My Heart Speaks
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Summary

After Season 2, the couple of months until summer vacation and summer.

Notes

Hello, everyone. I decided to make a little mini series about what happens based on Stiles/Jackson relationship after season 2. I don't know how long this will be, how many chapters it will include and how long it will take me to do, but if you do decide to stick with me, I do appreciate it. That in mind, I don't have a specific time when chapters will be released. It could be once or twice every week, I don't know. All I can say it whenever I get a chapter done, I will post it right away. Also, depending on what direction I would like the story to take, I might make changes to characters, content, tags etc. So if one day this work is for everyone to see and then the next it's rated M, it should be obvious. Anyways, this is all I can say for now. Again, let's just see how this work turns out for me and as always, I do hope that you enjoy it.
Chapter 1

After Jackson is released from Kanima control, Lydia holds him close while her eyes shut tightly to forcefully stop all tears continuously falling down her cheeks.

Her breathing rescinds into tiny whispers, matched only with hollow gasps, blank stares, and non-shifting bodies from all who stood between them in shock and amazement on what should have been another casualty in this war.

Derek and Peter stand on both sides of Lydia. Derek only stands for a few brief seconds before he begins taking backwards steps.

Derek lowers his head and averts his gaze for a few more steps. In an instant, he turns around carefully and begins walking towards the direction of Isaac.

When Derek passes by Scott, Allison and Stiles, he quickly views the conjoined hands of a hunter and werewolf. No scowl spread over his face; no frown, no anger, no threat, nothing.

Gesturing towards Lydia, Scott understands and waves Derek off as he untangles his fingers from Allison's grasp.

Derek slows his pace as he graces by Stiles. Bringing his nose a bit higher, there is a distinct smell wafting it's way towards him and then suddenly rushing to escape through the open door or window, whichever one is closer.

It isn't a familiar scent but from how Peter has described it to him countless times before, Derek reeks of it for quite some time now.

"Hmmm..." Derek mutters slowly. Isaac is now staggering to walk as he reaches out to grasp at Derek's forearm, using it to hoist himself up.

Derek gives Isaac a glance over and takes note; Isaac doesn't have many injuries but the ones he does have are deep, which means there is no doubt there needs to be more time to recover.

Derek shifts his position and loops his arm under Isaac's to balance him out.

"What about Scott and the others?" Isaac asks.

"They can take care of themselves. Let's just get out of here," Derek responds, pushing Isaac harder and faster out the door.

"Something is scratching at Derek's back," Issac thinks. Though, the pain from his wounds comes back, more intense thanks to Derek's shoving so he doesn't utter a word, for now.

After they both leave, Stiles, wet with tears, quietly wipes his nose and eyes before his feet carry him to his steaming jeep.

Stiles comes across the enormous black blood puddle left by Gerard and gags while walking, almost outside the building, to avoid coming anywhere near it.

Once passed, Stiles keeps eyeing the smoke leaking from all sides of the hood. There is no way to avoid the anger, frustration, and disappointment he would encounter with his father once home.

Forget that!
The amount of work he's going to need to do to pay for the repairs.

Stiles mind spins and spins til he is in eyesight of Jackson and Lydia. Watching them hug is seeing Cinderella and Prince Charming fall in love, again.

Stiles isn't aware he's staring until Scott catches up to both of them and places a gentle hand on Lydia.

She shakes a little with the unexpected gesture but smiles when she sees Scott smiling at her. Jackson steps back and gives the two some space, especially when Allison joins them.

It's a bit awkward watching the three of them speak as Jackson and Stiles watch, as outsiders. When Stiles decides to stop staring, Jackson stretches and flexes to make sure he really is alive.

As he is doing so, Jackson doesn't notice Stiles has also given up watching the other three but has eyes on him.

Jackson keeps staring until Stiles' eyes find their way to his and they suddenly lock. Both become uneasy, trying to figure out what the other thoughts float on. Stiles isn't necessarily crying but it's not too difficult to notice the bright clear reflection of water in his gaze.

Five whole seconds and Stiles quickly jerks his attention to the now exposed engine as Jackson looks down and shrugs, barely taking note of his full nudity.

After a few more moments filled with a brief exchange of words, Scott paces towards Stiles. Scott's not exactly sure how to approach the situation as Stiles already has his tool box out, leaning far into the engine.

"Will she make it?" are the only words Scott can manage to force out of his mouth.

"Alive and kicking but it's going to cost a pretty penny for the repairs she needs," Stiles says, tossing a wrench into the tool box and closing it.

"How is Lydia?" Stiles quickly follows up with.

"She's a little sore from when you came crashing in; no other scratches or injuries anywhere else. I suggested she go to the hospital. My mom is there and she could have attended her but she says she's fine. Allison is reluctant to leave her alone so she invited Lydia to stay with her. They're leaving right now in Allison's car and I want to go with them but I wan......." Scott begins to say before being cut off by Stiles.

"I'll be fine. Given what's happened, I think I can face an alpha and survive," Stiles yells from the trunk of his jeep. Scott gives off a nervous laugh and manages a fake smile when Stiles makes it back to the front.

"Just go," Stiles says, patting Scott on the shoulder.

The reassurance from his best friend can calm a hurricane. It's still a little rough looking at the damaged face but there's still a light that burns brightly in Stiles eyes.

One final handshake and Scott is running off to catch Allison and Lydia as they make their way out a side door; Allison helping Lydia walk.

With a loud sigh and hard THUMP, Stiles fumbles with his keys before forcing the right one into the keyhole and opening the driver side door.
"Aren't you going to offer me a ride?"

Stiles stops moving as soon as the door opens and wrinkles his brow. He half opens his mouth to say something when his head turns in the direction of where the voice came from.

Without blinking, Stiles comes across a worn out and naked Jackson who is visible by standing in the light of the moon.

Jackson has both hands covering his front area as his weight seems to be placed on one side of his body; his right knee locked. His entire body looks rugged, his head tilts down and his eyes not wavering; which are anticipating an answer.

"Can't you make it on your own?" Stiles puffs, tired and straining.

Stiles looks down in disappointment. He isn't entirely sure why it sounds so rude when it comes out of his mouth but more of his frustration is aimed at why he even cares in the first place.

A small sigh escapes out this time as he is now facing his shoes, not willing to move but not looking at Jackson either. Without being able to understand why, he waits for an answer.

"I did just come back from the dead," Jackson replies back. It's a little frightening to know he isn't being his usual ass of himself.

"Point taken. Get in," Stiles answers as he whips his head in the direction of the passenger side.

Jackson gives a shy smile as he begins walking towards the jeep with his hands still placed in front of him. Stiles unlocks the door from the inside and even opens it as Jackson inches his way in.

The jeep stalls as Stiles turns the key but after two tries, with shakes and sputters, it revs and off they go. Once they make it out of the building, unknowing to them, there is a black Camaro watching closely as they fly out of sight.

"Derek, Gerard isn't coming back," Isaac manages to say through breaths.

"I know," Derek responds. He turns on his car and races away onto the road, which leads back to his loft.

The drive home isn't a long one but they are on the edge of town so it will still be fifteen minutes, to say the least. Fifteen minutes of hell, fifteen minutes of misery or fifteen minutes of awkwardness since there is no way to avoid the plain fact, Jackson's bare ass is touching Stiles' seat.

At the first stop sign they reached, Stiles reaches behind Jackson's seat and digs into his lacrosse bag.

"Um..." Stiles sputters to say. He grazes Jackson's shoulder lightly as he brings forward a pair of his own shorts. Not hesitating for a moment, Jackson rips away the shorts from Stiles' grasp and puts them on.

Like he doesn't even notice Stiles is there, Jackson lifts his hands from what they are covering and he struggles into them as Stiles clears his throat to avert his gaze.

"It's not like you haven't seen anything already," Jackson sneers.


Once Jackson is finished, Stiles barely notices he lingered at the stop for too long. He quickly composes himself and steps on the gas pedal which launches the jeep forward.
The rest of the drive is filled with the same silence as in the beginning except Stiles has now switched on the radio to make the drive less tiresome.

At a red light, Stiles finds himself stealing glances at Jackson. Both are almost the same in body figure except Jackson is a bit taller and bulkier with muscle so the shorts fit him like a skimpy swim suit. A small smile begins to grow on Stiles face before his eyes meet with Jackson's and he sees the glare filling his gaze.

Stiles simply faces forward and anxiously waits for the light to turn green, which feels like forever. Without having to steal glances, Stiles can notice the burn of Jackson's stare for the remainder of the ride.

Once they reach Jackson's front door, Stiles pushes on the break pedal hard because he doesn't want to change gears in fear of his jeep shutting down.

"So, my shorts..." he begins but Jackson is flying out the door in no time. "You can give them to me tomorrow...or you can keep them...whatever..." Stiles mumbles.

He isn't sure why he's still talking for he is looking at Jackson practically walking through the front door.

However, seeing how far up his shorts are on him and seeing the white skin which shows how his usual shorts fit him and the tan and tan line they give is like payback, so it makes them even.

"And you're welcome for the ride," Stiles whispers into the steering wheel. He doesn't waste anymore time and quickly makes his way home.

Turning into his garage, he notices his father's car isn't there. Stiles gathers his belongings and heads through the side door. First thing he sees as he makes his way inside is a brown paper bag.

Dragging his tired body, he reads a note from his father saying he is doing an overnight shift at the office. Well, he looks at the upside of having time to come up with a believable lie to explain the damage to his jeep.

He tosses his bags carelessly on the couch while he heaves his body heavily onto a table chair. Throwing his hands back, he groans and whines at all the tiredness and pain surging through his body.

No movements come from him for a few minutes as his stomach churns and rumbles with hunger. His left arm rubs his belly while his right one brings the brown bag closer.

Everything looks delicious as he digs his spoon to take a huge mouthful. After the second spoonful, Stiles feels his phone vibrate in his pocket.

"Probably, Scott," Stiles says within a bite. Once he glances at the screen, he notices the message is from a number he doesn't have or recognizes.

Quickly opening it to view what it says, all it has is the word "Thanks."

"Allison? Lydia? Scott?" Stiles brain becomes torn. He isn't going to do this right now. But before he can answer back with words of anger, another message comes in.

For the ride and for the shorts.

It isn't something he was expecting but it felt......okay.

Yeah, he decides it would be the best description, for now.

"Hmmm..." he thinks to himself but smiling, no doubt about that. He quietly continues to eat dinner as he adds Jackson's number to his contacts.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

He is alone.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After Stiles finishes eating, he doesn't bother to gather his belongings from the couch as he stumbles climbing up the stairs to reach his room. Once inside, he promptly collapses on his bed and lays still for a couple of minutes.

All his physical pain comes racing back when he tries, and fails, to remove his clothes. Removing his shoes and shirt feel like a miracle so he settles with this win and reaches for his phone within his pocket before flipping over to relax on his back.

The only light in his home, his room illuminates like a beacon. He quickly jumps to his contacts as he types in the letter "J."

Right away, Jackson's name appears all over his screen and blacks out everything else.

Opening the contact, Stiles views all the various options: 'call,' 'message,' 'email,' 'add to private contacts,' 'set to speed dial,' 'block,' and 'delete.'

The second option seems best as he pushes it and it takes him to a new message screen.

He eyes the keypad for a long while as his fingers began to move insistently as if he's already writing words. Truth is, he is shaking as well as getting mad at himself for not knowing what to write but wondering why he is going to this length.

"Hey, I just wanted to check..."

"You still nake...."

"Look, my shorts are..."

"Jackson!....."

"Look, Whittemore!..."

"Hey :) ;) ;P..."

"You're welcome..."

No matter what he types down, he always backspaces until he's face to face with a blank message again and again. Stiles feels angry; frustrated and bothered.

By what exactly?
He flashes back to seeing Jackson and Lydia hug. What Stiles felt most of all was jealously mixed with longing. He didn't see them as individuals, but as a whole.

It's amazing to think love is such a powerful of an emotion. Something he saw: Allison and Scott, Lydia and Jackson. Something he craves but never really has.

Maybe there can be one day where his dream does come true but with who?

There are a few sullen breathes escaping his mouth in a hot rage of being agitated before his head speaks for him.

"Shouldn't it be obvious?" his mind asks.

Stiles lets out another disgruntled sigh.

No one really hates Jackson. He is right to say he is everyone's type. The real problem is his attitude.

Whether or not Scott used his power to see if he was lying, when outside the prison transport vehicle, Stiles didn't actually want Jackson killed; his attitude, yes.

If Scott were trying to save another him, maybe Danny, it would be a different story.

Heck yeah! If Jackson were to have Danny's personality, he would be irresistible.

Stiles thinks further back to when he asked Danny if he liked him. And went even further to when he asked Scott if he was attractive to gay guys.

He never imagined he could actually like Jackson but the thought never escapes his mind. If that's the case, both are off to an excellent start.

If feels a bit strange to catch a whole opposite side of Jackson no one, other than possibly Danny and Lydia, have ever seen. Then again, Jackson is probably riding the natural high of being a werewolf just like Scott during his first night. Yeah, maybe that's it and Jackson probably won't even remember any of this happening.

Yet........

"OKAY!!"

Stiles thinks the loud scream is inside his head but startles himself when the word resonates throughout his room. He eyes each dark corner, takes small deep breaths, and shakes his head.

Half asleep, Stiles isn't entirely too sure if his thoughts are being spoken out loud. It doesn't matter as the crisp, cool air nibbles all around his back as the smooth sheets of his bed ask to be wrap around his body.

Over thinking about this isn't ideal since he is basing all aspects on nothing; much like his imaginary relationship with Lydia.

"Omg......." he whispers silently into his pillow.

If it isn't one thing, it's another.

Quickly stripping his last bits of clothing, he turns to lay on his left side which faces his window. The screen on his phone lights up as he grabs it to place on the nightstand. A white, clear, blank screen continues it's torture.
Already pushed beyond his limit, Stiles exits the message, goes to the home screen, and shuts it off.

The clock reads 1:30 am.

Like a machine, Stiles opens his eyes and blinks them drowsily. It was 6:30 am and there isn't an early morning practice but curse coach Finnstock for having so many. All the lacrosse guys would complain at afternoon practice, voicing how they hated their bodies for adjusting.

The sun is barely hitting the horizon and only small rays are seeping their way into Stiles' room. Not being able to see any other option, he carefully and sluggishly strolls towards his bathroom. Once inside, the bruise on his right cheek screams for attention. He brings his face closer and eyes the temporary scar.

It is healing, no doubt about that, but it still doesn't look, or feel, pleasant. After giving his cheek a light smack, and quickly regretting it, Stiles jumps in the shower.

Half an hour fly by and he finds another paper bag waiting atop the dinning room table. Stiles takes a peak inside and happily grabs two biscuits as he makes his way to his jeep parked out front.

Once inside, Stiles steadily turns the key and is relieved to have it start right away. He gives the wheel a strong love tap, smiles, and drives to school.

Once at school, he curiously eyes around to find Scott hasn't arrived; no Scott, no Allison, no Isaac.

"No, Jackson," he whispers under his breath.

Stiles wonders if there is a possibility Jackson really isn't okay. Taking out his phone feverishly, he checks and sees there are no new notifications.

A feeling of worry begins to undertake his body, causing an increase of breathing, but it soothes seconds later as Jackson's Porsche sweeps through the parking lot.

With a roll of his eyes and a deep sigh, Stiles waits for Jackson to make his appearance. It seems like hours as more students begin filling the rest of the lot and cross in-between them.

At last a door, the passenger door, opens to reveal, not Lydia, but Danny. Stiles makes a weird face only to fail at remembering Allison taking Lydia home with her last night.

As soon as the thought reaches his mind, he flicks his head in that precise, "Oh yeah," movement. Soon after, the driver side door opens and Jackson makes his appearance. He basks in his usual splendor, like always, and looks at the sky as if to appreciate it.

Danny waits until Jackson makes his way towards him and they both head over to a group of lacrosse guys perched at the stairs. It isn't a surprise that as Danny and Jackson turn to walk, they come in eyesight of Stiles and he freezes.

All of last night comes rushing back but Stiles isn't sure if this is a continuation or brand new start. Stiles decides to take his chances and throws his arm up to wave and smile. In pure amazement he watches as Danny shoots his hand up, waves back and grins.

But what comes as an equal shock is Jackson, who eagerly and aggressively, turns around to face the lacrosse guys and almost runs in their direction. Stiles looks at him with a mix of confusion, anger,
rudeness, and sadness.

Danny eyes Jackson with a bit of anger until he looks back at Stiles and shrugs. Danny really isn't going to explain Jackson's behavior but he doesn't want to apologize either; it's who Jackson is.

Stiles gives Danny the, "It's okay," wave and Danny returns a warm smile as he skips to join the others.

The bittersweet air tastes awful all over his mouth. All noise is shut out as Stiles eyes focus on Jackson overtaking the conversation. Stiles numbs everything and wonders what Jackson can hear.

From all the way down in the basement, to two streets over, Jackson can possibly hear all living beings heartbeats within a short radius. He watches him closer and wonders if there is anything, anyone, he's particularly listening to.

Stiles raises his hand and clenches his chest through his tee. He could actually feel his heart beat but he thinks about being in Jackson's place and how it would feel to hear it.

The grip over his chest tightens which results in Stiles' heart beat rising higher and faster. It escalates even further when a firm hand clasps at his shoulder, which forces Stiles to jump as he turns around.

"Sorry," Scott says as he gives an apologetic smile. Stiles laughs and hugs his best friend; a huge relief for sore eyes. Stiles looks behind Scott and sees Allison isn't far behind.

Lydia trails directly behind her and far off, Isaac is coming into view.

"That still looks pretty bad," Allison chimes as she points to the bruise on his face.

"Not as bad as it feels," Stiles quips back. Allison smiles and pats him on the shoulder but Stiles already has his entire attention focused on Lydia. She looks as if nothing had even occurred last night. He quickly notes how she isn't leaving their group to join Jackson and tear him away from his.

"Shall we?" Scott asks as soon as Isaac catches up, gesturing a hand towards the front doors.

Allison leads first, followed by Lydia, then Isaac, as Scott and Stiles bring up the rear together. It's a bit difficult to not pass the lacrosse guys when they reach the stairs as they are standing at the base of them.

Stiles notices that no one, from either group, acknowledge each other as they pass; especially Scott or Isaac who are on the team. Lydia turns but directly looks at Danny, and only him, as she waves lightly. Danny gives a sideways smile and nods as she makes her way inside.

Lydia doesn't call for Jackson's attention, Jackson doesn't seek her out and Danny doesn't call out either one. Stiles wonders if they are all still feeling the effects of last night, which can be the answer to this uneasy tension.

Stiles decides that must be it as he holds the door for everyone to enter. After Scott makes it inside, Stiles is mouthing and nodding his head like a scientist reviewing theories; quickly following. Jackson views Stiles carefully until the doors close and he is out of sight.

Once gone, Jackson stares at the door for a few more seconds before quickly turning around to head around the corner towards the guy's locker room. Danny never let his eyes waver from Jackson the whole time heading with him.

At lunch time, Stiles is in-between Scott and Isaac as Allison sits directly across from him and Lydia
sits on her left. Seeing Lydia again, Stiles looks around to see if this whole 'avoiding Jackson' might be some plan to hopelessly reunite them.

Stiles scans the whole lunch floor to which Scott takes notice, along with Allison. It's rowdy and beyond filled inside but like a detective, Stiles inspects each table and picks each person there cautiously and carefully.

After quickly processing all tables and every person there, Stiles slumps a bit in his chair and moves his spoon sluggishly around the mashed potatoes.

"Hey," Scott says as he gently shoves Stiles' side.

"Where are your eyes going when they should be focused straight forward?" Scott says, flicking his head in Lydia's direction. Stiles sees Lydia dead focused on her mirror while adjusting her eye shadow and lipstick.

He's able to steal a glance at Allison to see her smile shyly and raise her hand to cover her mouth, which gave a small giggle.

Stiles feels a small obligation to give her a smile and so he does, but he slumps down even further; his eyes narrow. Stiles catches a brief sight of Danny and a few lacrosse players leaving their table so Stiles decides to catch up and inquire about Jackson.

A little rude, Stiles picks up his backpack, excuses himself, and hurries towards Danny who is almost out the door.

"Danny, wait!" Stiles shouts. Danny throws his trash away and turns his gaze to a skinny boy almost tumbling towards him. It makes Danny chuckle when Stiles finally composes himself and stands straight forward in front of him.

"Hey," Stiles says, out of breath.

"Stiles, what's up?" Danny asks.

"I was just wondering if you know where Jackson is?" Stiles inquires with an ecstatic smile.

"He went off campus for lunch today," Danny answers back. "Everything okay?" Danny continues while frowning a bit.

"Yeah, everything is fine," Stiles says as he runs his fingers through his hair in distraught.

Danny pats Stiles' shoulder and waves as he leaves. Stiles is left with a bum feeling and takes off outside to get some fresh air for the remainder of lunch. He doesn't bother to look back at the others as he wouldn't be in the mood to rejoin them.

Once school's out, Scott is putting on his shoulder pads as Stiles is taking off his near the showers.

"Sorry about only 'first line' practice today," Scott says, struggling into his jersey.

"Yeah, well......maybe one day," Stiles replies, half amused.

"Look, I think you should go home and get some rest. Seems like today has been pretty rough," Scott says, calm and soothingly.

"Hah...." Stiles scoffs.
He is right though, today has been more than expected but for more reasons than none.

"Get some rest, champ!" Scott yells as he leaps out the door. Stiles lets a small grin appear over his face before closing his locker and leaning against it.

Stiles breathing rescinds into shallow gasps, the vent fan rings and echoes all over the room between his ears. Stiles isn't entirely too sure why today had gone so badly, but the swelling feeling inside his chest could speak otherwise.

For almost the entire year, Stiles isn't too sure of anything anymore. Peter biting Scott, Derek, Allison and her family; not to mention Jackson becoming a Kanima.

Funny how things change in a short amount of time but you also become aware, and to some extent, you learn.

As Stiles walks by the practice field, he notices Scott and Jackson are going head to head. He can see the tension in each of their eyes; thoughts about being able to break one another's bones, since they could heal, fill their heads.

A small desire radiating in their eyes. It wouldn't be easy to explain to the coach how Scott could easily get up and walk, though coach has never believed any word from any high schooler for several years now.

With a small inhale, Stiles turns to look at Jackson and remembers what Derek had said.

"The shape you take reflects the person that you are."

Jackson becoming a Kanima; he isn't evil. According to the bestiary, Jackson is alone and looking for master; a heavy way of explaining a friend.

_He is alone._

No matter how good his image is put, there is a possibility of a hundred things he keeps bottled up; things he doesn't say, doesn't want anyone to find out.

Stiles feels bad but understands where Jackson is coming from.

Stiles cares about Jackson; he feels a brief connection with the scaly wolf and smiles at him.

Almost as if he can feel it, Jackson looks up and meets with Stiles' eyes. It's a big surprise when Jackson looks at him but Stiles doesn't flinch.

Instead, he tries to smile again and foolishly hopes Jackson will get the message. Jackson doesn't as the smile catches him off guard when coach Finnstock blows his whistle and Jackson gets easily taken down by Scott.

Jackson hits the ground and feels a slight crack on his lower back. He narrows his eyes into a fierce scowl as he rises and grabs his injured waist, Scott's giggles ringing in his ears.

Scott offers a hand but Jackson pushes it hard, as if trying to return a broken wrist or arm. Jackson effortlessly picks himself up and turns in Stiles' direction, continuing his sour look.

As he faces Stiles, Jackson's anger seems to grow and grow as his gaze darkens a bit. It's almost like he is beginning to shift and Stiles definitely takes it as his cue to exit.

Stiles faces forward and spots his jeep in the distance. He urgently whips his keys into his hand and
When he reaches the door, turns on the engine. Without stalling, Stiles races out of the parking lot.

When Stiles makes it home, he notices his dad's car already parked in the driveway. Relieved, Stiles happily walks inside to see the sheriff sitting at the table while piles of paperwork cover every inch.

"Hey, dad," Stiles says enthusiastically.

"Hey, kiddo," the sheriff murmurs back.

"Dad, don't you think I'm way past that phrase?" Stiles questions.

"Judging by the way you act everyday? Not even close," the sheriff spews back.

"Really funny, dad. What's all this and where have you been?" Stiles asks, carelessly pointing in every direction.

"Just some lab test results and old case files. I've been at the old abandoned factory district at the edge of town."

Pfffffffftttttt!!! "*Cough*......ahm........erhm........"

Stiles almost chokes on the water he's drinking.

"You alright?" his dad inquires. The sheriff doesn't move or turn his head but is still waiting for an answer.

"Erhm!.......ahem!......Yeah, I'm good. Um..."

This time, Stiles isn't even sure if he wants to ask what his dad was doing there.

"Did something happen or what?"

As if he is trying to not sound any less interested, the question almost makes it seem like he was there; Stiles was.

"We got an anonymous tip that another Argent might have been doing something they weren't supposed to," the sheriff answers back.

"Peter..." Stiles says with a growl.

If anyone has any more of a grudge against them, it would have to be him. Derek wouldn't have called for fear of getting caught and Allison wouldn't go against her family, even her grandfather who she despised.

"We found numerous traces of blood but the first analysis we did turned out to be wolf," his dad continues on.

Stiles began sweating as his grip tightens around the sink.

"Maybe cases of animal cruelty..." the sheriff hums.

"That's a very light way of putting it," Stiles whispers under his breath.

"...but the wolf DNA is unlike anything I have ever seen. I took some to Deaton to see if he might know something but unfortunately he couldn't help me."
Stiles is soothed to know there are still people looking out for him and his friends. The grip on the sink loosens and Stiles calms himself when he reaches the table to join his father.

"Well, I hope something turns up," Stiles says lightly. It's half said in a lie because Stiles really doesn't want his dad to find out the real truth.

"Thanks, kiddo. I ordered dinner and it's almost here."

"Thanks, dad. I'll come down in a bit," Stiles says as he gathers his bags and heads upstairs. Inside his room, Stiles tosses his two bags onto the bed and flops down in his desk chair.

He rubs his eyes, trying so hard to wake from this nightmare. Nothing better to do except eat dinner, wait out the rest of the day, and hope for the best tomorrow.

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Once lacrosse practice is over, without tearing anyone in half, Jackson considers it a half-ass success. Other than Scott roughing him up, it was bearable as it was normal.

Coach Finnstock talks with him about possible plays in future games making Jackson close to being the last one to leave. As he is getting dressed, Jackson sees Danny waiting at the edge of the lockers.

"What are you still doing here?" Jackson asks angrily.

Jackson had already told Danny he couldn't give him a ride home today because he was going to meet someone.

"Who is this girl you are going to see?" Danny asks. Jackson gives him an enraged look before returning to pack his clothes.

"Fine. But you better tell me sooner rather than later. See you tomorrow!" Danny calls out, heading out the door.

"Whatever you say," Jackson responds sarcastically. As Jackson finishes packing, he comes across Stiles' borrowed shorts in his backpack.

It all happened so quickly, it almost feels like it happened years ago, or it may have not occurred at all. Jackson grasps them a little tighter and then takes a moment to smell them.

The smell goes to his tongue and he begins to taste sour sweat, cheap cologne, and a sweet autumn crisp.

Jackson brings the shorts closer for the sweet scent and there is no doubt he enjoys it. It gave such a 'Stiles' smell he can actually feel his wolf make his chest rumble, as if it's purring, basking in it.

It actually makes Jackson smile until he snaps back into reality and checks around the locker room to make sure no one is watching.

The coast clear, Jackson puts the shorts back in his backpack and hurries out the door. As Jackson drives out of the parking lot, he takes a left instead of a right which is the road that leads out of town.

Truth is, Jackson is on his way to the old burned down Hale house to see Derek.

It is true that Derek turned him but Jackson isn't aware if turning into a Kanima and being revived as a werewolf means he is still part of the pack to the alpha that bit him. As far as he is concerned, he's an omega, might as well go to the man that started it all.
When he arrives at the Hale home, it looks eerie, even with some slight sunlight. He parks his car in the distance and slowly paces towards the house. It's always a miracle and mystery as to why and how this place still stands with more than half of it gone.

What use could Derek have to come around so often? No matter, whatever werewolf business needed attending, this was probably the best place to do it without fear of the public eye.

The trees that surround the place are just as black as the ash ridden home. Small bits of paint chips ride the currents of the air and all around it smells like a bad wound.

Jackson walks towards the front door with determination but he is no fool. He could hear some slight rustling and a familiar scent wafts in his direction. Jackson waits, teeth already bare and claws out when Isaac tackles him from the side and pins him on his back.

They snarl and growl at each other with elongated teeth and flashing eyes before a heavy, piercing howl forces them to stop.

"Isaac! That's enough!"

Out of no where, Derek is conveniently standing on the porch, arms crossed and staring straight at them.

"Let him go. Jackson was expected," Derek says with authority.

Isaac, reluctantly, lets go of Jackson and dusts himself off. There isn't a hand offered to Jackson as he gets up and does the same. When Jackson eyes's meet Derek's, Derek gestures with his head for Jackson to come inside.

"I'm going to go study with Scott," Isaac says harshly. It is meant as an insult to Derek for not letting him know about Jackson's arrival.

Derek glares at him and flashes his alpha red eyes, Isaac cowers but still leaves. At the door, Jackson leads as Derek follows him inside and once in, Derek shuts the door.

"What do you want, Jackson?" Derek asks.

"Tough talk for someone who said seconds ago that I was expected," Jackson quips back.

Suddenly, Derek is square in Jackson's face, eyes burning red.

Derek makes a fist and punches the wall before exiting Jackson's personal space.

"Why would I want you?" Derek asks, gritting his teeth, back turned.

"Other than the fact that you bit me? I think you could use me. I heard about Erica and Boyd. Tough break..."

Derek's hands clasp into fists again and Jackson can almost feel him shifting.

"Look, I'm asking to be a part of it. I'm not assuming it's an automatic yes," Jackson replies to Derek's rising anger.
A few seconds go by and Derek turns around with his arms folded again.

Not even deliberating for a minute, he answers back with, "Okay, I guess I could have some use for you."

Jackson is taken back at how easily Derek agrees but knows he isn't lying.

"Alright, is there some sacred ritual we need to do so I can be officially in?" Jackson asks.

Derek eyes him cautiously but gives him a devious smile.

"No, but you do have to prove yourself to me," Derek says devilishly. There's a bright glimmer in Derek's eye and smile that's tough to not notice but Jackson will be damned to know this isn't going to be easy.

"What is it then?" Jackson asks with a confused look.

"Ha..." Derek chuckles lightly.

Derek wonders if this might go to plan but to be honest, it already has.

He spends a few more seconds pondering, massaging his beard, until Jackson enters his personal space and follows with, "Hello?!"

Derek looks down on Jackson, sizing himself up.

"I need you to talk to Stiles and get him to talk to his dad, the sheriff. They are investigating the events that happened last night and we can't afford to be discovered."

Jackson's face goes pale and empty, freezing like a statue until Derek yells in his ear.

"Jackson!"

"What? What?!" Jackson answers.

"I need you to talk to Sti...." Derek begins again.

"Stiles, I know," Jackson cuts Derek off with.

Derek waits patiently for Jackson to take the bait until Jackson keeps nodding again and again as if trying to force himself to do it. "I'll take care of it. But you promise I will be in your pack after this, right?" Jackson asks anxiously.

"Sure......" Derek says casually.

Jackson exits the house and heads towards his car, continuing to nod all along the way. Jackson convinces himself that he can do this.

Right?

Yes, yes he can. When he reaches his car, Jackson inhales a deep breath so deep, he catches a strong whiff of Stiles shorts and the autumn scent fills his lungs.

This is going to be near impossible.....
Hello again, everyone. Can't believe I am this late for this next chapter but I am glad I was able to finish it before Easter break. Consider this my gift to you. A Stiles-centric chapter but don't worry, there will be some Jackson focused ones as well. A bit lengthy too because I wanted all kinds of detail here but yeah, that's sometimes me. Anyways, again I would like to apologize for being super late but I do appreciate all who have stuck with me and will continue to do so. I have you in mind with this story so do understand I am putting my all into this and I would like for it to be no less than amazing. Enjoy!
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

"Follow your heart. It never lies to you."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Derek's lingering gaze burned into Jackson's back once he left eye sight of the house but not earshot. It wasn't of any importance since Jackson heard, loud and crystal clear, what he needed to do.

"I need you to talk to Stiles..."

"Stiles...Stiles...Stiles...Stiles...Stiles...Stiles...Stiles..."

The name grew more enormous as if someone were intentionally, gradually, keeping pace with him until they finally caught up, took him by the shoulders, looked upon him square in the eye and whispered Stiles' name once again and turn it into the loud crack he would hear it to be.

The grip on the steering wheel turned tight while Jackson's knuckles grew pale with color. Sweat began inching it's way down Jackson's forehead and he was vaguely aware of his claws tearing away at his steering wheel till one found it's way to a seam holding the leather together and it ripped through it, causing a certain piece to pop off.

A quick gaze into his rear view mirror captured his eyes glowing into their fluorescent blue.

His mouth opened on reaction and fangs took over the whole scene. Jackson was losing control and he needed to stop, quickly, before he attracted any unwanted attention.

Low growls and snarls replaced words as Jackson frantically rummaged through his bags in his car to find something that would help. Closed eyes mixed with with shakes of his head; more growls escape his mouth.

Jackson's hands are moving frantically and the hope is, although his instinct is taking over, it is attempting to find something to ease this situation.

After a few grueling seconds, to which felt like hours, a firm hand clasps Jackson by the shoulder and tosses him onto the ground. The backpack Jackson is blindly fidgeting with flies several feet away from him and all contents are scattered around.

A sharp pain enters Jackson's back as he lands square on a rock but an even greater sting emerges from his shoulder. A fever pitch rages within Jackson as he starts to rise from the ground.

Without blinking, another firm hand grips him by the neck and Jackson grows more enraged than ever. Both his hands, claws still out, dig into the forearm holding him and without holding back, roars as loud as he can.

It was then, Derek shows his smug face and watches as Jackson flails his head even harder, thrashing about. Derek grasps tighter as Jackson buries his claws deeper, causing Derek to flinch a little with
the pain; not loosening his grip though.

Then, with one hard flick and knock to the back of Jackson's head, Derek flashed his alpha red eyes and roared, "Jackson!" His eyes almost immediately rescinded back to their normal green.

His claws and fangs disappeared almost instantly as well and as soon as they were gone, he carelessly dropped his hands to his sides and laid there to catch his breath.

Derek straightens himself out and stands up while dusting himself off. He eyes his left arm and watches how the battle scars left from Jackson disappear instantly.

When they disappear fully, Derek shakes his arm and looks towards Jackson’s right, where his belongings are scattered, and begins to walk to help gather them up.

Jackson is still, chest moving high and low to match his deep breaths. When he finally decides to get up, his tries and fails miserably when his shoulder gives in. He stumbles to the ground and uses his hand to feel five deep wounds.

"My claws," Derek says casually. "Wounds from an alpha take longer to heal but you should be better later tonight."

"What the hell are you doing here?" Jackson inquires angerly.

"Don't give me that crap!" Derek throws back.

"You honestly believe you were being quiet with your little fit going on? You must really have a death wish."

"Fuck that! I was doing fine until you came along. I had myself under control," he says above a whisper.

"Clearly," Derek hums back as his picks up the half torn backpack, eyeing closely at all the claw marks.

This time, Jackson used his brain and with the help of a tree, rose to stand on his own two legs; his right hand still clutching closely to his shoulder. He walked to his car and peaked inside to access the damage he had caused.

Nothing except the steering wheel looked in pretty bad shape but it didn't mean all was okay. Jackson leaned his back against the car and wondered how he was going to explain this damage to his parents.

While he occupied himself with possible lies, Derek continued his treasure hunt of his belongings scattered about.

He didn't notice when Derek picked up the last item, which happened to be Stiles' shorts.

Derek scrunched his nose at the unfamiliar scent only to pick them up and have the tag spring right at him; the initials read, "S.S." The backpack was barely holding together as is so he simply carried the shorts in one hand and the backpack in the other.

Once in front of Jackson, he hands him the backpack first, careful to not let anything fall.

"Here," Derek says as his grip on the backpack tightens a bit more. Jackson reaches out effortlessly and throws the backpack inside, only to strike a nerve with Derek as everything flies out and makes a
"And this," he says with a bit of restriction in his voice. Jackson turns around to find Stiles' shorts dead center in Derek's palm.

It's only a brief moment when Jackson's eyes widen with fear that he quickly snatches them away and uses this distraction to fly into his car.

Jackson keeps the shorts in his lap while buckling his seat belt and turning on the engine only to have Derek hunched over, staring at him.

"I'll be okay...MOM!" He adds extra emphasis on the 'mom' to match that devilish grin spreading across his face. Derek responds by clapping his shoulder and digging two claws into it.

"Pain makes you human. Just in case you forget."

Jackson gritted his teeth and forced a half-ass smile once his switched gears and raced out of sight. He could still see a faint glimmer in Derek's eyes through his mirror.

It enraged him further til he turned the corner at the end of the road and and he was out of sight, again. Though, instead of heading home, Jackson took a narrow dirt road that went further into the woods but away from the Hale home.

It was slim and rocky, which made his little car jump every few feet. Still, in Jackson's mind this isn't as bad as some of the public roads within the city. He stopped at what appeared to be a 'U' dead end; used for most to simply turn around and exit.

Parking his car to the far left, he exited and began walking forward, where the trees were thickest. He could hear the rush and feel the brisk and it relaxed him so much he forgot about his injuries.

For ten minutes, Jackson walked until he came upon a small river. The entire area opened up like the exit of a dark cave. No trees blocked the small rays of sun that seeped through the clouds.

Green moss colored the surrounding rocks while the water shinned like a diamond. The air smelled so crisp and now with his new found senses, he could smell no animal or person had ever been here. Personally, Jackson liked it that way and preferred it to stay like this.

Unknown to anyone, he had accidentally found this place one of the few times he ran away from home when he was younger. Maybe by chance, it's as if this place holds more of a sense of home than that rich carpet he went to every afternoon, with good reason.

He reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet. Opening it, he dug behind his driver's license and grabbed an old, worn, and torn photograph of a man in fishing gear, around mid twenties.

The man resembled Jackson in many ways; his eyes, light skin complexion and even his smile. It was no surprise because the man is Jackson's father: his real one.

The photo was the only memento the orphanage gave him and let him keep. The back had a small message; "A day out in the water," it read. His father was fishing in a river, barely noticeable but Jackson doubted it could actually be the same one of the exact spot.

"What should I do now, dad?" he asked the photograph, hoping for a response.

The water kept rushing downward and the tips of the trees swayed with the breeze but everything
else was silent. He dropped his head in sadness at a lack of guidance.

With this sudden overnight of change, Jackson is as lost as an idiot put into a round room and told to sit in a corner. After a few more minutes of enjoyable silence he turned around and began walking towards his car.

Once reached, he opened the door and threw his body heavily onto the seat. The engine quickly started and with a flick of the wheel, he effortlessly exited the woods.

In almost no time at all he was pulling up into the driveway of where he lived. He threw his entire backpack into his lacrosse bag, which reminded him he needed to stop at whatever store tomorrow morning and buy a new one on the way to school. The door was almost shut when a panic feeling overtook him.

Scrambling began taking place until he found what he was searching for; Stiles' shorts. Jackson had forgotten he had mindlessly tossed them aside when he reached the river.

He held them in his hand, not putting them in his bag, unconsciously unaware he didn't want Stiles' scent to disappear. Rustling from a newspaper and dishes clanking in the sink meant his parents were downstairs and possibly waiting for him. The clock on his phone read '7:45 pm.'

It wasn't late but for a Wednesday with a short lacrosse practice, and no previous plans mentioned, it was little strange if not abnormal. He opened the door with such a hurry, he felt the need to rush past them and run straight to his room.

It was not successful as his father immediately called his name as soon as he entered.

"Jackson," his father said calm but rough. Jackson didn't stop, his eyes focused on the staircase.
"Jackson," his dad said louder and more irritated.

His refusal to turn around and listen was winning as he pushed forward.

There were only inches separating his feet and the first step before his dad rose from the chair he was sitting in and yelled, "Whittemore!"

"Honey," his mother said after she wiped her hands clean and placed them on his shoulder.

Jackson clenched his fists tight while cracking his knuckles at the same time but he still didn't bother to turn around.

"I'm talking to you, young man," his father said more enraged. "Turn around," he ordered.

Jackson felt obligated and so he turned but felt that's all he needed to do as he crossed his arms and rudely responded with, "What?!"

Damn his adopted father for insulting him to the core. That last name is like a heavy weight he carried around as a constant reminder of who he isn't.

It is bad enough to see it everyday on his jersey, school work and on his license but to be called that, an all time low.

"Where were you?" his dad continued.

"Out, okay?! Now if that's all..." Jackson began to turn as his father was on the urge of yelling louder until his mother ran to him and grabbed his arm.
"Sweetheart, we just want to talk to you about something." There is a sincerity in her voice and he let out a disgruntled sigh as she led him towards the couch.

His father was already dead deep in his newspaper so his mother did all the talking.

"Your father..." she began but stopped when he let out a loud grunt. "Your father thinks it would be a good idea if we took a family trip this year for the summer."

Jackson almost let out a sarcastic laugh but caught himself and just waved his hand and said, "No thanks."

"Listen, sweetheart. I know we aren't ideal parents but we do care about you." "Humph!" his father grunted again.

Jackson is already giving him the evil eye.

"We do!" his mother shot at him. He cowered a bit before returning to his paper.

"We just thought it might be nice to go to a sunny beach, relax and celebrate..."

"DON'T!" Jackson yelled as he stood and pushed his hand towards his mother to stop her from uttering another word. He couldn't believe she would go that far to bring his one, if not THE, only weakness he has. A quick clear of his throat and shake of his head, he lowered his hand while facing completely in her direction.

"Overall it's a nice gesture, I guess.' It was difficult to not sound like a total ass; it became second nature.

"Can't I just go somewhere by myself?"

"You pay out of your own pocket for that!" his dad threw at him.

"Fine by me!!" Jackson threw back with an unnoticeable growl.

"Jackson," his mother spoke a little annoyed. "Please, would at you at least consider it?"

It's always a bit of relief talking with her because she at least tried. She continued to eye him with puppy dog eyes until Jackson grabbed his bag and began walking upstairs. He could smell sadness coming off her while his dad reeked of disappointment.

Whoever he was disappointed in, Jackson was just glad to be out of that tense environment. Neither knew why it had gone so baldy but each had their share of blame.

The walk to his room was more of a trudge towards a nearby tree. He had grown used to what his life has become but it didn't mean he didn't feel it each time it happened.

Even as a werewolf there was still pain, in all forms, surging through his body. Like habit, Jackson tossed his lacrosse bag to the far corner of his room as he paced towards his bathroom.

All his clothes already off his body, he was down to his boxer briefs while gazing upon himself in the mirror. Only there, surrounded by bright lights, were the wounds from Derek visible.

"Asshole," he murmured quietly to himself. Touching each one, he noticed how deep they ran; an entire claw length. Well, Derek did want him to stay in control; an alpha's love he guesses.

"Tsk," he mouths heading into the shower. He strips his last item of clothing and immediately turns
on the hot water.

The shower let loose and the water pegs at his head and slowly crawls down his neck. It didn't have any rush to reach the rest of his body. Jackson leaned against the wall, enjoying the feeling of being able to wash away his stress.

The hot water felt so invigorating he gently closed his eyes and felt every drop touch all corners of his skin. His wounds were healing faster as the heat and steam created an invisible blanket that wrapped around him.

The relaxation only came for a few more minutes as he began to feel his fingers prune. Once out of the shower, Jackson only has a towel around his waist as he reaches for his phone atop his bed. He turns it on to view he has a message from Danny. "What now?" Jackson sighed as he opened it.

Danny: "So ;) how was the date?"

Jackson: "Piss off! There was no date."

Danny: "Straight to your bed? Should have known."

Jackson: "Keep dreaming ;)"

Danny: "No thanks X)"

Nice to have a lighter atmosphere in his room compared to the living room downstairs. However, Danny's message had brought back a recent and terrible memory. He rummaged through his pants, tossed on the floor, until he found his wallet once again.

Behind his portrait pictures of himself, on the very last plastic slot, he reached out and took out a couple photo of Lydia and him. Along with the picture was the key he had given her during one of his real phases; the rarest one of all. He looked at the picture distantly, almost like he didn't recognize himself.

______________________________

After Allison finished talking with Scott, she walked towards her car where she noticed Lydia trying to hopelessly wipe away and fix her makeup.

"You okay?" she asked after she entered and closed the door. There was no response as Lydia kept puckering her lips to adjust her lipstick. Allison smiled at her best friends strength.

It is one of the many things she admired and wished she could have. She drove onto the road and began making her way home when she felt a firm, gentle hand tug at her wrist. She turned to see Lydia, face completely cleaned and fresh and a brief smile made an appearance.

"Do you mind if we make a pit stop before going home?" Lydia asked in a sweet voice.

Allison returned her smile and relaxed her hands on the wheel before asking, "Where to?"

I think I need to remind myself I'm still alive. Coffee?" Allison giggled a bit before she knew exactly where to take her. The small coffee house they drove to was huddled within shops all around. The entire street it's located on is often missed because the plaza mall is just on the other side.

Small and quaint, it is actually a favorite amongst those who would choose to read a book from across the street or smell the flowers right next door. She parked her car in front of the door.
As she reached for her purse, Lydia pushed her hand and waved her wallet in her face, "I'm buying." Once inside, Lydia had ordered a small latte while Allison had settled for brewed raspberry tea.

Lydia had chosen a table that avoided anyone coming in and out. It seemed perfect, just enough space and time for the two to have a decent conversation, talk about what happened.

It didn't start off so well as Lydia kept using her mirror to fiddle with her hair, and equally looked down at her nails; scrunching her face all the while.

"I need a new hair style and nail color. What do you think?"

"Hmm..." Allison responded, a bit surprised at those words.


"Why isn't she talking to me about what just happened? She should be happy she saved her boyfriend's life!" She asked herself these questions but reluctantly gave up and joined Lydia's talk about hair styles and going with her next time she gets her nails done.

After a few more sips and even some small giggles, both cups were empty which meant it was time to call it a night.

However, in Lydia's case, there is still some unfinished business, There is a bit more hesitation in her voice because she knows her weakness is about to be exploited.

"H-Hey..." she begins but doesn't make eye contact right away.

"Can we-I mean, can you-can you take me somewhere else before we go home?" Allison gets a bit worried and she eyes Lydia and can see some fear. "Sure," she says, trying to sound reassuring. A long pause wiggles between each of them as the car rumbles slightly with the engine.

"I need to go to Jackson's house," Lydia says quietly but quickly.

"Okay," Allison responds and doesn't hesitate the entire way. Once they reach his home, Jackson hears the breaks of Allison's car and peers out his window.

Anticipating what's coming, he changes into his own clothes and makes his way downstairs. Lydia watches Jackson's front door and takes a deep breath to help compose herself.

"Do you want me to come in with you?" Allison asks as she takes off her seatbelt.

"No, it's okay. But, do you mind waiting for me?" Lydia asks while straightening her clothes out.

"Of course not. Good luck," she responds optimistically. Lydia walks to the front door with confidence and casually rings the door bell when she reaches it.

"Lydia! What a pleasure to see you," greets Mrs. Whittemore at opening the door.

"Is Jackson home?" she quickly asks, not wasting any time.

"Of course," Mrs. Whittemore responds back while stepping aside, extending an arm and letting her come inside.

"I can go call him..."she began again but stopped abruptly when she saw Jackson standing at the
bottom of the stairs."

Well...here he is." She sounded surprised and shocked at Jackson's sudden entrance.

"Do you mind if I talk to him?" Lydia asked, not letting her eyes falter from Mrs. Whittemore.

"Sure, go right ahead."

She got further out of Lydia's way and offered a smile as Lydia graced by her and said, "Thank you."

Jackson led first and hurried, not slowing down in any way, into his room while Lydia dragged along.

When both were finally inside his room, Jackson was almost at the back corner as Lydia stood idly close to the door. Small gasps of air flowed throughout the room and a dingy sourness filled Jackson's mouth but he waited until Lydia spoke, back turned. "

I can't really hide anything from you so I am going to say it plainly. I don't think we should be together; ever again." She thought by uttering those words it would have at least caused him to turn around; looking at her was another step, apparently.

But she knew well enough he was listening which is all she needed.

"And I want to say I'm sorry. You already know I was only with you because you are the king of high school. I figured you wanted me for the same reason but discovering there are hidden feelings is a bit much. Yes, I can admit there was a certain point and time my feelings developed into something deeper but I need affirmation. The shallow bitch I've been, there is nothing I can do to make up for the past but I guess I also needed the same thing you desire. Which is why I've decided to make this decision. I want to be with someone who can fully accept how and what they feel; no games, no lies, all truth."

After she clearly spoke those words, she carefully reached into her purse and took out the picture of them smiling and the key to his home."

