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### How We Serve

by [GrimReaperlover11](mailto:GrimReaperlover11)

**Summary**

Stiles is selected to become the servant to Prince Derek Hale. However his new master gives off total 'Ima rip your throat out, with my teeth' vibes...maybe its a werewolf thing. Nonetheless Stiles hopes he can survive his new life.

**Notes**
Happy belated thanksgiving present

See the end of the work for more notes
My What Big Teeth You have

Stiles's woke with a start on his small bed in his small house that he shared with his father. Remembering what day it was he sighed and laid back down. The sound of the door opening caused him to turn. He watched as his father stepped into their home with a basket full of different fruits and vegetables. "Stiles get up the chancellor is gonna be here any moment” his father ordered. Grumbling to himself Stiles trudged out of bed and accepted the clothes from his father. He quickly changed into his new attire and met his father outside to wait for the royal assistant.

Whenever a new child of the royal family turned 18 the royal chancellor would travel to the villages in search of a boy or girl to find if they would be a suitable candidate to become the servant to the royal. Stiles knew that their royal family, the Hales were a family that matched both kindness with ruthlessness, they took shit from no one and demanded respect. but the thought of being forced to leave his dad behind almost brought tears to his eyes.

Everyone knew that the Hales were werewolves but no one said anything against them, either out of fear or of the knowledge being known since the family first took power.

Soon they both heard the tell tail sound of the carriage approaching. Stiles stood up straighter and held his chin high. Him and his father watched as the chancellor stepped out of the carriage and moved to stand before them.

“Morning gentlemen” the man said as he trailed his eyes up and down Stiles’ body.

“Morning Chancellor Deaton” Stiles’ father said with a bow of his head to which Stiles mimed. Nodding his head, Chancellor Deaton circled the younger Stilinski, finally stopping at his original spot in front of Stiles. “What is your skill set?” Deaton inquired

“I can cook, clean, wash clothes, I can look after a person..i've been doing that since I was a kid” with a quick glance to his father, he almost teared up again at the thought of caring for his father after his mother died, his father had slipped far into a hole in his mind, he’d come home drunk and bewildered and Stiles took it upon himself to see that his father got to bed in one piece and had meals on the table. Deaton nodded once more.

“And what drawbacks do you have?” the question surprised both of the Stilinskis.

Drawing a quick breath Stiles looked hard into the chancellor’s eyes. “I get off topic quite easily, I
have been known to ramble and I can sometimes lose focus” Stiles explained.

The chancellor smiled and then moved to the carriage. He turned to the men with a smile. “You will do nicely. I'll let you say goodbye to your father and then we will be on our way” Deaton said as he entered the compartment.

Stiles turned to his father, tears breaching his eyes and snaking down his face. His father wasn't that much better off. “I love you son..never forget that, I will always love you, you’re a good boy, you'll be fine..I'll be fine” Stiles could only shake his head.

“Who is gonna watch over you now?” Stiles sobbed into his father's shoulder as the man embraced him.

“I'll be fine son, I'll have Melissa to watch over me now and you know she will make sure I'm fine, but you need to focus on yourself now..your gonna be living in a castle, so don't break anything, and take care of yourself.” his father said with a smile wiping his thumb across his sons cheeks to rid his boy’s face of the tears. “Now you have to, we have kept Chancellor Deaton waiting long enough” he gave his son a gentle clap on the shoulder as Stiles turned to the carriage and entered it.

Once the door was closed, the carriage began its journey, Stiles couldn't help but watch as his father’s face disappeared behind them.

“You care a great deal for your father” Deaton noted with an emotionless tone. Stiles turned to him and nodded before averting his gaze. “Yes, sir ...I'm all he has left, my mother died when I was young” Deaton nodded before clicking his tongue.

“I can always have a word with Queen Hale and see if she can regularly send an emissary to make sure your father is alright” Stiles looked at the Chancellor in shock, to even suggest a thing was a major event but to carry it out would be even bigger, it would require pulling so many strings. Setting his shock aside. “Thank you Chancellor...that mean the world to me,” Stiles said with a smile.

It had been quite some time before Deaton leveled a look at Stiles. “We are nearing the palace so I think it best we discuss what you will be doing when we arrive. You have been assigned to Prince Derek, you will be his servant, aside from any extra orders he gives you, you will cater to his every need, you will not be required to make food for him, we have cooks for that, however you will be required to retrieve it from the kitchens. You will take his clothes to be washed to the palace maids and once they are clean they will be delivered to his quarters where you will put them away in his closet. It is up to the Prince where you sleep, understood so far?” at Stiles’s nod he continued “Now when we arrive I will step out first and speak with the guards, once I am finished with that I will
bring you out, keep your head bowed and don't speak unless you are addressed or given permission, you will follow me into the throne room where we will present you to the royal family. Once that has been done you will kneel beside the Prince. Everything clear?” the Chancellor asked genuinely.

Stiles nodded his head and looked back out the window.

A little while later the carriage driver announced that they had arrived. Chancellor Deaton nodded his head to Stiles before exiting. Stiles could he the hushed discussion between the chancellor and what Stiles assumed to be a palace guard but couldn't make out what was being said. Soon though the door opened and Deaton motioned for the boy to step out. Remembering what he had been instructed to do Stiles bowed his head and silently followed behind Deaton as they navigated their way through the halls into the throne room. When the chancellor stopped as did Stiles with his head still bowed and his hands clasped behind his back. “My King, and my Queen, as per the tradition since Prince Derek has come of age I was tasked with finding him a suitable servant, I believe that I have done just that, May I introduce Mieczysław ‘Stiles’ Stilinski.” Deaton explained before stepping aside and motioning toward Stiles.

Nothing was said in the room for a moment before Queen Talia spoke up. “You may raise your head servant” Stiles slowly looked up and had to stifle a gasp as he looked at the royal family each in a throne of their own situated in a semi circle. In the middle was King Alexander with his Wife Talia sitting to his right. Her brother sat on the other side of her. The children of the king and queen surrounded their parents, each in their own chairs. All of them were looking at Stiles like he was a meal rather than the next servant to the Prince. Talia gave a quick smile and then motioned to a young man sitting next to her brother. When Stiles turned and looked to the Prince he wanted to faint, the man was beautiful. Jet black hair that was turned upward, he had a scowl on his face that made Stiles worry if he was already disappointing his new Master. Slowly Stiles made his way to take his place kneeling beside the Prince who continued to look at him for a moment longer before turning his head back to his mother. Nodding back Talia then returned his gaze to Chancellor Deaton “Thank you for your service Chancellor, it is greatly appreciated.” She said with a smile on her face. Deaton bowed before smiling back,

“Anything for the royal family.” He said before he swiftly exited. As soon as the doors were closed the royal family stood and went their own ways. Derek however just stood and watched his new servant. “Come” he commanded before turning and walking down a corridor. Stiles scrambled to his feet and somehow managed to keep up with the Prince. They neared a door and Derek stopped. He quickly turned to his servant and glared. “You touch anything without permission or it will be your hide. Do I make myself clear?” He growled.

Stiles nodded “Y..Yes..Sir” he sputtered. After a short pause the prince turned and opened the door and they both walked into the room. Stiles figured that because they were in a palace that the quarters for the family would be big but he didn't think that it would be the size of a big house. The room had its own fireplace and sitting area, next to it was a couch turned to a corner that was decorated with with dark wood bookshelves littered with books. In the center of the room was a table that had a beautiful black cloth covering it, and that's when it occurred to Stiles..the room’s colors were mostly shades of Grey. even the furniture.
The couch near the fireplace was a warm grey that accented the midnight black rug it sat upon. The walls were dark greys that reminded Stiles of ash. Everything was dark and dreary color. Stiles was pulled from his thoughts as the Prince pushed past him, Stiles followed without command into a set of double doors that Stiles hadn't noticed in his examination of the color scheme. The double doors that stood before them were on the warmer side of grey with brass handles. The Prince opened them and Stiles almost whined when he saw the cobblestone grey walls, there was however a bed that had sheets that were tar black much like the Prince’s hair. Suddenly Stiles registered the feeling of his face being forcefully grabbed. He was pulled forward out of his thoughts till he was nose to nose with his master. “Why are you just standing there?” The man growled. Before Stiles could answer he was shoved back with enough force that had him slam into the wall, his head bounced and he groaned from the pain. “Go fetch me some food” the Prince ordered before laying down on his bed.

Not wanting to anger the prince again Stiles all but ran out of the Princes Quarters. But once the door shut behind him he realized..he was never given a tour of the castle...he had no idea where the kitchens were..he had not a clue as to how to get anywhere.

“You lost?” a voice called out to him, he turned to the origin of the space and found that the voice belonged to one the children Stiles recognized from the throne room, bowing his head “forgive me your Highness, Prince Derek asked me to fetch him some food but I was never shown throughout the castle” Stiles quickly explained. He heard footsteps approach him and soon his head was raised till he was looking the girl in the eyes. “I'm Cora” she explained “Follow me and I'll give you a tour of the castle” she said with a smile.

“But I really should only retrieve food for Prince Derek..I wouldn't want to anger him on the first day.” Stiles said with a nervous glance to the door from which he came from. He didn't expect a smile to escape the princess’s lips, to be honest it kind of scared him. “I like you, you have humor. Don't worry about my big brother, if he asks tell him you were carrying out an order from me” she laughs. “Now come on” She takes his hand and leads him down the hall.

Thanks to Cora Stiles was able to figure out the quickest way to get anywhere in the castle, she had even taught him some of the secret passages, “For a better use if you are needed in a hurry” She had explained. Now he made his way back to Derek’s quarters with a tray of assorted foods on it. He opened the door and walked in to the main part of the room and saw the Prince seated before the fireplace. He quickly snapped his eyes to Stiles who set the tray of food on the table.

“What took you so long?” the Prince seethed.

“Forgive me, sir, but I was lost in the castle, as I was never given a tour of the castle when I arrived, fortunately your sister Princess Cora saw me and ordered that I follow her as she showed me around.” Stiles explained.
There was a crash as the tray of food was smacked from the table by the Prince with a roar. Stiles was grabbed by the collar of his shirt and slammed against the stone mantle of the fireplace, his back groaning in protest. “She ordered you? You don't follow HER ORDERS, YOU DO WHAT I SAY, NOT HER” Prince Derek yelled in Stiles’ face, his eyes turning golden with anger and his fangs extending along with his claws as his hands wrapped around the boy's throat. Stiles couldn't hold the tears back as they filled his eyes in fear. Then, he felt weightless as he was thrown from his position against the couch with such force that it toppled the piece of furniture backwards, his body rolling along with it. “Clean your mess up” Derek ordered as he marched into his bedroom. Stiles laid there motionless for a moment as he managed to get his lungs full of air once again before he rolled himself over and kneeled down to pick up the food and placed it back on the tray before exiting the room. He made his way back to the kitchen and asked for a replacement tray of food. Suddenly he felt the presence of someone behind him but he didn't dare look over his shoulder.

“What happened, you reek of fear, and pain” Cora’s voice sounded behind him. Now he really didn't want to look over his shoulder. “It's nothing Your Highness, I tripped and spilled the food, I came here to get a replacement set. “I know the villages know what we are Stiles, so I know you know we are Werewolves, and with that comes the ability to know when someone is lying to us….now tell me what really happened” she commanded with an authoritative tone.

Slowly Stiles turned his body to the princess with his head bowed. He felt her hand take his chin and slowly and gently lift it, He winced at the gasp that poured from her. “He did this to you, didn't he?” she almost growled. When he didn't answer her grip tightened slightly “What did he do” she commanded. Stiles sighed and explained to her what had went down when he arrived back at the room. She lifted his shirt and studied his back, “Stiles..You have a bruise the size of my arm on your chest” she turned him “And one almost as big on your back” she let his shirt drop back over him. “Come with me” Shes seethed as she grabbed the new tray of food.

Derek was sitting in his chair nearest the bookshelves enjoying the novel he had been forced to put down for the presentation of his new servant. Derek huffed as the memory surfaced, he never wanted a servant, they would drag him down...they were more like slaves to him. But then to find out that the one who had been given to him was following orders of his sister...that angered Derek, sure the boy technically had to follow any order given to him by the royal family or anyone with authority but he felt as if since the boy was given to him he should be the only one to command him.

He was pulled out of his thoughts when the door to his quarters burst open and his sister walked in trailed by the servant.

“Cora? What are you..” he was cut off as his sister had taken the bowl of food and set it on the center table before flinging the carrying tray at his head. In his shock he forgot to move causing the tray to collide with his nose. His head snapped back from the force and he knew for sure that his nose was broken.
“What the fuck Cora?..What was that for?” He screamed

“You deserve a whole lot worse than that Derek if you're going to choke, beat and toss your servant across the room.” Cora countered with just as much ferocity. “How dare you do that to him just because I had him follow me around the castle so he could know his way around, if it wasn’t for me you would have gotten your food possibly later” she growled. She grabbed Stiles by the arm and began leading him out of Derek's quarters. “Where are you taking him?” Derek seethed.

“Clearly you can't take care of him so for tonight he's gonna be rooming with me and then first thing tomorrow me and him are going before Mother and Father to discuss what happened.” She roared as she marched out the room.

Stiles spent the night on the couch of Cora’s room with a blanket covering him.

Derek didn't sleep.
Role Reversal

Chapter Summary

The King and Queen allow Stiles to take charge... temporarily of course

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles stood next to Cora in her father and mother’s bedroom the next morning, they were both dressed in their royal apparel looking between their daughter and their son’s servant

“So you are saying that Derek abused servant Stiles?” Queen Talia asked in disbelief. Cora raised Stiles head enough to expose his throat that still had the ugly bruise encircling it. She then lifts his shirt to expose his chest to show the area from where he's chest impacted with the couch of Derek’s room and his back to display where his back was slammed into the mantle of the fireplace in the Prince’s room. “That is exactly what I'm saying mother” Cora said with her voice mixed of anger toward her brother but respect of her mother. Her parents looked at each other before Talia turned to her own servant “Retrieve my son for me” she ordered. The servant nodded and left the room.

Soon the doors opened and the prince walked in. a look of anger and confusion plastered on his face. Stiles couldn't help but jerk his body when Derek stood beside him

“Leave us” King Alexander. All of the servants save Stiles quickly exited the room. Once they had all left Queen Talia whirled on her son

“What is the meaning of this. Cora comes to us with your servant claiming that you abused him? And the evidence is painted on his body in bruises not to mention the fact he flinched when you got near him’” Talia yelled, her eyes turning blood red in anger. “What do you have to say for yourself?” she growled.

Derek didn't speak for a second before he swallowed and breathed. “He is my servant. I told him to fetch me food and he comes back hours later because Cora ordered him to follow her around the castle for a tour” he flashed his own in anger, they did nothing to phase his parents looks of pure anger at their son. “He is MINE, he listens to ME” Derek shouted.

No one expected the slap that he received from his mother that rang throughout the room, not even King Alexander.

“You best get yourself off the pedestal you have placed yourself upon before I knock you off it” Talia seethed. “You may be a prince, and he may belong to you, but he is to follow any order given to him, apparently he did that and for that I approve of him as a servant of this house already” she finished the last part with a smile to Stiles who blushed and bowed his head “What I do not approve of is him being subjected to abuse from the one who he belongs to. I am so disappointed in you Derek..we didn't raise you like this. We may be werewolves but we are not monsters.” She said in a broken voice.

Before Derek could respond his father King Alexander stepped forward “You will return to your quarters with Stiles..but I think a reasonable punishment for you is to serve him for the rest of the
day...maybe it'll teach you some humility.” He turned to the young human before walking away for a moment, he returned with a collar, and a cane. “And Stiles I as your king and as his father grant you permission to punish Derek as if he truly was a servant, should he disobey you or step out of line...these” he held up the collar and cane are infused with wolfsbane which will help you with anything that you need...understand?” Derek gaped at his father. Stiles’ jaw dropped. Cora almost cheered at the news. The king raised an eyebrow in question waiting for an answer from the servant.

“I...I understand your Majesty” Stiles replied with a deep bow. Queen Talia and her husband smiled at him before leveling a glare with their son.

“I believe you two have somewhere to be” Talia said. Stiles nodded and bowed again to the royals before walking out of the room. Derek mindlessly followed him to their quarters. Once they had entered the room Stiles quickly moved to sit on the couch. He needed to get his breathing under control. He barely noticed that Derek had moved to stand in front of him. Stiles could practically feel the anger radiating off the royal's body.

“I didn't expect them to do that, you have to believe me” Stiles pleaded in a shaky voice. He flinched when the royal sighed and took a breath before sitting next to him on the couch. “I don't care, you still allowed it to happen” the prince roared causing Stiles to flinch again. The prince grabbed the front of his shirt and lifted him up so they were nose to nose. “I never wanted a servant but now that I have you I guess I can tolerate you as long as you stay out of my way. But let's not forget you got me into that mess with my parents so I should thank you shouldn't I?” He reared his arm back ready to strike.

However Stiles acted on instinct and slipped the collar around Derek's throat ripping a yelp from Derek. He dropped the servant and moved to pull at the collar however his hand was zapped away in a flash of blue. Stiles guessed that the collar was also infused with mountain ash making Derek unable to pull the collar off. Stiles stood and dusted himself off however he wasn't given much time to compose himself before Derek lunged at him. The human just barely managed to dive out of the way and run to the couch to grab the cane. He held it up defensively.

The wolf turned on him “Get this off of me” he roared.

“Your father told you that you needed to be taught humility and serve me for a day so that's what gonna happen, if your not gonna be nice your father gave me this to keep you in line so please give me a reason to prove them right that you are in fact a spoiled brat and need to be taught humility.” Stiles yelled back. He didn't expect himself to yell at a prince but it just happened and judging by the look on Derek’s face neither did the royal.

Suddenly there was the sound of clapping and laughter. Both men turned to the doorway where Cora was in hysterics. “Damn Derek, you really got a servant with fire, he's perfect for you” she laughed as she stood beside Stiles. She quickly composed herself and glared at her brother. “But he's right. Mother and father did agree that you need to be his servant for today and they told me to check in from time to time to make sure you do as he says” She said coldly. She then turned to Stiles with a smile. “So what are you gonna make him do first..Humiliate himself in public? Drink from a bowl? Eat from your hand?” she taunted, Derek paled at her words and Stiles wasn't far behind him. The prince quickly looked at Stiles in surprise. Stiles thought for a moment before he smiled wickedly.

“I'll be nice to show him that even though I have power over him right now I'm not gonna abuse it like he did with me, so I'm not gonna make him humble himself in public but those other things are still on the table” He said, Derek groaned and bowed his head to which cora laughed before skipping back to the door. “Call me if you need me” she called as she closed the door.

Stiles slumped his shoulders in relief and sat back on the couch. “Are you...are you gonna make me
do those things?” Stiles flung his head up to gaze at the prince who looked broken and defeated, his head was bowed and his own shoulders were slumped. Stiles saw that his hands were shaking out of what Stiles assumed was fear.

“No, I'm not..I very well could but i'm not that cruel” Stiles explained. “but that doesn't mean I'm not gonna take advantage of our current situation,” he continued. He regretted his choice of words when he saw the Prince’s bottom lip quiver and hands shake even more. Did he think?..he couldn't…he did

“Forgive me, I didn't mean it like that..I'm not..I would never do that to you..I'm not a rapist” Stiles observed as the shaking calmed slightly as the explanation. “But again I will give you a few orders.” Derek nodded

“First I want you to remove your shirt” Stiles calmly ordered. He watched as the shaking returned to the princes hands but still, they moved to lift the article of clothing above his head, holding it in his hand for dear life. “Good, now I want you to go put that on your bed then come back” Derek nodded and did as ordered.

“Now I just want you to lay down on the couch and read a book, I plan to do the same.” Stiles said. Derek nodded and grabbed his book from his room before laying down with his back against the arm of the couch. He watched the human collect his own book and sit down in the chair near him before he opened his novel.

They sat like that for a while before both of their stomachs started grumbling to which Stiles laughed lightly. “Would you mind going to the kitchen and getting us some food?” Stiles asked which surprised Derek. Technically due to his punishment it didn't matter what he minded he'd have to carry out Stiles’s orders without question. “May I put my shirt back on?” Derek quietly asked with his head bowed. Stiles thought for a moment “No, this is a punishment so I'm going to abide my King’s orders.” Stiles explained before turning his head back to his book. Derek nodded and left the room.

He was on his way back to the room when he saw Cora approach the door. She instinctively smiled at him before she saw his face.

“Derek..did he?” She asked. She agreed with her parents that her brother had to be punished to be shown the error of his ways but if the human had taken advantage of her brother like that she would rip his throat out herself.

“No he didn't, he promised he wouldn't” Derek answered back before opening the door and entering his chambers. Cora followed him to see Stiles still in the armchair reading his book.

“Oh hello, your highness.” Stiles said and rose to bow to Cora as she approached him. Derek set the tray of food on the table and looked to stiles. “Oh you may return to what you were doing.” he assured the prince. Derek nodded and sat back down on the couch and opened his book Cora looked on in shock from her brother to his servant. “Is that all you have had him doing, take off his shirt and read”

“I also had him get us food because we were hungry.” he countered. He smiled at his prince when the man gave a quick and quiet snort

“You are truly different Stiles. We are gonna get along great” Cora said before making her exit from the room. Stiles sat back down and pulled a strand of grapes from the tray. He methodically plopped them into his mouth one after another. Suddenly he had an idea. He pulled a slice of apple from the tray and looked to Derek. “Come here” he said Derek’s eyes widened before rising to stand before
the human. “Kneel” Stiles ordered. Derek fell to his knees but his eyes were pacing between Stiles’ and the humans crotch. Picking up on the royal’s fears he snapped his fingers, remembering what his father always did when he lost focus. Derek looked at him and kept his gaze on Stiles’ eyes. “I told you I wouldn’t do that to you and I'm a man of my word. I wanted you to kneel cause stretching my arm above my head would be painful. He said as he held the slice of apple to Derek’s lips. The man hesitated before slowly opening his mouth and allowed the actual servant to slip the apple into his mouth. Derek slowly chewed the piece of fruit still watching the human. “I only wanted to do that once” Stiles said with a smile. “But please, eat the rest, I'm full, thank you” Stiles smiled as he returned his attention to his book. Derek nodded and picked the rest of the food off the plate. Once it was finished Stiles looked out the window and saw that the moon was starting to rise, it was a half moon but it was still beautiful and he smiled.

“Derek” He said, the prince raised his head to look at his temporary master. “Would you mind massaging my feet?” Stiles asked with a raised tone. He watched as the eyes of the wolf turned yellow and glared at him.

“No” the wolf rose and bared his fangs at the human who didn't flinch. “I know you havent had me do much, but you made me walk the castle shirtless, which earned me plenty of stares from others, who snickered at and laughed at me. You made me kneel next to you so you could feed me like a dog. I am not gonna stoop lower to MASSAGE YOUR FEET” he roared before he lunged at the human. However Stiles expected it he managed to side step but the prince was just as sly and swiped his hand to the side with his claws extended. Stiles hissed in pain as he felt his flesh be cut from the wolf. The prince lunged again but Stiles brought the cane up to the side of Derek’s neck smacking his face with an audible crack. The man lost any momentum he had and crashed to the ground. He swiped his claw at the humans leg but the servant just stepped over the arm and brought the cane down to the exposed flesh of the royal’s arm. The wolf howled in pain.

Suddenly the door opened and Cora charged into the room, eyes golden and claws extended. Stiles sighed and approached her with his hands raised to show her he meant her no harm “Where is he Stiles, I heard him yell, did he hurt you?” she questioned.

“I'm fine your highness, thank you. I defended myself. He didn't know that the prince had stood and lunged yet again at him.

“Stiles look out” Cora growled however the human pushed her out of the way before spinning with the cane extended catching Derek in the face yet again before delivering another blow to the were’s ribs. Derek fell and curled in on himself with a wheeze. Stiles turned back to Cora who looked at her brother and then to her new friend in shock.

“So you can defend yourself...nice job..I'll be leaving now, I trust you can handle it from here” Stiles nodded and she left. Stiles sighed before grabbing his prince by the collar and half dragged half carried him to the couch. He laid the royal down and observed as bruises were already forming on the skin of where he had hit his master. Derek gave a shaky cough from what Stiles guessed would be the blow to his ribs.

“We were doing so well Derek, we had a nice thing going, and because I ask you to massage my feet you throw a fit..I understand I mean I wouldn't like to give just anyone a foot massage but your my master, my orders are quite literally to take care of your needs, so if you had asked for that I would drop to my knees in a second and do it because you had asked. It's as you said, I haven’t made you do anything extreme today, look at what your sister suggested, making your humiliate yourself in public, I very well could have, i could have made you walk in the villages naked and bark like a dog, i could have tied you down and let anyone take a swing at you.. But I didn't, I could have done what princess cora suggested and had you drink from a bowl, granted I did feed you a slice of
apple from my hand and I could tell that I had scared you and for that I am sorry.”

The prince just laid there on the couch watching the human rant while cradling his side. “You had originally thought I was gonna have my way with you because I asked you to remove your shirt. I would never do that to you Derek, admittedly you have an attractive body and if you require sexual relief, though I haven’t ever taken a male partner so I wouldn’t know what to do, I’d still do what you ask cause that’s what servants are for..maybe not all servants but it’s what Deaton explained to me. Stiles finished as he sat down in the chair with an exasperated sigh.

Derek rose slowly and moved to stand before his servant before kneeling with his head bowed. “I’m sorry..your right” Derek muttered. He then slowly grabbed a pillow from the couch and placed it on the table before setting Stiles’ feet in them. With a hesitant sigh he began kneading his hand into the arch of the humans sole, Stiles was originally going to protest but when the wave of pleasure hit him he groaned in content and laid his head back.

He woke to Derek gently nudging him awake. Looked out the window to see that it was still night and sighed in happiness. “Thank you, that was wonderful, as you can see you relaxed me into sleep.” he said with a small smile which was returned by the man. “I think it’s time we take this thing off” he said as he unclasped the collar from the prince’s neck.

“But it hasn’t been a full day” Derek gasped as the looked at the collar in the human hand.

“I understand that..but it’s close enough.” Stiles said rising lay down on the couch. “Consider this my final order of the day then..go to bed” he said as he closed his eyes. Derek rose to his feet and looked glanced from the door to his bedroom to the servant currently laying on the couch.

He wanted so bad for the servant to join him in his bed but something told him that the servant would be uncomfortable. Nodding his head he went to his room and closed the door.

Derek found sleep after hours thinking to himself about the days events.

Stiles found sleep with a smile at what he had done that day.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for reading and commenting, words can't describe how happy I get when I see a new comment on my works or how many kudos to show how many people enjoy my creation ♥

But do let me know if you enjoyed this chapter...I was hesitant to make it play out the way it did but I think it makes the story more angsty and suspenseful.

Be sure to follow me on Tumblr for future updates on works and if anyone has questions message me on there ☺

Thanks again

-Grim

https://www.tumblr.com/blog/grimreaperlover11
Tables Turned..Kinda

Chapter Summary

The full moon is upon the kingdom bringing out the animal within Derek
Stiles does something, gets thrown in prison, get released
Then he gets beaten bloody...nothing new

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Derek woke up to sunlight filtering in through his window, sitting up in bed he wiped the sleep out of his eyes and slowly got out of bed. He walked into the main room to find it empty. Panic started taking over as he called out Stiles’s name to no answer. Suddenly, however, the chamber door opened and the servant walked in carrying a tray of food. Stiles froze when he saw Derek standing in the middle of the room wearing nothing but sleep pants. He shook his head out of the hesitation before walking over and setting the tray of fruits and cooked bread with a glass of orange juice on the table in front of the couch before stepping back and bowing his head. Derek observed all this and was overtaken by a strong sense of regret.

He sat down on the couch. “Could you come here please?” he muttered just loud enough for the servant to hear him. He heard the movement of the servant before he saw the servant kneel before him with his head bowed. “About last night..” Derek began. But he was cut off by the servant raising his head

“Forgive me my prince but, I wish not to speak about the events that occurred last night” Stiles bowed his head once he had finished his request. “I am but your servant, and you are but my master, now if you would excuse your servant, I must return the items which were given to me by your parents to them” he waited for an answer

Derek bit his tongue from wanting to scream at the human servant, he wanted nothing more than to beg the man for his forgiveness, plead with him for yet another chance...finally with a sigh he nodded to the servant “You may go” was all he said.

“Thank you” the servant rose and collected the collar and cane from where he had laid them on the end table before moving to exit the room. Derek practically roared with annoyance directed at himself.
Stiles approached the door to the king and queen’s chambers and gave it a short knock

“Enter” he heard his queen’s voice from the other side of the door. Taking a quick breath he opened the door and entered the room.

“Forgive me, your majesties” Stiles said with a bow of his head before looking at the king and raising his hand clutching the items he had been given. “I come to return and thank you for allowing me to utilize and borrow these” he watched as the king and queen looked at each other before Queen Talia nodded

“Servant it is our belief that you should remain in possession of those items for the time being, should the need ever arise you have direct authority of your king and queen to reapply the collar to our son and use the cane to defend yourself should he ever abuse you again like he did.”

Stiles nodded and dropped his hand “As you wish” He bowed his head and made his way to the door. Before he could open it though he heard King Alexander clear his throat

“Servant..our daughter, Cora, explained to us that though you had control over our son you did not abuse your powers, that you as she explained it, held back on the orders and gave him small tasks..I ask what would those tasks include?” Stiles nodded his head and explained to them what he ordered their son to do “...then later at night I had him give me a foot massage before, it put me into a doze and when I woke I removed his collar and we went to bed.” he finished. Both of the royals nodded and smiled back at him.

