiles shook his head before taking in what would now be his room. The walls were painted a bright lime-green and the floor was covered in gray carpeting. The twin size bed was perpendicular to the left wall, in the center. To the left of the bed was closet with two foldable white door. On the adjacent wall which housed his bedroom door was a chestnut colored, three-drawer chest. Opposite his bed was the wall where the computer desk he picked out was with a black bookcase to the left and the bathroom door to the right of it. Right in front of him was the only window in the room.

"Well, here goes nothing," Stiles sighed, releasing the handle he had in his hand and tackling the first box in sight.

After what may have been hours--Stiles was going to believe that since he was pretty sure sunlight was coming into his room when he first got here and not moonlight--Stiles finally finished putting away everything. The closet had all of his dress shirts, his sweaters, coats, sneakers, shoes, and his oh too telling collection of book. The chest had all his pants, socks, underwear, and t-shirts. His computer desk had his laptop and printer. He would worry about getting the Wi-Fi set up tomorrow. His bookcase had all the normal books and comic books a regular high school student would have. And his bathroom was empty save from the new shower curtain he put up, his toothbrush, his toothpaste and his towel that was handing on the rail over the toilet.

Stiles gave a tired sigh, surveying his room, paying close attention the pictures and posters he stuck over his bed and the wall right of it, before deciding to get something to eat before his stomach ate itself.

When he got to the bottom of the stairs, his dad was looking at the closet in the living room that was very much that same as the one in his room, the only difference was this one had a creme colored background and was to the right of the fireplace. "Is that it?" Stiles asked, knowing fully well what the answer was. Stiles walked through the doorway leading into the living room the same time his dad nodded his head.

"It sure is," his dad fully answered the second Stiles was standing next to him. He then looked over to him. "You hungry?" Stiles nodded his head, not taking his eyes off the doors. "I ordered Thai." His then walked off to the door connecting the living room and the kitchen with Stiles trailing after him into the kitchen.

The kitchen had white walls and cupboards, a white marble island and a large dining table where the door to the living room was. The right side of the kitchen had the fridge and the door leading in to the hallway where the stairs were, and the other wall had the sink, stove and large windows that showed the back yard, if one would call it that. It was pretty much a small stretch of land that connect the house to the forest behind it.
"Do I even want to know why you know the number to a Thai place around here?" Stiles drawled taking a seat at the island on one of the stools and accepting the plate of Pad Thai from his slightly irked father. "Because I specifically remembered you telling me you were eating healthy while over here."

"I can still take that back," he dad remarked, and Stiles instantly pulled his plate closer to him and crouched in a defensive manner around it, resisting the urge to hiss. He was starving, dammit. "I thought so," his dad smirked, taking a seat and digging into his Red Curry Stir-fry.

Stiles retracted and started digging into his own food. The kitchen fell into an amiable silence for a couple of minutes before his dad spoke up. "So, what are you going to do about the Pack?" Stiles stared wide-eyed at his father with noodles hanging from his mouth. "Please tell me you have a plan," his dad said, just shy of pleading.

"Umm..." Stiles responded around his full mouth.

"Stiles." Yep, now his dad was pleading.

Stiles swallowed his food before answering his father's not-so-subtle plea. "I was planning on feigning ignorance until they trusted me?" he squeaked, drawing into himself and peeking at his father with one eye. His dad looking at him with mouth ajar and a look of incredulity and resignation written on his face. Stiles bristled at that. It was a good plan. He wouldn't trust them until they trusted him, an apt compromise with both sides winning. Stiles sat up straight and huffed, "It's not like I'm going to meet them anytime soon."

"Stiles," his dad said, and Stiles really hated when he stressed his name like that, like he was praying for guidance--Stiles internally giggled at that--and strength. "We got off a plane and went into a cab with a nymph--a nymph. Please tell me you're not stupid enough to believe you're not going to run into them when you pretty attract everything supernatural like a moth to flame."

"It's not like I'm going to go running around this town anytime soon!" Stiled indignantly shouted. His dad shot his a dubious look before saying, "Even if I believe that, you're going to be starting school in a couple of days. And correct me if I'm wrong since you never fail to remind me that I'm not as young as I used to be, a majority of the Pack are teenagers, correct? Who will be going to Beacon Hills High School with you?"

"It's a good plan," Stiles pathetically whined, lightly banging his head on the island. He knew the Pack was going to the same school as he was. He just wasn't ready to deal with them yet, or anytime soon for that matter.

He heard his dad sighed, and Stiles looked up and grinned, unperturbed by the glare his father leveled him with. "Fine," his dad gruffly said. "I'll join you in your ignorance. As far as anybody's concerned, I know nothing about the supernatural and what's goes on in this town. I'm just the sheriff that deals with the drunk and the disorderly." He stopped to point a finger at Stiles. "I still expect to be kept up-to-date."

"Of course," Stiles quickly said.

"Stiles."

"I promise! I swear!" he fervently shouted, crossing his heart to further cement his promise. His father assessed him for a good, agonizingly slow minute before relenting.

"Finish your dinner," his dad said.
He amiable silence returned to the kitchen, and they finished their dinner before migrating to the living room to watch old CSI reruns before going off to bed after two.

As Stiles gazed at the bare wall above him, he couldn't help but further cement within himself that it was a good plan. His dad knew fully well that this Pack didn't trust very easily, and he would need to earn their trust and trust them before he could give away anything about himself.

As he closed his eyes and pushed down his uncertainty and trepidation, he couldn't help but think that he had a nymph's assurance that he was doing what he thought was the most wise and commendable thing. And with that, he allowed sleep to claim him.

~ ♦~

Derek shot up, and a surprising roar escaped him. He was drenched in sweat, making every part of him stick to the thin sheet under him and the one covering him from the waist down. Derek tried to raise his hands to his face only to discover that he was half shifted with his claws digging through the sheets to his bed.

Derek tried taking long, deep breaths to calm his wolf down but to no avail. His wolf was clawing at him to go, but to where? Derek hadn't the faintest clue. All day he his wolf was restless, growling at him to track, but Derek didn't have a inkling of what he should hunt. Nothing threatening had entered his territory. The Betas assured him of that. But, he shifted nonetheless and scoured every inch of his family's land, looking for something to hunt, and thought the elk, five rabbits and mountain lion were enough. But he was sadly mistaken. He returned with all of those in tow and not the least bit satisfied, but the Betas sure were.

When he wasn't restless, he couldn't get his wolf to stop...to stop whining. His wolf hadn't been this needy since before the fire. His wolf was urging him to comfort and seek comfort. Derek tried it with his three chosen Betas, brushing off their suspicion at the increase in physical contact as them not smelling enough like him, but it failed when his wolf vehemently made known that his scenting of his Betas wasn't cutting it. And to make it worst, his wolf switched from needy to restless at the drop of a hat while he was scenting Isaac, and he almost clawed the kid.

Derek was lucky enough that he pulled back in time before his claws dug into the kids arm. He was luckier that he was able keep his inner turmoil from seeping into the bonds. Derek snorted. What bonds? Those miserable excuse for bonds that were mere strings that attached themselves to him and his Betas? They--

Derek audible gaped when the pressure vanished. His claws had retracted, and the fur was almost gone. His wolf was no longer clawing at him but slowly drifted off, sated.

*What the hell.*

Derek looked at the alarm clock on the night stand.

2:27.

Derek groaned, so close to a growl, and fell back, pulling his hand free of his ruined sheets to cover his face. It was a good thing the Betas were staying over at Boyd's tonight, or he would have died of embarrassment at not being able to control his own wolf after drilling into them the importance of keeping their wolves under control.

Derek outright growled when he felt his wolf purr inside him.

*What the hell.*
Derek ran his hand threw his hair. Getting angry at his wolf right now wasn't going to solve anything. He should get as much rest as he could. Tomorrow...tomorrow, he was going to have to find out what was wrong with him.

He just hoped to God he wouldn't have to call Peter.

Chapter End Notes

The house Stiles lives in is the same house from the show. I simply changed the layout of it.
The Encounter

Chapter Summary

Oh, Stiles...

Chapter Notes

This chapter was supposed to be finished a long time ago, but I fell into that phase where I couldn't help but read everything in sight. Sorry.

Hope you guys like the chapter! :)

When Stiles regained consciousness, he could have done without the splitting pain centered, well, in the middle of his forehead. He felt as if he was strapped to his bed with a sewing machine right above his head, hammering away at the thick skull his dad was convinced he had, like its only goal in life was drilling a hole and spreading pain rather than braid silk threads together. Stiles could say with utmost certainty he was strapped to his bed. What other reason would there be for how his muscles refused to budge? Even rebelled against his command for them the open, even for one second.

God, Stiles hadn't felt a headache this bad since that time when he was eleven and was running through the woods, while playing tag with a group of kids, where he looked back for one second then turned around and ran head first into a low hanging branch. Next thing he knew, he was waking up to the concerned faces of his grandparents and his dad, all retelling the tale of being called to the hospital because he split his forehead open and had to get stitches. With the way his head was feeling, Stiles would have guessed he split his cranium in half than merely got a cut. To this day, Stiles hadn't lived than one down. He was still convinced it was all that Damian Fitzgerald's fault, no matter what his dad said.

Jealous, good-for-nothing warlock.

Damian was lucky his dad got a 'new job' in Michigan, or Stiles didn't know what he would have done. Or what his grandmother would have done. There was no good blood between the O'Byrnes and the Fitzgeralds. Did Stiles mentioned how jealous they were? Because they were.

Stiles theatrically groaned. Thinking about them right now wouldn't remedy his current dilemma--a dilemma he had yet to find the cause of. And letting his pain and sore muscles run amuck through his body wasn't going going to do him any good. Which was why not long after, Stiles ungracefully pushed himself off his bed, landing face face first on the floor, yelping out in pain, which really wasn't anyone's fault but his own. Stiles was impressed his eyes didn't open on bit but pressed tighter together.

With a great deal of energy, Stiles pushed himself up and unto his feet. His years of training was finally paying off, if he could get to his feet after feeling like being put through a grinder. Then again,
that would be a blessings right now. Banking on that very same training, Stiles pried his eyelids apart.

"Whoa," he said, hand seeking out his bed to steady himself as his room tilted on its axis. Stiles rapidly blinked to drive back the darkness edging around the corners of his vision and to stop the room from spinning.

When Stiles regained control of his footing and his vision, he made his way to his bathroom. He needed...he needed a shower. A cold, cold shower first. He could worry about heating up his sore muscles later. Hopefully before his stomach contents decided to abandon ship. Stiles didn't bother looking at himself in mirror. He simply stripped--it was just a black boxer-brief and a white t-shirt--and stepped into the bathtub and turned on the cold water.

It didn't help in the least bit. This was going to be a long day.

His dad didn't waste any time when Stiles successfully made it downstairs. "You look li--"

Stiles sent his dad a withering look, cutting him off then taking a seat at the island and resting his head on the warm surface. The cold shower didn't help, nor the hot one that followed. And warm marble under his head did little to alleviate his suffering.

"I look like hell," Stiles groused. "I know." How couldn't he had noticed? When he finally did look in the mirror to brush his teeth, he saw how bloodshot his eyes were and now pale his skin was, making his moles stand out more. He found little comfort in knowing he was better now than before. He took even less comfort in knowing he was nowhere nearer to figuring out the cause of his sudden state of disarray.

His head shot up when he heard a clank. His dad gently push the the large mug with a clear, golden liquid in it closer to him. "It's camomile with some cinnamon and ginger added," his dad supplied. Stiles eyed him suspiciously. "God knows why you would need it," he sardonically carried on with a smaller mug in his hand, filled with coffee no doubt. "It's not like you spent all of yesterday using your magic to help you unpack. Or sat on you bed with your earphones on, staring up at your ceiling, going through every color imaginable until you decided one for you room." His dad's accusing eyes bore into him, and Stiles couldn't curl more into himself if he tried.

"Even if that was true, which it isn't--" his dad rolled his eyes, "--it still wouldn't explain why I feel like a truck just ran over me," Stiles fervently shot back, hoping to deflect, somewhat.

His dad raised an eyebrow, all too aware of what he was doing. "You should've close your door," he shot back with a small smile. "And the gray is nice by the way."

"Noted," Stiles sullenly said, taking his first sip of his warm tea. "I thought so, too." The tea didn't effect him, but it help soothe his irrigation a little. He hadn't felt this drained since he was attacked by a group of swamp Imps, who gnawed at his flesh to get to his magic. Luckily, he was able to kill them before they did any damage to him and his magic. They simply siphoned what magic was on the surface. Fixing mangled magic was painful, akin to having been sliced open and having salt rubbed on the wound.

His dad leaned back against the sink, one arms across his chest, assessing him with poorly disguised guilt. What was there to be guilt about? Stiles wanted to tell him it was his fault, but what he did yesterday was simple magic. Stiles did nothing extraneous that would cause the fatigue plaguing him right now.

He sighed, more tired than anything, before saying, "Your grandmother had the answer to that." Of
"According to her, a lot of your magic--we can't say all since you managed to unpack everything and change your room color--had been used to, let's say feed your emotions through." He gazed meaningful at Stiles.

It took Stiles a couple of seconds to get it, not enough time to prepare for the sharp twist of his gut made and the abject horror that followed.

"Shit," he sharply swore.