It's what I want. And I know it's what you want too so I think you should find someone who makes you feel as such."

Lydia took a few steps forward but not in his direction. She paced towards his nightstand table and placed both items on top.

"Well...Allison is waiting for me outside so I think I better be going."

A strong breeze whooshed and rustled the trees outside but the noise only cancelled out Lydia's footsteps as she headed towards the door. As the door creaked while being pulled, she turned to face Jackson's back, his refusal to turn around as strong as ever.

"Follow your heart. It never lies to you."

She smiled childishly at the irony of her statement but figured it was a good note on which to exit. The door closed softly but firm.

On her way downstairs she encountered Mrs. Whittemore again and bid her goodnight on the way out. Walking to Allison's car, Lydia raised her head and brushed away wetness from her cheeks.
"Are you okay?" Allison asked once she was inside. She finished wiping her cheeks and looked at the horizon, "Yeah."

As soon as Jackson heard the car leave, he cocked his head, surprised. Everything Lydia said was true.

He started fiddling with the key in his fingers while he picked up the photo and ripped it to shreds. He gave himself a sarcastic smile as he dwelled on her words.

"Follow your heart. It never lies to you."

Sometimes it is amazing and creepy how right she can be.

He tossed the key into the air and quickly caught it to be stashed away in his top desk drawer; possibly to never be seen again.

The towel around his waist had magically disappeared and his bare body is the only thing caressing his sheets. His fingers felt around his wounded shoulders and found no wounds.

During his slight lapse, the wounds must have finished healing and he is grateful for that; gotta love werewolf power. Drowsy eyes and tired bones were begging for sleep but not before one last message from Danny illuminated his phone.

Danny: "So, there really is no new girl?"

Jackson: "Nope, no one."

"No one," Jackson hummed to himself as his eye lids shut.

His heart skipped a beat.

-  

"Jackson! Are you awake? I've got breakfast ready."

Jackson drowsily opened his eyes and stretched his arms out. He immediately got up and began running his eyes when he shivered a bit. A cool mist could be touched all around his room and light fog covered the street below.

He wasn't necessarily bothered by the weather, he enjoyed it so well last night, but it was one of the many, new experiences he would have as a werewolf.

"Jackson?! Hello!?" And then there are the drawbacks. It's already annoying to have your parents yell and bang on your door but as a werewolf, it's 100x worse.

"I'll be down in a bit!" he bit back.

I suppose it's a bit much to ask for a good day. He showered quickly and got dressed, putting on a dark blue long sleeve, for the heck of it, and picked up his lacrosse bag. Stopping at a store to pick up a backpack is still a priority that he actually doesn't have time for breakfast.

He hurries downstairs and skirts in the kitchen for juice and a muffin while his mother holds out her
"Now, I'm pretty sure you do have other important issues to attend to since you aren't staying for breakfast but your father wanted me to let you know he took your car to the garage. Some repairs he said but you still have your truck."

The old man does have some weird ways to show he cares. He thanks his mom while getting his keys and flies out the door.

The store he decides to stop at is a 'Academy Outdoor'. It wasn't to his already accustomed rich taste but durability is needed this time around. However, what greeted him at the entrance was an unpleasant sight.

Argent came rolling out with two big bags of what could only mean danger from him and his kind. Argent saw him instantly and waved, almost inviting him over.

Jackson wished it wasn't so as he was standing at the only entrance.

"Jackson! My new favorite acquaintance!" he said happily once Jackson came into view.

Argent threw a hand at Jackson's shoulder when he got close enough but Jackson pushed it away, hard.

"Now, let's not make a scene in front of all these nice people." The wave of Argent's arm was supposed to be enough to control Jackson but his eyes never wavered from the bags.

"What's that?" he asked, trying to keep his focus.

"Oh, just some surprises," Argent whispers.

"Dad!"

Allison's voice came as a shock in Jackson's ears.

"Come on! You're making a scene and I don't want to be late for school."

"Don't worry, I'm just giving Jackson a friendly reminder." Argent said with a smile.

"Nous chassons ceux qui nous chasse." Suddenly, Argent tensed and smiled at his daughter.

"Just remember, you have now become my responsibility."

His eyes narrowed on him before he began walking in the direction of his car.

"Thanks, I guess," Jackson said.

"It's a favor, this time," she replied back.

"Allison!" Argent yelled.

"Okay, well, see you at school," she called out behind her back.

"Yeah, later."

With his new backpack in tow, he headed off to school. Two steps backward but three steps forward; progress.
Once at school, he parked his truck at the back, where the locker room is located. No after school practice today but lacrosse is his last period of the day.

Going inside, so far so good as he stashed his things away and packed in his backpack what he needed. Jackson then exited the locker room only to find Stiles makes his way towards him.

"I need you to talk to Stiles...Stiles....Stiles....Stiles...."

Jackson swore the name got louder but the reason why was McCall running behind him. The two smiled idiotically at each other as they bumped shoulders for a side hug. They both caught sight or Jackson by the door; Scott scowled while Stiles looked annoyed.

As they passed by, Scott gave a low growl, which he knew Jackson could hear, while Stiles rushed by. Moving by itself, Jackson's arm instinctively reached out to grab at Stiles until Danny called him and his arm rescinded.

"Hey, I thought you were going to leave me behind. Ready to go to class?" Jackson used his peripheral vision to watch Stiles from the corner of his eye.

"Hey, you okay?" Danny asked.

"Yeah, forget it. Let's go." He led on while Danny followed close behind.

At lunch time, Jackson settled for school food instead of going off campus. He sat with his lacrosse guys but took note at the two tables which stood between him and McCall's group, even Isaac is sitting with them.

Pretty soon it will be awkward and hard to say why Isaac would start joining Jackson to sit with him or have Jackson join him and sit with their group.

The thought made his eyes burn but he closed them to try to focus on regaining control. He must have been making a bit of a commotion because Danny leaned over and asked again, "Dude, you alright?"

"Fine," he clawed out. Danny backed away with his hands in the air as Jackson turned his gaze to find Stiles starting square at him.

He let out a huge sigh and slumped his shoulders but never dropped his gaze. It looked as if Stiles is trying to ask him all these invisible questions with just one stare.

Now he is getting fed up and with a hard huff, he got off his seat, dumped his tray in the trash and stomped out the cafeteria.

He didn't get very far and leaned his back against some lockers to which he inclined his head back. Jackson thinks Derek asks for the impossible and felt the urge to find out if there really isn't anything else he can do to be a part of the pack.

He brings his head up and wipes his brow when the class bell startles him. Never has he been happier to go to class and he began walking but the thought still hinders his mind.

It was an ever better relief when the final bell rang for the last period of the day; lacrosse. Some healthy exercise and rough play is just what is needed to relieve all the angst from today.

It is an all out practice so every player participated. Jackson began worrying about Stiles because he isn't as athletic or big like the other guys.
During one of their breaks, Scott was running drills with second line while Jackson spoke with Finnstock. When Jackson headed to the water fountains for a drink, he overheard a few guys poking fun at Stiles.

"Hey, Stilinski! You think you can develop some skill to actually play in the next game instead of just being put in by default?"

A roar of laughter came from all three guys and Stiles scowled while facing the ground; Jackson butted in immediately.

"Hey, Partick. Back off, alright?"

"Come on, Jackson. You can't get mad at me for speaking the truth!" Patrick responded with a smirk.

"Okay, then how about this? Instead of making fun of our players, you go and fix your game so I won't have to work twice as hard to pick up your slack?"

Patrick immediately radiated fury and jumped straight into Jackson's face when coach Finnstock suddenly appeared.

"Hey, asswipes! Suicide runs! Now!"

Patrick took an extra second to make his treat valid before turning to leave towards the field.

"Jackson, you too!" coach yelled and Jackson ran but glared at the ground to show his displeasement.

"Stilinski, hurry up and get the hell out there!" Finnstock yelled, louder.

Stiles jumped and tripped on his two left feet as he trailed behind Jackson.

Stiles takes a nice, convenient place at Jackson's side for the runs. He could feel a slight sting from Stiles eyes but pressed forward. He finished his runs in almost record time and he spent his recovering time to watching Stiles finish his. Looking at him caused Jackson's stomach to rumble, twist, and turn.

Moody angst is all he ever felt when talking to anyone but it was different with Stiles for an obvious reason; he saved his life. Well, a rather technical way of putting it but still, some truth.

"Not used to people being nice and caring," he said in his mind. It felt like learning to walk for the very first time; baby steps.

Defending Stiles is a good way to start, even if just returning a silent debt. Once Stiles finished, he slouched over to catch his breath and then rose to arch his back and stretch.

When he brought himself forward, he shot some quick eyes at Jackson and gave him a slight smile.

"First he plays nice, then he looks at me with malicious eyes and now he smiles kindly," Jackson mouthed to himself; it is all so confusing.

Once he was out of sight, Stiles regretted the smile. He knows very well what Jackson is feeling. All the turmoil he is causing him but only because he is in also unsure of his own feelings.

Wanting to get close but doubting which created anger and frustration to be taken out on him, then later feeling sorry and trying to make up for it. It was a loop leading them nowhere. Stiles silently
wished for things to be better, he hated this rut he is stuck in.

The bell rang and all players rushed past Jackson out the door as he made his way in. Being a team captain somehow meant being a father to a bunch of babies so he and Scott were stuck helping Finstock bring in all the equipment used for practice. Jackson showered once everything was put away and didn't waste any time to exit into the parking lot.

He is still aware he needs to talk with Stiles, per Derek's request to be a part of the pack. It was just chaos each time it crossed his mind and it makes him nervous wondering how to go about it.

Heading towards his truck, he noticed Stiles awkwardly standing in front of his jeep. He has his phone out and dials a number, Jackson tries to not eavesdrop as best he could. It wasn't hard to pick out he was on the line with Scott, figures.

Though he does notice a change of scent when Scott tells Stiles he can't pick him up because he is already working. He catches a quick glance at Stiles kicking the ground while gathering his bags from his back seat.

"Hopefully dad doesn't mind me stopping by the station," Stiles spoke to himself. Jackson twisted the steering wheel and makes the leather squeak with his grip. He eyes Stiles closely from his rear view mirror and watches him leave his jeep well locked.

Opportunity is knocking and it didn't need to knock twice before he speeds up and skits to a halt right next to him.

"Get in," he said as he looks at Stiles through his sunglasses.

"My dad's station isn't far. I can manage," was Stiles reply.

"Stilinski, I'm not asking. Get in!" Jackson voices in a much gruffer tone. Stiles begins to move but only side to side as he isn't sure where to leave his bags.

"Bags outside, body inside!" Jackson is starting to get aggravated as Stiles quickly tosses his belongings onto the bed of the truck and hurries inside.

The truck peels out of the parking lot and within a few seconds the inside completely reeks of panic but also with a small, sweet, happy scent; Stiles is beaming a bit. The panic smell bothers Jackson's senses but helps to take away from his uneven heartbeat.

"What to do? What to do?" he keeps asking himself.

The tension only grew thicker til he thinks of the most practical solution; dinner. He drives around the main road, turning his head left and right to find a good spot to dine.

Stiles begins fidgeting in his seat while his legs rattled. It was nice to see him nervous, even if it isn't for the same reason. It could help make this process a bit easier and smoother.

"Ah," he says above a whisper and parks the truck close to the entrance.

"Uh..." Stiles mouths. "I'm hungry," Jackson says as if this answer should be enough for Stiles to figure out why they are here. Jackson leaps out like a happy child as Stiles seems to purposefully stall their unexpected...gathering.

"Stilinski, hurry up! I'll pay and we need to hurry to get a table because this place usually fills up on a good night."
Stiles almost wishes it isn't a good night as he nervously trials behind him like a young toddler. From his perspective, it is very appealing how the hostess treats Jackson as he asks for a table.

He felt like a honorary guest going to a banquet dinner. Almost anyone and everything Jackson could ever want he could get without even trying.

But here he is, dragged along, and yet here nonetheless. It's hard to not smile like a giddy girl at this pleasantness until Jackson raised his eyebrow in a confused look to which Stiles gave apologetic eyes; falling quickly into his seat when they arrive at their table.

Stiles drinks Dr. Pepper while Jackson settled with sweetened iced tea. Stiles eyes grow wide with hunger at all the delicious choices on the menu.

He is emanating hunger but calmness, making Jackson satisfied.

"So..." he starts off first, hesitation in tow. "We need to talk about what happened a couple of nights ago." Stiles takes a large gulp of his drink, averting his gaze altogether.

"Derek..." he continues. "Derek thinks the police is investigating what happened. He wants to keep our secret, secret so he needs you to talk to your dad to sort of get them off our tail."

Stiles scrunches his face and lowers his head, mouth still wrapped around his straw. Thoughts are running through his mind, Jackson knows it, but a surprising scent grabbs his attention; disappointment.

A bit faded but still there, he ignores it until Stiles gives a response. A smirk grows on his face and he watches him sideways before asking, "You still have a tail?"

The humor is a nice gesture but Jackson can't afford to be distracted but this dork. "You know what I mean?" he replied angrily.

"Right...so, why can't Derek tell me this himself?" Stiles questions.

"It's...part of a process..." Jackson responds quietly.

"Which one? What one?" Stiles inquires, leaning over the table and closer in Jackson's personal space.

"Not one you should know or care about." Jackson responds, not receding an inch.

"Look, Derek is only looking out of us and if they find or figure it out, there goes your little group, including McCall. We need you to do us this favor. I don't intend to bribe you with food."

"So, are you going to inspire me with fear?" Narrowing his eyes, they glow their deep sea blue and he taps the table with his hand, claws out.

Stiles scoffs and Jackson glares harder which makes him sink back into his seat. "Yeah, my dad got a tip something happened and they are investigating. But yes, tell Derek I will take care of it," Stiles reassures him.


Stiles almost convinces himself this favor is more for Jackson than Derek or Scott. But he doesn't have time to question him about it because the waiter arrives with their food. Jackson ordered ribs
while Stiles craved a steak.

They both ate in relative silence for the remainder of dinner and once their plates are clean, there is no doddling to pay their bill and leave. All along their drive home, Stiles makes himself more comfortable, even taking out his phone to text.

Jackson parked smoothly in front of the Stilinski house. Stiles gave a sigh of relief at being back to his old shack he knew to be home; maybe something else is giving him a good feeling.

"Thanks for dinner," he said, without hesitation. "My jeep is still at the school, haha, but walking ain't so bad.."

"I will pick you up tomorrow morning." These words were spoken with a rush and dominance, they caught both of them off guard. Jackson sunk in his seat and Stiles couldn't budge an inch.

"I mean...I can pick you up tomorrow morning...if you want me to...." The words were directed more at the steering wheel in which he said them to.

"Yeah, that sounds good." Stiles was staring down at this phone it wasn't difficult to notice the small patches of red on his cheeks when Jackson viewed him.

Turning to view out the window is the best option to hide the red spreading across his own face.

"Thanks for the ride," Stiles called out as he grabbed his bags from the back.

When Stiles paced up the stairs to his front door, he gave one last glance over his shoulder to watch the truck speed out of sight. Jackson closed his eyes at the first stop sign he encountered and felt his phone buzz in his pocket.

Stiles: "See you tomorrow morning. :)

Baby steps, right? Stiles grinned from ear to ear after sending the message and Jackson was stressed than ever before.

"Baby steps," he repeated and glanced at his side mirror. He is already wearing a half smile.

Chapter End Notes

Hello! I want to apologize for being super later on this chapter, again! Long story short, school kicked my butt. But now that it is done and over with, I am hoping I can stick to a new goal of a chapter a week. Thank you for your continued support. As another treat, here is a bit of lengthy chapter. Again, thank you for your patience with me.
"Hey kiddo. Where were you?" Stiles dad greets him as he enters.

Stiles is grinning from ear to ear, he hardly notices his dad isn't in his sheriff's uniform but in a nice long sleeve button up with dark denim jeans. The sheriff is drinking some coffee while gazing at his watch every few seconds.

Stiles takes a paper towel from the kitchen counter and walks past his dad to sit opposite of him to grab at the bakery bag sitting in the center.

"Anything new on the abandoned building case?" Stiles asks while rummaging through the bag.

"Nothing new but the Argents did give me their word they weren't there and have alibis that check out. So I guess it's another unsolved case for now."

The sheriff scratches the back of his head and tugs at his neck collar, distress filling his face.

"Hey, you're trying your best and that's all you can do," Stiles reassures him. Knowing his father isn't ready to discover why more and more incidents go unresolved is something the sheriff will have to endure a bit longer.

However, Stiles isn't dwelling as he flicks his hand at his dad's attire, "What's with the get up?"

"Dinner," the sheriff says. "Kind of felt bad for always blaming them with all these recent events. Chris said it wasn't a problem and instead, wants to commend me for doing an admirable job with this town so this dinner is a 'thank you' of sorts, I suppose."

The sheriff is now completely staring at his wrist.

"Personally, I still don't trust them but his daughter will be joining us and if you are friends with her, maybe they can't be that bad. Either way, I invited Melissa to join me to be on the safe side. Just waiting for her to call to let me know she is ready."

Once uttered, the phone rings as the sheriff smoothly rises from his seat to answer it. As he continues to eat a doughnut, Stiles’ mood sours at Argent trying to play nice.

If he didn't know any better, Stiles thinks this may be some coy plot to take out his dad but with Allison there, he trusts her enough to know she won't let things get out of hand. Plus, it's a relief to know his dad is on the side of caution and is bringing Scott's mom.

"You okay?" papa Stilinski asks coming back into the living room.
Not aware of the faces he is making, Stiles swallows the last bit of bread and wipes his face with a napkin.

"Leaving already?" Stiles mumbles, crumbs falling onto the hardwood floor.

"Yeah. That was Melissa and she was just leaving food for Scott but now we can go." The sheriff walks past Stiles and pats Stiles shoulder as he takes his keys from the table.

"Now, I want you in bed when I come home. No excuses! Tomorrow is still a school day. And please try not to leave and wind up in trouble!"

There is severe emphasis on the last part.

"Even with this unsolved case, it looks as if things have quieted down and I prefer for it to remain this way."

It sounds more like a plea but Stiles knows when his dad is being serious. Assurance brings Stiles up from his chair and promises the sheriff while escorting him to the door.

Stiles stays at the porch, watching until his dad is out of view. Before Stiles walks back inside a pair of eyes gaze up. It's a clear sky lit with stars all around; in the north-east, a beautiful half-moon lights the entire street. The wonder about the full moon and how werewolves lose control.

Only about two weeks for the next one and Stiles imagines chaos all around. The Argents doing a city sweep to hunt any out-of-control wolves and Derek doing his best to keep them in control.

Stiles sighs as he would like to focus on one problem at a time. First, Stiles needs to let Jackson know, as well as Derek, the sheriff has closed the case, for now. Stiles heads inside and picks up his plastic cup of water taking one big gulp to finish the small amount left before tossing it into the sink.

The lacrosse bag and backpack feel light as Stiles runs up the stairs, heading directly into his room. As he reaches for the door knob, his phone buzzes in his pocket making him frown a bit.

"So insistent," Stiles mouths quietly while passing by the bed. Stiles throws his lacrosse bag on the floor and leans his backpack at the side of his desk.

Slouching as soon as he falls onto his chair, Stiles stretches far back and extends his legs, reaching into his pocket to take out his phone. Much to his surprise, the message is from Scott and not Jackson. A grin appears as Stiles opens his messages to read it.

Scott: "Dude! Your dad and my mom!"

Stiles: "Yeah but it's not as amazing as it sounds."

Scott: "???"

Stiles: "Argent invited my dad for a 'thank you for your service' dinner"

Scott: "Ummm...what??"

Stiles: "I don't know but my dad didn't buy it either. So your mom is a safety precaution. Sorry..."

Scott: "Not a problem. Still, both of them together. He could have asked you to go with him."
Stiles: "Haha, unlikely. My dad wants to avoid trouble and not cause it. Besides, I wouldn't have had the appetite."

Scott: "Why?"

Stiles digits suddenly stop typing. Uncertainty obscures Stiles mind if Scott should know he had dinner with Jackson. Scott still despises him, Stiles know this, but exactly like Scott, Stiles sometimes gives people the benefit of a doubt.

Scott: "You can lie to me, it's okay. ;)"

Stiles sheepishly grins into his phone.

Stiles: "Ehh...just wouldn't have the stomach."

Scott: "Me neither. Well, dinner is ready for me. See you tomorrow at school."

Stiles: "Yeah, see you tomorrow."

There is a bit of hesitation as the phone swings within Stiles hand. No reason and no one is forcing him to contact Jackson at this moment. Jackson is supposed to pick him up in the morning so why not speak then? Maybe at school or during lunch? Possibly wait until next week? What is the hurry?

Jackson quickly makes it home and unloads his bags at his doorstep. Jackson flings himself onto his bed and gently closes his eyes.

The thoughts running through his mind take weird directions for quite some time until his mind goes blank. For a few seconds, an icy blank stare faces his ceiling with nothing more than a steady heartbeat to fill his ears.

A couple of more beats and then a low static hum from the t.v. inches it's way to his mind. Next, the rumble from the air conditioner, the water from the running water hose outside and the springs from his bed join the noises swirling throughout Jackson's mind.

It becomes irritating as Jackson rises and walks towards his window; a strip down of his wear to feel the air caress tender skin. Faint strips of light illuminate Jackson's arms as his head faces the sky.

A half moon smiles down to him, although to Jackson, it's mocking him. Extending his arm to have his hand bask in the shine, teasing him for good measure.

Shaking it, Jackson clears his head and makes the effort to extend his claws; nothing. Feet spread shoulder width apart, as if to help ground him, and Jackson brings forward his other arm to try again.

No use as his hands tremble with the effort. Confusion and anger swell inside as if attempting to understand this failure.

"Why was this so easy to do a couple of hours ago in the restaurant?" Jackson asks himself.

An arm flies and punches the window seal but his body doesn't shift from his current position. Stinging pains pan in his palm as a too familiar scent wafts in his nostrils. Walking forward, he out stretches his arm into his yard, like a wet towel dripping.
And like a wet towel, red drops cascade down to the green grass below, painting it. Slight grunts slip from Jackson's mouth as he continues to wring himself out. Once done, he simply opens and spreads his fingers to view his claws.

They last for brief seconds as they begin to rescind into his normal nails. For Derek, Scott, and Isaac, it seems so easy to take and maintain control.

"But if McCall can do it, how hard can it be?" Jackson scolds himself.

One thing Jackson knows for sure, he better be ready when the full moon arrives. Dismissing the star, Jackson waves it off before he steals one last glance.

Jackson enters his bathroom to wash up a bit before heading to bed. Being intelligent does carry it's advantages, like not being constantly swamped with homework.

Before lying down, Jackson habitually grabs his phone and fiddles with it, social media accounts as well. A few likes, couple of comments, some friend requests, and personal invitations until it all gets annoying, per usual.

The phone rests his phone on his chest as he hopelessly tries to fall asleep. His eyelids close but his eyes keep blinking, arms and legs fidgeting in every direction. It's not til a buzz from his phone completely grabs his attention. The light blinds him a bit when he views a new message is what he has.

Stiles: "Hey"

"Hmmm..." Jackson whispers.

After Stiles sends the message, he patiently waits for a reply. It's a crazy idea to think Jackson might be willing to talk. Stiles should have just told him everything in that one message.

"I'm probably annoying him," Stiles says in his mind.

Dinner together was only a couple hours ago and a morning is coming pretty soon. Relaying these thoughts in his mind, Stiles quickly regrets sending the message and begins typing a new one filled with the reasons he messaged Jackson in the first place. Stiles begins but doesn't accomplish writing a sentence as a new message interrupts him.

Jackson: "Stilinski"

A long pause consumes Stiles as he twiddles his thumbs, not sure as to whether or not continue his previous message. Not a tough decision as another message quickly follows.

Jackson: "Need something?"

A bit more hesitation flows through Stiles before he decides to answer back.

Stiles: "No, nothing. What are you doing?"

"Idiot," Stiles says while palming his face.

A whole minute flies by and there isn't a reply back. As if there could be anything out of the ordinary Jackson could be doing.
The clock turns to face him and reads, '8:45 pm' Almost an hour from when his dad left but again, what is he expecting or wanting Jackson to do. Stiles shakes himself off as a couple of more minutes go by with no new notifications. Stiles breaks the silence.

**Stiles:** "What time are you picking me up tomorrow morning?"

**Jackson:** "7:00 am"

**Stiles:** "That's a little too early."

**Jackson:** "It's when I want to get there."

Stiles scrunches his face. A wild guess of being perfect means lack of sleep. Stiles should be grateful he isn't this way since he loves his bed as much as himself.

**Stiles:** "Okay, but can we stop for breakfast?"

**Jackson:** "What?"

**Stiles:** "I know this great little bakery where we can get some awesome biscuits! Please?! ;)"

Stiles squints in his phone, as if Jackson could see him and those puppy dog eyes he is making. There come small giggles from Stiles mouth because his charm is at work.

Fully aware, Stiles basks in knowing he has a face no one can say no to and although these are messages, Stiles is more than certain his smile flowed through his words.

The giddiness builds as Stiles scampers into his bathroom to pee. Once finished, he quickly runs back to his desk to take his phone while flinging himself onto the bed.

One look and you would think Stiles has his mouth wired down to constantly show a smile. It's a much longer pause this time around and yet, Stiles anticipates the reply like tomorrow morning.

PING!!

**Jackson:** "You buying?"

"Yes!.....yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!" The cheering in Stiles head is fervent and loud, along with the erratic moving of his arms.

**Stiles:** "Yes! So....."

**Jackson:** "Be ready, outside and waiting by 7."

**Stiles:** "You got it! :)"

Warm fuzziness sweeps through Stiles' body as he gazes over the messages again and again.

"Phew," he sighs.

It's almost a feeling of going into battle and emerging victorious. Unknown to either one, the battle is won but the war is far from over.
The body is running in every direction, not knowing where to turn. It stumbles to a tree but falls at the base of it. Slow grunts and heavy breathing consume ears as eyes can visibly see the heat escaping a mouth. Thick fog covers most of the wooded area the physical body finds itself in.

With each deep breath inhaled, the trees seem to crawl closer and closer, enclosing the surrounding area with their branches.

"Pant......pant.......pant......pant......pant....pant...pant..."

The breathing becomes so heavy, faint feelings begin to fill a pair of lungs.

"Pant....pant.....pant....pant...pant"

"Aaaahhhhh!!" Stiles gasps as he wakes up.

A stray hand grabs Stiles throat and coughs a bit at the sudden influx of air in his lungs. Eyes scan around and Stiles sighs at the relief of being in his room.

"What a realistic, scary dream," Stiles gasps.

When his feet touch the ground, the brisk floor makes his toes dance and wiggle as he paces towards his bathroom once again.

Splash a bit of water on his face, the look Stiles receives from the mirror is ghastly.

"Ah man..." Stiles sighs, wiping that look off.

The tread back to his bed feels like crossing a frozen tundra. Before Stiles makes himself comfortable within his sheets, his phone radiates a small light from the reflection of the moon. Pushing the power button, it blinks on to reveal the clock reading, '2:13 am'

"Well, I still have time to get some rest," Stiles breathes silently as he nods off.

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Even before the alarm rings at 6:30 am, Stiles is already awake, dressed and rummaging through the cupboards in the kitchen. Food is going to be available but there isn't going to be anything to drink and that's bad.

Truth be told, all Stiles has is orange juice but he assures it should enough to not be quenched of thirst. Two coffee cups his dad uses for overnight shifts to keep it warm call out to him.

"Hmm...Tropicana is all I have. Let's hope it's enough for Mr. Banks," he mumbles while pouring the juice in each cup.

After putting the second cover on the cup, Stiles picks up his bags and heads outside to the front porch; his clock reads. '6:55 am.'

Only about five minutes til but Stiles doesn't want Jackson to think he doesn't appreciate the gesture. Stiles is visibly bouncing on the balls of his feet until he catches sight of the Porsche speeding down the street.

Jackson doesn't even have to honk the horn for as soon as he parks in front of the house, Stiles is walking in his direction; Jackson pops the trunk to signal where Stiles can place his bags. Stiles accommodates them accordingly since Jackson's are there too and proceeds to open his
passenger door with the cups in tow.

"No truck this time?" Stiles asks as he makes himself comfortable.

Jackson huffs a bit at Stiles lack of knowledge to know he wasn't using his car before because it was in the shop getting repaired. Actually, his dad surprised him that morning by leaving his keys on top of the table.

"I got us something to drink," Stiles says again.

Stiles still hasn't looked at Jackson as he fidgets with fitting the cups into the cup holders. When Stiles finally gazes at him, Jackson is starting, at least it looks like he is since he has those awful, good looking sunglasses on. The stare off continues for a bit more until Jackson raises his eyebrows, tilts his head and shrugs his shoulders.

"Right! The bakery," Stiles breathes out, relieved. "Follow the roads as if you are heading towards the police station."

With that, Jackson wastes no time and pushes down heavily on the gas pedal, launching them forward. After a couple more twists and turns, Stiles isn't the best map when it comes to directions, they arrive at the bakery.

Stiles immediately exits and wastes no time to order from the baker what he desires. As he leaves the store, Jackson notices him carrying a rather medium to large sized bag.

When Stiles is inside, Jackson, again, throws some concerned eyebrows; Stiles gives a smile before answering. "Scott loves this place too. If he knew, or smells, that I came over here and didn't bring him anything, I'd be dead."

"Smells good," Jackson says and it's the first words Stiles hears all morning. Grateful to say the least, Stiles relaxes more in his seat and on their way to school.

When they arrive, Jackson parks his car in the back, at the locker rooms. Like a kid on Christmas, Stiles notices, above anything else, his bright blue jeep in the distance.

"My baby," he whispers to himself.

Jackson parks close to the door but only about a couple yards from the jeep.

"Out!" Jackson yells when he turns off the engine.

Understandingly, Jackson doesn't want a mess in his car but to Stiles, it wouldn't matter in his. They both get out as Jackson only moves towards the front and leans against the hood, waiting for Stiles. If he had offered to help, Stiles wouldn't be struggling to juggle the bag and mugs.

Well, Stiles manages as he joins Jackson in leaning against the hood. It doesn't surprise him, at first, Jackson is allowing him to do this where anyone else wouldn't be allowed to even look at the Porsche.

"My drink?" Jackson speaks; the only other words during their entire time.

"Yeah, here," Stiles manages to lightly place the bag atop the hood and hands Jackson one of the cups. Jackson sniffs it and Stiles can see a bit of a smile as he proceeds to take a big gulp.

The hard swallow is loud, anyone could hear it, if there really is anybody around.
"It's Tropicana. It's all I had at the house and I didn't actually think you drink coffee or I would have brought some..."

"I like it. My personal favorite," Jackson answers.

His interruptions are like sighs of relief as Stiles digs into the bag and fishes out a biscuit wrapped in paper.

Stiles hands it to Jackson like an offering before reaching into the bag to grab his own. The smell coming from the biscuit is so invigorating, it warms Jackson to the core.

Small flakes break away with the gentle wind, they reveal a yellow, melted inside. Jackson takes another whiff to smell the buttery goodness.

"It's already buttered," Jackson says with astonishment.

"I know! That's why I love it. Just wait until you taste it," Stiles replies back with gusto.

Jackson watches with interest as Stiles chomps down on his, flakes flying everywhere. He's wearing that confused-surprised-amused look not knowing where to go from here. The watching and staring continue til Stiles finishes his bite and wipes his mouth with a napkin.

Stiles eyes him, signaling it's his turn to take a bite and taste it for himself. Well, Jackson doesn't wait any longer and bites down only to feel the biscuit crumble in and around his lips.

Keeping his clothes clean, Jackson leans his head forward and puckers his lips to not make anymore of a mess. His ears catch a small giggle from Stiles as he nods his head at him, letting him know the satisfaction with it.

"A bit messy but totally worth it!" Stiles exclaims

Jackson continues to nod, wiping his mouth.

"Figured I kind of owed you for dinner last night but I think I'm still a few bucks short of even," Stiles jokes and nudes Jackson's arm.

It's not inappropriate or out of line as Jackson eyes him sideways and tosses him a half smile.

"Baby steps," Jackson's mind reminds himself.

They continue to talk and eat for a bit more until coach Finnstock opens the doors at 7:45 am. More cars and lacrosse guys had arrived during the time they were eating but they blocked them out when the showed up, ignoring them when they passed by.

Dusting their hands and wiping them clean, Stiles and Jackson follow the now line into the locker room. Both go their separate ways inside and soon, Stiles is greeted with a wide eyed grin from Scott.

"Dude!!" Scott says with a rising tone.

Stiles knows what he is fishing for and promptly holds up the paper bag.

"Dude!!" Scott yells and the whole locker room turns to face him.

Scott cowers shyly and digs his head into the bag to grab a biscuit.
"You went this morning?" Scott asks between bites.

"Uh...yeah. I went there before coming to school," Stiles answers.

It isn't a lie as long as Scott doesn't ask for any more details.

"Mmmm.....but your jeep looks like it hasn't moved," Scott points out.

And here we go. Stiles trues to maintain a steady heartbeat when his mouth opens to answer until the first bell rings for class.

"Oh my god!" Stiles says through gritted teeth. "Come on, we don't want to be late for class."

Scott agrees and even beats him outside the door into the hallway.

Lunch time comes rather quick with a treat for Stiles; pizza Friday! He's the first one to flock to the line, grab his tray, and sit at their usual spot.

Judgemental stares are the least of his worries, his tray is like a blessing from heaven which he immerses himself in. When the rest of the gang arrive, Scott watches how he scarfs down his entire meal.

It makes Scott a bit self-conscious since he is supposed to be a wolf and here Stiles is behaving, or eating, like one. Stiles can feel his friends stares so he composes himself, but only a bit.

Lydia sits across from him and he scans the cafeteria a bit to find Jackson. He hadn't arrived yet but he does see a small glimpse of Danny sitting at the edge of a table so he figures Jackson can't be far off. A certain, off-putting and uneasy feeling still creeps at Stiles neck.

Watching Lydia continuously fiddle with her lipstick used to bring a pleasant feeling and now it gives him the creeps. Three days have passed since their fateful night and her face has no scar to show it happened.

"So....Lydia..." Stiles begins and Lydia purposefully places her mirror in his face, blocking it.

No big deal, he needs her ears to listen and mouth to talk, not her eyes. Allison and Scott give him raised eyebrows of luck as they engage in conversation with Isaac.

"How are you doing, Lydia?" Stiles finishes off.

"Mmmmpaaaahhh!!"

"Dammit, Lydia!" Stiles screams in his head. All this constant fixing of makeup is irritating if not bothersome.

"Lydia, can you just listen to me for a second. I need to ask you a personal question." Stiles pushes.

"Single and yet taken by my future boyfriend," Lydia quips back.

Her sass almost matches his wit; almost. Small laughs come from Allison as she completely turns to face the others, trying not to eavesdrop.

"I...I want to know what happened between you and Jackson," Stiles asks, nervous.

Well, it's out there and said; like squeezed toothpaste, no one can put it or take it back. The words are
exactly like nails on a chalkboard as Scott squints his eyes and turns his head to desperately join Isaac and Allison in their conversation.

Lydia gives her lips one last, loud smack before she hastily closes her mirror and tosses it into her purse while getting up to leave.

"Lydia! Lydia, wait! I'm sorry. Lydia...Lydia, come on..." Stiles calls out, trying to catch up.

Stiles follows her with only inches between the two. She tosses her empty eye liner and lip stick into the trash when Stiles flies directly in front of her.

Folding her arms, she throws him a very menacing death stare: "Move!" she commands.

"Look, I'm sorry that I asked but I would like to know," Stiles struggles to mumble.

His head cowers a bit but his gaze doesn't drop. Lydia continues to stare as she raises an arm which Stiles is certain is for a slap on it's way. This time, Stiles shields himself with his arms, anticipating the hit, when he feels some slight brushing on his shoulder.

He opens his eyes to see Lydia dusting off stray bread crumbs, smiling.

Tilting her head to the side, she finally says, "Some people just overstay their welcome," and walks off with a flick of her hair.

Ouch! If asking the question is nails on a chalkboard, receiving that answer is getting shot. It couldn't have ended that bad, right?

Stiles looks through the cafeteria to see Jackson amongst Danny and the other lacrosse guys. He's happily smiling at their jokes, un-phased by virtually nothing.

Taking himself back to their talk in the woods, on their heist of taking Jackson, Stiles recalls his own words.

Scott: "He has no one!"

Stiles: "Yeah, well that's his own fault!"

"Maybe it isn't," Stiles whispers. "He pushes everyone away because they push him and vice-versa."

There's a sudden change in his mood, which in turn affects his scent because Jackson stops conversing to look in Stiles direction. They stare motionlessly at each other until Stiles turns tail and leaves.

Jackson knows something is up but doesn't follow him to press it at the moment. Eating lunch continues but not before he catches a quick glance at Scott who growls at him. Jackson growls back, fully aware they can hear each other, no one else.

Fridays usually indicated lacrosse games but this weekend is open for whatever; in short, no game. And no game means no practice either.

All players eagerly pack up after last period practice to anticipate the weekend. Scott, Isaac and Jackson are ready and waiting for the bell while Stiles is stripping for a shower.

Darn werewolves and their supernatural abilities.

BRRRRRIIIIIINNNNNGGGGG!!
With that and all guys slingshot themselves out the double doors.

"Sorry," Scott says into the showers, waiting behind a bit for Stiles.

Why does Scott feel the need to always apologize as if everything is his fault. Stiles emerges wet and dripping with a towel around his waist and walks towards his locker.

"Maybe in 10 years I'll be half as good as you are now," Stiles replies.

"Maybe better," Scott says as he gives him a nudge to the shoulder.

"Weekend plans?" Scott asks.

"Video games. What else?" Stiles answers, tossing on his shirt.

"Okay, well let me know if you plan something."

And with that, Scott runs out the doors.

"Strange, Scott never is this...clingly," Stiles mumbles.

"Eh, maybe it's Scott being Scott," Stiles decides.

Passing a hand through his short hair, any leftover water glides off and with a swish flick, Stiles grabs his bags to leave when a hard hand presses into his chest causing him to lose air.

"Omph! Hey, what?!"

"Why the distressed look at lunch?" Jackson is eye to eye with him with no hesitation in his voice.

"Uh...Just reminiscing about my poor lacrosse game." Stiles mentally slaps himself for not coming up with a better lie that doesn't embarrass himself.

"I would get sad too if I had your poor skill," Jackson replies back with a sly grin.

"Thanks a lot, jerk. Is that all your needed to tell me?" Stiles inquires, trying to wiggle out of Jackson's way.

Jackson's hand hasn't moved from Stiles' chest.

"Don't you have something to tell me?" Jackson presses.

Right! Stiles completely let it slip his mind Jackson needs to know what the sheriff's department will do about the case to let Derek know.

Jackson's hand tightens a bit til Stiles pushes it down and away, not soft nor hard.

Stiles moves out of Jackson's way but walks slowly to indicate Jackson needs to follow him and he does.

"The Argents are good, I'll tell you that. Dad says they have alibis that check out which clear them out. And with no possible leads on the blood samples, the case will be closed as unsolved. So, you can tell Derek he has nothing to worry about."

Their conversation takes them to Jackson's Porsche.

"Alright, I'll let him know. And maybe now, I can get what I want," Jackson whispers the last part.
"What?" Stiles asks back.

"Nothing." Jackson bites.

"Practice tomorrow?" Jackson asks, a sudden shift.

"Um...excuse me?" Stiles throws back with utter confusion.

"If you look bad, I look bad. And I can't have that tarnish my reputation now, can I?" Jackson quips.

"Are you offering?"

"Do you need it?"

"What's the catch?"

"Are you busy or something?"

"Is this serious?"

"Do you want to or not?"

"So, this is serious?"

"Stilinski!"

"Yeah, I mean if you are serious..."

"Yes, I am. Meet me at the school field tomorrow at 3:00 pm."

Jackson doesn't waste any more time and packs away his bags into his car, speeding away soon after. Though if Stiles imagination isn't fooling him, he could swear Jackson winked at him before he left.

Eh, best not to dwell on it as he walks to his jeep. Stiles gives her a small love tap and without thinking, opens his drivers side door to find it open.

"No! no, no, no, no, no, no,..." Stiles is repeating in his head.

It can't be possible, someone breaking into his jeep and to steal what?

After some slight inspection, he notices nothing missing and no damage, inside or out. Odd and unsettling, Stiles puts his bags in his passenger seat, turns the key and is shocked to have it start right away.

Happiness overtakes him that he revs up the engine to match his excitement. As he brings down his sun cover to block the rays blinding his eyes, a yellow post it note falls unto his lap. Eyeing it carefully, Stiles opens it to find a small message scrawled inside. "You owe me. Again!"

"Ha,' Stiles spurts with a grin.

Jackson doesn't head home as he has good news to spread. Well, good for him since he could hardly care less about what Derek would want.

It's not hard to notice Isaac's stotic figure standing a few feet from the stairs leading up the Hale home. Jackson sighs a heavy sigh as he parks his car to prepare himself for another un-welcomed greeting.
They walk towards each other, determination etched in Jackson's face while Isaac seems to carry hate. When they finally meet, the air between them grows so thick it can be cut with a knife, or claws.

Complete silence is the only thing that can be heard for miles. After their stand off, Isaac extends a hand to which Jackson responds with a reluctant nod. Jackson isn't stupid and knows what the handshake is for. Derek must have already told him about being inducted into the pack.

"If you know why you might as well just accept it," Isaac says.

"He does have a point there," Jackson thinks.

Seeing no other choice, Jackson accepts Isaac's hand only to be met with his werewolf strength gripping his hand. "But just because you are a part of the pack doesn't mean anything. I may have to accept you but I don't have to like you."

"Same goes for you," Jackson spits back and uses his strength to match Isaac's.

Both hands echo cracking fingers until they both force their hands away from each other's grasp.

"Derek is inside," Isaac says, back turned. As if he wouldn't be able to tell, Jackson marches towards the door without a thank you; Isaac wasn't expecting one.

The rust from the door falls into Jackson's hair and he shakes it off before catching a slight glimpse of Derek. Jackson straightens himself out before Derek reaches the bottom of the stairs, arms behind his back.

"I did what you asked and the case is closed," Jackson says rather enthusiastically.

Derek smiles towards the ground as he gets closer and closer to him. Soon, Derek is square in Jackson's personal space and places an arm on his shoulder to squeeze tightly, making Jackson crumple down and down. He wants to fight back but knows he can't so he settles into cowering into his knees.

"Jackson, Jackson, Jackson, Jackson...." Derek begins. "What am I going to do with you?"

"I did what you asked. What more do you want?" Jackson inquires, sinking lower.

"You went above and beyond but to some lengths you shouldn't have," Derek responds.

Jackson is confused but knows he will get his answer soon enough.

"Peter saw you and Stiles at dinner last night," Derek breathes.

Derek's hand tightens on Jackson's shoulder.

"And he saw you shift to quote, 'Inspire with fear.'"

Jackson's heart races fast with shock in his mind.

If Peter was there, how come he wasn't able to smell him or sense him nearby?
"You could have been seen or caught!" Derek scolds.

The squeeze on his arm turns brutal when he feels slight cracking from his shoulder blade. But it's masked with Peter's foot steps as he walks by to pet Jackson's head out the door.

"Is this punishment?" Jackson asks.

"Hardly because now I need you to stay with Stiles," And with that, Derek let's go to let him gain a bit of composure.

Jackson staggers to get up but he does only to ask the obvious, "Why?"

"I know the Argents. They want to make sure they have their tracks covered so often times it means getting rid of anyone or anything that gets in their way. Stiles needs to be safe."

"He has McCall!" Jackson angrily says back.

"Scott will protect Allison and Lydia and it is something you can do to prove to Argent you aren't the monster anymore."

What? How does Derek know about their encounter. They don't miss a beat these werewolves.

"Well, lucky for you Stiles and I have lacrosse practice tomorrow so you will get what you want," Jackson huffs out.

Derek knows it isn't team practice as it will just be them two.

"Perfect," he thinks.

"So, I'm not in your pack yet?" Jackson asks as Derek lets go while stretching his shoulder.

Derek grins, "Almost. Do this and then we'll see." Jackson leaves unsatisfied but focused.

Nothing is going to stop him.

Chapter End Notes

Hello friends, here is the next chapter. I am out of town for summer! Enjoying a very much needed break. If I have major mistakes in this chapter, do forgive me because I don't have access to my normal desktop, only my laptop. Still, potato-potatoe, haha. Anyways, little personal note, the reason it's been taking me a while to release these chapters is because I write them down with pencil and paper before I type them out. Mystery solved but again, thank you for being patient with me. Next chapter will be released in a week for sure, that I do guarantee. Hope everyone is at the beach getting tan.
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

"So, what's up with you and Jackson?"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Without having any restrictions, Jackson let his howl ring into the forest as soon as he reached his car and slammed his fist into the side of his door. Derek could almost feel his anger rise with the attitude of his new, almost, beta. He crossed his arms again but this time out of contemplation for he knows what direction he is pushing Jackson but it’s turned into cutting the wires of a bomb.

Any slip up and it could explode faster and deadlier. While not a weapon of mass destruction, not really, anymore, Derek needs to proceed even more carefully and now with Peter digging his claws into this mess, without any intention for now, it’s all barely hanging by a thread.

Then again, Derek didn’t ask any more for Jackson to have lacrosse practice with Stiles during the weekend; unintentional but hopeful. This could be just the boost Jackson needs to help guide him in the right direction. “Plus,” Derek says above a low tone. “With the full moon coming up quick, he needs to get it together before it’s too late.”

Scott: “Video games and snacks tonight!”

The message is yelling at Stiles when he makes it home only to rush in to grab some bags of chips and cokes from his food pantry and fridge. He stumbles with all his belongings in tow up to his room to change into some more casual and comfortable clothes. There is some thought going on when he spots his Marvel pajamas spring up at him while digging for an undershirt when he remembered his personal lacrosse lesson happening tomorrow with Jackson.

Meet me at the school field tomorrow at 3 pm.

“Scott doesn’t need to know,” Stiles says to the floor. “And it’s just practice anyways. It can’t be that bad.”

He walks downstairs but can’t help shake this uneasy feeling of anticipation. What can he expect from this except possibly improving his game just as Jackson says? There isn’t much to think about since he already has his new bag of food replacing his backpack in his hands and gently places it on his lap while driving eagerly to Scott’s house.

When he gets there, he is greeted with a warning look from Melissa as she stands at the door, ready to head into an overnight shift at the hospital. “Now boys, please do your best to stay out of trouble, okay? Don’t even promise me because I know you will break it. Just nod your heads and convince me.”

Scott and Stiles both look at her with empathetic eyes and nod warily and Melissa knows it’s their
best as she nods along to convince herself on the way to work. “Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay, okay……..” Scott repeats to Stiles saying it’s all she is mumbling to herself. Stiles can’t help but give Scott a light jab on the shoulder as he heads over to the living room tv to see Scott’s Xbox to pop in Mortal Kombat.

Scott snoops around the bag Stiles brought along with him to grab eagerly at the Doritos bag and bring two Dr. Pepper’s for him and Stiles as he takes a seat on the couch while Stiles sits on the floor with his back against it. Scott as Sub-Zero and Stiles as Scorpion, mortal enemies, and the match begins but not before Stiles pointlessly says, “See you in hell and burn!”

With a flat 15 seconds, Scott emerges victorious and raises his hands in admiration while Stiles cowers into his, slouching further into the ground and away from the couch. Scott pats him on the shoulder and pushes the ‘A’ button to take them immediately into the character selection screen where he chooses Lu Kang.

The real game is on now with Scott choosing Tshang Sung, again mortal enemies, and Stiles is more focused than Scott stopping Gerard. Winning by a slim margin, Stiles gets up and walks towards the table to grab at the next bag or Cheetos to munch on while Scott takes out Mortal Kombat to put in Battlefield.

“So, what’s up with you and Jackson?” Scott asks. The questions makes Stiles spurt his drink back into the can while trying to sit up straight to keep from choking.

Their whole time had been rather quiet with just some occasional banter and taunts until this particular moment. “What makes you say that?” He is clearly avoiding the question but at least it was better than having to tell a lie or the truth. “Nothing , really,” Scott says.

“It’s just that I noticed you two sort of talking, or more like trading stares, at lunch,” he says while taking the newly opened bag from Stiles’ grasp. “I thought maybe he got mad at you for asking Lydia about their personal relationship. We caught each other’s attention, glared and growled at each since I thought he might go after you but he didn’t. Not even after school or during last period practice.”

Stiles doesn’t want to answer and hopes Scott might drop the subject but knows ever since the whole werewolf thing, he has become a little bit more protective to say the least. “It’s the weekend, got anything special going on?” “Nothing out of the ordinary. My dad is going to see some of my mom’s family this weekend so I might tag along.”