“You have a kind heart Stiles, never lose it” Queen Talia said

Stiles blushed and nodded his head “I won’t your majesty” he said before he bowed and left

He smiled when he heard the queens voice talking to her husband

“I may have to follow his lead and ask for that foot massage” she laughed

“As you wish my queen” he heard the king reply.
Stiles returned to Derek’s quarters with a tray of food to find the prince lounging on the couch shirtless, he was reading his novel. Stiles moved to place the tray on the table before him before standing off to the side with his hands clasped behind his back. Derek was at an internal crossroads, on one hand he wanted to have Stiles sit down so they could discuss yesterday’s event but the servant had already made it clear that he would rather not. On the other hand he wanted Stiles to continue acting like the servant he was, ‘So he can remember his place’ he thought to himself.

Without even looking over his shoulder he called out to the human. “I’ll be leaving for sparring practice momentarily..you will accompany me and carry my gear is that understood”

Derek had to actively force himself not to wince at the feeble “Yes, Your Highness” that was said in response. Derek rose and entered his bedroom to change into more comfortable clothes, when he was done he walked to the door with the servant behind him.

He found his usual sparring partner Boyd waiting for him, his sword by his side. He was a burly man and for a moment Stiles was intimidated by him before he saw how he bowed to Derek and smiled. “Prince Hale” the man said.

“Boyd, you know to call me by my name” Derek said as he embraced the other man in a hug and for a moment Stiles felt a ping of jealousy. He brushed his emotions away as he handed Derek’s sword to him. He then moved to stand at a distance. He noticed Boyd glance at him before shrugging at Derek. Without warning the prince raised his sword and charged.

Stiles didn't know why a werewolf would need a sword but he dare not speak his question out loud as he watched the two men exchange blows, each being met by the other’s sword. Stiles was pulled out of his thoughts by a woman moving to stand next to him. “So your the one who beat my brother with a stick?” she says with a smile though she still looks at Derek and Boyd as they spar and it occurs to Stiles that this is Princess Laura.

“Forgive me your Highness for not greeting you” he says with a bow “Y...yes I. I did” he stammers out returning his gaze to the two men.

“If you think I'm here to berate you for it you would be wrong..I'm here to thank you for being patient with him, sure you beat him with a stick but most servants would have done a lot worse than give him a few bruises which healed afterwards” she explains. Stiles just remains quiet, unsure of what to say. Suddenly though Derek looks over to the two of them and frowns..in that moment of distraction Boyd had already swung his sword catching Derek across the chest. He howls in pain and falls to his knees.
“Fucking hell” Stiles says as he runs over to Derek. The wolf is on the ground clutching his chest and cursing. Stiles manages to apply pressure to the wound despite knowing that it’ll be healed momentarily. Sure enough he could feel the gash start to close but that did nothing to calm him. “Come on, we should go back to your quarters your Highness” Stiles said as he helped the wolf stand. Suddenly he was pushed back from the prince.

“He's right Derek, We've spared for half the day, we can pick up where we left off tomorrow” Boyd nodded. Derek huffed and then strode off back to the castle. Stiles bowed to Laura and Boyd before taking off after the prince. They didn't speak the entire trek to the castle nor while they walked to Derek’s quarters however once they got into the room Stiles was surprised to feel himself lifted and flip in the air only to have his back be slammed onto the floor.

“From now on, you don't speak unless spoken to, I don't care if you have the cane or collar, you are my servant and you follow my orders, you will not lay a hand on me unless I give you express permission to, failure to follow these orders will result in either a strict punishment or your death..whichever I am in the mood for at the time, understood?” Derek growled.

Stiles nodded and breathed a sigh of relief when Derek released him and stormed into his bedroom. Stiles moved to curl up in the corner hugging his knees.

Derek entered his room and threw himself into his sheets releasing another growl. The servant was so infuriating, he acted like a child, constantly clingy to Derek and the wolf wanted it to stop. ‘Why must he be mine’ He thought to himself. After a while there was a knock on his door, he rose from his spot on the bed and opened it to find the servant with his head bowed.

“What?” Derek spat.

“Your sister Princess Laura is here to see you sir” Derek pushed past the slave and found his sister sitting in the chair by the fireplace, he took a seat on the couch while Stiles stood in the corner.

“Mind telling me what happened today?” she asked, when Derek gave no response she sighed “You haven’t ever been distracted during sparring Derek, so what caught your attention?”

Derek didn't say anything for a moment before he sighed “I saw you with my servant and I was curious..you never really socialize with the servants Laura..not even your own.” The princess nodded
“That's true but everyone has been saying that yours is so different and I wanted to see if it was true..I mean mother and father even say that he has fire in him..most servants are so..tame but as I found out today..the rumors were true..your servant does have a fire to him..but I have also noticed that when you are around him,” She said she glanced at Stiles who had his head still bowed and his hands clasped behind him “He slips into a shell..why is that?” She asked “I'm aware of what you did to him and I'm aware of how he returned the favor but yet he is still reserved..why?” Stiles could hear the obvious accusation in her voice which caused his heart to flutter for a moment out of fear.

“I merely reminded him how a servant is not to touch a royal without express permission, and how they are to remain seen and not heard unless spoken to” Derek answered with a straight face.. Laura didn't believe it for a second.

“Stiles.. how did Derek remind you of these things” she asked, her attention still locked on Derek

“Well damn..what do I say’ Stiles thought, he had a feeling if he said anything against Derek despite the involvement of the king and Queen he’d still be beaten and the cane was on the other side of the room, surely the prince would out maneuver him before he could retrieve it.

“He explained them to me in great detail in a calm voice your Highness” Stiles answered back. He knew his heart had given away the lie but the princess said nothing of it.

“I'll be watching Derek..as will the rest of the family but be careful..even uncle Peter has taken notice of your servant, and we both know what happens to people who he notices” She said before rising and leaving the room.

“Sir, if I may” Stiles said looking up at the prince for permission to speak, the prince slowly gave a single nod. “What happens to people who Lord Peter notices.?” Stiles asked with some fear in his voice.

“They disappear” was the prince’s only response before he went to bed.

Stiles didn't sleep that night.

The next day it rained so the sparring was canceled as Derek prefered to spar outside where it was
more spacious. Stiles was currently on his way to fetch some clothes for the prince he heard his name be called out. He turned to see the King approaching him. He bowed “How may I serve you Sire?” Stiles asked

“Oh I require nothing from you I merely came to pass along some information” King Alexander began “Tonight is a full moon, me and my family usually go for a run but do to the rainfall we will be staying indoors, now he may have control over his change, but I fear my son will most likely become irritable. So I want you to have the cane I gave you on your person at all times, understood?” There was no malice in his voice only concern.

“I understand your Majesty” Stiles nodded “Thank you for the warning”

“I will let you get back to your duties then” the king said as he turned and walked away. Stiles smiled and went back along his way to retrieve the clothes.

He returned to the Princes quarters and sighed when the prince was staring out the window. Stiles set the clothes on the couch and then stood behind the prince.

“It’s the full moon tonight” Derek said as he watched the sun set.

“It is your Highness. King Alexander informed me that your family will be staying indoors despite your usual tradition to go for a run” Derek nodded

“I have nothing further for you” Stiles sighed and sat down on the couch taking his head into his hands.

“I can smell your sadness..it reeks..what is the matter?” The prince inquired turning to the servant.

“So far of being here the only moment I have spent outside the castle is when you were sparring with lord Boyd..I miss the fresh air” Stiles confessed. The prince nodded but said nothing. They both remained in silence..soon Stiles fell asleep.

He awoke to the Prince growling, he quickly opened his eyes to see Derek shifted growling at him..mere inches from his face. Stiles’ eyes widened in fear. “Derek it's just me..I'm not a threat” he
did his best to keep his voice calm as he slowly raised his hands to show peace. The wolf didn't move as Stiles slowly stood and made his way to the bookshelf where he kept the wolfsbane cane. He had made it as far as the door when the werewolf charged him. He managed to leap back and grab the door handle in time as Derek landed where he had been just seconds earlier. He threw open the door and took off sprinting down the hallway. He knew this in futile but he had to try. He made it to the throne room before he was tackled from behind. He began screaming for help as Derek howled. Soon the entire Hale family except for Peter surrounded them. All baring their teeth and their claws extended.

“Let him go Derek” Queen Talia ordered. Derek just growled and leaned against the servant. Stiles could feel hot breath against the back of his neck.

“Please Derek..just let me go” Stiles begged. He yelped as he was flipped onto his stomach now he could see how Derek’s radiant blue eyes scowled at him. His arms instinctively flew to cover his face as the wolf lunged. Suddenly the weight that was once on top of him disappeared, he opened his eyes to see Derek’s still growling form though now with a look of surprise rocket towards the high ceiling of the throne room. The werewolf’s body slammed into the marble with a loud crack before falling back down to the floor, landing beside Stiles with a whine. Everyone turned to Stiles who could only look at the unconscious wolf in shock and horror. He yelped in surprise as his arms were seized and secured behind him. “Take him to the dungeons” Queen Talia ordered “and gag him” she added. Before Stiles could plead a cloth was tied around his head silencing him.

He sat in his dark and damp cell for what he guessed were four days based off the setting and rising of the sun. No one had come to visit him, the only interaction he had was when someone opened the slot in his cell door to push a tray of fruits which he would devour with in seconds.

One day he was curled up in the corner when the door opened and he flinched. Four guards entered and grabbed him before dragging him out without a word.

He found himself being thrown in front of the royal family. He landed on his stomach and struggled to get to his knees but no one said anything. Finally when he managed to achieve the kneeling position Queen Talia spoke.

“Mieczysław Stilinski you are here to plead your case before us, you are being charged with not only concealing your magical abilities from the royal family but also using your abilities against Prince Derek..what do you have to argue in your defense” Her voice was filled with anger but also curiosity

“Please your Majesty..I didn’t....”his voice was hoarse and raspy from days without sufficient water. “I didn’t know I had abilities..I swear” tears began forming in his eyes and he bowed his head in an attempt to conceal his traitorous emotions.
“His heart beat is steady mother” Cora commented which made Stiles want to run over and hug the princess.

“He could have learned how to calm it when telling a lie” Peter countered. Stiles didn’t see as all the royals turned to their king and queen waiting for them to make the final decision.

“Take him to the dungeons..chain him to the wall” King Alexander ordered. Now Stiles did nothing to stop the tears as they flowed and fell to the ground.

As soon as the doors were closed and Stiles had been dragged out Cora flew to her feet. “He wasn’t lying and you sent him to the dungeons...we preach that we are fair and kind to our subjects and yet we just threw one into darkness because he used magic that he didn't know he had” Cora growled before storming out of the throne room. Laura too rose and growled at her uncle. “As if someone like him would know how to maintain his heart rate Uncle” She turned to her younger brother “And you, you are just gonna sit there as this happens, as he cries and pleads..you’re the one who attacked him..you’re the one who pinned him. you’re the one who lunged at him..he defended himself” And she too left the throne room in anger.

Derek turned to his parents. “What is going to be done to him?” he asked. His father and mother looked at each other in silent conversation.

“He’ll be kept in the dungeons until further notice” his mother said. Derek sighed and rose from his seat and exited the room. He found himself entering his quarters and sitting on the couch..

“What have I done?” he asked himself out loud.

Stiles bother keeping track of the sun cycles as he just sat against the far wall of his cell. He half expected Cora to visit him but she didn’t come... nobody came.

He had been sleeping when he was nudged awake. Slowly he turned to see Derek standing above him.

“If I am to be executed, please your Highness just kill me here..tell your family I fought you and you
had no choice...I don't want my father to see it” Stiles rasped.

“I'm not here to collect you for execution Stiles” Derek said with a frown. “I'm here to question you personally”

Stiles forced himself to sit against the wall and look at the prince.

“Did you know that you had magical abilities?” Derek asked in a monotone voice.

“No, I didn't know I had magical abilities”

“Did you mean to attack me with your abilities?”

At that Stiles snorted “I would say I defended myself from you, but no, I did not mean to attack you with my unknown magical abilities”

Derek paused before he nodded and held out his hand. Stiles looked up at him in confusion but nonetheless he accepted it. Derek lifted him up and walked him out of the cell. “Where are you taking me? You said I wasn't being executed” Stiles pleaded, worry filling his voice and his eyes.

“And like you I wasn't lying” Derek turned to a guard. “Send word to my family to meet in the throne room, send another messenger for Chancellor Deaton” The guard nodded and took off

“What are you doing?” Stiles asked

“I'm proving that you are innocent.”

Derek led Stiles through the halls and into the throne room. Stiles flinched against Derek when he saw the confusion on the faces of the other royals.

“What is going on, why did you release him, explain yourself at once nephew” Peter demanded.
“Silence brother, let my son explain himself” Queen Talia ordered before motioning for Derek to begin. Stiles then noticed Chancellor Deaton standing behind the queen.

“I questioned Stiles myself… he had no idea about his magic and it was not his intention to attack me..he wasn't lying, I'm sure of it” Derek argued. Stiles looked to the prince with shock but his gaze was ignored.

“Of course he didn't know about his abilities..they were bound” Chancellor Deaton commented causing everyone in the room to turn to him.

“Explain yourself Deaton” Peter growled.

“The boy has had magic in him all his life, it was just bound for reasons I know not..when i went to see if he'd be a suitable servant for Prince Derek I saw the magic radiating off of him, that's how I knew he'd be a good match..I just didn't expect his abilities to unbind themselves..only strong mages can unbind their powers at will, as for attacking Derek..I highly doubt he did it on purpose.” the chancellor said with a smile.

“You knew he had abilities but you didn't tell us?” the queen asked in shock

“Forgive me my queen but his abilities were bound, I expected them to stay that way until the day he died..I did not foresee these events happening” he explained.

Stiles tapped on Derek's back causing the prince to turn to him “How could he see my abilities?” Stiles asked.

Scowling as if Stiles had said something stupid Derek just turned to face the room “He wants to know how you could see his aura” Deaton turned to the servant and smiled.

“I'm a magic user too Stiles..granted from how your magic presents itself you'll be exceptionally more powerful than I” Stiles gave the man a shocked expression but said nothing. Suddenly the chancellor waved his hand towards Stiles and the human felt a wave of energy flow through his body, his thirst was quenched and his hunger sated. He managed to stand on his own before turning to the mage who winked at him.
The chancellor turned to the rest of the royals “I think it is in all of our best interests to train Stiles on how to manage his abilities, and how to control them. To kill him or lock him up would be a waste of his potential” Deaton argued. The king and queen again had a silent discussion before turning to Stiles.

“You have two choices” King Alexander began”

“You will study under Deaton however you can either stay under the servitude to Derek, or you can go back to being free and living with your father while studying there.” Queen Talia spoke.

Stiles was taken aback and quite literally took a step back. He glanced around the room, each of the royals was wearing a face of curiosity, save Deaton who was smiling. Stiles thought about the options. He could be free again..see his father, live with his father, but then it occurred to him..his magic was unstable and unknown..fear grew in his heart as situations played out in his head of being home and having a meltdown that would burn down the home or harm his father. Shaking his head he turned his focus and gave the king and queen a stone hard look.

“I'll stay and study under Deaton here, despite having to remain a servant” he answered.

That night he sat at the table reading from the journals and books that Deaton had given him on how to control his magic and focus it.

Suddenly the door burst open and the prince walked in. He hadn’t joined Stiles in their shared quarters since the servant had given his answer to the royals but now he looked furious. “What the hell was that..my mother and father handed you your freedom on a golden platter and you denied it...do you know how insane that is?” Derek rhetorically asked something in Stiles snapped and he flew from his seat to glare at the approaching wolf.

“You clearly can't get your head out of your ass and get down from the pedestal you have built yourself.”

“Mind your tone servant” Derek warned

“Not this time, Your Highness ” he spat the words like they were acid. “If you think for a second, I'm going to put myself in the same room as my father with my unstable abilities, and no idea on how to control them you are a bigger fool than I thought..but then again it's you..you apparently have
realized that some of us care for others unlike you” He hadn’t expected to be grabbed around the throat and thrown into the wall. Suddenly Stiles felt like he was reliving a memory. Before he could stand his throat was grabbed and he was raised off the ground. He began flailing and clawing at the other man gasping for breaths

“I told you to watch your tone. You call me a fool? No Stiles I’m not the fool here, you should have taken the deal and left.” Stiles was still gasping for air as white spots danced in his eyes, the grip on his throat was suddenly loosened just enough for him to breath but he was still held airborne against the wall “But no, you are too much of an imbecile to take an offer like that” and suddenly Stiles was dropped only to be met with a fist to his stomach causing him to cry out in pain, the prince grabbed a handful of his hair and forced him to look the wolf in the eyes “I put my head on the line for you by going down into those dungeons to question you..remember that?” he growled and reared back before a viscous back hand collided with Stiles’ jaw sending the human sprawling to the ground before he could push himself up though a booth caught him in the ribs causing him to be thrown a foot away from his initial spot. The prince stared down at him. You call me a fool? You give me attitude as payment for helping you..well then I guess we are just gonna have to fix that aren't we”

“P..P..Please, D..Derek, m..m..mercy..I beg you please” Stiles stammered out. Trying to crawl away

“You want mercy?..Well I want peace and quiet, and I had it till you arrived and now my life is filled with an annoyance so this is what's going to happen. From now on you will not speak lest I carve out your tongue. And when you do speak it will be because I allow it, you will refer to me as Master, and you will carry out every command I give you without question am I understood?”

“Y...yes “ Stiles managed.

He was grabbed by the back of his neck and slammed against the door of the bedroom “yes what?” the wolf growled behind him

“yes..M..Master”

“Good boy, now to finish off your punishment for your insufferable attitude” Derek seethed as he let a claw manifest, he began cutting away at the servants clothing till he was fully nude” before he could cry out a hand covered his mouth

“Remember what I said” Derek warned he then took Stiles’ tongue between his claws “You speak without permission and I take this” Stiles closed his mouth with a click .
“Good” Derek said before he dragged the servant into the bedroom and threw him onto the bed. Stiles began crawling and shaking his head, doing anything he could to put distance between himself and the wolf, the rush of energy he had felt when his abilities had manifested was non existent. He watched in terror as the wolf disrobed till he too was naked and climbed into bed. However he just laid there with his back to the human “You will stay in the bed or you'll be punished”

Stiles nodded though he knew Derek wouldn't see it, slowly he laid down with his back to the wolf.

Stiles quietly cried himself to sleep

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed and dont hate me *finger guns*

Let me know what you thought in the comments as they are greatly appreciated along with kudos.

be sure to check out my tumblr for updates on the series that would also be greatly appreciated <3

Happy Reading

-Grim
These are the Ties We Cherish

Chapter Summary

Stiles begins his lessons with Deaton on his path to becoming a strong mage despite remaining the servant to Prince Derek.

In the span of two months he learns so much about his abilities that he begins to build Confidence. Because of this confidence he decides to ask the king and queen for a favor

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles woke the next morning to someone knocking on the door. Slowly he turned to look over his shoulder to see that Derek was still asleep. Carefully he moved and slipped out of the bed, he almost fell due to the pain in his legs but he managed to right himself at the last second. He tiptoed to the door and opened it to find Queen Talia waiting for him. He flinched at the gasp that escaped her lips quickly Stiles slipped out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him. He wrapped a sheet from the couch around him to cover his modesty The queen looked at him and he saw tears start to form in her eyes. He motioned to the door and she nodded, they exited the room but the queen kept walking eventually leading the servant to the royal quarters. As they entered the room he noticed as King Alexander looked up at him before flinging himself out of bed and gathered Stiles’s face in his hands. The king then turned to his personal servant “Send for Deaton immediately and bring my son to me” He ordered. The servant nodded and left the room. Stiles watched as King Alexander grabbed a pair of cloth pants and presented them to the broken human. Stiles carefully slipped into the clothes, grateful to have clothing on his body

“Stiles you have to tell me what he did to you” Alexander said.

The human shook his head and sighed. “Forgive me, my King, but I can't. If I do it'll only worsen it for me, I just want to leave it alone so I can do my duty” He confessed, his voice shaky

“Stiles if you don't pursue this on your own we can't really help you, we can yell at him but we can't do much else.” Queen Talia urged. At that time the door opened and both Deaton and Derek walked through. Stiles didn't move, he knew Derek was behind him but out of fear he kept still.

“Deaton we need you to examine Stiles here” Talia said as he carefully half forced Stiles to turn towards the other men. Derek gave no emotion as he looked at the servant who was covered in bruises that were noticeable through the thin layer of clothing he wore. Deaton however showed face of shock and concern. Slowly he approached Stiles and carefully turned Stiles’ head side to side, before rubbing his hand down the servants side causing Stiles to hiss. “His ribs are broken and his larynx is damaged...May I ask what happened?” Deaton shot a worried look to the king and queen. “Heal him first” Talia said. With a wave of his hand Stiles’ injuries disappeared. And the pain was gone.

“How about you tell us what happened Derek, since you have clearly scared Stiles here to silence.” King Alexander growled. Derek just shook his head with a small laugh as he looked back at his parents “I have nothing to say, it was a well deserved punishment”
“Punishment for what?” Deaton asked raising a brow.

“Tell them Stiles..tell them how you couldn't mind your tone, tell them how you called me a fool” he seethed at the human. Now the chancellor and king and queen were looking at the servant.

“I called him a fool because he was angry and questioning why I would stay here to study under Deaton when I could have went home to my father and be free..when I explained to him that I am fearful of being around my father currently due to not being in total control of my magic he grew angry. So I called him a fool and told him that unlike him I care for the wellbeing of others then he…” He glanced to the prince who had a brow raised. “He punished me accordingly, I was out of line and the prince corrected me” Stiles finished averting his gaze to the floor.

“Stiles go with Deaton and have your lesson...well discuss things later in Derek’s quarters.” She then took out a parchment of paper and a quill and wrote quickly before handing the note to Deaton” The chancellor and servant bowed before they left the room.

Stiles sat outside with Deaton in the nearby forest, both of them on their own stump across from each other.

“The Queen has ordered me to teach you magic that you can utilize to defend yourself” Deaton explained as he leveled his gaze on Stiles who kept his head bowed. Stiles just nodded. “Can you please look at me Stiles?” Stiles lifted and returned the older mages gaze. “You see there are different types of mages.. There are druids..sparks..flames..witches..and mages.. I am a druid” Deaton explained. “My magic derives from nature I however am not as strong as the other types but I can still hold my own”

“What...what am I then?” Stiles asked warily.

“You Stiles, are special...you see eventually I will teach you how to read auras which will be your insight on what someone is whether they be a werewolf or a spark and so on, but your aura is different”

“Different how?”

“It's mixed yours gives off a mix of spark and mage which by itself a mage can be incredibly strong but being mixed with a spark in unheard of..as far as I know you are the only one” Stiles’ eyes widened at the information.

“Now, I take you have read the journals I gave you?” Stiles averted his gaze and sighed..

“I was but..then I...the incident happened” Stiles admitted. Deaton nodded.

“Magic comes from all around us..you must only allow it to flow through you and shape it.

Deaton and Stiles trained till the moon rose to its highest peak, in that time Stiles had learned how to gather energy around him and utilize it for magic. Deaton had also taught him a few spells such as creating a moving things with his mind, conjuring small items such as rope or anything he can see. creating a circle of mountain ash. All of which Stiles was told that he could utilize defensively. As Stiles opened the door into the princes and his shared quarters conflict struck inside him. Not knowing whether he should sleep in the prince’s bed or on the couch. He settled for the latter. Sleep found him quickly.. Derek woke up shortly after he had fell deep into slumber and watched before he shook his head and retreated back into his room.

Stiles trained with Deaton for two months. During this time Stiles and the prince barely spoke to one another with the prince favoring to avoid the servant. Finally Deaton came to Stiles who was on his
“Stiles may I have a word with you?..it concerns your lessons” Deaton called out. The servant turned to him and nodded. “I know you have only been having lessons for a short amount of time but as I said the first day of your training I am incapable of teaching you to your full potential as we are on different levels of power. However I sent word to a contact of mine who sent their own personal journals over for you to study from.. They include spells that they have mastered and more advice and accounts for you to study from.” Deaton said as he pulled a bundle of books and scrolls from within his robes and handed them to the servant. Stiles could only stare at the items in shock before nodding to the chancellor. “Thank you Lord Deaton.. I will treasure these” Deaton nodded before walking away without another word. Stiles then turned to the door to the King and Queen’s quarters and knocked. “Enter” he heard Queen Talia call out. Opening the door Stiles smiled and bowed to the royals who nodded back in greeting.

“How may we help you Stiles?” King Alexander asked smiling to the human.

“I with your permission of course, sire, wish to visit my father in the villages. It has been a long time since I have seen him and I wish to assure that I am fine and to demonstrate my abilities for him” Stiles said with another bow.

“You may rise, Stiles… and of course you can visit your father..though I must ask something of you as well?”

“Anything your, Highness.” Stiles was curious and also nervous about the king asking him for a favor but he was in no position to deny the favor.

“I must request that you take my son with you, not only for a protection detail but maybe the change of scenery will benefit his mood” Stiles paused before nodding to the King

“I will do it, sire though I must stress that he should appear as a commoner, the last thing he would want is to be bombarded by women wanting his hand.”

“I agree, how insightful of you, when do you plan on leaving” Talia asked as she moved to stand next to her husband.

“If you would allow it, I wish to leave this as soon as I leave here...I shall return by sunset” the royals nodded and gave him permission.

Stiles found the Prince in his usual place when he was in their shared quarters, by the bookshelves reading a novel.

“My prince, might I suggest you pack a bag” Stiles said as he summoned a satchel with the wave of his hand effectively using his magic to pack the bag with his new spell books and a dagger that Cora had given to him as a gift along with a change of clothes.”

“Why must I do that?” Derek asked in confusion.

“Because I am going to visit my father and the king has commanded that you join me on my venture” Stiles responded as he slung the now full satchel over his shoulder. The prince rolled his eyes rose to move to his room. “You know” he started at his threshold. “Your my servant..shouldn't you be packing for me” giving a huff in response Stiles joined the prince in the room. And waved his hand. Clothes began folding themselves and placing themselves in a bag that lay by Derek’s wardrobe. Stiles watched as the prince smiled at the magic, he didn't know why but Derek had grown to enjoy watching as Stiles magic gave each item effect a glow of white. When a bag was
They both rode their own horses into the village then Derek was forced to follow the servant as he had never been to the villages even as a child. Personally he felt himself above them being a royal and all. But now as he watched Stiles’ whole demeanor change to that of an excited child Derek couldn’t help himself but smile too. Finally after a long ride they stopped outside a home that made Derek cringe, it was run down but still standing, the wooden door looked like it had seen better days and was ready to fall off. The roof seemed to have caved in slightly in one corner and the windows were filthy. But nonetheless Stiles dismounted his horse and moved to the door to knock. Derek right behind him. As the servant rapped his fist on the door they heard a man yell “What do you want” chuckling to himself Stiles opened the door. Stiles entered the house.

They were greeted by a man holding a short sword at the young mage’s throat, he only laughed “hello papa”

Derek watched as the sword arm of the man faltered. “Stiles?” he hissed. When the servant nodded he was quickly embraced by the man. “How have you been my boy...it's been so long”

“Long indeed, but I am fine father, don't worry. I merely came to visit you and assure you that I am still alive and well.” Stiles explained as he and his father took a seat on old warped chair. Derek decided it best that he should stand.

“That's good to hear son but.” Stiles’ father looked to Derek who only glared back as if being in the house was killing him. “Who’s the stiff?” Stiles laughed at his father who raised a brow. Derek joined in the facial expression. Is that how Stiles saw him.. A stiff?

“That ‘stiff’ is Prince Derek Hale..I am his servant but King Alexander has allowed me this visit.” Stiles explained.

“Wow my boy affiliating with royals..speaking with the king himself..you have changed much my boy” Stiles father clapped his son on the shoulder. Before standing and moving to the prince.

“John Stilinski, but you may call me John, your Highness” he said with a short bow. Derek nodded his head but said nothing which caused the man to awkwardly step away.

“Weeeell...that's not the only thing that has changed father”

“Explain what you did” His father ordered in a stern voice.

“It's better I show you” and with a wave of his hand the candles within the house lit themselves. Another wave and the dust spiraled till it slipped under the crack of the door and out of the house. Stiles and Derek both watched as the older Stilinski gaped at the events before turning to his son “You have magic” was all he said earning a chuckle from his only child.

“Yes according to Lord Deaton I'm a mix of a spark and a mage which is unheard of..he believes I might be the first and only in existence. He taught me all he knows and then received books from an acquaintance of his who sent books for me to study from” Stiles explained as he withdrew said items from his satchel and laid them out on the table Derek grew curious and moved to join the two men, leaning over Stiles’ shoulder to study the documents. To him it just looked like a jumble of symbols and words which is why he was always fascinated with magic, for someone to be able to make sense out of the nonsense symbols was amazing in its own right to him.

The day was spent with laughter and hugs from the Stilinskis which made Derek feel like an intruder, though he had never seen Stiles so happy and for an unknown reason seeing the servant happy made a twinge of joy spark from deep within him. Though when the time came for them to
depart the older Stilinski approached him and bowed. “Your Highness, I may make a request?”

“You may speak” Derek allowed.