"Yeah."

"Shit."

"Mm-hmm," his dad hummed around the edge of his mug. Stiles glowered at him.

It made perfect sense. This was why he couldn't hold onto his emotions for very long yesterday. His magic snuffed it right out of him and passed it along. How could he have been so stupid to not noticed it before? All of yesterday, he accounted his quiet magic as being the drawback of suffering through the move when in actuality his magic was working below the surface to help him through his turmoil. Stiles should have known not to ignore his magic. It had always been there, thrumming under his skin, shifting with his emotions, not drowned out by them. Even right now, he could barely feel it under his skin.

"Oh, my god," Stiles hissed, causing his dad to choke slightly. "He must so pissed right now." His dad winched in sympathy.

"Maybe not right now, since you barely have enough magic to do anything," his dad said, "but yesterday, yes."

"Dad, this isn't funny!" Stiles snapped, noticing how his lip twitched. "He's going to kill me! And don't even say that. We both know the amount of magic in me means squat when it comes to, well, me!" Stiles held his hand up to stop whatever misguided attempt to placate him was to follow. "Shh! I need to concentrate."

Stiles lowered his hand and closed his eyes, ignoring the huff from his dad. Stiles opened his mind like he was taught to and fanned out his senses, looking for the part of him that connected him to Derek. It took no time to locate the faint golden cord that bounded them. It took even less time to drown in the warm glow it emitted, a sense of rightness and warm filling him the closer he got, easing some of his pain away. Holding onto those feelings (he was going to need them), he extended his senses outward, seeking out the currents that flowed through the air and everything around him--untainted, unrestrained magic. They were more or less wisps of a myriad of colors, and were his eyes opened, he would have reached out and watch as his fingers easily pass through some while other greedily soak into his skin. Stiles drew the ones he knew were light-blue in color--his favorite and the most docile of them all--in, feeling his headache subside and his tense muscles uncoil, and wrapped them around the bond. He almost laughed when they swirled around the bond, forming a triskelion.

'I'm so sorry about this,' Stiles ardently apologized in his head and squeezed the center of the triskelion closer together.

Stiles sharply inhaled, hand flying to his stomach, but sustained his focus, watching as the gold cord on his side of the bond fade to black and feeling the sense of rightness and warmth leave him. Stiles didn't have time to mourn the loss since he had to ensure the seal he made would stay intact.

"You didn't have to completely cut him off, you know?" He dad said as Stiles opened his eyes. In
one of his hands was a white mortar with a black, slushy mixture, and a spoon in the other.

"I did," Stiles answered through gritted teeth and labored breathing. There was a reason magic outside of the body was untainted and unrestrained, and with that being said, the amount of energy needed to simply draw it in was a sizeable amount, energy Stiles didn't have after having only been awake for less than an hour and tired as he was already. "Besides, i-it's not for long, just...long enough for me to regain all the magic I lost and for me to get my emotions under control."

"Okay," his dad said, sounding the least bit happy about his decision and handing him the mortar and spoon. Stiles snorted. Who knew his dad would be advocating keeping a bond that connected him to a man five years older than him? "What?"

"Nothing," Stiles answered automatically, his magic slowly welling up inside. He had a sneaking suspicion he was still sending his emotions up until now. If Derek ever found out, he was going to kill him. "What's in this?" Stiles asked, gesturing to the black slush, anything to keep his mind off Derek, and how stupid he had been.

"Adder's tongue, bay leaf, ginseng, rosemary, and blackberries," he replied. That explained the color and tiny seeds.

"Blah!" Stiles exclaimed after taking a spoonful then drowning down his tea to rid himself of the bitter taste in his mouth. His dad laughed at him. Stiles pouted before taking another spoon full. He totally deserved this for being so reckless with his magic.

Stiles looked up when he heard a buzz to see his dad frowning at his phone. "What in the world?"

"What?" asked Stiles, sticking out his tongue to the side in disgust.

"You're grandmother sent me a text," he answered, frown intensifying. "'Don't be too surprised.' What does that even mean?"

"Don't look at me," Stiles said, holding up his hands. "She sent it to you. You figure it out."

"Why can't she ever give a straight answer?"

"When have seers ever given a straight answers?" Stiles retorted while finishing off the last of the vile mixture in his hand. "Wait," Stiles suddenly said, putting down the mortar and spoon, "why is she telling you this? Are we going out somewhere?"

He gave Stiles a sheepish look before answering with, "No, we're not going anywhere. I have work in an hour."

"But we just got here," Stiles whined.

"I know," he said, sounding sincerely apologetic, "but they're seriously understaffed right now."

"Fine. Go on. Leave me all alone in this big house." Stiles was really pouting now.

His dad rolled his eyes. "You'll be fine. And since when have you ever complained about an empty house?"

"Since this empty house doesn't have any Wi-fi," he lamented. Stiles then perked up, eyes wide. "I should go around town," he slowly said.

"I thought you said you were staying home and out of trouble," his dad reminded him.
"I was young then," he waved his dad off, who just rolled his eyes, "...and forgot about our Wi-Fi problem when I made that promise. Plus, I need to be outside where magic is more free flowing and unobstructed by material things. And-and don't give me that look. I'm going around town where there's lots of people, not running off into the woods. I'm pretty sure after what I've been doing since yesterday I don't intend on running into any of them anytime soon."

His dad sighed. "I still can tell you no, but we both know you're going to sneak out regardless."

"Great!" Stiles smiled, un-reprimanded.

He rolled his eyes. "In that case, I'll give your present now."

"What present?" Stiles asked, smiling wider and bouncing in his seat.

"Wait here," his dad instructed and walked around the island. "Stay," he said, palm up, when Stiles made a move to follow him.

"Dog joke are my thing, Dad." His dad him a stern look but diminished in intensity by his mirth filled eyes. He left Stiles in the kitchen while he went outside. "No way!" Stiles excitedly shouted, only to hear his dad groan.

"Stay inside!" his dad shouted back just as Stiles made it to the stairwell. Stiles didn't mind he was made to wait. He knew what he was getting, and he couldn't help but hop in place, his own magic—which was more of a little puddle now than the drop he found earlier—stirring with his excitement, while he paid no heed to his sore muscles. "You can come out now," his dad said after a few minutes.

Stiles quickly jogged outside, giggling without restraint, ignoring his dad's request for him to close his eyes. Parked in the driveway was a small jeep that was coral-blue in color with black doors and a black overhead. It appeared that it was freshly painted over, and Stiles wondered if his dad had a body shop do it, or if he did it himself when Stiles was busy? Either way it was perfect.

"Yes!" Stiles squealed and threw himself at the jeep, ardently hugging it. "Oh, baby. I have waited far too long for your to be mine," he breathed out. His dad loudly cleared his throat, and Stiles threw himself at him, crushing him to his chest."Thank you-thank you-thank you!"

He gave a gruff laugh. "I figured you would need some way to get to school. And your mom would have wanted you to have it instead of having it parked up in the garage, gathering dust."

Stiles pulled back and beamed at him. "I have have to test it out!" he excitedly announced.

"Not until you have breakfast first," his dad quickly said, deflating Stiles.

"Dad," Stiles pathetically complained.

His dad gave his an unimpressed look and pointed in the direction of the front door. "Food first then you can do whatever you want," he sternly said. "And I can't believe I even had to tell you that." His face morphing from scolding to bemusement.

Stiles didn't think he had ever ran that fast to the kitchen before and polishing of a stack of syrup drenched, blueberry pancakes at an alarmingly fast rate. He wasn't sure who was more surprised that he didn't choke, him or his dad? Then again, it shouldn't have come as such a shock. When had he ever been known to see food and not enthusiastically gored on it?

"Done!" Stiles cheerfully exclaimed, pushing away his plate and snatching the keys from his dad. He
ran to the front door before halting. "Have a good first day!" he shouted before continuing.

"Thanks! And stay out of trouble!"

Stiles wanted to shout back that he would, but his dad was right—he attracted trouble like a magnet, so why should he give his dad false hope? And judging from the lack of sound coming from in the house, Stiles reckoned his father wasn't expecting one. So Stiles happily seated himself in his jeep. And did that thought send a shiver through him. Maybe he should have worn short to get the full feel of the leather under him. He shrugged and started the jeep and couldn't help but gleefully wiggle in place at the strong purr the jeep let out.

As much as he wanted to run his hands all over his new ride, he was just as eager to see Beacon Hills, maybe even more. With than in mind, he pulled out the driveway and mentally cursed himself when he drove by. "Dad! Close the front door!"

He didn't stick around for the reprimand that was sure to follow, instead focusing on the gushing wind through the windows and the currents of free magic that passed through him...and getting as far away as possible. He unwound as more magic seeped into his body than merely passing through him, filling the well that many magic users had come to believe existed in the them.

Beacon Hills wasn't what Stiles expected, yet it was. For one, he excepted it to be larger than this, not that the town was by any means small. Yet it was everything he expected from a town housing an array of supernatural creatures—large enough to blend in and to find people to feed on for some of them and small enough to make their presence known to the others. The amount of abandon alleyways and buildings had him pausing then face palming. Of course, they would infest a town where they could hide in the shadows on nearly every corner. Beacon Hills was a mecca to them all.

Stiles thanked every deity he could think of that Beacon Hills had a Pack. It wasn't a problem before since the fire and the hunters pretty much scared them off. But now, with the Argents a shell of what they once were, everything from a simple Brownie to an Aswang was back to claim their 'lost' territory. Stiles hoped he was ready for what what was here and what followed the stragglers who made their way up from whatever rock they were under back to Beacon Hills. He prayed that the Pack could handle what was to come.

Stiles desperately hoped the residents of Beacon Hills would remain as naïve as they were now, running around from shop to shop, bypassing the Faes littering the the streets, coffee shops, behind counters of checkouts, fixing their broken cars, helping passing strangers, attempting to escape the group of teenagers surrounding him, who were throwing epithets--

"Hey, knock it off!" Stiles shouted out his window, distracting them long enough for the golden haired boy to duck under them and run to the nearest alleyway. Stiles pulled his head back in and smirked at the curses he heard behind him. Humans were just as vindictive as some of the vilest creatures the shadows spat out. Sometimes Stiles couldn't help but believe humans were more malicious than some of the creatures he had come across. Those creatures were ruled by solely on instincts while humans had the power to override instinct yet chose to ignore that very power—beings with a higher inclination to do good willing choosing to do wrong.

Stiles tiredly sighed. Trying to decipher the inner working of humanity would only lead to a headache, and he couldn't afford more pain right now. But he could go for some ice-cream, or more like a carton of ice-cream. Yeah, that was what he needed.

Stiles pulled up to the nearest store and got out, lamenting the lack of sunlight—the other thing he needed. Beacon Hills and him are going to have problems if the weather was going to remain this cloudy of most of the year. Though, he shouldn't be too worried; Beacon Hills got around average
yearly rainfall.

Stiles was full on depressed, walking through the automatic door, when he realized he was thinking about rainfall—rainfall. No snow. None. For the whole year. Dear God.

The only thing that snapped out of his morose state was the girl coming out of the aisle he was head straight for and almost bumping into. She was his height with long, wavy brunette hair and skin as pale his. Her face had a angular chin that made it seem more square than round, and her eyes were brown, not the dark sugar color his grandmother said his eyes were. She had on black jeans and a white t-shirt with musical notes on it.

The Argent girl. The Huntress. The one who fell under her psychotic grandfather's influence and tried to kill the Pack.

The Huntress—no, Allison—gave him an awkward smile—he now noticed the shadow around her eyes—before sidestepping and walking to the next aisle. Stiles was lucky she didn't wait for one from him since he was sure he would have grimaced instead of smile. She was the very last person he expected to meet, which was probably why he ran into her, and probably why he followed her, poking his head out at the front of the aisle, watching her as she read the label on a can of what appeared to be canned soup.

Stiles did grimace this time. Who in their right mind would to subject themselves to canned soup?

As if sensing his disgust, Allison stood up straight, eyes glued in front of her, and Stiles just barely shot back before she turned her head. He scurried to the aisle she had come from, falling back against the shelves, chest heaving, eyes closed. What was he thinking? Sneaking up on a hunter.

When he finally did open his eyes, he was met with the suspicious and slightly appalled faces of two elderly women, who were each holding a box of tea in their hands. Stiles stood up straight. "You should go with the jasmine one," Stiles nonchalantly said before sprinting down the aisle and up the next and out the door to his car.

Once safely in his jeep, he lightly banged his head on the steering wheel.

"Idiot," he muttered before starting the jeep.

I looked like he was going to have to try a different store now. Joy.

When Derek finally woke up at quarter past ten, the last thing he was expecting was to feel this relaxed and sated. Given the emotional turmoil he suffered through yesterday and the horrid wake up call last night, he was preparing himself for a miserable morning and subsequently the rest of the day.

So he could be excused for wondering why in the world he was so happy yet calm at the same time and for breaking his tooth brush.

Christ, he couldn't remember the last time his wolf had been this happy about anything but was willing to admit it had to be some time before the fire. His wolf hadn't been this excited about anything, not even when he was forming a pack for himself, and when his pack extended with the addition of Scott, Lydia, and then the twins later on. Well, he shouldn't have expected much joy from adding the twins since he wasn't quite sure he could fully trust them yet, but he was far from cruel and could trust them enough to not allow them to remain Omegas and turn feral. But they had yet to prove themselves, so they could deal with being watched with the utmost scrutiny.