His answer beats his breath of relief to know Scott has dropped the subject again but it won’t be the last time. It’s a bit of a half lie again since his dad will be gone but he will stay behind since he already has scheduled practice with Jackson. He’s more than certain he can feel the atmosphere change but doesn’t bring it up to make the scenario more uncomfortable than it already is.

“What about you?” Stiles asks back. “Long work days is all I have. I decided to actually try and make myself a better person overall. I figured working harder and longer is a nice first step so I asked Deaton for more hours and he said yes.” Like a father watching a proud son, Stiles pats Scott’s knee like the proud parent he is.

Out from being the beta to a killer and now an omega, Scott does seem well on his way to overcome all obstacles at hand and succeed. “Good for him,” Stiles thinks to himself. They continue to score high as a team in multiplayer and rack up kill after kill until the stars overwhelm the sky.
Jackson: “Hey. Are you at home?”

Danny: “Yeah”

Jackson: “Be outside and ready in 5. Already on my way.”

He hurries down the city road to reach the neighborhood where Danny lives. Frustration continues to build up inside of him and it’s just a constant nagging feeling tugging all around his shoulders. Even though he doesn’t actually talk much to begin with, Danny knows not to expect anything except the sheer presence of his figure to help calm Jackson down.

It’s usually out to dinner and Danny is also aware he’s more of a shield against anyone who would even bother to talk to him.

“Wonder what’s bothering him this time?” Danny asks as he grabs a thin jacket and heads downstairs. “Mom, I’ll be back later tonight. Going to dinner with Jackson,” Danny yells when he heads out the door. It closes behind him but he does hear a faint, “Okay, be careful out there,” from her.

He takes it as acknowledgement and is greeted with a rather sour faced Jackson upon entering his Porsche. As soon as he closes his door, Danny simply nods in his direction in their typical greeting which is all Jackson needs to speed out into the street.

There is unnerving tension until Danny speaks first and says, “I think I need a drink too,” as an indication of where Jackson should go. Whether or not it works, they end up in the parking lot of the Hampton.

Nice place for rich people to dine and somewhere where two teenagers would look so out of place, it would probably be a good guess they would either be the center of attention or ignored; usually it’s the second since no one would ever expect them there in the first place.

The table they sit at is far from the door and far from prying eyes; no where too noticeable but not completely out of attention. As soon as the waitress comes over to greet them, Jackson speedily gives her his ID and orders sangria for the both of them. Danny doesn’t hesitate when the waitress looks over to him and he reaches gently into his pocket to retrieve his lost ID Scott had gladly helped him get back from the sheriff’s office.

She nods before she promises to return with the drinks in hand and back to take their order. Jackson sighs into his chair and reclines back to bring his hands over his head and slide them across his face as if getting rid of non-visible dirt only he could see. Danny still doesn’t say anything but can feel his best friend’s stress.

It takes about 5 minutes for the waitress to bring back their drinks and place their order. Danny settles for some light chicken parmesan pasta while Jackson orders filleted fish with a small order of shrimp. After she leaves, Jackson doesn’t let up as he takes his glass and almost completely finishes half of his drink with one gulp.

Danny, amazed, watches the red stain slowly mark its’ way down to his half filled glass while he only takes a small sip from his. Unknown to Jackson, til now, alcohol doesn’t affect him, being a werewolf; not anymore human. It is such a pity to not be able to drink his problems away like he used to but I guess this means things are really moving forward, somewhat.

“Tastes good,” Danny says in a small attempt to rid themselves of this silence. “Bit sour,” Jackson responds back. “Almost like someone forgot to put it back in the fridge when they opened it.” Danny
smiles at Jackson’s innate knowledge of alcohol but unknown of his new found power.

“Still, can’t complain since it does its’ job.” Danny smiles and convinces himself it’s the alcohol talking now. “Rough day?” He asks, convinced now would be the perfect time. “More like a bad reality,” Jackson says back. “Were you busy?” he asks, taking some slight consideration of Danny’s life.

“Just doing some homework. Besides, your message didn’t really give me much of a choice.” Jackson snickers back as he takes a small sip from his glass. “You sure you are okay?” Danny asks again, not really sure if he ever asked in the first place. “Yeah,” he sighs and watches as the waitress comes back with their plates.

Danny still doesn’t like this particular attitude tonight. It’s different than all other times Jackson has acted and been like this. Whatever the case may be, it’s best to not press it any further until he knows or gets a clear sign Jackson wants to talk about it.

Jackson can feel his friend’s attitude change and the smell of worry is a bit distracting during their meal. It wouldn’t be right to swamp Danny with so much new information, especially since one has to do with fairy tales and legends.

Having his company is enough, just like old times and now, Jackson knows, even for a slight moment, it’s exactly what he needs. To imagine things are back like how they used to be, for a brief second.

“Nights out. Think I better go and head home and I should let you sleep.” Stiles says after he comes back from using the bathroom. “Night’s been out for a while now. You sure you didn’t want to make up for losing to me the first 15 seconds of our first match?” Scott says teasingly.

Stiles gives him a hard shove before he picks up his trash left at the base of the couch to throw away on his way out the door. His keys are already in hand while his phone swings inside his pocket at the pace of his steps. Scott walks him to the door to watch him leave. “Well, have fun tomorrow with your family,” he says happily looking upon Stiles face.

“Yeah, sure thing,” Stiles answers back with a faint nod. Stiles doesn’t want Scott to worry or think bad about what Jackson and he might be sharing now; not that there really is much that anyone would think, suspect, or what one may want. It’s been a fun night for a distraction and Stiles goes into his jeep with satisfaction in his heart.

Scott waves him off out of the driveway and watches until he sees the jeep make it away from his werewolf sight. His infer-red eyes still catch the jeep and Stiles body far in the distance and with a small wiff, Scott can still smell the leftover bags of half empty chips and opened sodas inside until it moves completely out of his range.

Stiles makes it home to find the sheriff packing what seems to be some old clothes into a spare suitcase. “Hey, dad,” he greets him. “Packing the bare essentials?” Stiles walks over and tosses his body onto the couch while flinging his legs across the small table in front of him.

“Feet off the table!” the sheriff yells without lifting his gaze to see. “I guess you really do have eyes behind your head. Always wanted to know if that is true for adults. Wonder when mine are going to come in?” Stiles speaks in his utter nonsense til his dad hovers over him and models one of his old Superman tees in his face.
“Looks good! But I think you are too old and too big to fit into it. Though if you want, we could go and get you one the next time we head into the mall….” The sheriff doesn’t even listen as he brings it over his face to smother any remaining words that escape his son’s mouth.

“Okay, okay, not for you. But why bring me this? I haven’t worn this in years, since middle school or elementary school maybe.” “Because,” his dad says, while picking up more clothes to inspect them. “That along with all of this is just part of what I will be taking to your aunt’s house tomorrow for her and her family. Figured we have so much stuff we don’t even use and it would be nice to not throw it away but pass it on to those who could actually use it.”

Stiles walks over and is a little heartbroken to see some of his old mother’s clothes in the suitcase. He runs his fingers through it solemnly and gasps a little at the touch. “I’m taking it back to her sister. Seeing it here just brings some pretty rough memories and I don’t need or want that around.”

“Dad,” Stiles begins but is cut off by a raised hand from his father. “Okay, that sounded a little mean. I just want to say that it’s tough to see it in my closet when I know who it belongs too. So, I figured Clarissa could hold on to it for her sister’s, your mother and my wife, sake. That’s all.”

It wasn’t much the two of them ever talked about her but when they did, it felt like reliving all their pain again and again. His dad did present a good point though, maybe it would fit better to have them with someone who could actually have some happy memories. He didn’t want to actually put himself in a bad place so he quickly moves out of the way to allow his dad to continue gathering whatever belongings he planned to take.

“Have you decided if you are coming with me?” He didn’t want to automatically tell his dad he already had some pre-plans for practice tomorrow. Before he could respond back, the phone within his grasp vibrated to reveal a message from the most unexpected person, Jackson.

Jackson: “Don’t forget about practice tomorrow. School field. 3 pm.”

Stiles smiled a bit idiotically at how coincidental things could be before he replied back to his dad. “No. I actually have some plans for tomorrow.” The sheriff finishes gathering his belongings into the suitcase before he walks over to Stiles to pat his head like a small child while Stiles walks towards the stairs up into his room.

“Well, in any case you best behave yourself while I am gone. Tara will be checking in around midday to see if all is well. But if you need something you know you can always call her.” Stiles thanks his dad before he closes his door to rest and prepare himself for tomorrow.

When he exits his bathroom, his head feels light but his heart is racing. It’s that weird feeling again but the tiredness gets the best of him and he falls straight to sleep.

After their dinner is finished, Danny takes one last sip from glass to finish his drink as he watches Jackson’s take a swill from another glass he had ordered during their meal. He was a little hesitant since he never witnessed Jackson drink so insistently during one of their meals.

Usually one large glass was all he needed but today, it was like he is purposefully drowning himself with his alcohol. Though the strange part is, Jackson isn’t acting drunk, talking drunk or stumbling to sit still in his chair. Danny thinks all these drinks have finally made him handle his alcohol better but little does he know.

He watches as Jackson takes sip after sip, as if trying to finish but still not wanting it to be over. Yet,
little by little, his glass empties and and Danny knows it’s a clear signal to leave as he gets up from his chair to dust the crumbs of his clothes off. Jackson heads to the front area to pay for their food and leave a generous tip with his father’s money as Danny heads outside and towards the Porsche.

He fiddles with the door only to find it open, much to his surprise. However, his curiosity soon settles as he immediately notices Jackson rushing towards him. They don’t stall in the parking lot as the Porsche flies through the city streets straight towards Danny’s home.

There is still an uneasy quietness their entire ride home but Danny understands a bit better than anyone to see this is how their friendship has always been. To be honest, Danny worries more than he shows but it’s a two way street. He knows when Jackson is ready to talk, he will but for now, worrying about something he knows doesn’t concern him is above his priorities.

When they arrive at Danny’s home, Jackson speaks his sincere words. “Thanks for the company.” “Thanks for dinner and for the drink. Thought you might not have been fit to drive but I am glad to have arrived in one piece.” Danny winks after his statement.

Jackson cocks his head back in a bit of a fit but knows he wouldn’t actually do something to endanger his best friend’s life. “You really think I would have gotten drunk on purpose and let you drive my Prosche?” his tone icy. “Well, it’s irresistible,” Danny responds smoothly. “Keep dreaming, lightweight,” Jackson tosses back.

“This time, I will. Good thing it’s already night time for me to do so.” Jackson hadn’t realized how late it had gotten during their dinner. Perhaps all his stress sped time to get this frustrating day over with. Whatever the case, dinner with his best friend had saved him once again from losing his already unstable anger and going crazy.

Danny wishes him a goodnight as he strolls into his home, filled to the rim with pasta and alcohol. Jackson knows he will knock out like a log but his healing had prevented any ill effects from what he drank so it seemed like his own effort is going to have to be put into use for getting some shut eye. The certain dragging feeling came back into his system and the ride home was uncomfortable to say the least.

When he arrives, he finds neither one of his parent’s vehicles in the garage or outside. Maybe they are on their own date which fits Jackson perfectly as he wants to avoid any more uneasiness and distress. He makes his way into his room and is pretty upset to not be able to feel even the slightest bit tipsy from what he drank at dinner.

It’s unsettling but it’s probably another thing he needs to get used for being a werewolf. “Who knew it would actually be a whole different life style change,” he mumbles to himself in his room. “Things can’t be this bad,” he says a little louder. It’s tough to even think about what else he could and could not enjoy.

And yet, he’s never really thought about what it means to be werewolf or inspect all aspects. “Whatever,” he says and walks upstairs to his room to relax for the night. Practice tomorrow with Stiles starts running through his mind and it’s a bit strange to feel like he is expecting this to happen.

Well, expecting is too much of a word but it’s more like anticipation. A bit of excitement mixed with happiness. In the moment, he takes out his phone and texts Stiles to remind him.

**Jackson:** “Don’t forget about practice tomorrow. School field. 3 pm.”

Peace courses through his veins and a bit of excitement gets the best of him as he feels his phone vibrate with an immediate response from Stiles.
“I won’t. See you then. ;)”

“Tsk,” Jackson hums and rests the phone atop his chest as his back comforts his bed for the night.

“Young man, still in pajamas?” Tara asks when Stiles greets her at the door upon entering. “Saturday morning with dad gone and I have the house to myself, don’t think you can fool me you wouldn’t do the same thing in my position.” Stiles lets her enter as she walks in, carefully inspecting every inch like she walked upon a crime scene.

“Well, everything looks in order,” she says, carefully eyeing every corner. “You expect anything else?” Stiles quips back.

“With you? Expect the unexpected.” Stiles laughs at her knowing him so well. “Well, I just came in to check if you are breathing and I’m no doctor but I think it’s safe to say you are.” Tara begins walking towards the door with Stiles behind her. “Got any plans later today?” she asks. “Just some lacrosse practice at the school field.”

“You sure? I don’t think there is any practice to my knowledge.” “Not a team practice, it’s going to be a one-on-one solo practice with me and our team captain.” Tara looks at him with narrow eyes. She, like werewolves, has this uncanny ability to tell when someone is lying but to her surprise, it’s like she can read the sincerity in Stiles eyes. “Okay. Well just make sure you are being safe out there.”

“I will. Thanks for coming by, Tara.” “Deputy!” She tosses back, assuming her authority. Stiles bows to acknowledge her power and watches her leave.

Stiles trudges back to the couch and wants to fall asleep but knows if he does, his immobility and laziness will get in the way of meeting Jackson at their scheduled time for their training. He decides to fix the house a bit before getting his lacrosse bag and gear ready.

After some cleaning and at least dusting himself out, he refused to shower since he would be sweating anyway, headed out to the school field.

Upon his arrival, he is greeted with Jackson already out and stretching on the bench as he comes running to meet him. “I still have about five minutes,” Stiles says when he looks at his clock to see it reads, ‘2:55 pm’ “You’re on time if you are five minutes early. You’re late if you are on time,” Jackson says while stretching is back.

“Good thing I am ‘on time,’” Stiles replies back, putting on his gear. He lightly taps Jackson’s helmet like he does with Scott, still a bit unsure of where their boundaries are but willing to push their limits. Jackson doesn’t say anything until he rushes past Stiles and shoves his shoulder hard only to quickly flash his blue eyes to match the smirk across his face.

Stiles suddenly shivers from the thought of Jackson using his strength and speed to overpower him and possibly hurt him. “Don’t worry. I’ll be ever so gentle with that frail body,” Jackson says, winking. Stiles tosses him a sarcastic half smile but trusts him enough to know he speaks the truth.

The whole practice goes with them going head to head against each other, like at the start of every match. But it almost always ends the same way, with Jackson speeding down the field and scoring every single goal.

About two hours in, Stiles tells Jackson he needs a break, falling over to sit on the bench. Jackson shrugs his shoulders and comes running to the water fountain to catch a quick drink. Stiles ends up
lying down on the bench to try and regain his strength only to have Jackson hover over him like a vulture looking for prey.

“Shall we call it a day?” Jackson asks, looking more refreshed than before practice even started. It takes Stiles a few seconds before he answers. “One more quick match,” Stiles says with narrow eyes. Jackson knows it’s issued more like a challenge and so he obliges, out of curiosity.

They both head to center field and Jackson carefully places the ball between the two of them. He takes a split second to smell the air around them and is a bit taken bit to find determination mixed with excitement. It’s like Stiles is enjoying being here with him and he can’t help but let his guard slip at letting the feeling overcome his own body.

He actually flashes a brief smile in Stiles direction when they meet eyes. Stiles responds elegantly but scampering to take the ball and head for Jackson’s goal. Jackson, taken back, quickly turns to head in Stiles direction to chase him down and his wolf begins to take over.

The feeling of enjoyment and the brisk feeling of his sweat mixed with the air makes Jackson immerse himself in a feverish yet playful attitude to tackling Stiles down. Like a pup playing with another, Jackson lightly tackles Stiles from the side and manages to land on top of him, straddling him a bit before he catches eyes with Stiles to find him smiling and laughing at this happiness.

Jackson shares the same feeling and when they meet eyes, flicks his eyebrows up at him at having the upper hand; so to speak. They stare at each other and stay in their position for a couple of minutes, simply breathing and exchanging looks before Jackson breaks their stance first, “I think I need a shower after that.”

He gradually gets up from his current position and extends an arm to help Stiles up which launches him into Jackson’s chest. “Ummm…..” Stiles says and sees that Jackson has turned away but hasn’t let go. He takes the initiative first and breaks their embrace before heading over to the bench.

“Where do we shower?” he asks. Jackson picks up his bag at the bench and holds up a key which points at the locker room doors. “Well……” Jackson asks and Stiles feels no other choice but to tag along with him.

They head towards the locker room with their bags in tow and almost side by side, shoulders touching, the entire way there. Derek eyes glow red from within the woods and he disappears when both are out of his normal sight.

“How do you even have a key to this place?” Stiles asks once they are inside. “Finnstock actually trusts his captain to make me a spare in case I ever want to come here myself and do whatever it is that I do to be as good as I am,” Jackson replies with gusto. It’s more like pride, Stiles knows it, but just settles on asking a question and getting an answer.

Jackson enters the showers first and it quickly fills with steam from hot water. There is a bit of hesitation for Stiles, a little unsure of how fast it seems thing are moving along between the two but his fear quickly disappears and he joins him at the opposite side of the shower, his back facing Jackson’s direction.

For a few minutes, Stiles steals some glances in Jackson’s direction, giving an overview of his body. Without the darkness of the night to obscure his vision, Stiles can really admire the physique that is Jackson’s body. It’s much more wider and bulkier than his but still around the same frame, lean and slender. The muscles around his arms and stomach do expand and make both areas fuller, maybe because of his new werewolf power. His legs almost match a runners. The added effects of the bite do make for some pretty amazing results.
Stiles turned around to wash behind his ears, reach under his armpits and bend over to scrub his feet; “Let’s not put on a show,” he thinks in his head.

It’s one thing to say and another to actually do because Jackson turns around just to catch the sudden moment Stiles bends over. It’s a show indeed as Jackson watches Stiles scrawny figure move in subtle movements at the corner of the shower.

Jackson scans Stiles all over to see his pale body covered with small moles. Pale body of 147 pounds of sarcasm? Clearly. Still, Jackson seemed to aw in admiration of how this guy has survived until now, especially with Scott; the two idiots. The air within the showers covers his nose in that same autumn scent which smothers Stiles shorts, to which he still hangs on to. His body warms him even more than the hot water and the feeling within his heart makes it beat faster with pure bliss.

Stiles is the first one to finish and he heads out with a towel wrapped around his waist in tow. Jackson flicks his head to snap into reality and wash the rest of his body since he had been tugging and washing his arm for the entire time he is in there.

When he walks to his locker to grab some clothes he stores there from time to time, Stiles is down his same area but on the opposite side, fidgeting into his pants. Jackson gets dressed with some casual jeans but a button up shirt as Stiles puts on some tattered jeans with a red tee. Everything seems about right until Jackson feels a misstep from Stiles and watches to see him almost drop his bag and collapse a bit from one side of his shoulder.

Like instinct, Jackson rushes over to catch him midway and grab his bag; centimeters from the floor, almost scrapping it. “Are you okay?!” Jackson asks, a panicked tone in his voice. Stiles picks himself up and hangs on to his locker for support, “Yeah………yeah, I’m fine.” Jackson is a bit reluctant to let Stiles go until he feels a pain surge through his arm and he forces himself to let go.

Looking at his hand when he takes it back, black vein lines surge through his entire arm and he can feel his blue eyes emerge before they suddenly rescind back and are gone. He shakes his arm before his turns again to wonder if Stiles is still weak.

“Don’t worry about me. Just a little weak from a lack of food,” Stiles says quietly. “Stilinski, are you freaking kidding me right now!?!?” Jackson’s tone has gone from worry to absolute rage. “Why the hell would you show up without eating anything?!?”

His feelings seem to be going out of control as his breathing starts to escalate faster and faster. “Didn’t wake up til noon and then I got ready to come over here. I didn’t want to eat since I didn’t want to spew all over the field and ruin practice.”

“Hurry up!” Jackson yells, storming out the door. Anger and worry is coursing through him and if any werewolves are around, they would feel the complete uneasiness filling Jackson’s body to an all time extreme. Stiles makes his way towards Jackson, unknowing to his own reasons, and Jackson points to his side door, “Get in!”

“What…” Stiles begins to say but Jackson pushes him into the side of his truck and literally forces him into the passenger seat. “Hey! But what about my jeep?”

“It’ll be safe here! It’s only another day. Now, shut up!” The atmosphere within the truck grew so tense, Stiles feels like a statue embedded in stone.

He is unsure where Jackson is headed but couldn’t help to focus on anything else but the face he is making. It’s unlike anything he has ever seen and he feels bad for putting Jackson in this
uncomfortable position.

Jackson is typing something in his phone as Stiles tries to move and say something but the words don’t seem to reach the back of his throat. He settles into trying to sit up because he knows Jackson is still worried about his little fall in the locker room.

Eyeing the street, the truck pulls up into the parking lot of a Five Guys burger joint. Stiles beams at food, and good one at that, and wants to jump out but Jackson stops him. “Sit!” he yells, unbuckling his seatbelt to get out. He leaves the truck on and hurries inside while being rude to any passers-bys in his way.

Within seconds, he comes back with two heavy bags in each arm and opens the back door to place them roughly on the floor. The seatbelt ‘clicks’ in place and the truck rumbles with the way Jackson angrily pushes on the pedal, forcing it to its limits.

With more guilt consuming his body, Stiles finally manages to catch some breaths and speak. “I’m sorry for making you worry like that. I didn’t mean for this to happen……” He’s not entirely sure what more he can say until Jackson goes into a complete stop at a local park.

He opens all windows and moves his seat back a bit, to get more comfortable, before he turns off the engine. Reaching back, he easily fetches both bags and brings them forward; one he puts on Stiles lap, says “Eat,” and the other he hangs onto.

Both bags have a fairly large soft drink, and a tray filled with a double cheeseburger, all ingredients including bacon, and fries to boot. “Wow! Score!” Stiles yells and gobbles down a whole handful of fries matching it with large gulp of his drink.

As Jackson watches Stiles scarf down his meal, he takes a moment to slump down in his seat and throw his head back in relief. “Thank God……” Jackson thinks to himself. Watching the way Stiles toppled in the locker room is something Jackson feels he never wants to experience again. If this is what it feels like to worry about someone else, it’s a god awful feeling all around.

Stiles is so into his dinner he doesn’t realize Jackson is actually allowing him to eat within his truck. For breakfast the last time they did this, he didn’t hold back in letting him know the inside of vehicle is off limits but this time around, maybe for the sake of his well being, it’s acceptable.

The park where they are at also goes unnoticed but isn’t a bad place to be. It’s located on an elevated hill that overlooks a small lake. It’s a medium sized area with the lake on one side and an area for baseball or frisbee golf on the other. It extends horizontal as well was as vertical with a basketball court further down where they are currently parked.

Jackson looks around and is glad to know no one is around smelling distance and is still a bit shocked to find it empty. Not necessarily a popular place to begin with, since it is out the main city and neighborhood roads, but open and wide enough anyone could find it on accident.

About a half hour passes by and both are finished with their meals. Stiles completely finishes his entire plate while Jackson has left about a bite of burger remaining along with a small amount of fries. He can feel Stiles eyeing them hungrily and he passes his plate from his lap to Stiles and casually tells him, “Eat the rest if you want.”

“Thanks!” Stiles responds eagerly between a mouthful of the remaining fries. Jackson starts the truck up instantly and drives all the way to Stiles home, relief and a small bit of comfort taking over his body and senses.
When they arrive at his house, Stiles can’t help but still feel the slight ping of guilt for what he made Jackson go through. And by the way he reacted, it wasn’t anything less than pleasant. What comes as an equal shock is when Stiles gets out to gather his things from the bed of the truck, Jackson parks it, gets out and walks with him to his front door.

Stiles feels a bit nervous but this time there isn’t any severe tension between the two as they walk side by side, not one in front of the other. It’s a good thing Stiles never removed his car keys from his lacrosse bag, otherwise there would be no way of entering.

He unlocks it but doesn’t enter just yet. The turn to face Jackson feels like straining against ropes holding him tight but manages to do so without tripping from the slim space between them.

“Thanks for walking me. I think I can manage from here…” There are a couple more words he wants to spew for utter nonsense but it’s interrupted when Jackson holds his hand up to him while bowing his head down.

“Just……”

Slight hesitation.

“Just…don’t do it again.”

“Is he seriously asking something of me?” Stiles ponders inside his head and then the rush feeling he experienced last night came cruising in and his finally figures out what all the fuss is about.

It’s the warm feeling of happiness mixed with pleasantness. Despite having their small setback which sent Jackson into total panic mode, their afternoon had been something of a nice, pleasurable, enjoyable day. And truth be told, Stiles had no intention of having it end.

“Oh, it is kind of early. Do you have anything else planned? Do you play video games? Want to come in for a play for a bit?” The request came in a bit of a shy tone but Stiles forced his words to be clear if not audible. No movement comes from either as the wind carries voices coming from the next street over to create sound in their ears.

With a couple of smooth breaths, Jackson lifts his eyes first to meet with Stiles lingering gaze, waiting for an answer. He straightens himself out after their eyes lock and opens his mouth slowly to say something when the screech of the sheriff’s tires coming in the driveway distract them both and Jackson quickly shuts his mouth but not before his clears his throat.

This time they do give each other some space and move out to create a space between them that the sheriff takes to walk between them.

“Oh, evening,” he greets Jackson with; not very informal and not very pleasing but decent for the most part.

“Sheriff, evening,” Jackson replies back. “Don’t worry, I was just leaving.”

The sheriff and Stiles both watch Jackson make the trek back to his truck. Stiles feels bad for not being to reach out and grab him or use his mouth, which has utterly failed him, to say something to have him stay but knows it’s too late.

The sheriff walks into their home first to immediately head over to the stove to warm some water for coffee as Stiles simply stays outside to watch Jackson leave. Without having to think twice, he takes out his phone and it automatically takes him to messages where Jackson’s name is already under ‘recipients.’
Stiles: “Rain check?”

Jackson reaches into his pocket and looks at the message intently, as if trying to find some deeper meaning. While his phone consumes all his attention, Stiles can faintly see Jackson’s mouth conjure up a half smile. The response doesn’t come right away as Jackson throws his phone into his cup holder, rolls out of the house and onto the road on his way home.

Stiles knows if he doesn’t get a answer back, it is already made clear by their uncanny unspoken words between each other. Peace settles within him and he walks inside to inquire his father about his slight adventure.

Chapter End Notes

Hello again. I apologize for being late but right now, for about a week, I have been ill. I am currently not in a happy place but it doesn't really give me an excuse to be late. I hope you enjoy this next part. Hope everyone is doing well and having fun during their summer break. :)

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

"A familiar place?"
"Something like that."
"A familiar face?"
"Just memories, okay!"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Flying to his bed, Stiles is still feeling the natural high of having that practice with Jackson. It spins around his mind for a bit before letting his body completely relax and finds out his isn’t as tired as he expected to be. Sure, he body is going to be sore for about the entire day tomorrow but he isn’t straining and aching as he usually is when he practices with Scott. It’s…..different. He knows what it is he felt, anticipation along with pleasantness and satisfaction, but it’s a bit more.

“Sigh….” he utters to himself. He knows it’s about time he admits it but only to himself. The feelings for Jackson are there and maybe he feels the same way about him. “Well, it’s wrong to take advantage of him since he just recently broke up with Lydia but when has he ever been so serious about anything before?”

For all Stiles knows, this can just end up being a simple crush. “My only ever crush has been Lydia since like forever but I’m open to the idea of being with anyone, right?” The words sound more like questions instead of just admitting the truth. He is falling for him but the bigger question he knows he has to ask is if Jackson will ever possibly feel the same way.

“How do you even get someone to like you?” he asks rather loudly in his room. “Did you say something, Stiles?” the sheriff yells from downstairs. “No! Nothing! Nothing!” Stiles scampers to answer back. His eyes widen a bit to hope his dad hasn’t been hearing everything he has said up until now.

Being more careful, he silently walks to his door and peaks his head to see down the hall and to the stairwell. He can’t believe he is actually being so loud for his dad to hear him but then again, the sheriff probably only heard mumbles and slurs due to the fact he asked if Stiles had said anything.

Retreating back, Stiles closes his door quietly but hard to assure no more words escape. It’s pretty much pointless for when he goes back to his bed, he yawns heavily as the tiredness from earlier catches up and dawns over him. Removing his shirt and shorts, only his boxers remain when he collides with the sheets on top his bed and nods off.

It’s dark all around, just the same as last time he found himself in these woods. The air all around continued to be thick and the trees swayed so heavily it actually felt as if they are moving closer and closer. This time however, he felt he could move and so he did but every few feet, he automatically collapsed to the ground and collapsed hard.

Like someone were throwing heavy objects for him to catch and he just doesn’t have the strength to do so. When he finally makes it to a small clearing, the air and fog disappear but something seems
off. He gaze falls towards him hands and as plain as day, through the thick of the night, there is no mistaking noticing the long, sharp claws surfacing from his fingertips.

His eyes grow intense as several feelings overtake him and growls rumble within his throat. His breathing overtakes the atmosphere and the trees once again close in all around him. His hands fly forward to try some effort to stop them but it doesn’t work as the claws simply tear into the bark. Shaking his head in all directions a roar finally escapes the inner most reaches of his body. After the sudden burst of anguish, everything goes black and blank.

Stiles wakes but wakes with pure astonishment. His eyes open but his body is completely still; as if in sleep paralysis. He wonders if he is awake at all or lucid dreaming until he hears his father calling out to him from downstairs.

“Now I am know I am not dreaming,” he speaks sleepily as his body tries to rise with much effort. Managing to sit up is a miracle and as if on instinct, Stiles extends his arms to show his hands. Seeing the claws and hearing himself roar in last night’s dream was all too real to pass it off as something more than fake or delusional.

“It felt so real…” he repeats again and again. His hands keep closing and opening as if he trying to shift to make sure he really wasn’t dreaming. “Stiles! Are you awake or not? Am I talking to myself again?” The sheriff yells in anger and desperation since who knows how long he had been rambling about.

Stiles quickly slips on a pair of shorts and along with a white tee to hurriedly pace downstairs and meet his father. The sheriff is already dressed and impatiently waiting for his son to come down to greet him even though he is practically out the door. “Dad, you work today?” Stiles inquires instead of a good old, “Good morning.”

“Okay, well you can go to the station and ask Tara for a ride there so you can go and pick it up because I want these things done and I do want to eat something before I enter the night shift, okay?”

“Sure. What time exactly though?” Stiles inquires, scratching his head harder.

“I had uh, lacrosse practice with Jackson. You know…” Well, his dad did see him last night but other than that, no other details were given since Stiles had overtaken the conversation with his dad’s visit with their family.

Okay, well you can go to the station and ask Tara for a ride there so you can go and pick it up because I want these things done and I do want to eat something before I enter the night shift, okay?”

“Well, at least I pretty much get the day to myself;” he says as he slouches on the couch and fiddles with the remote, scanning all channels. The rest of the day does goes as planned for the only movements he makes are to go the restroom, fill his cup with more coke, juice, water he feels like drinking and snacks to keep him company.
The occasional message from Scott interrupts him every now and then but it’s nothing much than incessant whining about being stuck at work. At around 2:45, he decides he needs a shower as a wet back from sitting on the couch all day is any indication, so he does so.

Locking up the front door tightly when he is done and ready, he jingles his keys in his hands for the duration of the walk towards the station. The feeling of what claws feel like rattles his brain and especially being able to roar, it’s not something you ever want to ignore but the more he thinks about it, the more he would rather forget about it.

Peter never officially bit him, Derek never offered, and he never went to him, unlike Jackson. Above all else, the dream seemed out of place.

“Stiles, how are you today?”

“Huh?” Stiles wonders who spoke before he looks at and sees a man standing outside the station looking at some paperwork.

“Deputy Mitchell, I didn’t see you there,” Stiles retorts back. “I can tell. It’s a miracle you made it here since you eyes never moved from looking at the ground.” Stiles makes a sour face at not realizing how ridiculous he must look mumbling to himself and walking, with his head cowered no less.

“Hey, you know I am just messing with you,” the deputy responds. “Yeah, I know. Just not a little present today,” he utters back.

“Just a little?”

“Ha….ha…..” Stiles sarcastically says. “Is Tara inside?” “Yes, she is. I think she is still busy with a few things so you may have to wait for her.” “No big deal, I don’t really have that big of a rush, sort of.” “Haha, okay. Well, it's always nice to see you around.”

“Same to you,” Stiles finishes with.

“Stiles! Nice to see you on time. Give me about 15 minutes and then we can go ahead and leave.” Deputy Tara says underneath a huge pile of paperwork. A dread feeling fills Stiles face wondering if she did all that today or she was barely going to get started and she happened to lie to him. “It could be all she did today since dad said she was going to be busy all throughout her shift. Man, being an adult sucks.”

Stiles quietly takes a seat in what looks like a small waiting area but close to Tara’s desk. It’s not like he hasn’t been here on several different occasions but other thoughts are occupying his mind which make him fiddle in his chair like a newcomer.

“Everything okay?” Tara asks when she comes around the corner with folders in her arms. It’s almost impossible to hide what’s running through his mind because everyone just seems to ask if everything is alright, more so than usual. “Just….having some thoughts,” Stiles responds back.

“Oh,” Tara says surprised, “anything in particular?” It suddenly becomes hot in the room even with the air conditioner on. “I don’t think Tara would mind if I asked her about it,” Stiles wonders to himself. “Well, not about the dreams but about the whole loving Jackson thing…."

Stiles mouth opens wider and wider and wider and wider and his head and body begin moving in every direction and now he is like a worm squirming to get out of a cocoon. “Stiles……” Tara says slowly, “are you okay?” He squints his eyes narrowly at her and gives a thumbs up to signal everything is just peachy keen.
The fifteen minutes fly by quick and soon, Tara is tapping him on the shoulder, driving his attention away from his phone, “Ready to leave?” Nodding yes, Stiles walks with her to her own little Hyundai parked round back; being off duty, there is no need to continue to drive around in a patrol car.

It feels a bit strange since all his dad ever drives is his patrol car. Add that to being with another deputy and it just feels off, but compared to how this last week has been, Stiles guesses today is probably the first normal thing he has experienced.

Inside, Stiles makes himself a bit comfortable trying not to disrupt anything since this is someone else’s car and not a person he has known for a while like Scott, and then the exception being Jackson.

“Hey kid, you sure you are alright?” Tara asks again, already on the road. The fingers on his lap move up and down, consistently fidgeting every since he was at the station. Not really seeing any harm and no other option, as he feels he is about to burst without telling someone, he begins to solicit. “Tara, can I ask you something?”

“Sure,” she casually replies back. “What do you do when you love someone?” The question comes out a little hesitant but clear. He didn’t say it quietly either as Tara takes a quick second to look at him when they reach a red light.

She notices how Stiles doesn’t look in her direction but if his legs squirming mean anything, he is politely waiting for an answer. “Someone tugging at your heart strings?” she inquires happily. It really isn’t her place to pry in his life but he did ask; it’s just a surprise how he came to her for this and not his dad.

“You could say that,” Stiles quietly responds back. “Well, I think the one and only thing you can do is tell the other person. Have you said anything?” Tara inquires. “No, and it’s not that I don’t want to but I’m scared of what may be said.” “You shouldn’t be afraid of that. What you should be afraid is of not saying anything at all.”

“Yeah, but what if it doesn’t turn out the way I want it to be?”

“And what if it does?” Tara quickly utters back. “An opportunity not taken is an opportunity wasted,” she confidently says. They arrive at the school and Stiles jeep is looking a bit crisp with the sun beating down on it. Stiles smiles and says, “Thank you,” as he exits the car.

Tara rolls down the windows and calls out to him before she leaves. “Hey,” and Stiles turns around, squats down and carefully leans against the window edge. “I think you should say something. No one ever fell in love without being a little bit brave.”

A sincere smile spreads across her face and Stiles feels obligated to give one back. Waving him off, Stiles walks towards his jeep and takes out a list of items and errands his needs to do, courtesy of his father. The jeeps starts right away and Stiles remembers the last time it was left here.

He brings down his sun cover and no little note pops out at him which gives him a slight sad feeling. Putting the list in his hands, he views, ‘pick up dry cleaning, pick up mail, take jeep for tune up, pay gas and light bill,’ etc. And Stiles adds, “pick up dinner,” at the end. “No use in wasting time,” he says. The clock on his dashboard reads 4:35 pm.
“Ugh,” Jackson mumbles as he sluggishly and angrily grabs at his phone atop his desk to answer it.

“This better be important,” he yells into the speaker. “It is,” the voice responds.

“Derek!” Jackson says, shocked and he eagerly gets up. “Meet me at my house at 1 pm,” Derek says.

“Is this important?” Now he seems more irritated than surprised. He can’t actually see it but he knows he can feel Derek’s eyes roll over the phone. “Meet me at my house at 1 pm,” Derek says, with authority this time. “Fine,” Jackson responds and hangs up the phone.

The morning sun hit him like a warm shower. Sundays are lazy days everywhere and Jackson was no exception to that rule. Maybe Derek is since he is the one who actually called in the first place but he is unnatural or supernatural; it just flows better for him.

The clock on his phone reads 10:30 am and it’s nice to be able to sleep late but having this unwelcome phone call really does sour his mood. Sitting upright, a closer look on his phone reveals his actually has about 5 messages; four from Derek and one from Isaac.

All pretty much said the same thing, “Call me when you see this.” The earliest one was sent around 8 and the last one from Isaac was sent at 9:45. You would think they have better things to do but bugging him somehow made it to the top of their list.

As soon as he is finished erasing them, he places his foot down and looks upon his arm. The new experience from yesterday still lingers today and it would be a good thing for he and Derek to discuss. The black veins reminded him of the black blood he first started spewing as he was changing into the Kanima but this time there was pain flowing within them.

“Damn, guess I don’t really know anything about this werewolf thing,” Jackson murmurs while he flexes a bit. “Maybe seeing Derek, I can ask some questions and he better have answers.”

When he heads downstairs, Jackson finds his parents busily getting ready for what appears to be some brunch. “Heading out?” he asks when he sees them and it’s one of those rare occasions they get a rather stale and yet good response from his usual demeanor.

“Yes, actually,” his mother begins. “A representative from New York wants to meet with your father with some policies they hope will help reform future laws for the entire country. Of course it may never go that far but here is hoping for the best,”

“I see,” Jackson utters. He knows his father does have power but never realized it could extend so far. The man is already bad enough and living under his roof is complete hell so imagining everyone sort of under his regime, it seemed obvious on so many levels most would not approve.

However, his mother said it might not even reach that far so why get all upset for no apparent reason? “We will be back later this afternoon,” his mother said reaching into her purse, looking for her keys. “Any plans?” she asks, trying to find them and just making conversation.

“I have to meet a friend later this afternoon,” Jackson says. He wouldn’t call Derek a friend but it wouldn’t sound right to say ‘leader’ or ‘other parent.’ “Okay, well I guess we will see you when you get back. Don’t know exactly when but we will,” his mother replies happily.

She must have some excitement that goes beyond what is seen but Jackson is more than tired than ever, a strange first, and it’s too early to be dealing with anything of any kind at this hour on a
Sunday. She leaves, almost bouncing of the balls of her feet while his father waits outside.

They both come across each other’s gaze and Jackson’s dad only nods in a polite manner to greet him if nothing else. It’s calm and collected and it’s what Jackson knows is his best way of having some respect, if not love, and how he shows it. He nods back in compliance and they both take off.

Jackson spends most of his day rummaging through various things within the house until he finds his suitcase buried almost into the wall of closet. He remembers the slight argument he got with his parents about going somewhere for his birthday. It is a nice gesture but if anyone one is to believe them, they would soon figure out they are nothing close to an actual family. The father is married to his job and his mother just seems to tag along for the ride while Jackson seems like the most unwelcomed guest ever to be invited in.

It only made sense for him to ask to go somewhere by himself but where exactly? According to their mother, the idea is to go someplace bright and sunny, possibly in the Caribbean. The sun and beach might be nice but it still sounds better to be somewhere alone where he could not have any reminder of who he is and what happened.

Picking at old wounds never lets them heal and the only way to get past this is to forget. Maybe what he needs is to clear his head because so many thoughts have overwhelmed him in these past couple of weeks. The most recent was yesterday’s, no doubt.

“Why did I freak out so much when he fainted? As if I haven’t seen that a lot with all the lacrosse guys from time to time,” Jackson thinks to himself. Something new must be going on and he knows it all too well to ever admit it.

“Nope, no way! Not going to happen,” he voices loudly. He keeps nodding his head and repeating himself to forcefully believe it. So many people to choose from and those who always metaphorically and literally throw themselves at him and this……this……he doesn’t even know what to call Stiles exactly but out of everyone, why does it have to be him?

Every time he and Lydia broke up in the past, there was always a girl, and an occasional guy, to help rebound him each time it happened. It was never nothing more than pleasure because he never wanted it to be and his partners knew that. Hell, all of them were practically happy since the finest, smartest, and hottest guy in high school chose them for some nighttime fun.

“But what makes this guy, Stiles, so…so…so…” Jackson asks himself. A fever pitch runs throughout his body and he only composes himself when he hears a shattering sound, which turns out to be a glass mug he is holding for some coffee, breaks and spills all over the floor.

“Ugh, I seriously need to get better at this,” he declares and walks over to the pantry where he grabs a small broom and dust pan to gather the shattered glass and throw it away. Unknown how he wined up in the kitchen, and when he reached for a mug in the first place, he settles from some juice, in a plastic cup this time, and walks back to his room.

He patiently waits for the hours to go by until it’s time to go meet Derek at the old Hale home. Knowing the layout all too well, he takes his truck and doesn’t waste any time to leave. Plus, he doesn’t want to give Derek any excuses to punish him for what he feels are total injustices; more like simple pettiness.

As soon as he drives up and parks a bit away from the Camaro, it should be no surprise that Isaac is already waiting at the staircase leading to the house. It’s strange because he isn’t dressed in his usual jacket and scarf. In fact, Isaac has he sleeves rolled up and it wearing some casual sneakers, not
boots.

In Jackson’s eyes this is a clear sign someone forget to tell him something he probably should have known. When he meets Isaac at the front door, they exchange looks and a simple nod. According to Derek, Jackson isn’t officially a part of the pack but is on his way or working into it so no need to play nice but he still needs to tread carefully for any slip up and out he goes.

Jackson reaches for the door but not before Isaac interrupts him, “Derek said to wait outside.”

A bit of annoyance fills Jackson’s face as he continues to reach for the door and walk through only to be centimeters from touching the knob when a voice from behind him stops his movements, “Jackson!”

Like his usual entrances, Derek appears out of nowhere and in the most unprecedented way or timing ever. Isaac walks over to him with a smirk thrown in Jackson’s face as he reluctantly follows but not directly behind. Derek greets Jackson with a glare so rigid it could cut glass but it doesn’t bother him a bit to look directly at him and ask, “What exactly are we doing here?”

“Good question,” Derek says and begins to roll up his sleeves. “In case you haven’t noticed, the full moon is this upcoming weekend. If you are not ready, you might as well be a monster.” It’s not said directly but Jackson knows what is implied. A scowl makes it way to his face and Derek surprisingly smiles back. Jackson responds with narrowed eyes before Derek speaks again, “This is training to help you prepare for that night.”

“And what exactly are we doing?” Jackson asks with a half assed tone. “You two, against me,” Derek says. Isaac shakes himself a bit to get ready while Jackson just opens his narrowed eyes to match his confidence. “Are you serious? You really think you can take us on?”

“It was easy enough with Isaac, Erica and Boyd together,” Derek responds with the same cockiness. “Yeah, but they lost to me as a Kanima so how strong can they be?”

Jackson beams with his last statement. Instead of getting upset, Derek’s grin grows wider to answer back with pride. “But someone was controlling you then. Let’s see how you do on your own,” and Derek eyes seem to gleam with victory.

Isaac lets out a small laugh and Jackson glares at both of them. “What exactly is this supposed to do? What happens if we win?” Jackson is usually the smart one but this is the first time he has encountered something out of his league. He wants to make sure he has all the information.

“There are no winners. This is about staying in control.” Derek is cracking his knuckles as Isaac seems to dig his feet into the ground almost to anchor himself, in a literal sense. “And what does that prove?” Jackson seems more infuriated than excited at finally learning something which could do him some good. “Your will and strength of heart.”

The way it’s said, Derek almost makes this seem like some fairy tale training to rescue some damsel in distress. He sees that Jackson is still staring as if waiting for something better than that vague response of a reply. When he turns to look at Isaac, he gives him a shrug of the shoulders as if telling him it wouldn’t do any harm for him to know why he became the Kanima in the first place.

Crossing his arms as usual, Derek approaches and Jackson gets up as if ready to start the training but nothing happens and they are a stand still for a couple of minutes. “We have a saying when someone is bitten. ‘The shape you take often reflects the person you are.’ You turned into the Kanima because your attitude and personality resemble that of this beast; it’s just a fact.”
Jackson stops scowling, bows his head and takes a few paces back in remorse. It became too clear when told to you by another person. Of course he had heard this many times but how could you believe when you have the life you live; full of bliss, and everything you could ever want or hope for.

But this? This was a shot to the arm for there is no denying undeniable proof. Jackson is about to take a few more steps back to process more sudden information but Derek interrupts again. “But…” he starts off. “I didn’t think it was possible to actually kill that part of you and be revived as a werewolf.

It means that somewhere, something inside of you isn’t completely bad and it’s worth saving. Focus on that and use it. Don’t allow yourself to give in to your emotions. From now on, you control what happens next.”

It’s given as a very enlightening pep talk and yet, it’s uncomfortable to see Derek show this fatherly side no one would ever believe could come from him. He walks back to the forest where he suddenly appeared and cracks his neck to further prepare.

“Ohay, let’s get this started shall we,” he says and turns around to reveal a fully shifted face, glowing red eyes and extended claws and fangs. Isaac is still shaking himself out but Jackson sees he isn’t shifted and is waiting for something.

“Get ready,” Derek instructs and Jackson quickly rolls up his sleeves and tosses his sunglasses, phone and keys mindlessly to the floor very far away from them. Without being able to process what is going on, Derek roars to forcefully make them shift and Isaac stands, wobbling but up, while Jackson can’t help but fall to the floor from the sheer force of the sound.

As he looks over at Isaac, he is now fully shifted with golden eyes ready to barge at Derek. He notices he is also fully shifted, being able to feel the hair on his face, claws on his hands, teeth inside his mouth and eyes glowing their steel blue.

Isaac looks over to him and nods in his direction as if signaling they should both attack at the same time. Derek growls a bit and slouches forward as a small, tailwind help launch Jackson and Isaac forward.

The fight between the three is intense and voracious. Jackson launches himself to Derek several times which makes it easy for him to catch Jackson mid-air and throw him aside but it gives Isaac an opportunity to catch Derek a bit off guard and get a couple of swipes in.

As Derek quickly garbs Isaac in a choke-hold, Jackson rushes again to try and take Derek down but Derek easily swipes his fist and flings it to send Jackson twisting towards the ground. But Jackson feels the power and lands on his feet to sweep his leg and take Derek down with Isaac in his grasp.

Isaac seizes the opportunity and digs his claws into Derek’s arms and flicks his head back to make Derek flinch and release his grasp over him. Once free, Isaac gets clear and watches at how Jackson comes flying, ready to completely overwhelm Derek with his claws buried in his chest; bad thinking as Derek quickly moves out of the way and when Jackson’s hand makes contact with the dirt, Derek elbows him hard to force his whole body down.

Claws are swiping in every direction as they each try to outsmart and out shine each other over who is better and stronger. But Jackson is giving in way too much to his instincts and forgets to remember this training is meant to help them maintain control, there are no winners.

The only thing racing through Jackson’s mind is the thrill and pleasure of being able to take Derek
down. Derek sees this and when Jackson tries stealth to grab his back, trying to force him down, he ducks and grabs at Jackson’s arm, flinging him into Isaac as they both soar into a tree with Isaac taking the full force of the hit and cracking some of his back bones.

Derek sniffs a bit to know Isaac isn’t really hurt but having him out of commission for a while, it gives Derek a chance to fight a one on one battle with Jackson and help him, since Isaac has already been through this training before. He is right as he watches Jackson get up and completely growl in his direction with his breathing getting louder and harder.

Derek anticipates it and sees Jackson race to charge at him once again and Isaac barely lifts his head to see what takes place. When they both collide with one another, they each grab hold of each other’s shoulders but Derek watches in disappointment as Jackson just growls and snarls to his face; a rabid dog out of his leash.