‘Please take care of my son..he's all I have after his mother died while he was young..I can't..I can't lose him..would you do me this favor and watch over him..I'll be forever in your debt”

Derek was taken aback by the request. He glanced over to Stiles who turned his head to avoid the gaze. That mere action sent a pain into Derek’s heart as he turned back to the servants father. “I give you my word I will watch over him” Derek answered and the older man nodded. Together Stiles and Derek mounted their horses and made their way back to the castle.

That night Stiles laid down on the couch and Derek sat in the armchair. Stiles was the one to break the silence. “Thank you for that..for telling him you would watch over me”

“I didn't know you had lost your mother” Derek replied which caught the servant off guard.

“I was a boy when she grew i'll… nothing could be done for her according to the village doctor..she grew mad thinking that I was trying to harm her...I was there when she died” Stiles said as a tear slipped from his eye and down his face. Derek said nothing but rose and moved to his bedroom door. “Would you care to join me?..I assure you nothing will happen” he didn't look over his shoulder and Stiles wondered if it was a trick..against his better judgement he followed the prince to bed and they lay next to each other. Without a word both fell into a restful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading the chapter. Be sure to comment what you thought of the chapter as your input is greatly appreciated along with kudos.

I would also like to give an infinite supply of thank yous to my beta reader Beddy, without them this chapter would have been worded HELLA weird and everyone would have been confused so their effort in keeping my english straight is very much appreciated

Be sure to check out my tumblr for updates about the series and other things :)

Happy Reading

-Grim
Circumstantial Discoveries

Chapter Summary

With the supermoon approaching Stiles is forced to temporarily rebind his powers as not to have an outburst that could decimate the kingdom.

Derek makes an shocking discovery.

Chapter Notes

Thank you to my beta reader Beddy who took time out of their life to make the corrections for this chapter so everything flowed nicely..with out you my friend this story would be bland.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It had been two days since Stiles and Derek had visited the servants father in the village. Currently they were outside, Derek was training with Boyd and another soldier who Stiles had learned was named Isaac. As their swords clashed against each other Stiles was sitting off to the side meditating. Every now and then he'd check to see that Derek was still near.

Stiles and Derek were not close for obvious reasons but Stiles still preferred to know where the prince was at all times. Suddenly the sound of clashing swords faded around Stiles. Slowly the mage’s ears were filled with a buzzing but with the buzzing came a small wave of energy that flowed through his body. All of a sudden he felt arms shaking him wildly, he opened his eyes to see Derek with his electric blue eyes staring back at him. “Stiles what were you doing?” He implored, there was a hint of anger in his voice but nothing more. Stiles stood and stared quizzically back at the prince “What are you talking about?”

“Dude you burnt a small circle around you in the grass” He heard Isaac say, sure enough as he looked at his feet he and Derek were encircled and ashy burnt grass.

“Your Highness I swear I-” Stiles began only to be cut off as Derek grabbed his arm and began leading them towards the castle “Be quiet, I'm taking you to see Deaton” The prince growled silencing the servant. Stiles didn't open his mouth for the rest of the trek to the Chancellors quarters.

The door to Deaton’s room was opened by the man on the first knock. He looked as if he was about to go somewhere. “How may I help you, your Highness?” the man said as he stepped aside and
allowed the two in. Derek thrust Stiles forward causing the Spark to stumble. “Explain, NOW” Derek growled, earning a mixed look of confusion and concern from the Chancellor.

Stiles took a deep breath and then looked to his former teacher. “I don't know what happened, I was out with Derek, he was training with Sir Boyd and Sir Isaac while I was meditating on the side...then every sound around me seemed to fade...there was this...buzzing and it gave me a rush...then the next thing I know Prince Derek is shaking me and Sir Isaac tells me I burnt a circle around me in the grass…” Stiles averted his gaze from the older man and sighed “I don't remember using my magic...it just happened” Deaton nodded and turned to Derek.

“Did you witness anything different about Stiles as this was happening?” He asked Derek appeared to think for a moment before nodding “He was glowing...this bright white...but It turned grey when he used his power.” Derek answered. This seemed to puzzle Deaton who paused for a moment before turning back to prince but also glancing to Stiles. “Come, we must speak with the king and queen” He deadpanned before walking out of the room leaving no room for Stiles or Derek to question the cause. Nonetheless the two followed him through the hall.

They were allowed in the room as soon as the King opened the door. “How may we help you gentleman?” Alexander asked as the men followed him inside.

“Sire, there was an incident today involving Stiles.” Deaton started. The King glanced in concern to the servant who bowed his head. Queen Talia was suddenly standing next to her husband watching her son with curiosity. As Deaton explained the event Stiles couldn't help but feel the eyes of the king and queen boring into him. When the chancellor had finished the royals turned back to him.

“What could cause this?” Talia asked, her voice calculated which made Stiles even more nervous. It reminded him the voice she used to send him to the dungeons. The memory flooded his thoughts. Suddenly he was aware that Derek was nudging him. He looked up to see that the prince wasn’t looking at him however and gave an internal sigh.

Then Deaton was talking about him again. “The supermoon that is set to rise tomorrow night, that could have an impact on his magical abilities. The supermoon is usually associated with the prime time to execute lunar magic however a mage as powerful as Stiles might be affected in other ways such as increased power for the duration or even after, it could also much like the normal full moon for shapeshifters cause his emotions to become more touchy, meaning he could be more irritable.” Deaton explained “However given the fact that he only came into his abilities recently and they have been bound for so long”

“It could decimate the kingdom” King Alexander guessed. Deaton nodded his head.
“I do however have a way to rebind his powers to a certain point. It is a band that will be placed on his arm. It will dilute his power enough to prevent an outburst.” Deaton explained. The King and Queen nodded before turning to Stiles who was shaking in fear.

“In the meantime, Stiles you will be contained in Derek’s quarters till the day of the supermoon” She instructed, Stiles nodded as. They were dismissed and Stiles followed Derek to their shared quarters. Once they were in the room Derek watched as the anguished mage slowly made his way to look out the window.

Clearing his throat, Derek moved to stand behind the servant. “You know Stiles..you won't be alone tomorrow..I'll be here..I'll help you through it” Derek could feel his wolf’s want to curl around the mage and do nothing but comfort and protect him. Stiles only nodded. “Thank you, your Highness” he didn't look at the prince which caused a pang of hurt to flow through the royal. Bowing his head Derek retreated to the couch to sit and stare into the fire, watching the flames as they danced use to soothe him but now he felt nothing. Moments later there was a knock on the door and Chancellor Deaton entered carrying a leather cuff. Derek could sense the worry and sorry emanating from Stiles but said nothing about it.

Deaton took Stiles’ hand into his and wrapped the cuff around his wrist. “This will bind your powers, however you won't be able to remove it, only someone with the paired cuff will be able to” He said as he produced another leather band and held it out to Derek “Your mother thinks it best that you are the one to wear it,” he answered Derek’s unspoken question. Derek nodded before slipping the cuff onto his arm. He felt a tingle of electricity run throughout his body, but as quickly as it had come it was gone.

The next day, Derek and Stiles were sitting before the fireplace reach reading their own novels when Talia entered. “Stiles there is something we must discuss” she said. Derek and Stiles shared a glance before they both turned to the monarch. “I and the rest of my family have discussed it with Deaton and we believe it best that you spend the day in the..” she was cut off by her son “Your sending him to the dungeons” Stiles’ eyes widened in fear and he toppled out of his seat trying to get away.

“No please..I have the cuff I won't hurt anyone..please don’t send me to the dungeons..I'll be good. Derek you said..you said that you’d help me through it” He pleaded, tears manifesting in his eyes . Derek felt his wolf howl in agony at watching the servant cry. He pushed the feeling aside and turned to his mother with a raised brow “Why wasn't I included in this discussion?” he asked.

“That doesn't matter, what matters is that I'm sorry Stiles but if you are in the dungeon you'll be segregated away from others so if you do have an outburst there will be minimal chance of harm.” Talia explained. Derek rose and glanced between his mother and his servant.

“I'll stay with him in the dungeon” he muttered. Stiles’ gaze snapped to him and Talia raised a brow
“He’s right. I told him I would help him through this and I intend to keep my word” He marched over to the mage who was sniffing away the last of his tears and held out his hand.

Warily Stiles accepted the hand and allowed himself to be hefted to his feet. Derek led the servant out of the room and through the halls, he could hear the footsteps of his mother behind them but said nothing of it. As they approached the dungeons Derek could smell the fear growing from the mage. They descended the steps together and Derek brought Stiles to a single door at the end of the corridor. “This is the cell where we place ourselves if we feel the moon’s pull start to overtake us” Derek explained as he opened the door. “The inside is lined with mountain ash and wolfsbane so we can not touch the door once inside the walls as well. It basically renders us human.” Stiles looked quizzically at the prince. “Then why weren’t you in here the night you attacked me” Derek didn't know if the servant meant it to be an insult or an actual question but he felt his heart thrum with pain nonetheless.

Averting his gaze the prince took a breath, “I thought I would be able to control myself...I was wrong...I'm...I'm sorry” Now it was Stiles turn to feel pain in his heart. He shook his head and looked at the saddened prince. “I didn't mean it like that...I mean...I suppose I did but...I just...I'm sorry” he finally said with a defeated tone He moved away and sat against the wall.

“It's fine..” Derek sighed…”I'll go get you a tray of food” Derek said before closing the door and leaving the dungeons.

It was now night and Derek could feel the pull of the moon despite not being able to see it. His wolf was getting anxious and he struggled to keep his human side in control. His mind was buzzing as the wolf tried to get out. He was holding so much to the point it was starting to become painful and his vision blurred. His breathing became labored and it took all he had not to shift. Finally when he could take it no longer he ran to the door to Stiles’ cell “Get BACK” he yelled as he flung the door open and throwing himself within the room. The door bounced and closed behind him from the force. Stiles yelped in surprise as the wolf prince's body came to a crashing halt at his feet. He heard the royal give a slight huff. “..Your Highness?” he asked cautiously. He slowly moved toward the panting form. Derek had not moved, just laid there attempting to catch his breath. “D...Derek?” He said again. This time the prince stirred and crawled to push himself against the wall. “I'm ok now Stiles...it just...it hurts” Stiles slowly nodded, he guessed that the constant exposure to the wolfsbane and mountain ash would take quite a toll on the prince’s body. Returning to his previous spot Stiles hugged his knees. “How...how have you been holding up?” He heard Derek manage. Giving a shrug of his shoulders Stiles turned to the werewolf. “I've been fine..haven't felt anything in my magic but I guess it's due to the cuff” Stiles said holding up his wrist to reveal the binding band. Derek gave a nod and grunted again as he altered his position.

“Are you ok?” Stiles asked nervously. The prince faltered before giving a slight nod, he clutched his side that he had landed on. “Just painful landing on my ribs like that with so much force and not being able to heal the definite bruises. Plus the wolfsbane is starting to affect me more.” Derek confessed. Stiles could now see what he was talking about. The royal’s eyes looked sunken and tired, his breathing was better than what it had been when he first landed in the cell but it was still
labored. And his skin was paler. “And it's cold in here” Derek muttered causing the servant to snort, "I think I can help with that,” he said as he moved to embrace the prince. “We'll share body heat,” he explained. He felt the prince nod against his chest. Stiles placed his hand on the prince’s chest and felt his heartbeat. It was rapid but starting to settle. After a while he felt Derek give a hum as his heart rate evened out and the prince fell asleep.

Stiles woke to Derek still asleep though somehow they had moved positions and the royal’s head was in his lap. Removing his hand turned out to be a bad idea as the royal gave a slight whimper. Deciding against it Stiles settled to carding his fingers through the werewolves hair earning a sigh of content from the other man.

The door was slowly opened and Cora poked her head in. When she saw how their bodies were arranged she gave Stiles a mischievous smirk. He only shook his head as he returned the smile. Slowly and gently he nudged the prince’s shoulder. Derek’s eyes shot open but then relaxed, but then it occurred to him his position and he flung himself away from the servant. He turned to glanced at the servant who was wearing a look of concern and hurt on his face.

“Forgive me, your Highness” Stiles said as he rose and exited the room, Cora stayed back and glared at her brother

“What?” he asked

“You’re an idiot” She said with a shake of her head as she turned and walked away. Derek felt himself slump forward. Pushing himself to his feet he exited the room. He felt his connection with his wolf ignite again as he felt his energy began to slowly return. He followed far behind his sister up the stairs and to the throne room where they found his parents and the other royals sitting on their thrones. He watched as Cora approached their mother and whispered something into her ear, though without all his heightened senses he could not understand what was said… the rest of his family could however as they gave both him and Stiles curious glances. But no one said anything. As Cora took her seat King Alexander turned his gaze to Derek “You may remove his cuff now” Derek nodded and approached Stiles who held his arm out. Derek grabbed the band gently and slipped it off the servant’s arm.

He let out a small chuckle as Stiles gave a small sigh in content and flexed his fingers. “Thank you for cooperating with us Stiles, we know you don't have the best memories of the dungeons but it was necessary that we take full precaution as your abilities are not fully measured.” she explained.

“But do not think for a moment that we do not trust you because we do..it's just we have our family to protect and everyone in the castle to look out for.” King Alexander explained.
“Chancellor Deaton was requesting you as soon as you were released from the cell. He is in his quarters” Queen Talia commented Stiles nodded and bowed before leaving without a word. Once he was gone Derek left as well retreating to his quarters to sleep of the lingering effects of the wolfsbane. He was just on the edge of sleep when his mother walked in. “Is there something you’d like to tell me Derek?” She asked as if she knew the answer and the question was only a formality.

“I don’t know what you mean?” He responded with a raised brow.

“Cora tells me that you were asleep in Stiles’ lap, she could smell your content and emotions Derek she could also sense your connection to the boy” Talia deadpanned utilizing her no nonsense tone.

“I...don't know...it's just ever since I hurt him..my wolf has been clawing at me trying to get to him” he admitted. Talia nodded with a careful sense in her eyes. “And last night with the moon, before I went into the cell my wolf tried getting out and running to him but I pushed it aside ...but when I fell asleep on him...it was like the world could cease to exist around us and I would be fine with it” He finished looking up at his mother with tears in his eyes, “What's wrong with me?” he asked his voice shaky.

“Nothing is wrong with you my son...you have only done what so many wolves wish for..” She took him in her arms and rubbed soothing circles on his back. “You have found your mate” she explained.

At those words Derek felt his wolf give a howl in excitement.

“Stiles is my mate” he smiled.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and thank you all for the amazing comments and for all the kudos, they really give me the motivation to keep the story going.

Be sure to tell me what you thought of the chapter and kudos are appreciated as well.

Also check me out on tumblr so we can chat about the fic and y'all can ask questions.

Happy Reading

-Grim
Derek had been told stories about ‘mates’, they were supposedly the only person in the world that could complete a werewolf. Now that he knew Stiles, his servant, was his mate, he was weighed down by an indescribable amount of guilt. He had beaten, tortured, insulted and terrorized his mate...and there was nothing he could do to take it back.

Stiles noticed the change in Derek’s behavior but said nothing about it. There were days when Derek would just sit and stare at Stiles without a word and it made the servant uncomfortable. Finally one day while he was out fetching Derek the clothes he planned on wearing to a gathering with his friends, Stiles came across Laura who was headed to the same way.

“Hello Stiles” She greeted giving the mage a wave, paired with a smile.

Stiles returned it with his own smile and bowed. “Hello, your Highness” He fell in step with the princess and entered the maids’ quarters, his eyes immediately finding the prince’s outfit. He gathered it into his arms, but before he could leave his arm was grabbed by Laura, “Stiles...you reek of confusion and anxiety...what's going on?” her tone was level with concern.

“I don't know, it's just like...your brother has become strange...” he thought for a moment before correcting himself. “Ok...stranger than usual, He barely says anything to me and when he does it barely a sentence or he’ll just sit there and stare at me like I'm going to disappear.” Laura paused for a moment before her facial expression returned back to normal, though Stiles had noticed the turmoil “You know something,” he guessed. Please, your Highness, you have to tell me. I can't keep being around him but being stared at like I'm a prize to be admired.” He begged.
Laura huffed but finally gave a short nod “I'm not supposed to tell you this so don't say anything about it, but I heard my parents discussing that Derek found his mate.”

Stiles gave her a quizzical look “Whats a mate? Did he find a woman to take her hand in marriage?” He was surprised if Derek did in fact find love then he would have had to have done it without Stiles knowing that he had went into the village. Though Stiles couldn't think of a time when Derek wasn't near him.

“No you dolt,” Laura chuckled with a light punch to the servants arm “A mate is like...the person that is our wolf’s other half. The one person the world our wolf feels the most comfortable around and it wasn't in some random woman...it was in you Stiles,” she confessed. Stiles didn't need to have werewolf hearing to know she wasn't lying. But if Stiles was the prince’s mate...did he know?. As if she had read his mind Laura nodded. “Derek knows...he explained his feelings for you to our mother and she explained to him what they meant.” Now Stiles’ confusion was filled by anger. “You have to promise me though Stiles, I may have told you this information but it is in secret. You can't tell anyone that you know, just allow Derek to make the first move.” The royal instructed, her tone serious, showing that there was no room for argument. Stiles nodded “I promise your Highness, I won't tell him.” Stiles finally agreed.

The next few days were filled with energy but Stiles couldn't figure out it's nature. All of the royals seemed to have taken an interest in him. Should he pass any of them in the halls they would watch him as he passed. Finally Queen Talia summoned him to her quarters.

“Hello Stiles” she said as he entered. “Have a seat...we have something to discuss.” Stiles’s mind immediately filled with scenarios of her “revealing” that he was Derek’s mate. “Is something the matter your Majesty?” he asked feigning innocence. She gave him a quizzical look before her signature smile returned.

“Nothing is wrong Dear I just wanted to let you know that we will be having company in the morning...a neighboring pack will be joining us as they pass through the kingdom.”

“I understand your Majesty, may I know who the pack is?” he asked unsure of his own question he knew that there were a few other packs living nearby but he had yet to many anyone from them.

“They call themselves the Alpha pack, they are made entirely up of alphas but their leader is Deucalion..take great care Stiles..he may appear to be calm and calculated but he has been known to be vicious and unforgiving...don't find yourself alone with him at any point while he is here do you understand?” Stiles nodded his affirmation and watched as the queen claimed. “Good, well that is all I have for you, I'll let you get back to your duties” She said with a smile. Stiles rose and bowed before making his departure. He finds Derek in his quarters asleep on the couch. Shaking his head he quietly approaches the prince and give his shoulder a quick nudge...he didn't plan on the wolf
grabbing his wrist with lighting quick speed but it happened causing the servant to jump. However when Derek saw who it was his hand quickly opened and he let out a string of apologies.

“It's ok my prince, I have just returned from speaking with your mother, the Alpha pack led by Deucalion is passing through and will be joining us in the castle tomorrow, she wanted me to know to be safe.” Derek nodded

“Deucalion is a man who prefers to take what he wants instead of earning it..and he’ll take it by any means he deems necessary. You should also watch out for Kali, she can be manipulative; Ennis however, he has attitude but as long as you don't anger him, you'll be fine.” Stiles nodded, to say he was nervous about the possible scenarios that could play out the next day would be an understatement. He pushed those thoughts aside and left the room to fetch clothes for the prince in preparation for dinner that night.

Stiles woke the next day to Derek shaking his shoulder “Stiles get up...Deucalion and his pack are here, were having breakfast with them.” Stiles nodded as he sat up. He rose from his seat after a moment and dressed.

Once he and Derek arrived at the table, Stiles took notice of the unknown faces. They all turned to face him as he stood off to the side alongside Derek’s chair.

“I see young Derek has been given his servant,” one of them said, he was observing Stiles as if he was a piece of meat. Stiles noticed that at these words made Derek visibly tense. “I have indeed taken Stiles as my servant...he is a good and faithful servant and I am lucky to have him at my side.” Derek responded. Stiles had to look away as not to reveal his blush. The other wolf nodded to the prince before looking at Stiles again “Forgive me, I am Deucalion” he gestured to the woman beside him “this is Kali’ and to the man “and this is Ennis” finally he motioned to two younger looking males who were evidently twins. “And those two young ones are Ethan and Aiden” Stiles nodded.

“It is my pleasure to make your acquaintance” From what he could tell of the man Deucalion seemed to be a nice man. He didn't understand why Derek was trying to hide him from the older wolf. Breakfast passed without a hitch as the King and Queen discussed alpha things with Deucalion. Occasionally Stiles would catch Ethan sneaking him a smile around his food. Derek however noticed this as well and sent Stiles off to refill his goblet.

Later Stiles was cleaning Derek’s quarters as the prince sat in the chair nearest the bookshelves and read a letter from his mother. Suddenly there was a knock on the door resulting in Stiles answering it. He was surprised to see Ethan standing on the other side wearing a shy smile. “Oh hello Stiles” He said as his smile widened.
Stiles bowed and returned the smile, “hello to you as well sir, is there something you needed?” Stiles could see Derek rise from his chair out of the corner of his eye but said nothing.

“I was wondering if you would be able to go for a walk with me?” Now Derek was standing next to the door but not within Ethan’s line of sight.

“I’ll just have to ask-” Stiles began but Derek cut across him.

“He can’t because me and him were actually going to do the same thing.” Derek lied with a narrow look at the now shocked Ethan. The young wolf only nodded before walking away. Stiles whirled on the prince as soon as the door was closed.

“Forgive me, my prince but what the hell was that... We didn't have plans to go for a walk so why are you keeping me from befriending Sir Ethan?” Stiles demanded. Derek growled before pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Because he is part of Deucalion's pack and Deucalion is not a nice man Stiles, that's why. So I hereby forbid you from spending anytime with Ethan and anyone from Deucalion’s pack,” Derek ordered. Stiles gaped at the man.

“You forbid me? You can't forbid me from something like that”

“Actually I can, you are my servant and you will follow my orders, should I hear wind of you disobeying that order, you will be punished.” Derek turned and walked away but Stiles wasn't going to let him have the last word. “You know, your Highness, I thought were doing good but now your just slipping to your old ways of being a controlling possessive asshole” Stiles said before he left. He didn't have an actual plan as to where he was going but soon he found himself in the woods sitting on the stump that he had once used when learning from Deaton. He curled in on himself and found sleep.

He was shaken awake buy a hand on his shoulder.

“You know Stiles.. I too love the woods but that is because I am a wolf.. you however are not” He looked up to see Deucalion standing over him “So I must ask you, why is a human out sleeping in the woods when you have a comfortable bed in the castle?” the man took a seat on the opposite Stump and looked at Stiles.
“I uh...I used to come out here with a friend of mine..it has sort of became my sanctuary.” Stiles explained. Though he could see the werewolf didn't fully believe him based on the creasing of his brows.

“I see...well allow me to walk you back to the castle, there are dangerous things in these woods,” he said as he rose and led the human to the castle.

Derek was waiting for them wearing a glare that made Stiles’ blood run cold “it would appear your Highness, that your servant was in desperate need of a break. Me and him spent some time in the woods talking...it was quite relaxing.” Deucalion chuckled before giving Stiles a gentle push towards the prince. Derek quickly embraced the mage and nodded to Deucalion before leading the two of them to their shared room. He thrust Stiles into the room and slammed the door. Without a word he rose his open palm in the back and prepared a slap but before he could follow through Stiles raised his hand holding the prince in place. “No Derek...I'm not going to stand by and subject myself to be slapped just because you don't have the true story. I left the castle and went to the woods yes but not with Deucalion. He found me in the woods and questioned me as to what I was doing out there...of course I didn't tell him the whole truth so your whole little punishment is illegitimate.” and with that Stiles exited the room releasing his hold on the prince.

Later that night at Dinner Stiles stood at his place by Derek’s side but said nothing to the prince. Halfway through dinner however Kali snapped towards Stiles “Come here servant and take my plate for me.” Stiles glanced to Derek before changing his gaze to King Alexander and Queen Talia. Talia gave him a hesitant but short nod and he moved. As he reached for the plate however her grip on the plate opened and it shattered on the floor. “You really must be useless. Clean up your mess.” Kali yelled. Stiles’ breath hitched as he knelt down to pick up the pieces of the broken plate. Suddenly he felt a hand on the top of his head begin to pet him. The next thing he knows is Kali is flying over the table and into the wall. Before he could rise to stand Stiles found himself surrounded by Ennis and Deucalion, both snarling and glaring at him.

“That is enough” King Alexander barked drawing attention from the visiting pack to him.

“He attacked a member of my pack with magic. It is within my right to punish him,” Deucalion snarled as Kali took her spot at his side again. Derek began to protest but King Alexander held up a hand.

“If it so pleases you to punish him it, but it will be minimal. After all she did touch him without his permission and don't bother denying it, for I saw it as well.” King Alexander said with a smirk. Snarling Deucalion bowed. “As you wish my king” he grabbed Stiles by the back of the neck and led him out of the room. Derek was prevented from following.
Stiles was thrown into another room that was however nearby the dining hall. He landed on his side only to be grabbed by Ennis and Aiden. He looked on in fear as Deucalion grabbed a chair and tore it to pieces. He grabs a dowel and examined it. Stiles barely had time to prepare himself as the wooden pieces was clubbed into his side with superhuman strength. “No this won’t do. Kali see if you can find me something more …playful.” The woman nodded and left the room. Moments later she came back with a leather whip. Smiling Deucalion accepted it. “This should show that filthy Prince that you are nothing but a toy to be played with and a servant to be punished.” the wolf roared as he brought the leather down on Stiles back. The human screamed out but didn't move in the two alpha’s grip. He lost count of how many times he was whipped but somehow he managed to hold onto his consciousness. Then suddenly he was being dragged out of the room, he heard the murmings of the royal family and guessed they were back in the dining hall. He was tossed at Derek’s feet as the visiting pack reclaimed their seats. “Thank you, your Majesty for allowing us to put the servant back in place.” Deucalion nodded. King Alexander only stared back.

“Stiles..heal yourself,” he said out loud.

“Y...yes your..Majesty” Stiles managed before snapping his fingers. Deucalion and his packed watched on with anger as Stiles stood to his feet with his back to them. The marks of the whipping were fading quickly until they were perfectly healed.

“You see Deucalion..Stiles isn't a human, he's a mix of a mage and a spark. He chose to remain as Derek’s servant. He is more powerful than the total of us in this room but he doesn't use his magic against us because unlike you Deucalion, he is a good person” Stiles could almost see the steam coming off of his king but the only part of Alexander that had changed was his eyes now their blood crimson as they stared back at the monster before him. “So I suggest the next time you come into MY kingdom and try to trick me and punish one of my servants without legitimacy...you decide against it, because next time I won't allow Stiles to be abused like that and he will be given permission to defend himself...with any force he deems suitable...Now leave before my tongue slips and gives him the order.” The room was dead quiet as everyone stared at the king who prided himself on his kindness, who had just threatened a whole pack of alphas as if he were telling them the weather outside. Stiles watched as the snarl fell from Deucalion’s face as he rose. “Come along...it is clear we have overstayed our welcome” he said. His pack joined him in leaving the room.

“Stiles go wait in your chambers...when we send for you we will be in the throne room.” King Alexander said giving a gentle smile to the mage. Nodding Stiles left the room.

Stiles was pacing the room as he waited to be summoned to the throne room, his anxiety was overwhelming and he felt a pang of fear. Suddenly there was a knock and a palace servant collected him.
He found Derek standing in the middle of the room looking at his parents and family. As he stood next to the prince he felt his fear and anxiety worsen. He gave a short bow but then focused his gaze on the king.

“You did well today Stiles. You didn't allow yourself to fall into Deucalion's trap. You did as you had been taught and acted as a servant. You allowed yourself to be whipped only so you could show him that he can not hurt you due to your power and belief.” King Alexander said with a smile that warmed Stiles’ heart. “I do understand however that my son,” he motioned to Derek “has something to tell you.” Stiles turned to Derek and crossed his arms over his chest. He didn't blame Derek for what they had done to him but he hadn't forgotten Derek’s power-play of forbidding him to be spend time with Ethan who out of the entire pack seemed harmless.

“I warned you about Deucalion and Kali and you didn't listen, he found you in the woods and you allowed him to sink his hooks into you...that whole act at dinner with Kali was the result of your poor judgement and your ignorance.” he growled.

“Derek that is not-” Queen Talia began but Stiles had beaten her to it”

“Oh right Derek, because you know everything that is best for me. Do you honestly expect me to put my trust fully into the man who constantly beat me and degraded me, who made Deucalion's little outburst look like exactly that, and outbursts of a child. Do you Derek? Cause I won’t. I'll never trust you,” Stiles yelled back. All of a sudden he was aware that he was on the ground and his jaw was sore.

“Derek that is ENOU-” King Alexander yelled but he was silenced as Stiles began laughing. Every royal gave him a quizzical look. Stiles slowly stood, and pressed himself against Derek’s chest

“Is that how dog like you should treat your mate?” Stiles growled as he looked into Derek’s eyes. He watched as Derek’s eyebrows shot upward. Stiles took a step back and chuckled. “Yes I know about it Derek, but what I'm failing to understand is how a mutt can say they love someone one moment and beat them the next.”

“Don't you ever call me a mutt again you filthy ingrate,” Derek roared as he lunged at the mage, only to hear a snap come from Stiles’ fingers. He was suddenly being embraced and bound by ropes that manifested out of thin air. He landed with a thud at Stiles’ feet. The mage crouched down and gave him a wicked grin. “I'm a servant Derek, not a slave. You best remember that,” he said before rising and walking towards the doors. He stopped halfway and gave the prince a smile. “I was my honor to know you Mate. ” he spat the word as if it were acid and finally left the room The doors slammed themselves shut behind him. None of the royals moved before Laura trudged over to her bound brother and cut the ropes before leaving. Derek slowly made his way to his quarters and slumped on the bed.
He was alone...again.