Derek shook his head, showering his empty loft with tiny droplets, before pattering around to find
something to eat. The one good thing about this was that he didn't have to call Peter about this. And he didn't have to see him. Derek hadn't fully forgiven his uncle for killing his sister then using the only human in his pack—though, she wasn't part of the Pack then—to resurrect him. The only thing stopping Derek from actually killing him was the fact that he was family. And it also helped that he decided to travel instead of staying in Beacon Hills, and those travels lead him to finding out that Cora was still alive and living with a Pack in Colorado.

That in itself was another thing to be confused about. His baby sister was alive, and neither Laura nor he knew she was alive. She somehow managed to escape the fire and ran away without checking to see if anyone else had survived. Derek had been to see her, but it just ended up with them shouting at each other, her claiming she had no intention of returning to Beacon Hills, and she was happy where she was. Now, they were subjected to tense phones call, ensuring the other that they were alive and well. The accusation held in the air despite their distance, as if he didn't already know it was his fault their family was gone—as if he didn't blame himself every day he woke up—

"Shit," Derek swore, looking down the see the shattered mess of glass, milk and cereal on his hands and on the floor. It seemed like he was going to be skipping breakfast today. He went off the look for a towel, discarding the shards in his hand in the trash.

When he came back with the towel, Derek surveyed the loft, noting all the scattered magazines and empty food cartons and bottles. Why did he decide to turn teenagers again?

That was how he spent the rest of his morning, cleaning up after his pack and making his loft look inhabitable. Only three more months to go, and the house would be fully rebuilt, and the Pack would have their own rooms where they can live in their filth as much as they like. He was never this bad as a teenager.

It wasn't until after two that Derek had finished cleaning and looking up stuff for the house and decided to sit down and see what was on TV. The second he sat down he felt a spike of fear shoot through the bond connecting him to Isaac while he heard and smelled Erica coming up to the loft.

"What the hell happened?!" Derek forcefully demanded the second she threw the door open, walking up to her and sending calm back to Isaac while tugging at the other bonds.

"I don't know!" She frantically answered, wide eyed, sweating with hair plastered to her forehead. "We smelled something suspicious, and Boyd told me to come and get you while they try to figure out what it is and lure it back here."

"Call the others," Derek instructed her, pushing past her and half-shifting. He could feel Isaac and Boyd were getting closer. Isaac was no longer panicking. Derek was sure one of them were injured, and one or both of them was trying to block him from sensing their pain.

Once outside, he took off running in the direction they were coming from. Erica was right behind him, yelling at someone. Derek believed it was Aiden. Derek didn't get too far before Isaac and Boyd jumped over some bushes, half-shifted with blood dripping from Isaac's arm and Boyd's chest. Derek didn't have enough time to question them before four figure shot through the bushes. Their skin was a sickly gray color that looked to be rotting with puss filled sore all over their bodies. Derek could see the bones of their arms and their ribcages. Their eyes were white with hollowed sockets, and they had claws on both hands and feet, discolored fangs, and wearing tethered clothes.

The smelled of death and rotting flesh—two things Derek was more than familiar with.

The largest of all four took a swing at Derek, and he dodged before slashing a claw through the thing's thigh, feeling nothing but slime, stunning Derek. The creature showed no discomfort and took
advantage of his distraction and clawed at his chest. Derek roared and pushed it back, sending it crashing into another one before colliding with a tree. The gash on Derek's chest wasn't healing but intensely burning around the edges.

A claw dug into his back before it was removed by Erica. Derek had no time to recover before the two he took down was standing in front of him. Using his quick reflexes, he was able to dodge their swipes and sidestepped enough to latch onto the closest head he could find and ripped it off.

"Aim for the head!" Derek bellowed when the headless monster stopped. Derek's moment of triumph was short lived when the monster started wildly thrashing about, hitting him on the upper arm and hitting the other creature's on the chest. Yet again, this thing was unresponsive. Derek grabbed onto the arms of the headless monster, ignoring his stinging chest and arm, which was starting to heal now, and ripped them off before going for the head of the second. He ripped it off and went for the arms before it could responded, tuning out the cries of pain coming from his Betas. Derek used his foot to bring the thing down, crushing its chest then ripping off his legs.

Derek looked around to find the other one that aimlessly wandering around but getting closer to the one that cornered Isaac against a tree. Derek roared and lunched at the one slashing Isaac, tackling it to the ground and ripping off it head with his fangs, mouth filling with slime. Suppressing the urge to vomit and the burning sensation, Derek yanked the arms off and then the legs.

Derek swiftly swirled around and let out a sigh of relief when he saw Isaac standing next to a now legless corpse. Isaac was by far the worst off. He was back to normal but there was a large, gaping claw mark going down from his forehead, passed his eye to his chin. There was numerous claw marks all over his body. Most of his clothes were missing, and a flimsy pieces of cloth was covering his modesty.

They were alive. The bonds, no matter how thin or weak they may be, assured him they were very much alive and healing, albeit very slowly. But there was so much blood. Derek was going to need Lydia to ID these things and figure out why they were healing so slowly--and an easier way to stop them.

Derek was about to check on Isaac when he felt an invisible hand reached into him and pulled. Derek threw his head back and howled, sending vibrations through the air before falling to his knees.

"Derek!" he heard his pack call, before being drowned out by the blood rushing to his ear and the wretched howls of pain his wolf was letting out. His pack was next to him in seconds, hands roaming over him, looking for any signs of danger and sending comfort and reassurance through the bond. Derek couldn't open his mouth to tell them it was his wolf that was hurting before the pain was gone, and he felt hollowed out. His wolf was no longer crying out in pain but whimpering.

They all picked up footsteps and not long before Ethan, Aiden, and Scott came running past some trees. They were all half-shifted, heads swerving around looking for any threats.

Derek was off his feet in the blink of a eye, a hand curling around Aiden's neck, forcefully slamming him into the nearest tree. "Next time I call for you through the bond, you answer me!" Derek viciously snarled. Aiden's eyes widened in fear, hands coming up to wrap around the one on his
Derek didn't wait for an answer before tossing him aside and leveling the other two with a fierce glare, causing them to step back. "And where the hell were the two of you that Erica couldn't get ahold of you?!" Neither answered. Derek huffed, sounding more broken than angry. "I want to three of you to clean this mess up," Derek instructed with a small growl before fully shifting into a large black wolf and taking off.

Derek desperately needed to put as much space between him and his pack. What Pack? Half of them hated each other.

It wasn't long before Derek found a small cave to rest in. And he was resting, not hiding like the vocal part of his brain suggested. It was easy ignoring the voice, but the same couldn't be said for wolf, who was no longer whimpering but full on mourning. Mourning for what, Derek didn't know. All of his pack were alive and well, even Peter, who was miles away in Chicago. And even though Cora wasn't part of his part, his gut told him that she was very much alive. It didn't make sense.

Derek lowered himself onto the dry ground and closed his yes. Hopefully some sleep would quell his anger and confusion.

~ ☽ ~

Stiles should have taken his run-in with Allison as a sign. Maybe then he wouldn't have been jogging through the woods at ten at night, belting 'Wannabe' by the Spice Girls. And Maybe then he would have been better equipped when he came face to face with the Pack.

"Tell me wh-Jesus freaking Christ!" Stiles hissed before falling against the nearest tree with one hand over his chest while he harshly breathed, his magic buzzing. How Stiles had missed that? The sudden flare ups his magic experienced when it sensed danger or when Stiles experienced intense emotions, like being scared half to death! "Don't do that! And what the hell is that smell? God, did someone die here? 'Cus let me tell you I had dirty socks that smelled better than that what ever this is." Stiles finally stood up, pulled out his earphones and looked at the group in front of him--all of whom were wearing faces ranging from shock to suspicion--before looking down.

Crap. Ghouls, or what was left of them. It looked like the Pack did a number on them. Membered body part littered the forest floor.

Stiles looked up, and the first thing his eyes lingered on was the dark-brown wolf with wide, yellow eyes that was four feet off the ground in height and about the same in length. There were claw marks running through his fur. He was looking at Stiles like he just grew another head. Scott McCall. The Unlucky Pup. The kid who got bitten in an alleyway by crazy Peter, who was looking for members to add to this pack to go up against the Argents--or one in specific.

The next thing that caught his eyes was a blonde wolf with eyes mirroring Scott's, except he had curiosity written on his face. He was a little smaller in stature than Scott. And he was covered with half-healed claw marks. Isaac Lahey. The Abused Pup. The one who was saved from an abusive household by a single bite.

Propped up against a tree was a dark skinned male, who was half-shifted with only one large cut
across his arms. His yellow eyes were narrowed in Stiles's direction. Vernon Boyd. The Lone Pup. The one that was forgotten by everyone until he was given the chance to be part of a group—a family.

Holding up Boyd was a blonde, who only had slash marks through the leather jacket she was wearing but no festering wounds. She was frowning at him, like she didn't know what to make of him. Erica Reyes. The Mocked Pup. The girl who was ridiculed for a large portion of her life for something she had no control over.

Standing closer to him were two gray wolves that were a tad bigger than Scott. So far they appeared to be the most battered with a myriad of slashes all over their bodies, all oozing with blood. Two sets of pricing, icy-blue eyes glared at him. The Twin Pups. The Alpha-turned-Beta twins. Aiden and Ethan Walsh. Stiles wondered, for a minute, if Derek knew exactly what they were and still accepted. Or were they so far on the verge of becoming feral than he accepted them with very little asked? Either way Derek did something no-one else would since nobody wanted them.

Standing far off to the side and slightly behind a tree, clutching daggers in her hand was a strawberry blonde. She was without a scratch, both on her skin and on the black summer dress she was wearing. She was wearing a highly suspicious look while she eyed him up and down. Stiles tried not to squirm. Lydia Martin. The Magical Pup. Magical in the way that made her nonhuman—A Bean Sìth or Bean Nighe. Magical in the way that the very same magic which foretold death was used to help conquer death as well.

Standing some distance in front of her was a half naked man, who was even more battered than them all. His exposed chest had large lacerations running down it—Stiles could have sworn he saw some intestine—and completely covered in blood. Some of the skin on his arms were hanging loose, and he was still bleeding from a head wound. He was staring at Stiles with wide, red eyes and his mouth slightly opened. Derek Hale. The Unfortunate Wolf. The man who lost a majority of his family in one fell swoop, who came back to town where he hoped to start anew, only to have his sister killed but his own uncle, and who tried to form a pack yet managed to separate them more than possible.

Stiles wondered if it would be too conspicuous if he told them that a paste made of marjoram, hyssop, and cayenne would help speed up the healing process for wounds infected by the toxic slime coating a Ghoul's skin.

'No. Bad magic. Bad,' Stiles chastised when he felt his magic trying to reach out to Derek and felt the seal he had on the bond waver for second.

"Hi," Stiles awkwardly said instead with a little wave, trying to squash the urge to shift on his feet or run. He was desperately squashing the urge to run.

Several mouths opened, but before they could say anything, Stiles's phone started vibrating in his pocket. He quickly fished it out and winced. "He--y, Dad. How's it going? How's work? Are you as bored as I am? I'm just laying down, here in bed, alone, looking up at the ceiling, thinking about stuff?" Stiles ignored the amused looks some of them were shooting him.

"Huh?" His dad, and Derek made a choking sound. Stiled frowned at him, and Derek tried to school his features, but it still looked like he was grappling with something. "Whatcha thinking about?" He glared at the ones muffling their laughter and at Lydia's smirk.

"Nothing much. Just random things," Stiles said hoping to sound nonchalant.

"I've been thinking about some things, too," came his reply. His father's voice was way too leveled, like when he was hiding something.
"Oh? Like what?" Hopefully, if he pushed enough, his dad would confess.

"Like Why my son is lying to me about being in bed when I was just in his room." A beat of silence followed.

"Crap."

"Yeah," he tersely said. "And Stiles?"

"Yeah, Dad?" he meekly asked.

"Home. Now." And then he was gone.

Stiles pocketed his phone to glare at the poorly concealed chuckles but stopped short when he saw Lydia. She was paler than usual and looked like she was about to throw up.

'Fuck,' Stiles swore in his head. Lydia hadn't come into her powers yet, so she hadn't learned how to deal with death. And right now, she was standing before the remains of creatures that carried death itself. Stiles needed to get as far away as possible, so they can get her as far away as possible.

"You guys really need to do something about that smell. I heard burning sage helps with foul odor," Stiles calmly informed them before turning around and hightailing it out of there. He sure was running a lot today.

When Stiles was sure he was a safe distance away, he softly muttered, "Iompar." He was instantly surrounded by a cloud of black smoke and felt a sense of vertigo before the smoke cleared, and he was standing in front of his bed. "Thank God," Stiles sighed, running his hand through his hair. He wasn't entirely sure that would have worked. He hadn't been in this house long enough to get a good mental picture of it. Or maybe he did since the spell obviously worked. It was probably a wonderful idea that he focused on his room and not anywhere else. Who knew where he would have ended up?

Stiles better go find his dad before he came looking.

"Stiles?" his father called out when he got to the bottom.

"Be right there."