“Jackson!” Derek begins to say. “Jackson, try to stay in control. Don’t let your emotions get the better of you.” He tries to help and it’s working a bit as Jackson’s breathing rescinds. “Focus on controlling yourself instead of fighting me. Remember, this isn’t about winners or losers.” Jackson gathers his mind and takes a strong, deep breath to fix his overall mentality and get’s back to not fighting Derek but trying to maintain control like he said. After throwing some more punches and claw swipes, Jackson is able to grab at Derek’s shoulder and pin him down except this time, he relishes in the victory and calmly breathes until his shift wares off and he turns back to normal; whatever it counts as.

Isaac already lost his shift due to the injury he sustained when he hit the tree, and Derek can easily control his so he gracefully gets up and when he stands, his shift is gone as well. “Good,” he smiles towards Jackson. Isaac walks over and is hunched over from the still healing wounds he received.

“Isaac, you can go and wait inside and heal,” Derek says. “Actually, I need to go to the sheriff’s station. Still need some paperwork done with the whole family dead and what not.” Derek nods and Isaac takes off walking as he usually does.

Then he waves his hand towards Jackson, gesturing to the house and for him to follow. Jackson does and when they make it inside, Derek wastes no time in asking what he thinking about. “What helped you stay in control?” he inquires. “Why does it matter,” Jackson snaps back. The attitude will probably never go away but if Derek is to be believed, there is a part of Jackson that is good and he hopes Jackson will be able to hang on to it. “Because it’s another part of the training.” With that, Derek reaches into the wall and pulls out his trunk of tricks.

The lock doesn’t seem to work much as Derek effortlessly pulls it and it breaks. “Need a new one,” and tosses the lock aside. Within the trunk are all the chains and contraptions Derek used on Isaac, Erika and Boyd during their full moons. “Is that for me?” Jackson asks with raised eyebrows.

“Yes. You haven’t felt the full power of the moon and it’s no easy feat to pass over. Pain makes you human which is why these stakes…” Jackson watches Derek drive them into the floor. “…are going to go into your arms with the chains to tie you to the walls.” Jackson makes a gulp sound in his throat and begins to shudder.

“Won’t that kill me?” he asks, tensing up a bit. “During a full moon, you power increases 10 fold so no, these won’t kill you. They are used to help you.” “By draining me of my fluids until I can’t move, forever!” Jackson snarls back. Derek gets up, bothered, and asks Jackson again, “What helped you stay in control?”
Annoyance is a favorite amongst him and Derek as Jackson gets up and turns his back to not face in his direction or look at him. “Why?” Jackson inquires again and Derek realizes this jerk is just being one for the sake of it. “Because having an anchor is something that helps.” Derek can almost feel Jackson’s ears perk up, barely paying attention now.

“What is that exactly?” he asks and Derek knows he isn’t just being an asshole this time. “An anchor is something or someone that reminds you of who you are. It can be an emotion like sadness, happiness or it can actually be a person.” When Derek mentions that word, Jackson twists he head again as if disinterested.

“We all have one and it not only helps us maintain control during a full moon, it’s how we are able to shift easily. I’m sure you have noticed how Isaac and Scott are able to extend their claws and flash their eyes at will.” Jackson has pondered that for a while.

“What’s your’s?” he asks as the questions keep coming. “Anger,” Derek says and he knows Jackson rolled his eyes. “Isaac’s is his father and I’m pretty sure you know Allison is Scott’s.” Derek knows Jackson is thinking and thinking hard about what he knows what his anchor is but not willing to admit it; not to him or himself.

“So, what’s your anchor?” Derek asks for what is the third time during their entire conversation. It takes a couple of minutes which Derek knows is to really cover up for what, or who, it really is but it will never be helpful if Jackson doesn’t come to terms with it.


“Maybe,” Jackson responds.

“A familiar place?”

“Something like that…”

“A familiar face?”

“Just, memories! Okay?!”

“Fair enough. I don’t think I have ever heard of a werewolf using memories and it’s intriguing but I should warn you. If you use bad memories, they could overtake you and you could face the same problem today, where you are no longer in control.”

“I’ll be sure to REMEMBER that,” Jackson says and walks back in Derek’s direction. “And where exactly will this happen?” he questions with curiosity.

“The train yard where I used to train Isaac, Eric and Boyd was discovered by Gerard so I had to abandon it. We are going to use the underground cellar here under my family’s home. We should go and check it out so you can see for yourself.” Derek picks up the trunk with ease, alpha strength, and leads the way.

They walk outside and come across the hidden door under the lifted ground which leads to the cellar underneath the forest. As they walk the long passage, it resembles an old tomb in Egypt where they go to bury the dead. The door is made of steel where sliding it is the only way to get it open.

Inside, it’s very clear that half of the room is completely sealed off with wire to keep the wolves in and everyone else out. Small windows let in sunlight where the fenced area is which means, Jackson will be able to feel it, even being underground.
“Why isn’t this directly under the house?” he asks as he goes to feel at the wire to test it. “It’s already bad enough living in a huge, rugged house at the very edge of town. You really don’t need to attract any more attention by making it plainly obvious there is an underground dungeon where out of control wolves are kept.”

“Point taken,” Jackson says and grabs at the wire to tug on it. “It’s built into the ground, above and below. The wire runs almost the length leading up to the house and if you look closely, you can see it overlaps three times.” Jackson’s eyes widen and he has a bit more confidence in knowing he will be safe here.

“Laura and I spent many nights here; sometimes alone and sometimes together. We were sent here even if we misbehaved; shifting in public, using our power for abuse, fighting with other packs and so on.”

“You sure I won’t escape?”

He ignores Derek’s words as there is still some lingering doubt. “You said our power increases ten-fold and I will still be able to feel it through these windows.” Derek forgets what he was talking about to answer him. “With the stakes into your arms and the chains tied to the wall, it should be enough but that’s why I want you to focus on your anchor. It’s the best tool to help you through this and soon, you won’t need to spend every full moon night here.”

Derek walks over and places the chest at the entrance to the gate. Jackson watches as he thinks about those foot long stakes through his arms, buried in the ground and then tied to the wall. Well, he strongly remembers Derek telling him pain makes them human so it’s just another step in the process.

The thought still sends some shivers down his spine as he moves his right hand up and down his left arm, shuddering in anticipation. Suddenly, like being smacked with a brick to the face, Jackson remembers one, of many, questions he needs answered. “Derek, I need to ask you something.”

Derek is rummaging through the chest and picks up many chains to set them aside but moves his items quieter to give Jackson some assurance he is listening. “What is it?” he asks. “It’s about something that happened yesterday,” Jackson’s voice is nervous.

Closing the chest, Derek knows he is probably making him more scared than he needs to be so he exits the fenced area, leaving the chest behind and says, “Let’s go,” as he walks towards the door leading back outside. “What happened yesterday?” Derek asks and a slight smile spreads across his face. Without being noticed, Derek knows exactly what happened but then again, what happened afterward is still a mystery.

“I shifted…” And with that, Derek goes straight towards Jackson’s face and looks as he might take him back underground and tie him up right then and there. “No! No, wait! I didn’t shift exactly. Or at least, I think that’s not what happened.”

Jackson raises his hands to try and protect himself for what consequence may come. Only a pissed look rises in Derek’s eyes as his hands turn into fists. “It seems even alphas can lose control,” Jackson thinks. But he doesn’t keep the same thought going for he knows Derek is giving him a chance to explain what exactly he means.

“It’s just…uh…I was…helping someone out and I noticed that I had this sharp pain in my arm and I could feel my eyes turn into their moon blue and when I saw my arm, black veins circulated all around.” Jackson finishes speaking with clearness and not bumbling around with words like a certain person he knows.
It’s not difficult to see and feel the sigh escape from Derek’s mouth as he turns back around and purposefully seems to rush back to the house. As soon as Jackson is able to use his eyes and focus his vision a bit, he notices a small dog pawing at the front door, as if wanting to be let inside.

On a closer inspection, the dog looks like it has a hurt back paw, having its’ leg lifted a few spaces above the floor. Without thinking twice, Derek picks it up and cradles it within his arm. Jackson spurts a small laugh when he sees this gesture but Derek doesn’t seem to care as he looks at the hurt paw on the animal.

He pats the area all around, as if trying to find some source, and with a blink of an eye, Derek eyes burn red. Laughter goes to shock as Jackson is certain Derek is going to kill this animal in front of him, dig his claws into it, and make this poor thing suffer.

Jackson squints his eyes to anticipate the death but Derek simply puts his whole hand on the back end of the dog and Jackson views as the black veins appear on Derek’s arm. It only last for a few seconds for when it stops, Derek’s eyes go back to normal and the dog begins to wag its’ tail happily.

Continuing to pet it as he sets it down, when it’s on the ground, Jackson watches as it uses its’ hurt leg and runs on all fours back to town. “What was that?” Jackson asks in a demanding tone. “What happened to you yesterday,” Derek tosses back in annoyance.

Derek turns around to face Jackson and extends his hand, as if patronizing Jackson even further. “An explanation would be nice,” he says and crosses his arms in that Derek fashion.

“It’s a pack thing. You know real wolves care for each member of the pack. It’s not like a father, mother, brother, or sister but a part of your own body. One of you is hurt and everyone is. And at times, helping with pain is more than just easing it. Hopefully I don’t need to spell it out for you.”

Jackson throws him a stink eye but looks past him at the forest, aimlessly searching for an answer. However, he is contemplating and understanding what Derek just did and what happened yesterday with Stiles. Jackson was taking away his pain and it becomes clear why his veins turned black and it hurt so much.

Who knows how much Stiles had as he only held his arm for a few seconds before he let go out of distress from the feeling and simply helped him up. Jackson flexes his own arm, moving it back and forth, amazed once again. Not only does he have power that makes him dangerous, he also has power that could benefit others although he isn’t too sure about how often he would use it; not his style.

Still, it’s another plus either way and how Derek describes it, one whole body, it’s no wonder packs are really important. “Well, make sure you hang on to that anchor for Saturday night. I expect you to make it here on your own in the late afternoon, before the sun sets. I don’t want to risk you showing up late for as soon as the moon hits you, you will feel the power. If you think you can’t drive or make it on your own, call me and I will go and pick you up.”

Derek waits for a response and Jackson nods in compliance. Through their conversation, it takes them to Jackson’s truck where he already seems to be getting ready to leave. “Hey,” Derek says as if there is more he needs to tell him. “How are things going with Stiles?”

It’s asked more as if they are in a relationship but Derek doesn’t want to pressure or upset him so he follows it up with, “Are you looking out for him like I asked?”

“Yeah, the little pain in the ass is being looked out for. Still can’t believe you are making me babysit
him so I can be a part of your pack,” Jackson spews in raw anger. “I told you already that you need to keep him safe because of the hunters. I recently discovered Gerard’s hunters are still around. You need to continue to watch him and keep an eye out yourself; they are ruthless.”

It becomes bothersome to Jackson knowing what Derek basically means is for him to babysit Stiles. He survived before Derek became the alpha and apparently, this whole entire time Gerard was here, before he disappeared, he also made it out alive. He does well on his own so why is this time around any different?

“Look, I’m not going to argue with you on Stiles being an idiot. Often times he searches for these problems and drags us right in the middle of them.” As if Derek is listening to his thoughts, it’s annoying to hear any more reasons why this he should stick with it.

“But…” Derek utters and adjusts his feet on the ground, scraping at the dirt. “He has come through for us when we need him. And I have to admit, we wouldn’t have been able to be as successful if not for him. You owe him too.” Jackson’s eyes moves towards Derek and he doesn’t flinch. Jackson really does hate to admit how right Derek is but you can’t argue with the truth.

“Yeah, I’m looking out for him,” Jackson says but can’t even look at Derek or keep his voice loud enough to hear as he turns away when saying it and ends up whispering at the very end. “Okay, well I will see you this Saturday then,” Derek says as he taps the truck and moves aside to let Jackson by. Giving one last nod, Jackson peels out of the yard and makes his way into town to grab some quick dinner before heading home.

Stiles wants to but can’t but feels like he should and then he feels if he shouldn’t.

Having a crush and being in love shouldn’t be this difficult but he remembers how much he suffered under Lydia’s guise for a better part of half his lifetime. “Why does being in love have to be so damn difficult?!?” he says and the Korean lady looks at him with a furrowed brow as she hands him his food.

Stiles smiles shyly and pays before his cheeks turn any redder from his loud comments. When he arrives at home, the sheriff is already sitting at the table with coffee in hand, reading a newspaper. “Hey dad, sorry I am a bit late,” Stiles says as he places the food atop the table and the rest of the items on the couch.

“Actually, you are right on time,” the sheriff says. “Normally this would be a good thing but with you? I think this is just as bad as being late. Something wrong?” The sheriff does seem concerned but the last thing Stiles wants to give his dad is another worry on an already long day. “Thanks dad but I already talked to Tara.”

Sometimes Stiles thinks his dad knowing him so well is a curse. “Just trying to figure out life,” Stiles answers back. “I think it’s too young for you to be having a crisis, something else must be going on. You want to talk about it?” The sheriff does seem concerned but the last thing Stiles wants to give his dad is another worry on an already long day. “Thanks dad but I already talked to Tara.”

“Tara? More girl issues? Then yes, I am glad you aren’t talking to me.” The sheriff speaks as if not willing to dive into the world of romance and relationships but Stiles just laughs it off knowing his dad wouldn’t be to understand even if he tried. Although he knows if he really needs it, a shoulder to lean on will be there; count on it.

“I think I am going to eat my dinner in my room,” Stiles says as he grabs a plate from the kitchen. The rest of the items remain on the couch as he grabs his phone he mindlessly took out when he set
the food on the table. Upstairs, Stiles sets his food on his desk while he strips his clothes to get more comfortable. Pretty early but he is sure after he is done eating, he will call it night for there is school tomorrow.

Stiles sits down and stares an empty stare as his food. He can’t eat no matter how hard he tries for each spoonful lifted is immediately set down with all the food still placed. His phone rumbles in his hand from constantly turning it around and around; Stiles knows what he wants to do but isn’t so sure it’s a good idea.

“No one ever fell in love without being a little bit brave.”

“Dammit! Why is this so damn hard?!” Stiles asks himself. If only this were as easy as words and snarky comments he makes on a daily basis. If only this were as easy as schoolwork, he could have some direction on what to do, what he needs to know, and how to do it or go about it.

But this? No one ever knows and what makes it worse is this is Jackson! Jackson! It’s like, this name carries weight all around Beacon Hills and here Stiles is, quite possibly next to nobody, and he is falling for him. “Why……no…no…no..why…” Stiles is whining and making little animal noises like a puppy wanting and needing attention.

The food on his desk looks less and less appetizing, it loses all effect and he instead, pushes the plate aside to the far corner, nearly missing the edge and falling into the trash can. More minutes pass by and the tapping of his foot is the only noise that can be heard all throughout the house. His father has already left for his evening shift and all lights are off except for the small lamp in his room.

More and more minutes go by and the only thing Stiles accomplishes is walking back down stairs to put away his food in the fridge for another day. Pacing back in forth in his room, the wood squeaks from so much movement, he might as well fall through to the next floor.

“You know,” Stiles says as he finally picks up his phone. “I won’t ever be able to forgive myself if I don’t do something now that I have the opportunity.”

Automatically, his phone takes him to the ‘message’ screen and without thinking twice, Jackson’s name is input under recipients.

**Stiles: “Hey.”**

He patiently waits for a response as his flips his phone again and again within his hand. After a few minutes, an answer finally arrives.

**Jackson: “Hey.”**

**Stiles: “Are you busy?”**

**Jackson: “I just got home and finished some dinner.”**

**Stiles: “Sounds good. Did you have a good day?”**

**Jackson: “It's Sunday. Lazy day all around.”**

**Stiles: “Same here. Didn’t do anything except run some errands for my dad.”**

**Jackson: “Doesn’t sound very fun.”**
Stiles: “It wasn’t, believe me.”

Jackson: “Is there a reason you texted me? Everything okay?”

And there it is. Everything Stiles knows to be true and it blows up in his face. How can he function when Jackson sends him mixed signals like this? First he acts nice, then he hates his guts, followed by more annoyance and then some slight worry.

It’s pulling him left and right and making him go crazy!! Stiles flings his entire body back in his chair and almost falls back and flat on his back when his hand grabs the edge of the desk at the last second to stop the fall.

The concern tugs at his heart strings hard and he isn’t sure of what to feel. Taking a few deep breathes, he adjusts himself on his chair and decides to answer back first before getting heartfelt.

Stiles: “No! I mean, I am okay. Are you still worried about yesterday? I’m better now, thanks to you. I’m not really sure if I ever thanked you but I am grateful.”

Jackson: “Well, that’s a good thing to hear. Wouldn’t want anything to happen to that pretty little face. ;)”

“Oh my….” Stiles whispers and fans himself to catch his breath. “Damn if this guy doesn’t have a way with words,” he thinks but knows he would be flattered either way if Scott were the one to say them.

Stiles: “Yeah? Well, it’s nice to hear them from that pretty mouth. ;)”

On the other side of the conversation, Jackson smiles pleasantly into his phone and winks as if Stiles can see. Jackson loves playing these little games but the real question is what happens when you play with someone who doesn’t want to be played with? He is used to it but Stiles? In a case like this, it’s a one sided deal that only benefits him. But is this really a game?

“Omg…” Stiles murmurs. “Did I really just say that?” The faint feeling from practice yesterday makes it’s way around his body but this time it is from embarrassment rather than tiredness.

Jackson: “Well, thanks. It’s always nice to hear from somebody else. ;)”

“Ha…..haha…..this is…..this is….this is great!!” Stiles is practically spewing with excitement. For once things seem to be going well and he doesn’t want to ever let this go. He tries to contain his excitement as he carefully answers back, trying not to sound so desperate.

Stiles: “You’re welcome! ;)”

Jackson: “What’s for lunch tomorrow?”

Stiles: “Uh, I don’t know. School lunch, I guess.”

Jackson: “Sounds boring and gross. Want to head off campus?”

Stiles: “Is this friendship?!?”

Jackson: “No. It’s just two people who know better. Interested?”

Stiles: “Yeah! Where do I meet you?”
Jackson: “Isn’t it obvious? Meet me at the locker room entrance.”

Stiles: “Yeah, I will be there!”

Jackson: “Don’t make me wait and regret it.”

Stiles: “Wouldn’t want to disappoint. ;)”

“Ha…” Jackson says after the last message. I guess it really is safe to say things are going good but for whom?

The next few days follow a similar pattern. Stiles and Jackson going off campus for lunch while Scott, Allison and Lydia are left wondering along with Danny and Isaac as they both seem to purposefully ignore the other three each time it’s asked where Stiles and Jackson are.

It makes Scott uncomfortable seeing his best friend hanging out with a guy they consider to be the biggest asshole to ever exist. Allison is bothered since Scott is but she is also cautious of Jackson in knowing what type of person he is.

Lydia shows no signs of caring but still hasn’t told, not ever Allison, anyone about why she is prone to not care; it’s her dirty little secret. Isaac especially isn’t ready to reveal to Scott he and Jackson will soon be buddies for the thought still sickens him. And as for Danny, he cares but as always, he would much rather wait for Jackson to include him in the picture if it so suits him.

Unlike Scott and his friends, Danny has never been interested in prying into other people’s lives, including his best friends. Regardless, live and let be as they all just continue to each lunch and attend to their own issues for the time being.

All seems to be going well until Wednesday afternoon practice. The entire day has been filled with rain, rain clouds and it wasn’t until after lunch that lightning and thunder decided to join the party. The storm was making all the wolves nervous except for Scott who has better control than the other two.

Practice was downright hell because none of the lacrosse players actually wanted to participate while a storm was going on. Rain itself was fine but adding thunder and lightning was like risking their lives. “Coach,” Stiles begins to say while mindlessly putting on his gear.

“Don’t you think it’s a little dangerous to be practicing right now?” Finnstock gets directly in front of Stiles face as a warm smile spreads across his face. “Well, Stilinski. I think the added effect of danger might motivate you to get your ass moving faster while out there on the field!!

Now, hurry up and get the hell out there!!” With that, all guys trip over each other as they all try to squeeze out the locker room door to head out to the field. Scott, Isaac and Jackson were the last three to leave as they listened intently to the noise outside for it was shaking them to the core.

Needless to say, practice only lasted about 45 minutes because according to Finnstock, with so much, “complaining and bitching,” from all the lacrosse guys, he decided he heard enough and wants to drink his problems away at home than stay here and deal with this.

As all guys head inside to dry off, some go to shower, the locker room becomes a chaos of mud, commotion and downright craziness. Another half hour goes by as all showers are being used to freshen up before it starts to clear out, though Scott, Isaac, Jackson and Stiles are nowhere in sight.
All four are outside in the hallways of the locker rooms trying to calm each other down.

It’s not the commotion of the locker room but the whole thunderstorm taking place. It’s rattling them much more than anyone could have anticipated and though Isaac is a bit more in control because he has his anchor, Scott is struggling to keep Isaac focused as he rocks back in forth in a sitting position while Jackson keeps shaking his fists, pacing to and fro.

“Jackson. Jackson talk to me. What’s wrong?” Stiles is trying his best to get Jackson focused on anything else but the problem but it was useless.

“Scott, what’s wrong with you guys?” He turns the question around to the one person who seems to grasp at the situation a little better. “It’s the storm. Hearing the thunder and seeing the lightning, it’s affecting us in a way where we can’t think straight.”

“But you seem to be doing just fine,” Stiles throws back. “I know but I can still feel it. Like, it’s scratching inside of my head and I want it to stop. It’s like a pinging in my ear, and a strain on my body.” They way Scott describes it, Stiles isn’t really sure how to make something go away when you feel it inside of you. “Is there anything we can do?” Stiles asks in desperation.

“We need to get them out of here. Wait here…” Scott walks to the entrance to the locker room and focuses his hearing. “Sounds like everyone is gone, come on!”

He waves in Stiles direction as he helps Isaac to his feet and Jackson just storms past them in absolute hurry. Scott looks around some more and is confident the coast is clear until Finnstock walks past them with a whiskey flask in his hand. “Jackson, lock up when you leave!” Finnstock drunkenly yells and Jackson nods as they make it towards their lockers.

“I can take Isaac with me and drop him off with Derek. You want me to take you home as well?”

Stiles looks around and sees that Jackson is trying his best to gather his belongings but is shaking and dropping each item he reaches for. “No, I think I am going to stay and help him out. Go, I will be okay,” Stiles assures him. He knows he can trust him to be careful so he leaves with Isaac leading the way as he pushes him forward while carrying both of their bags.

Stiles looks back to watch Jackson as he continues to gather his things from his locker and place them in his lacrosse bag. He doesn’t seem to be struggling anymore but Stiles can see there is something different in his eyes.

As he tries to approach Jackson closer, he is taken back when an extremely loud lightning bolt echoes through the locker room and the flash from the lightning blinds him completely, he crashes into a locker behind him. When he opens his eyes and gains a bit of focus, he is shocked to find Jackson standing still, directly in his face with his eyes burning blue, claws and fangs out.

Not a moment is wasted as Jackson’s hand flies in Stiles direction and grabs him by the throat to pin him against the wall. Stiles is helpless as his hand grabs at Jacksons’ trying to pry it loose but to no avail. “Jackson…” Stiles tries to say. “Jackson, please calm down! It’s me, Stiles!”

Jackson only grows more agitated as his grip tightens as he growls and snarls. “Jackson, listen to me. Listen to me and hear my voice. The annoying kid you never liked, it’s Stiles. Come on, try to focus.” It’s not working as his hand just grows tighter and tighter around his neck. “Come on! Just try and remember.”

Stiles is struggling and quickly running out of ideas on what he can possible do to stop this. Maybe it wasn’t such a good thing Scott and Isaac left because he could really use their help right now.
Jackson inches his way closer and closer, teeth close enough to rip and tear giant holes in Stiles neck when his breathing increases and a familiar scent wafts in his direction. The beautiful and crisp autumn scent begins to fill his lungs and the memories are triggered.

Good ones as he remembers Stiles shorts, having some one on one lacrosse practice, early morning breakfast and evening burgers. The smell flows into his mind and in a flash, his blue eyes disappear and his focus comes into a scared Stiles bracing himself for his death.

Jackson’s grip loosens a bit and Stiles stops squinting his eyes long enough to see Jackson is back to his normal self, somewhat. “Jackson,” he asks cautiously as his feet are once again touching the ground. When Jackson sets him down on the floor, he looks to see the claws on his hands are slowly retracting back and the hair on his face goes away but Jackson’s gaze is still down.

There are a few more tense seconds that fly by before Jackson lifts his head up and begins to fall forward.

Unknown at what may happen, Stiles curls up his body to brace himself but is pleasantly surprised to have Jackson fall into his body and have his head drop over his shoulder. His full body weight is a bit much as Stiles takes steps back to lean against the locker for support.

Stiles smiles a bit at having him in his arms, so to speak, but is still worried about whether or not he is okay. The breathing coming from him can be felt all over his neck and it never stops, it just seems to get stronger and deeper the closer he is to him.

“Jackson…” Stiles gently whispers into his shoulder. The breathing recedes a little before Stiles asks again, “Jackson, are you okay?” Jackson only adjusts himself to stand up on his own two legs but is reluctant to get away from Stiles, not that he doesn’t mind at all.

“You know,” he starts saying. “The only reason I was able to regain control was the stink that I smelt coming from your body. You really need to have better hygiene.” Stiles sighs, yet smiles, while quietly whispering, “Jerk,” as he helps Jackson to his feet. “Okay, Beast. Think you can make it on your own from here?”

“I’m sure I can manage,” Jackson says as he slowly pushes off Stiles. The storm is still out but a lot calmer then it has been all day so it’s best to take advantage of right now and leave as soon as possible. When they make it to the double doors leading outside to the parking lot, Jackson looks over towards Stiles and sees the scratches on his neck with some slight blood dripping from them.

“Ooooo….” Jackson says as he reaches out to touch it but Stiles moves his hand away. “It’s not that bad, it doesn’t hurt.” He tries to sound reassuring even though they are freshly made, they do have that sting feeling to them.

“Was it because….” Jackson asks but Stiles immediately stops him. “Look, you don’t have to feel bad. You weren’t yourself and it’s not that I don’t enjoy being the victim of deadly wolves from time to time.” As always, Stiles tries to lighten the mood with humor and it works for Jackson smiles but it’s still tough to imagine what it’s like to lose control and not be aware of what you do. “Well, I think we better leave before the storm picks up again.”

“Yeah,” Stiles says, eyeing how far his jeep is. “Let me know you made it home safe.”

Jackson gives him a side look and a very small, side smile as he ducks his head to run to his Porsche. Stiles trails right behind but runs in the opposite direction to reach his jeep. They both exit the parking lot rather quick and head home.
Stiles makes it home first and is quickly greeted with his dad racing in from his patrol car. Guess since he had two long shifts yesterday, it means he had a short one today. “Oh man, I was hoping to take a shower later and not now,” the sheriff says and grabs a towel from the nearby closet to dry off. “Me too, dad,” Stiles says as he takes another towel from the same closet.

“Practice ended early today?” the sheriff asks. “More like ‘do enough complaining and you can convince the coach to give you a break’ type of deal” His dad laughs and begins rummaging through the fridge for some early dinner while Stiles takes his bags upstairs.

Walking into his bathroom, he dries himself for about the third time today as he changes into some light clothing to be around the house. When he makes it back downstairs, his dad is on the phone ordering some take out as he isn’t very pleased with the fridge lineup to eat anything from there.

Grabbing the remote from the table, Stiles start flipping through the channels to find something interesting to watch when his phone vibrates with a message. He immediately drops the remote to view it and see it’s from Jackson.

**Jackson:** “Made it home, mom.”

**Stiles:** “Glad to hear that, son. Now, do your homework!”

**Jackson:** “Don’t raise that tone at me!”

**Stiles:** “Hey, that’s my line. Jerk!”

**Jackson:** “You started it.”

**Stiles:** “Don’t make me come over there. ;)”

**Jackson:** “Try it and we shall see.”

**Stiles:** “Tempting, but no.”

**Jackson:** “That’s what I thought. ;)”

**Stiles:** “Ha…you asshole!”

**Jackson:** “;)

Stiles soon has to abandon his teasing with Jackson as his dad asks for help in ordering food; as if he magically forgot how to speak and use a phone. Less than a minute on the phone and about 15 minute wait for it to be delivered, his stomach was grumbling but it didn’t have to wait long.

A feeling of being so happy and satisfied is filling his heart and every little crevice of his body, he engaged in conversation with his father until their food arrived.

Chapter End Notes

Whoo! This one took me longer than expected. Getting back into the swing and school has been a bit tough but I keep pushing forward. Anyways, I don't want to spoil anything in any way or form because if I tell you, it just ruins the story! Read it for
yourself and come up with ideas and theories and enjoy it most of all! Hope everyone is
doing well.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

"You never said anything..."
"I am not aware I have to!"
"Just because I don't ask?"
"Because you don't need to know or care."

Chapter Notes

Here we go. This is the next part. Hope you all enjoy reading! Little side note: there is actually more to this chapter but I wanted to kind of do something special but it didn't work for me today. If I am able to, I will work on it tonight and post it this same night or I will get to it tomorrow. Oooooo!! This is exciting so don't think this is it. It is merely the beginning! Well, that's all I can say for now. As always, do enjoy!

“Well, you have been in an awfully good mood lately. Is there any particular reason?”

The sheriff doesn’t witness much exonerated happiness from his son other than the usual fun and antics he involves himself with Scott.

A different change of pace but a very nice, positive one for like any parent, the sheriff only wants his son to be the happiest he can be.

“This wouldn’t have anything to do with the talk you had with Tara, would it?” the sheriff asks curiously but doesn’t want to sound like a busybody, itching for information; this isn’t a questionnaire for a crime.

But he does patiently wait to wonder what all this excitement and happiness is accounted for. Stiles eyes wander around his food and plate until his looks at his dad and sees him smiling eagerly.

A smile is returned back but then a gut-wrenching feeling settles in his stomach at telling his father the truth. The thought of almost coming out, or more like covering a plan, makes Stiles writhe in his chair.

It's not like he ever considered himself gay or straight or bi or whatever. But being single and desperate does many things to a young, growing boy.

Stiles wouldn’t say he classifies in any category since it’s just been Lydia and now, Jackson he has ever had feelings for.

New found heroism made an impression on him with Scott but they have been too close to actually get together. It’s like dating your brother; talk about the captain of uncomfortableness.
“Dad,” he starts and the sheriff knows this tone all too well.

“Hey, hey. What’s wrong?” the sheriff asks with a worried look stretched across his face.

The sheriff doesn’t mean to put his son in a bad mood after this rather pleasant atmosphere for a few days now, but it’s not difficult to notice distress when he sees it.

“I need to tell you something. And I need you to listen.”

Stiles trembles after his words and wets his lips numerous times to find the exact ones he needs to speak.

The sheriff moves his plate off to the side and inches his chair closer to place both hands on top of the table and hold them, anticipating to hear bad news.

“Dad, I’m not really sure if there is any other way I can tell you without beating around the bush so I am just going to say it plain. The person Tara and I talked about is a person……but not one you would normally think of……”

It takes a couple more seconds and intense hands rubbing together for Stiles to come closer to speaking the truth.

“This person……” Stiles hesitates and can’t look at his father anymore.

“…is a guy…” he says to the floor.

The only noise resonating throughout their home is the ‘tick,’ ‘tock,’ ‘tick,’ ‘tock,’ of their clock plastered on the wall. Stiles almost feels like he might be having a panic attack but closes his eyes and tightens his fist to help ease his rising nerves.

A creak from the chair his father is sitting in catches his ears off guard and he picks up his head to watch his dad lean far back into his chair and watch his hand move to caress his chin, pondering.

It’s too late to make any sudden movements and gear his eyes towards anything else except his father’s own gaze so he sinks in his chair, trying to escape but no luck.

The clock is deafening and the creaking floor boards under them don’t help to ease this thick tension.

After a few more chin grabs from the sheriff, he opens his mouth, prepared to speak his mind and Stiles squints his eyes and cowers to prepare from what he expects to be nothing short of anger, disappointment and distress.

“Is is Scott?” his father asks with narrow eyes.

Stiles shoots up, almost falling back from the accusation.

“What?!? Dad, no!! No way!! What?!?!” Stiles stutters with waves of his arms and throws his body in every possible direction without rising from his seat.

“Well, you two are close so I just put the pieces together. If you are not with me, you are with him so you can’t blame me for coming to this conclusion,” the sheriff replies while reaching for his coffee.

“Dad, we are basically brothers. Well, not genetically of course but….you know?! I mean, it’s Scott, you know?” Stiles is glad to know his panic has turned into mixed confusion.

The feeling of nerves is gone but it’s not so pleasing to not be able to feel anything at all. When he
gains a bit of composure, Stiles sees his dad rise from his chair and to take his dishes towards the sink.

Stiles isn’t so sure of whether or not to get up so he brings his plate closer and moves his fork idly along the middle.

“Dad?” he asks again.

“Aren’t you going to say anything?” Stiles asks so apologetically, he isn’t quite sure if now is the right time to apologize.

“Do you want me to say something?” the sheriff asks as he waters down his plate to place in the dishwasher.

“Anything would be nice since I’m not quite what to take from here.” Stiles is prepared in the negative department and just wants to hear all the worst his dad could possibly dish out to have this night over with.

“Well…” the sheriff starts off and walks towards Stiles to places his hands on top of Stiles’ shoulders.

“They one and only thing I can and will tell you is, I love you no matter what.”

Stiles turns around and looks upon his dad’s face to gaze at honest eyes and a calming smile followed with a firm assurance of a grip on his body.

Stiles smiles but only half heartedly since it’s still not enough to convince him it’s true.

“Come here,” his dad says. In these rare occasions, immediately, his father picks him up and pulls him into a tight embrace.

Small sniffs and some tight hugs give way to know this is just as important to his father as it is to him.

“You know, I also kind of figured since there hasn’t been any other girl since this Lydia. It was only a matter of time, right?”

“Seriously, dad?” Stiles responds with annoyance. The hug continues but Stiles fidgets like it’s enough sentiment for today.

“You really sure it’s not Scott?” the sheriff says when he faces his son again.

“No dad, it’s not him. It’s…” he starts but doesn’t want to finish the sentence with the name just yet.

“It’……someone else.”

“Whatever the case, I do hope things work out between the two of you.” The sheriff pats his head and ruffles what little hair he has on his head for good measure; the sheriff leans in and gives a gentle kiss atop Stiles’ head.

“Just in case you need to hear it, here it is. I am going to love you no matter what. I can guarantee you nothing will ever change. I think your friends and I already consider you to be a little strange but that’s what makes you special and I love you for it.”

A bit more tussling takes place and the dining area becomes a spot of too much love, especially for men and so they decide to stop all the hugging and go back to clearing the table or finish dinner; whatever they were doing.
Upstairs, the air tastes sweeter and Stiles breathes it in to intensify the aura of victory all around.

Though, victory is too much to say. More like ‘weight being lifted off your shoulders for pain and stress to go away’ type of deal.

Sleep can wait for another day because Stiles feels refreshed at relaying the news to his dad and his father taking it so well; not that he wasn’t a little bothered when his father figured it would only be a matter of time since their little incident at Jungle.

If it were up to Stiles, he knows there wouldn’t be any clarification of him actually being gay because so far this has just been this one guy, Jackson.

And yet, it slipped his mind to realize his dad didn’t actually say the word either. Maybe his father understands it isn’t about a label but about who you can to fall in love with. Stiles smiles at the simplicity and washes up for a good night’s rest.

When he skirts past his window, it doesn’t fail as Stiles sees the moon emerging from behind the shadows of the clouds. At this time Saturday, the full moon would be in complete bliss.

With the moon beating on him, he could swear he could feel his heartbeat accelerate faster and a tingling sensation on his fingertips but when he brings his hand up, there is nothing out of his usual skin and nail.

The dreams still bother him and Stiles can honestly convince himself Derek bit and turned him since his sorry loss of Erica and Boyd. More betas mean more power altogether, especially to the alpha.

Damn Derek if he did bite him without him knowing but according to Scott, werewolves do have scents so he would have been able to pick up if he is one and Jackson would no doubt, also be aware. Speculation is all this is and for mere dreams.

Stiles doesn’t want to think about this and sour his mood so he climbs into bed, hoping to rid himself of these unnecessary thoughts and just concentrate on getting some rest.

As he is running through the forest, again, his mind must be recreating the events of today because along with trees moving and wind beating heavily against his body, rain and lighting have joined in and have made it almost impossible to feel or see anything.

There is however, a small faint sound of someone calling his name; through strained teeth.

“St…St…..Ssss….Stile……..Sssstt…..Stiles……”

It’s bad enough to be under these conditions but it’s worse when he can’t feel where they are coming from.

Stiles tries to grab at another nearby closing tree and sees the claw marks he leaves behind when the wind pushes him away.

The breaths coming from his mouth have not rescinded, words are lost as the tingling feeling inside his throat reverberates with mixtures of growls, snarls, and utter nonsense; he can't make anything out.

As Stiles trails tree by tree, leaving scratch marks all around, two trees completely close his way and Stiles pushes and pushes until his strength fills in and the trees clear out.
Supernatural power must be extraordinary for when the trees are pushed aside, the rain and lighting stop, the wind calms and the trees stop moving. Light grows to better his vision and the water gently caresses down his face to reveal a small lake.

Stiles gently walks over, desperately straining to walk in a straight line for the effort of crossing a storm takes a lot out of you, even with supernatural power. All around, it feels like Beacon Hills but it’s all in his head, Stiles knows it.

Finally making it to the edge of the water, Stiles falls to his knees and splashes a bit on his face. Much to his surprise, he succeeds and the ripples flow to all inches of the water, spreading like wildfire.

Rubbing his face to wipe away any remaining water, Stiles stares at it only to be upset at how the ripples never go away. They purposefully block him from seeing his face; consistently moving and never ceasing.

It’s unsettling as Stiles splashes at the water to reset it, forcing it to fix its uncanny ability to not be able to stop its movements.

No success as the water continues to mock Stiles but moving and forcing him to see a blurred image of gray. The nerve of distress get Stiles and he simply puts his head in between his knees and curls into a small sitting position.

The voice comes round again and though it is faint, it’s clear it is repeating his name.

“Stiles……Stiles……Stiles……Stiles……Stiles……Stiles……Stiles”

His name is all he can hear for seconds on end until he opens his eyes to see his common roof above his head.

Stiles eyes continuously blink as cars are passing his house on the road below. Sighing deeply, he places his hand on his forehead to wipe a large amount of sweat that built up during his dream.

When he brings his arm to his side, he frowns and moves off the bed towards his desk to grab at a towel he usually keeps there for whatever random reason but as he moves, wetness is dominant all over his sheets and curious eyes open wide.

Stiles lifts himself on his arms and manages to sit half up as he stares down on himself. Not knowing, or rather not wanting to believe it’s true, he pats his shorts all around his leg and is relieved to know it’s damp but not soaking.

The wind through his open window makes him shiver as his chest shows small beads of sweat rolling down towards his waist. Stiles rises and heads towards his bathroom to dry off properly and rid himself of his clothes.

The towel is the only one soaked as he convinces himself there is no need to change again, heading straight for the bed but not before gazing out the window. It’s quiet all around, wherever he looks. Lights in the distance illuminate their street and his eyes reflect their yellowish glow.

Never has he been so struck by a dream and yet, he still can’t bring himself to say it. Naked and body straining from lack of rest, he heads off to bed.

He brings his phone to view the time and it reads 2:26 am. First time he has had this dream and woken up during the night.
Tomorrow is going to be one long school day.

Stiles is right.

The entire day and he can’t help but yawn and yawn continuously, many times, to visibly announce to everyone his lack of sleep.

During chemistry, Scott keeps annoying him, asking if he is alright but it only makes Stiles ignore him more, which causes Scott to be more insistent and Harris to become infuriated.

“Stiles, are you sure you are okay?” Scott asks for the fifth time in class.

“Yes, Scott. I’m fine,” Stiles replies as he yawns at the end.

“Stiles, I can smell fatigue on you and distress. Tell me what’s wrong,” Scott pushes

Stiles continues to reassure him and shove him aside to focus on class. Today is one rare day where Stiles prefers learning and Harris can actually appreciate the small effort for he walks over and stands directly over Scott.

“Mr. McCall. Usually, I can survive each day be taking joy in watching the two of you suffer in detention for you utter lack of common sense to pay one ounce of attention in this class but seeing as your accomplice, Mr. Stilinski, is making an effort to learn today, you can be the one to satisfy my desire. I will see you after school.”

Harris smiles devilishly but doesn’t go back to teaching just yet.

“And just so the temptation isn’t there anymore. Miss Argent?”

He looks across the room at Allison and Lydia.

“Would you mind doing me a favor and switch with Mr. McCall?”

Scott opens his mouth wide and just stares blankly at Harris as he narrows his eyes to remind him who is in charge, here in this classroom.

Allison is already gathering her books so Scott reluctantly does the same and within seconds they are at opposite ends. Lydia shrugs at Scott as he sits next to her while Allison greets Stiles with a small smile and he returns it.

Before Stiles can continue to do his class work, he eyes over in Scott’s direction. The look he receives back isn’t one of anger but of disappointment.

How can his best friend keep something from him knowing he wants to help in whatever way possible? Scott lets out a visible sigh and Stiles can’t help but cower under his best friend’s gaze. When he looks up, he faces forward and to add misery to grief, Jackson is staring back at him from the front.

Jackson’s stare is one of anger but Stiles can feel there is more to it. He isn’t sure if Jackson is actually upset Stiles or mad at Scott but the second option would be the best bet.

Stiles gives his audible huff and unknown to him, Scott is still watching and sees how Stiles and Jackson are facing off against each other. Scott is displeased.

At lunch, neither Jackson nor Stiles leave off campus in their usual manor. Stiles sits with Scott as
Jackson is joined by some lacrosse guys where he and Danny are at. Allison and Lydia make their way to their usual spot but sit far from Stiles and Scott to give them both a bit of privacy and space. They don’t sit alone for long as Isaac joins them with a couple of more classmates they get along with rather well.

Stiles eats but knows he can’t focus on anything else than the stare from Scott.

Scott’s food tray is already pushed aside to allow him more space to talk to Stiles but he isn’t keen on starting the conversation first so he sits quietly and waits for Stiles to come to. The best way to start in this scenario is to apologize so it’s exactly what Stiles does first.

“Scott, I’m sorry for getting you detention,” Stiles says.

“That’s not the problem, Stiles and you know it. What aren’t you telling me?” Scott asks, insistent as always.

Scott’s whole body is pressed forward, Stiles is sure he is going to fall forward if he leans in any further. Taking a spoon full of Jello, Stiles looks past him at Jackson and scrunches his face to see him yawn.

It’s a bit weird to see Jackson tired since he is almost perfect and not lazy in any way or form, like everyone else.

Scott notices the faces Stiles is making and quickly says, “What?!?” as he turns around to see him once again looking in Jackson’s direction.

Scott puffs and quickly turns around to angrily ask Stiles, “is Jackson bothering you? Is that what's really going on?”

Scott’s fists slam the table hard and Stiles is certain Scott is going to get up and make a scene with Jackson before he grabs his shoulder and sits him down.

“Scott, this doesn’t have to do with Jackson so please let it go,” Stiles responds with authority.

“Why not? You two have been getting close and some days you are happy and others you are not.” Scott is downright furious.

Without seeing any option, Stiles gets rather close to Scott’s face and whispers to him, “I hope you haven’t forgotten Jackson can hear you.”

Turning around to check if he is right, Scott views Jackson viewing them through his peripheral vision, no doubt doing exactly what Stiles said.

“Scott, listen to me and listen to my heartbeat,” Stiles commands.

Scott closes his eyes but not before Stiles sees them glow yellow, and concentrates.

“This isn’t about Jackson. He isn’t making me tired or upset.”

“Dun-dun…dun-dun…dun-dun…dun-dun…dun-dun…” Scott listens closely and Stiles’ heartbeat is steady and true. He falls back into his seat as the truth settles in his ear.

Stiles waits a couple more moments to reveal to Scott what has been troubling him; partially at least. Scott continues to listen closely.
“The real trouble is I have been having trouble sleeping. For a few nights now, I have had these dreams, sometimes they felt like nightmares, which have made my nights less than enjoyable.” Stiles speaks normally and makes his words audible to wolves around him.

Scott relaxes his shoulders, letting an arm rake his hair as he leans forward to try and wipe away the disappointment from his face.

Jackson stops staring from the side but Stiles knows he is quietly listening in without making it seem so.

“What are the dreams about exactly?” Scott asks.

Stiles should have expected nothing less.

“They are…” Stiles starts off but isn’t quite sure he wants to admit he is turning into a werewolf in them without his knowledge.

“They have to do with me being lost,” he answers back.

“Being lost?” Scott asks, confused.

“Yeah, it’s like I am in a forest trying to find my way out but I can’t. I keep wanting to get further and further away but it seems to pull me in.”

The conversation doesn’t take too long for now it’s Scott who is not paying attention.

“Scott?” Stiles looks at him with a furrowed brow.

“Huh?” Scott looks as confused as ever.

Scott sees his best friend and notices how the tables have turned. Scott sinks in his chair once more as he answers.

“It’s just that…….they way you say this dream is…” Scott starts to say but doesn’t know exactly how to figure out which words to use here exactly.

His worries are gone as the bell rings for the end of lunch and the start of their next class. Scott is relieved as he grabs his tray and backpack to hurriedly head out the door.

Stiles is left with unanswered tension for Scott seemed the one to be all about his issues but now that he has given him a response, Scott is the one who would much rather drop the subject.

As Stiles dumps his tray in the trash can, Isaac waves him over from the side of the doors leading further into the school.

“Isaac,” he says when he catches up. “You need something?”

“Actually, I think you are the one who needs answers,” Isaac says back.

Stiles looks at him with narrow eyes, tossing blame for eavesdropping on his conversation.

“Meet me at the library later on. About fifteen minutes before the start of the last class.” Isaac keeps looking around as if someone is spying on them.

“Why?” Stiles questions, sounding critical.
“You want to know why Scott didn’t answer you, right? I can tell you if you want me too,” Isaac scolds back.

“Okay, fine. That should be easy considering I have a free period right now. And you just gave me an idea. Perhaps I can find something there,” Stiles says, sounding rather positive.

“Good, I will meet you there,” Isaac responds and seems to run to his next class.

It’s a bit weird to see these once called enemies wanting to help and stretching out to guide and help him. Scott has this effect on people.

Throughout Stiles time in the library, he finds several books on dreams but nothing to really explain what he feels, not without Isaac telling him what he needs to know.

“Hey, been looking for you!” Isaac calls out as he reaches the table where Stiles is sitting.

“Yeah, kind of lost track of time. Looking for some answers in the meantime,” Stiles replies back and points to a stack of books. Isaac looks with a scrunched face for having to imagine all that reading.

“Find anything?” Isaac asks, trying to sound interested.

“Bits and pieces mostly. Nothing solid, so far,” Stiles replies back while tossing another book into the pile.

“Well, I don’t have much time so come on,” Isaac says as he waves him over to the back of the library.

“Okay,” Stiles replies and follows Isaac. It’s a bit scary to go alone with a werewolf but Isaac has much respect for Scott and wouldn’t think of doing anything to anger him, including hurting his best friend.

As soon as they are out of sight and away from wandering bodies, Isaac turns to view and check one last time for a clear coast.

“Sorry for listening in during lunch time but it’s a bit difficult to go unnoticed when you have the power to hear everything and everyone in this building. Never noticed how loud people talk until you can hear them with 10x the force.” Isaac sounds like a child learning things for the first time.

Throughout his ramble, he smiles idiotically at his own amazement. Stiles is less than amused as he stares blankly at Isaac when they make eye contact.

“Right,” Isaac says and composes himself.

“The reason Scott didn’t answer you is because they way you described your dream......It's almost exactly how we feel during a full moon.”

Stiles soon goes from amused to pure shock and he leans in closer to verify if he heard Isaac correctly.

“What?!” Stiles yells, almost forgetting they are in the library. A few heads poke round the corner and look at them weirdly as Stiles gives a sarcastic smile for them to get the hint and leave them alone.

“I know it sounds crazy but I am not lying to you. And if you want proof, Scott not telling you
should be more than enough,” Isaac assures him.

“It’s almost strange how well you know it because it’s the struggle we face during the shift. Lost and confused, we are trying to find something to hold onto and calm ourselves before we lose control.”

This is becoming way to freaky. Again, how can Stiles actually be dreaming, or according to Isaac as of right now, struggle with a full moon when it hasn’t even occurred yet, and he isn’t a werewolf.

“What are you looking for?” Isaac asks.

“What?” Stiles responds back, caught off guard.

“Well, we look for something in our state. Our anchor, according to Derek. In my dream I am looking for my father while I am sure you know Scott is looking for Allison. Since you know what it looks and feels like, it only makes sense you are also looking for something...or someone,” Isaac finishes off, waiting a few seconds.

The last comment has Stiles facing into Isaac’s eyes. How can he admit to him that he is searching for himself?

“I’m not looking for anything,” Stiles finally confesses. He keeps his heartbeat steady; practice from lying to his dad has never been more helpful.