Stiles managed to make his way to his father's home. Silently sneaking in and passing out on the floor near the fireplace.

He dreamt of wolves howling that night.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for your comments and kudos and bookmarks and all of your support, me and beddy greatly appreciate it. let us know your thoughts in the comments below as they are greatly appreciated.

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Thank you all again so so much and Happy Reading

-Grim
Just Give Me a Reason

Chapter Summary

Peter pays Stiles a visit to make an offer

Chapter Notes

Thank you to my beta reader Beddy for helping with the flow and plot of this chapter

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Noah woke to find his sleeping son on the floor in front of the fireplace. Confusion and concern filled his mind but joy was also present. Slowly, he approached the sleeping figure and gave it a small nudge. He had to hold back a laugh as his son gasped and bolted upright. “Morning sunshine,” the older Stilinski chuckled once his son had calmed down. He watched as Stiles moved to stand off to the side looking uneasy. “What's wrong son, what are you doing here? Not that I'm not happy your here cause I am but...shouldn't you be with the royal family?” Noah asked. He noted the change in his son’s demeanor.

“I'm not welcome back at the castle, me and Derek had a falling out of sorts” When his father gave him a look of confusion he began his explanation.

Derek woke up to his Uncle sitting in front of the fire drinking a cup of tea. “You know..I never talked to the boy but he seemed like a good person didn't he?” He put his tea cup on the table. “What I don't understand is how you would become such a fool around your mate, you treated him like an object to be controlled. I can not express to you how foolish you are due to the fact that the english language doesn’t have enough words to compensate. You think he left on his own decision...no my idiotic nephew, he left because you drove him away; now I have to be the good uncle I am and fix your mistakes,” he huffed as he rose and walked to the door.

“What do you even care? It's not like me and you are actually close.” Derek growled as his uncle came to a stop just before the door. He watched as his uncle turned to him with a look of anger, and for once in his life, Derek was scared of his uncle.

“I do care Derek because I do want to have a relationship with my nephew. I can see how his absence has affected you even if you don't want to admit it, that's why I'm doing what I am.” Peter
left the room at that. Derek let out an audible groan before wiping his hands over his face.

Despite what Derek’s uncle said about him having to fix him mess, the young wolf saw his uncle throughout the castle which filled with him with confusion and worry. Though after it had been a week since Stiles left, Peter decided it was time. At dinner he addressed the family that had barely spoken since the altercation. “I must be off, I have some business to attend to,” he then whispered to a servant and left the room.

Stiles had enjoyed his peace filled days with his father. The man wasn’t quite sure whether they should leave the kingdom but Stiles had put him at ease that they wouldn't be bothered. They were currently at the table eating porridge with some assorted fruits. That's when there was a knock on the door. Stiles shot his father a look before slowly rising and approaching the door. He was surprised to see Peter standing on the other side scrubbing at his nails. “Hello Stiles” he said as he put his hand down and gave a genuine smile.

“What are you doing here Peter? Did Derek send you, or your sister?” Stiles growled but Peter only looked back at him with a smile. “Neither sent me, I came by my own accord.” Stiles studied him for a second before stepping aside to let him in. “You better explain Peter or so help me,” Stiles threatened.

“I come in peace young mage, I only came to talk.” Peter said as he took a seat next to Noah, Stiles sat on the opposite side of him. “I know what my idiotic nephew did was anything but wise. He made a fool out of himself and out of you. And no one such as yourself should be treated with his level of disrespect. So I came to make an offer, if you would be willing to listen of course.

Stiles looked to his father before he gave him a slight nod. “Alright, what is your offer?” Stiles turned his attention back to the royal.

“I’m offering you a trial period, come back to the castle for a week at the most, I'll keep my nephew on a leash so short, he’ll choke if he breaths too deeply. If you can't find comfort in the palace again you can return here and none of my family will bother you again.”

Stiles scoffed at him “And just how are you able to make this arrangement, your only a lord, your not your sister or brother in law, I appreciate the offer Peter but you don’t have that power,” Stiles deadpanned only to receive a chuckle from the werewolf.

“You’re right, I’m not the King or Queen however she is my sister, and my sister trusts me and I
know she will trust me on this, however if your doubt is too potent allow me to take you both to the palace and I will alert my sister of this and you will see that she will side with me.” Again Stiles looked to his father, who for the first time since Peter had arrived, spoke up. “It couldn't hurt Stiles, besides it's as he said, it's only a trial and based entirely on your comfort.” Stiles absorbed his father’s opinion. With a sigh he turned to Peter and gave a nod. “I'll come with you, but should he repeat his past actions I will defend myself and I will leave to never return.” Peter nodded to the agreement.

“Well then allow me to offer my carriage to take us back to the castle.” Peter offered only to receive a head shake from Stiles. “If it's alright with you my Lord, I have grown tired of carriages.” He waved his hand as Peter gave him a look of confusion and suddenly the air around them began to ripple then the room faded and they found themselves outside the castle. Giving a hearty laugh Peter clapped his hands and turned to the young mage “You have grown in power Stiles. I am excited to see how powerful you will become.” He started to the main doors and called out over his shoulder “Allow me to collect my family for a meeting.” He then disappeared inside the castle. Stiles turned to his father with a shy smile.

“Everything will be alright my son,” He cooed as he put his hand on his boy’s shoulder. Stiles nodded and then led him into the castle. He couldn't help but smile at his father’s shock and awe as they strode through the halls of the palace. It reminded him of a child admiring something new. Soon though they were in the throne room. Peter was already in his seat as was Laura and Cora. The rest of Hales soon joined them. Derek sent Stiles a glance but the mage didn't acknowledge it, he merely kept his gaze on the King and Queen as they took their seats. Talia gave him a smile and Alexander gave a nod of acceptance.

“Brother why have you called us and why have you brought Stiles and his father before us?” Talia asked, getting straight to the point. Peter gave a smile before sitting straighter in his chair. “I called the meeting because I met with Stiles and his father this morning to offer an arrangement with them, however they are both clever and read the fine print. They know the arrangements I made, I solely have no power to enforce them, so I brought them.” He paused for a moment before he gave a smile to Stiles “I mean, I guess you could say Stiles brought us here. Nonetheless they want proof that you and Alexander will abide by the deal I offered.”

“What did you offer Peter?” King Alexander spoke up looking at his wife's brother.

“I offered them a trial period. Stiles would return to the castle for at most a week and go back to his duties with freedoms that he originally wasn't given. We of course would keep your idiot of a son on a tight leash to prevent another altercation and fallout and should he wish not to stay at any moment during the week, he is free to leave and we ALL,” he gave a glare to Derek “will leave him alone in peace and allow him to go about his life unbothered.”

“Way to go uncle.” Cora spoke up, causing the room to turn to her, “Making an agreement that I would have to stay away from my only friend should he wish it...have you no heart” she joked
earning a laugh from both her uncle and Stiles. “Forgive me my niece but it would be well within his right to deny our family, should he wish it after all he has gone through in this castle.” Stiles turned his attention to his father who was also smiling, he looked comfortable to a point but Stiles knew that he was ready to protect his son at any given moment. He then looked towards the King and Queen who were in the middle of a silent discussion. Finally King Alexander rose and approached Stiles. He held out his hand to the boy. “Should you agree to them, me and my wife would be more than willing to abide by the arrangement that Peter has made.” Stiles thought for a moment, he threw a glance over to said werewolf lord who was shaking in anticipation. He took a breath and accepted the offered hand. “I accept the terms of the agreement. Everyone laughed when Peter and Cora gave an excited yell, well almost everyone.

Stiles was walking the corridors later that day when he discovered Peter, Talia, and Alexander speaking with his father. Silently he crept to a corner as not to be seen. He knew eavesdropping on their conversation was rude but he needed to know what they were saying.

“...he is his mate, and he treated your son like he was nothing and for that..” Stiles heard Talia say “..we are all deeply sorry”.

“We would like to offer you board while he stays here...if you would accept it.” Peter asked

They all went silent before his father spoke “I appreciate the offer but I trust my son on his own, he is a strong willed boy and I trust what you said about keeping the prince in line, but if it's alright with you I would prefer to return to my own home...castles are strange to me.” Stiles heard as the group chuckled before the king spoke up. “We will keep your son safe Noah, I promise you on my life...I'll have a carriage take you back home with nourishment.” Stiles gave a quick glance around the corner to see that they had dispersed and his father was being escorted towards the kitchen.

“I meant what I told your father Stiles.” Stiles’ hand clasped over his heart as he spun to face who was behind him. When realizing it was the king he gave a short bow. “Forgive me for eavesdropping your majesty,” he kept his head lowered only to have it raised by the older man. “I do not blame you for your curiosity, you had every right to know what was being said. But again what I told your father I meant with my entire being. While you willingly stay here, you are under protection from everyone and that includes my son, since you first came here you have done well for my daughters and surprisingly Lord Peter. Cora never spoke to strangers until she met you, Laura doesn’t care for many but it appears you have been able to crawl your way under her radar and befriend her. “Peter...” His gaze turned dark and he averted his eyes “Peter turned dark when his wife and child passed away...but I would wager a guess that he has taken a liking to you and sees you as his own and for that you have my utmost respect and gratitude.” The king said with a bow. Stiles’ eyes widened at the sight, the King Alexander, known to others as ‘The Moon King’ because he was always calculating and his voice was serene like that of the moon's rays, was bowing to him.

“Forgive me your Majesty, but I am not worthy for you to bow to me.” Stiles said quickly, he was
startled by the laugh that escaped the other man’s lips.

“That is where you are wrong child, you pieced my family back together. You are the most powerful being in this castle, if not the world, you deserve everyone’s respect. Never let anyone tell you differently, understood?” he quirked a brow.

“Understood your Majesty,” Stiles said as he tried to hide the tears in his eyes. No one besides his own parents had treated with such respect before and it warmed his heart. He watched as the King nodded and turned and walked away.

He was suddenly grabbed from behind and spun till he was facing his father. “I must be off Stiles. I love you with all my being, you look out for yourself you hear me” His father said as they embraced. “You feel even the slightest bit wary you come home understood?”

“I understand father,” Stiles said as they separated. “Watch out for yourself too,” Stiles demanded, his father nodded with a smile “I will son. I love you.” He then made his way down the corridor. Stiles gave a sigh of contentment and started to the room that he had dreaded a return to since he’s arrived back. He opened the door to Derek’s room and stepped in. Slowly he creeped about the main room till he opened the main bedroom door and found the prince asleep. Giving out a quiet huff Stiles curled up on the sofa in the main room.

Stiles awoke to someone calling his name. He opened his eyes slowly to see the prince in front of him. He jolted up and held his hand out reading his magic should the need to use it arise. Derek jumped back and tumbled over the table falling on to his back with a grunt. Stiles slowly stood and approached the fallen prince.

“I only wanted to apologise to you, I swear.” Derek said looking up at Stiles from the floor. He wanted nothing more than for Stiles to join him on the floor, perhaps in a better and more comfortable position but he wanted his mate beside him nonetheless.

“I don’t believe you Derek” Stiles said with a shake of his head. “I do, I really do want to believe you are remorseful for your actions, but I can’t right now.” He paused and ran a hand through his hair. “You have at most a week to prove to me you that I should forgive you, a week to prove that I should stay, to prove that you deserve to be with me.” Stiles said before he walked out of the room. Derek lay there still on the floor.

“I promise Stiles...I won't hurt you again”
Stiles kind of fell back into his old routine of staying near Derek for the most part but he also went off on his own to spend time with Cora and the other royals. Peter kept to his word and watched Derek’s every move with careful observation, anytime Derek would get too close to Stiles the older wolf was there asking what the matter was. The week went without trouble. Derek would refuse to give him an order, instead making requests but backing them up with that he could carry out the request himself, if Stiles didn't want to. It made Stiles smile at the fact that the Prince was finally listening to his wants and not just his own. It was the final night of the arrangement when Derek finally mustered up the courage. He and Stiles were in their room with Derek on the couch and Stiles in the armchair, both watching the flames of the fireplace dance.

“Why did you take my uncle’s offer?” he asked giving Stiles a shy look. Stiles sighed, he knew that the question would be asked yet he still hasn't found an answer for it. He paused for a moment before he landed on an answer.

“I took the offer because believe it or not, I enjoy the company of your family. I lost my mother when I was young as you know,” He turned his gaze to the prince who still wore his look of shyness and continued “and Queen Talia reminds me so much of her. King Alexander acts like another father to me and I enjoy it. Cora and Laura are like sisters I never had, and Peter… Peter is so wild that you can't help but like him. Nate from what I have seen is nice and caring...they are a good family and I'm happy to serve them. He then moved his entire body till he was fully focused on Derek “but above all, despite what you put me through, despite all the beatings I have received from you, I can't help but want to be near you...I don't know if it's because we are mates but I just constantly want to be near you. I must be mad for wanting that but I do...I don't fully forgive you Derek,” he watched as Derek hung his head in shame, “but you have made great progress these past few days.” He forced himself not to smile when the prince’s head shot up to stare at him in awe.

“So you'll stay with us...with me?” Derek asked, desperation clear in his voice.

“Despite it being the final night...I don't know Derek.” Stiles averted his gaze but he could see Derek nod his head out of the corner of his eye. The prince rose and walked to his bedroom door before he turned to the mage.

“Would you care to join me...purely for sleep, I promise I won't do anything. I just want to be near you before you leave tomorrow.” Derek explained when Stiles gave a quizzical look Stiles thought for a moment before rising and entering the bed chamber with the prince. They laid next to each other in the bed, with Derek facing Stiles’ back and he was afraid to wrap the servant in his arms, afraid that it would scare him and he would never see his mate again.
“Please stay with me,” he whispered as he closed his eyes to try to sleep. He didn't expect Stiles to answer back

“Ask me tomorrow my Prince.” He heard the servant say back before his heart evened out in sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and following us through with this story hoped you all enjoyed the chapter.

Be sure to leave your thoughts in the comments as they are greatly appreciated with kudos

Happy reading

-Grim
How We Love

Chapter Summary

Stiles has made his decision

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Derek woke to Stiles still sound asleep in his bed though apparently during the night the servant had shifted himself so his face was buried in the prince’s chest. He also noted how his arm was wrapped around Stiles in a protective manner. Not knowing what to do Derek decided it best he didn't move and allow the other man to continue to sleep.

It wasn't long before he felt Stiles begin to stir, his heartbeat quickened in a mix of anticipation but also fear of how Stiles’ would react to their current position. He watched as Stiles’ eyes opened and looked around as if he was analyzing his current situation. He then slowly moved his head up to stare back at the wolf. Derek was already preparing explanations as to why they were situated the way they were, as well as readying himself to be scolded and yelled at. However his fears were quashed when the servant smiled and spoke “How did you sleep?” Derek hesitated for a moment before returning the smile “I slept very well thank you, how about you?” He saw as Stiles hesitated as he thought about his answer. “It started out ok but it got better when I rolled into a nice warm body” To say that Derek wasn't shocked would be an understatement. His eyes widened as he stared back at the servant “You’re not mad? I swear I didn’t move you, not that I’m complaining it's just I-” He began only to be cut of by Stiles lightly grabbing his chin. “I'm not upset about it your Highness. I haven’t slept better.”

Derek paused before giving Stiles a pleading look “Does this mean you’ll stay with me?” Derek asked, his voice full of uncertainty. Stiles’ smile faded which brought back those fears Derek had experienced when he had awoken. “I'm staying Derek but you have to promise me that you won't be abusive..I can’t handle that from you..I just can't” Stiles explained. Derek sat up and took Stiles’ hands in his “I promise you I won't hurt you like I did Stiles, I'm so sorry for putting you through that” Derek pleaded to the mage. Stiles observed him for a moment before nodding “and I don't want you to be my servant anymore Stiles, It just makes me feel like I have power over you, I want us to be equal in this” Derek explained. Stiles smiled back at him and nodded his head. “I also..I want you to use your magic more, if you want to, it's beautiful and a part of you..I don't want you suppressing a part of you, use it as much as you want” Derek finished earning a snort from the mage. “If I were to use my magic everytime I wanted to, I'd be lazy” he chuckled soliciting a laugh from the prince “Oh and one more thing Stiles” he gave a smile. “Call me Derek, none of this ‘your Highness’ nonsense”
Stiles quirked a brow “Ok but I’m still calling you my prince” just as Derek opened his mouth to protest Stiles surprised him by leaning in, his lips just barely brushing Derek's ear “Because you are mine” Derek gave a pleasure filled shudder as Stiles returned to his original position with a smirk. “I will always be your Stiles..for as long as you'll have me” Derek told him. Stiles gave him a small nod before standing up “Come on..we have to tell your family that I'm staying” he rises and waves his hand causing Derek’s wardrobe to open. Clothes start floating out and presenting themselves to Stiles who either shakes his head which puts the said article of clothing back in the wardrobe or nods his head which makes them float to the bed. Derek just watches in awe as his mate casually uses his abilities like it's a part of his everyday routine. Then it occurs to him, when Stiles was a servant he never really used his magic, he wondered if bottling his abilities like that could have harmful effects to him in the long run..he'd have to ask Deaton. Finally Stiles picked out ‘the perfect outfit because it brings out your eyes’. Derek immediately stripped earning a squeak from his mate who blushed and covered his face with his hand. However Derek noticed when he peeked through his fingers. Shaking his head with a smile Derek donned the outfit and readied himself for the upcoming meeting. “What are you gonna wear?” he asked Stiles who had now just managed to make his blush go away. “Oh I'm thinking something that will match yours” He snapped his fingers. Derek again was amazed as Stiles’ clothing began to morph and change color.” Finally he was wearing a dark green shirt and brown pants that hugged his lower half well..it made Derek’s mouth water but Stiles need not know that.

They ventured to the dinning hall hand in hand to have breakfast with the royal family and give them the news and honestly despite knowing how they felt about him Stiles was nervous. They were fine with him as a servant but now Derek wanted him to not be in servitude anymore..what would they think. He watched as Derek called for another chair and a plate of food for Stiles. The mage notices Cora and Laura give each other smiling looks and Peter looks like he wants to jump. The King and Queen observe without emotion as is Nathan. Once everyone including Stiles who is seated between Derek and Laura the Stiles looks to the rulers. He stands and gives a short bow before speaking. “My King, My Queen. I have come to the decision that I will be staying here for as long as I am welcome”

King Alexander is the one to speak “You will always be welcome inside this castle and family Stiles..you are part of this family” Stiles feels tears manifest in his eyes. He gives another bow before smiling at the royal couple. “Thank you Sire” he sits back down as Derek stands up” Now everyone is watching him with a puzzled look on their face..everyone except King Alexander and Queen Talia who have knowing expressions “Because Stiles has decided to stay with us..I no longer want him to be a servant, he is my mate and he should be treated as such” Peter gives a snort. “Oh dear nephew, he may have been your servant in title but let's be honest, he never acted like your servant, how could he with his attitude” Stiles couldn't help but give a chuckle. “Nonetheless that is my request” Derek said turning his gaze back to his parents.

“Your request shall be granted Derek” Queen Talia smiled, she turned to Stiles “From now on, you are no longer a servant and don't have to follow orders unless you want to, furthermore you will be given access to all parts of the castle.” She explained to the mage who nodded.

“Thank you, your Majesty” he replied.
After that breakfast passed with laughter and love Derek and Stiles wandered around the castle. Suddenly Stiles gasped causing Derek to turn to him in concern “what is it Stiles?”

“We have to tell my father” he gasped “we have to tell him I’m staying or he will be worried” Derek nodded in understanding. “We will take a carriage right away”

“We don’t have time for that, I’ll just snap us there” Stiles replied lifting his fingers.

“What do you mean-” Suddenly Stiles snapped and the scene around them changed and then they were in front of his mates old home. Derek turned to the mage in shock “You never told me you could do that” he laughed

“You never asked.” the other man smirked. They approached the door and gave it a quick knock. Opening the door Stiles found his father asleep on the bed. Stiles moved quietly over and gave the older man a nudge on the shoulder. He laughed as his father sputtered, his eyes opening and glancing every which way. Finally they fell upon his song and he gave him a smile. “Stiles..son” he quickly rose and embraced his child. “So you decided to come back huh? He didn't give you any trouble did he?” He father urged. Derek suddenly felt like an intruder, glad that the man was more focused on his son to notice the werewolf in the far corner. “No father, he didn't urge me to do anything. I'm staying there with them..I'm his mate and I like him” Derek froze at the words, he knew Stiles knew he was within hearing range which shocked him even more. “He also allowed me to stop being a servant. So now i don't take orders from anyone..except for the King and Queen of course, but they don't seem like the type of people would order me around” Noah just nods and takes his son to the table finally noticing Derek who stands over by the fireplace. Stiles gives the royal a smirk before sitting at the table. Noah just nods his head in greeting, pushing aside the feeling of shock that Derek had just heard everything that was said between him and his son. Derek takes a seat next to Stiles who smiles fondly.

“Your parents and uncle explained to me what a mate is your Highness...but just because your the prince doesn't mean I won't hurt you if your hurt my son again in any way”

“I promise you Sir, I would rather die an agony filled death than be the cause of Stiles’ pain” Derek answered back

“Again you mean” Noah gave a slight sneer. Derek bowed his head in shame

“Dad..that was uncalled for” Stiles yells before taking his mates hand in his. “He promised me that
he wouldn't hurt me again and I believe him..I know he won't hurt me” Stiles continued as he rubbed Derek’s knuckles with his thumb. “He's right Stiles..I made you that promise again and I broke it, maybe...maybe I should go” Derek said holding back his tears as he rose and walked out the door. Stiles turned to his father. “That was incredibly rude of you..mother would be ashamed” Noah recoiled at the realization of the truth in his son’s words. His Claudia would be angry and ashamed that he had said that to the man who was making his son happy. But he couldn't just push the past aside. Stiles exited the house, he looked for Derek everywhere but he there was no sign of his mate. Closing his eyes he focused magic on his prince. He felt a pull in his stomach and latched onto the feeling. Allowing his magic to guide him he snapped his fingers. He found himself in the middle of the woods. He turned around and resumed his search for Derek. Suddenly he heard the sound of someone crying. He followed the noise to find his mate sitting against an old oak tree clutching his knees and his head tucked between his legs. Stiles could hear the sobs coming from the werewolf. Slowly he approached the man and sat next to him. “Derek?” he inquired. The sobbing paused for a moment but the prince didn't lift his head. “He's right Stiles.I've hurt you more than once..what if..what if we rushed this” Stiles feels his heart ache at Derek’s words. “Derek look at me” when the prince doesn't move he puts more attitude into his tone “Derek LOOK AT ME” Derek's head slowly emerges from between his knees and gives Stiles a tear filled look. “We didn't rush this Derek, don't you ever think that.”he says as he pulls his mate against him. “And don't you pay any mind to what my father said, I already told you what I thought of our past but I also told you I am willing to look past it and be with you, plus you promised me and I meant what I said about believing you, I know you won't hurt me” Derek’s sobs slow down till they are just sniffles. Stiles cards his fingers through the wolf's hair with the goal of calming him. After a while, Derek's breathing evened out, Stiles leaned over to look at the now calm prince. “Wanna go home?” When Derek nodded. Stiles waved his hand and suddenly they were both in bed of their room. Derek falls asleep with his head on Stiles’ shoulder.

He wakes up to find himself still up against his mate and gives a sigh of content. He looks up to find Stiles asleep. He moves to get up off the bed but feels an arm latch onto his chest and pull him back down he snorts when the other man gives a quiet mumble. Again he tries to move but again he is restrained “Mine” he hears Stiles grumble. Accepting defeat Derek leans back against the mage and smiles “Yours”

That night at dinner the royal family and Stiles are having their pack bonding when a guard approaches the king. Alexander turns his attention to him and motions for him to speak “There is a man at the gate wishing to speak with the mage Sire” everyone turns to Stiles who immediately knows the identity of the man. “Excuse me your Majesty” he says before rising from the table. Everyone watches as he walks with purpose out of the room.

Stiles finds his father at the gate with two guards watching him, their hands on their sheathed weapons. “It's alright gentleman he won't harm anyone” Stiles says as he stands in between the two men. His father observes how the guards relax and step away. “So..they listen to you know?” Noah asks with a quirked eyebrow”
“Well ever since Derek made me not a servant and into his equal..yes they listen to me, what are you doing here father?” he can’t hide the anger in his voice. Here stood the man who was supposed to be happy for him, who was supposed to support him. But he was also the man who threatened his mate and drug their love through mud based solely on a rough past that they were proving to be purely that..history “I came here to apologise to not only you but to the prince” he sighed before shifting his weight onto his left leg “what I said earlier was wrong..I am happy for you both, I just get nervous, your my only child..you are all I have left of your mother, I can’t lose you Stiles” He pleaded. Now it was Stiles turn to sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose he shook his head. “Come with me” He turned and began walking back to the castle. He could hear his father following him as they walked the corridors to the dinning hall. As he opened the door Stiles watched as everyone of the royal family turned their attention to him and his father. Stiles however turned to his mate whose face was flushed white “Derek..my father has something he would like to say to you” Stiles then moved aside as his father stepped forward

Taking a deep breath the older Stilinski began “My wife died when Stiles was just 8 years of age..I had always been protective of him but from that moment on I swore upon her grave that I would not let anything harm our son. I failed that promise today.” he admitted. No one in the room dared move as the father of their beloved mage confessed himself to the prince. “What I told you today when you came to visit was wrong and ridiculous, and for that I am sorry. You have brought happiness to my son in a way that nothing ever has. You helped him discover his powers, you gave him a castle to live in, you freed him from servitude, and most of all you gave him love. I can not thank you enough, can not apologise enough for my action, I can only hope that you can forgive me” He finished and bowed his head.

Derek said nothing for a moment, observing the man and Stiles just knew that the wolf was studying the heart rate of his father. After moment Derek approached and embraced the man “I forgive you Mr. Stilinski” he said after they had parted. “What you said was right, I did hurt you son and I will never forgive myself for those actions, but I promise you that I will work toward being the best mate for you son even if it kills me” He vowed. Stiles could see tears in both of their eyes though his fathers were more prominent. Noah nodded before stepping back and turning to the king and queen “thank you, your Majesties for allowing me this conversation with your son, and thank you for taking care of mine” Alexander rose to his feet, as did Peter and together they approached the human. Peter was the first to speak “Noah..my wife died in childbirth..as did the baby, since Stiles has come to the castle he has brought with him a ray of sunshine that just makes everyone around him smile, including me..I may not have known my child long but I see so much of it's beauty in your son. I will look after Stiles as if he were my child” Noah gaped at the man before nodding and giving a bow to the werewolf. He smiled as the tears began to trail down his cheeks “thank you, My lord” he managed. Finally Alexander stepped forward. “My brother in law is correct about your son” he began giving Stiles a small smile. “He has pieced our family back together in ways I thought impossible. We are lucky to have such a wonderful soul within the walls of the castle and I can not describe the joy it brings to my heart to see your son with mine, for when they are together you can feel the waves of happiness flow from them. We will not let any harm in any form fall upon your son I promise you that” He finished. Again Noah bowed and more tears flowed from his eyes. He turned to his son, who had been embraced by Derek while the king had been talking, and gave him a smile. “Thank you Your Majesty” he wiped away his tears and gave a huff “I should be off, thank you again”
“I'll walk you out” Stiles said

“We'll walk you out” Derek corrected following Stiles and his father.

As they came to the gate Noah turned back to his son and the prince. “I love you with all my heart son..your mother would be proud of you” Stiles beamed at his father’s words and turned to Derek “Ye..I bagged a big scary wolf as a mate” he joked earning an eye roll from said wolf. Noah watched as Derek gave a short playful growl “Don't test me puny human or the big scary wolf might just have to bite you” Stiles replied to his feigned intimidation with a hearty laugh.

“Keep him around son..he’s good for you, now I should be going it is a long walk back home” Stiles snorted, “You could have just asked” he waved his hand and within seconds the older Stilinski was gone

That night Stiles lay snuggled up against his prince who was carding his fingers through the mages hair “So, I'm the big scary wolf huh?” Derek chortled. Stiles turned to him and gave a smile “No..your my big bad wolf” Derek laughed again before situating the two of them so Stiles’ head was rested on his chest “so what does that make you?” He asked after a pause.

“I'm the one who tamed the big bad wolf”

“You tamed me huh” Derek laughed

“You dare deny it?” Stiles giggled

“No..because you did tame me” he then hugged his mate tightly in his arms and gave a playful growl “but you’re mine”

Stiles nodded against his chest “I'm yours, and you’re mine”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and thank you to my beta reader Beddy for ideas on the flow of this chapter
Let me know what you thought of the chapter in the comments as they are greatly appreciated as well as kudos. You don't know how many tears of joy I have shed while reading your beautiful comments and seeing how many people enjoy this work.