"I finally figured out what your grandmother mean. And you wouldn't guess who came to the station today," his dad said with some cheer and incredulity in his voice.

Stiles walked into the kitchen to see him helping himself to a plate of spaghetti and meatballs, back towards Stiles and still in uniform as well. "Who?" Stiles asked, even though a part of him could hazard a guess as to what the answer was.

His dad finally turned to face him, walking up to the island. "Derek Hale."

That fully grabbed Stiles's attention and had him scampering up to the island. "Why was Derek at the station? He wasn't arrested again, was he?" Stiles fervently demanded.

His dad smirked before twirling his fork in his spaghetti and taking a bite. Stiles impatiently tapped his fingers on the island while he waited. He was certain his dad was deliberately chewing as slow as possible to prolong his suffering. "Dad," he shamelessly whined. His dad chuckled and went for another fork full. "Dad!"

"No, he wasn't arrested again," he smiled. "He actually came to apply for a part time job."
Stiles blinked before responding with, "That makes perfect sense. Apply for job where he would have full access to crime scenes and be the first—okay, maybe not the first, but one of the first people to know if something happens. I'm going to assume since you said part time, he wants the morning shift?"

"You assume correctly," he said before a whole meatball in his mouth. And people said he had terrible table manners.

"So, did he get the job?"

"Of course, he got the job," his dad said affronted and looking really serious about it. "How else am I going to keep and eye on him?"

"Dad!" Now it was Stiles's time to be affronted and a little horrified. Derek wasn't going to survive working with his dad. Either his dad was going to make his life hell on principle, or he was going to befriend him then make his life as uncomfortable as possible.

"Stop that," his dad sternly said, pointing his fork at Stiles. "I'm not going to make his life miserable." Stiles didn't bother refuting his father's accusation, merely settled for staring incredulously at him. "Why bother," his father went on, unperturbed, "when he has you 'cus he looked like hell when he came in today."

"He looked fine when I saw him," Stiles blurted out then winced.

His dad sat up up and narrowed his eyes at him, and Stiles avoided his eyes. "Where were you when I called earlier?" Busted.

"Nowhere," Stiles shyly answered, immensely interested in the cupboards. Why did his Great Uncle choose white?

"Stiles." There was a slight edge to his voice.

"I wasn't my fault!" he yelled. His dad didn't bother asking what wasn't his fault. He just buried his face in his hands. "They weren't even supposed to even be around here--"

"They?" he cut Stiles off from what was no doubt the start of a rambling session.


"You were supposed to be keeping a low profile," he bemoaned.

"It wasn't my fault!" Stiles repeated. He ardently believed that, and his dad should, too. "They weren't supposed to be nowhere near here. The Pack house and Derek's loft are nowhere near our house."

"They why were they here?"

"They were tracking some ghouls."

Irritation quickly melted away to confusion. "They are ghouls in Beacon Hills?"

"There were," Stiles smugly said, feeling oddly proud of their success.

His dad sighed. "And why were you outside?"

"I wanted to go jogging," Stiles hesitantly said.
"In the wood? At night?" He glared. "And you wonder why you always get into trouble." He sighed again. "Is there anything else?" Stiles wanted to say 'No,' but his hesitation had his father groaning.

"I may or may not have ran into Allison at the store today." Stiles folded into himself. His dad looked seconds away from banging his head against the island.

There was a stretch of silence before his father piped up asking, "They didn't follow you did they?"

"No," Stiles answered, shaking his head. "I used that spell that causing my scent to dissipate from all the places it's been after a couple of seconds. Plus, I think they were too stunned to even think about tracking me down." Namely Derek. Stiles knew his pack would do something unless he instructed them to, and he did not look like he was about to give any instructions soon, which was a little confusing to Stiles. Derek shouldn't have been that paralyzed. Maybe he did more damage than he thought? Maybe he should have opened the bond a little earlier like he wanted to?

"Good," his dad said, and the tense shoulders Stiles didn't notice slumped. "Hopefully, this will teach you to be more careful."

"Sorry," Stiles sullenly muttered, head down.

"Just be more careful. You're trying to win their trust, remember? You don't want them getting too suspicious and figuring out things before they're ready."

Stiles fell more into his sullen state. "I know. I'll be more careful." He couldn't afford to screw thing up.

After that, they fell into heavy silence, his dad finishing off his dinner and Stiles thinking about how to win the Pack's trust. The silence persisted until something occurred to Stiles.

"Do you think they know they have to salt and burn the bodies?" Stiles asked and got a opened mouth and a hovering fork full of spaghetti as his answer. "They'll figure it out."

Chapter End Notes

Stiles sure does know a lot. And likes tea because I like tea.

Derek's a ray of sunshine, isn't he?

This chapter has some explanation of Stiles's magic. More is to come as the story progresses.

For spellcasting, I'm going to rely on Latin (because tradition), Gaelic (because Stiles is part Irish in this story, so it's only fair that Gaelic be included), and Sindarin (Elvish because tradition, I guess).
The Pack

Chapter Summary

The first day of school is always hard--even moreso when you're trying to avoid certain people.

Chapter Notes

This chapter would have been up sooner, but I've been busy getting ready for school which is starting far sooner than I want. When it does start, I'll try to write as much as possible, so bear with me. :)

"What are you doing?"

Stiles yelp and ungracefully jumped out of his skin, flailing backwards and almost losing his balance. Stiles righted himself and turned to face his father, who was standing in the doorway leading to the living room. Stiles was protectively clutching the hand he had previously held out to the living room window and had retracted it like he had been burned when he heard his father's voice.

The sheriff--Stiles had called him that as a jest, but it quickly became an endearment of sorts, so it stuck. Besides, he was the sheriff after all--gave him a dubious and impatient look before shifting his gaze to the window and back. His face morphed from suspicious and impatient to understanding and accusatory.

Stiles cringed.

"Please tell me you weren't messing with the weather?" Stiles knew the accusation was coming, but still made him flinch back. Or maybe it was the disappointment he heard.

"It didn't do anything yet. And it was only going to be a little rain," he shouted, affronted,—he was going to deny it, but it wouldn't get him anywhere—then to himself, "Or a few inches."

"What were you thinking?!" His dad yelled back, causing Stiles to curl into himself and shut his eyes tight, guilt and a little hurt filling him. "Do you remember the last time you tried to make it rain?" He didn't wait for Stiles to respond. He plowed on. "You almost cause a small monsoon that nearly killed yourself."

"But I've gotten better at it," Stiles defended, sounding like he was eight again and wanted to practice his magic--magic that was just as offended and hurt as he was right now. And how could Stiles had forgotten about that? How could he had forgotten how sick and pale he became? And how worried his mom and dad were until his grandmother broke the spell? And his dad should have known that wasn't his fault. No-one had explained to him how difficult and tricky manipulating the weather was. He was eight for crying out loud! Having the ability to control the weather was like a dream come true, especially for a child obsessed with comics book, one of them being X-Men.
It wasn't all the bad though. Stiles and his family got an insight to how deep his well of magic ran that day.

"W-what is that supposed to mean?!" The sheriff's outburst was fueled less by anger and more by fear. Stiles could see it.

"That I've gotten really good at it?" Stiles cautiously said, taking a step back.

He stared back at Stiles with an opened mouth, his disbelief evident. "Exactly how many times have you changed the weather?"

"Once or twice--some," Stiles admitted, feeling both him and his magic slouch. This was precisely why Stiles didn't tell him. On most days, his dad was okay with his blatant use of magic. Then on some days, he got in his mind that Stiles was doing everything in his power to go to an early grave. Stiles really wished his dad would trust that he knew his magic well enough to know what his limits were.

"Does you grand--" Stiles winced, and his dad cut himself off. "I'm going to kill her," he calmly said.

Stiles furrowed his eyebrows, assessing his dad. It was a hollow threat, and the Sheriff meant nothing by it. But he was making this into a far bigger deal than it was. His dad had been there when he had attempted some pretty complicated spells, and when he first started drawing in free magic. His excessive worrying was worrying Stiles--excessively.

"Are you ok--" Stiles started to question him before something occurred to him. "Oh, my God. You don't want me to meet them." It was the Sheriff's time to flinch. "Oh, my God," Stiles's breathed. "That's why you were so happy when I said I'll stay in the house." It all made sense now: the constant text messages to see if he was all right, how irritated he got when Stiles first ran into them, and how relieved he was when Stiles kept his promise and stayed at home for the past few days. "Dad," Stiles gently said, his features softening.

"Don't do that," his dad said, failing at sounding stern and at glaring. "My worrying is completely warranted this time. Because you and I both know the second they start talking to you, you're going to be completely gone on them, and you're going to put yourself between them and danger every chance you get."

Stiles believed the pointed look was warranted, not anything else. How could he not? Besides, he had proven himself time and time again. "I have been in worst situations," Stiles reminded him.

"That doesn't make me feel any better," his dad pettily groused, and Stiles knew he won when his dad's shoulders slumped.

Stiles didn't want to intentionally cause his father to worry or cause him any pain, but his dad couldn't expect him to not help them--to tell him to not help. If Stiles saw a way to ensure they wouldn't be harmed, he would take. And by the resigned look Stiles got, his dad was starting to remember that.

Stiles gave him a wan smile before picking up his bookbag off the couch, walking up to his dad and pulling him into a hug. Stiles was only thing his dad left that truly connected him to his mom. Sure, he had Stiles's grandparents, but it wasn't the same. And Stiles wasn't stupid enough to make him go through what he went through when his mom died.

"I'll be fine, Dad," Stiles mumbled into the Sheriff's gray t-shirt. His should should be sleeping right, after having just gotten off the night shift.
His dad kissed the top of his head and lingered there. "I know," he muttered into Stiles's hair, filling him with warmth, which Stiles reciprocated by projecting his magic outward. His dad huffed, and Stiles smiled.

"Thanks," Stiles said. "For moving here and supporting me." His father's arm tightened around him.

"You're welcome," his dad responded before pulling back. "And just because I'm supportive doesn't mean I forgot about the rules." Stiles groaned and pulled out of his embrace. "No magic in school. Not even the simplest spell. No weapons in school either. I'm the Sheriff now, and I'll look bad if they found they found weapons on you. And...and don't talk to them until they talked to you, got it?"

Stiles rolled his eyes. "You act like this is my first time going to school."

"Fifth grade," his said retorted with a pointed look.

"That was an accident," Stiles quickly pointed out. "And no-one saw anything."

"Go," his dad said pointing to the door and ignoring his earlier comment--his magic was the one who threw that pencil at Josh Meyers, not him--", before I change my mind and lock you in your room."

"Bye," Stiles smiled and ran to his jeep. His dad might make good on his threats. He was pulling out the driveway when he noticed the sheriff at the door. "And get some sleep!" he yelled while his dad waved at him and then drove off.

So caught up in ridiculous his father was and how to ease his worry, Stiles forgot why he wanted to change the weather halfway to school.

"Dammit," he hissed, resisting the urge to hit his head on the steering wheel. Stiles wasn't as prepared to officially meet the Pack as many would assume. Yes, this was the official meeting. Their impromptu meeting was due to Stiles's foolishness and bad luck. And his dad and he were kidding themselves if the believed Stiles would be the first to talk to them. So Stiles spent the rest of the ride to school cursing himself and the powers that be for his continued bad luck.

When Stiles pulled into the parking lot, the first words to come to mind were flat and crowded. The school was a flat and somewhat decently stretched building filled with far more students than he expected. He got out of the car with his bookbag in hand and walked to the front of the building, bracing himself for what was to come and ignoring the scornfully and suspicious looks people were giving him and his jeeps. The first thing he noticed was the sign that read 'Beacon Hills High School' on top of what would be a appear to be a long, flat roof of sorts.

'Ideal for hiding under if it were it were to rain,' Stiles amusingly mused, as well walked past the sign and up to the circular courtyard-green area with two tiny palm tree in the center that school had while avoiding passersbys and thanking God no-one offered him help. Stiles and his dad had already visited the school to get everything finalized and for him to get his schedule and a tour. He really didn't need anyone's help.

Stiles pushed his magic all the way down (if he couldn't feel it just beneath his skin the he wouldn't be tempted to use it), walked to the corridor out front that had the lockers, where his would be, but not before admiring the opened hallways on both floors of the school. Stiles opened his locker then instantly wondered why he did so in the first place when he was face with an empty, rectangular space. He closed it and pulled out the paper in his pocket that listed his classes and where they were along with who was teaching them, not that it mattered to Stiles--he wouldn't know who was whom.

What stopped him from looking at the paper in his hand was the elevated hairs on the back of his
neck, which caused his magic to go on the defensive. While tampering down his magic, Stiles turned
to the side and spotted three figures standing at the entrance where the lockers started, not more than
three feet away, staring with wide, stunned eyes and slightly opened mouth. Erica, Boyd and Isaac.

Stiles opened his mouth, and what came out was the sound of a ringing bell. All the student started
scurrying, and Stiles ducked down amidst the chaos. Guess, he really wasn't as ready as he thought.

"Where did he go?" Erica asked the same time Boyd said, "Find him," and Stiles winched, still
hunched down, navigating through swarms of different colored legs until he got to the stairwell and
came into contact with legs wearing black jeans and black leather shoes. A warm presence ghost
across his skin and lingered there, like it was trying to stick but couldn't find get a firm grip, while
Stiles felt a light jab to his forehead.