“Makes sense,” Isaac replies back. “You aren’t a werewolf so you have no reason to look for an anchor.”

Stiles rolls his eyes for the obvious but Isaac is still bothered, exactly like Scott, at how this can be possible. The bell ringing again breaks their focus and both emerge from the back to join the crowd leaving.

“Thanks for that,” Stiles talks on their way out.

“Don’t mention it,” Isaac says and he heads out to the parking lot as Stiles goes into the wings leading to his next class.

After school, Jackson doesn’t let up as he runs to catch up to Stiles and pushes him into a corner where no one can see them and no one can hear them.

“Geez, Jackson. Ease up will you!” Stiles yells as he straightens his clothes from the shove he received.

Jackson keeps eyeing around for a bit more until he feels it is safe.

“So, I am your problem now?” Jackson asks without remorse.

“Ugh…” Stiles sighs and knows it was only a matter of time until this became an issue.

“No,” Stiles responds back automatically.

“And if you were listening closely, I had Scott hear my heartbeat and assure him it has nothing to do with you,” Stiles answers back with attitude.

“Why are you so worried anyway?” Stiles inquires.

“My reputation might be ruined,” Jackson tosses back.
“Sounds more like you care,” Stiles responds back with a sly grin.

Jackson turns around and glares to help Stiles rid himself of that smirk he wears so proudly.

Stiles gives in and feels Scott speaks a lot of truth. It’s a constant battle of emotions being with Jackson since he feels he is pulled in almost every direction.

Most days are happy ones for the closeness they have shared in a short amount of time but days like today mostly remind him Jackson only sees him for the person he is and nothing more; much more for Stiles has high hopes.

Before he misses his opportunity, Stiles reaches over to grab at Jackson but he fails miserably as Jackson completely takes off and leaves him standing like the idiot most people think him to be. Not wanting to sulk around, Stiles quickly exits and walks over to his jeep and heads home as quickly as possible.

The only thing he reflects on for the remainder of the day and night are the words Isaac spoke to him and the sudden shock of Scott’s face when he reveals what has been bothering him. Needless to say, Stiles didn’t get much sleep that night either.

The next day at school, during Stiles’ free period again, he goes to the library and puts in information into the computer to help him better narrow down his search instead of searching little by little in different titles.

A match pops up in his screen and he reads the title carefully. He decides to print out a copy instead and carry it around with him for good measure.

Trudging towards the "Tribal History" section of the library, Stiles holds the paper he printed from the computer to locate the book which would aide him. His eyes scan up and down and carefully, but speedily, search each shelf and book for the one on his paper but no luck.

Rubbing his eyes harder, his hand and fingers run across each spine to help his search but nothing. Stiles is almost about to run back and take his computer for more research when he sees the book under someone's arm, heading towards the front area.

"Return, I hope," Stiles mumbles as he gets closer to quietly wait for what's going to happen next when the book is placed on top of the counter and the librarian starts to scan it for release.

"Dammit! Hey!" Stiles begins to yell, chasing after the guy who leaves, rather quickly, outside.

"Hey! Mind if I borrow it?" Stiles asks when he catches up.

He doesn't consider how ridiculous his request sounds until he replays it in his head and feels the regret for asking.

"If you wanted it, you should have been quicker," the guy replies without turning around but stops.

"Jackson?" Stiles asks as he catches up to face him.

"You look......different," is all Stiles can muster up to think.

It feels like the world is in chaos since Jackson isn't reflecting his usual splendor. Wearing jeans, a light tee with a button up opened up, easy kicks, and cap turned round were not something anyone could actually account for in seeing him in.
Then again, the pure fact of him dressing like this meant he wouldn't attract any attention which would be wise in some cases. Regardless, Stiles is surprised but can't help to focus on the book resting in Jackson's grasp.

"Reading? Never thought you were the type," Stiles says as he points to it.

"And people call me shallow," Jackson throws back.

Stiles rolls his head and eyes to convey his annoyance at these little smart ass comments he is greeted with each time they talk.

"Well, that's not exactly reading material."

Jackson picks up the book to view the title: "Tribal Dreams: Looking Within," it reads. Well, Jackson can't deny when Stiles is right but he doesn't feel like conversing at the moment so he begins to walk, hoping to push past him.

"Jackson, I need that," Stiles starts to say as Jackson trails off.

"Well, I do too," Jackson responds and seems to walk harder to continue to push further.

It moments, Stiles catches up and grabs hold of Jackson's arm to stop him; without thinking twice.

"You haven't been sleeping either?" Stiles immediately says as he loosens his grip which turns into a gentle hold of concern.

Jackson's face tightens to anger but the feel, just the motion itself, is comforting deep down and he knows it.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Stiles asks with concerned eyes

"I wasn't aware I had to!" Jackson arrogantly throws back.

"Just because I don't ask?!" Stiles asks desperately

"Because you don't need to know or care!" Jackson spews with force.

Heartbreak and soul crushing when Stiles hears the last word.

For the past couple of weeks now, it's carried an immense weight within him but now it becomes pivotal in his feelings and thoughts. But hearing it, and with such negativity, is enough to make him want to never wake up each morning.

Stiles removes his grip from Jackson's arm and sulks to walk back inside the library until Jackson realizes his mistake and calls him to wait.

"Stilinski, wait," Jackson says no louder than a hum.

Jackson has patience, a first, with Stiles to turn around softly and allow himself to given some sort of explanation; a choice and not necessary.

"I need to prepare for the full moon tomorrow night and my mind hasn't been right where it needs to be. I heard this book helps with making your mind clear and interpreting some dreams and their meaning. Derek says it's all because of the moon but it's just as vague as everything else he spews from his mouth. Once I am done, you can have it."
Stiles is used to being walked over so much he just nods and forces a half smile, trying to simply ignore a bit of a fight they just had; a better option presents itself.

"How about a trade?" Jackson says and lifts his arm up.

He takes off his cap and Stiles witnesses what must be more rarer than a werewolf. Jackson's hair is combed, or rather brushed, forward to flow with his cap and it's possibly the first time Stiles sees his hair without any product of any kind.

It's a bit silly and a small giggle escapes his mouth til Jackson hands him his cap. "Take this. It's a hot day today and the last thing McCall needs to see is you fainting out in the field at practice."

Jackson does Stiles the favor and even puts on his head to adjust it to his size.

"Once I am done with the book, you give me my cap back and I will give you the book. Deal?"

Stiles nods and Jackson turns around to head to class as he heads back into the library.

"You fight, you forgive and you move on," Stiles thinks as he watches the still cool figure on Jackson make its way out of his sight.

Stiles is a bit agitated when he walks in and the librarian scolds him for wearing it indoors but Stiles is reluctant to let it go so he cradles it within his arms as he walks to an empty desk area.

After a brutal day at school, once at home, Jackson surprisingly receives a message from Derek.

Derek: “How are you feeling?”

"Humph," Jackson coughs.

Jackson: “It isn’t the full moon yet.”

Derek: “I’m not stupid, Jackson. Just checking in.”

Jackson: “Well, I feel fine if that’s any consolation.”

Derek: “It isn’t. Did you talk to Stiles?”

"What the?..." Jackson mumbles.

Jackson: “What the hell does that mean?”

Derek: “Isaac told me what’s been going on with him.”

"Like it matters," Jackson thinks.

Jackson: “So he is having nightmares. What’s the big deal?”

Derek: “He didn’t tell you anything else?”

Jackson: “No. I talked to him and he didn’t tell me anything. Why is this important?”

Derek: “Remember, you are supposed to be watching over him. If anything happens, our deal is off.”
Jackson: “Is that what this is?”

Derek: “Jackson, you know exactly what this is.”

Jackson: “Yeah, I suppose I do. Now if you don’t mind, I really want to get some sleep. I’m too damn tired to do this right now.”

Derek: “Have you been sleeping well?”

Jackson: “Holy crap! I haven’t been sleeping well either, alright! Do you want to know what I had for dinner to? What I am wearing right now?!”

Jackson is losing his temper and his patience has already ended.

Derek: “No, that’s it. Just remember you need to meet me at my house no later than 7. You can’t make it, you call me.”

Jackson: “I got it!”

And with that, Jackson physically slams his phone down on his desk, though he restrains a bit to keep it from breaking.

Trying his best to cool off, Jackson picks up his backpack to slam it atop his desk to grab at the book he checked out from the library. He goes to the index towards the back and finds the “Insomnia” tag and quickly jumps to the page.

The reading becomes incredibly insulting as there is almost next to nothing describing an actual reason why one might have it in the first place.

Most paragraphs talked about eating certain foods which cause sleep deprivation as well as activities that stimulate muscles and body movement causing restlessness within someone.

Jackson is nearly up to his limit and fed up with so much bs in one day. He is about to rip this book in half when his eye catches a small paragraph title, “Insights.”

He slowly begins to read and one of the first few sentences states, “Most Indians believed when someone cannot sleep, it signifies their awareness/awake state in someone else’s dream.”

Jackson re-reads this statement a few times to let it sink in. It wanders around his mind, reluctant to escape as he has now forgone the book and replaced it with the silk sheets of his bed. It runs vocally through his mind, continuously running even when he falls asleep.

All throughout Saturday, Jackson tried to hopelessly keep himself occupied with activities to take his mind away from the full moon.

Thinking about those stakes forcing themselves completely through his arms in not a pleasant vision in the slightest and yet, the whole day he has had an unsettling feeling of nervousness mixed with anxiety.

It might be in his head because the full moon hasn’t hit him yet.

Regardless, Jackson tries everything and his focus doesn’t seem to be there. A morning workout didn’t help him feel tired for it had the opposite effect and gave him an even greater energy.
Lunch and an afternoon hangout with Danny only helped to remind him how fast time is flying by and how much closer it is to the nightmarish of a night. He even tries to text Stiles and gives a lame excuse of how he just wanted to check in and see how he is doing.

“Dude, do you feel okay?” Danny asks when they enter the mall.

Jackson can only respond by smiling quietly. Danny smiles back at his best friend’s response and they continue their hangout.

Stiles on the other hand, has felt like he has slept for years on end. Last night was possibly the greatest rest he has ever enjoyed and he planned to make the most of today.

Morning breakfast was with his dad at their favorite restaurant as he spent all morning and early afternoon at the station, helping and getting in trouble all at once. At 2 pm. Scott text Stiles about bringing his mom some food and asks if he would be up for doing something which Stiles totally agrees.

Scott passes by, picks him up quickly and they go out to the park for some late lunch, early dinner and then head to Scott’s for some more quality gaming.

“Scott, aren’t you worried that today is the full moon?” Stiles asks in between levels.

“Should I be?” Scott throws back.

“Well, I’m not sure if you still have full control,” Stiles says with a worried tone. “Still not sure what exactly happened the other day in the locker room.”

“Well, I kept in control then so I can keep in control now,” Scott reassures him.

Stiles is glad to know he isn’t asking about what happened between him and Jackson since they were the ones to stay behind but after convincing him yesterday Jackson isn’t the problem, Scott knows better.

“Isaac is still having a bit of trouble though, so I offered to help him,” Scott responds back.

A look of questioning appears on Stiles’ face.

“What about Derek? Can’t he watch out for him?” Stiles asks in confusion.

“Derek says he is going to have his hands full with Jackson. As a matter of fact, Derek is certain this is all just in Isaac’s head, he is just being weak but I trust he needs help so if Derek doesn’t care, I will.”

Hearing this natural heroism from Scott reminds Stiles of the spat between him and Jackson yesterday.

“Just because I don’t ask?!”

“Because you don’t need to know or care!”

Jackson may not want Stiles to care but Stiles is going to be dammed if he is going to let Jackson stop him.

Scott’s phone rings and he rushes to answer it and leaves Stiles alone for an instant. When Stiles takes his phone out, he barely sees the message Jackson had sent him earlier today.
Jackson: “Hey, are you okay?”

Talk about strange occurrences. Jackson had sent the message during the day and only in the late afternoon, early evening does Stiles see it. Yet, he views it after he builds his will stronger to ignore Jackson and care for him because he wants to.

Taking his phone with him outside, Stiles punches in Jackson’s number and it’s the first time they have an actual conversation outside of school, without texting either.

“Hello?” Jackson answers a bit shockingly.

“Hey, umm…. I just got your message right now. I’m fine. Just thought I would let you know,” Stiles answers back.

“You could have just texted me back,” Jackson responds annoyed.

“I know but I just wanted to call you and let you know. Are you okay?” Stiles inquires knowing all too well.

“I feel a little nervous. Night has already fallen,” Jackson says.

Stiles pushes his phone away to bring up his home screen to the time. It reads, 7:15 pm.

“Do you feel it?” Stiles asks, worried.

“A bit but this is just the beginning. I haven’t felt it fully yet. I’m already on my way to Derek’s,” Jackson says, voice cracking from time to time.

“Hey,” Stiles says gently and Jackson uses it to calm his breathing and compose himself.

“You’re going to be fine. Just remember to use your anchor.” Stiles won’t let him feel hopeless, not after how changed he is after saving his life.

“My anchor…right,” Jackson hums and tries to focus but it’s not working right. Maybe because he isn’t shifting which makes sense; there is no need to focus right now.

“Okay. Well, I am already here so I need to let you go,” Jackson responds, sounding almost sorry.

“No big deal, I’m feeling lazy tonight so I think I will just go home and sleep. Good luck,” Stiles replies and is about to hang up.

“Hey…” Jackson whispers and Stiles brings his phone back to his ear. He doesn’t say anything because he is certain Jackson can hear his breathing on the other line to know he is there.

“Thanks for the call,” Jackson breathes out with relaxation.

Smiling, Stiles quietly responds, “You’re welcome,” and waits for Jackson to hang up first. When Scott comes back, he says his mother is ready to get picked up from work.

“I was kind of hoping you would take me home already. Dad must be there with dinner ready and wondering where I am at,” Stiles speaks into his phone, looking at the clock.

“Cool. You ready?” Scott asks, picking up his keys.

“Yeah,” Stiles replies and heads out the door with him.
As they drive, Scott grips the steering wheel hard a few times and Stiles looks outside to see the full moon, no doubt affecting him.

“Can you feel it?” Stiles asks as they reach the road leading to his home.

“Yeah,” Scott says, sighing.

“Are you alright?” Stiles asks.

“Yeah, I am. It’s still a little hard but not as much as the first full moon.” Scott really does have a handle better than other werewolves. Though Stiles hasn’t really met any others except all the ones that were turned by Peter and Derek.

When he reaches home, Stiles sees his dad through the window rummaging through the fridge to look for some leftover sauce from all their other fast food take outs.

“Thanks for the ride and good luck with Isaac,” Stiles says sarcastically.

Scott grins, knowing he is probably just fooling himself into thinking he can actually help since he is just as new to this as him but Scott has always run towards problems and never away from them; whatever difficulty.

Scott takes off and Stiles enters to find his dad has already set his plate, waiting for him.

“Hey dad,” Stiles greets him, heading into the fridge to grab something to drink.

“Hey kid, dinner’s ready,” the sheriff says with a stuffed mouth.

“Great!” Stiles gasps and serves his plate to the rim.

In amazement, the sheriff watches his son scarf down his entire plate in 10 minutes flat and then go for more.

The second plate takes a while longer but it is equally as empty as the last. After his meal, Stiles yawns heavily and stretches almost bending in half backwards to satisfy his full belly.

“Hey dad, I think I am going to go ahead and call it a night. I’m feeling really tired,” Stiles sleepily says.

“Is that it? Seems really strange to be going to bed at such an early hour. Well, early enough. It’s barely about to be 10,” the sheriff responds quizzically.

“I know, huh? I feel strange for some reason so I am just going to call it a night,” Stiles says and yawns again.

“Okay, well tomorrow is Sunday so don’t worry about waking up early. Get some rest, sport,” the sheriffs responds.

Stiles heads upstairs and almost falls to his bed in sleep though he does manage to strip a bit of his clothes from his body.

When Jackson reaches Derek’s house, he can smell food coming from the inside and walks in to view Derek standing next to a broken table with two paper bags. He approaches Derek cautiously and stands in front of him like a soldier in formation.

“So, here I am. Though I’m sure you can smell I am insanely nervous,” Jackson spits in utter
nonsense.

“Even before you came out from your truck,” Derek huffs.

“What are these?” Jackson questions, pointing at the brown bags.

Derek smirks as if he should give Jackson another reason to be worried sick about tonight.

“It’s food,” Derek says, after basking in his victory.

“Food?” Jackson asks with narrow eyes.

“Yes. I want you to try and eat all of this because in the full moon, you use up a lot of energy. You are going to need plenty for healing and staying in control. You won’t be asleep that’s for sure, so trust me when I say you are going to need this.” Derek points to the bag but doesn’t hand him to Jackson; hoping he would just take the hint and do it all on his own.

Jackson listens and walks over to the table and peaks in each bag. Each one has three burgers, greasy and with double patties.

“Meat. It’s our werewolf preference,” Derek says, walking outside.

“Where are you going?” Jackson asks, picking up one of the burgers and unwrapping it.

“To get things ready,” Derek throws back and slams the door on his way out.

Staying behind to eat, the smell of the burger gets into his senses and his bites ferociously, ripping into it. It’s gone within seconds and Jackson takes out the second but not before he looks at it in disgust.

His normal, human self wouldn’t be able to tolerate this food but his wolf seems to crave it constantly. It’s not just that though, he is still uncertain about this whole full night practice and he tries to once again focus on his anchor.

The focus is there but his willpower is weak and for a moment he has a feeling of running straight out the door and forgetting this whole thing. It goes away when he hears the clang of metal in the distance where Derek is setting up.

Jackson calms down and remembers this is the best option which would enable him to not only gain control but not become the monster everyone once knew him to be.

He doesn’t succeed in finishing all his food and instead, feels the shift coming faster so he immediately heads over to where Derek is but collapses upon entering the gate. He enters the second room where Derek is at and the gated area is but collapses again.

“Der…Derek….” Jackson growls and his eyes burn blue.

When Derek turns around, Jackson is already snarling heavily and Derek looks a bit stunned to find he is already shifting. He helps Jackson to his feet and Jackson gives weigh, falls to his feet and struggles to hang on to Derek for support.

When they push past the gates, Jackson is set down in the middle as Derek goes behind him to clamp down his legs first. When they are set, Jackson automatically tries to get up and flee but they hold him down and he immediately rescinds back to his original position.

“Jackson, arms out,” Derek demands.
Jackson simply lays there while breathing intensely, the dirt creating a dust storm at his knees.

“Jackson, arms out!” Derek commands with his alpha power.

Swaying to and fro, Jackson holds out his arm and squeezes his eyes to anticipate the pain he will endure. Derek doesn’t keep him waiting for when Jackson plants his palms into the ground, he takes the first stake, drives it completely into Jackson’s arm, and Jackson howls for everything he is worth.

Derek knows it only gets worse to wait so he quickly jumps to the other side and drives the other one into Jackson’s other arm and Jackson again lets an even louder howl which could be heard clear across town. Derek leaves Jackson alone for a bit since the wounds are affecting him; he looks no less than exhausted.

As Stiles is sleeping, he slips very easily into the same forest dream except he sort of has an idea of what he should be doing, though it seems like the difficulty has been raised because he can’t focus on anything.

His breathing is completely out of control and Stiles is certain he is going to fall into a panic attack if something doesn’t change. The trees are still moving but it seems like they are moving faster and faster and enclose him before he has an opportunity to take a step forward.

The trees not only grow closer to him, but they seem to reach out and wrap themselves around his body. Branches, leaves and roots start to cover all inches of his figure and they purposefully try to strangle him; killing him.

Jackson rattles back and forth pulling on the stakes. Never mind they are hurting immensely, his instincts are in full bloom as his eyes are blue, claws and fangs are out, and face covered with hair.

It’s around midnight and Derek knows this is what all this practice has led up to. He approaches Jackson cautiously as each step could mean certain doom. Jackson eyes Derek as his stern body comes closer and closer.

When Derek is close enough, Jackson scares him by lunging forward a bit while snarling and growling. Derek flinches but does not move back. He simply allows Jackson to continue to eye him as his growls and snarls become more and more rampant.

“Jackson,” Derek commands. “Find your anchor!”

Jackson loses his mind and pulls both stakes out to stand and fling Derek to the wall. The chains from his feet are still holding onto him but it’s not enough to force him back down. Derek begins to shift and growl to compete with Jackson but with the full moon, Derek has no sway here whatsoever.

As Stiles is struggling to rip the branches from his body, each root is replaced with two others in its place. He is getting nowhere fast and all this moving is only making each branch and root strangle him further.

Without being able to move, Stiles lets out a hard, loud, and deafening howl which stuns all trees. Everything is still for a moment and Stiles has closed his eyes to prepare his fate but after his sudden burst of energy, he finds he cannot see.

He opens his eyes to face the same gray he saw when he gazed upon the lake. If the trees strangling him are a nightmare, not being able to see is a curse. Seeing no other choice, Stiles slumps to the ground and crawls like a dog to find…….
“What am I supposed to find?” Stiles asks himself.

“Isaac says this is like losing control on a full moon. So I am supposed to find my anchor but what is it?”

He can’t use his eyes to see so the next best bet is to keep an ear out. Stiles focuses his hearing and listens closely. The trees are still swaying and air movies everything for as far as he can hear but in the far distance a familiar sound echoes within.

“Stiles……Sti……Stiles………”

Stiles tries to listen closely and hear from where it is coming from. Switching his head left and right, the voice comes from the North and so he heads in that direction.

Derek and Jackson only succeed in matching strength and Jackson is only inches away from digging his claws into Derek’s neck if not for Derek holding them back. Growls, snarls and barred teeth are the bad occurring on right now and Derek knows he has to help Jackson keep in control.

“Jackson,” Derek yells. “Jackson, find your anchor!”

“I……I……” Jackson starts to say but the instincts are overwhelming.

“Jackson. Find your anchor!!” Derek commands, trying his best to break Jackson’s grip.

“I…..can’t…..I….can’t…” Jackson’s head keeps moving back and forth trying to shake himself free but it’s still too much.

“Jackson, listen to me. Who do you think you are fooling?! I know memories aren’t you anchor,” Derek begins to speak and Jackson only angers further.

“You and only you alone know who you anchor is. Find it!”

The stakes don’t seem to be having any affect as they swing with Jackson’s arm movement. As for the chains around his feet, they begin to creak and rip from the wall as Derek is desperately running out of time.

“You know exactly who I am talking about. Keep trying!” Derek can’t do anything but use his words and try to focus Jackson’s own will at this point.

“Ah……ugh……ahhhhh!!” Jackson is now yelling in pain.

“Keep pushing! Keep looking!” Derek yells in support.

“Ahhhhhh!!” The pain is starting to become ever so agonizing.

“Find it!” Derek whispers in Jackson’s ear, being able to get close now.

“Pant……pant……pant……pant……pant…..”

A small breeze makes it way around Jackson’s nape.

“S……St……sssss……Sti………..Ssssstttttttt………”

“Keep going…” Derek eggs him on.

“Ssttt…..Stil……Stttttt……ssssss……Stile……..Ssstttiiilllee………”
“Say it!” Derek commands.

“…………Stiles…….” Jackson whispers in an extremely small echo.

“Again,” Derek says.

“…Stiles……Ssssttt..Stil……Stiles……” Jackson is still struggling but his control has manifested as he starts to loosen his grip over Derek and steps back.

“Say it again and focus on it,” Derek says as he sits Jackson back down to dig the stakes into the ground.

"Stiles......Stiles...Stiles.....Stiles......."

Jackson repeats it over and over until both stakes are back in the ground and he is once again sitting down; waiting the full moon out.

As Stiles is trying to search for the voice, he feels around and the dirt feels damp. He gets excited at being able to maybe reach the small lake once more. The thought excites him but the voice seems to dissipate.

“Stiles…..Stil…….Sssttttillll…….ssssttt…..”

It sounds like stutters and jumbles which makes it even more difficult to know exactly where to go. Stiles continues to guide himself forward but the voice just moves further and further away without giving any hint as to its whereabouts. The gray from his eyes is ever so blinding and it’s not until his fingers dig into the soil where he notices he is still shifted.

“Maybe if I can control the shift and return to human, my eyesight will return.”

Stiles focuses and attempts to find his own anchor. Many things circle his mind but not one does he keep long enough to make it his anchor. He gives up all hope when the last thing, or person, to flow in his mind is Jackson.

Seeing that cocky smile, nice clothes and stuck up attitude, Stiles finds his admiration for him all at once and he can feel his claws retract into his fingers. Fangs are slowly replaced with normal teeth and his face feels clearer and smoother with the lack of hair.

Stiles closes his eyes again and gains complete focus to feel his shift go away entirely. Feeling better, Stiles eyelids open wide to reveal his vision. Relieved, for a great weight has been lifted off his shoulders, Stiles stands to view his surroundings.

What he sees is a dream come true for all the trees now have lightning bugs covered in every nook and cranny which help them glow. As for the air, it tastes so crisp and clear, it’s sweet like freshly made honey. The view is so clear, Stiles could see small specs of dust flying everywhere, which made the atmosphere more pleasing.

Far off in the distance, the lake glistens with the full moon way above his head. Walking over to the wash his face once more, Stiles walks over in slow paces without any hurry. Everything seems a bit more peaceful but Stiles will be more at ease when he can see his own reflection.

As he nears the edge of the water, it’s no surprise to see it rippling as the last time.

Not seeing a problem, Stiles simply cups his hands and brings the water to splash at his face; a small reward for surviving his ordeal. As soon as his face washing is over, he carefully views the water
and patiently waits for it to be still.

It works as the ripples don’t last long and the water comes to a halt. Stiles leans over to catch a
glimpse of himself but to his dismay, there isn’t one. He is looking directly into the water and it
doesn’t reflect anything back.

“What?! This can’t be right!” Stiles yells and throws his fist into it, making an incredible splash.

Frustrated, he sits down to hide his head between his knees.

It all feels familiar from the last time except he takes a small moment to notice the jeans he is
wearing; not too certain why clothing would matter at this point. A designer pair with some Sperry’s
at his feet.

Even if Stiles had saved money his entire life, he wouldn’t have half of what these items cost. He
throws his hand up to brush it against his short hair only for it to be struggling through his thick hair
and be filled with product all over.

“Ugh! Gross!” Stiles says and rubs it away against his shirt only to discover he is wearing a long
sleeve with the sleeves rolled up.

Paying a bit more attention to his hands, he stares at them with the moonlight and his figure isn’t
making any sense. Suddenly, his hands feel wrong and so does the rest of his body. Eyeing the water
close to the last time, Stiles slowly crawls forward and is more hesitant than ever to see what if
reflects back to him.

When he arrives at the edge, like a scared kitten, Stiles carefully looks over to view his reflection and
an image appears but it is blurry. Though each movement he makes forward brings the picture
clearer so reluctantly, Stiles crawls closer and closer.

When half of his body is leaned over the water, there is one final ripple before the image is visible
and Stiles simply gasps in confusion as he own reflection is Jackson staring straight into his eyes.

“Jackson!!” Stiles yells when he wakes up.

Sweat is dripping down his forehead at an immense rate and faintly, Stiles can hear his phone ringing
across his room.
“Pant…pant…pant…pant…..dammit…..” Stiles breathes as he wakes up. His cell phone is still ringing in the distance as he sluggishly gets up to answer it. The sun almost completely blinds him for it is so high, he wonders what time of day it might be. As he grabs his phone, he sees Scott’s name pop up and Stiles quickly answers with his usual glee.

“Scott! What’s up bud?” Stiles answers half asleep, half content.

“Stiles!!” Scott yells into his ear. “Where the hell have you been?!?!”

“Woah, Scott! Calm down!” Stiles yells back in surprise. “What do you mean where have I been? What’s going on?”

Stiles is starting to get a little worried as Scott’s tone is just as panicked as he is right now.

“Stiles, you need to come over to the hospital right now!” Scott yells back, though his voice seems to be a bit distant.

“Why?!? What happened?!?” Stiles asks in desperation. He is rummaging through his closet to find something to wear.

“I can explain more when you get here but make it quick!” Scott says in a low whisper.

“Scott, just tell me what is going on,” Stiles mumbles through the shirt he is trying to desperately put on.

“Jackson is hurt…” Scott says and Stiles suddenly feels the world stop at his feet.

He drops his shoes he was taking to his chair to put on and Stiles can feel his heartbeat accelerate faster and faster.

“Stiles! Stiles, please calm down and just get over here,” Scott commands as he quickly hangs up the phone, easily picking up on Stiles’ fast paced heartbeat.
Stiles can’t move for a few seconds as his body remains still, leaned over his bed. His phone is shaking from his tight grip over it and more sweat starts to accumulate down his back.

Taking a deep breath to fix his composure, Stiles looks at his phone and not only does he notice it is already 1:12 pm but he also checks his notifications to find 16 missed calls and about 22 messages.

“Damn, I wonder when all this happened,” he asks himself as he goes to view each one.

All missed calls were mostly made by Scott while 4 were from Allison, 2 from Lydia and even one was from Derek. The messages had the same pattern as most were also from Scott but there was also a couple from Isaac and one was from Danny.

Danny: “Hey, is everything okay? I’ve been trying to get a hold of Jackson but I haven’t gotten a response back. Can you tell him to get in contact with me, asap. Thanks.”

“Poor guy,” Stiles says. “He doesn’t even know what’s going on. He is better off than me though.”

Stiles is certain he would have preferred Scott to not call him and just let him wonder til Monday, if and when they see each other again, to ask if everything is okay.

But finding out like this takes him to such a dark place, Stiles hopes every single day to never be reminded.

Without wasting any more time, he gets dressed and heads downstairs to find his dad no where in sight. The patrol car isn’t parked out front and Stiles hopes to not be lucky and find his dad at the hospital.

Even less time is wasted for he makes it to the hospital faster than a speeding bullet. He parks next to Scott’s car and heads quickly inside through the emergency entrance to find Scott, Lydia, Allison and Isaac sitting down, anxiously waiting, possibly for him.

“Stiles!” Scott sighs and goes in for a quick hug. Allison, Lydia and Isaac rise from their chairs to greet him as well but it’s not a happy scenario.

“What happened?” Stiles asks and looks immediately for answers.

Lydia turns away, Allison frowns apologetically, Isaac seems to walk away as Scott, per usual, steps up to speak.

“Derek went to check on Jackson in the morning after the full moon. He said he was still breathing and recovering when he looked him over. After about 15 minutes, Derek said Jackson was lying on the ground, unconscious. That’s when he called me and asked to help bring him here.”

“And where is Derek right now?” Stiles asks frantically.

“With your dad. Getting chewed out by Jackson’s parents,” Scott replies.

“What?” Stiles questions.

“Yeah. Jackson is underage so naturally, your dad had to call them and they are furious with Derek since Jackson said he was going to stay with a friend. I guess he didn’t quite tell them this could happen.”

“Why is everyone here?” Stiles asks Scott in a whisper.
“Lydia was contacted by Jackson’s parents after they were contacted by your dad. They figured she might have some answers and Allison was with her so she came along. Isaac only knew because he went to the Hale house and found it empty. He texted Derek and Derek told him we were here.”

Scott looks around, as if waiting for someone to come and illuminate the situation. Stiles doesn’t wait and pushes past them to go and find Jackson.

What he finds first is all the commotion made by Jackson’s parents; his father yelling and pointing for the sheriff to arrest Derek for hurting their son, as Derek simply crosses his arms in anger; no doubt trying to restrain himself from shifting and hurting him.

“Arrest him! What the hell are you waiting for sheriff! Take this man in because his is guilty!” Jackson’s father yells over and over.

“Mr. Whittemore, I have already told you. Until we get the results back from the lab, we can’t confirm Mr. Hale is in any way responsible. I can’t take him in just because you say so,” the sheriff responds with tired eyes.

“What more proof do you need? My son is gone for the night with this man and then winds up in intensive care!” Jackson’s father is outright furious.

“Honey, listen to the sheriff. We don’t know what happened, okay? And if he was responsible, he wouldn’t have brought him in with that other young boy,” Jackson’s mother speaks; the only one with a sensible mind.

“His accomplice, no doubt!” Jackson’s father spews out.

This is getting them nowhere, Stiles knows it. His father feels a bit of relief when he sees Stiles and excuses himself to walk over and question him like he usually does.

“Dad, what’s going?” Stiles asks, hoping for a clearer answer.

“Well, I’m sure you already know everything by talking to Scott,” his father responds back.

The sheriff rubs the back of his neck in distress.

“There’s more isn’t there?” Stiles questions, pushing for information.

“Stiles, this man is possibly one of the most rich and powerful men of Beacon Hills. Hell, the whole state, even. If I don’t handle this correctly, I might be looking at a permanent leave of absence. He has already hired the entire station to not let anyone close to Jackson. If Melissa doesn’t come up with something on his blood work, I don’t know what comes next.”

The sheriff looks so distressed as he has been for the past few months. Stiles feels so bad for not being able to include him in the supernatural aspect but he still has a small fear of him knowing could mean danger to his life, and it’s not something he wants to consider, at all.

In a quick glance, Stiles sees Melissa head over to Scott and his group so he goes to join them, hope glittering in his eyes.

She waits until Stiles comes over and calls them all into a small lab area. They all circle around her, like children waiting for a cookie, and look eagerly for hope in the folder she holds.

“Mom, did you find anything?” Scott asks.
“Yes, but does everyone here also know?” Melissa questions suspiciously.

“Yeah, everyone knows. Isaac is another one just in case you need assurance,” Scott says and points to him.

Without missing a beat, Isaac flashes his yellow eyes and Melissa, spooked, jumps back a bit but calms down when Scott grabs her hand to assure her it is okay.

“Let’s hear it,” Scott says, looking at everyone.

“Well, a majority of what I found were spices, possibly from the burgers Derek said Jackson ate before the night was over. But there was something else,” Melissa says, pointing to a distinct name on the paper.

“Genus aconitum,” Isaac reads. “What is that?”

“Monkshood,” Lydia says in a small effort to help.

Stiles looks at her with narrow eyes, angry, as if saying that word should clarify their confusion.

“Wolfsbane,” Allison says as she moves closer to view the paper.

All heads turn to face her, amazed at her understanding of what happened to Jackson.

He was poisoned.

“But wait,” Scott says as he picks up the paper to inspect it closer.

“I thought wolfsbane is blue or purple. It says here the color is yellow,” Scott responds, sounding very confused.

“There are different variations,” Allison answers with confidence. “It usually comes in a purple color but rarer and more potent wolfsbane is a yellow color.”

She takes the paper from Scott’s hands and studies it closer.

“The rarer forms also have an ability to be turned into different weapons. It can be used like bullets for guns but also made liquid or turned to dust to use in food as this one was. It can also be turned to fumes. I’ve seen my mother collect some in small vials, like ones you might use in an air freshener.”

Scott gives a gulp, hoping no one noticed.

Allison feels a bit of remorse for answering since all eyes are focused on her and not pleasing ones either. Scott is the only one who moves closer to rub her shoulder as if to thank her for figuring this out.

“Okay, now that we know what happened, how do you explain it out there?” Melissa asks.

“Oh man, I didn’t think about that,” Scott replies with frustration.

“Just pass it off as food poisoning; easy enough to understand and a very believable and viable explanation. Sometimes the best way to hide a secret is out in the open,” Lydia answers with pleasantness.

“Okay, that sounds like plan,” Melissa responds, calm.
They all rush out of the lab without trying to look like some gang conspiring to do something sinister.

Melissa pushes past all of them to head towards the sheriff, Derek, and Jackson’s parents. Stiles wants to follow but Scott holds him back, indicating he should wait for now.

When Melissa makes her appearance, the sheriff almost runs to her and welcomes her over, satisfied with the arrival.

“Um… Sheriff, Mr. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore. I have the results back of Jackson’s blood work from the lab.”

Just the same as Scott and his friends, the other four circle around her in desperation for answers.

Melissa clears her throat before she begins.

“Mr. Whittemore, your son has been poisoned,” she starts off.

“I knew it!” he yells and get’s straight in Derek’s face. Derek uses his werewolf strength and pushes him quite a distance back and Mr. Whittemore simply fixes his shirt and rejoins the group, distancing himself from Derek.

“Yes but he was poisoned by the food. Thanks to the sample brought by Mr. Hale of the burgers he gave Jackson, I determined it originated from there,” Melissa continues.

“What was it exactly?” the sheriff asks with crossed arms.

“Aconite,” Melissa responds, hesitantly.

“Aconite?” Derek repeats in question and the sheriff only scrunches his face further.

“Isn’t that mainly used on wolves?” the sheriff asks.

“Wolfsbane!” Derek angrily whispers and storms away from the others, heading out of the hospital.

“Hey! Hey! Where are you going?!? We aren’t done with you yet!” Mr. Whittemore yells after Derek.

“Yes we are!” Derek responds with power and authority, with some help of his alpha power.

Mr. Whittemore cowers once more as his turns his attention to Melissa.

“What can we do?” the sheriff asks, saving the bigger mystery for later.

“All we can do is wait for him to get it out of his system. The other doctors have said he has been throwing up all morning so once it’s passed, he should be better and can be released,” Melissa says, closing the folder.

“Okay, well I guess I better go and check out this burger place and make sure no one else gets poisoned. I’m sure the health department would love to hear about this,” the sheriff answers back and walks out until he is stopped once again by Jackson’s father.

“And my son?” he asks, still bothered.

“I know you bought the entire station and its protection. But as the sheriff, I need to go wherever I am needed most. I have already spoken to all my deputies and they will all take turns during their shifts to stand guard. He will be watched over to make sure no one gets close,” the sheriff says,
reassuring him if not calming him down.

They both nod their heads in agreement as the sheriff hastily makes his way past Scott and the rest of the gang.

When Derek passes the group, he looks furious, bothered, and confused. He doesn’t wait to speak to any of them and simply looks over to Isaac, waves his hand to the door and says, “Let’s go.”

Isaac rushes to his side as Scott runs over to ask Derek what the plan is.

“Didn’t you hear?!” Derek scolds him. “Jackson has been poisoned by wolfsbane. I’m going to find the people that did this and…”

“And what?” Scott scolds him back. “If you didn’t hear just now, Stiles dad is also on his way over there and you can sure bet Jackson’s parents will also want to go over there and have a word with their manager. Or better yet, they have the sway to get that place shut down for what happened,” Scott replies, making so much sense.

“This is exactly why it’s important I get there first!” Derek responds and pushes Scott’s arm away.

Scott hates Derek’s means of handling any situation, always using force right away, but it’s Derek and one of his own mistakes.

How many times has Scott felt blame for the situations he and his friends have been put in and wanting to fix it or make it right? He simply watches as Allison and Lydia stand idly by, Allison looking not too pleased.

“Scott, are we just going to let him go and do whatever he wants?” Allison asks, worried no less.

“No, we are going to get there first too. Come on, I will drive,” Scott responds heroically and grabs his keys.

Allison picks up her jacket from her chair and looks at Lydia, questioning with her eyes if she will join them.

“Always into trouble,” Lydia says and reluctantly tags along.

Stiles is left alone in the waiting room, no bothered at all since his one and only concern ever since he came in is to see Jackson, which hasn’t proven successful.

He mindlessly walks around all halls to find a clue as to where Jackson could be. Doctors and nurses are walking all around, paying him no mind which makes it easier to maneuver and find what he searches for.

Passing through another hallway, Stiles rounds the corner to find a deputy standing guard at one of the rooms.

A dead giveaway it’s a clear symbol of Jackson being there. He needs to make sure he can enter without being seen so he huddles himself and stays there to come up with some plan but the answer comes sooner than expected.

“Deputy Stevens, come to the front desk place,” the intercom voices. The officer leaves his post and walks the opposite direction from Stiles to signal his one and only opportunity.

Stiles jumps straight away and quickly reaches to the door to peak through the small window and
sees Jackson lying down, asleep in his bed.

Stiles waits and watches through the small window, a strong memory hitting him. Flashback to the past and Stiles finds himself smaller and peaking through the same small window to watch his mother and she is also lying there, simply waiting for that’s all he could do then.

The same pain makes its way into his heart once more for empty ideas flood his mind.

He finds himself in such a helpless position so naturally, he doesn’t want to enter but he reminds himself making the promise that no matter what, he was going to do anything and everything in his power to help Jackson.

Propping the door open carefully, it only squeaks when he pulls it much further than necessary and quickly slips in to let it close by itself but catch it in the end to shut it quietly.

He walks over to Jackson’s right side and is glad to know a chair has already been brought forward and is close enough for him to lean against Jackson’s bed.

“Probably from his mother,” Stiles thinks and sits down to take the same position.

He scans Jackson all over and notices small bags under his eyes along with some faint black lines. It looks like Jackson hasn’t slept a wink the entire full moon and Stiles wonders if he really is alright.

Seeing Jackson’s hand is conveniently beside him, Stiles takes it and feels it to be extremely warm.

“He has a fever,” Stiles says and gets up to get a towel from the bathroom to wipe his brow.

He dabs it gently across Jackson’s forehead and sets it gently on the arm rest to his chair when his is finished. He grabs Jackson’s hand once more, trying to take away his pain.

“You know,” Stiles says, while gripping Jackson’s hand a bit tighter. “If I were a werewolf, I would have been able to help right now.”

The tight hand turns into desperate huffs and sniffs along with some angry grunts for feeling so helpless.

“Damn you, Jackson!” Stiles whispers and grips his hand a bit more. “You better survive this because if you don’t, I won’t ever let your grave live it down.”

Stiles gets in a comfortable position and lays his head down on the bed, close to Jackson’s side and continues to hold Jackson’s hand.

As he lays down, he closes his eyes for a few moments and waits for a miracle. Through his closed eyes he hears his own accelerated heartbeat and tries to calm himself down. It would be nice that he is here with Jackson and he would feel better but not seeing him like this.

He ears perk up and listen all around to hear the buzz coming from all the monitors and machines hooked up to Jackson. They settle in his mind and continue to torture him, making his feel the same despair from the past.

He digs his face into Jackson’s hand, hoping for comfort when he feels and hears Jackson’s heartbeat. It’s a bit erratic and off beat due to the wolfsbane but it is still beating.

“Come on, just give me something,” Stiles pleads, lifting his gaze up but not moving from Jackson’s hand. “Let me know you are okay.”
He waits for a few more moments when Jackson’s fingers suddenly twitch and move. Stiles looks up and sees Jackson’s head turn slightly as he forcefully closes his eyes even more, trying to open them.

A few more slight movements, small grunts and Jackson opens his eyes slowly to see this awkward guy sitting at his side.

“Stilinski…” Jackson mumbles and Stiles wipes his eyes to show a smile. “Hey…” Stiles mumbles back and doesn’t let go of Jackson’s hand.

“Why are you here?” Jackson asks in a bit louder tone. “Well, I can’t just leave the most popular guy in school without someone to look over him,” Stiles responds back, smiling more.

“And I get stuck with you?” Jackson asks, still trying to fully open his eyes.

“That a problem?” Stiles asks, smirking. Jackson doesn’t say anything but if it’s any indication he appreciates Stiles being there, it’s clear as he tightens his hand already in Stiles’ grasp.

They remain in silence and in each other’s company for a while until Deputy Tara walks to the door and sees Stiles breaking the rules, as usual. She quietly enters and Stiles is suddenly shaken as he remembers he isn’t supposed to be here. He slowly rises to get up from his chair until Tara places her finger across her lips and whispers, “Shhhhh!”

“Only ten more minutes,” she says in her low tone. Stiles smiles at her understanding and leaves slowly out the door to wait patiently outside.

The ten minutes pass rather quickly and Stiles finds himself reluctantly leaving Jackson alone to head out the door and leave before he attracts any more unnecessary attention and trouble. Tara greets him a ways down the hall and winks at him as he walks by.

“Thanks for that,” Stiles says as he passes her by.

“Anytime,” she responds and winks again as he makes it out of view.

Making it to the entrance for emergencies, no one is there to greet him for him knows they are all doing their side missions for the day.

It’s not that it doesn’t bother him someone tried to poison Jackson but the only thing going through his mind at the time was just checking to see if he was okay; priorities after all.

Figuring it wouldn’t hurt to see how things are moving along, Stiles texts Scott to see if he had come up with anything.

Stiles: “Find anything?”

Scott: “Small clues but we didn’t get much information, sorry. The place shut down almost rapidly after we showed up. Looks like Jackson’s parents don’t tolerate anything.”
Stiles: “Damn. That’s not a good sign. Did you get there before Derek?”

Scott: “No. We ended up showing up at the same time. He wasn’t too happy."

Stiles: “He didn’t turn up with anything?”

Scott: “He suggested we use our senses to snoop around and look for clues. We picked up faint traces of wolfsbane but nothing solid we could go on.”

Stiles: “And the people working there?”

Scott: “I heard the owner talking to the officer saying right now they are in the process of hiring for the summer. A lot of temporary people coming in and out to work. It’s not going to be easy to just pick out who would seem like a bad guy.”

Stiles: “So basically, we have nothing.”

Stiles slumps in his jeep for their conversation had carried him all the way outside.

Scott: “I’m sorry, Stiles. But we will find something, I know it.”

Stiles: “You’re optimism never fails to amaze me.”

Scott: “Well, I’m not going to give up on my best friend!”

Stiles: “You better not! :)”

Stiles sits down correctly in his jeep to start the engine and drive off. The whole morning and afternoon had gone by without much thought. After a hell of a night and shock the next morning, it all takes its toll so heading home seems logical at best.

Once there, Stiles doesn’t find his dad home yet; probably having to do more paperwork and deal with nonsense from Jackson’s parents. He decides to wait up since dinner is a mystery.

Waiting isn’t the problem for his dad comes swooping in with the food in tow. The real issue is when he dad reaches for a couple of plates, his picks them up with force and almost slams them on the table, breaking them.

“Dad, what happened?” Stiles asks, hoping the sheriff wouldn’t see it as being nosy but as helping him get it off his chest.

“What happened is I’m being torn left and right and don’t know what to do,” the sheriff says while angrily grabbing a bag to take some food out.

“Well, let’s hear it,” Stiles responds and takes the other bag.

“Well, seeing as this is my town I should be the one, foremost above all others, to feel like it’s my business what happens. But then here comes Mr. Whittemore and has the place completely shut down. Doesn’t he realize this is crime and needs to be dealt with correctly?” The sheriff replies.

“Then comes along Derek and says he is bringing in his lawyers for some personal reasons he has for being involved,” the sheriff continues.

“Werewolves,” Stiles grunts and keeps eating.
“And now since Derek wants to do his own personal investigation of what’s happening, I am stuck between the two of them and I’m supposed to give in to one and forget the other.”

“I’m sure you will forgive it out, or maybe they can talk with each other,” Stiles suggests, trying some of Scott’s optimism.

“That may take years because it was already tense enough having them there at the hospital,” the sheriff responds.

“You know, sometimes I wonder if I am doing a good job. Other times I just hope these problems with either fix themselves or go away.” The look of doubt enters the sheriff’s mind and all hope looks lost.

“Hey dad, not this again, okay?” Stiles assures him while clasping his back.

His grip moves to uneasiness a bit for still choosing to withhold all the information he knows because it would only mean he would have to consider an even greater amount of suspects and causes. Right now isn’t the right time.

“You are doing the best you can, with what you know. If they didn’t actually believe you can do it, they wouldn’t have made you sheriff,” Stiles says.

“And that’s supposed to make me feel better?” the sheriff asks in anger.

“Well, I just want you to think about it logically,” Stiles answers back.

“Yeah. Thanks, I guess,” the sheriff says.

They both sit in an awkward environment until Stiles finishes his dinner and heads straight upstairs.

With a full stomach, Stiles carefully lies down on his bed, letting smooth, gentle breezes from outside caress him all over until the moment is ruined with a text.

Taking his phone out from his pocket, the light shows to reveal Isaac’s number. Taken back a bit, Stiles opens it to see it’s small; straight to the point.

_isaac:_ “Derek wanted me to let you know Jackson has already been released from the hospital. No other details so don’t ask.”

_stiles:_ “Thanks.”

Well, the only good thing to look forward tomorrow will be their reunion. He grabs Jackson’s cap from his chair and wears it, nodding off little by little.

The next day at school feels so lifeless, Stiles is constantly dragging his body to and from every single class, locker, and hallway.

Scott and the others know what’s bothering him but since yesterday afternoon, no one really knows what happened except Isaac letting him know Jackson was released and made it home.

During lunch, they all sat at their usual spots and Danny was found sitting alone until he spotted Stiles in the distance and sat next to him, conveniently taking the spot which was usually occupied
by Scott.

Scott only smiles as he sits next to Danny and is joined by the others circling around them. Stiles knows Danny isn’t sitting here for kicks, he wants to talk about Jackson and Stiles isn’t sure he is ready to deal with this, not yet.

“Jackson’s not here,” Danny starts off and Stiles pretends not to realize Danny is talking with him.

“Well, he is here but not here right now for lunch. He went off campus,” Danny finishes off.

“Figures. Though, I always knew he isn’t very fond of school food,” Stiles answers back.