Thank you all so much again

Happy Reading

-Grim
Stepping Up

Chapter Summary

Stiles shows off a bit of skill to the royals and is given a reward, later his prince gives him a more personal gift.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next morning found both Stiles and Derek being woken by a royal guard. “Your Highness, your parents have requested your presence along with the mage’s,” he said after a bow before he left. Stiles gave a snort as they heard the door close in the main room signaling that they were alone, “You know, I would hope that the staff learns my name, other than calling me ‘The Mage’, Derek smiled back at him and wrapped his arms around his waist. He trailed his nose along the other man’s neck and inhaled deeply. “I agree, cause your my mage,” Derek grumbled before separating and pulling on his clothes he gave Stiles a smile as his naked from was observed by his mate. Once he had pulled on his garment Stiles too rose and dressed before he waved his hand causing a red robe to manifest in front of him. He slipped it on and gave the now gaping prince a smile “I figure if I’m gonna be a mage and addressed as one I should dress the part,” he said as he smirked

After they had dressed they made their way to the king and queen’s quarters. When they entered they were shocked to see all of the royal family in the room. King Alexander was the first to notice them “Ah, gentleman, please come join us,” he said, waving his hand over. Stiles found himself standing between Derek and Laura. “What’s going on father” Derek asked as he studied the table in the middle of the group. On it lay a map of the kingdom and the neighboring kingdoms. “We have received numerous reports of Argent activity on our borders, they appear to be scouting the kingdom.” King Alexander said

“You mean they intruded on Hale land?” Stiles spoke up before Derek could ask the very same question. Peter hummed affirmative. Talia began placing markers on the map, Stiles gave an intake of breath as he realized that they markers were not limited to an area of the kingdom but surrounded the territory entirely. “These are the areas where we have confirmed reports of scouting parties being seen.” She then put different shaped markers on the map “and these are the ones where we suspect them to have been,” she finished. To Stiles it looked weird, the groups overlapped around villages but were scattered in the woods where they would have better cover and less chance being seen. Alexander was the one to notice his expression of confusion. “What is it Stiles?” Stiles studied the map and it’s markers again for a moment before he spoke, “If you were to scout enemy territory, would you choose the woods and forests where you have dense trees and brush to hide or would you go into the city where everyone can see you?” he asked not looking at the royals.

“I’d go with the forests” Derek answered, now he too was studying the map
“Exactly, but only if you were scouting, the forests would allow you to get in collect info and get out without bodies blocking your path, but,” he paused and looked at the king and queen “If you were planning an invasion..going into the cities would be a better choice because the invaders scent could be covered by the other subjects.” He let that sink in for a moment before he continues “they aren't just scouting,” he said pointing to the markers near the villages, they are infiltrating and blending in.” he finished. Stiles felt the tension in the room rise. Before Alexander called for his guard. “I want patrols outside every village, I want checks on anyone leaving and entering the towns, each of these patrols will have wolves.” he ordered.

“It will be done Sire” the guard bowed before leaving the room. Peter turned to smile at Stiles “the fact that you were able to pick that up without any military training against wolves who have been trained our entire lives proves that we are lucky to have you at our side,” he praised. Everyone nodded and smiled their agreement. Stiles blushed and gave modest shake of his head “My father always said I was good at strategizing,” he motioned to the table and then to the royal “I'm just doing what I can to help” Alexander gave him an even brighter smile “We have no doubt about your ability to strategize,” he started “But we want you to understand that you are not here to fight if you don't wish to. Granted having a powerful mage fighting with us could prove to be a great advantage we won't ask you to fight if don't want to” Stiles nodded and looked to Derek who was giving an unreadable expression “What exactly are you asking your Majesty?” he asked uncertain of himself.

“I'm asking if you would like to join our army, if you agree you would serve alongside Derek over those he commands.” Alexander answered.

“You see Stiles,” Queen Talia began “Me and my husband might be the king and queen but our children and my brother are each a head of a battalion,” she explained, Stiles looked around the room in shock “If you were to agree to fight alongside us you would be the co leader of Derek’s battalion.” she finished. Stiles thought to himself before turning to the prince. Derek was barely containing his smile which made Stiles grin he turned to the monarchs and gave a short nod “It would be my honor to be allowed to serve in your army, alongside your son, my mate your Majesty” he said with a bow.

In a swift motion King Alexander unsheathed his sword and brought it on down slowly on both of Stiles’s shoulders. “Then I hereby dub the Mieczysław ‘Stiles’ Stilinski, head mage of the royal army.” Stiles looked up in shock at the king. He had just been named the head mage of the army even though Deaton was technically the mage for royals. “I will alert the guards of your new status, we will have a throne placed next to Derek’s for you as well. Is there anything else you wish for?” the king asked with a wide smile. Stiles could only shake his head. Alright then, now we must go..it is consultation day” he said as he led the family and the mage out of the bedroom and into the throne room.

Stiles knew that on consultation day people from the villages of the kingdom would come to speak with the royal family on numerous matters be it settling disputes, asking to join the royal army and so on. Stiles and his father had never really went to these days, they mostly stayed back and did chores around the house. But now Stiles was sitting on his throne that he had conjured next to his mate watching as the villagers entered the palace and lined up in front of the king. The first man to step forward clutching a boy who looked no older than five years, however the boy's skin was ashen and
his eyes were barely open.

“Please my King..it is my boy..he has fallen ill and our villages healer says she can't help him..I ask if there is anything you can do?” he pleaded. Before Alexander could get a word out Stiles started speaking. “Bring him to me and I shall heal him,” Everyone turned to him, but Stiles against his better judgment ignored the stares and watched as the man hesitantly carried his son to the mage. Stiles held out his hand and placed it upon the child's head. He felt his magic seeped from his body and wash over the child. At first it didn't appear to be working which shocked Stiles but then the boys skin began to fill with color and his eyes opened wide. He looked around the room before his eyes landed on his father.

“What's going on papa?” the small boy asked. Stiles and his father let out a small chuckle before the man kissed his boys head and brushed his hair aside. “I'll explain later, everything is ok,” he explained as he set his son on the ground. He then looked to Stiles with tears in his eyes “thank you” he managed before he led his child away. As Stiles sat back down he turned to the eyes of the other royals who were smiling at him.

“What?” he asked

“Oh nothing dearie” Peter chuckled before turning back to the crowd. Stiles shook his head and did the same. He watched as King Alexander and Queen Talia addressed each issue occasionally allowing others from the royal family and Stiles comment and have their own input. Finally the last visitor stepped forward, a boy around Stiles age stepped forward and knelt before the king and queen. “What is it that you require child?” Alexander asked in his signature gentle tone.

The boy looked up and Stiles gave a sudden gasp. Everyone’s gaze snapped to him but he was focused on the villager who was now too looking at him. “Scott?” he questioned. He saw Derek give a quizzical look but the prince said nothing. “You know boy?” Alexander asked him. Stiles gave a sharp gasp before remembering that he was amongst royals. He looked to the king “Forgive me your Majesty, but I have been friends with him since we were but children.” he explained. Turning his attention back to Scott the monarch spoke, his voice was gentler than it had been with anyone else who they had spoken with “what is it you require child?” Scott took a second before he averted his gaze from his friend to his king.

“I have come to request the bite..I have trouble breathing after a certain point of labour and it takes a toll on my duties, it causes me pain if it gets too bad” Stiles noticed as Peter and Talia narrowed their eyes at the young human. He then looked to the high King who too seemed to be deep in thought. Finally he spoke, “you may go into the guest quarters and wait there while me and my discuss. I make no promise to you that you will receive the bite, is that understood?” his voice now firm and even. Scott gave a nod before bowing his head again “I understand your Majesty” he rose to his feet and was escorted by a servant out of the throne room.
“What are your thoughts father, do you think he deserves the bite?” Cora asked, her eyes wide.

“If we gave a bite to everyone who asked just because of a breathing problem, we would have too many betas running around than we would know what to do with,” Nathaniel countered. Stiles shrank into his seat trying to be as invisible as possible. It didn’t work.

“What are your thoughts Stiles?” Alexander asked. Everyone turned to the mage “Would we benefit from turning him into one of our kind?” Stiles wanted to curse himself for being put on the spot. He thought to himself before he opened his mouth to speak.

“I think it would be beneficial to both parties. You would acquire another beta that would strengthen your pack, and he would be rid of his condition,” he thought harder knowing this was not the answer to the question the king had asked “Scott is a hard worker, though with his condition he can only work for so long and so much, should he be turned he would be able to work twice as hard and twice as long, he would make a good addition to the army. He’s a loyal person and I do not doubt that if you were to turn him you would be pleased with the wolf you could make out of him,” he finished. King Alexander nodded before rising gesturing for everyone to follow him. The other royals and Stiles joined him as he exited the room.

They came to a door that Stiles hadn’t ever opened because he had no reason to do so. Once they king had opened the door everyone answered the room to find Scott looking out the window. Though once he had sensed the group enter he turned to them and gave a bow.

“We have come to a decision,” the king said without any emotion. Though after a moment pause he allowed his lips to raise into a smirk. “It is mainly due to Stiles vouching for you that I have decided to bequeath upon you the bite, though I must warn you there is a chance that you may perish should it not take, is that understood?” After a moment Scott gave a nod. Stiles watched as the king took his friends arm in his hand. A second later he sank his fangs into the flesh and held it for a moment. Scott gave a shout from the pain but managed to keep still. Once the king had retracted his fangs and stepped back he gently helped Scott lay on the bed. “Now we wait and hope it takes” The king said. Everyone filed out of the room. Stiles and Derek went to their room to discuss the mages new position as Derek’s co leader of his battalion.

“You will help me lead them should this Argent problem evolve further,” he explained, “But I want you to remain safe. I can’t lose you Stiles, if anything happened to you, I couldn’t live with myself.” Derek said with his voice full of uncertainty and sadness. Stiles cupped his mates face in his hands and brushed their lips together. “Nothing is going to happen to me if we stay together, I’ll have your back and you have mine,” he said as he gave the prince a slow but passionate kiss. Derek leaned into the kiss and gave just as much energy into it. Stiles felt his mate’s tongue slip into his mouth exploring his oral cavity. He then had a crazy idea. He slowly curled his tongue around Derek’s as his hand explored the prince’s dark locks. He felt Derek push him backwards until his back was against the side of the couch. He felt as Derek’s hand slipped under his shirt and started roaming.
across his stomach and chest. He arched his back as his nipples were pinched between the older man's fingers. Derek couldn't help but smile at the moan that left his mate's lips. Suddenly Stiles began grinding their groins together and it was Derek's turn to let out a groan. Just as they were finding rhythm in grinding against each other the main door opened causing both mage and prince to yelp as they separated from each other and looked at the uninvited visitor. Laura just stood there with a smirk on her face that signified that she had seen enough. “It's about time you did something, we were starting to wager on whether you would kiss this year,” she joked before focusing her attention on Stiles. “Your friend is awake and asking for you,” she explained before walking out of the room. As the door closed the mage looked to the older prince and gave a weak smile. “Guess I better go talk with him huh?” he tried with a chuckle. Derek smiled back at him.

“You really should, the next full moon is in two days, you'll have to help him find an anchor to his humanity before then so when the moon does come he can maintain control.” Derek explained. Stiles nodded before taking the prince's hand into his “Would you care to join me when I go to see him?” Stiles watched as the wolf gave a quizzical look before giving a sad smile. “He’ll want to talk to you alone, and that fine, come find me in the barracks once your finished, I'll be talking with the battalion to inform them about the sightings,” Stiles nodded and rose, before he walked away however he leaned down to plant a kiss on Derek’s lips. “I'll see you there,” he then turned to exit the room leaving his mate blushing with a grin.

Stiles entered the guest quarters where they had left Scott after he received the bite. He turned to Stiles with an expression of both anger and confusion. Sensing his distress Stiles gave a quizzical look. “What is it Scott?” he asked suddenly his friend was in his face. “Did you know?” he growled causing Stiles’ blood to turn cold, he had never seen his friend this angry. “Did I know what?” the mage said as he took a step back to put some distance between them. “Did you know that because I received the bite I wouldn’t be able to go back home to my mother?” he seethed.

“Scott just listen it's-” he started but was cut off by the newly turned wolf.

“DID YOU KNOW?” he roared.

“Yes,” Stiles answered as he gave his friend a regretful look “but it's for good reason Scott, trust me.” he pleaded. The other boy turned away from him and looked out the window as if he was considering jumping through it. “Why should I trust you, you kept that information from you and now I can't see my mother.” he uttered, still refusing to look at Stiles. “But you can visit her Scott, you just have to find your anchor and wait till after the full moon, but I promise you..you will see your mother again” Stiles explained. Neither of them moved for a moment, then Scott turned to his friend. “What do I have to do?” Stiles paused before he gave a slight smile and approached his friend.

“You have to find you anchor, something for you to focus on when you shift to allow you to maintain control. Laura also says that you should shift once before the moon so it's not as hard on
your body when the full moon comes,” he said. “Scott gave a nod before closing his eyes in focus. After a moment he began growling and then hunched over as if he had been struck. He gasped for air and his eyes shot open to reveal golden globes darting every which way, his nails elongated into claws and his teeth became fangs. He looked to Stiles with a face that was void of expression. Then he growled and stood up straight before he lunged for his friend.

Stiles had just enough time to flick his wrist causing the raging wolf to fly against the wall. Another wave of his hand and a barrier of mountain ash appeared trapping Scott in his place. “Scott calm down and think” Stiles warned as the door was flung open and both Peter and Nathaniel entered the room both shifted and ready to fight. Their eyes widened at the sight of a transformed Scott trapped against the wall. Nathaniel gave Stiles a light punch on the shoulder “remind me never to get on your bad side.” he joked. Stiles paid him no attention, his focus mainly on Scott. He approached his friend with his hands held up in surrender. “Scott, you have to think, think about your mother,” he began “focus on her, how you would do anything in your power to protect her, you would die for her wouldn't you Scott?” he tried. Scott's growling stopped and suddenly the golden globes returned to their normal dark brown.

“Stiles?” he gasped. His friend gave him a sad smile and nodded his head still holding his hands up for the other to see “it's gonna be ok Scott you just have to focus,” he explained. “Keep focusing on your mother and how would want to protect her, how you have to remain calm to protect her” Stiles finished. Scott gave a nod and closed his eyes. Slowly he slumped against the wall and slid to the floor. After a beat of silence he looked up at the mage. “How did you know to do that?” he asked

“Yes Stiles, how did you know to do that?” Peter echoed with the same amount of confusion.

“When I was with Derek when he lost control on the moon he talked in his sleep about focusing to find his anchor, I know Scott would do anything if it meant his mother was safe.” Stiles said as he waved his hand and the mountain ash was swept away. Scott stood up and hugged his best friend “thank you Stiles” he mumbled into the mages neck. Stiles separated and gave his friend a pat on the back. “Why don't you stay in here for a bit and collect your thoughts” he suggested. Scott nodded and sat on the bed. Stiles left the room with the two royals and smiled at them “thank you for attempting to come to my rescue,” he chuckled. “You are pack Stiles, we protect pack, plus my brother-in law and sister would wound me and leave me to be killed by my nephew and that just doesn't sound enjoyable” Peter laughed earning a smile from the younger man. “Nonetheless thank you, both of you, now I must be off, Derek wanted me to meet him in the barracks once I was done speaking with Scott.” he explained. Both Peter and Nathaniel nodded before both parties went their separate ways.

Stiles found Derek in a room that was stocked full of shields, swords, armor and other military needs. He wove his hands around his mates waist and nuzzled into the wolf's neck.
“How was your talk with Scott?” Derek asked as he leaned back into the younger man’s hold. “He shifted but I managed to get him under control. Peter and Nathaniel were there making sure I wasn’t harmed.” he answered back. Derek nodded and then turned so they were face to face, he cupped his mates cheeks in his hands and planted a kiss on Stiles’ lips. “As long as your ok I’m happy,” he smiled. He then led Stiles out of a door on the far wall that led outside where a mass of people were gathered in a circle. Derek led Stiles to the center. Stiles did his best to ignore the smirks and stares he received from the men.

“This is Stiles, he's the high mage of the kingdom as of this morning and is now my co leader of our battalion. He is also my mate so I advise you that any harassment toward him will be dealt with harshly is that understood?” he called out. A murmur of yes’s and a collection of nods was given “Good, now for why I gathered you all here,” he began as he looked around “as you know scouting parties from the Argent Kingdom have been reported amongst our borders, It is due to Stiles’ keen eye and great knowledge of strategy that we are to believe that they are infiltrating our villages in preparation for an invasion,” he paused to let the information sink in “I will not lie to you, almost everyone in the kingdom has a vendetta against the Argents including I but we must not let our anger consume us, for if we do in fact go to war we must fight with a clear head so we do not make mistakes, is that understood?” another chorus of agreement. “Any questions?” no one spoke up and Derek nodded. “Dismissed” he announced. The group broke apart and Stiles walked with Derek back to the castle. They entered their quarters and lounged on the couch in front of the fire once more. Both of them remained quiet till Stiles prodded the prince’s side earning a yelp from the older man. He sent a harmless glare to his mate who chuckled.

“You know,” Stiles began as he took Derek’s hand into his and led them both to the bedroom. “We could always finish what we started earlier, before we were so rudely interrupted.” He winked and smiled at the wolf. Derek grinned and leaned forward to plant a kiss on his mates lips. “I would enjoy that. but these clothes are gonna be a problem.” he murmured. The snap of Stiles’ fingers rang out in the room, their clothes vanished from their bodies and reappeared on the side table. “What clothes?” the mage chuckled. Letting out an animalistic growl Derek collapsed onto the bed over Stiles who was smirking. “How do you want to do this Stiles?” Derek growled allowing his eyes to turn their electric blue.

“You the prince here Derek..why don't you make the decision.” Stiles smiled. He was suddenly lifted and moved to the center of the bed. “We could always finish what we started earlier, before we were so rudely interrupted.” He winked and smiled at the wolf. Derek grinned and leaned forward to plant a kiss on his mates lips. “I would enjoy that. but these clothes are gonna be a problem.” he murmured. The snap of Stiles’ fingers rang out in the room, their clothes vanished from their bodies and reappeared on the side table. “What clothes?” the mage chuckled. Letting out an animalistic growl Derek collapsed onto the bed over Stiles who was smirking. “How do you want to do this Stiles?” Derek growled allowing his eyes to turn their electric blue.

“You the prince here Derek..why don't you make the decision.” Stiles smiled. He was suddenly lifted and moved to the center of the bed. He felt Derek’s cock rub against his and he let out a moan of pure lust. “You like that Sti?” Derek chuckled. Stiles gave enthusiastic nod “yes my prince I do, I really do.” Derek smiled before placing his hand on the young mage’s chest and trailed it down to his stomach then to his groin. “You know, I have nothing to ready you for me Stiles,” Stiles shook his head frantically and looked into Derek’s eyes. “Don't need it I can heal myself, just please Derek, claim me, mark me as yours” he begged but Derek shook his head. “This is our first time Stiles..I want it to be perfect for you, I'll find something to prepare you.” he countered. Giving a slight huff Stiles waved his hand causing a bowl of a liquid to appear, giving it a quick sniff Derek realized it was oil that was extracted from olives that grew in some of the farms in the kingdom. The cooks occasionally used it for cooking, they said it kept everything from sticking together. Dipping his fingers into the substance he rubbed his digits together before slowly and gently inserting one finger into his mates waiting entrance. He cherished the groan that escaped the boys lips. He then inserted another digit and began circling them. Once he was sure that he would cause no harm to his mate he rose and steadied himself at the entrance into the panting mage on the bed. “Are you ready my love?” he asked calmly.
“Just do it Derek, I can't wait any longer, please just take me.” Stiles begged. Not wanting to disappoint his mate he slowly pushed past the ring of muscle. His mate let out another groan of ecstasy but Derek didn't move. He noticed how the mage’s muscles were strained, and his face contorted in concentration. After a beat, though he relaxed and Derek slowly pulled out before reentering. “Gods above,” Stiles exclaims as he grips the bed clothes. Derek smirks and leans forward “You want me to mark you?” he growls. He can't help but chuckle at the energized nod of his mate. “Please my prince..Derek, mark me as your so no one ever has any doubts. Do it, please I beg of you” he pants and gasps. Derek can feel tightness in his groin and from the mage’s expression and scent he can tell that he is also nearing release. Positioning his head where Stiles’ shoulder and neck meet he readies himself. With one final thrust he bites down on the mating area ripping a groan from his lover as both of them spill their release.

“Your mine.” Derek grumbles into his mates neck.

“I'm Yours” Stiles responds with a smile. Derek then moves and fetches a wash basin. He pulls out a rag and begins to clean them both before laying down next to the mage. He wraps an arm around the boy’s waist and hums in content. “Good night my mage” he sighs sleepily.

“Goodnight my prince”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading the chapter, sorry about the delay..work has been hectic lately but I plan to release another chapter today to make up for it, hope you can forgive me :|

let me know what you thought in the comments as they are greatly appreciated, kudos are also cherished.

Happy reading

-Grim
This Means War

Chapter Summary

Negotiations with Gerard don’t go as planned and war breaks out, Stiles understands that things are taken in war but now it’s personal. They took his mate.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Both Stiles and Derek were now making their way to the ‘war room’ as Derek addressed it having been woken by a servant who blushed once she found them both naked and in each other’s arms. She had told them that there was to be a meeting in said room and that they were needed.

They entered the war room and Stiles noticed that the walls were each contained a map of the three kingdoms. The Hale kingdom on one, Argent on another and the Alpha kingdom that belonged to Deucalion on the last one. With an overall map on the final wall. The royals were sitting in a circle of chairs, two being empty signifying that those were Stiles and Derek. As both took their seats Derek looked to his parents in question. Sensing his son’s confusion Alexander spoke up. “We sent Deaton to act as emissary and speak with Gerard for negotiation. He agreed to speak with on neutral ground to discuss the recent sightings of his scouts.” Stiles’ eyebrows shot up “We ride out at noon to meet him at the Nemeton.” Queen Talia explained with an even tone in her voice. “Who will go with you?” Derek asked in confusion and shock, to meet with Gerard was both a good idea but also a horrid one, he hated the Hale kingdom mainly for the fact that it was ruled by werewolves, or ‘abominations’ as he called them. “Deaton will be joining us along with you and Stiles,” King Alexander answered “well also be bringing a royal escort of course.” Derek and his mate nodded before Peter spoke up. “And while you all are out the rest of us will be preparing a cell for Scott for tomorrow night’s full moon.” Stiles nodded with a smile. He waved his hands over himself and smiled as his mage robe appeared, since he was entitled as the high mage he had altered the robe slightly to include the triskelion on both of his shoulders. The coloring was now a darker red to match the color of the eyes of an alpha with golden accentuating colors. The royals seemed to take pride in his choice of apparel as he received smiles from the family. Everyone exited the room to prepare for their journey. He was nervous about his first negotiation mission but he trusted the king and queen and Derek to talk him through it.

They set out for the meeting area a bit after that everyone on horseback despite the fact that the wolves could easily outrun the steeds. Stiles could feel his magic getting stronger as they drew near their supposed rendezvous point. Deaton must of sensed this because he pulled up along the young mage and smiled. “The Nemeton is a center of magic. As we get closer to it you will feel your strength grow,” he explained to which Stiles nodded. He then moved to ride beside his prince. Derek seemed uncomfortable being on a horse and Stiles could understand that, when you are able to outrun your steed and be more comfortable who would want to be stuck on a horse. But he said
nothing of the sort.

Soon enough they stopped in a small clearing that held a large stump in the middle of it. They saw that Gerard and his men were already there and waiting. As the Stiles and the Hales dismounted he noticed how the Argents gave him curious glances. As they approached to stand on opposite sides of the stump Gerard sneered at Alexander and Talia.

“Don't tell me you have turned another one” he scoffed, causing both the Hale royals to laugh.

“No Stiles isn't a werewolf or werecreature, he's just our newest emissary in training. In fact he's the reason that we know you have been infiltrating our villages, gathering for an invasion,” Alexander leveled a venomous glare at the King Gerard. “How do you feel Gerard, to be outsmarted by a sixteen year old?” Alexander laughed filling Stiles with pride that his king was proud of him.

“I can assure you that we have not been planning an invasion, now if you wouldn't mind could we please get to the negotiations?” he leered. Giving a nod Alexander and Talia stepped forward. Stiles watched their perimeter as the negotiations began. He payed attention yes but he didn't trust Gerard not to pull something that would cause a war.

As the negotiations concluded they had the foundation of a treaty, Gerard would pull out any spies and troops he had in the Hale Kingdom and the Hales would alert the Argents anytime they turned a human into a were. As they were saddling and preparing to leave there was a sudden grunt and a scream from the Argent’s side of the Nemeton. Everyone turned to see one of Gerard’s men fall to the ground with a crossbow bolt sticking out of his chest. The Argent whirled on the Hales their eyes full of anger. “You dare betray us and attack on neutral ground”

Talia spoke first “we had nothing to do that, all of our men are accounted for” She said as the rest of the Hale party scanned their surroundings

“And you expect me to believe abominations like you?” he sneered “mark my words you monsters, this means war” and with that he mounted his horse and raced out of the clearing, his company following him. Stiles waved his hand sending everyone back to the castle. Talia sent for Peter and her children to join them back in the war room.

After explaining the events that had transpired during the negotiations everyone looked sullen. Before Stiles perked up and studied the map again, “If we already have suspicions as to what villages are holding Argent spies they are gonna start there where they have the spies as extra manpower,” he said. Alexander nodded and looked at the head guard. “Double the amount of troops in those villages” he ordered, the guard nodded and left the room. The king then turned back to the map. They would also try to surround us using the paths they found while scouting he looked to Peter and Laura, “you two are gonna build forces on the west flank,” he said gesturing to the area on the map.
Both royals nodded and took a step back, their orders already given. Alexander then turned to Nathaniel “double your men and cover our eastern side” His son nodded. He then turned to his son and Stiles “you two are gonna build a layered defense Derek will take two battalions to the front end and Stiles will be in the back sending support as needed.” he then focused all his attention on Stiles “you have my command that should they breach our defenses you decimate their army with your magic is that understood?” Stiles paused. Considering his power he could wipe their army out entirely if he wanted. But he nodded. “We are gonna play fair in this war to show them we are not animals, we take prisoners and heal any wounded,” he turned to his youngest daughter “you are to stay in the castle and help with the wounded, take their pain and you are to manage the couriers and send messages” she nodded. Standing straight Alexander nodded. “Good now I doubt Gerard will want to attack right away, he’ll gather his troup and devise his own plan, that gives us three days at most to prepare, that also allows us to get Scott through his first full moon. Stiles tomorrow night you are to stay in your quarters, I know he is your friend but he will use that against you, let us take care of him.” Stiles gave a reluctant nod.

The next day went by in a blur, Stiles spent the day familiarizing himself with his part of the battalion, which consisted of six hundred men. He explained to them what would be happening and demonstrated his powers when asked to. He was shocked that once he had used his magic to cause purple flames weave around each and every soldier without burning them, that the men under his charge began to look at him like he a royal himself. He discussed, chatted and joked with the men in his battalion till the sun began setting. Taking that as his cue his made his way into his and Derek’s chambers. He passed Cora who gave him an assuring nod as she strolled towards the dungeons where they would work with Scott. Entering his bedroom Stiles collapsed on the bed and allowed sleep to claim him despite his concern for his friend.

The next day he woke to find Scott chatting with Derek on the couch, both sipping from mugs of tea. “I take it you can control you wolf now?” he asked as he gave Derek a kiss on the lips before curling against his mates chest, relishing in the comfort once Derek held him. Scott gave a short blush but nodded “yes, Derek was actually the one who helped me the most.” Stiles looked up to the prince and gave a smile. It was returned with another kiss to the crown of his forehead. “We must get ready though, we have to take positions and be ready in case Gerard launches a surprise attack.” Derek explained in a sad tone helping Stiles sit up. The mage nodded and dressed in his robe. He helped Derek into his armor sword sheath. As they both marched Stiles couldn't help but feel himself fill with excitement, here he was Stiles Stilinski, who had gone from a no one to an abusive wolf’s servant and then to high mage of the kingdom and now he was leading his battalion to be ready for battle at his mate’s side. Derek gave him a quick kiss and promised to be safe before they split up. Stiles helped his men set up their tents by waving his hands and immediately the tents were pitched and camp was made. Since he was technically head of the battalion he was given a second in command. A human named Jordan Parrish who served dutifully and with honor. Before he went to bed he looked over his gathered men and smiled before retreating to his tent. The next day he was awoken by Parrish shaking him. “My lord, there is a courier with a message for you” he explained. Stiles rose and went out to meet the message carrier. Giving a nod the man began, “Princess Laura and Lord Peter have made contact with the enemy, they trust that they will win the battle but they spotted another portion of the enemy marching to the front to meet Prince Derek” Stiles nodded and turned to Jordan

“Ready the men in case support is needed, if you can bring any wounded to me for healing, send out
a group of two riders to alert Prince Nathaniel” Parrish nodded and left to do as he was ordered. 
Stiles then turned to the courier “I take it Prince Derek is aware of the oncoming threat?” The courier
nodded “Alright then, help yourself to some water and porridge, then return to Laura and Peter and
tell them that should they require assistance to send you back” The courier nodded and left. Stiles
mentally prepared himself for the arriving war. “Stay safe my love” he thought to himself

Three long months passed from that day and the war was looking as if neither side would win. King
Alexander called for a meeting of his generals on Stiles’ encampment.