Stiles lifted his head up to see a man that looked to be in his mid-twenties. He was wearing a white,
long sleeve dress shirt that was tucked in. He was medium built with piercing gray eyes and long
black hair that was tied in a ponytail. What threw Stiles off was his how his chiseled face was pulled
into a wide smile, like Stiles was exactly what he was looking for.

"Find what you were looking for?" the guy asked with his smile getting wider. The hallway behind
Stiles and the stairwell was quickly being vacated. "Or are you lost?" Stiles stood up, and the second
he did that, the guy looped their arms together and started dragging Stiles up the stairs. "Oh, this is so
wonderful. A Warlock," he gleefully whispered to Stiles, causing him to freeze up before snapping
his head up to face this guy. "This school just got so much more interesting."

"Ugh," Stiles said, face contorting in disgust. "Not one of your kind." That explained the presence he
felt on his skin--the one his magic rose up to push off. The sheer audacity of this guy, trying to spell
him, stayed Stiles tongue from admitting the guy's magic muddled his scent long enough for him to
evade the wolves.

"Excuse me. I'll have you know we're very charming creatures," he replied, insulted.

"With egos the size of Everest." His energy was better spent getting out of his hold and keeping his
magic from lashing out than focusing on his appealed face. It was too early for this.

The guy didn't respond but snatched the paper out of Stiles hand. His face lit up, stopping the biting
remark that was the follow, filling Stiles with dread. "Oh goodie, you're in my English Lit class," he
grinned before pulling Stiles up the rest of the stairs and to the classroom at the end if the building,
ignoring Stiles's protest.

"Sorry, we're late class," he said when the walked through the door, taking back his arm. "I was just
showing the new kid to class."

Stiles glared at him before facing the class and stopping short. Sitting in back, in a corner next to the
window was Allison. She was looking out the window, face pinched tight, ignoring me the world
around her.

The hairs on the back of Stiles's head stood up, magic thrumming with excitement, and he whirled
around and nearly squeaked when he saw Boyd and Isaac standing there. The were both wearing
scowls, and Stiles could help but think they were spending too much time with Derek.

"Boys," a voice called out from behind Stiles, "you're late."

"Sorry, sir," Boyd answered, not taking his eyes off of Stiles.

Stiles being Stiles and attention begin his worst enemy, he swiftly turned around, pushed down his
magic, ignoring how it rebelled, and dashed for the first available seat, which happened to be on the other side of room and in front of the teacher's desk. This day was going great so far.

"That's okay, boys," he said, and Stiles didn't need to look up to see his amusement. "Come in. I was just about to assign seats." The groans that elicited drowned out Stiles's growl, which Boyd and Isaac heard, judging by their amused smiles. Or the smiles were just to torture him. Stiles wasn't too sure.

"Don't give me any of that," their teacher said, unimpressed. "You here to learn, and that includes learning how to deal with people. Now, get up." A few people grumbled but got up nonetheless. He pulled out a sheet from his pocket.

He went through the list, paring people off. Stiles wasn't surprised he paired Boyd and Isaac off, or that they were seated behind the desk that was in front of the teacher's desk--a desk that was yet to be filled. Stiles glared at his teacher. The significance of both of those things wasn't lost on him, and every paused his teacher made to change things around wasn't either. Stiles was merely waiting for confirmation.

"Stilinski?" he called out. Stiles reluctantly raised his hand and almost used it to swat his teacher when he grinned, unabashed. "Argent?" Stiles was going to fucking kill him--very slowly and very painfully. "Front desk please," he sweetly said.

Stiles gritted his teeth to stop from shouting out, 'Are you fucking crazy?!' He was putting two Werewolves, a Hunter and a Warlock in the same corner. Was he asking for blood, especially since two of them shared bad history? The only commiserative thing about this was that none of them seemed happy about this. But this guy knew that already.

Stiles sent him a scathing look before taking the end seat--an escape for when shit hit the fan.

Why did he ever agree to those rules again? His dad was going to have to forgive him if he blew up. And with his magic, he hoped that was more figurative than literal, especially with how much his magic was itching to rise to the surface.

"Okay," his teacher clapped his hand when they were finished. "My name is Mr. Alrik Eronen. And before I talk more about myself--" Stiles huffed which Mr. Eronen ignored, "I'm going to give you a few minutes to get to know your neighbor. And don't think that you can you get out of this because I'm going to ask you to introduce your neighbor instead of yourself." He smiled at them, and Stiles really wished he had one of his daggers right now. "Now off you go," he said before taking a seat.

Stiles sighed before turning to face Allison, who was trying so hard not to squirm. Who could blame her with the way Boyd and Isaac were eyeing them? The bastards had smirks on their faces, no doubt hearing their erratic heartbeats and smelling their discomfort and enjoying the distress their presence was causing.

Well, two can play at this,' Stiles thought.

"Hi, I'm Stiles," he said with a smile, holding his hands out, "and I'm sorry for almost bumping into you the other day."

She smiled when the two behind them made choking sound while Mr. Eronen--the other bastard--lightly chuckled. She took his hand and said, "Hi, Stiles. I'm Allison. And it's no problem." Stiles could see what Scott saw in her. Without her family beating down on her, Allison was a welcoming presence, almost safe. But Stiles knew better than to see her as fragile. She was anything but. Their two spectator could attest to that.
"You guys met before?" Isaac piped up asking. 'Did he sound a little hurt?' Stiles wondered but quickly discarded the thought. Allison's smile crumbled for a second before being replaced with a forced one. Stiles had to restrain from strangling Issac. Was he trying to make her an enemy again?

"Aren't the two of you supposed to be getting to know each other?" Stiles asked, waving a finger between the two of them. Or perhaps trying to decipher why their teacher didn't smell human? Unless he was masking his scent? Great.

The two didn't answer. Stiles took this time to take in their impatient faces, Allison's pinched smile and Mr. Eronen's smirk.

This was going to be a long day.

~ 죠~

The second the bell rang Stiles was out of his seat and rushing to the door, throwing a 'Bye Allison' over his shoulder. He was out of the door, trying to put as much distance between him and the Betas.

Stiles almost fell down on his knees, praising all the Gods he knew for getting to his next class without running into any of the Pack. Coming down from his euphoria, Stiles figured out why that was. Sitting in the classroom room before him was half of the pack. At the two front desk by the door were Aiden and Lydia in the front desk and Danny and Ethan in the next desk. Okay, Danny wasn't part of the Pack, but his best friend and boyfriend were, and it was only a matter of time before he started noticing things, if he didn't already. At the back of the classroom was Erica, and like the rest of them, she was wearing a shocked expressions. Danny was confused as he looked from Stiles's face to the faces of his friends and boyfriend.

There went his plan of an easy escape.

Even with his own problems, Stiles couldn't ignore the dark patches under Lydia's eyes that she was trying to conceal with makeup. This was what Stiles was afraid of. Her Banshee powers were coming to fruition. But that was the least of her worries--her magic was not far behind. Dealing with those two together wasn't going to be easy. Stiles wanted to use his magic to see how long before she finally come into her power, but he made that promise, and he wasn't sure he could risk having her magic rise up because it felt his reaching out to hers. More importantly, no-one's ears were ready for when a Banshee came into her powers.

Stiles was about to leave when the teacher, a middle aged women with wavy, blonde hair, green eyes and a round face, raised an eyebrow at him. He sighed and walked to the back of the classroom to the only available seat--next to Erica.

"Who are you?" Erica forcefully questioned with a glare before he even sat down.

"Umm..." Stiles said, hovering over his seat. She-Wolves were not to be messed with. He swallowed and sat down. "I'm Stiles." Her glare didn't lessen, even though Stiles could see the confusion in her eyes. His name had a habit of eliciting confusion. Stiles was used to it.

"What are you?" she pressed on. What was Derek teaching his pups? How to glare and hide in the shadows?

"I'm pretty sure the last time I checked I was a teenage boy," Stiles said, smiling. Snark hadn't failed him yet. Erica wasn't amused.

"Okay, settle down," their teacher said, cutting off what Erica was about to say. "I'm Mrs. Baker and welcome to AP Calculus. I'm not going to go around asking for your name because that's tedious,
and frankly we don't have to time if you all--well, most of you--want to pass the AP test in May. So, let's get started. And no talking. We have a lot to cover, and I can't afford any distractions." She fixed then with a stern look before facing the board and scribbling away.

"This isn't over," Erica whispered, making him tensed up. Boy, did he know it. Why did he think this was a good idea?

Stiles swallowed the bile that was rising up and focused on his work, the only thing that could starve off, well postponed, the imminent danger that would befall him after class.

Everything was going great--Stiles loved Mrs. Baker's teaching style, and the work helped distract him from Lydia's not so subtle look--until Stiles answered a question about Piecewise functions before Lydia could even get her hand up in the air. The glares Stiles got from the two Werewolves and the Banshee had him sinking in his seat despite the praise he got from Mrs. Baker. Danny's surprised face was of little comfort. And Erica shouldn't be so smug or look so amused that he got one over Lydia. They were Pack for Christ's sake.

From then on, the remainder of the class period was tense, to say the least, as Lydia tried to answered all the questioned fired by Mrs. Baker while guarddog number one and two sent glares in Stiles's direction. He wasn't even going to answer again!

This getting them to trust him wasn't going so well. Boyd and Isaac were wary of him because of Allison. The twins and Lydia were upset with him because he took her spotlight or something. And Erica...well, Erica just didn't like him. Scott was the only one who he had yet to meet. Last time, he was more fur than boy.

When the bell rang and Stiles started packing up, he was surprised that Erica didn't say anything to him. He was more bewildered when she let him leave without saying a words. And Stiles awkwardly smiled at the four at the front of the classroom before rushing out of the room to search for the lunchroom. He wasn't until he was almost there that he realized why they let him go. Stiles turned around, and like he predicted, the pack was following him with Lydia texting on her phone.

Stiles gave them a forced smile before walking to the lunchroom. It was a typical lunchroom: white tiled floors, cream colored walls, long wooden tables, an array of windows, and some doors that lead to an outdoor eating area (okay, maybe not that typical). Stiles joined the line and got his lunch, which happened to be pizza, a fruit cup and milk, before finding an empty table. Stiles sat down and picked up his pizza as well as the sounds of footsteps, trays behind placed down, and scraping chairs.

Stiles looked up to find himself surrounded by the Pack. Erica and Boyd were on either side of him while the rest--Lydia, Aiden, Scott and Isaac--were sitting in front of him. Ethan was probably keeping Danny away from the confrontation.

And the lunchroom was silent.

"You guys all have lunch together?" Stiles found himself blurtng out and heard some muffled chuckles. He put his slice of pizza down the same time Aiden glared over his shoulders.

"What are you guys looking at?" Aiden barked out, and the was a beat a silence before the lunchroom filled with a flurry of voices. They were Derek's pack all right. Aiden looked back at him, but before he could open his mouth, someone's phone vibrated, and soon all the Pack's phones were going off.

They got out the phones, but Scott was the first to show any emotion, all though being the last to get a text, which was to scowl then groan. "Oh, great. They're back again." He sighed, miserable.
"What?" Stiles asked, and most of them glared at him.

"Those things from that night," Scott answered.

"Scott," Erica growled, and Stiles couldn't blame her. Scott was too trusting. As much as he was happy to get his answer, Stiles was expecting to pry it from them.

"Wait. What do you mean 'those things from that night'?" Stiles insistently inquired. "I thought you guys got rid of those." Or more like, Stiles had hoped they had gotten rid of them.

"We did, but they keep coming back, and we've tried everything," Isaac answered, frustrated. He was just as bad as Scott. How had they survived this long? Aiden growled this time. "Don't growl at me," Isaac snapped back with a glare of his own. Aiden gave him a contemptuous look. "What's the harm in telling him? He saw them already, and he seems far too comfortable talking about all of this, doesn't he?"

Aiden looked away, and Stiles cringed. After their initial meeting this morning, Stiles had gotten control of his discomfort around them far too quickly for it to not be suspicious. He shouldn't be surprised Isaac picked up on it, him being the pup more attuned to picking up people's emotions. And Stiles was far too calm right now for someone being surrounded by beings that could rip him apart in seconds. He couldn't help that calm was his preset when it came to the supernatural. And they could certainly try. But that would raise too much questions if they got their asses handed to them, not that he wanted to hurt them. That was the last thing he ever wanted to do.

Lydia pushed back her chair and got up. She leveled Isaac and Aiden with a glower. "We really don't have time for any of this--they're closer to town this time," she reminded them before grabbing her handbag and walking to the door that fed into the hallway. No-one argued and got up to follow her.

"This isn't over," Erica whispered into his ear, bringing up the fear he was missing, before following the rest.

It didn't take much contemplation before Stiles was on his feet following her. It looked like he was wrong--they had no idea of how to defeat a ghoul, and even though they wouldn't let him got with them, he could make sure they ended those foul creatures once and for all.

Stiles rushed out of the lunch room and caught sight of Erica and the rest speed walking down the hall to the parking lot. "Wait!" Stiles shouted, and they all froze. They turned and glared as one at him. Stiles scoffed--he was trying to save their lives--then cringed. He was mocking Werewolves. He never had to urge to faceplam so hard until now. "You need to salt and burn their bodies on sacred or blessed grounds," Stiles instructed them and gained the surprised and confused looked he was expecting.