“Good thing he didn’t leave, huh?” Danny smiles when he responds.

“Leave?” Stiles asks, a bit lost.

“Yeah,” Danny starts and takes a bite from his apple.

“Jackson’s parents were furious about what happened. They almost got him to transfer to a different school,” Danny casually answers.

“Wh-what-why would they do that?” Stiles inquires, getting agitated.

“After what happened Saturday night, Sunday morning. You know, after winding up in the hospital,” Danny says, sounding annoyed.

“But…what does that have to do with the school?” Stiles asks, equally annoyed.

“His father found out that a few of their workers are high school students that go here. They didn’t release their names for child protection or whatever but you can bet Jackson’s dad will do whatever it takes to find out. Didn’t Jackson tell you?”

The look on Stiles face goes blank and his words never reach his mouth.

Off to the side, Stiles sees Scott and Isaac intently listening to what Danny is saying. Stiles is certain if either one knew, they would let him know but they look just as surprised as he does.

Stiles shakes his head, saying no, for his mouth has completely faulted.

“Yeah,” Danny continues. “But Jackson convinced his parents they have nothing to worry about. It took some very forceful persuading and a rough exchange of words but they reluctantly let him continue to stay here.”

The lunch bell rings and Stiles almost trips for wanting to hurry out of the lunch room. Scott catches up to him quick to grab at his shoulder and stop him for doing something he will regret.

“Scott, I know what I am doing,” Stiles reassures him but Scott isn’t easily persuaded.

“Stiles, please calm down,” Scott answers back. “Look, I know you already have all these ideas of what to do and who to go to but we can’t just rush into things.”

Scott has a firm hold on Stiles and Stiles is sure he is using his werewolf power to help him understand.

“You want to tell you dad, you might as well tell him what I am. Isaac is already planning on telling Derek and you can bet they will already have something ready, which is dangerous. And we need to
proceed carefully. Let’s not be hasty and just think things through, okay?”

Stiles always seems to be the voice of reason but Scott has completely turned that around for a few weeks now.

“Fine, I get it. But there is still one more thing I need to know and someone I need to ask,” Stiles says.

“Do what you need to do,” Scott responds and let’s go of him.

Stiles can hardly wait until his last period for it is his free one and he knows exactly, somewhat, where to get answers.

He drives off campus and heads straight to the animal clinic to speak with Deaton.

Scott seems to trust him, especially after finding out he was once in good with the Hales, and he has the eerie, all knowing sense about the supernatural. Stiles understands it could be his best bet to find out why he has been having these dreams.

“Hi, how can I—Stiles, what are you doing here? Aren’t you supposed to be in school” Deaton says upon seeing him enter.

“Free period, actually. I was wondering if I could ask you about something,” Stiles responds and moves tersely to the counter.

“Sure, come on in,” Deaton replies and leads him towards the back.

Stiles gives Deaton the gist of everything that has happened and Deaton only listens intently, watching Stiles talk about Jackson, not the dreams.

“…And after what Isaac told me, it’s like going through a full moon, I knew I wasn’t just imagining any of it,” Stiles finishes off.

“But Stiles, why are you coming to me after all this time?” Deaton asks, puzzled.

“Because the last time I had this dream, I finally saw my reflection in the lake. I was Jackson and the night it happened was Saturday,” Stiles replies back.

“The night of the full moon,” he finishes.

Deaton dips his head before he looks straight at Stiles who is still lost about not being able to understand. Soon, Deaton paces back and forth on his side of the room, deciding on what to say next.

“Do you know if Jackson has been getting any rest?” Deaton asks.

“Not that I am aware of, no,” Stiles replies back.

“You know, some tribal Indians believed if you are awake in some else’s dream, you can’t go to sleep,” Deaton responds while taking a small flask from his shelf. “Have you ever read the book, ‘Tribal Dream…””

“Tribal Dreams: Looking Within,” Stiles finishes off.

“Yeah, I went to check it out at the library but Jackson beat me to it,” Stiles answers back.

“What are you talking about?” Stiles asks, confused

“I think the answer should be obvious, isn’t it?” Deaton replies.

Stiles looks at him with a furrowed brow and he is the one who begins to pace back and forth. It’s clear Deaton needs to spell it out for him because Stiles isn’t catching the hint.

“Stiles, you and Jackson are connected. In more ways than one,” Deaton says, and puts a flask back he had grabbed from his shelf but not after taking a flower from it.

“Did you ever ask Jackson what his anchor is that helped him through the full moon?” Deaton inquires, bringing the flower close to a window.

“No,” Stiles responds, quiet all around.

“He may not have told you, but I think you can figure it out,” Deaton responds.

“Do you expect me to believe that?” Stiles throws back, angered.

“Tell me, do you have feelings for Jackson?” Deaton says, still walking with the flower towards the window.

“I…I don’t see how that has anything to do with this,” Stiles answers with red cheeks.

“You may not be a part of him, yet, but you will come to realize how much you need each other,” Deaton says and Stiles watches as the Morning Glory he is holding opens with the feel of the sunlight.

“When a werewolf ties himself with a person, it becomes more than something holding them together during the full moon. It’s an invisible, binding chain that ties the two of you. Not always seen but always connected.”

The Morning Glory continues to open and the petals seem to sigh breathes of relief and content as they stretch further and further.

“Stiles,” Deaton says and places the open flower on the counter.

“You may not want to admit it, but you know where you heart lies. It’s there where you will find the answers you are looking for if you refuse to believe it,” Deaton says and takes a small pot from his cupboards to place the flower inside and grow it.

“It seems Jackson doesn’t see it clearly yet either, but he will soon come to understand. But only if he allows it as well,” Deaton finishes off.

Stiles watch beeps as his alarm goes off and he looks at the time to see school is out; his free period over. He tugs at his backpack he mindlessly brought with him inside to adjust it as he gets ready to leave.

“Um, that’s the bell for school to be out. Guess I better be going,” Stiles says and turns around to head out the door.

“All you need to do is listen,” Deaton calls out to him.

Stiles turns half around and gives a side smile to Deaton as he exits through the front door where he
Making it towards his jeep, he fiddles with Jackson’s cap he took out during his walk out the clinic towards his jeep.

Listening isn’t so hard since he had already come to terms with his feelings for Jackson, but the shock came from Deaton saying it’s actually the same on Jackson’s end; and Stiles doesn’t know what to do with this information. How does he approach this when the guy isn’t even aware of his own feelings for him?

Coming over here was supposed to enlighten him and Stiles is left with more questions than answers. Well, he could get some if he goes to Jackson’s tonight to go and pick up the book, according to their deal.

“Let’s hope I find success,” Stiles mumbles to himself and takes off to head home.

Later that night, Stiles excuses himself from his father to head off to Jackson’s house. He lies and says he is going to meet Scott and the sheriff only responds for them to be careful with whatever it is they do. Stiles promises and heads straight to the Whittemore home.

As soon as Stiles arrives, he is not so sure if anyone is allowed to come and see them or Jackson for what happened a couple nights ago. It was too late to turn around for he sees some rustling figure in the kitchen, no doubt whoever it is has already noticed his presence, and turns off his engine to proceed to the front door.

He continues to carry Jackson’s hat all the way; he eyes have not moved from their original position.

When he reaches the door, his hand hesitates to knock as it floats weirdly in front of his face. Composing himself, he pushes his hand forward only to have the door open and reveal Jackson’s face staring straight at him.

“Uh…hi,” Stiles greets him and stands there awkwardly, not being able to feel his legs.

“Stilinski,” Jackson greets back. “Mind if I throw this away?”

Stiles finally gets his eyes to move and sees Jackson is barefoot, wearing thin shorts and a muscle shirt. He is carrying some trash in his hands from the kitchen and mumbles some words as he carefully moves aside for Jackson to walk past him to reach the trash can out on the curb.

He patiently waits for Jackson to get back until he can feel Jackson’s arm grab as his back and push him towards the entrance of his home. Stiles fights back a little but it becomes no use as he is easily brought inside.

“What was that for?” Stiles asks as he struggles to get away from Jackson’s grasp.

“Well, I thought you actually came to see me. So, it wouldn’t make sense for you to stay outside now, would it?” Jackson throws back and makes his way into his kitchen to rummage about.

“Humph,” Stiles utters and stands idly between the living room and dining area.

“Where are your parents? Won’t the be mad for me being here?” Stiles asks after his anger passes.

“Not here,” Jackson calls from behind the pantry door. “They decided to treat themselves so they left for San Francisco.”
“And they just leave you here?” Stiles asks, surprised.

“I’m pretty well set up and taken care of. Besides, I kind of enjoy it like this,” Jackson responds back as he comes into view.

Stiles shrugs and takes the opportunity to walk around and fully appreciate what it’s like to be rich and powerful. Everything in Jackson’s home is so clean and new, it squeaks just looking at it. Feeling the walls like he never felt them before, he reaches the stairs and looks behind to check where Jackson is. Seeing he is nowhere in sight, again, Stiles heads upstairs to take a peek.

All other rooms are closed which doesn’t settle well with Stiles until he reaches Jackson’s. It’s slightly open so Stiles takes it’s a sign it’s inviting him in.

Pushing it further away from him, Stiles looks around to see this place Jackson calls home every night.

It’s just like the rest of his home, clean and picked up. You wouldn’t even realize someone actually lives here. Only stray bits of clothing are scattered around the floor next to Jackson’s bed; the only mess to be seen. The light on his desk, the laptop, journal, and even the pen and pencil are neatly placed all around.

Stiles never realized Jackson is such a precise instrument to the very last detail.

Sure, everyone can see his hair, his car, and his clothes but it’s hard to say no one ever imagined it would include all aspects of his life.

The pacing around Jackson’s room continues and Stiles finds himself drawn to Jackson’s dresser and mirror. He looks at himself and shrugs at his own disappointment.

“How can a guy like that, fall in love with something like this,” Stiles wonders.

The thought doesn’t remain in his head for long for his phone begins vibrating in his pocket. He takes it out to see it’s his dad calling him and he quietly silences it to keep it from making any more noise.

Putting his phone back in his pocket, something does catch his attention. Stiles squats down to a slightly open drawer and sees his lacrosse shorts. There is no mistaking them for he can tell by the faint color, rough fabric and scraggly initials written on the tag.

“Huh. Maybe he does feel the same way,” Stiles whispers and goes to grab at his shorts before he is interrupted by a smooth voice.

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“Find something interesting,” Jackson hums. He is holding one arm up and leaning against the door frame rather seductively with one raised eyebrow and his head leaning to the side.

Stiles watches in awe as Jackson has foregone his shirt and all he has on are the shorts which are a little too low, exposing some tight boxer briefs.

Jackson waits for a reply with some more raised eyebrows as Stiles awkwardly clears his throat and walks half towards him, half towards the door.

“Just looking around,” Stiles replies with a shaky voice. “Also, came to turn in that favor and return your cap for the book.”
Stiles sets it down on Jackson’s desk as his phone rings for the second time and he quickly takes it out to silence it once again.

“Well, I think I should be going,” Stiles responds and pushes past Jackson to head outside when he is suddenly turned around and pinned against the wall.

“Not so fast,” Jackson whispers and grabs at Stiles arms to raise them above his head.

“Jackson….wha….ugh….,” Stiles whimpers and Jackson moves his leg around Stiles' lower waist.

“Come on, Stilinski. You really expect me to believe you came over here to drop off my hat and then leave? You really aren’t being subtle about this whole wanting me thing,” Jackson says, taking one free hand to place gently on Stiles lower back.

“I—I—I don’t know what you are talking about,” Stiles says and tries to squirm out of Jackson’s grasp but he isn’t trying very hard.

“Lies, lies, lies…” Jackson whispers and begins to trace his fingers on Stiles back.

“You know,” Jackson continues. “If there is one thing I find good about being a werewolf, it’s being able to smell when someone wants you. Now that, I like.”

Jackson slowly moves his head in and around Stiles face, using his nose to embrace this scent Stiles has been radiating for quite some time now.

“You thought you were being careful by not saying anything, I wouldn’t ever find out. Tsk, tsk, tsk, Stilinski. And I thought you were smarter than that,” Jackson says, looking at him.

Stiles quickly turns away but Jackson takes the opportunity and darts to his neck to breathe on it gently. Stiles feels the hairs on his body rise and his squirming goes into moving into a better position for Jackson to get closer.

“That’s it,” Jackson hums and moves his body closer and tighter into Stiles.

Soon, Jackson replaces those breathes with small, light kisses on Stiles skin and Stiles body completely rises with feel of it. The softness of Jackson’s mouth with the tender, moist, wetness has Stiles floating on cloud nine.

“Jackson….” Stiles managers to say through his heavy gasping.

Jackson doesn’t tear away from Stiles neck but he does gaze upon him with his eyes.

“Jackson….don’t…..” Stiles continues.

“Don’t….don’t…don’t stop…..” Stiles finishes and Jackson smirks before his lifts Stiles entire body with his knee, pinning him harder against the wall; his hand still clawing at Stiles lower back.

Jackson isn’t so mean and decides to let Stiles writhe in his pleasure too. He releases one of Stiles arms and takes it to place it on his upper back, towards his shoulder; signaling for Stiles to brace himself for more pleasure beyond the stars.

All the while, Jackson moves his free hand to the front, at Stiles stomach, and begins to make his way down from his neck to his chest, letting his mouth roam freely.

Stiles begins to get so into the moment, his fingers begin to scratch at Jackson’s back and it makes Jackson twitch a bit but it only fuels him to be faster, harder, and more sensual with his movements.
It’s a constant battle of feeling good all around.

The antics are interrupted as Stiles phone vibrates for the third time tonight.

He ignores it completely, instead bringing Jackson’s hips closer to his and rocking with them, back and forth. The movement blocks it out for Stiles but Jackson can hear and feel it so clear.

“Don’t you think you should answer that,” Jackson says while biting Stiles’ ear.

“No,” Stiles responds loudly and frees his other arm to wrap it around Jackson’s neck to bring his mouth even closer to his body.

Stiles now has his two legs wrapped around Jackson’s waist as Jackson is holding him up completely. Jackson’s two hands have moved towards Stiles lower body and are making trails wherever they feel like going; Stiles could care less.

The phone continues to vibrate within his pocket as Jackson says again, “I think you should answer that.”

Stiles couldn’t agree less as he takes Jackson’s hand to place them on his belt. Jackson takes the bait and begins to undo it, rather easily and then takes it easy with undoing Stiles jeans.

His hands move cautiously around the whole area until they fidget within Stiles’ pocket to take out his phone.

“It’s your dad,” Jackson says and hands Stiles the phone.

Making the most sour face possible, Stiles reluctantly takes it and answers but doesn’t let go of Jackson’s body just yet.

“Yes dad, I am okay. Sorry I didn’t answer the phone but I left it in my jeep. No, I am not in any trouble. Okay, I will be there in a while. I don’t know how long, okay?”

Listening to the two of them argue, Jackson knows their night is up for as soon as Stiles hangs up the phone, he tries to go in for some more pleasure but Jackson simply places on finger on his lips and says, “Raincheck.”

Stiles is furious as Jackson sets him down to allow him to fix himself up for their slight romp had left some messy clothes; for the time being.

Jackson winks as he walks out the door to make his way down the hall and leaves Stiles to his ‘business.’

When Stiles finally makes it downstairs, Jackson is still wearing a cocky smile as he is already waiting at the front door to help escort Stiles outside.

Stiles passes him in such a fit, Jackson almost misses his other opportunity to grab his arm around to spin him around and have Stiles face him.

Stiles is still pouting for their missed fun and Jackson knows it so he carefully brings Stiles head forward as he moves his head and licks his lips.

Stiles, suddenly taken back, closes his eyes and prepares for the one thing he was secretly hoping for all night.

Their heads move in sync as their lips meet, gently caressing each other with soft moistness. They
don’t lock for Jackson still feels the need to make Stiles work for it as he slowly whispers into his mouth, “Do you still want that book?”

Being tired of playing games, Stiles rushes in and has Jackson’s mouth at his mercy. Stiles is hungry in his kiss but composes himself to return the serene pace he can feel with Jackson’s lips. It’s passionate and willing as they both put in their effort to kiss the other.

After their encounter, Stiles sighs and laughs into Jackson’s forehead as he asks, “What now?”

“School tomorrow,” Jackson replies.

Stiles sighs again and accepts that lame answer from Jackson as he walks towards his jeep.

Tonight had gone rather well, much better than he would have hoped and school tomorrow? Well, let’s just say these things are going to be taken a step at a time. And hopefully, in the right direction.
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

"Are you okay?"
"Better now"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

During the night, Stiles feels nothing but pure bliss emanating from all corners of his body. Their frolic in Jackson’s room left a very damning impression for Jackson feels the same way about him. But the pebble stinging inside his shoe becomes the uncertainty filling his mind.

Being as he has never really had a relationship to begin with, Stiles isn’t so sure this is really what being together means. Not that he doesn’t mind a few perks; a very good plus. But from what he knows, like any other teenager, Stiles imagines a bit more normality to say the least.

For starters, a little, better, conformation would be nice. Are Jackson and he together? What could happen if Stiles decides to grab hold of Jackson’s hand to hold it as they walk to class together? Maybe greet him with a slight kiss on the cheek when they see each other? Sit next to each other at lunch and feed one another with spoons and forks while smiling curiously?

Damn it all.

But the last overall thought to fill his mind is small victory. Stiles may not be the top shelf item of a high quality store but being able to be taken by one, if not the, king of high school: it’s all pleasing. For now, best not to be over-analytical and find a reason to reject the notion.

Inside Jackson’s room, he keeps licking his lips again and again, trying to savor the taste left behind by Stiles mouth; the wolf cannot seem to get enough.

Jackson only stops when he walks towards the mirror in his bathroom and realizes how ridiculous the reflection mirrors back; moving his tongue to and fro all around his pecker and proceeds to slightly slap his face to stop his antics. He walks back into his room and paces slowly towards his window to look out at the night sky.

Jackson had successfully handled his first full moon, but only empty feelings fill his cup of victory as no matter the strain in his mind, there is no recollection of memories of what occurred that night.

“What can’t I remember what happened the night of the full moon?” Jackson asks himself, the moon hiding among the stars.

Derek gave very vague answers when Jackson about the event Sunday night after being released from the hospital. Derek only mentioned wolves who don’t have their anchor can't remember, but as far as he is concerned, Jackson did have his anchor and used it well for if he didn’t, Jackson probably wouldn’t be here standing to talk about it.

"What happened Saturday night?” Jackson asks Derek, following him around like a sheep to a
Jackson went to see Derek immediately after being released from the hospital. Derek had asked for him though Jackson had already planned on going. Ending up in the hospital was not the way Jackson anticipated his first full moon to go.

“You fought me for a better part of it,” Derek begins. “I didn’t fight back as much as I tried to help you regain control. You weren’t using your anchor.”

“I wasn’t?...” Jackson says, facing in Derek’s direction.

The conversation carries them up the stairs to one of the rooms least burned by the fire but through time, was still falling apart. Derek is facing the window looking out at the trees in the distance as Jackson walks closer to him.

Derek is very certain Jackson isn’t ready to admit his feelings for Stiles, lying is the only option.

“Well, I didn’t say it correctly. Your anchor was being used but I stepped as your control wasn’t there. Once I helped you focus, it was all on you.”

Derek turns around and hopes Jackson would let the subject go.

“But if I used my anchor, why can’t I remember?” Jackson throws back, agitated.

Not a chance.

“It’s nothing to worry about,” Derek responds with ease. “Most wolves don’t remember their first full moon. Can’t tell you how many times I blacked out before I got the hang of it.”

Jackson settles once again for Derek’s response though holding something back nips at his neck; there is no blip in his heartbeat.

“What about the poison?” Jackson inquires, pretending to sound interested. The feeling of being lied to is unsettling yet ironic.

“I didn’t poison you on purpose. Though I do have to admit, with the scent of the burgers and spices, I was still not able to detect there was any in them. But this is exactly why I said you need to keep close and protect Stiles.”

Derek can’t stress enough how important this is but for more reasons than one.

“What’s their deal anyways?” Jackson says through gritted teeth.

Jackson irritates himself, not comprehending why Derek feels it so vital to protect this kid.

A heavy sigh.

“Most hunters, like Allison’s father, have a code. Yet, there are some severe, if not brutal, individuals in their ranks,” Derek starts off.

Derek knows Jackson will want answers so he carefully turns around to lean his body against the window seal, eyes down.

“The code becomes a religion, a fervent belief to protect humanity from what they feel it isn’t ready to understand. After all, ignorance is bliss. But few believe it’s more about power than anything else. Control.” And Derek forms a fist with his right hand to bring up to his face. Admiration towards his
own physique, strong gusts of warm air exit Derek's chest.

“Back then, I had only heard stories about hunters questioning and killing humans for who they felt were harboring werewolves or helping them in any way. I didn’t believe it was true until my mother and Laura brought home a young girl who had been shot.”

Derek is now walking towards the door to head out in the burned up hallway.

“They brought her in, the wounds gave her away. But my mother didn’t let anyone nearby. I noticed a couple of arrows on Laura’s back for a slight moment before she was sent with Peter to help her recover as my mother tended to the girl. Later that night I found out she was Laura’s human best friend from high school. Gerard and his hunters were chasing her with the intent of her leading them to Laura.” Jackson follows as both have now reached the bottom of the stairs and find themselves in the all too common dining room where the charred table stands idly by.

“That’s when I realized the stories were true,” Derek finishes off before Jackson jumps in.

“I would say it’s just as surprising as a human finding out werewolves are real.”

Derek actually smirks a bit and Jackson’s eyes open up to reveal a shocked expression. “Yeah, well it was a surprise because we never talk about this openly, even amongst ourselves. But seeing it first hand, it does something to you,” Derek continues to speak.

“And what happened next?” Jackson asks, pressing his head forward to hear Derek’s words clearer.

“She was invited to stay with us. She soon became pack. And that’s when I learned some humans aren’t so different from us. She got along with us rather well and my mother eventually began to bring in more humans and we coexisted together, but…….” Derek hesitates with his last words and brings his hand to his face to brush his chin slightly.

“It all changed again with Kate,” Derek says and Jackson watches as Derek looks around the house to remind himself of his mistakes.

“I see……” Jackson mumbles back and moves tersely to the other side of the room.

“And then it once again changed with Allison’s father. I don’t need to tell you how he stopped Kate from killing Scott because there had been no proof of him spilling innocent blood. But his words went to deaf ears as Kate didn’t care, refusing to move her gun and preferred to just take his life away.”

Derek walks towards the hallway leading to the door outside and lets a small laugh echo around the whole home. Jackson finally understands why Derek feels he can’t trust anybody.

Nobody can ever argue with experience but Derek is never one to ever speak about it openly and freely. At least now, Jackson has some idea of why Derek is the way he is.

Jackson waits for Derek to come around as he starts to head towards the door to leave for it’s already late and any more time wasted here, his parents might as well send every police officer in California to search for him, wherever he may be.

“I better be going,” Jackson says and heads for the door, reaching for the handle.

“Remember to take care of him,” Derek says behind his back and Jackson grips the knob but doesn’t turn it.
Jackson, brings his body into his room and his eyes catch a swift glance of Stiles shorts, half popping up from the bottom of his dresser.

He pulls them out only to properly fold them and put them away in their proper place. A small sigh reverberates within his lungs as it reaches to escape his mouth but is replaced by the strong vibration he hears coming from his phone he left on his bed. It’s a message and it’s a pleasant surprise for Jackson to see it’s from Danny.

Danny: “Hey, how are you feeling?”

Jackson: “Better, thanks.”

Danny: “Wow, you must be since you are being so nice to me.”

Jackson: “What the hell does that mean?”

Danny: “Nevermind, then. Unless there is something you are not telling me…”

Jackson: “You love being nosy don’t you?”

Danny: “Only when it concerns your well being. That’s what a best friend is for after all.”

Jackson: “Fine, I will give you that. And yes, I am okay. Anything else?”

Danny: “Just one other thing if you don’t mind.”

Jackson: “Spill it.”

Danny: “I think you have been getting close with Stiles. Everything good?”

Jackson’s phone creaks a little bit with the tight grip he holds. He grunts and sighs a little before he answers back.

Jackson: “Yeah, everything is good.”

Danny: “Something going on between the two of you?”

More huffs and puffs.

Jackson: “Just doing what I need to do and having a bit of fun, okay?”

Danny: “Alright, sorry. Just wanted to satisfy my curiosity.”

Jackson: “Satisfied enough?”

Danny: “Yeah, I am.”

But on the other side of his phone, Danny is less than displeased at Jackson’s use of words, “Having a bit of fun.”

He wonders what is feels like on the receiving end but only feels pity for whoever it might be. Which
in this case, is Stiles.

Danny thinks it's best to at least warn Stiles what he is getting himself into, not that he really cares but it wouldn’t hurt him either to let Stiles know.

Jackson tosses his phone onto his clothes thrown under the window and lets himself swiftly and silently nod off into his eternal slumber.

On the other side of Beacon Hills, Stiles is trying to hopelessly get some rest but his body is fighting in every possible way to keep him awake. Through after some time, the tiredness gets the best of his physique and his bones have nothing else to give so they allow him a brief moment’s pause.

The next day at School, Stiles arrives rather early but not because he has to. In fact, when he reaches the parking lot to find he is one of the first few at this hour, Stiles looks at his clock and wonders what the heck happened for him to rush over here.

Most days, Stiles feels like any other high schooler for as soon as he arrives, he is begging to go home. Being alone doesn’t last long as Scott is soon pulling into the parking lot, with Isaac, and they both make their way to him.

“Hey,” Scott greets him with first.

Stiles nods in compliance and out of habit does the same towards Isaac, still not entirely sure if they are, what most people would consider, 'acquaintance' if not 'friend.'

A pleasant surprise, Isaac nods back as they all turn around to see Lydia and Allison glide towards them.

As Scott grows closer to Stiles, he can’t help the feeling but to scrunch his nose in Stiles’ direction. He scans him up and down and Isaac picks up and begins to sniff in his direction as well.

“Scott, what the heck are you doing?” Stiles asks, offended at the notion.

“Sorry, but you have a different scent around you,” Scott says and Isaac shrugs, not being able to pick up anything.

“I’m pretty sure I showered well this morning,” Stiles says and pushes himself further away from the others.

Even Allison and Lydia eye Scott with weird gazes for they are in public and not somewhere clear where it would be remotely normal to do this.

Stiles looks to them for support as Allison raises her hands to surrender and Lydia smiles with admiration, as if she secretly wished for this to happen.

Scott’s concentration is broken as the bell to start class rings and soon, Scott leads the way towards the double doors.

Stiles walks slowly to glance around the parking lot to see if there is some slight hint he would see Jackson today after their little ‘thing’ last night.

Silence as Scott interrupts him, asking if anything is wrong.

“Nothing,” Stiles responds with a medium tone and rushes to catch up.
Waiting at the steps is Danny with some lacrosse guys. He patiently waits for Stiles to get close.

“Stiles,” he calls out and waves his hand towards him.

“Uh, Danny,” Stiles replies back with some slight surprise.

“Can I talk to you?” Danny asks and has already made his way away from the other guys.

Scott is waiting at the door for him but Stiles just shrugs as Scott simply nods to stroll inside.

“What’s up?” Stiles asks as they have a bit of privacy, but Stiles knows Scott is still on the other side of the doors, listening.

“I kind of feel it fair to let you know of something...” Danny begins and starts to wipe his forehead.

“Are you finally going to tell me you think I am attractive?” Stiles asks with a grin.

Danny can’t help but smile to thank Stiles for being the awkward kid to always relieve tension when you need it.

“Let’s not go there again but there is something…” Danny says and is inches away from continuing when he spots Jackson pop out behind Stiles' back all of a sudden, at a fair distance.

Danny suddenly freezes and looks at Stiles who is eyeing him with curious eyes to find out what he has to tell him.

“You know what? Forget it. This can wait till later. Besides, we don’t want to be late for class,” Danny breathes out and gives Stiles a small push to guide him in.

Stiles agrees and heads in to find he is correct; Scott waits for him to catch up as they head towards their first class.

Danny gives one last look at Jackson outside as Jackson enters through another side door from where he is at. This is possibly the first time Danny feels a bit of fear for intervening in something that really doesn’t involve his nose.

When their first period ends, Stiles and Scott meet at the lockers to go into them and relinquish their books from one subject to obtain more for their next.

Scott continues to pick up on that same sent he smelt earlier but this time brings his attention to Stiles’ locker. He pokes his head in and Stiles feels annoyed as well as embarrassed for Scott behaving like, well, an animal.

“Scott…what the hell are you doing?” Stiles says and pushes Scott’s head out of his locker.

“It’s here. I think this is where the scent is coming from,” Scott responds with eagerness. He pushes Stiles hand away and rummages through the locker only to quickly take out a textbook.

“A book, huh? Have to tell you, I’m still amazed at those keen werewolf senses,” Stiles quips and takes it into his hands for it is the correct book he needs for his next class.

Scott begins to walk away, mumbling a bit to himself as Stiles shuts his locker and proceeds to head towards his next lesson.

When he arrives in class to take his seat, Stiles opens the book to find the initials, “J.W.” at the top right hand of the cover. Jackson had done him a favor by letting him have his old book for this
particular subject.

Jackson was able to test right out of this class and not waste the time suffering like Stiles is now. Stiles smiles at the name but wonders where the hell Jackson might be for almost half a day has gone by and nothing.

When the lunch bell rings, Stiles would usually be the one to run straight for all the free food but today, his stomach isn't into whatever the cafeteria is serving.

He grabs his stomach and it rumbles and churns, but Stiles' mind isn't quite set in the correct place. Scott passes him by and invites to walk with him towards the food but Stiles politely passes.

For Scott being so nosy, this is the one time Stiles actually expects to ask if anything is wrong and yet, Scott simply brushes it off as if everything is normal.

“Seriously, what is wrong with that guy,” Stiles asks and leans his body against a classroom door.

It fails him for it swings open as soon as his back is pressed and he falls freely. Stiles braces himself for impact but no hard floor stuns him as he is instead, being held by strong arms, firmly. Stiles picks himself up after a few moments to reveal his long lost face, Jackson.

“Stilinski, a little early for class, don’t you think?” Jackson asks and he grabs his backpack by the strap on his shoulder.

“Yeah, well you seem to know me rather well,” Stiles says and mimics Jackson’s motions.

Stiles grabs the door handle and is about to turn it open when Jackson grabs his arm, pulls him more into the room, and they both quietly make their way towards the side wall.

“It’s almost difficult to hide anything from me,” Jackson says while still holding onto Stiles’ forearm.

Stiles hasn’t turned around for Jackson may know that something is wrong but it doesn’t imply he should, considering what it’s about.

Before long, Stiles is already heading towards the door when Jackson uses his unnatural strength to force Stiles into the wall; hard and soon, they are face to face.

“Are we being difficult today?” Jackson sneers and Stiles obtains lightheadedness remembering the last time they were in this position and what it led to.

It’s not that Stiles doesn’t want to comply, he whole heartedly does, but what does giving in mean? The same questions Stiles argued with himself about last night are now filling his head on a whole new level.

It’s overwhelming his mind and Stiles pushes against Jackson’s grasp to at least free himself and not pursue this, for now. Jackson doesn’t understand the slightest hint as he tightens his hands further and makes Stiles fight for his freedom.

Not much more thought is given as Jackson knows exactly what to do and releases his grasp but moves one arm to grab Stiles by the waist and the other, he eloquently slides it into Stiles’ own. Before long, queuing the instinct, Stiles interlaces both of their fingers together and the same ecstasy from last night starts to make his body rise.

Jackson moves his face closer and like a puppy, moves his nose around Stiles'; small Eskimo kisses. The nuzzle is ridiculous, it makes Stiles force a smile but he retaliates with throwing his eyes towards
the ceiling as a sign of being angry at himself for being defeated. Once his gaze makes it back to
Jackson, they stare longingly into one another before Jackson speaks.

“Hey,” Jackson says, much softer, gentler, and caring than Stiles has ever heard from him.

“Are you okay?” Jackson asks, so tender.

Stiles looks another time in Jackson’s eyes and they are raised but curious. If Stiles did have
werewolf power, this would be the moment he could say he senses genuine concern coming the most
popular and yet, cold hearted guy in school. Jackson is still waiting for an answer and it doesn’t take
long for Stiles to reciprocate.

“Better now,” Stiles responds and moves forward to press his forehead against Jackson’s.

“Good,” Jackson responds and closes his eyes to smile childishly. He adjusts his hand to fit better
around Stiles fingers and Stiles grabs the one around his waist to place it forward, on his stomach.

“Though I am hungry,” Stiles says and Jackson can feel the small ripples Stiles' gut is making.

“Yet, woe and poor is me that I have to suffer by eating school lunch,” Stiles dramatically proclaims.

“Poor indeed,” Jackson tosses back and Stiles playfully gives him a shove to denounce him. It fails
for their hands are still joined and Jackson simply pulls him in the more Stiles pushes him away.

“If only some privileged person were to save this soul,” Stiles claims, winking in Jackson’s direction.

Jackson rolls his entire head before Stiles responds with such a wide smile, Jackson reluctantly gives
one back but tries his best to rid himself of it and fails miserably. Stiles presses his body forward and
smiles with such cute puppy eyes, Jackson turns red from the cheeks and gushes as he moves his
own head forehead forward to press them together once more.

“Fine,” Jackson huffs out and Stiles eagerly leads to the way outside while still holding hands with
Jackson. Stiles begins to make his way to the parking lot when Jackson asks, “Are you driving?”

Stiles stops to turn and give a sorry shrug as Jackson walks forward and is now leading both of them
out the double doors. They never entirely break from their hand holding, even after they make it into
Jackson’s Porsche.

It’s only interrupted momentarily as Jackson tries to find some suitable music for both of them to
listen to. Being tired of replays for the fifth time today, Jackson plugs in his phone and picks out a
casual drive playlist. Once a good song is found, he extends his hand, holds his fingers and palm
open for Stiles to take the initiative and grab it.

Stiles does for in moments, he wipes his sweaty and nervous hand against his jeans and joins fingers
with Jackson. Jackson smiles when Stiles has his hand in his as they drive away to head for lunch.

Chinese cuisine is on the menu for today and they settle for dinning inside. Stiles fills his plate to the
brim as Jackson casually and eloquently fills his the respected amount; then proceed to sit and chow
down.

Enjoyment of their food is in mostly silence as it is only broken with a couple of small comments
here and there. Nothing much to really go on except small playful banter all throughout their meal.

Initially, eating in did make Stiles feel a bit nervous for as soon as they had arrived at the restaurant,
their hand holding had ceased all throughout their time at the restaurant.
To anybody else watching, it only seemed like two guys out for lunch; friends at least. But Stiles knows better to think they are anything but. The fine line keeps fading further and further.

After their meal, and a bit of a public scene, they both drive off but Jackson isn’t heading towards the school.

“Where are we going?” Stiles asks, a little panicked.

“Well, since you already missed half the school year, I’m sure you won’t mind missing a few more classes. I need to pick up a few things and figured you might join me,” Jackson replies as he drives to his desired destination.

“Not that I have a choice now,” Stiles answers back, sinking in his chair to get comfortable.

The Porsche skids around for ten minutes before they reach a ‘California Pro Sport’ store. Jackson eyes Stiles sideways and Stiles throws eyes back at him, saying, “Really?”

No use arguing now, both entering and Jackson is eagerly greeted by a few sales associates as well as a manager.

“Probably a favorite customer only because he has the money,” Stiles mumbles to himself and Jackson turns around to throw him the same, “Really?” eyes from a few seconds ago.

“Right,” Stiles thinks privately to himself. “Forgot about the werewolf in front of me.”

Stiles walks around the store to find all the lacrosse gear and recognizes most from Jackson’s not so subtle collection in the locker room. Seeing the price of all the items, he almost faints from those continuous three digits.

Making his way back to the front of the shop, Jackson is already carrying a new stick and a small bag with some gloves in tow.

“This guy is ridiculous beyond compare,” Stiles voices mentally.

Jackson can sense Stiles is back and looks at him to silently ask if he is ready to go to which Stiles responds by forcing a half smile and nodding lightly in his direction. Jackson excuses himself from his little fan group and they both head out, with Stiles leading, before he is rudely pushed aside.

“Watch it, Stilinski,” the voice throws at him.

Stiles picks himself up and dusts his pants off before he looks up to recognize Troy’s ugly face staring straight at him; one of Patrick’s accomplices.

“I think you owe me an apology for bumping into me and being so rude about it,” Troy devilishly suggests.

Stiles is irritated into giving in until Jackson makes his way between the two to pull Stiles towards him.

“Jackson!” Troy happily greets him. “My man! Team Captain and best lacrosse player out there. How are we doing today!?”

Troy’s ecstatic attitude gets the best of him as he starts to tussle with Jackson, throwing his hands
back and forth from Jackson’s shoulders but Jackson despises him, just like everybody else.

A first in his nature.

Troy has the incredibly bad habit to think he is the example of a perfect man. He lives in a delusional world where everyone wants to be his friend aside from being a privilege to know him.

When in fact, Troy doesn’t have average intelligence and everyone would much rather be better off without him in their lives. Annoying and cocky, he is as worse as they come; it’s not difficult to see him paired with Patrick in all his devious schemes.

“Troy,” Jackson reluctantly greets him and Stiles can hear, as well as see, Jackson’s knuckles creak and move.

“Why are you with the school loser? Are you babysitting?” Troy speaks, pushing Stiles even further.

“Back off, alright?” Jackson spews out and pushes Troy hard; Troy’s feet slide and squeak with his movement.

“Easy, buddy. I’m just trying to save you from anything that would spoil your reputation and have you sink to a ‘loser’ level,” Troy tosses back.

Troy lets loose another arm to push at Stiles, to forcefully send him falling down, but Stiles is shocked when Troy’s arm is grabbed mid way towards him and is held there, like a fly getting caught in a web.

“Thanks but I think I can handle myself just fine without your intervention. You do know what that means, right?” Jackson retaliates with and proceeds to force Troy’s hand to his side; Jackson almost throws it, Stiles perked ears can hear some bone pops.

Eyes narrow, Troy seems to scowl at both of them as he makes his way past them and proceeds to head inside to continue doing whatever it was that he initially stopped by for.

Outside, Jackson angrily tosses the purchased items into the trunk with Stiles nervously accommodating himself inside, careful to not insight Jackson’s rage any further. Souring days are a normal part of Jackson and Stiles’ daily lives but it’s different when it’s soured due to someone else.

It’s not Troy’s fault and Stiles knows it; it’s his. The fact of the matter of Stiles having to watch as once again, Jackson steps in to defend him from what would have been another sore back or body due to some mild teasing.

Which Stiles is used to by the way, but it never feels right when someone else fights your battles for you. Scott has been doing all the fighting recently and Stiles doesn’t need anyone else to stick out their neck for him.

Their drive is in complete silence as Jackson swerves in and out of traffic. Stiles grips onto his seat for extra safety but he knows Jackson can smell anxiety and panic on him. So his driving improves but it is still erratic to a certain degree.

The Porsche comes into a park that Stiles recognizes is nearby Jackson’s neighborhood but Jackson parks his car towards the very back, keeping away from people, like usual, and exits in a hurry. He slumps down on a tree facing further into the park and closes his eyes, resting and calming down no doubt.

Stiles isn’t so sure if he should say anything to help since Troy and Jackson did fight over him, or
that’s what it looked like for the second time this month. Pacing back and forth around Jackson’s vicinity, Stiles keeps moving his arm up and down, glad Jackson has his eyes closed though he is certain Jackson could still hear the ‘swoosh’ sound from his movements.

Opening his mouth, along with moving his arm, Stiles gives up and silently walks over to semi join Jackson in sitting down but trips over a loose branch and falls directly into Jackson’s lap.

Stiles’ face is square into Jackson’s chest as his legs are in between Jackson’s and Stiles arms stretch on each side of Jackson’s body. The position is so awkward, Stiles is stuck in not knowing where to move or where to place any of his limbs to not make this any weirder but Jackson’s stone cold gaze has already got him incredibly stiff, Stiles refuses to try.

Jackson stares harder as Stiles stares back and tries to excuse himself to get up but his hands can’t move due to not knowing where to grab. Stiles lets loose a small, nervous, giggle and fidgets a bit before Jackson grabs his shoulders to turn him around and place him gently within his chest and body.

Jackson spreads his legs a bit more and raises one for Stiles to use it as support to get more comfortable, which he does seeing as Jackson has now wrapped an arm around his waist. Once he is in a suitable position, Stiles looks up to see Jackson has once again closed his eyes to rest and Stiles feels awkward but comfortable.

“Are you okay?” Stiles asks, still looking up at him, waiting for an answer; happy to have found some suitable words.

Jackson smiles before he responds back, “Better now.”

Stiles lets out a small huff and brings his head a bit higher to place softly against Jackson’s shoulder. He leans into Jackson’s chest while bringing his head sideways to help close his eyes to join Jackson’s rest.

The birds are chirping and the trees are swaying with soft winds. The sun is shining through small cracks in the leaves but it isn’t hitting their faces directly, obscuring their vision.

Stiles barely notices Jackson is sitting square in the dirt and ruining his nice clothes. Stiles suddenly gets up to do…..something but Jackson holds him tighter and sits him back down.

“I know,” Jackson says without opening his eyes.

“And still?” Stiles asks.

“Yeah, we can always go clothes shopping tomorrow. If you don’t have anything planned…..” Jackson says, bringing his nose atop Stiles head to nuzzle him.

“Well, I might as well stop doing anything since you already have my life planned out,” Stiles iterates back, moving closer.

“You don’t have to come with me,” Jackson quips back but is cut off with an immediate response by Stiles, “Yes, I will go.”

Their peace and silence continue for a few more minutes when Stiles phone suddenly makes him jump from his spot and forces Jackson to stretch awkwardly, acknowledging their moment is over.

“Scott, what’s up?” Stiles answers, Jackson huffs in discontent.
“Yeah, I clearly wasn’t in class but I am okay,” Stiles replies back to a semi nervous Scott.

“I’m just here at the park actually. Who am I with?” Stiles says and gets the panicked look on his face.

Jackson looks at him and shrugs, leaving it up to Stiles if he really wants to tell Scott the truth and say they are together.

“Look, don’t worry, okay?” Stiles replies back, avoiding giving a specific response.

Jackson nods his head, appreciation for not giving him away, but more because it really isn’t any of Scott’s business; Scott really is a busybody.

Stiles hangs up after a few more exchange of words to gaze upon the time to notice school is already out. Guess the rest of the day had gone by quicker than expected but Stiles had enjoyed where it had led.

“Should we leave?” Jackson asks him, moving his hand a bit to re-adjust it.

“I think it’s time,” Stiles quips back but his movements tell otherwise as he grips at Jackson’s wrist, holding it in place.

“Hmmmm….” Jackson hums and closes his eyes for the third time in their stay.

“No rush by the way,” Stiles teases and grabs at Jackson’s hand to fiddle with his fingers.

Jackson lets loose a small laugh and leans his head forward to brush at Stiles’ hair.

“Yeah, I think we better leave,” Jackson murmurs, not budging an inch.

After more soft moments, and an hour, they both rise up to head home, but stop for some ice cream at one of Jackson’s personal favorite spots.

Stiles gets three scoops with his cone and Jackson gets one but has sprinkles sprayed all over. Inside the Porsche, Jackson pulls out a towel for Stiles to use. No questions asked, as Stiles graciously takes it to wrap his cone with it.

Stiles doesn’t make a mess, to some degree, but does spill some on his shirt and jeans, yet stays clear of the interior of Jackson’s Porsche.

Jackson is too focused on the road to see what Stiles is actually doing but he carefully hears Stiles is moving from side to side to catch all stray drops before they hit the seat or floor. At this rate, Stiles is not getting to enjoy his ice cream at all and it’s going to the towel rather than his mouth or belly.

Jackson pulls up carefully at Stiles house and watches as Stiles is now eating whatever is left from his mess, which turns out to not be much; Stiles is already munching on the cone.

Stiles is radiating some sadness, Jackson can smell it, for ruining Jackson’s towel with his ice cream and the lack of it on his cone. A solution builds up as Jackson carefully grabs his cone to turn off his car and open the door to walk Stiles to his front door.

Stiles gathers his things, as well as Jackson’s towel, and struggles to carry all them as Jackson easily beats him to the entrance, waiting for him to arrive. Stiles stumbles and almost drops his last bit of crunchy cone but saves himself and instead, lets his backpack drop first with the towel on top.

“I--I can wash that and give it back to you tomorrow,” Stiles says through his last bite.
“Good,” Jackson says and takes another lick from his.

Stiles can’t seem to decide what he wants more, the ice cream or Jackson, for watching him eat it is like torture to his eyes. Maybe some slight fantasies are getting in his way for all he can see is Jackson eating it shirtless and rubbing his body to titillate Stiles in every way possible.

Jackson can see Stiles is dreaming and can’t help but visually record all these images in his head to replay back over and over again, further embarrassing Stiles at all moments of each day. Jackson doesn’t let Stiles get too into his wild dreams as he brings Stiles closer to him by pulling on his jeans.

Suddenly awake, Stiles watches as they are eye level. Stiles licks his lips to prepare but Jackson visibly pushes his ice cream in front of Stiles, giving him an alternative.

Stiles doesn’t mind at all as he takes a huge chomp, sprinkles fill his mouth all around. When Jackson takes his cone back, he sees the ridiculousness of Stiles’ antics but doesn’t smile just yet.

Jackson carefully gets closer and raises his hand to run over Stiles mouth to pick up every sprinkle he can. Stiles watches in awe as Jackson has his full concentration on his lips, not wanting to be distracted as Stiles can only place his hands on Jackson’s hips.

The movements are so soft and tender, Stiles receives goose bumps on his arms. After Jackson is done smoothing Stiles mouth all around, Jackson opens his mouth and Stiles prepares for the best when he watches Jackson pick up his hand and taste his fingers, seductively no less. Stiles face goes from bliss to hunger as he is in envy of Jackson’s fingers for being able to receive such royal treatment.

More watching continues as Stiles is making small whining noises to match what he feels. Jackson licks a few more times before his places his hand forward into Stiles lips, willing to also give him a taste.

The desire gets the best of him and Stiles moves forward to kiss Jackson’s fingers but Jackson is quick to replace his fingers with his mouth. Initially, the kiss is rough but passionate, Jackson makes sure Stiles enjoys it as much as he does and feeds him slowly.

Stiles is sure to oblige as his mouth moves in sync with Jackson’s, slow and pleasurable. Jackson breaks first, steady breaths filling the inside of Stiles lips as Stiles takes them in.

“I need to go,” Jackson whispers and begins to break away.

Steady paces separate them slowly, an invisible tug binding, refusing to set them free.

“In case you wanted to know,” Jackson starts off again. “Those items are for Danny. I owe him new equipment.”

Memories come flooding back and Stiles recalls how Scott and he were trying to find out who the Kanima was, Danny’s gloves were torn and left out in the field; just like Scott’s were during his first few shifts. Nodding his head in understanding, Stiles takes a few steps back and allows Jackson to straighten himself out as he proceeds to pick up his belongings to enter his home.

“Well, I didn’t really want to make a scene in front of your dad, again,” Jackson says as he turns around and Stiles watches his dad’s patrol car swerve around the corner, heading into the driveway.

Stiles brushes Jackson’s arm in gratitude and sees him quickly exit, not being rude but just being him. Jackson does lightly nod at the sheriff when he passes by and the sheriff gives a slim grin with a slight nod in mutuality. Like a heart throb, Stiles watches in admiration as Jackson gets in his Porsche
and leaves for Danny’s place. The sheriff comes up to Stiles and looks at him in slight confusion.

“Everything okay?” the sheriff asks and Stiles just looks at him with those love struck eyes.

“Okay…..” the sheriff responds and walks inside, totally weirded out.

Taking one last sigh, Stiles walks like a zombie through the hall and straight into the garage where he mindlessly tosses the towel into the washer and sets it to wash that one item.

“Are you hungry?” his dad asks when he passes him in the kitchen, rummaging through the fridge for some grub.

Stiles isn’t even listening as he paces upstairs to his room and lies on his bed, still dreaming in his fantastic little world.

When Jackson arrives at Danny’s house, there is no door bell ringing for Danny answers the door immediately and welcomes him inside. Jackson automatically hands him the items and Danny thanks him before tossing a Gatorade from his fridge to him.

“You missed class today,” Danny says, taking a sip.

“Didn’t think you noticed,” Jackson replies back.

“Pretty tough when you name is called out three to four times to make sure,” Danny says, a bit annoyed.

“Is there a problem?” Jackson inquires, upset.

“Not that I know of,” Danny sarcastically tosses back.

Jackson almost stands up before remembering he can’t call Danny out on his lies, as much as he would love to. Not to mention the stink of anger blocking his senses, Jackson has no choice but to sit there and take whatever Danny is throwing at him.

Danny’s house shakes from the windows as the wind is blowing outside, neither one wanting to talk but secretly waiting for the other.