“We have to make a play that will send them a message to stand down” The king said, everyone
nodded he turned to Stiles and Derek, combine your forces and charge up the center, don’t
overextend yourselves but we need to push them back,” Alexander said. Both the prince and the
mage nodded. That night Stiles’ group packed up and moved to join and reinforce Derek. His
battalion was still well over four hundred men but being combined with with Stiles group they were
a force to be reckoned with. At night Stiles lay with Derek in the princes tent. “Do you think we can
make much distance in our charge?” Stiles asked. Derek paused for a moment to consider before
looking at his lover. “I think we will, well show them that we will not back down from them,” he
assured. They fell asleep in each others arms.

Stiles woke that night to see someone standing over him and Derek but before he could call out a
needle was stuck into his neck and suddenly he couldn't move or speak. Derek woke seconds later
ready to fight but he was injected as well and like his mate he collapsed, eyes wide but mouth
unmoving. Stiles watched as Derek was carried out of their tent and into the dark cloak of night.
Suddenly though Parrish entered the tent, panting. “They took Derek Stiles, we couldn't stop them
but we managed to take a prisoner.” When he noticed that the mage wasn't speaking, he immediately
called for a courier to return to the castle and collect Deaton. Stiles felt the tears stream down his eyes

They took his mate from him and he was unable to save him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading the chapter, like I said this was posted to make up for the missed
update, hope yall can forgive me.

Let me know what you thought in the comments below as your feedback and Kudos are
greatly appreciated and bring warm feelings to my heart

Happy Reading

-Grim
Deaton studied the paralyzed mage before him, both the king and queen on either side of him. “What did they use on him?” Talia asks.

“Kanima venom, an extremely potent mix of it judging by the way he is unable to speak” Deaton explains “Luckily I have the antidote” he pulls out a bundle of herbs and a mortar and pestle. He grinds the hers until they are flakes, adding some water he mixes the concoction into a paste. He finds the point at where Stiles had been injected, the affected area red and bothered. He smears the paste over the entry wound. Moments later Stiles begins to groan and twitch. after some more time he jolts up, eyes burning in anger.

“Stiles you need to relax and calm down, the effects of the venom will linger for a moment longer,” Stiles gives a huff and holds his hand over his neck where the paste still sits, mumbling an incantation everyone watches as the wound closes. He wipes the paste away and stands up. Talia, Deaton, and Alexander stare at him in shock but he doesn't acknowledge them. He leaves the tent to find Jordan. Once he has located the man he catches his attention.

“You said you caught one of those who took Derek..where are they?” he can feel his magic crackling around him but he manages to keep it somewhat under control. Jordan gives a short, wide eyed nod and leads Stiles to a tent towards the back of the camp, four guards are stationed at its entrance. They give a salute to the mage and step aside to allow him in the tent. Stiles stares down at the man who is kneeling in the middle of the tent, his wrists bound behind his back, he wears thing cloth garments and he is barefoot. Stiles nods to Jordan then turns back to the man “leave us,” he says, Jordan hesitates but leaves. The prisoner looks up at the fuming mage curiously. Stiles just turns his back to him and holds his hand up, muttering an incantation. There is a flash and then the flap to the tent seals itself closed. Stiles turns back to the man. “What..what did you do?” he stammers.
“I sealed us in...no one can bother us now unless I allow it,” he begins circling the captive “you see I’m the high mage of the Hale court, because I’m a rare occurrence, I’m a mix of both a spark and a mage,” he can see the shudder of shock run through the prisoner at the information. Stiles halts in front of him and kneels down. “What's your name?” he demands coldly

“I’m not at liberty to answer that” he says suddenly taking on a cold tone. Stiles smirks and holds up his hand he gives it a quick glance before turning back to the captive. The mage snaps his fingers conjuring a flame that dances at the tip of his thumb “I suggest you answer my question before this gets messy” he offers, when the captive says nothing he shrugs and twitches his fingers.

Stiles watches as the fire shoots from his finger and outlines the man's form giving him a flickering glow. Stiles smirks at the look of confusion he receives from the prisoner. Then his face changes into a cruel grin and he flicks his wrist. The tent is filled with the screams of the prisoner as the fire bores into his skin and burns him. Stiles lets it linger for a moment before he waves away the flames. The man pants in pain though when he looks down at his body he gasps at the fact that he is unmarked he stares in shock at the grinning mage “Tell me your name” he growls.

“Why should I? You'll kill me either way,” the prisoner counters. Stiles chuckles at the accusation before he sighs “I’m not going to kill you, because you are going to be my friend”

“And why would I befriend the one who is holding me prisoner?” the prisoner asks with an arched brow. “Because if you tell me what I want to know you get to keep your life” Stiles says before he waves his hand again. The prisoner lets out a yelp as a ring of fire erupts around him, he can feel the heat from the flames but none of them catch on his meager clothing. He watches as Stiles turns and snaps his fingers causing the tent flap to open. The mage exits and then the flap closes itself.

Stiles finds Deaton, Talia, and Alexander waiting for him but he turns to a guard standing post outside the tent “he gets no water, feed him small portions of state bread but nothing else,” the guard nods.

“What are you doing Stiles?” Talia asks, concern filling her voice.

“Making a friend” is his only reply

Stiles doesn’t visit the prisoner for three days, instead he sends scouts from his battalion to observe the enemy army. The King and Queen returned to the palace along with Deaton the day of his first questioning to the captive.
The scouts report that the enemy army is idle and unmoving, they report that riders have been going back and forth from the camp towards the Argent palace frantically. Stiles takes this as meaning that he is currently holding someone important captive. Nodding to himself, he makes his way to the tent containing the prisoner. As he enters the tent he seals it off again and observes the man. Sweat is pouring down his brow and he panting from the heat radiating off the still flickering ring of fire. Stiles waves it away and the man’s eyes shoot to him. “Please...Please, water..I need water,” the man sputters. Stiles gives a nod and conjures a goblet of water. “Tell me who you are and you may drink” Stiles explains. He watches as the captive wars with himself. Finally he bows his head “Christopher..I’m Christopher Argent, son of King Gerard Argent.”

Stiles has to actively keep himself from gasping. After a moment he holds the goblet to Christopher’s lips and allows the man to drink. He fills it slightly and gives him another sip. Stiles steps back and looks to him. “Why did you take Derek from me?” he questions with a hint of anger.

“We weren't here for him, we were coming for you but when you woke, the other man panicked and injected you..I improvised and decided it best to take Derek because he would easily track us where as you would not be able to,” he explained, “but your men are fast so I had the others in my group take your prince while I led our pursuers away.” he finished. Stiles nodded and then helped the man stand. Christopher gave him an uneasy look and didn't move, he just stood before the mage wearing a look of confusion. “Where has he been taken” Stiles growled.

“I have already revealed enough by telling you my name, I shall say no more” the prisoner muttered. Stiles gave a nod and snapped his fingers. Christopher howled in pain as his foot suddenly jerked itself to an odd angle clearly broken. “Now will you tell me?” he inquired. The prisoner gave a shake of his head he was breathing through the pain and mainly supporting himself on his good foot. Stiles nodded and flicked his wrist, there was a sharp crack as the bone in the lower leg of the other man snapped in half. Tears filled the Argents’ eyes as the pain tore through his body.

Stiles finally got his answer once he had broken almost every bone in the prisoners arms and legs. “They took him to a safe house near Argent castle.. Please that's everything I know please just have mercy,” he begged in between sobs. Stiles nodded and put a hand on the older mans shoulder causing him to yelp from fear. Stiles felt his magic wash over the broken man’s body. he watched as the mangled limbs corrected themselves and. Christopher let out a groan of relief earning a smirk from the young mage. Once he had fully healed the prisoner Stiles helped him stand and led him out of the tent, he turned to a guard “bring a bowl of food and a flask of water to my tent” the guard gave a skeptical look but did as bid. Once he was gone Christopher rubbed his wrists and stared at the mage “Please, eat, drink..I will not stop you” Stiles explained sensing the confusion. Slowly though he brought the bowl closer to him and began to eat the porridge that filled the bowl.

Stiles said nothing, just sat and watched as the prisoner finished off his flask of water “why? Why
did you unbind me? Why allow me to eat, why not just kill me and get it over with?” the older prince asked

“Because I know not where this safe house where Derek is being kept is located, so you will show me and then I will allow you to be free to return to your father.” as soon as he said that he saw the captives face contort into confusion and then worry “what is the matter, don't you want to return to your kingdom and father?” he asked suspiciously

“My father would have me killed once he knew that I told you where to locate your werewolf prince.” Stiles’ eyebrows raised at the confession, that couldn't be true but there was no falter in his voice to signify that he was being lied to. “Your own father would kill his heir for submitting to torture in favor of saving his life?” Christopher nodded. Stiles stood up and went to the tents flap he found Jordan there. “Forgive me sir but I did not trust him alone with you:” Stiles just laughed and nodded “it's quite alright, however I shall be leaving for a moment, in my absence you are in charge” Jordan gave a hesitant but firm nod. Stiles then turned back to the Argent who had clearly heard what had been said. Stiles placed his hand on the older man's shoulder and waved his hand. Christopher let out a yelp as he found himself in the middle of the King and Queens quarter. The royals were on opposite sides of the room when they appeared.

“Forgive me my liege but I have information as to where Derek is being kept” he said as Alexander gave him a quizzical look. “Christopher here, says that he was taken to a safe house near the Argent castle,” both the hales turned to the captive prince who gave a nod “however when I told him that I would let him go once we had Derek he revealed some suspicious information and I need it checked for lies since I am no wolf.” he gave an apologetic look to Christopher who only nodded, obviously he took no offense to this because he had probably expected it. “If I return to my father,” he began slowly allowing the two wolves to listen to his heartbeat “he will have me killed for giving up information on the whereabouts of an important prisoner” he finished in the same speed. Both royals looked from him to each other. Alexander stood and approached the Argent prince. “Very well you will not be returned to your father as a prisoner exchange. You will be given refuge here in the guest quarters, you will be monitored as you can understand, but only if we can come to an agreement.” the prisoner raised a brow “If we are to give you refuge, once we end this war with your father’s inevitable death you will be crowned king, we will have a peace treaty put in place and you will accept it” Alexander declared. Chris gave a nod before he allowed himself to be led out of the room and down the hall.

Derek woke when the bucket full of ice cold water was dumped on his head. He looked up from his spot on the floor, he was chained to the floor by his legs and wrists. “Tell us what your family has planned Derek and this all stops.” He heard Gerard say from his seat in front of the shivering wolf. The older man stared down at his captive and sneered.

“I've told you everything I know, and besides I wouldn't be worried about what my parents are planning, your gonna have bigger problems” he smirked as he rose to his knees.
“What are you talking about mutt?” Gerard roared as he stood and kicked the prince on the chest sending him sprawling. Derek only let out a laugh. “Answer me” the human king yelled.

“He’s talking about his filthy mate” a voice filled the room. Derek internally groaned as Kate Argent the woman who was the reason for his mistrust in practically the entire world excluding his family...and Stiles “our spies say he can utilize magic” Kate says as she steps into the light. Derek sees as Gerard considers this. He turns to Derek with a wicked grin "then here is what is going to happen, no doubt my idiot empathetic son has told them where to find you so we are going to sit and wait for him to come..you’ll have the honor of being able to watch as I carve out his heart.” Derek thrashed out against his restraints when he couldn't get free he roared with all he had “He’s gonna kill the both of you, he will come for me and when he does he is gonna rain fire down upon you” he growled. Kate chuckled and strode over to the bound werewolf

“I hope he does come so I can enjoy the sight of you crying as you watch the life drain from his eyes just before I take your head off, you filthy dog” she suddenly produced a dagger and grabbed his arm. She slowly dragged it down the limb, not hard enough to cut him but enough for him to feel it. Suddenly she stabbed it down and dragged it from his shoulder to his wrist. She repeated the gesture on his other arm causing him to scream out in pain. He figured the knife was coated with wolfs bane as his wounds aren’t healing, finally she held it to his stomach and slowly carved his family symbol into his stomach. Derek couldn't do anything but watch as blood poured from the slashes. Kate left after that leaving Derek to lay on his back as blood dripped and pooled slowly around his body.

Stiles, Alexander, Talia and a few soldiers were marching through the trees, they were in Argent territory following the path that Christopher told them about to the safe house. They had started the journey the moment the Argent prince was locked in the guest quarters. “We sure we can trust his information?” one of the soldiers asked as they trekked through the woods.

“He wasn't lying when he described the path so I believe we can.” Alexander responded, Stiles just pushed everything out of his mind as he focused on his mission to collect his mate and turn everyone who harmed his prince to ash.

An hour later they saw a small shack in the middle of the woods. Stiles turned to the royals and nodded, he summoned a dagger, the guards drew their weapons and the Hales shifted, their teeth and nails elongating into fangs and claws, their eyes becoming crimson red, their faces taking on more animalistic features. Slowly they approached the shack until Talia grabbed Stiles arm. He gave her a quizzical look, “I smell blood,” she whispered and Stiles felt his blood run cold “a lot of it..its Derek’s” she finished, her voice breaking on the last part. Stiles felt his magic flare as sadness and anger washed over him. He turned to the door and waved his hand. The door flew off its hinges and slammed against the far wall on the other side of the building. He stepped forward and looked around. Their was a group of guards staring wide eyed at him, over by where the door had landed
stood Gerard Argent and Kate. Talia and Alexander roared at them but didn't move. The stunned guards quickly composed themselves and stood, drawing their weapons. They didn't make it very far as Stiles twisted his wrist, both parties watched as the necks of the guards snapped to an obscene angle, the bodies of the guards fell to the ground dead. He turned to the Argents and glared at them “where is he?” he growled. Suddenly both Kate and Gerard let loose maniacal laughter. “You really are powerful,” Gerard said, “tell you what, well give you your precious abomination..and you join us ,” he said slowly moving to his left with his daughter. Stiles gave glance in their direction and saw a cellar hatch “that’s right,” Kate said as her and her father slowly began to descend into the root cellar “all you have to do is give yourself over to us and he goes free,” Stiles slowly followed them both, though he turned to he Hales as he placed his foot on the first step “Stay here..they are mine to deal with!” Both Talia and Alexander gave a hesitant nod. Stiles entered the cellar and wanted to gasp at what he saw. Kate was holding Derek by his neck with a knife to his throat. Gerard gave a cruel smirk. “Agree to our terms and he lives” Stiles just watched as blood slowly dripped out of gashes on his mates arms and chest. Derek’s skin was paler than usual and his eyes were unfocused. Stiles gave a slight chuckle which caused both the Argents to give him confused looks “Why are you laughing boy?” Gerard asked “I'm just imagining how much fun it is to watch your body slowly crumble to dust” Stiles answered. “You think you can take us both, you may be able to kill one of us but your mate would still perish” Gerard countered motioning to Kate who dug the dagger a little deeper into Derek’s neck. Stiles just sighed “That's where you’re wrong,” he said as he waved his hand. Ropes appeared from behind Kate and wrapped around her throat, before she could do anything they lifted her into the air away from the wolf prince. Gerard called out his daughters name as he watched the ropes keep her suspended above the ground. Before he could move however Stiles held up a hand preventing the older human from moving. Stiles strolled over to him with a smile that sent chills down the old king’s spine. “You are going to watch as your daughter dies like the filth she is” Stiles growled and snapped his fingers. Gerard’s eyes went wide as white flames began trailing along his daughter’s body but they didn't seem to be burning her, though once she was totally consumed by the fires Stiles waved his hand. Kate let out a scream of pain as her body was suddenly engulfed in the fire that burned away at her, seconds later she was nothing but a pile of ash. Gerard turned to glare at the mage “You will pay for that..I swear I'll kill you” he yelled, however he was still unable to move “No you won't, you won't be around to do anything ” Stiles smirked as he snapped his fingers again. Talia and Alexander came down the stairs just in time to see the body of Gerard Argent turn into dust and sink through the cracks in the floor. As if he came out of a daze Stiles looked to his mate and ran to the unmoving body. “He's still breathing but just barely,” Alexander explained sorrowfully. Stiles took Derek’s body into his lap and put his hands on both sides of his head. He allowed his magic to flood into the wolf’s body, seeking out the poison and driving it out..but nothing was working. Talia approached the mage and put a hand on his shoulder as tears crept into her eyes. “Stiles...his heart stopped beating...he's gone” she couldn't hold back anymore and sobs erupted from her throat, she placed a kiss on her son’s cheek and stood to stand by her husband who was doing his best to
keep his emotions from showing. Tears streamed down the mages face as he held his dead mates broken form. ‘We just mated..he promised me he’d stay safe.he promised’ he told himself. Alexander slowly walked over and knelt down, he closed his sons eyes for the final time. Alexander then hugged the broken mage and led him out of the cellar. The guards came down and collected the body.

Stiles and the rest of the Hales and Deaton were in the catacombs of the castle. Every Hale had been buried in the area and now they were preparing to bury the prince that Stiles had fallen in love with. He watched as his siblings said their goodbyes, and then Peter and then his Parents. Finally he approached the body of his mate and broke into tears, he threw himself over the body and clung to it. “I refuse to accept that he is dead,” he wept. A hand belonging to Peter found his shoulder. “He wouldn't want you to mourn him like this Stiles, he would want you to remember him as he was, for his love. He would want you to move on,”

“I cant move on, not like this, I wont allow him to die and leave me I just won’t!” he demanded.

“Stiles, its time-” Deaton began” but he was cut as Stiles body began to glow a bright white. His eyes opened wide and his voice sounded as if there were multiple people speaking from within him.

“I SAID I WONT ALLOW HIM TO DIE” Stiles bellowed, his voice shaking the catacomb tunnels causing dirt and sediment to fall from above. There was a flash of white light around Derek’s body and then as quickly as it came it faded. Everyone stared in awe at Stiles’ demonstration of massive raw power.

Though they were soon interrupted by a gasp, everyone watched in shock as Derek jolted from his position and looked around at those who gathered around him. “What happened?” he grumbled as if he had just woken up from a deep sleep. This tore the blanket of awe from the group as they each embraced him. Once his family had each gotten their turn to hug and plant a kiss on his cheek Deaton gave him a smile. “It seems, Stiles is more powerful than we first thought,” Derek turned to give a quizzical look to his mate.

“You died Derek..you were dead for over an hour, your heart stopped,” Stiles said as more tears manifested through these ones of joy instead of sadness.

“But he brought you back using his magic somehow.” King Alexander explained. Derek’s eyes brows went upward and then settled on his still tearful lover. He turned stood and embraced the mage, he took Stiles’ hands in his and placed against his chest. “You feel that?” he asked, when Stiles gave a short nod he continued “That’s my heart, my beating heart Stiles, its beating because of you” Stiles gave another short nod before his lips were captured against the wolf’s “I love you
Stiles..with all my magical heart” he joked, Stiles smiled and pushed their lips together once again “I love you too my prince, with all my magic filled heart”

Later that night the two mates lay in each other’s arms. Derek was slowly carding his fingers through Stiles’ hair and Stiles was rubbing calming circles into the prince’s hand that was held firm against his chest

“How did you do it?” Derek asked after a moment of peaceful silence. “How did you bring me back?”

“I don’t know, I just couldn’t allow you to die, you promised me that you would come back to me, and I don’t know what I would do if I had to live without you in my life Derek” Tears resurfaced in the mage’s eyes as he turned to face the prince. “I can't lose you especially when I just got you.” he sobbed. Derek pulled him against his chest and rubbed circles against his back. He gave a kiss onto the top of Stiles’ head and mumbled into the younger man's hair. “You won't lose me again I promise you and I mean it. I'm not going anywhere Stiles.”

They fell asleep like that, with Stiles against his mate’s body, his face buried in the wolf’s chest and Derek with his nose buried in his mates hair.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for reading this chapter, dont worry this is not even close to the end but i wanted to introduce some angst and heartbreak into the fic

your comments on your thoughts and what you enjoyed are appreciated and cherrished along with kudos

Happy Reading

-Grim
New Allies

Chapter Summary

Derek and Stiles are sent on a missionary mission to collect two supernatural beings from the Argent kingdom..they return to a surprise

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

King Alexander met with Chancellor Deaton the next day in the druids quarters. As he entered he was greeted by a bow from the man to which he returned a nod. He took a seat. The druid placed a cup of tea in front of the king before retrieving one for himself. “How may I be of service my King?” Deaton asked in a monotone voice.

“You can explain to me how my son was dead for over an hour and how Stiles managed to bring him back from the embrace of death?” the king answered taking a sip of his tea. He watched as smiled for a moment before looking hard into his King’s eyes. “It all has to deal with their mating bonds. They are fully mated and both Derek’s wolf and Stiles’ magic recognizes it, to simplify werewolf is two beings in one body, both the wolf aspect and the human aspect.” Alexander nodded, everyone knew this to be true, which is why Gerard had thought them abominations. “It's the same idea for mages” Deaton continued.

“But he's both a mage and a spark as well as being human” Alexander said as he thought of the chancellors words. “Are you saying that Stiles has three different aspects in him?” The king asked in shock. The druid gave a short shake of his head. “Not anymore, you see when Prince Derek died, all three of Stiles’ aspects were in conflict, however because they both have magical ties his spark and mage aspects recognized that they were losing their mating bond and conjoined to amass enough power to infuse your son’s heart with their magic to bring him back to life...Stiles no longer has three aspects, he has two..his human and something else, I personally believe that he is now a Magus” Deaton explained.

“What’s a Magus, and how have I never heard of one?” the king asked with a contorted expression of both confusion and wonder. “A Magus is slightly different than a mage, sure they can perform spells but their magic is on a whole different level of intensity, it’s more primal..a mage might be able to clear a town with some work and concentration but a Magus can level the kingdom just by willing it.” Deaton explained. The Wolf King’s brows went skyward in shock.

“How do we keep him under control?” he asked hurriedly. His question was answered with a small smile from the other man. “The only thing keeping his magic in line is the fact that he has his mate with him” he gave a slight but noticeable wince “..I pray to the gods I am not there to bear witness to
the punishment that befalls whoever harmed the prince” King Alexander thought for a moment before asking “is there a way to harness his magic, like with the cuff we gave him when his abilities first manifest...could we dilute them?” It's not that he wanted to control Stiles, he knew no one would be able to accomplish such a feat, however he didn't want the boy to have a decimate the kingdom should his heart ever start racing. “I am afraid not, however he has mastered his control over his abilities before the conjoining of his aspects, if he keeps up with his meditation and can keep his emotions from going mad, he should be fine.” Alexander gave a nod before finishing off his tea, he stood and walked to the door. “Thank you for advising me Alan” he said before leaving.

Derek and Stiles were cuddling closely on the couch near the fireplace. They had ordered a small breakfast and decided it best to eat in the main room than in bed where they could get juice from the fruits on the sheets. Both wore only their trousers, Stiles laying on top of the wolf who was carding his fingers through the younger boys hair. Their cuddle session was interrupted by a shark knock on the door. Stiles gave a grunt and rose to see who it was that was bothering them/ He was surprised to see Alexander standing in the hallway. “My King!” he exclaimed, before he gave a bow “forgive me, we were not expecting a visit from you” he added as he rose and looked at the king with a hesitant smile.

“All is forgiven Stiles, I have come to talk with both you and my son..there is much to discuss.

Stiles stared in shock at Alexander. “So you’re saying that I'm now more powerful than I originally was?” the king gave a nod. “And that my magic is what brought Derek back to life?” another nod “and there is no way to dilute my powers anymore?” Alexander gave a chuckle before smiling at the magus. “You have heard everything correctly my friend, Deaton is confident in his accuracy of knowledge, he is also confident that you will be able to maintain control over your abilities, as am I” he explained. Derek who had remained quiet throughout the entire discussion finally turned to his mate. ‘I'm so sorry Stiles” his voice full of concern and regret. Both the magus and the king looked at the crestfallen prince with questioning looks “why are you apologizing Der?” Stiles asked as he put his hand on his mates thigh.

“Because of me you just had a whole new load of pressure set upon you, and it's because I died that you had to become what you are” the prince gave a huff.Stiles gathered his mates face in his hands and brushed their lips together

“You have nothing to be sorry about, you were murdered Derek, you didn't choose to die..my new status is not a burden, sure I'm going to need your help to keep it maintained but I don't have any regrets.” he said as he stared into his lover’s eyes. After a brief pause Derek gave a short nod.

“There is something else I've been meaning to discuss with the both of you,” the king said once his son had relaxed “You are both mated..but it has yet to be announced officially through out the
“What do you mean, father...are you suggesting we marry?” the prince asked with a smile. Stiles glanced to the king who nodded his head. “Yes indeed, I will discuss it with your mother and have the couriers go throughout the villages to announce your wedding.” Alexander told them. Stiles felt his mate’s arm curl around his waist and leaned into the older man’s shoulder. “Thank you, my king for allowing us the pride of being able to wed,” Stiles gave a bow of his head.

The king only smiled and returned the gesture before rising and leaving the room with a wave. Once he was gone Stiles went to stare at the window, even from this distance he could see the rooftops of the villages. Derek stood beside him and coupled their hands together. “Would you like to go into the villages today..get out of the castle and have fresh air?” Derek asked as he planted a kiss on the back of his mate’s hand. Stiles gave a smile as he blushed and turned to his prince “I would love that” they both went to their bedroom to dress appropriately for their time to be spent in the village.

As they were walking to the door King Alexander and Queen Talia noticed the two and approached them. “Ah Derek, Stiles, I’m glad we caught you before you left,” Queen Talia said when she was within hearing distance of the mage. “What is it mother?” Derek asked giving her a concerned look. “We have received word from Christopher that as he was clearing up the dungeons of prisoners that his father wrongfully imprisoned he came across two supernaturals that he was hoping we would be able to take into our care,” she explains. “We were hoping that you two could collect them and bring them back here.” she explains. Derek and Stiles look at each other, Stiles gave a shrug to Derek’s scowl. The magus turns to the queen and smiles “we would be honored to fetch them and bring them back,” he says as he bows “may I ask what type of supernatural creatures they are?” it’s not that he was nervous but he would want to know so he could plan on how to greet them. “A hybrid of both kanima and werewolf and a banshee” Alexander explained with a sorrowful look in his eyes.

“What do you mean a hybrid of a kanima and a wolf..how did he come into existence?” Derek asked.

“From what Christopher has told us, he was originally a kanima but he was attacked by an alpha and bitten and somehow it turned him in werewolf, but he has a kanima tail and eyes, and his claws can produce the venom should he will it,” Talia explained. They both nodded and left the castle, making their way to the stables.

“You sure you can handle being back in Argent territory?” Stiles asked as he saddled up a horse and mounted the steed. He noticed as Derek paused, the color drained from his face. He slowly mounted his own horse he gave a weak nod to his mate. “If your not Derek I can handle it on my own, I don’t want you to be haunted by bad memories,” Stiles quickly offered, trying his best to cheer up his betrothed. “I can handle it Stiles..i would just prefer to get in and get out.” answered back as he spurred his horse into a walk. Stiles followed after him but dropped the subject.
The sun was setting as they finally arrived at Argent’s castle, Stiles stared up at the large keep, it was roughly the size of Hale’s palace but differently shaped and had less roofs coming to a point. Together him and Derek entered the castle and found Chris sitting upon his throne. He smiled at the two and rose. Stiles and Derek both gave a bow which was returned with a small nod. “Welcome to my Kingdom, I figure you are here to collect the two supernatural’s that I freed from the dungeons?” he guessed. Stiles gave a nod.

“That is true King Argent, we would like to meet them if we could” Stiles answered back. Christopher nodded and motioned for them to follow as he walked toward a corridor.

He led them to a dark oak door upon which he knocked thrice and waited. It was answered by a young man who wore nothing but his trousers though they hung low on his hips, his hair was disheveled and his eyes looked sullen. “King Argent” he said with a bow.

Chris just nodded and then gestured to the prince and the magus “These are the men who will be taking you to the Hale Kingdom in the morning, they wanted to meet you before you head out” the young man nodded and stepped aside allowing Stiles and Derek into the room. Stiles almost froze when he saw a young red haired girl lying on the bed in a nightgown. She returned his gaze causing Derek to look between the two.

Once the man closed the door after Christopher had left he sat down next to her. No one said anything for a moment, finally though the shirtless man stood and held out his hand to Stiles. “I am Jackson and this is my betrothed-” he motioned to introduce the woman but was cut off by the magus “Lydia,” Stiles breathed. Derek raised a brow and looked to his mate.

“You know her?” He asked looking between the woman ‘Lydia’ and Stiles. Stiles gave a short nod “Lydia grew up in my village but went missing one day, no one found her,” Stiles explained still wide eyed.

“Gerard had taken me prisoner, it's how I met Jackson, they chained him in the cell next to me,” she explained. Stiles turned to the man and quirked a brow, “So your kanima hybrid?” he watched as Jackson gave a curt nod. He closed his eyes and when he had reopened them they were golden with slitted pupils, then his fingers elongated into yellowish claws, but none of that phased Stiles, what made him jump was when a scaly tale protruded from behind the male and curled around his leg. Even Derek was surprised raising his brows slightly. Stiles gave a short laugh. “And here I can just do magic, why am I not allowed to have the flashy abilities?” he whined turning to his mate. Derek gave him a dead stare before scoffing “Stiles you are the most powerful magic user alive, your
abilities do give off a flash when you use them...and you brought me back to life..if anyone has flashy abilities it's you” Derek deadpanned. Before the magus could protest Lydia gave a short gasp, she turned to Stiles wide eyed. “You..your brought him back to life?...how?” She gaped Stiles turned shyly to his mate before meeting her gaze,

“I was originally a human, spark, and mage all rolled into one..but when Derek died at the hands of Kate Argent...my magical personalities conjoined to form a magus..my magic reached out to Derek through our mating bonds and infused itself to his heart thus bringing him back to life.” he explained. Jackson gawked at him..