Stiles could now admit that feigning ignorance concerning the supernatural wasn't the best plan, not when he could be of more use to them and gain their trust faster that way, which was more than necessary now with how suspicious they were getting. And he knew they wouldn't believe they story he came up with: stating it was his having the worst luck of being in the wrong place at the wrong time, and it was his fear and his dad's call that had him running away from them that day. He was grappling with that thought the entire day and since he met them, if he was honest with himself. His dad was right--he attracted the supernatural as much as they did, and his knowledge would be invaluable to them. But Stiles was by no means stupid. His knowledge of the supernatural was where he drew the line. The other truths about himself they would have to earn.

"And a graveyard doesn't count," Stiles added before turning around and walking back to the
lunchroom. Sprinkling holy water and saying a simple prayer didn't make it blessed, and it was as sacred as people thought, considering ghouls originate from there, and many dark spells and rituals required the presence of the dead or where death was a pinnacle. He let go of the breath he was holding when he got through the door.

Now, he had to think of a more believable story as to why he was so knowledgeable in the first place.

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When Stiles got home that day, his house was eerily quiet and dark. All the curtains were pulled shut, blocking out most of the sunlight. The skies had cleared considerably since this morning, and Stiles was able to enjoy some sunlight before heading home.

"Dad!" Stiles called out and got no answer. He figured either his dad was out, or he was asleep somewhere. He first checked the living room, even though he knew his dad wouldn't be there. Whenever his dad fell asleep on the couch, the TV was always on. Stiles decided to check the kitchen next—it wouldn't be the first time he found his father passed out on the kitchen table, surrounded by mess of paperwork.

He dad wasn't there either. And it couldn't be that he went to work since it was technically his dad off. Stiles shrugged, walking up to the fridge to get something to drink. His dad was probably upstairs. Once he got the fridge, a post-it caught his attention.

Stiles,

Gone to the office to sort out some paperwork.

Then going to the store to get some stuff.

Won't be back for a few hours.

Call if you need anything.

Love, Dad

Stiles snorted and took out his phone.

Stiles: Buy icecream.

He pocketed his phone and decided to get his laptop from upstairs. He could start on his homework now before his dad came home, demanding answers regarding the Pack—a pack that didn't return to school after lunch. Stiles only knew that because when his AP Physics teacher, Ms. Hernandez, did roll, Lydia's name was called, and she wasn't there, which seemed to both confuse and frustrate Danny. Stiles was beginning to think that Danny knew more that he let on. If that was the case, then the Pack—or more specifically: Ethan and Lydia—better think about telling him before they lose him.

When Stiles opened his room door, his heart leapt to his throat and he shrieked.

"Would you guys stop doing that!" Stiles screeched, clutching his chest. Why didn't his magic warn him they were here? 'Oh, that's right. His magic doesn't view than as a threat,' Stiles grumbled in his head. It wouldn't have hurt his magic to give him a warning. Stiles knew his complaint fell on deaf ears with the way his magic was getting warmer, trying to reach out to them to spread that warmth.
Stiles quickly reeled it back in and took in those occupying his room. Lydia, Ethan, and Aiden were sitting on his bed with Scott standing not too far from them while Isaac was sitting on his computer chair with Erica and Boyd flanking his sides. They were all wearing new clothes, but Stiles could see cut marks on all of them in various stages of healing but alive--very much alive.

Stiles swallowed thickly when the man standing in front of his window flashed red eyes at him.

Chapter End Notes

Stiles's magic is acting suspiciously like something else? Hmm?

I am planning on waiting until later to divulge more into how magic works later in this fic but decided to at least summarize what we know so far, so we're on the same page.

Magic: 1) There is free magic and magic that magic users have in their bodies that many believed are contained in this well of sorts.
2) Free magic is hard to control. But it passes through things and helps replenishes a magic users well.
3) A person's magic can shift with their mood.
4) Some things are really difficult to do. Changing the weather being one, but Stiles seems to be quite adept at it.

Thanks for reading!
The Alpha

Chapter Summary

Stiles makes a friend...or picks one up.

Chapter Notes

I blame school for this late chapter, and you should, too. Stupid college and their faulty online records.

I put the translations for the spells Stiles uses right next to them since I hate having to go to the end of a chapter for translations for any story, and I didn't want you guys to have to go through that.

You know what I find funny? When you actually translate spells, they are really simple and straightforward even if they sound so complex. lol

Enjoy! Or not, but please do!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The Alpha, Derek Hale, had his gaze solely focused on Stiles, giving Stiles the opportunity to fully take in the Alpha. Red eyes, under those bushy eyebrows, were equal parts filled with suspicion and curiosity. His chiseled face was set in what Stiles was beginning to believe was a permanent scowl with a semi-thick layer of stubble covering a large portion of his face, running from the side of his face to surround his mouth. His rosy-pink lips were pulled tight under his sharp nose as he assessed Stiles. He was wearing firmly fitted dark-blue jeans and a black Henley with a leather jacket on. Derek had no right wearing a leather jack on, considering it was close to eighty degrees outside, and especially since he was a Werewolf, who ran hotter than most humans every day of the year.

But God, Derek was gorgeous. Even under his dimly lit room, Stiles could see how perfectly smooth his skin was, like those porcelain doll his grandmother had stored up in her attic. All his clothes appeared to have been selected to conform to his body, outlining his arms, chest, and legs. Stiles wasn't sure who wanted to reach out more: him or his magic? Maybe both? Either way, Stiles knew there was some part of him that wanted to reach out and touch, reach out and smooth out Derek's facial features, so that it wasn't permanently stuck like that. An even larger part of him wanted to reach out and run his hands all over Derek, offering touches and words of comfort, so that he would uncoil his tense muscles and see that Stiles really meant them no harm, and they could be save here--were safe here.

Alas, Stiles couldn't offer any of that yet without giving too much, so he settled for pulling back his magic and burying what he was feeling before someone picked up on his growing lust...or he started drooling. The thought was enough to elicit a small dose of fear in Stiles. Stiles belatedly realized yet again he wasn't projecting any form of fear, which was further cemented when some of Derek's suspicion left his eyes, eyes Stiles had yet to turn away from. Stiles wasn't sure if he wanted Derek's eyes to continue to bleed red, or if he wanted them to return to their natural hazel color.
Yeah, well, what Stiles wanted right now was not his top priority. He had to convince the stubborn Alpha and his scattered pups that he wasn't a threat to them, and he simply wanted to offer his help. And scampering up to the Alpha and attacking him with his mouth might just have the opposite effect. So Stiles did what he did best and used that brain of his to conjure up the image of a million tiny spiders crawling on every inch of his body. A tremorous shiver wrecked his body. And if possible, all the wolves in the room relaxed as one. Yet again, Stiles wondered just what Derek was teaching his wolves. Sure, fear, in a small amount, was a good thing, but to expect fear all the time wasn't. That mentality wouldn't get them far in the supernatural world--there are people and creatures who saw Werewolves as any but a threat. Derek and his pack would one day run into some of them and angering them would not be wise, considering it would make the Pack more enemies than not when many of them would be more than willing to help Derek and his pack.

Stiles steeled himself under the guise of trying to reign in his fear, ignoring how the bond was wriggling to get his attention, so he could open it fully, and looked at the Alpha--his Alpha a traitorous part of his brain supplied. "How did you get in my room?" That...that wasn't what he was planning on opening with. Far from it. And judging by the incredulous looks he got, they weren't either. Petulantly Stiles agreed with himself that it was a acceptable question since he was ninety-nine percent sure he locked his window this morning--which meant of them broke into his room...okay, they all broke into his room, but one of them was the cause of this. Stiles wasn't ashamed he stored that tidbit away. The Pack might need to exploit that information again in the future.

No-one answered him, but their expressions were no longer hostile or judging. Okay, Derek's still was, and Stiles was beginning to see fixing that was futile.

Stiles was going to blame what came out of his mouth next on Lydia's grimace. "Are you guys hungry? 'Cus I'm hungry as hell. Do you guys like cookie? Stupid question--" Stiles rolled his eyes, "--of course, you do. Who doesn't like cookies? My favorite is caramel stuffed chocolate chunk cookies. What about you guys?" Stiles didn't wait for an answer before dashing down the stairs, two at a time. He really need to get to the kitchen.

When Stiles got here, he started rummaging through the edge cupboard, a small distance from the doorway, mindful of the shuffling feet he heard. Damn Werewolves and their super speed. Stiles almost jumped for joy when he found the box of hawthorn teabags he was looking for hiding behind the box of passion flower tea. He took out the tea kettle he kept there for easy access. On one hand, he was thankful for the distraction, and on the other, it came at the expense of Lydia. Stiles was starting to reevaluate his prior assessment. The sooner Lydia came into her powers the better off they would all be in the long run.

"Help yourselves," Stiles said, closing the door and gesturing to the trays of cookies on the island with the hand holding the box. None of them moved, opting to staring at him with varying degrees of disbelief and uncertainty. Stiles hazarded a guess that they were more uncertain as to what to make of him than at his request. Stiles didn't have time to help them make their minds. Stiles walked over the the sink, filled the kettle and placed it on the stove. Once the stove was on high, he got a mug for Lydia, the hawthorn thorn tea would help with the stress she was under right now, and the magical aspect of the plant would do wonders to help soothe the fairy part of her, then he got a mug for himself. His stress levels were probably just as high as hers were.

"Do you guys--" Stiles cut himself from asking if any of them wanted any when he saw they were still crowded the doorway, some looking at the kettle while the rest were looking at the two mugs. Derek was looking at his, eyes back to normal and no longer scowling but stoic as ever. Stiles would do anything to see the scowl again, anything to demonstrate that Derek wasn't as unfeeling as people made him out to be. "Do you guys want some?" Stiles managed to ask this time. Many narrowed their eyes at him. Stiles rolled his eyes. He wasn't trying to kill them. He didn't realize he said that out
loud until he was faced with dubious looks and raised eyebrows. "If I wanted to kill you I would've used wolfsbane, not hawthorn," he exasperatedly said, waving the box he didn't realize he was still holding, like it was some form of protection. The only things hawthorn protected against were ghosts and evils spirits. The Pack was most decidedly neither of those things. And also, there was Stiles's head-to-mouth filter good at work. "And if you use your noses, you'll find that's something I do not have." With him. That was something he didn't have with him at the moment. The wolfsbane was in the closet in the living room, among other things, that was protected with an array of spells his great-uncle had his grandmother put into place and was strengthened by her before they moved in here.

Stiles really needed to shut up before he said something he wasn't supposed to. The decision to shut his own mouth was taken from him when his back hit the counter, and he was faced with a ticked off Alpha, whose eyes were once again red, and who had a hand around Stiles's neck, claws extended a little. "Are you threatening my pack?" Derek snarled. Stiles barely restrained from rolling his eyes. "N-no, I wasn't," Stiles quickly and desperately assured him. "I-I would never." Getting them to trust him was going to harder if he continued to screw up like this. The bond was now more insistent than every, especially with how close they were, and the physical contact they were sharing: Derek's hand on his throat and Stiles's hand on Derek's hand. Stiles was tempted to give in and fully open the bond and send calm back to Derek's wolf, which would in turn calm Derek down. But Stiles couldn't afford having Derek question why he was suddenly feeling calm when he should be angry, and rightly so. Any threat to Pack, no matter how minimal or, in Stiles's case, misguided, shouldn't be taken lightly. If Stiles wasn't to busy holding onto his faux fear, he would beam his pride at Derek.

Derek snatched the box out of his hand and held it extremely closed to his face. "So, what is this for then?" Derek growled, hand closing around Stiles's neck by a short fraction. Derek wasn't using much force, putting up the hoax that he was intimidating Stiles. And Stiles 'fear' was assuring Derek he was successful.

"It's for Lydia," Stiles said, hoping he sounded both firm and non-challenging. Stiles needed Derek not to hinder him from getting the tea to her--she needed it.

"How do you know my name?" Lydia piped up asking, sounding a little strain. Stiles didn't know whom he wanted to thump on the back of the head more: Derek of Lydia. Werewolves had certain protocols. One of them being, it was the Alpha's job to interrogate those he deemed as a threat, and his or her pack only chimed in when given permission. Had Derek only been teaching his betas to hunt and defend themselves? Stiles question was unwarranted since he could already guess the answer: Yes. Sure it wasn't the most paramount of things since many Packs in today's society don't follow them to a T, but every member of knew the protocols in case they ever did come across a pack that did follow the protocols to a T. Knowing the protocols could ensure a peaceful alliance and protect from power hungry Pack, who was looking for the tiniest slip up to declare war on another Pack, killing the Alpha ad taking his or her pack.

As much as Stiles wanted Derek to be the one to teach his pack the rules, he couldn't wait for Derek to make that conscious decision. Who knew how long it would take? Maybe Stiles did need to teach them, just bring it up once. He could do that and not insinuate that Derek was being an inadequate Alpha.

Stiles shot her an incredulous look, noticing they were all in the kitchen now but still standing, and answered with, "We have class together, remember?" Lydia crossed her arms and tightly pressed her lips while Aiden menacingly growled at him--ah, the ever overprotective mate, even if they hadn't fully realized what they are to each other yet.