Jackson gets up to leave as Danny hastily follows and blurts out, “Were you with Stiles?”

Jackson already has his back turned but stops to feel Danny radiate with anger/uneasiness.

“Jealous?” he asks, turning his head slightly.

“No,” Danny quips back. “But…”

Danny can’t bring himself to say it, or accuse Jackson for being…who he is but again, for a slight moment he asks himself why he even cares in the first place. Danny forms fists and raises them but quickly brings them back down.

“Anything else?” Jackson asks, back still turned.

“No…” Danny sighs. “Thanks for the equipment by the way.”

“Sure,” Jackson says and walks out the door.

Jackson heads home in a bit of discontent but brushes it off, like everything else. It’s good to have
things the way they are so why change them?

“Danny just doesn’t understand,” Jackson mumbles to himself and walks straight to his room without a greeting to his parents as he passes them downstairs.

Jackson doesn’t bother doing homework since he practically missed half the day due to his little adventure so out of boredom, he gets a workout down in his private gym in the garage proceeding to rest afterwards.

On the other side of town, Stiles is going through the motions of his daily life for he can’t escape the trance his has been in all day.

“Shopping tomorrow,” is all Stiles can mumble and forgoes his backpack entirely to anxiously sleep and bring about his and Jackson’s next date.

Chapter End Notes

Here is the next chapter everyone, thank you for waiting on me. Before anything else, there are a few announcements. First, let me thank all of my readers out there for getting me past 100+ kudos on this work. I am so happy and honored to be able to have amazing people like you out there who support me. First major project on a website like this one and I am glad to know things are going well. Thank you so much for all who have stuck with me and will continue to do so in the future. I wouldn't be able to repay all of you even if I could. Also, a bit of some sad news. I have started school again, which is why this next chapter took me so long, though it is shorter. And soon, I will be starting, hopefully, two new jobs so I won't be uploading frequently. I will try my best to do a chapter every two/three weeks if I can but please note that because of these responsibilities, I will be extremely busy so bear with me if you will. I know I said fluff but there are a few things building between Danny and Jackson so let's see where that will take us. As always, do enjoy.
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

"Why do you put up with me?"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As Jackson is lying in bed, trying to sleep, he fidgets back and forth. Fever pitch and a sweaty body have him growling into his pillow, gnawing on it for relief.

Within minutes, Jackson wakes and lays still as he develops slight chest-compressions. The pain has him forcefully pinned down with small gasps of air as any expansion on his lungs stings his chest.

Rolling over to his side, because it’s the only alternative of feeling better, Jackson does so but pushes his body up to rise and stretch.

Success comes from having a few bones pop but when he slides his hands across his face, bushy hair startles him.

Sudden but shaken off quickly, short outbursts respond physically.

“Must have been a rough dream if I have the ‘wolf bush’ going on,” Jackson mumbles.

He knows his wolf has been out of sync with him since the night of the full moon but it’s difficult to get back in place because how would one handle a sort of alter ego?

A few whines with low hums reverberate throughout Jackson's throat.

“What do you want?” Jackson asks himself, an idiotic action.

Small stretches help calm himself to slump atop his bed and find some suitable position for nodding off. However, futile efforts are in vain for each one is as worse as the last.

Grabbing his phone to occupy the time he is wasting, all social media outlets provide nothing but empty entertainment as Jackson lets the phone fall freely onto his face.

A minuscule effort is made to allow the phone to slide off but what more could he do?

Picking it back up, texting is the step to move forward with but who in their right mind could actually be awake right now to reply back?

“Well, if anything, I can at least apologize to Danny,” Jackson thinks, semi-hopeful; barely.

**Jackson: “Awake?”**

The silence resonates for more than a few minutes in Jackson’s bedroom without a slight hint of Danny replying back. A few more ticks on the clock and Jackson closes his eyes in defeat until they revitalize with the sting of a light hitting his face. He opens the message, sluggishly.
Danny: “I am now.”

Danny’s words speak volumes in Jackson’s ears knowing Danny is less than pleased, bothered, and angry all at once. Needless to say, Jackson recalls the first moment Danny reprimanded him for continuous drunk texts and calls at ungodly hours of the morning. Too late to call back his actions, Jackson responds, sweet and simple.

Jackson: “I want to apologize for yesterday. That’s it.”

Danny: “Jackson, go to sleep.”

Jackson: “I’m not drunk and I’m being honest, asshole.”

Danny: “Okay. Don’t worry about it then. I’ll see you at school.”

Jackson: “Alright.”

Jackson wonders and hopes Danny is able to recognize sincerity, even with his usual dick demeanor. Only at their meeting later on at school will he know for sure.

After a few hours of sleep, Jackson is greeted with sweet aromas filling his olfactory sense. Tasty strawberries and blueberries make his room and home feel like a bakery.

On rare instances, Jackson’s mother bakes muffins for the family in small attempts to try and make themselves appear as a whole; normal.

“It’s about time,” Jackson says through a yawn. He’s fond of how they taste, not the reason behind them.

Jackson blows through his morning routine rocket fast to catch a fresh batch of baked goodness. Both of his parents are in the kitchen, his mother baking and father reading the paper, as he makes his way to the fridge to grab some breakfast items.

“Jackson, do you want me to make you something to eat?” Jackson’s mother asks gently, turning around from the counter.

Jackson responds by nodding his head ‘no’ and paces towards the stove to whip up eggs and bacon. Once cooked, he plates them, grabs two fresh muffins from their tray to walk over to the table and enjoy a home cooked meal. Jackson’s father seems to purposefully raise his newspaper forward to not engage in any conversation; no complaints as silence is best for him.

When Jackson’s mother joins the table after taking her last batch from the oven, she and his father talk about news articles and current events as Jackson finishes, tossing his dirty dishes in the sink.

Before he exits, Jackson takes a brown paper bag from one of the kitchen drawers to take two of each muffin, to ride with him to school. Flinging his backpack on one shoulder, Jackson’s leave is as swift as his entrance though it is stopped for an abrupt moment when he hears his father call out behind him, “Have a good day at school and be careful.”

It’s not cold hearted but well received as Jackson replies back, “same to you.” With wanting to go on a family vacation to over-dramatically- freaking out about a slight mishap last week, the balance hasn’t quite been found.

Arriving at school, Jackson parks his car towards the front and quickly scans around for Danny. He
spots him, walking towards the lockers but still a ways away so figures it to be the perfect opportunity to approach him.

“Hey,” Jackson yells to grasp Danny’s attention away from his phone.

When Danny catches sight of Jackson, Danny buries his phone immediately into his pocket and stumbles into a straight position to greet Jackson on his arrival.

“Am I interrupting something?” Jackson says, vividly pointing to where Danny hid his phone.

“Uh…no, nothing” Danny replies back, rubbing his hand down his pants; anxious.

Without being too obvious, Jackson tilts his head to focus on Danny’s heartbeat, wanting to catch his lie. It’s beating nervously but not unstable to a point where he is panicking.

Danny’s scent is sour, tangy with a certain crisp: temperamental.

“Well, maybe this will fix your mood,” Jackson puffs out and hands Danny the brown bag.

Danny peaks inside to see the four muffins, allowing the aroma to release the tension in his shoulders.

“Not that I don’t appreciate the gesture but I don’t think I’m this special in your eyes,” Danny quips with raised brows.

“You’re not. Don’t go filling your head with all these illusions,” Jackson bites back before he snatches the bag away from Danny’s hands after taking two.

“Hungover?” Danny inquires, not being able to simply forget last night like a bad dream.

“Really?!” Jackson bites and folds him arms.

“Well, those messages were random. Not to mention completely out of place,” Danny mumbles with crumbs falling on his shirt.

“Figured you would have been glad to know I am a jerk and not a total ass,” Jackson pushes as he looks around the school.

“That, I was already aware of,” Danny finishes off to view Jackson looking around.

Obvious and not subtle, hardly, Danny eyes carefully to find the object of Jackson’s attention before him.

“Looking for someone?” Danny presses, hoping for a good insight.

The reply he gets back is Jackson solemnly nodding his head ‘no.’

Without thinking twice, Danny lets his tongue slip as he quietly asks, “Stiles?”

Shooting death with his eyes, Jackson glares into a fit of rage at Danny for bringing him up. Hoping it was put well behind them, there is not solid reason to remotely talk about it.

“Just wondering,” Danny sighs and tries to play it off as cool as he can without oozing fear.

Although they are both standing close to one another, Jackson turns his back on Danny to bring his complete attention to what he doesn’t want to admit.
When Stiles is spotted walking with Scott, it’s not long before he can feel Jackson’s presence and gazes in his direction.

Jackson subtly nods for Stiles to come over, trying really hard to be discreet.

Stiles tries to hide an eager grin but stretches worried eyes with Scott around.

“I’m taking off. Hope you enjoyed your gift,” Jackson says, leaving Danny to tend his business.

“Sure. See you around,” Danny replies and watches as Jackson turns the corner but sees as Stiles also takes the opportunity to remove himself from Scott’s side in an attempt to join his other half.

When Stiles passes Danny, Stiles waves gently at Danny in respect to not look suspicious but it only makes him look more guilty.

Out of sight, Danny removes his phone from his pocket to resume responding to his earlier messages.

Around the corner, Jackson and Stiles are at a far end of the school that meets with some back roads leading into the far ends of the city; perfect location for secret meetings.

“Hey you,” Stiles greets with a wide smile.

He gets near enough to close the gap between them, and proceeds forward before feeling the crunch of a paper bag across his stomach.

Stiles glances down as Jackson keeps pushing it forward until Stiles removes it from Jackson’s hand and pries it open to see the treats waiting for him.

Already wide eyes gleam with pleasantness as Stiles reaches to take one out and almost gulps it down with an entire bite.

Swallowing hard and wiping his crumby mouth, Stiles puffs out happily with a full belly.

“These are really good. I didn’t think I was this special,” Stiles excites.

The same words Danny spoke and forgetting who he is talking to, Jackson opens his mouth, mumbling “You’re…”

But seeing these gentle, brown eyes gaze upon him with satisfaction, warm waters relieve his tension from his everyday hell, looking away before he answers, quietly, “…somewhat.”

Bursting with giddiness, Stiles moves forward on the account of Jackson’s exposed cheek, occupying it with his lips, leaving a faint mark of the muffin he scarfed down.

Stiles doesn’t leave the closeness he acquired by his notions, a patient body waits for a nice reply from Jackson.

Warm breathes from Stiles mouth heat up Jackson’s neck and cheek, lighting up their dark cornered area; the only light.

Invisible weights are lifted to help Jackson take calm breathes to face Stiles and wonder what kind of magic this man holds to do this to him.

Jackson’s hand reaches behind Stiles head, bringing it forward but at an angle for Jackson to place a sentiment of love on Stiles forehead.
Looking Stiles in the eyes, Jackson sees a scrunched face, sour Stiles for not responding in the preferred way.

Folding his arms once again, Jackson sighs for the displeasment in Stiles for being a decent enough guy to bring him something but Stiles only responds with, “You’re unbelievable.”

“Thanks,” Jackson winks. “I know.”

At the ring of the bell for class to start, Stiles walks forward first while fishing the second muffin but not hastily as he gives the appropriate amount of space between he and Jackson to show he does acknowledge the effort.

Jackson eyes the back of Stiles head and can’t focus on anything else, like a pirate following a map. Looking at them from the front, Jackson shadows Stiles precisely.

“Hey, what about….?” Stiles wonders out loud and turns around to face Jackson only to find him holding his hand out in response.

“After Finnstock’s class,” Jackson replies and feels it should be enough for now.

They walk into the school with Scott patiently waiting for Stiles as he excuses himself from Jackson’s side and walks over to him.

Scott and Jackson exchange glares to leave in opposite directions. Through their steps, Scott gets closer to Stiles and sniffs the same scent on him from yesterday.

Playing it cool, Stiles isn’t bothered by it much, this time around. Nevertheless, the action is off-putting to say the least; annoying is more the word.

Still frustrated, Scott can’t seem to put his nose on the scent and pinpoint what it is exactly. The fact of the matter is it makes him uncomfortable.

In Economics, math isn’t fun when it’s unsettling to see capitalism work it’s wonder in subtle ways of discovering who has their life better; final papers, death-row.

“So…” Finnstock yells while pacing at the front of his class. “This paper will determine your final grade in this class. And the whole point of making it such a huge chunk of your average is so I won’t have the pleasure of seeing you fail and have myself go through the misery of having your sorry ass again next year.”

He pauses and looks directly at Scott and Stiles. “McCall, being number one out on the field is different here in the classroom.”

Finnstock pats Scott’s shoulder, forcing Scott to stare up. “Let’s just hope your skills are decent enough to get a passing grade.”

Then he turns around to face Stiles. “Don’t make me suffer, Stilinski.”

“No way, coach. Wouldn’t dream of it,” Stiles quips back.

The rolling of Finnstock’s eyes is a lame hope for Stiles to take this seriously and not make him regret ever knowing him. After Finnstock leaves, Stiles and Scott stare at each other with confused looks as to why coach has the inability to treat them as anything else but children.

“If only he knew the truth,” Stiles whispers and Scott nods in agreement at hearing his words crystal
No feeling is better than hearing the bell ring, which has Scott and Stiles scamper into the hall to meet their friends for lunch.

Well, only Scott will be with the pleasure this time around, again, as Stiles walks in the direction of the double doors leading outside.

“Hey,” Scott calls out and only gets Stiles to turn around while continuing to walk backwards.

“I’m going out,” Stiles responds back as Scott looks at him with a longing look. “I’ll see you later today so we can work on our reports together. Don’t wait up.”

Walking turns into slight jogging through the school and outside, Stiles finds Jackson in the distance already waiting for him.

“Sorry for being late,” Stiles greets Jackson with upon entering.

“Never again,” Jackson bites with some slight agitation.

“I thought I was special,” Stiles teases, inching closer to Jackson’s side.

“Somewhat,” Jackson tosses back, to remind, as he pushes hard on the gas pedal, sending Stiles to his side.

Stiles scoffs, buckles up, and takes out his phone to busy him on their trip to the mall.

Upon their arrival, Jackson quickly glances at Stiles, up and down, and nods in disapproval.

Taking offense, Stiles grabs the tips of his tee, flicking them towards Jackson in his approved manner.

Jackson smiles sarcastically to really show his disapproval as Stiles brushes it off and walks forward to lead the way in.

Only taking a few paces forward and Jackson’s phone vibrates with a new message from Danny.

**Danny: “Hey, where are you?”**

“Are you serious right now?” Jackson voices into his phone, as if on the line.

**Jackson: “Out for the rest of the day. I’m pretty sure I can still pull off straight A’s, even like this.”**

Reluctantly answering back, Jackson shoves his phone into his pocket, hoping to end the conversation. Not a chance as it chimes once more with another message.

**Danny: “Are you alone?”**

Jackson’s eyes burn blue as the pure rage of Danny being so insistent about prying in his life is getting more than annoying.

**Jackson: “Mehalani, that’s none of your business. So I suggest you stop sticking your nose where it doesn’t belong.”**

It’s a real threat when you know Jackson is using your last name. Though it’s made where Jackson
wants him to back off and not really planning on doing something that would end their friendship. As rare as this happens, when it occurs, it’s more than sufficient to put their relationship on a danger line.

**Danny: “You’re right, I get it. Sorry about bothering you.”**

Being smart, Danny knows he should be the one to apologize this time around since Jackson made up for their little spat yesterday afternoon.

When Stiles rushes back to Jackson’s side, he squats down to view Jackson’s face and sees his eyes are still burning their steel blue.

“Dude! Jackson, are you okay?” Stiles asks in a panic.

He isn’t sure how long Jackson has been like this or what might have caused this scene but it’s not a good sign.

“What?....” Jackson answers back with confusion.

Slight composure is accomplished but no success in regaining Jackson's normal eye color.

“Jackson, are you okay?” Stiles asks for a second time.

“Yeah. Yeah, I’m fine. Why?” Jackson responds back, pushing Stiles aside to walk forward.

“Your eyes. Your eyes are glowing!” Stiles whispers loudly.

Stiles places his phone into Jackson’s face and it mirrors back his colored stare.

“Dammit!” Jackson utters and closes his eyes to help shake off the mid shift.

Several people walking around the parking lot give both of them some confused gazes but no one really stops to offer help or inquire what might be wrong.

Not willing to take any chances, Jackson blindly turns around and leads himself back to his Porsche until Stiles grabs his arm to pull him aside.

“What’s wrong?” Stiles inquires, scared but worried.

Jackson is able to smell in the direction Stiles is facing to cautiously pace towards him only to feel the warmth of the touch.

Taking a hand to his face, Jackson is blocking anyone who might be watching.

But he looks even more ridiculous as his eyes remain closed but are now facing Stiles.

Jackson squints a bit harder, carefully releasing the eye grip on himself to slowly open his sockets and have Stiles check to see if they have rescinded into their natural color.

Once able, Stiles observes to see they are back to the lovely green he has come to admire, sighing breathes of relief. Jackson takes the sigh as conferment to lower his gaze, notice and see the touch that calmed him.

A quenching thirst now satiated, Jackson brings Stiles head forward to give him the pleasure of a semi-noticeable kiss in a public place.
Stiles blushed lobster red and reciprocates but hesitantly as he isn’t sure what causes this sudden show of emotions.

Smiling ridiculously into Jackson’s lips, small giggles escape and a smile eventually replaces the action, leaving Jackson to close the kiss himself.

“You’re an idiot. Let’s go,” Jackson hums and leads the way forward to the front doors; Stiles trailing behind quickly.

As they make their entrance known, Stiles cowardly falls in Jackson’s shadow for seeing all the high class stores; what Stiles interprets as high class.

All few times Stiles has been here has only been out of emergency at finding articles of clothing for special occasions.

Which include, but not limited to: weddings, family gatherings, school pictures and traveling.

However, not much of that happens anymore and due to his sudden growth spurt the summer before high school, there hasn’t been much need to buy anything new for a couple of years now.

The lingering memory of high prices and sacrifice his father has had to pull in the past to bring him here for those purchases haunts his mind into wanting to leave.

Crawling towards the door, Jackson grabs his arm this time around to pull him to his side and walk with confidence towards their first store.

For being new to how a relationship actually works, Stiles finds himself being turned into the reluctant boyfriend of being dragged into a situation he would avoid any way possible.

Jackson flies left and right, grabbing items from almost every rack, of every color, and passes some to Stiles while others he holds onto like children.

Walking over to the fitting rooms is the next stop in their trail and Jackson grabs a few articles more from Stiles hands while he enters and spends about half an hour through each item, assessing it with that Whittemore wisdom.

The same pattern continues from store to store as heaps of clothes are gathered yet, select items are taken and even fewer are purchased before their exit.

It’s tiring as much as it is redundant for the pattern makes Stiles feel the cons of being in a relationship, especially with a person like Jackson.

“I thought Lydia would be this bad. Didn’t realize it was universal,” Stiles says under his breath that earns him a slight head smack from Jackson as he dumps more clothes on his shoulders.

A stomach grumbling under the heaps of money masking as clothes is the closest indication of them being at this routine for too long.

Stiles grips his poor tummy and Jackson walks over to tussle his hair, smirking as he says, “One more store and then food for the baby.”

“Big baby!” Stiles puffs in victory, not understanding the hole he dug for himself. Stiles waits in line with a few, small articles of clothing Jackson will pay; small in quantity but not in amount.

Last stop, ultimate torture.
“Gucci,” Stiles reads, giving way into what must be shine city. Every piece, on every shelf, rack and counter, made Stiles shield his eyes with the reflection of the lights.

Being an outcast really played a pivotal role here. It’s difficult to maintain a cool composure since the name itself screamed ‘money;’ Stiles definitely almost exits.

His swiftness is interrupted when Jackson quickly pulls him into the fitting room he is in and has him sit in the little bench sometimes provided for added comfort.

“Better?” Jackson asks, continuing to strip.

Of all moments to feel uncomfortable, this one takes the cake.

Stiles’ focus is completely attained by the blank, and yet very well kept, floor. Studying it like a book, Stiles’ attention does not sway as articles of clothing are either picked up or dropped right before his head and side.

“Hey, I need your help,” Jackson spurts out rather loudly.

Stiles quickly gets up but his movements are slow for the rustle of his pants and squeak of his shoes verbally echo throughout the hall to advise every one of two individuals together in one confined space.

“Stilinski, hurry up and come here,” Jackson commands a bit louder.

“Shhh!” Stiles tosses back.

Jackson turns around and Stiles is greeted with a firm chest with abs leading to a small happy trail within open pants.

“Umm…” Stiles murmurs, facing forward, lifting his head up and away from the temptation.

Messy workings sound naughty and nice but inexperience overcomes intense urges to mildly participate.

“Something wrong?” Jackson asks and tugs at the long sleeve draped on his body.

“Why would anything be wrong?” Stiles throws back, still averting his gaze.

“Face me then,” Jackson persuades.

Closing his eyes to awaken himself from this dream, if it so is, Stiles opens them to watch Jackson's shirt slowly remove itself from his shoulders.

An audible gulp slips from Stiles throat, making Jackson laugh lightly to help ease his body closer and closer; gently riding a wave of pleasure.

“Zip and close this for me,” Jackson whispers, pointing to the buttons which shut his jean.

“Uhhh….don’t think that’s necessary,” Stiles hums, crawling back to his seat.

“I know,” Jackson winks. “I want you to.”

Pulling Stiles in closer, Jackson wraps his arms around Stiles' bony neck to keep meddling with the sleeves of his shirt to pull them in past his elbow.
Stiles’ mouth opens as his tongue runs around his lower lip to help ease his hands onto Jackson’s jeans, slowly attempting the process.

A small thrust of Jackson’s hips has Stiles jump in surprise but brings them waist to waist, almost grinding in a public fitting room.

Nervous breathes warm Jackson’s neck, warmer and heavier they get, and Stiles figures the first adjustment is from the back; end to beginning.

Hands floating, Stiles fumbles at finding the edge of Jackson’s jeans, slightly moving forward to better grasp at the problem.

The press of their tools makes Stiles tingle at the soft cushion, lust rising, ecstasy climbing and temptation folding, as the desire is uncontrollable.

Finding his mission, Stile’s hands grip tightly at the back edge and pulls it to fit snug in Jackson’s figure.

It’s a hard tug but playful for Jackson responds to the movement with soft grunts, and a moan, into Stiles’ ear.

“Sorry,” Stiles hums but Jackson ignores him.

The same pattern is followed all around Jackson’s waist until he is once more faced with his difficult dilemma.

“Start at the bottom,” Jackson instructs. “And work your way up.”

“Right,” Stiles thinks but not out loud; only nods.

The zipper is, of course, a river of lava to cross as Stiles disputes of it being so low, almost buried within this embrace.

Feeling it is like riding a bike, and touching it is like piloting a plane. Stiles pretends to reach for his own tool before he elevates his hand a bit to find the lost item.

Only his index and thumb are nimbly moving around as the rest of his hand remains closed for unnecessary motivation.

Useless and in vain as Stiles knuckles graze at Jackson’s underwear and lunge his hand forward to be successful in locating the zipper and bringing it up faster than his grades.

First hurdles have a reputation for being the most difficult but nevertheless, Stiles succeeded and proceeds to the buttons.

Each are not a puzzle and he handles them with ease and care but what greets him upon his completion is nothing less than a sly smirk.

Stiles isn’t vaguely aware if and when Jackson had finished rolling his sleeves but the struggle of forcing Stiles to imagine and live a fantasy was more than sufficient to make as enjoyable entertainment.

“Button me up?” Jackson asks, wrapping his arms seductively around Stiles neck.

The only response given are more wide eyes and a flick of the tongue: something easy, Stiles knows it.
Turns out to be anything but for after Jackson’s same instructions, “Start at the bottom and work your way up,” Jackson knowingly locks one of his hands within Stiles hair.

Each button buttoned earns Stiles a nice stroke on the back of his head and tender fingers cascading down across his lower body.

Seduction is ruined when Stiles fumbles close to the top and can’t put one button in its’ hole.

“Nice and easy,” Jackson murmurs, licking his lips in Stiles’ ear.

“I’m trying,” Stiles responds, sweating.

The scratching behind his head continues and Stiles feels it more bothersome that comforting.

Ruing the moment, it happens and Stiles sits down on the small bench to contemplate his failure.

Small breathes are taken in and grisy hands wipe his distraught away until Jackson comes up and carefully sits atop Stiles legs.

His weight isn’t entirely on Stiles’ lap for Jackson’s legs are spread evenly on both sides, but his body is pressed fervently against Stiles.

“Try again,” Jackson persuades.

Raising his hands with determination, Stiles focuses on the one button to seal it up tight.

“Completely forget about this hot guy straddling me, right?” Stiles wonders.

Finished and nothing less than feeling accomplished, the only thing left to do was examine the overall result.

Or it would be if Jackson would rise from where he is stationed but there is no hope as he fills Stiles eyes with pleasure.

A few fingers trail all around Stiles’ chest, cheek and head for the sensation never ceases, even slightly.

It’s rudely interrupted when Jackson eases himself too far into Stiles, forcing the back of his head to clash against the wall and have him voice out, “Ow!”

A cross between laughing and screeching out for pain, Jackson places his hand over Stiles mouth to shut out any indication of their frisk; public indecency at its finest.

“Are you okay in there, sir?” a young girl calls out from behind the door.

It would have been luck if no one actually cared enough to hear what was going on, right in front on their eyes.

“Shhhh…..” Jackson whispers to Stiles, pressing his lips onto his hand.

“Fine!” he yells out, answering the young lady back.

Jackson focuses his hearing to trail her footsteps out of range and once gone, releases his grip from Stiles mouth to let out a small laugh of amusement.

Satisfied with their play, Stiles rubs his injured area once more only for Jackson to wrap and tighten
his arms around Stiles waist and confer him with a kiss.

“Don’t think this shirt fits me. Find me another one?” Jackson says between pecks.

Persuasion is meaningless until you find the one person that makes you do without question.

Stiles quietly rises, and carefully, winds through the mix of clothes scattered all over the floor to exit silently.

“Everything okay?” a voice inquires.

Stiles quickly turns around to find the same voiced young lady who seconds ago asked if everything was peaches and cream at his cry in discomfort.

“Uh, yeah. Everything is fine. Just going to go get another sized shirt.” And Stiles begins walking away but is stopped out of courtesy.

“If you would like, I can go ahead and bring you another one?” she continues.

A nice gesture but Stiles doesn’t want to disappoint. He politely answers, “No, thank you,” and follows her instructions on where to locate them.

With all the shirts being neatly folded, taking out the correct size is like Jenga.

“Don’t make a mess or you won’t be allowed to window shop,” another voice calls out.

Sounding familiar, Stiles narrows his eyes of knowing to see a side smiled and giddy Allison.

“I’m trying my best but just touching them is making me anxious,” Stiles responds, inching for the Large.

“Isn’t that your life already?” Allison quips back, helping him.

“Not funny,” Stiles responds in slight anger but thankful for her help.

“What brings you here? Wasn’t aware this is your type of store?” Allison walks back to the jewelry she was first eyeing when Stiles gave in to her presence.

“Well, don’t think this place suits you either. Doesn’t have the ‘hunter’ and ‘prey’ vibe,” Stiles tosses back.

“The clothes, no. But the jewelry here can be melded with our arrows to make a more devastating piercing head,” Allison chimes.

“Okay…. ” Stiles murmurs and doesn’t settle on the thoughts of being impressed or terrified.

“Why aren’t you at school? Hanging out with someone?” Allison asks, waiting for a response.

“Somewhat,” Stiles answers back, still unsure of telling the truth to the others.

“Wait, why aren’t you in school?” Stiles asks, finding his mind.

“Lydia dragged me along. She wants more best friend time and she always get what she wants,” Allison sighs.

“Ha..Lydia,” Stiles scoffs back.
“Lydia……..Lydia?………….Lydia!!” Stiles remembers and loses his mind.

How could he have completely forgotten about Lydia? What would be her response to seeing Jackson with him? Her once true love and the guy that couldn’t stop obsessing over her?

Panic spreads fast and Stiles finds his face pale to the core with Allison starting to get worried.

“Stiles are you okay?” Allison asks, getting a bit nervous.

The feeling goes back as quickly as it came for some commotion at the registers grabs their attention along with a small crowd.

Both heading in the same direction, Stiles and Allison find themselves with an asshole Jackson yelling at some associates along with swinging some clothes to and fro from his hands.

In seconds, Stiles is already flying to Jackson’s side to discover what the trouble is. Truth be told, with the in store music and people around them, not much is making sense until Stiles grabs a hold of Jackson’s arm.

Bringing him to his senses, Jackson’s attention shifts to Stiles grasp and presence at his side, looking at him brings so much peace into Jackson’s body, he can easily answer when Stiles pushes hard with, “What’s going on?”

“Just…..” Jackson starts off and takes a breath, flexing where Stiles grip is.

“I only wanted them to bring me the same items of clothing but from the back. Ones that haven’t been worn by anyone. But this girl right here makes it look like I want the shirt off her back.”

Stiles faces a fury burning blonde that isn’t at all impressed by Jackson’s attitude. Most women would pass it off for his looks but not this one.

Soon, a tall, brunette woman makes her way into the cashier area and stands in front of all her associates; the manager.

“Wonderful,” Stiles gasps and he feels a slight shove from Jackson.

“What can I do for you?” she says, annoyed but professional.

“Look, all I want to know if it’s not too much trouble to give me the same items I have in my hands for ones in the back. Ones that haven’t been worn by anyone. If it costs more, I will gladly pay but it’s all I am asking.”

The sincerity coming from Jackson’s mouth stuns everyone, even his moody cashier for all eyes open with amazement at calmness coming from this angry guy.

“Not a problem. I can have one of my associates grab the items from the back and she will attend to you personally. I only ask that you wait off to the side so every one behind you can be able to pay.”

“Thank you,” Jackson chimes and steps off to wait.

Stiles stands with him without letting his arm free.

“Where were you?” Jackson begins to get angry again.

“Hey, none of that anymore, okay?” Stiles reciprocates back.
Stiles can feel the need of Jackson wanting to get close, as Jackson returns the grasp, but doesn’t and only pushes and pulls his arms on Stiles arms, hard huffs of breaths exiting his mouth.

Only as Jackson is paying for his items does Stiles take a minute to examine the entire store to find no trace of Allison.

She did mention she was here with Lydia so Stiles passes it off as meeting her but Stiles knows Allison too well for her to take notice they both were together. How much she saw and heard is another story but for the time being, focus on Jackson’s mood.

On their exit, it hadn’t occurred to either of them that food was missing. Almost all afternoon had gone by and no grub whatsoever.

They settle in the food court and chow down with some good, old fashioned pizza before Stiles bugs Jackson for a little extra to drink his meal down with a milkshake.

Jackson buys himself one in response to Stiles suggesting they could share one and one straw. Though Jackson did take a sip from both when he picked them up and before he handed Stiles his.

Taking the flirt into account, Stiles happily accepts it and they both trail to their last their true, final stop.

A bit unexpected yet hardly surprising, their last store is a VANS.

Memories come flooding back and Stiles smiles to himself at seeing Jackson so cool, and natural the Friday before the full moon at the library.

Stiles is leading the way, feeling at home, when Jackson comes up behind him.

“Go and pick up some new clothes,” he commands.

“Are you serious?” Stiles gasps.

“If you are going to be…..” Jackson starts off. “….with me, then you are least need to be decent enough.”

If this isn’t another plus to dating someone like Jackson, what is? Stiles wants to do something to thank him but settles for subtle hand gestures that earn him a pinch from Jackson to hurry and pick out his items.

Stiles almost knows exactly what to get but gets annoyed when he shows up with about a day’s worth of clothes as Jackson turns him around, saying, “More!”

At the register, Jackson had actually picked up a few items himself and the amount scared Stiles a bit but compared to their other stores and previous purchases, it’s a cake walk.

“Do you still want to grab some dinner?” Jackson asks on their way to his car.

“Are you buying?” Stiles throws at him, insulting and yet teasing.

This time Jackson doesn’t let up as he pulls him close and kisses him smart ass mouth.

“Mmm…that was delicious,” Stiles answers, licking his lips.

“For more, you are going to have to pay,” Jackson quips, letting Stiles regain his balance.
“Oh yeah? And what’s the price?” Stiles asks, pressing his body forward.

His attention is allowing him to notice nothing except for Jackson’s now vacant expression.

Suddenly, Jackson is shaking with angst. Stiles can tell it’s not out of fear because Jackson’s eyes are burning as well as narrow.

Dropping his bags forces Stiles to turn his gaze at what has Jackson’s body standing still.

Looking in the direction of Jackson’s Porsche, without mistaking it, an arrow is dug deep into the back right tire.

The car is standing lopsided and Stiles isn’t sure what is making Jackson furious, the damage or the arrow.

After more blatant stares, Jackson moves forward and reaches to take it out and break in half when they hear a familiar voice.

“Don’t touch it!”

Derek makes his appearance from the shadows of broad daylight to walk over and join them.

“How long have you been following us?” Stiles presses, worried.

“Not long enough to see who did this,” Derek answers but Stiles hopes it wasn’t long enough to see more than he needed.

“Use your eyes,” he tells Jackson. “It’s laced with wolfsbane.”

Stiles watches Derek’s alpha and Jackson’s beta blue eyes glow with power as they view the arrow.

So many questions swirl in all their heads, it’s difficult to know where to begin.

First things first. Derek instructs Stiles to remove the arrow and examine it for them.

Stiles is aware the idea it to find a symbol of some sort to give way as to what group of hunters it originates from but nothing.

Nothing is recognizable in the slightest and Stiles practically gives up.

“Aren’t you more experienced than any of us? Can’t you tell us anything?” Stiles says in desperation.

“I can’t. But they might,” Derek murmurs and leans his head forward to give way of Allison and Lydia walking in their direction.

If Pandora’s box isn’t opened all the way, it’s well on its way for things cannot get any worse.

Derek walks a few steps back, remembering well where he and Allison stand but not afraid as Stiles puts great distance from Jackson.

“Hey…” Allison nervously greets all of them, though her greeting is directed solely at Stiles.

Lydia doesn’t look too interested though she does steal a glance at Jackson and he does the same. She smiles at Stiles when they meet eyes and Derek just gets a fast gaze.
“Is something wrong?” Allison immediately interjects, taking away all the attention.

“This,” Stiles speaks and shows her the arrow.

Taken back, Allison gasps at the sight and Stiles shyly points at the flattened tire on Jackson’s Porsche. Although not slow, she understands why Stiles is the one holding it.

“Think you can tell us anything?” Stiles asks and places the arrow within her hands.

She looks at it professionally and intensely to find the missing clue. No eyes have moved from her for the tension within their group is so thick, a sword wouldn’t be able to cut it.

The more she studies it, the more she feels it familiar and more so when she pulls off the arrowhead and through a low hum says, “This can’t be…”

Jackson and Derek make their way closer to her for they clearly heard and upon their movement, Lydia and Stiles mimic the motion.

“What is it?” Stiles inquires, the only one being able to speak.

“It’s….” Allison hesitates. “This is my father’s”

Stiles eyes narrow and widen at hearing her utter the truth. Derek angrily sighs as if aware it was him all along, and Lydia seems indifferent as Jackson cracks his knuckles.

“Are you saying that your father is after Jackson?” Stiles pushes.

“I-I don’t know,” Allison huffs. “I don’t think he would do this unless he had a reason, plus…”

She doesn’t get to finish as Jackson clears his throat to not advise to anyone what occurred the morning before school started.

“He-he wouldn’t do this without me knowing is all,” Allison figures it best to not get so overwhelmed without knowing the details.

“Okay, thanks for the info,” Stiles says but isn’t sure what to do.

“Looks like we need a ride,” he jokes out and Derek quickly responds, “I can take you guys home.”

A couple drops of sweat fall down Stiles back as Jackson begins gathering his things to follow Derek to wherever his car is parked.

Allison hands the arrow back but takes the arrowhead with her, seeing as it’s her father’s to either return it or question him about the act.

Lydia casually waves goodbye but in no particular direction and to no one only finalizing her indifference at the whole incident which makes Derek happy, Stiles confused and Jackson shy away.

The awkwardness continues as Jackson and Stiles reach Derek’s Camaro. All their purchases are placed in the trunk but when Jackson opens the side door, Stiles hopes in without a second thought as Jackson ponders his.

Stuck between doing what he wants to do and needs to do, the pressure is lifted when Stiles takes the initiative and brings the seat up to allow Jackson to join Derek up front.

Catching Derek off guard, Stiles grips Jackson’s hand on the seat to notify him of his understanding.
The ride to Stiles home is quiet but Stiles is faintly aware Derek and Jackson might be talking in low hums.

Probably not because Jackson keeps looking in the rear view mirror, assessing Stiles mood, taking it into account.

Pulling up slowly, Derek parks and waits for Jackson to return after escorting Stiles to the door.

With his bags in tow, Stiles makes it without being a bumbling idiot and turns around to conveniently have Jackson block his entire figure away from Derek’s gaze.

“Thanks for today. It was fun amidst a few bumps,” Stiles laughs.

“Sorry for that,” Jackson replies and this time, Stiles isn’t shy about bringing his hand to caress at that gentle cheek.

“Eh, it’s just you being you,” Stiles hums. “You better hurry. Derek isn’t known for his patience.”

Jackson grins and grabs hold of Stiles hands and places them upon his chest.

Stiles can feel the heartbeat as slow paced and serene, like the ripples in a pond.

Forehead to forehead, the birds chirping and trees swaying are little discomfort being well into one another.

“Well, I better be going,” Jackson sighs and releases his hands first.

Nodding, Stiles lets go to replace Jackson’s arms with his clothes and backpack to unlock the door and walk inside.

A stomach grumbling in the living room reminds Stiles of their lost dinner date.

“Ugh…..no…” Stiles whines as he tosses his lifeless body on the couch.

Utterly disappointed, no use in crying over spilled milk forces Stiles to walk upstairs and semi put away his newly received items.

Derek and Jackson still don’t converse until they pull up on the front of Jackson’s lawn.

Derek reaches for his keys to turn off the engine but not before Jackson halts his action by speaking the same words, “I know.”

Derek nods in both, victory and annoyance, amazed at how far this is going.

“Just because you aren’t officially in the pack doesn’t mean you can’t ask for help when you need it. I expect you to.”

“Just like you expect me to look out for Stiles,” Jackson throws back.

“Yes, I do,” Derek responds without guilt.

“And what about Allison’s father? You really think he has something to do with this?” Jackson asks.

“I wouldn’t put it past him. Even if she believes her father wouldn’t be capable of something like this.”
Derek adjusts his body within his seat to make aware his caution.

“They are getting serious. I’m not entirely sure what their angle is but be careful. I’ll let Isaac know and Scott will also be wary.”

Jackson is already out the car and gathering his belongings from the trunk but using his werewolf hearing to pick up Derek’s words.

“Let me know if anything comes up,” Derek begins. “And don’t forget.”

“To ask for help when I need it,” Jackson quips.

“To look out for him,” Derek whispers, ringing clearly in Jackson’s ears.

His footsteps cease for a brief moment at the thought of those words. Once the moment is gone, Jackson keeps trudging back to his front door.

There is no waiting on Derek’s part as he flies out of sight, leaving Jackson to enter an empty house once more.

Through the drive, Derek knows Jackson is well aware of questioning his motivations for involving himself so intricately with Stiles but he is no less confident than he was before for setting them up together.

“More time,” Derek tells himself.

At the refrigerator door, Jackson finds a note attached to some money saying:

‘Out of town for the next few days. Here is some money right now and more will later be deposited into your account. –Mom’

“Excellent,” Jackson puffs out and walks upstairs.

Without catching his breath, Danny is already messaging him.

Danny: “I’ve got the homework from class whenever you want to pick it up.”

Jackson: “Whatever.”

Danny: “Did something happen?”

The insistent part of Danny butting in where his nose doesn’t belong is striking a nerve every time he intentionally tries not to.


Danny: “Just worried that’s all.”

Jackson: “Well now, that’s something unheard of.”

Danny: “Surprised?”

Jackson: “Wasn’t aware that is your thing.”

Danny: “It’s not.”
Jackson: “Jerk.”

Danny: “Asshole.”

Jackson: “Douche”

Danny: “Glad to know you are fine, tight ass.”

Jackson: “Just peachy, smart ass.”

Danny: “You can pick it up whenever, just let me know.”

Jackson: “I’m already on my way.”

The entire time spent texting Danny, Jackson had fixed his entire closet to accommodate his new duds and rid himself of his worn out, or last season’s attire.

Taking the money from the fridge on his way out the door, he settles with using his truck as OnStar would be able to take care of his Porsche for the second time.

Arriving at Danny’s house, his figure is making itself comfortable on the porch swing outside with a glass of tea at his side.

“So elegant,” Jackson teases as he takes a seat at his side.

“Of course! Always the best for this guy,” Danny responds as he passes a glass to Jackson.

He takes it and sips but only slightly for tea doesn’t really do much for him but out of respect for being a guest.

Danny already has the folder out and waiting when Jackson lifts it and opens to graze through each assignment.

Nothing out of his intelligence and not time consuming, only basics and review for upcoming final exams in a few weeks time.

Though Danny does bug him about some particular items he can’t comprehend, Jackson lends his mind for a few minutes when Danny’s phone vibrates, distracting in Jackson’s ears.

“Looks like you’ve been pretty busy lately,” Jackson quips when Danny takes it out only to ignore the message.

“Nothing really,” Danny laughs nervously.

Furious movements are made to shove down his phone hard into his pocket.

Jackson can hear a slight screen crack from the screen in response to the hard push but only Danny knows what’s going on.

“Hey, and now that we are kind of on the same subject, I want to apologize for being so nosy lately,” Danny finishes.

Satisfaction covers Jackson completely and nothing in the world could be sweeter.

“It’s just, you used to talk to me about so much and now I feel kind of left out of the loop,” Danny starts saying again.
Victories are short lived and the reek of remorse almost causes Jackson to cover his nose but the guilt is equally shared.

Troubled sighs escape Jackson’s mouth into the thin air to complement the sourness of the atmosphere around them.

“Don’t worry about it,” Jackson says with a hard clasp on Danny’s shoulder.

Their friendship hasn’t been close to what anyone would call ideal but it’s weird in a ‘only they understand each other’ type of deal.

Jackson exits with thanking Danny for the tea, finishing it no less, and takes the folder to occupy himself for a couple hours, max, with some practice writing.

Not in the right mood to do homework, Jackson’s stomach grumbles to bring up to the surface he and Stiles dinner date.

Reaching for his phone, Jackson forgoes a practical approach and decides on something that would suit Stiles’ alley.

In his room, Stiles can’t help but feel like a girl on prom night with his new attire.

Every article of clothing is tried and mixed with his old rags and some actually make him look and feel comfortable and stylish.

Having his music blast into the street, a PING from his phone distracts him long enough to stop his loony dancing.

Scott: “Hey, what you are doing?”

“Scott!!” Stiles yells through the beat.

Stiles: “Scott! Just being young.”

Scott: “Glad to hear it!”

Stiles: “What about you? What are you up to?”

Scott: “Honestly, I just got done talking with Allison.”

The music in Stiles room stops to signal the change of mood.

Stiles: “Oh. And what did she tell you?”

Stiles lowers down the volume and sits down at knowing this was to be expected.

Scott: “She told me about the arrow.”

Stiles: “Yeah, it sounds like trouble.”

Scott may be withholding what else Allison told him but unless Scott brings it up, Stiles isn’t going to mention a word.

Scott: “Did Derek mention anything else after they left or off to the side?”
Stiles: “No, he didn’t. He looked just as surprised as we did.”

Scott: “She also told me about you being with Jackson.”

There it is.

Stiles: “Yeah, we were at the mall hanging out.”

Scott: “He doesn’t seem like the type to casually invite people to be with him. Must be special or something.”

This beating around the bush is starting to build a foundation of anger.

Anymore and Stiles might blurt it out; Scott needs to figure out if he wants to know or not.

Stiles: “Well, hopefully Allison can find something about the arrow or else we might have another problem on all our hands.”

Scott: “She gave me her word she would tell me anything she found out.”

Stiles: “Let’s see what happens.”

Scott: “Yeah.”

From being excited to melancholic, Stiles paces to and fro from his door to his window, walking off the bad vibes.

Unknown to him, Jackson has parked in the driveway and slowly inched his way up his side wall leading up to his window.

With the window creaking slightly under his weight, Jackson positions himself to lunge at Stiles with force and catches him off guard while still searching through his phone.

“Jackso…” Stiles mumbles but doesn’t finish for Jackson has covered his mouth once more.

“Hey there,” Jackson winks.

Stiles smiles back, but half heartedly, letting his phone drop gracefully on the carpet below.

With curious eyes, Jackson picks up easily on the scent and with the instinct, knows what to apply.

Concern mixed with trust meld with Jackson’s actions in moving his arms onto the side of Stiles head, one gently lifting it up.

“Something wrong?” Jackson says through soft rubs.

Stiles wrinkles his face to forcefully fix his mood, thus his scent, but like Danny, Jackson knows some messages were the problem for Stiles eyes can’t be taken away from the floor where he phone lays.

“I’ve got an idea,” Jackson says, picking him up.

“You have an idea?” Stiles quirks.

“You’re the idiot,” Jackson tosses and throws Stiles head back.
“Ha,” Stiles murmurs and Jackson is glad for the slight change in mood.

“We forgot about dinner. You still interested?” Jackson asks.

Stiles appreciates the effort but isn’t so sure food will fix this problem. Whether or not Jackson is aware Allison, Lydia, Scott and Derek know about their ‘hangouts’ forces Stiles to know his friends aren’t that stupid; they know.

Sighing with his back turned, he walks to the doorway but not sure if he is accepting the invitation or wanting to physically get out of sight from everyone at the present time.

Unaware of his changing chemo-signals, Jackson walks up to him and grabs his hand for good measure to take the initiative and insist, for a change.

Other than a cherry on top, the next best thing comes with Stiles pressing a kiss on Jackson’s cheek for reassurance at the company and gesture.

“I guess I can spare some time for my werewolf in shining armor,” Stiles says and walks downstairs to the waiting truck.

Jackson rejects the name by twisting his head to the side but a sting from his chest burns his body for an instant and like a flash, it’s gone.

There isn’t a slight bump in the road throughout their exit from Stiles home all the way to the restaurant.

Their booth at the restaurant is a quiet corner with enough space to sit side by side if persuaded but Stiles settles on holding Jackson on the way back home after their meal.

As if Jackson had never been to Beacon Hills before, Stiles is narrating the entire trip back, reminiscing all his memories, recent and old; reading the storybook of his life.

Almost every street sign, park swing, and fence had a story behind it and Jackson listened with a careful ear, a gripped arm and rested head on his shoulders.

Back home, the sheriff was already inside and watching tv, counting the minutes on his son’s arrival.

No walk to the door this time as Jackson and Stiles bid their farewells inside the truck.

“Thanks. I really needed this,” Stiles says while reaching to unbuckle his seat belt.

“Dinner wasn’t that expensive and you practically did all the talking,” Jackson laughs off.

It’s easy to see how Jackson can casually misunderstand or misinterpret the plainly obvious but lucky for Stiles, he doesn’t mind reiterating his point.

“No…” Stiles says with oomph. “I mean, thanks for spending time with me.”

Soft smiles become tender feelings and Jackson can’t resist asking a very thought out, and yet simple, question.

“Can I ask you something?” Jackson says into his mirror.

A little taken back by the boldness, Stiles adjust his seat and his body to prepare his mind on the right words.
Figuring it might be something complicated or disrespectful, the anticipation is more worrying than the look Jackson has spread on his face.

“Why do you put up with me?” he speaks.

Only this question could make Stiles feel like he has completely cast himself into the ocean which is Jackson.

Straight to the point, all it does is afermate what he already convinces himself of each morning and night.

“Maybe…” Stiles begins. “It’s because of your looks.”

Jackson scoffs as Stiles creeps closer to him.

“Maybe it’s because of your money.” Stiles hands move onto Jackson’s leg.

“Maybe it’s all the power behind the name. Or your skills in lacrosse. Perhaps your almost genius level of intelligence.”

As Stiles hands trace around Jackson’s body, Jackson’s face is the only thing that keeps getting further and further away.

“Or maybe it’s the devilish charm,” Stiles finishes off.

“Or maybe, just maybe,” he starts again but has a hold of Jackson’s chin to bring himself closer to his mouth.

“Maybe it’s because I want to,” Stiles breathes into Jackson’s lips, closing them with a soft kiss.

The air coming from Jackson’s body is warm and hungry, craving and living on the edge like it never has been before.

Stiles can taste the lust with each rise of Jackson’s lungs and satiates it with his own desire.

Sparks send a slight buzz and tingle into Jackson’s spine, followed with a fervent huff into Stiles mouth.

Letting the moment last its full time, Stiles is now cowered over Jackson as the two sit still, taking in the full force of passion.

After split seconds, a car horn from down the road stuns their reality and allows for them to smile and giggle at their antics to pass off as normal encounters each time they meet.