“You can do magic?” he asked like a child. Stiles gave a short chuckle and glanced at the hybrid with a smirk “Really?..that's all you got from that?”

“Well no, but it would be cool to see it” Jackson admitted. Stiles gave a short nod before raising his hands, his thumb and middle finger touching. After a pause he snapped his fingers. Everyone in the room watched in surprise as ropes formed around Derek before quickly lashing to his wrists pulling them taught behind his back. The prince let out a yelp before glaring at his betrothed. Stiles merely gave a smile before leaning and giving the bound wolf a kiss the cheek. They turned to the other inhabitants of the room. Lydia was giving a studious look while Jackson was still gaping though his mouth was hanging slightly lower.

Stiles then turned to Lydia and gave her a smile. “So I presume you are the banshee,” he raised a brow. She nodded. “Very well, we will allow you to sleep, we set out early in the morning,” he said. Both gave a nod. Stiles led a still bound Derek to the guest quarters at the end of the hall. Once they were in the room Stiles laid down in the bed and got comfortable. He was pulled from his thoughts when he heard the prince clear this throat. Remembering what he had done Stiles gave a snort of an apology and waved his hand. The ropes vanished allowing Derek to rub his wrists. “Was that really needed?” he grumbled as he took his place beside his mate on the bed.

“They wanted proof that I could perform magic...seeing you like that was just an added bonus,” he jested earning a small painless slap on his arm. “Maybe I should have left you bound so you couldn't hit me,” he pouted earning another smack causing him to raise his hand in preparation to snap his fingers again “try me dear, I’m not afraid to make you sleep bound hand and foot,” he smirked. Derek gave a chuckle and relaxed. Stiles then found himself being wrapped up in the wolf’s arms, the prince nuzzled his nose into the crook of the mages neck. Stiles allowed it to happen knowing that the wolf would need to scent mark his mate with all these new people around him. They fell asleep in each other’s arms.

The next morning Derek and Stiles found Lydia and Jackson on horseback waiting for them at the stables. Both the magus and prince gave a nod before mounting their own horses. The entire trip no one said anything aside for the occasional break.
Once they arrived back at the Hale palace, Jackson and Lydia were spoken to by the King and Queen. Derek and Stiles however decided they both needed to bath...and that's how they found each other in the tub with Stiles pressed up against Derek’s chest as the prince carded his fingers through his mate’s hair.

“What do you think of them?” Stiles suddenly asked. For a moment Derek said nothing, he reached over to grab the cleansing oil and spoke as he applied it to his mates skin. “I think Lydia is calculating and likes to know a person both inside and out before she decides whether she should befriend them,” he answered as he now poured the water over Stiles’ body cleaning off the oil. “I think Jackson appeared is more reserved than he let on, he has fire in him I know that but he keeps it tucked away because of his past in the dungeons.” he answered. Stiles thought for a moment then nodded. “You are a very good judge of character,” the magus said as he leaned back and smiled up at his mate. Derek leaned down and gave pushed their lips together. Stiles could feel the other man's tongue explore his mouth and he allowed it to have it's dominance. He felt his betrothed’s hand slipped below the surface of the water and took his manhood within his hand. Stiles let out a whimper as Derek's hand began moving up and down his cock. “Please..Derek” he gasped as he felt his body be raked with pleasure. Derek said nothing as he watched his mate bite his bottom lip. “This is revenge for binding my hands in front of them,” he whispered in Stiles’ ear before biting gently on the earlobe. He relished in his lover’s moans and gasps as he struggled for release though the prince had slowed his strokes.

“Please Derek..I'm sorry..Just hng” his voice fell as with each word the strokes became faster. “Oh I know you are sorry, though I don't think you are as remorseful than what you could be..so I think I’ll just get out and see if my parent require anything?” he teased as he rose from the tub. He was glad his back was turned to his mate so his smile could not be revealed.

“Please Derek..please my prince ,” he heard Stiles purr in lustful want. “Please don't leave me like this..I'll do anything.” Derek perked up and looked over his shoulder.

“Anything?” he echoed

“Anything,” Stiles repeated.

“Alright,” Derek knelt beside the tub and reached back in to take his mates length into his hand once more. He stroked until he watched as the panting boy began to thrust his hips into his lover’s hand. Finally he let out a strangled cry as he released into the wolf’s hand. Derek pulled his hand out of the tub and planted kisses all over his mates neck, ending on his lips. “So what do you want?” Stiles
Derek chuckled “oh I don’t know right now..but when I do, I’ll tell you,” he said as he dressed and left the wash room. Stiles let out a sigh before he too rose out of the tub and left the room.

The next day at dinner Stiles noticed that Lydia and Jackson were both seated, Lydia was joking with Laura and Cora while Jackson remained quiet. As the prince and his mate took their seats they were startled when King Alexander rose and motioned for silence. He turned to his youngest son and smiled “Derek me and you mother have some very important news to share with you,” Both Derek and Stiles quirked a brow. “We have decided on when your wedding will be planned,” Derek dropped his fork and Stiles almost choked on his drink. “We were planning on having the wedding on the Summer Solstice,” Derek gaped at his parents. And Stiles turned to the rest of the room. “Father, the summer solstice is in three months.” he was shocked that his parents would plan something so early. He was caught off guard as his father began nodding again “Yes we know, though that is not all. We have agreed and your brother gave no opposition, when you marry you and Stiles will be next in line for the throne, and you my son will be next in line to become Alpha of the kingdom.”

Derek let out a gasp

Stiles flailed out of his chair.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for reading and sticking with me through the minor hiatus for which I am deeply sorry. Life things. I will post the next update after this soon.

But again thank you all for taking your time to read this chapter, kudos and comments are greatly appreciated. <3

Happy Reading

-Grim
How we Grieve

Chapter Summary

Wedding Intro.
Sex Scenes
Tear Jerking Ending
who could ask for more.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Three Months Later

Stiles currently sat on his and Derek’s bed in their room, he was joined by Scott who as he had been informed was a captain in the royal army, along with Jackson who was also in the army but as a regular footman, Lydia who he had grown to be friends with, and Cora.

“Are you nervous?” Scott asked giving a confused look. Stiles turned to his best friend and gave a dumbfounded look. “I’m getting married to my mate today Scott...of course I’m not nervous” his voice dripped with sarcasm. Scott just scoffed at him. Stiles looked in the mirror to check to see if he should change. He was wearing a tight crimson shirt with a black vest over it and tight black leather trousers. He had laughed when Talia showed him the clothes, thinking that it was funny since the colors matched the Hale’s flags.

“I don't know why your so nervous, you know he loves you” Lydia said. Stiles suddenly felt a surge in his magic. There was a crackle of electricity in the air, everyone around him became tense. Stiles closed his eyes in concentration to will his magic to settle. He felt the tension leave the room. “I'm sorry...it's just ...it's harder to control when I'm anxious,” he excuses. Cora stands and grabs his hand and pulls him into an embrace. “It's fine Stiles, we know your doing your best to keep it under control,” she assured. “Now you go out there and you marry my brother, the love of your life and mate.” she said with authority. Stiles gave a slight nod and took a seat. After a moment there was a knock on the door. A guard stepped in a nodded to Stiles. “They are ready for you.” Stiles nods back and gives a smile back, he rose from his seat and moved to the door he turned to his friends and gave a smile. They all rose with him and followed as he exited the room to turn down the corridor. The grand doors before him opened into the throne room to reveal a crowd of people, they turned to him and parted to form an aisle leading to the platform of thrones. Where Derek stood in front of his parents and Chancellor Deaton. Stiles couldn't help but smile that spread across his face at the sight of his mate.
His father approached him and took conjoined their arms. His father led him down the aisle with his chin raised and his cheeks spread with a smile. “You look amazing...I'm so proud of you,” his father says as they walk down the aisle. As they reach the end Stiles smiles back at his father. “Thanks Papa,” he then turned and joined his mate before the king and queen and chancellor. “We are gathered here to celebrate the joining of Stiles Stilinski and Prince Derek Hale,” Deaton began.

The ceremony went beautifully, as they neared the end both Stiles and Derek were in tears. Finally it came time, Deaton looked between the magus and the wolf. “It is with great honor that before you, the gathered audience and the Gods I officially declare you married, you may kiss,” he praised. The crowd roared as Derek crushed his lips against his mates. The roars of the crowd only grow in volume. Once they part they turn to smile at their audience holding their joined hands high above their heads. They move out of the throne room outside where a carriage awaits them. Together the newly married couple climb in and wave as the crowd watches them leave. Once the crowd has vanished from his sight he turns to his husband. “So where are we being taken?” he asks. Derek smiles and shakes his head. Before taking his mates head into his hands and planting a chaste kiss on his lips. “It's a surprise my love, if I told you it wouldn't be a surprise.” Stiles gives a snort but decides that is all he will get out of his husband about the destination. He lays his head on the wolfs shoulder and drifts off to sleep.

He is woken by his shoulder being prodded. Slowly he opens his eyes to witness Derek beaming down at him. “We have arrived,” he says as he helps Stiles out of the carriage, the younger boy notes that dusk has settled on the kingdom blanketing the land in darkness. He was pulled from his thoughts when he felt his legs be swept out from underneath him. He then found himself being carried over a threshold into a small house by his husband. Sighing in content he rested his head against his mates chest. He was placed upon a bed with soft bedclothes. Propping himself up on his elbows Stiles watched as his new husband rid himself of his clothes before leaning over and trailing kisses along the magus’s neck ripping pleasure filled moans from his mate. He slowly pushed his hands underneath the younger mans shirt helping raise it above his head and then throwing it to the ground. He sucked his mates nipple into his mouth and swirled his tongue over the nub. “Oh Gods Der...feels so good,” he panted. Derek said nothing, just smiled as he trailed his tongue down his mates body before taking the magus’s leaking cock into his mouth he hummed around the muscle, sending vibrations that Stiles felt tingle their way up his body and through his spine. He arched his back trying to get closer to his mate. Suddenly Derek pulled off causing Stiles to whimper at the loss of heat on his cock. “Gotta get you ready dear” Derek said placing his fingers on the magic users lips. He groaned as he watched his digits be sucked into the warm and wet mouth, he had to will himself to remain standing till he felt his fingers were prepared enough. He went back down on Stiles’ member while slipping a finger slowly into the other man’s entrance. He smiled around the muscle in his mouth as he heard his mate groan and push back on his finger.

After he felt that he had opened up his spouse’s entrance enough he looked up at the gasping magus and smiled. “What do you want?”

“Please Derek...take me..prove to everyone that I'm yours” he begged as he writhed. Derek only nodded before lining himself up with his husband’s entrance and slowly pushing in. He stopped
when he heard Stiles grunt and take a breath. “Are you ok my love?” he asked concerned for his mates well being. Stiles gave a slow nod “Yes, just...hold on I need to adjust,” after a pregnant pause he let out a sigh and nodded his head “you can move,” he offered. Without a word Derek pulled back and then thrust back in causing his husband to gasp and moan.

Derek watched as his mate writhed under him, pushing back with each of his thrusts. He felt his heart jump with each moan and pant that escaped the magus’s lips. He felt himself getting closer to the edge and from the way his spouse was grunting and thrusting back he guessed that Stiles was close as well. “Yes Derek..GODS fill me, claim me, mark me. Make me yours,” Stiles begged. Derek gave one final thrust, with a howl he finished inside his mate. Seconds later Stiles fell off the edge shooting his release all over his bare chest. Derek pulled out and retrieved a wet rag and cleaned them both off before laying down on the bed next to his spent lover. “Did you enjoy that dear?” he asked with a smirk

“I..thoroughly enjoyed that love.” Stiles answered back.

The next night found Stiles reading a book on a chair next to the bed, Derek entered the room having just come back from his evening run when he knelt down in front of the magus. “I have a request,” he said looking deep into Stiles’ eyes. His husband quirked a brow.

“I want to feel you inside me tonight..I..I want you to mark me as yours” Stiles gave a smile at the news and nodded his head. Derek smiled back before rising and leading his mate to the bed. “How about we have some fun with it?” Stiles said. Before he could question what he meant Derek watched as Stiles snapped his fingers. He felt his arms be pulled in front of him, he looked down to see a length of rope around his wrists. Before he could say anything about it though Stiles waved his hand and Derek yelped as the ropes pulled him backwards causing him to crash onto the bed, the ropes pulled his arms above his head and tied themselves to the frame of the mattress. He gave a smirk to his husband.

Stiles crawled and positioned himself above his spouse. Slowly he leant forward and nibbled gently on the wolf’s earlobe. Then without warning he bit down with enough force to cause a surprised gasp to erupt from the prince. He then gave the same treatment to the other lobe. Then he trailed his way down the were’s nipples and sucked on one while pinching the other between his fingers. Derek arched his back into the attention causing Stiles to smile before he quickly bit down on the nipple earning a yelp from the prince. He then moved his way down to his spouse’s crotch, he wrapped his lips around the shaft and began to bob his head eliciting a moan from his prince. “Gods above Stiles do that again” he whimpered as he thrust up into the magus’s throat. Stiles smiled and pulled off causing Derek to whimper. Stiles then held a finger up for the wolf to see. Slowly he held it at Derek’ entrance and moved up along the ring of muscle. The prince suddenly felt a slick substance on his opening causing him to quirk a brow. “I love magic” his husband said as he pushed into the wolf who threw his head back and groaned. After a pause, he nodded his head and felt his spouse begin to thrust into him. He met each thrust with one of his own
as he pushed back on the shaft of his mate. It wasn't long before he felt the tell tale tingle in his groin the signify the nearing of his climax. After a moment he reached down to take himself into his hand only to have his wrist slapped away. He looked at the man between his legs who wagged a finger at him before placing his own hands around the wolf’s member. With one final thrust Stiles also stroked Derek’s shaft causing them both to erupt. Derek relished in the warm feeling of Stiles’ release in his body. He felt Stiles pull out and then laughed as the magic user collapsed beside him on the bed, panting to catch his breath. Derek gathered enough energy to wrap an arm around his husbands waist as they both drifted off to sleep.

It was their final day of their time at the cabin. Stiles woke, sat up and stretched. He stopped in the middle of his stretch, his arms still above his head as he stared at the group of people before him, and it brought tears to his eyes as recognition dawned on him. He raised his hand but before he could flick his wrist Deucalion waggled his finger and motioned to Derek. Despite his instincts telling him to wave his hand and kill them all Stiles prodded Derek in the shoulder waking him instantly. The wolf sat up and looked around. When his eyes settled on Deucalion and his pack his growled.

“Now I'm sure you are wanting to kill us..but I must warn you that should you follow through with that plan,” Deucalion began as he took a seat “no one will be able to find your father,” Stiles gaped at the Alpha King. he felt his magic surge at the increase in his anger. However he felt something grab his shoulder. He turned his head to see Derek touching him and give a slight shake of his head. Stiles willed his magic to recede and turned back to Deucalion.


“I want you to join me and my kingdom,” he answered. “If you do, your father will be allowed to walk free, and don't think about killing us and trying to find him yourself, we have an acquaintance of mine keeping track of him, should we not return in the morning, your father will be killed..so I suggest you come with us,” Stiles thought for a moment before sighing. He rose to his feet and dressed, as did Derek. He turned and stood in front of King Deucalion who motioned to his compatriots. Stiles was approached by Kali who grabbed his arm and slipped a band around his wrist. “That will keep your abilities from being a problem. Stiles glanced to Derek who was having a collar being placed around his neck by Ennis. “That will keep your beloved husband from shifting, now come with us.” he ordered. Stiles allowed himself to follow the alpha king with Derek beside him. Both of them kept silent as they were led through the forest.

That night they found themselves in front of Deucalion's palace. They were led inside and down a set of stairs into the dungeons. Stiles was forced into one cell having his hands cuffed in chains that held his wrists above his head. Derek was forced into the cell across from him, his ankles, wrists and neck chained to the floor. A strip of cloth was forced into Derek’s mouth preventing him from speaking. Without a word Deucalion and his group left the two of them.

It felt like forever before Deucalion strolled into the dungeons, standing before Derek and Stiles with his back towards the prince. “I want to make it very clear that I do intend to harm your or the prince,”
he began.

“No you just want to use me as a weapon to knock out the other kingdoms..and I can assure you,” Stiles seethed “I will never..ever help you with that..I would rather die” he spat at Deucalion. The alpha just gave a cruel smile and snapped his fingers. Kali stepped out of the shadows and entered Derek’s cell, she extended the claws on her hands and held them to the prince’s throat.

“Now as I was saying.” Deucalion began “I don't intend on hurting you however should you refuse to cooperate with me...I’ll be forced to have to harm your precious husband.” Stiles looked to Derek gave a slight shake of his head. Kali having felt the movement gave a wicked smile and dug her claws into his neck. Deucalion sighed. “Kali,” he warned. Rolling her eyes the she wolf loosened her grip on the prince’s neck. “What is it that you want me to do?” Stiles asked.

The alpha smiled “There is a man in my kingdom, he has secretly been rallying a group to try to overthrow me, I want you to pay him a visit..and convince him to remain loyal to me, should you fail you will be forced to have to find another mate.” Deucalion said as he unlatched Stiles's chains. “You have until tomorrow at sunset” he was led out of the dungeons and out of the palace. Before he turned and walked away Deucalion handed him a piece of parchment on which described the man’s house.

It was sunset when he found the man's house, he knocked on the door to the man's house. After a moment he heard someone approach.

“Who are you and what do you want?” a voice called out.

“Please sir, my name is Stiles Stilinski. I am from the Hale kingdom,” he paused thinking up a lie that would gain the man's trust. “I've come to discuss an arrangement with you,” he says. There was a pregnant pause filled with silence, before the door opened to reveal a man in a cloak. He motioned for Stiles to enter. As he crossed the threshold the man slammed the door quickly behind him. “You've come from the Hale kingdom?” the man inquired to which Stiles nodded.

“I have and we know that you plan on starting a rebellion against Deucalion and we are with you, however I was sent to warn you that your methods are...obvious to say the least. We have reason to believe that Deucalion is planning to silence you permanently if you don't stick to the shadows with your plan.” Stiles explained. He watched as the man absorbed his words.

“I understand, but you have to understand that he is a monster, a madman” he pleaded. Stiles nodded. “I understand, which is why we are wanting to help you but we can not afford for you to be killed.” Stiles countered. The man nodded before he gave a deep bow. “Danny Mahealani at your
Stiles spent the night at Danny’s house, deciding it too late to head back to the castle. However the next morning he woke up bright and early to make sure that the human would act compliant to Deucalion. Once he was assured that there would be no obvious uprising planning he left.

“They were taken” Talia summarized as her and the rest of the Hales stood in the home where Derek and Stiles had planned on spending their two days after their wedding.

“I'm not catching any scents though,” Peter countered. As he stepped back in the house from patrolling the woods.

“I am...and it's an old friend of ours,” King Alexander said as he turned from where he stood at the end of the bed towards his wife. “Deucalion.” he explained. Talia’s eyes turned crimson as she roared. Peter stepped to stand beside his sister and embraced her. “Don't worry..we will get them back, and he will pay for what he has done,” Peter said as he rubbed his hands over the queen’s back. She nodded into his shoulder before turning to the rest of her family. “We set out for his kingdom..NOW,” she roared before taking off into the woods, her family tailing right behind her.

Due to him having to walk it was just before sunset when he arrived back at the castle. As he opened the door, he was faced with a scene before him that made his heart break.

Derek was on his hands and knees before Deucalion who held a chain that connected to the restraining collar around the prince’s neck. Stiles watched as the alpha King who had his boots resting on the young wolf’s back kept pulling on the chain causing Derek to sputter and choke. Meanwhile the other wolves in Deucalion’s pack were cheering as they whipped at Derek, striking his face, his back, his legs, and arms covering his body with cuts that bled deeply only to heal and close up. “ENOUGH” he roared into the throne room. The wolves, including Derek turned to face him.

“Ahh Stiles, I take it the man has given up on his futile attempts to overthrow me?” Deucalion raised a brow as he removed his boots from Derek’s back and stood, he approached the magus dragging the wolf prince with him. Stiles shot a glance to his husband who kept his gaze on the floor. “He has indeed King Deucalion, now release my husband,” Stiles ordered. Deucalion studied him before looking down at Derek. “I don't think I will, you see he makes a nice..pet, if you won't join us maybe he will once he watches your dead body hit the floor.” a growl was heard that emanated from Derek on the ground. “Oh don't worry, I'm not going to kill your mate just yet”
“You won’t lay a hand on either one of them, ever again” A voice shouted. Everyone turned to the palace doorway where the Hale pack stood, covered in blood and shifted, ready to fight.

“Ah Talia and Alexander, how nice of you to join us,” Deucalion taunted. Stiles watched as Talia and her husband lunged at the deranged king. Meanwhile Peter tackled Ennis. Laura and Nathaniel teamed up on Kali who snarled at the two betas. Immediately he felt his magic surge within him he waved his hand at his husband and watched as the wolf’s skin recolored itself, turning to it’s usual hue. He then turned to look at both Ethan and Aiden who shook their heads and ran off.

A roar filled the room, everyone turned to watch as Deucalion swiped his claws along King Alexander’s neck, blood spurted from the wound and the king’s eyes rolled back into his head as his body fell to the ground...lifeless.

Stiles felt his heart drop into his stomach, he suddenly found himself on his knees in front of the fallen king. Everyone gasped as the air around them crackled with power. Suddenly Deucalion was being dragged to the magus by an unseen force. “You wanted my power!” Stiles growled and rose to his feet. The gathered crowd watched as with each step Stiles took towards Deucalion the floor cracked with white light seeping through. They observed as Stiles’ eyes glowed pure white. “You think you are worthy to call yourself King, think yourself worthy to have this much power?” Stiles roared as he placed his hands on the wolf’s temples ripping a roar of pain from the man. “You have taken innocent lives, killed many people,” Stiles said “And now...they have come to return the favor.” He smiled. Suddenly Deucalion let’s lose another scream, white light bursts from his eyes and mouth as if he was a torch. A sudden burst of magic erupts from Stiles causing the entire castle to crumble around them. The rest of the fighters are forced to dodge and find cover from falling debris. Everyone watched Stiles as he tossed away Deucalion's lifeless body away from him as the last of the castle’s walls fell. In the end, Stiles was left in the middle of the rubble, his eyes still glowing bright white as he looked at the rest of the wolves. With a snap of his fingers Kali, and Ennis’s necks twisted to abruptly that they were facing backwards. Their lifeless bodies fell to the ground. Everyone turned to Stiles who was staring at the dead body of Alexander. “I'm so sorry” he sobbed before he blinked out of existence.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for reading and I am sorry about the delay..I'm also sorry for the ending..it'll be alright..don't cry.. it'll get better tomorrow.

Comments and Kudos are appreciated and don't forget to check out my tumblr.

Thank you again and Happy Reading

-Grim
How We Reunite

Chapter Summary

Stiles makes a discovery and has a much needed conversation with a friend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The remaining Hales stand in the rubble, Talia clutching her deceased husband’s body in her arms. Laura, Cora, Nathaniel, and Peter surround her, taking the distraught queen in their arms. Derek stands in the same spot as when Stiles left looking at where his mate had stood. Tears fill his eyes and he crumbles to his knees. His roar tears through the sky.

Stiles finds himself in the home where he and Derek spent their days after marriage, he looks around the bedroom and memories fill his mind of the nights that they spent together. He sat down on the bed and laid his head in his hands and wept. ‘I could have saved him, I could have prevented all of this’ he thought to himself. Distantly he could feel his mate bond with Derek, he could sense the despair and sadness that the prince was feeling. He looked out the window of the room and watched as the sun set over the horizon. In a blink of an eye he was no longer in the small cabin.

He appeared before his mother’s grave marker in front of a willow tree. He knelt down before it and sobbed. “I failed him mother,” he began, “I am the reason that King Alexander was killed, I could have saved him..but I didn't even try.” he fell forward and gripped tightly at the grave marker, it was a simple cross made of wood, it had etchings that Noah had done when it was first placed in the ground. The marker itself was surrounded by lilies and other flowers. Stiles lifted his hand and gave it a wave. He smiled as he watched the flowers curl themselves into a wreath, he hung it over the top portion of the cross as if it was a crown. “I can't even imagine what the Hale’s think of me mother,” he said after a moment of silence. “I'm afraid..I'm afraid that if I go back they will have me executed..not that I don't deserve to die for what I’ve done but, I can't leave father alone, should anything happen to me father will surely join me in death and I won't allow it.” he finished. He snapped his fingers to summon a small flame that would keep him warm throughout the night but not spread to affect the surrounding beauty of nature.

“Where could he have gone?” Derek asked in panic. He had scoured the entire castle in search of Stiles to no avail. He had sent riders to his father’s home but the man denied knowing where his son was located. He had even ordered Deaton to use magic to try to find him but the druid explained to him that should Stiles wish to conceal his location no force on earth would be able to find him. Derek sat down on the throne he used as a prince. His mother knelt before him and gathered her son in her
arms. “Where is he? where could he have gone?” He cried into his mother’s shoulder “I'm lost without him..I'll die if anything has happened to him.” Talia said nothing as she knew there was nothing to say, how do you comfort your child who has no idea where their bonded mate is and with no way of finding them.

Stiles had kept away from the castle and society by sticking to the shadows of the forests on the outskirts of the kingdom for two months, he lived mainly off of what he could find but sometimes used his magic to conjure what he needed. He could feel his mate bond with Derek fading a bit more every day but he was afraid of the new king’s wrath should he face him.

One day however as he was bathing in a nearby river he looked down at his reflection and saw that his eyes were glowing their pure white as they did whenever he used his magic. He frowned at this because he knew he wasn't using his magic therefore his eyes should not be glowing he retreated from the water and dressed. Sitting down he began to meditate. For a moment he felt nothing, just the gentle breeze of the wind as it swept through his overgrown jungle of hair. Suddenly though he felt a powerful tug in his gut. It pulled at his magic with enough force that he almost let out a scream of surprise. He decided to trust his instincts and followed it with his magic.

He could tell he was not near the river anymore for he did not hear the sound of rushing water. Opening his eyes he looked around. He was surrounded by woods but he felt a sense of familiarity in the back of his head. He looked down to see that he was sitting cross legged on the old stump of the nemeton, the neutral ground of all the kingdoms but also the center of magic throughout the realm. What perplexed him even more was the thrumming of his magic that he felt as if his magic was surging to no end.

A twig snapped near him and he shot his gaze in the direction of the sound. What he saw shocked him and scared him at the same time...Leaning up against the tree with his arms crossed over his chest and a calming smile plastered on his face stood King Alexander Hale. Stiles could barely make himself speak as he watched the man slowly approach him without a word. Once he stood before the amazed magus did the king finally speak.

“You know, I never expected your hair to be able to grow so much in such little time” he chuckled. Though Stiles said nothing about it, deciding it best to figure out what was going on.

“Forgive me my liege but..how are you here? I watched you die..did I..did I bring you back like I did with Derek?” he stammered. He winced as the king’s smile turned into a frown before the man shook his head. “No Stiles, I have moved on from this life, it’s as I told you, you were only able to bring my son back to life through your now fading mating bond,” he explained and Stiles ducked his head when the king revealed that he knew of the fading mate bond. “Me and you obviously were not mated so you were and still are unable to bring me back and that is ok Stiles.” the king finished.
“It’s not ok,” Stiles shouted, “It’s not ok, because of me you died, because of me your sons and daughters are without a father, because of me your wife is now a widow..I will never forgive myself for allowing you to die.” Stiles finished as tears manifest in his eyes.

“My dear child, why do you think it is your fault that I was killed?” Alexander asked taking a seat next to the tearful magus. “It’s my fault because Cora had removed the wrist band before you died, I could have killed Deucalion and his pack with a flick of my wrist..but I didn’t and because i hesitated your dead.” Stiles confessed. Alexander said nothing for a moment before he sighed. “Stiles even I’m not angry at you for not killing them before I died, I’m more upset that you have allowed yourself to slip into this sadness alone.” The fallen king admitted as he rose and looked into the horizon. Stiles knew the deadman was right, with a sigh he gave a nod that would go unseen by the other man. “I have spent all the time I could here..I must return back” Alexander said as he turned to the magus.

“My liege, if I may..how did you even manage to get here?” Stiles asked with a quirked brow. The king smiled at him “The Nemeton is a living tree no matter it's current status,” he began, “You Stiles, being a Magus have a deep connection to it because it is the center of magic of the kingdoms. It felt your sadness and gave you what you needed. It allowed me to come speak with you to put your emotions away and find closure. However doing this has cost the Nemeton a lot of it's stored energy, you will not be able to do this again.” Alexander clarified. Stiles gave a hesitant nod before rising and stepping down from the stump. He turned to his fallen king and gave a bow “Goodbye your Majesty.”

He stayed bowed even when the King approached him and planted a kiss on the top of his head “Goodbye my child.” with those words the form of Alexander Hale faded away. Stiles wiped his tears and began his trek to the palace of Hales.

Derek sat on the middle throne while his family sat around him, the throne that belonged to the kings mate was empty but no one said anything. Derek would like to admit that he moved on from Stiles but deep down he knew he still held a flame for the boy who had once been his mate. Today was a consultation day, but Derek had grown bored after the first subject who had come to speak with him yet he still sat upon his throne listening to the ramblings of his people. He was currently listening to a debate between two men who were arguing on the boundary line of their lands. Derek knew this was just a basic feud between two angry neighbors though.