Derek growled, silencing the Beta and stopping him from trying to get around the island. "Why?"
Stiles was about to asked what Derek meant when he realized whom Derek was inquiring about.

"Hawthorn is good for dealing with stress," Stiles informed him, "especially when in conjunction with cardiovascular problems." It was almost comically how all the wolves tensed up.

"How did you know?" Derek said, enunciating every word clearly and purposefully.

"It wasn't hard to guess with the way she was having a hard time breathing earlier," Stiles sympathetically answered. When he magic presented itself, Stiles's body had an easy time adjusting. He could only imagine the internal turmoil Lydia was going through when two parts of herself were vying for power to present themselves first. "And the water's boiling," Stiles added on in hopes Derek would let go of him, and even thought he didn't want Derek to, no matter how odd their first contact was, Lydia needed him, and he promised to help any way he could.

Derek eyed him with shrewd eyes for a few moments, most likely trying to find sincerity on Stiles's face, and Stiles guessed Derek found what he was searching for when the pressure was gone from his throat--a little reluctantly, he might add, but he would pretend it was because Derek was still unsure of him...for now.

Stiles swiftly snatched the box back from Derek and dashed off towards the stoves, turning it off and getting the kettle. When he turned back to where he once was, Derek was gone, and Stiles didn't bother glancing around to find out where he was perched at now. Stiles walked over to the counter, removed two teabags, deposited them into the two mugs, and filled them with hot water.

"I really don't need any tea," Lydia huffed, and Stiles ignored her and got out the jar of sugar. Like hell, she didn't. And especially not after he all but got the Alpha's permission to proceed.

Stiles glanced over, noting her annoyed expression, and asked, "How much?" When she didn't respond but glared at him, Stiles started shoveling spoonfuls of sugar into the mug, not breaking eye contact.

"Okay, that's enough!" she urgently shouted after Stiles added the third spoon and glared at the ones snickering. That he leaned from his grandmother: one needed to simply wore them down. Stiles put back the jar of sugar with a satisfied smile and took out the bottle of honey and squeezed a decent amount into his mug. Stiles stirred the contents in both mugs, buying his time to get his story together and the right emotions present. Stiles placed the spoon down, composed himself, grabbed the two mugs and turned to face, perhaps, his biggest challenge.

Stiles sat down on one of the stools and placed Lydia's mug by the stool close to him. He would get one of them to sit down if it killed him. Lydia huffed but sat down, but not before flipping her hair.

To Stiles's surprise, the Pack--minus Derek, who was brooding by the doorway--crowded the island, some sitting across from him (Erica, Ethan, and Boyd), Aiden sitting by the edge of the island, close to Lydia--overprotective--and Scott and Isaac sitting on his side, respectively. That...that was interesting. Save for Lydia, who was inhaling her tea and letting out quiet, relieved sighs--Stiles tried not to be too smug about that--, the Pack was staring longingly at the other trays. Figuring the Pack was going to make the first move, Stiles removed the plastic wrap from one of the four large cookie trays, the one that used to have all the caramel stuffed chocolate chunk cookies, but only had like five now.

'Dammit, Dad,' Stiles swore in his head. 'I really needed those.'
"That's a lot of cookies for just one kid?" Lydia causally said, and Stiles momentarily praised her for sounding so uninterested; it was a valuable skill to have when dealing with supernatural--lure them into a false sense of security then strike.

"Then you have no idea how much I eat," Stiles replied, watching with poorly concealed concern as the myriad of cookies and batches of brownies vanish before his eyes. "I kinda went on a baking binge yesterday because I'm trying to get my dad to eat healthier, and this--" he gestured to the graveyard in front of him, "--isn't eating healthy. And I'm pretty sure he snuck down here last night and ate half of my cookies then took some to work."

"Best idea if you asked me," Scott said, mouth filled, and Isaac nodded his head, cheeks puffed out. Stiles grimaced instead of smiling and pushed his tray towards them and held out the cookie he still didn't eat. Derek snorted, and Stiles looked at him, only to have Derek school his features into a glare and to have his cookie taken from him.

Stiles turned away from the Alpha to see Isaac holding his cookie with a proud grin on his face while Scott had a sullen expression on his face. Stiles was about to shake his head when he caught something in the corner of his eye. A hand was reaching out across the island. Without a second thought, Stiles slapped the back of the hand and turned to glare at Ethan, who was cradling his hand. "That's Isaac's," Stiles firmly chastised him, and to Stiles's astonishment, he lowered his head. Erica came to the defense of her packmate and started glowing at Ethan, which in turn lead Aiden to growl at her, and the others followed suit.

Stiles glanced over to Derek with pleading eyes to get him to do something, but Derek was staring intently on Lydia. Stiles switched his gaze over to her, to see her eyes close as she took sips of her tea. 'And she was so adamant about not needing it before,' Stiles groused in his head.

"That's the second time you've been right," Derek said over all the growling and actually managing to quiet the pack down.

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked, trying not to sound hurt that Derek wasn't looking at him. When in the world did he become so needy?

"The sage," Derek simply answered and looked at him, assessing him again.

"You guys actually tried it?" Stiles squeaked, and Derek narrowed his eyes at him. "I mean, I knew it would work. I just didn't think you guys would, you know, actually try it."

"Why wouldn't we?" Erica asked, disappointed eyes trailing up and down his body, her own form of assessing him. Stiles may not be as muscular as the rest of them, but he wasn't merely bones. He had muscles--he just wasn't flashy about it.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't aware you took the advice of people you just met in the woods often," came Stiles snippy remark. Erica bared her teeth at him, but she was amused. Hmm? Maybe she didn't hate him after all.

"So, how did you know it would work?" Derek questioned, cutting off the snickering.

'And so it begins,' Stiles thought. "My grandmother owns a herb shop back home." Stiles felt a small pang of sadness at the thought of her. "And I grew up knowing how to identify different herbs and what they're good for."

"Is that all she taught you?" Derek asked, face hard, standing up straighter, challenging Stiles to say
"No," Stiles replied. "She also taught me about Werewolves." There was no more movement. All the Betas were sitting still, listening to their conversation while Lydia was no longer drinking her tea.

"How does she know about Werewolves?" It was more of command than a question.

This was the part he didn't want to have to do: the lying or going around the truth. But it was necessary. "When my grandmother was younger, she came across this guy in the woods--" the irony of this wasn't lost on Stiles, "--who had arrows sticking out of his. And if that wasn't weird enough, he was sporting fur and fangs and claws. And my grandmother got it in her head that she needed to help this 'guy,' so she took him back to her house, where she and my grandfather helped heal him." Up until this point, everything Stiles said was the truth. "Then he explained what he was to my bewildered grandparents, who watched his wounds heal right before their eyes and whose fur disappeared right before them, that he was a Werewolf." Stiles omitted the fact that both his grandparents barely batted an eyelash and indulged this 'stranger' in his telling of what he was. And Stiles meant 'stranger' in the sense that his grandparents pretended to not know of the Alpha Heir Apparent from the pack in the adjacent county, Pierce.

"So, you know about Werewolves because you grandmother saved one?" Ethan asked.

"Yep," Stiles confirmed, "everything I know about Werewolves came from what that guy taught her and my grandfather." If his grandmother was here, she would preen at his ability to lie to a pack of Werewolves. If his dad was here, he would probably be praying for strength and thanking God his son wasn't some form of criminal.

"Still doesn't explain how you knew about the Ghouls," Derek pointed out. Stiles breathed a sigh of relief when Derek was no longer looking at him with suspicions. Then again, Derek could be playing him.

"My grandmother drew the line at Werewolves. She didn't want to know anything more about the supernatural; she wanted to stay a simple shop owner, who didn't know the things she did. Me on the other hand wanted to learn as much as possible. So, I did. I read everything I could find on everything supernatural."

"Okay, if you grandmother didn't want any part of the supernatural, why did she tell you about Werewolves?" Lydia inquired, looking much better than she did before.

"It was better I know and be able to defend myself--" Stiles ignored the incredulous looks he got, "--if I met a feral Werewolf than not have the slightest clue what to do. Ignorance isn't always bliss." Stiles shrugged at the end. No-one said anything after that, which was more than okay with Stiles--they needed time to process. So, Stiles drank his tea while they digested what he said.

"When you said 'everything you could find?' Erica cautiously asked.

"Everything I could find on the Internet and in the library."

"That's nice and all," Aiden jumped in saying, "but it doesn't explain why you were so confident that what you told us would work." Stiles probably shouldn't have turned away from them earlier today.

"I wasn't confident," Stiles lied, "I was hoping it would work since Isaac said you guys tried everything." Derek's sharp gaze zeroed in on Issac. It looked like Issac-no, the Pack left that part out. That was just wonderful. They were keeping things from their Alpha. "I figured you guys tried the generic ripping them apart," Stiles went on, trying to divert Derek's gaze away from Isaac, and he
did, "and burning them, So, I thought maybe the weirdest solution might be worth a shot."

"And it worked," Erica said.

"So far," Lydia corrected. "We don't know anything yet. We have to wait and see if they return again."

Erica rolled her eyes at her. "You saw how they screamed when we burned them," she haughtily said. "It worked." Stiles half expected Lydia to reach across the table and strangle Erica, but Lydia sighed and drowned the last of her tea.

"What I want to know is how you managed to somehow pull that off the top of your head?" Aiden said with cynical look. Erica wasn't the one Stiles needed to make nice with--it was Aiden. Stiles shouldn't be surprised, given the way he was so overprotective of his brother and Lydia.

"When I came home that night, I reread what I could on Ghouls. And I have a habit of remembering useless information, well, not useless since I helped you guys." They were back to silence again as the Pack mulled over what he said. Derek was back to staring dubiously at him. This was harder than Stiles thought. "Is that all?" Stiles asked, not being able to take the silence.

Derek gave him one more assessing look before nodding. "For now," Derek said before turning and striding down the hallway to the door. A growl from the front door had the Betas scampering off. Lydia walked towards the sink, leaving her mug at the island. Stiles turned around, confused, to see her grab the box of teabags. Lydia didn't bother looking at him, just strolled out the kitchen.

"Rude," Stiles grumbled, and Lydia's laugh filtered into the kitchen. Stiles smiled and sat there, listening. They had to have come here somehow. After hear the distant purr of two cars, Stiles rushed outside to see a black Camaro and a silver Honda Civic in the distance.

Stiles rushed back inside, slamming the door behind him, and pulled his magic back to the surface. Stiles was beginning to see a pattern here, a pattern that was only going to continue. Stiles closed his eyes and whispered, "Odorem occultare (Conceal one's scent)," and felt a thin, cool shroud over his skin. "Occultare pulsatio (Conceal one's heartbeat)," he whispered, feeling a sudden coolness over his heart. Stiles then conjured up the image of an old, decrepit building that was gothic in design, made entirely of brownstone, and whispered, "Iompar (Transport)." Stiles felt the all too familiar vertigo sensation before he opened his eyes to see the building looming over his. It was just as he pictured it but with black oozing under the window sills. Stiles couldn't wait until Derek finished rebuilding the house.

Derek's name was able to snap Stiles back to the reason why he was here. Stiles quickly jogged around the building, looking for the windows to Derek's loft. After a minute or two of searching, with some help from his magic, Stiles finally found the loft. Stiles looked around for the biggest tree he could among the buildings present to find one that woud be a good vantage point to look into the loft without getting caught. He spotted one not too far way and quickly climbed as far a possible and his among the branches.

"Augendae aspectum (Enhance one's sight)," Stiles said and coolness edged around his eyes then toward the center, giving his a perfect view into Derek's loft. The first thing he saw was a white table with books and other stationeries on it followed by a bed that has black pillows and bedsheet. Stiles snorted. Across from the bed were a couch and a small coffee table. Stiles sighed. At least Derek had something in his loft. Stiles leaned on the tree and waited.

His wait wasn't long because three minutes later the door to Derek's loft opened, and the man himself walked in, followed by his pack. Stiles magic tried to reach out again, but Stiles held it in
place. "Audiens augendae (Enhance one's hearing)," Stiles whispered, feeling coolness overcome his ears. Derek walked over to the table, and Stiles held his breath, magic wanting Derek to see them, but thankfully, Derek turned around and leaned against the table, arms crossed. Stiles slowly breathe out, not wanting to alert anyone. Erica, Boyd and Isaac sat on the bed while Aiden, Ethan and Lydia sat on the couch.

"So, do you believe a word he said?" Erica asked Derek, who sighed.

"No," he answered, and Stiles wanted to bang his head on the tree trunk. Derek sighed again, stopping Stiles before he did anything. "Not entirely."

"What do you mean?" Lydia said, taking her eyes off her nails to look at him.

"He wasn't lying when he told us why he knew the thing he knew, but I still think he's hiding something." If the sounds of his banging his head on the tree trunk wouldn't gain attention, Stiles would be bloody right now. The Pack was shooting Derek confused looks. And Derek sighed. Stiles was going to have to add *sighing* to the list things Derek Hale did, right next to *glaring* and *brooding*. "He seems way to calm about all this. The three of you--" he nodded to the Betas on the bed, "--almost froze up the first time you had to fight something supernatural, and you were more than equipped to fight it."

The Betas look ashamed, and why wouldn't they? Their Alpha addressed one of their past shortcomings.

"Maybe he was so calm because he had time to think about this stuff," Scott said. "From what he told us, it looked like he had a long time to get used to us being real, probably longer than any of us."

"Well, I don't trust him," Aiden firmly stated, and Stiles rolled his eyes--a giant shock there. "He claims he knows so much about the supernatural. What's to say he didn't figure out how to lie to a werewolf? Something we all know is possible." All the Werewolves tensed up. If Stiles wanted the Pack to trust him, he was going to have to win Aiden over and fast.

"Well, I trust him," Isaac said with a glare, which Aiden returned.

"Of course, you would," Aiden huffed, rolling his eyes. "It didn't take you long to blurt out everything about the Ghouls."

Issac was on his feet, and so was Boyd, who was holding back a growling Isaac. "You seem to be forgetting that he helped us get rid of them," Isaac viciously snapped. Aiden growled and made a move to get up.

"Enough!" roared Derek, and the two Betas cowered. Stiles wasn't aiming for this. He was trying to get them to get along, not go after each others throat.

"Enough!" roared Derek, and the two Betas cowered. Stiles wasn't aiming for this. He was trying to get them to get along, not go after each others throat.

Isaac wasn't finished talking yet. "I'll like to see you try and lie to him when your wolf is telling you to tell him everything--and wants you to roll over and present your belly while doing it!" The last part was met with a deafening silence and furrowed eyebrows from a majority of the Pack, save for Derek and Scott, who tensed up. Stiles got, or starting to get, why Derek tensed up, but why would Scott? Unless...unless Scott's wolf was telling him to do the same thing as Issac's wolf. That would certainly explain why Issac and he sat next to him. And it looked like the rest of the Pack picked up on his thoughts, too, because they turned their gazes onto Scott.

Scott squirmed before shouting, "I didn't want to roll over--I just wanted him to scratch behind me ear!" Scott then had a look of horror on his face before he miserably groaned and buried his face in
his hands. The Pack dissolved into a paroxysm of laughter. Stiles had to bite his tongue to stop from *Awwing* at the two Betas while his magic warmed him up.

Boyd was the first to recover and gruffly said, "I know what they mean—not the belly rub and ear scratching thing—" he hotly glared at them, "--I'm talking about the part where my wolf trust him. We met him, what? Three time(?) and my wolf already trusted him."

Stiles was just as confused as Boyd was. Derek saw him all of one time. That wasn't enough time to make the connection as to what Stiles was to him and to relay that information to his pack. Then again, Derek's wolf had been aware of his existence for years now because of the bond. His wolf was just lacking a face to put to the bond. Okay, Stiles could work with this. Even though Stiles wanted to win them over himself, this could help speed up the process. Their wolves already trusted him. All he needed to do was get the human part of them on his side. Relief and giddiness was building inside of him.

"I don't feel anything," Aiden frowned.

"Me neither," Ethan agreed, looking at his brother. Stiles felt his stomach drop. There was apparently some work to be done, and it would explain why Aiden was so reluctant to trust him. Stiles knew the reason why they couldn't trust him: it was because Derek's wolf had yet to trust them.

"Derek?" Lydia hesitantly called out.

"I don't know," Derek simply said, and the Betas tensed up. Stiles was pretty sure Derek lied, with they way the Betas tensed up and looking disbelievingly at him. If Stiles had put more magic into his spell, he would have been able to hear how Derek's heart skipped a beat when he lied to them.

"Are--"

"Don't you guys have homework or something to do," Derek snapped, cutting Isaac off. "I need time to think about what we're going to do about him." Derek then pushed himself off the table and stalked towards the door and out the loft.

"Umm..." Isaac said, looking at the other bewildered faces.

Stiles on the other hand was having a different reaction. While his magic and a part of him mind was happy Derek knew what Stiles was, a part of him wasn't. Derek was most likely now going to watch him like a hawk. Derek was going to try desperately to ensure himself that he could trust Stiles since his wolf already fully trusted Stiles. And helping and protecting the Pack was going to be difficult with Derek breathing down his down—and not in the way Stiles wanted.

"Iompar," Stiles softly whispered and watched as the black smoke consumed him. When it cleared, he was standing in the woods just behind his house. He released the spells he was using, causing his hearing and sight to return to normal.

"Okay," Stiles said out loud, walking in the direction of his house. "This isn't all bad. I just need to show Derek that I mean no harm. That way he would be forced to constantly watch me, and I can discreetly help the pack. See—" Stiles stopped. He thought he heard a-Stiles shook his head and kept walking.

*Meow.*

So, Stiles wasn't hearing things. There was a cat near by, but where?

*Meow.*
Stiles was ready this time and followed the sound over to a small shrub. Stiles parted the shrub out of the way to find a battered kitten, no more than six inches in length, not taking the tail and head into account. Its eyes were closed, and there were small claw marks all over its jet black fur, which at this point was more red than black, and bones out of place. The kitten looked like it was mauled by some wild animals or some bird, judging but the claw mark. Stiles let go of the shrub and walked around to the side where the cat was. Stiles knelt down and held his hand out but hesitated. He didn't want to move it and cause any more damage, but he needed to do something. He couldn't leave it here to die or for some other animal to happen upon it.

It looked like Stiles was going to have to do something. He looked around to make sure no-one was looking, before holding his hands out, fingers spread wide, over the kitten. He breathed in deep and let the hot feeling in the pit of his stomach rise up and out his palms. Stiles watched as the skin knitted itself together, bones went back into place, and fur regrew itself. Stiles withdrew his hand when he was finished and watched as the kitten opened it eyes. Two pale blue eyes with small almond size pupils stared back at Stiles.

"Hi there," Stiles said, and the kitten got up and walked up to Stiles, rubbing its head against Stiles's thigh while purring. Stiles gently picked up the kitten, who reached out with its front paws for Stiles. Stiles brought it close, and the kitten started nuzzling Stiles's cheek, making him laugh. "How about we find where you came from?" Stiles said getting up. Stiles extended his magic out to the kitten in his hand and said, "Aimsiú (Locate)."

Stiles walked in the direction his magic was leading him in until be came upon another shrub. When he looked behind it, all he found was a dirty, shredded t-shirt. Stiles reached for his magic again, but it just tugged him towards the shirt. "Aimsigh do mháthair (Locate thy mother)," Stiles said and felt nothing--no pull. "Aimsigh an t-úineir (Locate the owner)," Stiles said and got nothing. He tried the two spells a few more time and got nothing.

"Looks like you're coming home with me then," Stiles said when he figured the kitten had no-one, and Stiles couldn't find it in his heart to leave him, especially with the way it was purring and rubbing its head against Stiles's hand. "Iompar (Transport)," Stiles said, covering them in black smoke and taking them to his kitchen. Stiles laughed at the scared expression on the kitten's face. "You'll get used to it," he laughed before putting the kitten down.

Stiles got out a small bowl and filled it with milk from the fridge but not before heating it up a little. Stiles was content staring at the kitten as it hungrily drank the milk. When the kitten was finished, and Stiles really needed to come up with a name for him, he walked over to Stiles, looking up at him. "What?" Stiles said, confused, but he kept staring. Stiles huffed and picked him up. The purring and the nuzzling started up again. Stiles widely grinned.

Stiles heard the front door open, and he ran to the door, holding the kitten up. "Please-please-please-please let me keep him," Stiles begged to his stunned father, who was holding two brown paper bags in his hand.

The sheriff tiredly sighed. "He might--"

"No, I already checked," Stiles cut his dad off. Stiles put on his best puppy dog eyes and held the strangely quiet kitten closer to his dad.

"Fine," his dad caved, and Stiles fist bumped with his free hand.

"Thank you-thank you-thank you," Stiles fervently and joyously cheered and went to hug his dad but stopped.
His dad rolled his eyes at him. "You already adopted a pack of Werewolves. What's a cat in the grand scheme of thing?" He moved past Stiles. "And since I'm so kind to let you have a pet, we're having pizza tonight, and you're packing up the groceries."

"Fine," Stiles responded, not at all put out about any of this. He got to keep him! "At least, this is better than the owl I wanted!" Stiles shouted.

"Don't remind me!" His dad shouted back. Stiles went after his dad with a big grin on his face and a purring kitten in his hand. Stiles placed down the kitten on the island and dug into the first bag. "So," his dad started to say from his seat at the island, and Stiles froze. His dad only ever used that tone when he wanted information out of Stiles. "The Pack?"

"They're okay," Stiles answered, pulling out the eggs.

"Stiles," his father warned, and Stiles caved.

"I tried my best to avoid them, but it's pretty damn hard when there is at least one of them in every single one of your classes, and I mean every one of them. Do you know that all have lunch together? All of them. Together. With me. You remembered how I asked if they knew how to get rid of Ghouls?" His dad slowly nodded. "Well, they didn't. They had no idea how to get rid of them, and they have been fighting them since that day. And they only reason I know that is because they got a text from Derek. And...and I may have told them how to get rid of them?" Stiles cringed, waiting for the reprimand, but none came. Stiles looked at his dad, who saw calmly looking at him. "Feel free to act surprised at any moment, Dad."

"I'm really not," the sheriff shrugged. "So how did you explain how you knew how to kill the Ghouls?"

"I didn't. I ran away."

"Of course, you did." His dad rolled his eyes. "You can a stare a troll dead in the eye, but God forbid, you had to talk to people."

"I resent than," Stiles flatly said, though he was greatly offended. "I have excellent people skill." Stiles paid no mind to his father's doubtful look. "And I did get to explain why I knew about the Ghouls, it just wasn't at school."

"They came here," his dad said, surprised, catching on quicker than Stiles would have guessed. Or maybe it was the way Stiles was avoiding his eyes.

"Yeah. Through the window."

"I thought the house was warded," came the sheriff's confused reply.


The sheriff sighed and sat back more into his seat. "So, what did you tell them?"

"I told them the story about the Alpha from Pierce," Stiles told him.

"And they believed you?" The sheriff was giving him a disbelieving look. What was with people and not trusting him?

"Yes, or that's what I thought until I followed them."
"You followed them," his dad flatly said, and Stiles winced.

"Yeah," Stiles said. "Well, not follow perse, but I did teleport to Derek's loft."

"How do you know where Derek lives?" His father demanded, and Stiles ignored him and went to put the eggs in the fridge. "Stiles."

"I may or may not have snuck a peek at Derek's file when you brought it home," Stiles meekly said, trying to hid himself in the fridge.

"You never left this house. How did you know what Derek's place looks like?"

"Google Maps?"

The sheriff groaned. "So, they know?" he asked.

Stiles closed the fridge and answered, "No, they don't. They just know that I'm some hyper curious kid whose grandmother knew about Werewolves and told him about them."

"You sure?" he said, critically eying Stiles.

"Yeah," Stiles answered before taking a deep breath. "And Derek may or may not know I'm his mate, and the Pack is picking up on that." The sheriff stared, open mouth at him before lightly banged his head on the island. "We knew he would make the connection sooner or later--"

His dad held his hand up, stopping him, before lifting his head up. "I don't want to know any more. Just...just finish packing up. And why is your cat staring at me?" The kitten was sitting a short distance away from the sheriff, staring up at him.

"Oh, he wants you to pick him up."

His dad raised an eyebrow at Stiles but picked the kitten up, who instantly started purring when he was in the Sheriff's hand. "Huh," the Sheriff said, amazed, and for a moment, Stiles forgot about his trouble with the Pack.

~ ☾~

It was close to eleven when Stiles finally made his way up to his room. The sheriff and he spent the reminder of the afternoon watching TV and stuffing their faces with pizza. Well, his dad did more of the watching. Stiles was either playing with the kitten or doing the homework he was meant to start earlier.

Stiles quickly stripped down to his boxers and got an old t-shirt before waking to his closet to get the spare pillow he had there, the kitten trailing behind him. It was rather cute how he wouldn't let Stiles out of his sight. Wherever Stiles when, the kitten was right there within arms length.

Stiles dropped the pillow on the floor next to his bed before kneeling down. "This is your bed for now," Stiles said to the cat and picked him up, depositing him onto the pillow. He got off the bed and walked over to Stiles left ankle, sniffing at the anklet Stiles had one. It was an anklet made entirely of tiny triquetras with a tiny gem in the center of each where the three knots overlapped. Stiles picked him up again and said, "That was a present from my grandmother. It's supposed to protect me from mind magic." The kitten purred, rubbing against Stiles. "I'm going to need it if I want to help keep them alive."

Stiles placed the kitten back on the pillow, and sternly said, "Stay." The kitten obeyed Stiles and
stretched himself out onto the pillow. "Now, what are we going to name you?" Stiles thought for a second while pale blue eyes gazed up at him. Stiles gazed back with his brown eyes at the black cat. "Sky," he softly whispered. The kitten--Sky--meowed once before yawning. "Your name's Sky."

Chapter End Notes

I was listening to music one day, and the idea of the Pack having a pet just came to me and wouldn't leave me alone. It was even worst when my brain kept telling me it had to be a cat. Also, Sky is not a familiar--at all. After much thinking, I have decided Sky would be about two months old.

I have read a lot of stories where Derek knew Stiles was his mate, and Stiles didn't. But I wanted Stiles to be aware that he is Derek's mate, so I (and Stiles) can play around with that.

Thanks for reading!

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