“I have heard enough,” he finally spoke up to cease their current arguing. “I have decided that in the morning I will send a rider of mine to decide a fair boundary line, his decision will be final, should one of you complain the other man will gain slightly more land for each complaint, is that understood?” he declared. The two men gaped at him but finally gave a nod. Derek waved them away and they left. He called for the next person to present themselves. A cloaked figure stepped forward, a hood covered his face preventing any of the royals from identifying him. Derek shrugged
it off however deciding that it was not important. “You may speak,” he prompted. The figure gave a sigh but kept his head lowered.

“I have come to beg for his forgiveness..I have committed a horrible crime your Majesty,” the figure spoke. Derek glanced around at his family before sitting up straighter, he narrowed his eyes. “Erm..what is it that you have done?” Derek asked, confusion evident in his tone.

“I am responsible for a mans death, and I have turned my back on my family,” the figure responded before raising their chin to look Derek in the eye. Part of the cloak still concealed a vast majority of their face but Derek could have sworn he recognized the eyes of the stranger. “And I have come to ask for your Majesties forgiveness” the figure said.

“Who..who are you?” Derek asked as he sat forward and stared at the man before him. With the way crinkles appeared around the only visible eye of the stranger Derek guessed that the subject was smiling. Slowly the figure raised his hands and gripped the hood cloak tightly before throwing it back.

Derek’s heart stopped as he stared back into the eyes of his smiling husband. Around him his family let out a gasp of surprise. Derek himself was speechless, unable to say anything, even as he watched Stiles kneel at his feet with his head bowed. “I was unable to save your father, even when I had the chance..and for that I have come to ask your forgiveness sire,” the magus said. “I am aware that I am undeserving of it but I implore you your Majesty to forgive me,” Stiles said finally looking up into his spouse’s eyes. Derek swallowed hard before he rose from his throne and approached the kneeling magus. The rest of the room was dead silent as they watched their king stand over the one who had just admitted to failing to save the previous ruler. Talia watched her son as his expression morphed from one of amazement to one void of emotion. Finally he turned to the guards nearby. “Take him to my chambers, he will be dealt with there,” The guards gave a pause before nodding and lifting Stiles who watched Derek with tears in his eyes. Giving a nod he allowed himself to be led away. Derek however did his best to temper his emotions as he reclaimed his seat on the throne, avoiding the surprised looks of his family, he. He called the next subject who slowly approached, confusion and uncertainty filled their scent.

Stiles was led to the chambers that had belonged to Alexander and Talia but clearly were now inhabited by Derek. His hands weren't bound and the nullifying band wasn't placed on his wrist, he was totally capable of snapping himself back in front of Derek but decided against it in favor of sitting on the edge of the bed to wait for the new King.

Derek waved away the last subject and leant forward to bury his head in his hands. “What are you
going to do now Derek?” his mother asked from beside him. For a moment he said nothing, he gave out a sigh and looked up at nothing in particular. “I don’t know mother..I know he isn’t the cause of father’s death but..” he paused for a moment “He left me for two months..our bond is faded now..I don’t know what to do.” he admitted.

Peter rose and approached his nephew “Do you still love him?” Derek gave a slight nod “then you go into your chambers, you listen to the boy, you assure him that you are not mad and that what happened was in no way his fault..then you you love him with all your heart, you hear me boy?” Peter’s voice took on an authoritative tone near the end that even surprised Derek. The younger wolf hesitated but gave a nod. He rose to his feet and wiped his face with his hand. He turned and made his way to his chambers.

As he neared the door he could hear Stiles’ heartbeat from the room. Taking a second to compose himself he opened the doors, his husband was sitting on the bay window looking out to the bustling of those outside the palace. However the magus quickly moved from his place and fell to his knees. “Your Majesty,” he whispered. Derek just stared at the man he loved with all his being, and in truth he did love this boy before him, but he also felt a sharp stab of pain as he observed his mate kneel before him like he used to when he was a mere servant. Derek moved to stand directly in front of the magus and carded his hands through the younger boys hair. “I have missed you Stiles,” he admitted. When the boy said nothing he sighed and stepped back “rise, we have much to discuss” he moved to sit on the bed and smiled when Stiles took a seat next to him. “Stiles..” the young king began “why do you think that the death of my father is your fault?”

Stiles let out a broken sigh “because your Majesty, Princess Cora had removed the bracelet from my wrist that prevented me from using the full potential of my magic..I could have saved your father but.” he looked away and seemed to close in on himself, “I didn't do anything, I let him die.” he paused and took a breath, Derek could hear the young magic user’s heart beating rapidly in his chest “I lost my mother at a very young age, and I would wish the loss of a parent on no one, not even my worst enemy” he explained “but now because of me you have experienced a pain that ripped a whole in your heart so vast that nothing can fill it, because of my hesitation your mother is a widow.” he continued but this time he turned to look Derek in the eyes and the young king’s heart felt as if it was ripping itself to pieces at the mere sight of the crying man. “Your father told me that he wasn’t angry and that you wouldn't be either..but I can see that he assumed wrong, I accept whatever punishment you deem fit.” Stiles slumped in defeat.

Derek quirked a brow. “What do you mean my father told you that he wasn't angry that he died?” Derek asked quizzically

“While I was..away” Stiles struggled to find the right wording. “I was pulled to the Nemeton, it's the center for all magic, and it pulled me to it to give me an audience with your father.” Stiles explained “he told me that he wasn't angry and that I shouldn't blame myself for his death, he also told me that you and your family didn't blame me” Stiles again averted his eyes.
“He was right Stiles, we don't blame you, we blame Deucalion for my father’s death.” Derek assured the magus. “but …” Stiles shot him a look of surprise and hurt and confusion “I do blame you for leaving me Stiles,” the young wolf watched as tears began rolling down his spouse’s cheeks. “You left me at a time when I needed you most, I sent scouts everywhere looking for you but you went unfound, I ordered Deaton to use his magic to find you but he couldn't because he said that you are too powerful for him to locate should you wish to not be found.” Derek’s voice was becoming more strained and tears threatened him to make an appearance. “Two months without my husband, without my mate. Two months without the one I love, not even your father knew where you might be” Derek allowed the tears to flow as he mentioned the older Stilinski. “Our bond is broken due to being so far away from each other for so long, we are technically still wed but we hold no mating bond” Derek pulled back the collar of his shirt to reveal that the mating bite had faded. “I love you with all my heart Stiles..but I can't lose you like that again” Derek confessed. He wished he could say he was caught off guard by the sobs that began seeping out from the magus but in truth he wanted to see the boy cry, to feel the same pain that Derek had felt. “I'm sorry Derek..I'm so sorry, I love you too, I do I really do, I'm just so so sorry” Stiles sobbed. Derek didn't move for a moment before he finally caved and his wolf called out to his mate. He gathered the magus in his arms and began to soothe him. “I know you are Stiles, I'm sorry, I'm sorry for allowing you to think it was your fault.” Derek finally said. Once the sobs turned to sniffles Stiles pulled away and looked longingly into the wolf’s eyes. “you ..you forgive me?” At the moment Derek wanted nothing more than to take the boy in his arms and keep him from the world, for his mate looked so beyond vulnerable and small that he couldn't help but let his wolf rise to the service. “Yes Stiles I forgive you.” Stiles nodded and gave a weak smile.

“You should rest, two months without a bed can do alot to someone, especially with they are on a self destructive crusade of blaming themselves” Derek smirked but Stiles only winced. “You can sleep here, I'll take the couch, just like old times.” Stiles looked at him before he shook his head negative. “If I am to rest I require you to be there with me, next to me..that is if...you still want me,” Stiles panicked. Before his husband could delve into a full blown fit of panic Derek took the boy in his arms and carried him to the bed before laying him down and taking his space behind him, he pulled the bed covers over the two of them and smiled against his magus’s neck.

“I will always want you my love.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for reading. I hope you enjoyed this chapter, took some great planning with my amazing beta reader to get this written

Comments and kudos are well appreciated and I am extremely thankful for all the support that has been shown thus far

Happy Reading
Chapter Summary

ONE MORE CHAPTER AFTER THIS EEEEEEEE!!!!!

Stiles and Derek vent their feelings to each other before having a much needed cry session filled with confessions and memories. All before much needed make up sex and reclaiming of love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles woke the next morning to find Derek’s side of the bed empty and immediately panic crept it's way into his heart and mind. He jolted into a sitting position and began looking around the room to find no one else in it. He slowly rose and left the bedroom. He was surprised to see Derek sitting on the window sill looking out the window at the streets below. He was holding something in his hands but Stiles was unable to make it out.

Stiles guessed that the wolf heard him enter from the bedroom because he quickly turned to give a shy smile to the magus. “Good morning,” Derek said.

“Good morning, your Majesty,” Stiles responded which caused the other man to wince as if he had been stabbed. “Stiles..why do you call me by my title?” He asked giving Stiles a pained look.

“You are my king, I am supposed to address you as such,” Stiles answered averting his eyes to the ground. He flinched when he felt the king rest a hand on his shoulder. “I am the king Stiles, that much is true, but you do not have to address me with formalities..we are husbands first,” Stiles turned his gaze upward with tear filled eyes. He gave a short nod and allowed himself to be pulled into an embrace.

After a moment they parted and Stiles took a breath, “We should get the mate bond reestablished,” he said as he glanced toward the bed. It wasn’t that he was scared to have sex with Derek, it was more the fact that the last time they had done it was before Alexander died and before Stiles left.

“We can do that tonight if you are alright with it,” he began, “however..” Stiles quickly looked at him, his emotions were suddenly mixed of confusion, surprise and worry. “I am not going to lie to you Stiles I am still hurt that you left me after my father's death,” he continued, though this time he too seemed uncertain of himself/ “I want to know that you will not leave me again, I need you to prove that to me.”
“How do you want me to do that Derek?” Stiles asked, now he was confused, there were so many things he could do to prove his love to Derek but it would all fall upon the wolf to decide if it was enough, basically leaving Stiles to fight an uphill battle. But he also knew that he would do whatever it took to prove to his husband that he wasn't going anywhere...even if it killed him. “I don't know Stiles, but you're smart, you'll figure it out.” the wolf answered. Stiles rested his hands on either side of his mate's face and leaned in for a kiss. When pulled away to smile at the man he let out a gasp of shock.

Blue eyes stared back at him with a raised brow.

“What do you mean you never accepted the rank of alpha!” Stiles exclaimed, he was sitting with Talia and Derek in his and the king’s shared room.

“Stiles-I-” Derek began only to be cut off by the magus

“So what the kingdom has been ruled by a beta wolf...you know that’s not how this works Derek, you became king so you are to become an alpha.” Stiles shouted causing his husband to slump his shoulders.

“Stiles I told Derek he needed to become an alpha but he turned it down because-” she too was cut off by the fuming magus.

“Why cause he didn't think he deserved it...well let me tell you-”

“I DIDN'T ACCEPT IT CAUSE YOU WEREN'T THERE,” Derek roared as he shot to his feet, he had shifted in his anger and to be truthful, it scared Stiles for a moment. “There Stiles, you got your answer, I didn't accept the rank of alpha cause I didn't have my mate to rule beside me, I didn't have my husband with me to watch the ceremony. I didn't have you because you had assumed that everyone was going to blame you for something you didn't cause and ran like a coward rather than face the truth.” Stiles stepped back as if the words his husband said manifested a physical form and had struck him. “And now, here I am being berated by that same coward because he won't let me get a word in...you shouldn't have...you shouldn't have come back” Derek muttered before he fled the room. Talia rose too and offered a somber smile to the magus and left after her son.

Stiles back himself into the wall and crumbled. ‘He's right’ he thought to himself. ‘I was a coward, I shouldn't have come back’ he curled into himself and wept ‘I should have just stayed away...I failed
Alexander because now I have made a bad thing worse.’ but then he remembered the fallen king’s last words to him, “The Nemeton allowed me to come here to give you a message, to find closure” and then... all the pieces fit together. Stiles had thought that closure was Alexander and his family assuring him that they were not angry but in actuality, it was also witnessing the emotions that his husband had bottled up just as he had. He rose, wiped his tears and left the room to find the man he loved.

Stiles had searched the entire palace but to no avail of finding Derek, he was about to give up when again he remembered what he had been told by the phantom king ‘You have a connection to the Nemeton because it is the center of magic throughout the kingdoms’ and suddenly he had an idea. Using his magic he allowed himself to be pulled to the magical stump, taking a seat in the center of it, he closed his eyes and allowed his magic to pour throughout the land. He focused his consciousness onto the one person he was looking for. He smiled once he envisioned his heartbroken mate sitting by a river looking at it as if he was expecting someone to sit with him. Stiles then felt the Nemeton fade from underneath him. He opened his eyes to see that he was standing against an oak tree behind the wolf king. Apparently his scent had not been noticed so he decided to use it to his advantage. He slowly moved to sit next to his husband and joined in staring at the river.

“I'm sorry for how I acted.” he admitted. Derek shot him a glance of confusion

“How did you find me? I never told you about this place,” Derek asked.

“I'm connected to the Nemeton..or so your father told me, meaning that since it is connected to all the kingdoms.I am as well, it was only a matter of allowing it to show me where you were.” Stiles explained. For a moment Derek said nothing. But then he let out a deep sigh and looked to his spouse. “I am sorry for calling you a coward..it was uncouth and not true..you were heartbroken and scared, but you are not a coward.” Derek bowed his head in shame. Stiles gave a nod before he moved closer and embraced his husband. “I'm sorry for how I treated you, I was just..surprised that you denied becoming an alpha,” after he said this neither of them said nothing. Stiles then however became even more curious. “I've been meaning to ask you,” he began to which Derek quirked a brow. “Your eyes are blue as a beta, but Laura’s and Cora’s and Nathaniel’s are golden...why is that?” Derek can feel the color drain from his face.

“I killed someone”

“We were young, she was from one of the villages, me and her began courting before we even knew what courting was,” Derek says with a sad smile as he remembers his first love. “She knew everything about me and I her, we met up every day here,” he gestures to their current location and
Suddenly Stiles can't help but feel like he is intruding on Derek's sanctuary. "But one day everything changed. Deucalion and his pack came through to visit. Ennis found me with her and for an unknown reason he attacked, he bit her." Tears began to form in the wolf's eyes. "But the bite... it didn't take, I watched as the bite began killing her from the inside." He wiped his face with the back of his hand to get rid of the tears that were now streaming down his face. "She begged me to make it stop, at first I didn't know what she meant but then she asked me?"

"She asked you to kill her," Stiles guesses to which Derek nods. "I snapped her neck so it would be quick and painless" he begins sobbing now, Stiles moves to embrace his husband in his arms. "You did what she asked for Derek, she was going to die a painful agonizingly slow death, what you did was grant her mercy" Derek just continues to sob into Stiles's chest but the magus does not complain or resist. Once the sobs turn to sniffles they lay back, with Derek resting his ear on Stiles's sternum, listening to his heart beat.

"When I was eight years old my mother began acting strange, she would be talking then suddenly shed stop and stare at me" Stiles began after a long period of silence between the two of them. "Or she would be doing something and then she'd start to cry for no reason, we took her to a healer but they didn't know what was wrong with her. As it progressed she became mad, it started with the yelling. We would be eating our supper and she would just start screaming at me. One day though she took it past that," Derek looked up at the magus as he listened. "She took her knife and lunged at me, my father was able to catch her before anything happened but nothing was ever the same." He stops for a moment and lets out a broken sigh "the days before she died she accused me of trying to kill her, she even ran out into the village one day to scream for help, that I was trying to murder her, luckily no one believed her and called for my father who took her home." Derek can see as tears began trailing down the magus's face but he doesn't move. "I was eleven years of age when my mother died in front of me, I was by her bedside as she lay on her deathbed. Her last words to me were that I at fault and to blame for her death... my mother died hating me, thinking that I was the reason she died." Now Derek does move, he nuzzles against Stiles' neck to soothe him. "Thank you for telling me," he whispers. Stiles says nothing.

Later that evening after Stiles convinces him it needs to be done Derek allows his mother to pass on the alpha spark to him, it's an odd ceremony Stiles thinks as he watches Talia produce a dagger and cut into her palm she then allows the blood to drip into a small goblet, the rest of the hales then follow suit and for a moment Stiles thinks that Derek is gonna drink his families shed blood. His fears are quenched when Derek merely cuts into his own palm and his blood joined the pool. Deaton who had been standing next to Stiles steps forward and takes the goblet, he holds it in front of Derek and begins muttering an incantation. Stiles watches with amazement as the goblet begins to glow from the inside Deaton dips a finger and then begins to pain the blood on Derek's face and neck. Stiles almost gasps as he watches the blood be absorbed into Derek's skin and soon he throws his head back and lets loose a mighty howl. Once he has composed himself he looks to his family and then to Stiles. Stiles smiles as he sees crimson eyes stare back at him.
Later that night Stiles is in his and Derek’s chambers waiting for the wolf to join him. After a while the doors open and Derek enters. “Are you sure you still want to do this?” Derek asks with genuine concern. Stiles doesn’t even take a second to think before he nods to his husband. Together they stroll into the bedroom. “Oh I have something for you,” Stiles says causing Derek to quirk a brow, he opens his palm to the wolf and focuses his magic. Derek’s jaw dropped as two golden rings manifest before him, both of them have a moonstone surrounded by diamonds that made it look like a shining full moon. “Now everyone will know that we are wed without a doubt.” Stiles explains with a smile. Derek stares back at him in awe before offering his own smile. He then whispers in the magus’ ear “how about you get rid of our clothes and I can thank you properly.” Stiles waves his hand magically removing their clothes before Derek gently pushes him onto the bed and pounces.

Stiles had thought that the sex with Derek before Alexander’s death was good but now...he can barely contain his moans as his husband opens him up in preparation after having been peppered in kisses and gentle bites.

“Please Derek claim me as your, show everyone I still belong to you, I will always belong to you.” Stiles pleads causing the wolf king to smile

“Do you promise?” he inquires as he inserts another finger into Stiles’ entrance.

“I do. I promise, I’m not ever leaving you again, I would rather die just please..take me NOW” Stiles barks causing his husband to laugh.

“One more then I will mark you as mine both inside and out, no one will question the hold I have on you nor the one you have on me.” Derek growls with a smile. Once he feels that his mate has been prepared enough he lines himself up. “Hold on my love<” he warns before thrusting himself inside. Stiles takes him to the hilt much to the king’s pleasure. “Gonna take you as many times as I want, you said it yourself, your not leaving me,” Derek grumbles into his mate’s ear sending shivers up the younger man’s spine. “That means we can do this to our dying day,” Derek says as he waits. Finally Stiles nods his head signaling he can move and Derek pulls out before going right back in eliciting numerous moans of pleasure from the magus. “GODS ABOVE DER” Stiles gasps as he arches his back and thrusts his hips back onto his mates cock.

As they neared their climaxes Derek leaned forward, he circled his finger over the area where the claiming bite had once been on Stiles collar bone, “Gonna bite you right here and leave my mark on you,” he smiled. Stiles trailed his own fingers on the same area of Derek’s body. “Only if I can do the same.” Derek smiles back. He feels his groin begin to tingle and opens his mouth, Stiles mimics him as he clenches around his mates cock, simultaneously they bite down on each others’ collar bone, effectively establishing the mating bond.
They don’t leave their room for four days after that, having glorious ‘make up sex’ as Stiles calls it for having missed two months of fucking and being fucked by his mate.

Finally on the fourth night Derek watches as Stiles approaches him with a wicked grin. “What are you smi-” he is cut off as Stiles snaps his fingers summoning two lengths of rope, Derek prepares himself to be bound by the ropes but instead Stiles holds out his wrists and the ropes secure themselves, tying his hands together. One of the ropes then shoots up and ties itself around his neck acting like a collar that hold his neck and hands together. Stiles grins at the shocked wolf “how about you claim me like this to show that you are in total control, that I will never ever leave you..to show that I give myself over to you.” Derek gapes at the boy for a second more before he lets loose a lust filled growl and drags the boy to their bed. He throws his mate on the bed and lunges at the giggling magus.

That night after he mark and claimed and bit and scratched his bound mate numerous times he collapses next his panting mate, he himself is just barely managing to catch his breath but he isn't complaining He hears Stiles snap his fingers and the ropes disappear.

“Did you enjoy that?” Stiles asks

“I think you have proven that you aren't going anywhere,” Derek replies as he wraps an arm over his husbands waist. His words have an instant effect on the magus. Derek pulls the other man close to his chest as his mate cries. Once he manages to turn the sobs into sniffles he hears Stiles whisper into his chest “thank you”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you ALL SOOOO much for your support, comments, and kudos cant tell you how much that makes me smile. I know this story isn't going to be as long as my other Sterek but trust me when I say the next Sterek fic I write is gonna have most likely over 30 chapters but I wont spoil anything about it ;)

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter, let me know what you thought and what you think the ending is going to be like <3

Happy Reading and be sure to check me out on tumblr

_Grim
How I Serve

Chapter Summary

Stiles gives his father a gift and is given one himself by a new friend.

*Im sorry but summaries are legit the bane of my existence*

Also ps I listened to 'Hollow' by Breaking Benjamin while writing this, and honestly I dont know why but its kinda fitting. just thought yall should know if you wanna listen to it while reading

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stile sat with his father in his old house. They were both eating porridge, and as much as Stiles had grown accustomed to the taste of the food from the castle he couldn't help but miss the taste of the soupy food. Finally he looked around the small home that had belonged to his family as far back as when the Hale’s became the ruling family and sighed. He pushed his food away from him and rose. His father arched a brow but said nothing.

“Father..have you ever tried to fix this place up?” he asked. His parent let out a sigh and rose to stand beside him. “I did..when your mother was alive, had everything I needed to do it,” he began. Stiles could see the hurt and turmoil in his eyes. “But then she passed and I just couldn't bring myself to do it,” his father finished. Stiles nodded and the older Stilinski’s shoulder. “Which is why I’m doing this.” he calmly explained as he waved his hand. Before their very eyes the room began to shimmer. The holes in the walls and floors mended themselves. The sunken in roof expanded back to its original shape. A broken window near the back of the house that had been boarded up was filled with glass again. After a few moments the house looked as if it had just been built. Noah looked around the house as before he turned to his son with tears in his eyes. “Your mother would be happy to see what you have become,” Stiles faltered at his father’s words but he gave a short nod. “I must return to the palace,” he said after a moment, his father nodded and embraced him in a hug. Stiles returned the gesture before he ‘blinked’ as Derek had come to call his magical teleportation away from the house.

He was surprised when he found himself not in the palace but in front of the Nemeton, what shocked him even more was that there was a woman wrapped in dark brown clothes sitting in the center of the stump smiling at him. He quirked a brow at her but said nothing.

“I have been waiting for you to prove yourself my child,” her voice was soothing but hollow, as if her voice was a distant breeze. At this his eyes widened.
“Who are you? Why did you call me your child?” he demanded. He kept his magic under wraps but he allowed his voice to carry the full extent of his confusion and anger.

“I am the personification of the Nemeton, it's essence if you will” she explained before motioning for Stiles to join her. Reluctantly the magus moved forward and sat at the edge of the stump. Apparently he wasn't the best at masking his confusion and wonder as the woman laughed. “I speak the truth Mieczysław, you are connected to me through your magic, you are as much my child as you were Claudia Stilinski’s, I am the reason your spark and mage aspects conjoined,” she smiled at him and moved closer to sit next to the young king. “I saw and felt your heartbreak as you watched King Alexander die by Deucalion’s hand. I brought forth the fallen kings spirit to speak with you because watching your sadness broke my heart. I pulled you to me so he could speak with him because that was what you needed.” she finished.

So what are you doing now? In this form?” he asked as he gestured to her physical being. She gave a sad smile and looked into the forest “I was once a great tree, i stood above all the rest because of my power,” she began “I radiated magic, so many were in amazement of my raw energy” her voice turned cold and depressed. “But there were those who wanted my power for themselves..they came at night and tried to take it, but I am not one to give my power away as if it was nothing.” she turned her gaze to the magus “When they realized they would not be able to take my power they decided to cut me down, There is no pain like watching your own body be mutilated and torn apart, However I still had enough power to function because they were unwise to not cut my roots.” She finished and Stiles felt more confusion enter his head.

“Why are you telling me all this?” he questioned.

“I am telling you this because I want you to take my place.” she answered.

Stiles shot skyward as he rose to his feet and flailed at her. “You want to turn me into a magical tree?” this outburst earned a hearty laugh from the Nemeton.

“No my child, you will not a tree,” she laughed again “You will however become the new Nemeton..a stronger Nemeton because you will be able to move about freely. You will be the beacon and tether of all magic throughout this land, your power will increase slightly but not too much for you to worry about.” she explained.

“Why me though, surely there is some other mage that would be happy to accept your gift.” he exclaimed.

“You are right my child, there are other mages, and druids, like Chancellor Deaton for example,
however none of them have the heart like you, none of them have the morals that you do, they are not worthy like you. I watched what you just did before I brought you here Mieczysław, you turned your run down family home brand new for your father because you knew that it is what your mother would have wanted even though you could have just as easily moved your father into the palace. You did this because you knew that his happiness is more important than his living condition, he holds ties to that home that can never be severed, even by death..that is why you are worthy Mieczysław,” she explained. Stiles took a moment to process what he was being told “will you accept my gift?” the Nemeton asked with a quirked brow.

“I accept your gift.” he answered after a pregnant pause. The essence of the Nemeton smiled before she glowed a brilliant green and then disappeared along with the stump. Suddenly Stiles felt a pressure rush into his chest causing him to double over and clutch as his sternum. He felt his magic surge. Then as quickly as the pressure came, it was gone. He stood up and looked around, seeing that nothing was different aside from the now empty clearing where the stump had once sat. shrugging his shoulders he blinked to the palace. He found himself in his bedroom, Derek lay napping on the bed with his face buried in the pillow. Slowly moving over to his mate he gently shook the sleeping man awake. “We should call your family for a meeting, there is something that just happened.” he told the wolf. Derek though confused and worried saw the urgency in his voice nodded head. He called for a servant to collect his family in the throne room.

Once all the Hales were gathered Stiles stood before them, thinking it best so everyone could see him. “I went to see my father this morning..I restored my old house for him to live in.” he explained. He received coos and smiles from the other royals. I attempted to come back here but I was pulled to a different location.” he continued, now the Hale’s faces turned to confusion and worry but they said nothing in favor of allowing him to continue. “I was given an audience with the Nemeton..it's magical essence form.” he deadpanned Talia and Peter let out a collective gasp where as the others just stared at him. “She, the Nemeton, explained to me that I was worthy to take her place as the tethering point for magic in our lands, thereby saying I was worthy of becoming the next Nemeton.” he finished.

“Did you accept?” Talia asked, worry and wonder on her face.

“I did accept, I am now the Nemeton”
and stomach till he stopped at the groin of his mate. “You know, I started how out a servant,” he
gave Derek’s cock a kiss earning a moan from its owner. “Then I was a magical servant,” another
kiss, another moan. “Then I became your mate and betrothed,” this time he took Derek’s member in
his mouth, swirling his tongue around the tip before pulling off causing Derek to let out a whimper at
the loss of heat. “Then I became a King but you know what's so humorous about it?” he asked.

“Wha..what is?” Derek stammered trying to maintain control over his words despite his want for
Stiles around his cock.

“Now matter my title, I am still serving you,” Stiles said as he crawled back up to plant a kiss on his
mates collar bone right on the mating mark, he then positioned his lips above the other mans. “How
do you serve?” Derek asked as he quirked a brow.

Stiles smiled before allowing his lips to just barely touch the other king’s “This,” he allowed their lips
to meet, allowed his tongue to breach Derek’s mouth “is how I serve,” he pulled away and pounced
back on his mate allowing the cock of his husband to breach his ring of muscle and enter him. He let
out a moan of pleasure as Derek arched his back and groaned from ecstasy.

“You serve me well” The wolf managed after he crashed back down onto the bed.

“Thank you, my King” Stiles purred.

Days later Stiles visited his mother’s grave, he stood out of the shade of the willow but still near
enough to the grave that he felt close to his mother. He said nothing, just listened to the wind blow
through the branches of the tree that stood guard over his mother’s final resting place.

His eyes flashed green and the wind stopped.

A voice spoke to him that brought tears to his eyes

“Oh Mieczysław, How I have missed you”
So.....how y'all doing..how y'all feeling, dont kill me cause if you do the sequel will never get finished and then it will be sad

I do hope you enjoyed this final chapter, I promise this is not the final time that we see this story line, It will return I SWEAR, just be patient. in the meantime you can expect a new installment of the "Broken Hearts, Broken Psyche“ to come out today, i hope you will enjoy that as much as you enjoyed this fic.

Comments and Kudos are greatly appreciated

also if you need to contact me, be it either, requests for fic (I LOVE doing requests for people) you can get ahold of me through Tumblr which is located below but also through my email at (grimlover11@gmail.com)

Hope you all enjoyed this

Happy Reading

-Grim

End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed this start to a new story in the Broken Heats, Broken Psyche series

Let me know what you thought of this chapter in the comments. kudos are appreciated as well.

Real talk: let me know if you would like Stiles to be a spark in this story..ive thought about it but ultimately the choice is your's so..let me know if you would like to see that.

Overall I am excited to start this story..ive had the first three chapters written since the start of november cause im that guy.

if you have any questions a good way to get a hold of me is my tumblr at:
https://grimreaperlover11.tumblr.com/

thank you again. Happy Reading

-Grim

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!