One last show of fun and Stiles breaks away long enough for Jackson to adjust his steering wheel and seat to drive off and bore himself with lifeless papers.

Still the gentleman, he waits for Stiles to reach and open the front door as Stiles bows to his knight, giving him the permission to ride into the sunset and continue his duties.

All the while, the sheriff is already bombarding Stiles with questions as he gently lifts his hands to answer them one by one.

Chapter End Notes
Oh man, this one took me longer than expected. Really glad I got to finish it so here you go everyone. All I have to say is that there was a lot of different directions this chapter went so sorry it just jumped from one thing to another. Thank you for sticking with me. Always appreciated.
Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

"You aren’t going anywhere"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In his bedroom, Jackson is writing sluggishly to show his discomfort at the homework mocking his intelligence. The papers fly from one side of his desk to the other at his rapid pace in finishing each one, though the piles never cease on both ends.

Fishing the last two sheets, his eyes start to twitch and recede his vision, making it difficult to write. The pencil in his hand swerves left and right, and chicken scratch replace his elegant words.

Opening them harder, Jackson grunts and forces his hand down to steady his motions but forcing it down only makes it near impossible to move the utensil around.

“Are you kidding me?” he growls and almost rips the sheet apart when he remembers what will occur when he doesn’t have a paper to turn in at class tomorrow.

Taking a nice, long huff of air, Jackson steadies his hand once more and upon hearing the snap of the tip, crumbles it to dust.

“Dammit!” he yells and practically wakes all neighboring dogs into barking.

“Shut up!” Jackson orders and with the force of a bit of a shift, is able to silence them completely.

Calling it quits, the entire stack of papers is shoved into his backpack far enough to hide out of plain sight.

In a sudden burst of anger, Jackson rises from his chair, walks over to the far corner of his room, punches and shatters the only mirror staring back at him. All the pieces fly in all directions and avoid his figure all together but land circular and create a barrier to barricade him in.

“Shit shit shit shit shit shit shit shit!!...” Jackson starts yelling. “Fuck this crap! Dammit! This is freaking ridiculous!”

Words after swearing never cease from Jackson’s mouth as they only fuel him to shout louder and curse harder.

Only when he hears his phone ring does he swerve in the carpet to answer with such a straightforward response.

“What!! What the hell do you want?!?”

Only small breathing is audible coming from the other side of the call and Jackson almost gives himself away.
“I can hear you so you might as well speak. Answer, dammit!”

Jackson’s out of control mood is starting to overcome all his normality and the darken clouds seem to purposefully over cloud the town, as if responding to his emotions.

“I just thought I would let you know you left some clothes of yours in my bags. I can give them to you tomorrow when I see you.”

CLICK! And the phone call ends.

Jackson slumps in his seat at the sudden twist of irony. Asking Stiles why he puts up with him is bad enough; verbally harassing him over the phone only counters their entire conversation entirely and forces Stiles to leave Jackson out in the cold.

Squatting down on his knees, Jackson eyes catch sight of a broken shard big enough to view one side of his face, mirroring his soul.

A broken, beautiful disaster.

Cradling his hands into his face, Jackson whispers, “Stiles…” and the gentle air flowing into his room carry the words right outside to echo throughout the night sky.

Meanwhile, his room reverberates with his heart beating softly.

Sighing heavily, struggling to rise up, Jackson finds the necessary strength to stagger all the way to his bed and worm his way comfortably, sleep consuming him like a drug.

At the break of dawn, Jackson lifts his body in a strained sit up, feeling it so heavy from last night.

These restless nights are getting to be rather troublesome and he wonders why his body feels….distracted.

“Yeah,” Jackson murmurs above a whisper.

The tired feeling is present, as always, but the concentration is out of focus. Which has never happened before, or at least prior to his change to werewolf, but unnoticed is not quite the right word.

Distracted is as close as it will be. However, Jackson is completely unaware there is effort put into getting some rest.

Never mind the whole ironic idea, it’s like……it’s like…….

“It’s like missing home,” Jackson whispers.

“But… I am… home?....”

It sounds stranger more so when it exits his mouth. How can you actually miss something you have always had?

It’s difficult to process and the whole morning, Jackson can’t help but struggle, physically struggle, to gather his strength and go about his normal routine.

At school and at the locker room, Jackson gives Danny a small greeting upon meeting eyes and Danny responds by waving off as he exits.
Jackson yawns excessively for each item he stores inside his bag and stretches every few seconds.

“Jackson, Friday night so first line gathering tonight,” Patrick calls out.

“Not today,” Jackson replies back, yawning after his response.

“Come on Whittemore! Fun time all around. Hanging out and getting drunk. What's wrong with that?” Troy yells in excitement.

“Waking up, plastered as fuck,” Jackson quips back easily.

“Never stopped you before,” Patrick teases, tugging Jackson's shoulders.

Jackson glares and knows it’s meant as anything but a compliment.

“Yeah, well I wouldn’t want to embarrass you lightweights,” Jackson huffs.

All the guys around them praise Jackson’s comeback as Troy scoffs at the comment and Patrick scowls at the remark.

“Fine, hang out with the losers,” Patrick calls behind his back.

And without missing a beat, Jackson rapidly fires, “No thanks, I won’t be with them tonight.”

Most of the guys around the locker room cheer for they know Jackson’s insult isn’t aimed at them as much as two guys in particular. So, they give Jackson some small pats on the shoulder for still being the top dog.

Jackson actually cracks a tiny grin as Stiles suddenly makes his appearance. Without thinking twice, Jackson knows it's for his lack of presence outside in the parking lot or the front doors.

Forcing his locker door to block his view, Stiles reluctantly approaches and faces Jackson’s steel frame instead of his soft face.

Taking more steps forward, Stiles reaches into his backpack to extract a small plastic bag with Jackson’s folded shirts.

Stiles had gone the extra mile, folded and wrapped them like gentle gifts, but only hums, “Here are the clothes I mentioned last night,” and quietly walks away.

Before he gets far, Jackson grips the metal door so tight, it creaks into Stiles’ ears but the sounds doesn’t halt his footsteps towards his first class.

Moving on robotic movements, Jackson grasps the bag and carefully places it into his backpack, not in his locker.

On Stiles second class with Harris, Scott and Isaac seem to be buzzing and guessing about what information Allison might have to share with them during lunch but Scott is half focused on anything else except Stiles' mood.

Stiles didn't really arise in an extra happy mood not only due to Jackson’s burst of maliciousness but also partly because of Scott.

\[\textit{Stiles had been so engulfed in his sentimentality of gushing over Jackson in his truck, the homework date with Scott was a long lost memory.}\]
After being interrogated by his father, per usual, Stiles takes out his phone to reach out to his 'never fail' brother of a lifetime.

Stiles: “Scott, sorry about not coming over to work on the assignment.”

Scott: “…”

Stiles: “Scott?”

Scott: “…”

Stiles: “Scott, I know you are there. Answer me!”

Only a couple of minutes had gone by but Stiles was overreacting to accept years had passed.

Stiles: “SCOTT!”

And Stiles yells into his phone. It might have been better to call but Stiles is erupting with anger at being ignored. Seconds tick until a swift reply force Stiles to already give an irritated response.

Scott: “Stiles, is there somet….”

Scott doesn’t even get to finish as Stiles message barricades his own.

Stiles: “SCOTT! ARE YOU IGNORING ME?!?”

So much confusion and surprise jump start Scott’s fingers to type fast and send his answer before Stiles adds more fuel to the fire.

Scott: “No, Stiles. I was downstairs and I left my phone in my room. I did hear it though so I went and got it as soon as I could. Is something wrong?”

Stiles: “No, nothing is wrong. Nothing like being treated like a complete outcast from the one person you least expect it from.”

Scott: “Stiles, I am not like that and you know it. Can you seriously tell me what’s going on?”

Stiles: “Oh, so now you want to listen to me. You sure you have the time?”

Scott: “You know I do. Just talk to me.”

Stiles: “No, I get it! Fine by me.”

Only being able to see one person who can fix all this, Stiles punches in Jackson’s number only to have him bite his head off.

Okay, so it isn’t entirely Scott’s fault but nevertheless, Stiles feels……uncomfortable.

Isaac begins to sniff into the air, a peculiar scent wafting all over. Scott notices and begins to sniff as well as they become oblivious to standing from their chairs to better catch it.

“Mr. McCall, take your seat,” Harris calls without looking up from grading papers.

Isaac falls under the same orders and slides into his chair, just as Scott, but faces in Scott's direction
to see him staring hard at Stiles.

Only Scott knows this to be the similar scent he has been picking up for a while. It doesn’t reek, it only makes Scott extremely edgy and bothered. It forces his nostrils to push out air like dust has clouded his sinuses.

Isaac can pick up the same scent and although he scrunches his nose, it’s better off for him to ignore it, not allowing to affect him in the slightest.

By the time the lunch bell rings, Jackson is walking towards the cafeteria to join in with the others and hear what news Allison has for all of them.

Half a day gone by and dreary feelings were all that could answer in every corner.

As soon as Jackson picks up his food, Isaac is already sitting and waiting for the group; taking it as a sign everyone else will soon follow.

Upon his arrival, Isaac eyes him carefully but gives a slight nod and a stern smile to acknowledge his friendship. Jackson gives a nod back for at least getting some small weight lifted.

Danny happens to be the next one to arrive and although he tries to sit directly next to Jackson, Jackson clears his throat and Danny still sits, but puts a space between one another.

Lydia and Allison arrive next to sit opposite Isaac but Allison is about a chair away from facing Jackson directly. She gives a held-back smile and Jackson nods the same way as he did with Isaac.

Scott arrives rushing in, unsure if Allison already began telling the group but confident at the same time to know she would wait for him.

Bittersweet is all Jackson tastes on his tongue when a frail bodied body isn’t directly behind Scott.

Not really seeing a reason to stay, as he can find out from Isaac what Allison says, and not caring, Jackson nearly leaves when he can hear Stiles’ snarky voice in the distance.

“Nothing double chocolate cake can’t fix,” Stiles hums and huffs proudly at his double dessert.

Coming up to the table, Stiles views all around at the seating and nothing screams louder than the empty chair to his special werewolf.

There is some hesitation when he views and stares at it, as if wanting it to jump out and sit him down atop it, but Jackson does that as he subtlety tries to signal Stiles to come over.

Without minding the show all around, Stiles walks over and Jackson watches for him to come closer and closer, not knowing exactly what Stiles is feeling, his senses failing him.

When Stiles gets close enough to sit down, he greets Jackson with such a warm smile, the mountains sing.

The angels are playing joyous songs, oceans are applauding with waves of ecstasy and all of nature is roaring with content.

Wishing and yet holding back from doing something that would really catch anyone’s attention as Stiles sits down, Stiles makes if further comforting by giving a quick shove into Jackson’s rib that earns him a tight squeeze on his leg and a full smile.

Not allowing themselves to get overwhelmed, they all eat their food with small banter until Allison
gets right down to business.

She actually waits a bit as a few classmates join Danny and he engages with them in conversation with homework for the following week.

“Well, looks like this gets more complicated,” Allison starts off.

“And how can this get any worse?” Scott asks wearily.

“The arrow head is my father’s but according to him, it was part of some other weapons and gadgets that were stolen.”

“Stolen?!?” Stiles says through some chocolate.

Jackson raises his brows and smiles but cringes to see this particular face.

“Any louder if you please,” Jackson whispers to him.

Not aware of his actions, Jackson raises his hand to brush off some slight crumbs off Stiles’ lower jaw line. No one lifts their eyes from their current position except for Allison as she watches Jackson and Stiles interact closely.

Stiles rolls his eyes and turns them back to Allison to continue to hear her out. Though when Jackson turns to her, it dawns on the reason why they met at the sports store a couple week’s back.

It must have been a surprise to Allison, all this information. For if she would have known, there wouldn’t be a reason to be clueless.

“Well, do we at least know who took them?” Scott says.

“No and I don’t know why either,” Allison sighs.

“*sigh*... It’s too easy, sweetheart,” Lydia answers into her mirror.

“Someone wants to ignite the fires between your family and your rivals.”

Allison looks at Lydia with shock and displeasement until Lydia pats her hand.

“No offense but someone wants to make you, and of course you,” And she points to Scott and Isaac, purposefully ignoring Jackson, “…fight each other. You know, to get the worst possible outcome.”

No one really wants Lydia to say it and the table falls silent until Danny quips in.

“What was stolen?” Danny asks.

Scott and Stiles look at him as Allison tries to shy away from answering.

“Don’t think this concerns you,” Jackson bites.

Danny only brushes him aside until Scott gives a more proper and nicer response.

“Nothing that we would only bore you with. But if we need your help, I’m sure we will let you know.”

“Thanks, Scott,” Danny says as he rises from his chair to dump his tray in the trash can. “At least one of you is human.”
And at Danny’s turned back, everyone’s faces look at Scott with anger. Given Danny’s words, he might as well have called him out as a werewolf. And why involve him anyways? Scott worries too much about people but it seems like he voluntarily brings them in to the action; it seemed like the right call, at the moment.

Scott shrugs in response, indifferent to all the pressure clinging on his back.

“So, what’s the next step?” Isaac chimes in.

Jackson picks up Isaac is only asking to later tell Derek.

“We can try and figure out who might have them but there are not any leads to go on,” Allison says in a low tone.

“Simple, really,” Stiles murmurs through more cake.

Scott waits for some brilliant plan that would involve trouble, breaking the law, and risk their lives.

“We just go back to the restaurant and wait. Steak out!” he voices rather proudly.

“And ‘steak’ for what?” Isaac inquires.

“The culprits, no duh! Standard procedure says, “The criminal always goes back to the scene of the crime.””

Lydia actually hums, “Mmmhhmmmm,” and waves her hand to further applaud Stiles' idea which earns him more nods from Allison, Scott and even Jackson.

“Okay, but we can’t risk all of us going,” Scott begins. “I say we just go Isaac, you and I. We don’t want to attract too much attention.”

Stiles is a bit overly excited to be on another adventure even though there hasn’t been a lack of, but Jackson is more than uneasy.

When the end lunch bell rings, Jackson casually grabs Stiles aside into a small corner to have some privacy.

“Easy with the goods. Something wrong?” Stiles questions and shakes, not seeing a reason to be nervous.

Or at first he isn’t until Jackson keeps opening his mouth, stumbling for words. A first amongst their togetherness until he can’t say anything but, “I don’t think Isaac should go.”

“Uh, Scott only wants him because he knows it’s a better alternative than bringing Derek,” Stiles tweets.

Stiles isn’t so sure what might be going through Jackson’s head until he thinks about what Scott’s plan is; he, Scott and Isaac having a steak out to look for some hunters/killers.

It clicks silently in Stiles mind.

“Oh…” Stiles gasps and picks up on the obvious.

When they meet eyes, Stiles is the one who can read some concern along with anxiety.

“Look, Scott will look out for me and given that I have been with him since the whole deal with
Peter, I’m pretty sure I can handle my own,” Stiles responds with confidence.

“It’s not that. I mean, these are the people that tried to kill me so I just think it's best this is something I should do,” Jackson says silently at the floor.

Fluffiness builds inside Stiles stomach at seeing this proud, confident, muscle of a man get nervous about him wondering off on his own. It’s sweet, very sweet.

“Two things: One: If that is the case, why not bring it up to Scott? And two: We are trying to avoid trouble and not cause it,” Stiles quips with some oomph.

Although sweet, Stiles knows he can push the right buttons to annoy and calm Jackson into reassuring him. He has his way with people, it's a gift.

“Okay, two more things to those. One: I am not really sure if Scott, how shall we say, considers me a part of your ‘pack,’” Jackson quotes. “And two: Really?”

Jackson on the other hand, can completely throw himself towards someone who can appreciate his strong attitude and not take it up the ass as being a dick.

“You’re an idiot,” Jackson continues and brings his hands under Stiles’ arms to wrap them around his neck.

Giggling like a small child, Stiles buries his nose into Jackson’s chest and smells the expensive cologne.

“Yes, but I am your idiot,” he voices into Jackson’s shirt.

Without looking into his eyes, the sincerity pouring from Stiles lips raises volumes of untouched emotions within Jackson, dormant since forever, and although a bit stricken with the newness, Jackson brushes past Stiles scruffy hair to kiss his head.

“Careful grumpy wolf, we don’t want to put on a show,” Stiles hums to turn around and see a few girls walk past them in the distance.

“Kind of like the sweet, sour smell of jealously,” Jackson whispers into Stiles’ ear.

“Oh, I can only imagine how delicious it must taste inside that monstrous mouth,” Stiles replies.

“Very, very delicious,” Jackson mouths and places his tongue on Stiles neck to lick up.

Once at an exposed part, Jackson opens wider and allows his teeth to settle quietly on Stiles skin and makes them grow for Stiles to feel what it’s like to be an animal.

“Ah...” Stiles pants and from Jackson, the bite would be more than welcomed.

“Mmmmmm….we need to get to class,” Stiles murmurs, small regret at pushing Jackson’s body away.

“Fine,” Jackson huffs and straightens himself out, angsty faced.

“Like it when you are moody,” Stiles winks and that earns him a hard huff of hot air into his face.

As they both walk to class, Danny runs up to Jackson and almost bumps into him if not for the squeak of his shoes on the tile floor to give away his incoming position.
“Hey!” he yells, noticing Stiles only a few steps away.

“Oh, am I interrupting something?” Danny asks, shying off.

“No, you weren’t,” Jackson responds calmly and nods away to Stiles.

“Ah, well I just wanted to let you know there is an underground club throwing a party this weekend. Sort of asking you to be my wingman, FYI,” Danny speaks rather excitedly.

“Am I a last resort?” Jackson asks teasingly.

“No, you are my first because you are the best,” Danny quips back.

Most outings with Danny do have some sensibility since he doesn’t push Jackson into completely uncomfortable scenarios. Although some boundaries have no limit when Danny is interested in a guy and Jackson takes one for the team to talk to the sometimes, unattractive best friend. Those nights usually end with Jackson immersing himself in shower gel.

“What makes you think I actually want to go,” Jackson says, walking down the hall.

“Becaaaaaaauuuuuuuussssseeee…” Danny calls out, stretching it as he gets closer. “It’s a party from different schools. Girls and guys, whatever suits you best.”

“So then what’s the whole deal about being a wingman? Or are you actually meeting someone?” Jackson speaks slyly.

It’s still not a pleasant idea to call out Danny on his continuous lies, so pushing and playing his game fits perfectly.


“Same guy you have been texting all week?” Jackson inquires.

“The very same,” Danny replies.

Well, almost all of Danny’s lies as the mere mention of texting all week has Danny grab his phone, protecting it like Jackson would be the one to take it away.

Danny walks side to side, anxiously pacing fast and slow simultaneously.

“Guess this must be some guy,” Jackson calmly responds.

“A little,” Danny laughs sheepishly. “So, are you in?”

Being in an enclosed area with sweaty bodies has Jackson stuck between being excited and being tormented, though the thought of having a nice night out might help remind himself of his partial humanity.

Nevertheless, protecting Stiles is still his number one priority or Derek will toss him out into the wild to fend for himself.

“Yeah, but only for a bit. I do have other plans,” Jackson agrees.

“Alright, cool. See you tonight,” Danny calls out behind him, racing ahead to class.

Jackson is left walking a bit slower to his next subject until he remembers the most vital detail.
“Hey, where is it going to be?” Jackson tries to yell without causing an unnecessary disturbance.

“I’ll text it to you later!,” Danny yells back.

Jackson is able to catch it clearly even at Danny’s far off distance.

After school, Jackson leaves without Stiles this time. Stiles decides it is best to meet with Scott at his house and go over their not so discreet plan. Without even realizing it, Derek is out and waiting in his usual creeper stance over by Jackson’s truck.

Derek’s appearance only emphasizes what role Isaac plays in the pack. Isaac seems more like a puppy on a leash rather than a member. For once, taken into consideration this might actually be his stance within the group, Jackson slightly regrets ever going to ask Derek to be a part of it and play a role he would more than graciously decline; it has never happened before, in any aspect of his life.

“What brings you in from the shadows?” Jackson greets Derek with.

Derek smiles as he traces his claws on the side of Jackson’s truck to lightly tear at the nicely done paint job. What joy Derek accumulates from constantly establishing his dominance.

“I heard about the plan for tonight,” Derek starts off with. “Might I ask why you are not involved?”

“You weren’t invited either. Your little puppy is going because Scott doesn’t want to cause trouble,” Jackson tosses into Derek’s face.

“Oh, I know,” Derek voices and smiles even harder.

“And just because I wasn’t invited doesn’t mean I won’t be there. Though I do have a certain ‘proposal’ I need to keep,” Jackson finishes off while tossing his bags into the backseat.

“Make sure you don’t stay at the party for long,” Derek hums, waving himself off sarcastically.

Jackson growls at Derek’s back to vocally voice his opinion for Derek being nosy at possibly listening in to his and Danny’s conversation; another drawback to being in a pack if you ask him.

His thoughts are interrupted when a message vibrates inside his jeans.

Danny: “Hey, I need to ask a huge favor.”

Jackson: “Does this involve something inappropriate?”

Danny: “No. But it means treating you like a trophy.”

Jackson: “Hm..not quite sure what I think of that.”

Danny: “Do you mind if we drive up in your Porsche? I kind of want to make a good impression.”

Jackson: “With me? Don’t you think that might give a bad one instead?”

Danny: “We know what’s up between the two of us.”

Jackson: “Meaning?”

Danny: “Meaning, you are my wingman and nothing else. Just two best friends out for a night
Jackson smiles forcefully to try and be somewhat happy.

**Jackson:** “Sure, why not? I need to go pick it up from the shop today anyways. Might as well see if those assholes left it in good condition.”

**Danny:** “Sweet! I will meet you at your house around 6”

Before Jackson heads home, he ponders about meeting Stiles before either one leaves for the night to pursue their missions but is stopped in his steps when he sees Stiles and Scott get into Scott’s car in the distance.

Luckily, the passenger door where Stiles gets in faces Jackson’s direction so they do share a slight moment in the parking lot.

Worrying no less, Jackson watches Stiles excitedly converse with Scott, thoroughly going over their plan with precautions.

All the while Jackson is home, not swamped with schoolwork or responsibilities in the slightest, he fervently spends two hours in his parent’s home gym in the basement.

Weight after weight is added on after each tenth rep and Jackson’s strength grows, as well as his chest, to bellow out a roar rivaling an alpha’s.

“Danny did say he needed a wingman. Guess this should be sufficient,” Jackson says while puffing his chest. He gives it a few strong hits for good measure and heads into the shower to prep up.

Without even having to knock, Danny lets himself in as Jackson rinses off upstairs; though Jackson does hear Danny down stairs.

“Are you finished prettying yourself up?” Danny calls out.

“Just adding the cherry on top,” Jackson answers back.

Walking to meet Danny, Jackson has on a black, leather Jacket and dark shades to match the perfection radiating within himself.

“You look great. So if you please, I would like to get there on time,” Danny says rather irritated.

“Relax, I’m sure you are going to be the talk of the night,” Jackson sarcastically tosses at him.

Danny isn’t half bad next to Jackson. He has on a darkened short sleeve, buttoned up, red shirt. His jeans are dark to match his boots and his hair is exceptional, just for tonight. There was a thought about bringing some contacts but Danny did feel inappropriate, posing as a fake.

Without letting Jackson know, the guy he is meeting for tonight would finally show up after some weeks of messaging through social media. Although Danny had never seen his face, he was told to look out for a green ring around the index finger of his date.

“I just want to make sure I get the full treatment. All night long,” Danny emphasizes and without saying anymore, Jackson is already pushing him out the front door with his keys in tow.

Danny asks to drive for the sake of coming out more than great but Jackson reminds him the favor he
is doing of simply showing up together, which should prove more than whatever Danny hopes for.

At the entrance, the rev of the engine from Jackson’s Porsche turn all heads from their phones, each other and other distractions, to enlighten both of their figures upon their presence. Girls swerve with delight, guys watch with interest as the lights dim all around and the one spotlight illuminates brightly against Jackson at his straight forward approach, right at the front door.

Making a movie scene, the sour bouncer allows them to enter, with some slight persuasion from Jackson’s wallet, amidst their failure at their IDs. Two girls who have stalked the party entrance ever since they came in, swoop before Jackson’s side, taking each one arm and casually escort him to the bar.

Danny shurgs him off to find a few friends and spend some time conversing as he patiently awaits his date’s arrival, or possibly the invitation to a more private place if already present.

At Scott’s house, Stiles is trying his best to communicate with Isaac on where exactly he should meet them. Isaac is planning on going on foot, even against Scott’s persuasion to arrive together to better strengthen themselves, but Isaac proves a point but stating it would be better to split up in case of an emergency.

“My mom’s out working and so is your dad. Looks like we are on our own,” Scott says as they drive to the restaurant.

“Let’s hope we don’t need either of them,” Stiles emphasizes and Scott shakes his head nervously to agree.

When they approach the abandoned building, courtesy of Jackson’s parents, Scott can’t help but shiver at the uncanny ability for supernatural occurrences to radiate a certain aura no matter what they are and where they are located.

With some slight sunlight caressing the street following the sun set, the restaurant hides behind the shadows of the circling buildings to show nothing on the inside, no visible objects or shadows.

Stiles understands Scott and Isaac will be able to catch anything, eyesight or scent, and more than likely he will be the last resort to either get help or live to tell the tale.

Scott parks uphill to hide behind some bushes that overlook the restaurant completely while Isaac, per Scott’s request, is in the nearby building to overlook it from above.

“The campout begins,” Stiles sighs and pops open a bag of chips to fully grasp the whole ‘steak out;’ though actual steaks would be heaven.

Inside, Jackson is treated to drink after drink by any available person to grace his presence whether from a distance or up close.

The two girls who accompanied him straight off the bat had left him standing after a few dances on the floor and more bar time once they mentioned a fun night with both, to which Jackson responded by laughing and declining.

Seeing no other real reason to stay, they left and other single girls swarmed around like flies. The annoyance was visible and could be felt clear across the room for when the crowd starts to turn into the less than pleasing standards, even for Stiles, Danny flies across to drape his arm around Jackson’s neck, spraying repellent for most people to leave him alone; if only for a few moments.

Although Danny’s intentions are graciously appreciated, the door opens for more interpretations of
the lurking prey waiting for Jackson and without warning, the guys circle around.

Not wanting to be rude, at least for the free drinks, Jackson accepts all offers and sparks conversations to topics that have interest though most always have a certain goal to be reached.

Not surprising, the same pattern follows with the girls and all guys offer Jackson a more comforting thought which would be more appreciated in Danny’s eyes.

Although Jackson voices loudly, “I actually have someone;” the guys only seem to sweeten the deal by stating it would be fun altogether, three’s company after all.

Feeling the uncomfortableness of burning bodies and raging hormones are far as he can smell, Jackson excuses himself from the bar to find a restroom where he could breath in semi-fresh air.

The club is like a college house gathering of all sorts; girls on guys, guys on girls and everything in-between. The joys of being young hold no inhibitions to any obstacles barring any experiences which would be less than pleasurable or fun.

Trailing through the crowd, Jackson dances past several grinding figures until he reaches a hall like clearing that casually quiets the ruckus blaring from the speakers.

A couple of doors down and he sees two girls appear with flushing sounds tailing behind them. A sure giveaway to another alternative to relieve some stress; the men’s restroom entrance is annoyingly distanced further.

Washing and clearing his face with some soap, Jackson, agitated, refuses a naughty invite to a stall for pleasure and although recently discovered, now feels the draw backs of being able to smell arousal.

Not prone to noticing how badly other individuals ached for him, the chemo signals give light to just how much they ached, which turned out to be utter desperation.

It’s not to say he is the only one available, he is the best; it still doesn’t make him feel better.

With the heavy beat of the bass, Jackson listens carefully and can feel the electricity flowing through his ears. Still learning the extent of his abilities, his legs carry him near the entrance to the dance floor until a hard, ‘SLAM’ from a distant door makes him jump.

His gaze behind him doesn’t signal any disturbances but a slight ‘creek’ from bending metal pushes his feet forward. Only two steps are forced when Jackson hurls a body towards the hard wall as a hand grazes his shoulder.

Outside, Scott and Stiles watch small flurries of people walk past the restaurant but no one stops to enter or lurk suspiciously.

“Where are all these people going?” Stiles asks, following them with his eyes.

“Isaac says there is some club close by. He can actually see security from where he is at,” Scott answers, emphasizing his statement with his motions.

“Jealous?” Scott continues to speak, asking Stiles.

A crisp taste of longing targets Scott's nostrils oozing out of Stiles' body.

“Of what?” Stiles throws back, nervous laughter following.
“Being young and free, maybe?” Scott says, giving a nudge.

“Yeah, well I’ve never been a ‘life of the party’ guy,” Stiles shoves.

“You’re good at finding trouble,” Scott teases.

“Woo-hoo…” Stiles sarcastically responds.

About an hour go by, darkness enveloping their atmosphere, and there still doesn’t seem to be any movement from the buildings, per Scott's notice. But he can’t help to keep a small amount of focus on Isaac for fear of getting hurt.

Stiles isn't so focused on the building either, but in a flash Stiles does catch a tiny glimpse of Isaac leaping from his place to land in the back alley, leading into the restaurant through the back door.

“Scott,” Stiles whispers and gets Scott to turn his gaze into Isaac’s disappearing figure.

“Isaac, what’s going on?” Scott says through his shift. He uses his colored eyes to bring about a louder, lower hum which he knows Isaac can hear.

Inside, Isaac follows a young guy slither around the building to find a perfect spot to do something conspicuous as Isaac sniffs him to be human; carefully, but confidently, Isaac approaches him.

“You...” Isaac hums loudly and the guy shakes his entire body at Isaac startling him.

“S-Sorry!” The guy anxiously answers and practically races out with Isaac quickly following.

Isaac catches a bit of his face but doesn’t dwell he would actually be one of the hunters they are waiting for.

“Isaac! Isaac! What’s going on?” Scott asks, a bit panicked.

“Nothing, Scott. Just some troublemakers,” Isaac replies back and heads inside to see what they guy might have been up to.

Going back to one of the tables in the far corner where the guy had stopped, Isaac sees a small brown box that reflects the moonlight through a small hole in the roof.

Nothing short of curious, Isaac walks over and lifts it up only to have it open automatically to spray a strong dose of wolfsbane directly into his face. Feeling the full impact of the poison, Isaac collapses immediately as a shadow figure appears from the back room, giving Isaac a few good kicks to check he is knocked out well.

Isaac is and the figure hides back in his room, patiently waiting for Scott and Stiles to make their way and have their turn at an unfortunate event.

Not failing to be worried, Scott calls and calls to Isaac but gets no response.

“Use your eyes. See anything?” Stiles asks, feeling the anxiety on Scott.

Scott scans as far as his extended sight can take him with no signs of Isaac in all that he could reach.

“No,” Scott says. “And I am getting worried. Maybe we should go inside and check.”

Without wanting to waste any time, Scott leads the charge but decides to head in through the back door where Isaac entered, tracing his footsteps to gather some clues.
The door isn’t forced open or ripped in any way although the night has taken all regular eyesight away. Stiles straddles to hold his own but mimics Scott every step of the way.

Reaching the front tables and kitchen area, Scott looks over every counter and tries to use his scent to pick up Isaac’s but something seems to be blocking it.

“Anything?” Stiles whispers.

Scott only nods no, his full concentration in finding Isaac.

At the end of the corner, Scott and Stiles look at each other, a small gulp taken to continue their search but it’s short lived as Scott spots Isaac slumped over; Scott hastily rushes forward and down.

“Isaac! Isaac!” Scott whispers loudly, moving his body but there isn’t a response.

Stiles notices the brown box and picks it up to give to Scott but Scott quickly pushes it hard, hurling it far away from either of them.

“Help me,” Scott commands and has Stiles grab at Isaac’s arms to place each one on each other’s shoulders.

As Stiles grabs Isaac’s arm, his eyes view sideways to catch the shadow figure aiming an arrow directly at Scott and with a quick jump, Stiles flies forward to push Scott forward and back to; the arrow pierces the wall.

Angered with the gesture at first, Scott sees the arrow and views the figure load another one as Scott yells for Stiles to run ahead of him while he uses his strength to carry Isaac completely.

“Jackson!” Danny gasps, a bit shaken from the hit.

Jackson doesn’t shift for catching a clear sight of Danny but he angers at him for sneaking up like some sort of enemy.

“Mehalani, what they hell do you think you are doing!?” Jackson spews out.

“Sorry but it looked like you were a walking zombie, “ Danny responds after Jackson lets go.

“Well, what’s with the sudden creeper gesture?” Jackson quips.

“I just thought maybe you would want to leave,” Danny says melancholic.

“And your date?” Jackson asks, although he knows.

“No show. Guess it was too much to hope for,” Danny says, walking back with Jackson to exit.

“Go ahead and I will meet you outside,” Jackson says to Danny as he makes his way through the crowd.

Seeing this as not being a total loss with your best friend, and a few others, Jackson almost feels bad and begins to gather his thoughts for what might make Danny feel better only to have a voice, only one he can hear, interrupt him.

“You won’t be going anywhere.”

Jackson looks around to see endless bodies dancing in all directions. No one really stood out as a sore thumb and the words were spoken from someone not making any movements.
“I know you can hear me so listen closely.”

Jackson’s legs are carrying him in what he believes to be the origin of the voice.

“One little werewolf wandering all alone. Haven’t they told you that lone wolves don’t survive on their own?”

Snarls escape Jackson’s mouth.

“Oooo...looks like the puppy has teeth but no matter. Without a pack, you don’t stand a chance. You’re fooling yourself if you think that Hale can offer you sanctuary.”

So this person knows about Derek. Jackson wonders what the angle might be here.

“Let’s face it. You’re destined to be nothing but a disgrace to the werewolf name. Your colored eyes speak volumes.”

These insults are starting to feel personal and Jackson only huffs harder and louder, making his way past people who seem oblivious to his growing claws.

“Steel blue eyes; cold hearted. No wonder you decided to go with the very representation of what disgrace means by teaming up with those Hales; The psychotic uncle, the unexperienced, clueless alpha and you. A pack of failures.”

All the right buttons are being pushed for Jackson to rip this guy’s throat out the minute he can catch sight of him but not after hearing what might have been the most direct insult to date.

“Oh well......The pleasure of me taking you out would be the assurance no one would miss you when you are gone.”

Jackson verbally stops growling to feel no air escape his lungs and see an invisible arrow pierce his heart. An extremely low blow for bringing up something that is not necessarily delicate although it is a heartfelt truth.

Jackson makes it to the same hallway he was in earlier and paces angrily, trying to reach this voice to shut it up for good.

“Is the little wolf upset?”

Mockery is less threatening when you don’t have the audacity to show up to do it in person so it doesn’t affect Jackson in the slightest, only when it’s backed up by force. A arrow soon comes ‘swooshing’ in and picks at his shoulder which has Jackson growling in agony.

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“Now this is fun,” the voice laughs.

Jackson’s feet carry him towards a door round the corner where the voice resonates strongest, according to his ears. Breaking, as well as riding himself of the arrow in the process, Jackson tires the door only to feel sharp barbs sting his entire hand.

“Wolfsbane. Terrific,” Jackson hums and sees the only other option is a wire fence door that leads to an outside back alley.

Almost running towards it, as it screams freedom, Jackson is hurled completely and forcibly onto his back when his hands grasp at it. Shocks of immense electricity build to fling him ten feet back,
proceeding to have him squirm and yelp in pain.

“Like I said, ‘CLICK’ (as another arrow is loaded into a crossbow), you aren’t going anywhere.”

Slight movements help Jackson turn over onto his stomach to face the electrified fence, his eyes become heavy and tired.

As Scott drags Isaac to safety, Isaac begins moving his head slowly as if being able to regain his consciousness. A relief as Scott isn’t quite sure how long they can keep hiding from this hunter and what options are available to them.

Stiles leads forward this time to open doors and remove obstacles as an arrow flies into their direction every few seconds, not allowing them to catch their breath in the slightest.

Cowering in a back area within a storage room, Scott now tries to speak, aiding use with his power, to see if Isaac will respond to his voice at the very least.

“Scott, we aren’t safe here!” Stiles gripes and at the sudden mention of danger, the hunter appears directly in front of them, pointing an arrow at Scott’s head.

Raising their hands to surrender, Stiles can’t see the shift building in Scott but knows he is well prepared to fight him off if he has to in order for Stiles and Isaac to be safe.

Scott ducks down when he hears the trigger click to lunge himself forward with the hunter towards the ground.

“Stiles, go!” Scott yells in mid growl and Stiles rushes another side corridor to get to safety. Leaving Isaac there isn’t a safe bet but Stiles knows Scott will drive off the hunter distantly away.

Fully shifted, Scott is now facing a crossbow without fear of being injured or killed; the nobility of him to protect his friends.

Carefully circling each other, Scott moves first, throwing punches that connect but do not release the weapon from the hunters' grasp. Only when Scott grabs the bow does the hunter press the trigger which shoots an arrow straight to Scott’s stomach but Scott doesn’t faze either.

Flinging his arm forward and up, Scott receives a heavy hit from the butt of the weapon, flinching back to fall on one knee.

The arrow digs into his skin, taking effect but Scott is aware any distractions could mean certain doom so he does his best to endure.

Aiming and shooting, the hunter tricks Scott into thinking he is about to shoot another arrow only to have Scott duck and meet, this time, the front end of the crossbow to knock Scott on his back.

Now, there is another arrow loaded and Scott can see a sly smirk appear through the mask of the hunter as he aims directly at Scott’s head.

Although beaten, Scott refuses to give in and call it quits attempting to effortlessly rise up only to have the hunter fly backwards through the air, making a crash into the ceiling and table top on his way down.

Through the dust, Derek faces the threat and roars violently to instill fear, sending the hunter retreating for the time being.
“Derek!” Scott says, surprised but still in pain.

“Hold still,” Derek responds, proceeding to remove the arrow buried within Scott.

Through strained yelling and painful faces, Derek takes out the arrow, busting it in half for no more use as he goes to check on Isaac.

“Why are you here?” Scott asks after recovering a bit.

Derek only gives a stern look, as if reprimanding Scott for asking such stupid questions. I guess Derek was hoping a ‘thank you’ would be better.

Stiles soon joins them as Derek wastes no time into giving him his part to play.

“Stiles, you need to go and find Jackson,” Derek says as he lifts up Isaac, who is struggling to wake up.

“Why?” Stiles asks, anxious.

“Because this whole thing is a set up. Jackson is in danger and you need to make sure he is alright. Scott and I can take care of Isaac,” Derek says.

Stiles doesn’t waste any time and takes off running close to the area Isaac told Scott a security was standing guard.

Right on the money, Stiles quickly catches sight of the hulking man standing at the door and Stiles isn’t so sure if a direct approach would work this time.

Combing his hair down to straightening his shirt and jeans, Stiles walks over directly in front of the man who brings his head down to take notice of Stiles standing below him.

“Yes, I was just re-entering since I left a while ago,” Stiles proclaims and walks forward only to have his shoes slide with a hard shove from security.

“Yes, right. Get lost, kid!” he voices and folds his arms.

“Dammit! Look, can’t you just let me in real quick? I just need to find someone and leave. That’s it.” Stiles attempts his usual charm.

“That’s it?” the guard asks, causing Stiles to look hopeful.

“Yeah!” Stiles responds and gets ready to enter when he is shoved again.

“Yeah........no,” the guard responds, mocking Stiles for believing him.

Irritated, the bickering continues until Danny catches wind of Stiles, confused although walking out to meet him as he calls out to the guard, “He is with me,” and waves Stiles to join him.

Stiles raises his eyebrows in victory as he squeezes past the guard’s hulking figure, which doesn’t stop him in the slightest.

“Thanks for that,” Stiles says, sweeping down his clothes once more.

“No problem,” Danny responds, his eyes wandering around.

“Hey, I need to find Jackson. Is he around here somewhere?” Stiles huffs out in eagerness,
remembering why he came here in the first place.

“No, I was actually trying to look for him to since we were supposed to leave right now. You can check in the restroom area,” Danny speaks and points to the small opening leading to where the restrooms are located. “It’s past that door and to your left.”

“Okay, thanks,” Stiles chimes, almost taking off if not for the face Danny keeps making as he eyes all around.

“Hey, are you alright?” Stiles asks and Danny responds by nodding his head and heading out in the opposite direction where the front door, as well as Jackson’s Porsche, are.

Walking like ninja, Stiles uses stealth to his advantage to walk away from where people are exiting and entering two doors; the bathrooms are in that direction, Stiles knows it.

Exactly as Jackson was able to feel it, the noise from the club becomes deaf in Stiles ears as he turns the corner to find more doors coming up a narrower hallway.

Reaching the door with wolfsbane, Stiles doesn’t find it difficult to pry open and view an exit which they could take but finding Jackson is still a priority.

Leaving the door open as he exits, Stiles catches wind of a bright flash where the electric fence is placed and a figure stands on the other side, calling Stiles over.

“Jackson!,” Stiles pants out as his paces begin to turn into frantic runs.

“Jackson, you’re okay!” Stiles yells out and the figure only smiles harder and harder with Stiles closing their gap through each step.

Wild feelings of comfort surge throughout Stiles body as he anticipates happily holding Jackson within his grasp and the sly grin egging him on only fuels him up faster.

At arm’s length, Stiles extends his arms forward to free himself on the last object barring his path, tingling sensations making his body hairs rise until he gets tackled from the side and pushed back on the cold concrete floor.

“Oomph.” Stiles puffs and groans at the weight falling atop him like a piano thrown several stories from a building.

“What the—“ Stiles begins to say again when the heavy object is no less than Jackson’s entire body toppled over, covering him like a blanket.

“Jackson! Jackson…” Stiles whispers in worry and looks up one last time to watch the figure in the distance growl in anger and disappear.

“Elect….electri…..electrified…” Jackson mumbles and Stiles, close enough to see clearly, eyes small sparks at corners or edges where the fencing intertwines.

Although a bit taken back, Stiles can’t help but actually feel ridiculously satisfied at Jackson risking his own life to save his. Smiling throughout the danger, Stiles happily slumps Jackson over his shoulder to carry him through the dance floor and out to freedom.

Through the crowd, most either ignore or slightly move to give Stiles some space, taking Jackson for being drunk or drugged to need help in walking.
The security up front only looks at Stiles in disappointment upon seeing Jackson, what can be mistaken as passed out; sad for not knowing the truth.

Outside in the parking lot, Stiles doesn’t think twice about heading towards his jeep when he sees Derek and Scott rushing by to give him a hand.

Derek inspects Jackson closely enough to know he is knocked out by the charge but alive.

“Get him somewhere safe,” Derek orders and Stiles watches him storm up to the guard at the front door to try to push forward to enter.

“What was that about?” Stiles asks Scott, who helps carry Jackson over to Stiles' jeep.

“Derek saw the guy who dropped off the brown box for Isaac make his way here. He’s going to do a ‘Derek’ interrogation and see what we can get from him,” Scott replies as they load Jackson onto the passenger side.

“Okay. Well, let me know what you find out,” Stiles says, jumping in to leave when he remembers Danny being out in the cold.

“Danny!” Stiles shouts and wonders what to say but then figures out there is a better alternative.

Feeling up Jackson’s pants, completely focused on the mission and not turned on, Stiles finds the Porsche keys, mumbles, “Please don’t hate me,” and exits to hand them to Danny to drive safely home.

“Hey, Stiles,” Danny greets him when he arrives at the car. “What’s up?”

“Uh, Jackson said he wanted you to do him a favor and take the Porsche home,” Stiles says, bringing up the keys to drop them in Danny’s palm.

Danny's own tingling sense rise at being able to detect lies on his own, without the aide of supernatural powers.

“Jackson really said that?” Danny questions, folding his arms instead.

Defeated by a human.

“Alright look, I don’t really know if Jackson said that or not but right now he is hu…passed out and unconscious. Do you want to take the Porsche or not?” Stiles responds forcefully after stumbling for what excuse to use.

“That’s all I needed to hear,” Danny says while grinning, and snatches the keys from Stiles grasp to quickly hop in, driving away like a bat out of hell.

“Well, that takes care of that,” Stiles throws into the air, running back to check on Jackson.

His original position hasn’t changed but Jackson is slouched over to accommodate his feet a bit more; his body wraps around the seat, his hands brought closer to act as covers and pillows.

The shock must have been intense if Jackson is recovering slowly. But aside from that, according to Derek, Stiles needs to find somewhere safe to take him and the only thing coming to mind is his home.

The sheriff would be out for the night on a late shift so it would be safe, although pushing aside the implied thought of Jackson actually staying over is enough to have Stiles shake in fear at
the anticipation of something new.

Still, not wanting to fail, Stiles takes Jackson back to his home as Derek and Scott clean up this mess.

The commotion outside the front door is enough for Derek to settle in using a more practical approach. After being rejected for the fifth time for being rude and not waiting in line, Derek uses his speed and strength to knock the guard out cold, which Scott follows up by nodding in disapproval as the crowd cheers.

Through blasting music, heavy breathing and party drinks being passed around, Derek easily spots his prey lurking by the bar, surrounding himself with three girls who are less than interested but stick around for kicks.

“Let’s talk,” Derek says and practically lifts the guy from his chair as Scott quickly trails behind them to a small corner where they can have some semi-privacy.

“Please! Please, I didn’t do anything!” the young guy starts to yell. “Just let me go and I will give you whatever you want.”

“Okay, how about you give me some answers!?” Derek voices loudly and slams the guy against the wall.

Scott raises his hand to intervene but refrains on the account of Derek not being over the top in this scenario; somewhat.

“Of what?!? I don’t know anything!” the guy says through a gripped throat.

“You know!” Derek yells and lifts him higher into the air. “Tell me where you got the box?!”

“What box?!” the guy asks in slight confusion.

“Really?!?” Derek huffs and slams the guy’s body once more into the wall.

“Derek,” Scott says, now willing to step in.

“The brown box you placed in the restaurant! Where did you get it?” Derek yells forcefully.

“From some guy, I don’t know!” the guy replies as he grips Derek’s hands on his throat.

“Derek!” Scott voices a bit louder, seeing how quickly this situation is escalating.

“What guy!?!?” Derek growls and the young one can hardly say anything with the alpha grip taking his every breath.

“Derek!!!” Scott yells and looks at Derek, threatening him to release the boy.

Giving up, Derek sees no choice and allows the guy to fall onto the floor where he grasps his throat, shaking, and breathing heavily.

“Look, sorry about him but we just want to know where you got the box and who gave it to you. It’s important that we find out. If you can help us, it would be greatly appreciated.”

Scott’s words always bring about wisdom and understanding well beyond his age. At times, Derek knows he is just a child, other instances, Derek is amazed how much better Scott is now than he was at his age; it makes Derek jealous.
“I—I was given the box with specific instructions to place it in that location. That’s it,” the guy says, still tugging the skin around his collar.

“What about this guy? What did he look like?” Scott responds, keeping the questions going.

“I—I didn’t see what he looked like. He was completely covered.”

Scott starts to feel desperate as Derek but calms himself to come up with a certain solution.

“Any more details you can give me? Anything weird or out of place?” Scott continues, trying to keep cool and collected.

The guy looks at him strangely, not comprehending what would actually classify as weird or out of place.

“The only detail I remember is he had a green ring around his index finger,” the guy says in an unsure tone.

“A ring,” Scott repeats and although he stands in contemplation, Derek knows this small detail doesn’t help in the slightest.

“Alright, thanks for your help,” Scott replies and helps the guy up only to have him run, after catching a last glimpse of Derek.

“Looks like another dead end and this time with nothing to show for it,” Scott sighs; Derek follows as they take their walk of defeat together.

At Stile’s home, he struggles to carry, literally carry, Jackson from his Jeep, inside and all the way upstairs to his room. At his bed, Jackson is huffing and puffing hard as if he took Stiles effort into his own body.

Stiles shakes his head in a lame attempt to ignore Jackson being an ass, even when he is knocked out, and stops to realize Jackson will be staying the night.

With him......in his bed......all night long......

“Not exactly how I imagined our first time but I’m not prepared either way,” Stiles hums, strutting over to wrinkle in discomfort at seeing Jackson fully dressed and laying there, struggling to relax through his pain.

“I guess...this will be the highlight of my day,” Stiles murmurs into his dresser to grab another pair of shorts to place over Jackson’s body, which will be the only article of clothing covering it.

Starting with the easiest piece, the shirt and jacket, Stiles tosses and fixes them over his chair.

Small, warm breathes ease Jackson’s pain scorching his body, slowing his movement into stillness.

Stiles’ hands are caressing Jackson’s tender skin and move towards his pant zipper, which was a hurdle itself a day ago.

Finding the rhythm much easier without some sly eyes and subtle winks, followed with gentle touches, they slide off with no trouble and Stiles takes Jackson’s shoes, and socks, along for the ride down.

Folding the jeans halfway, placing the socks within the shoes, and lining up all items along the side of his desk where the shirt and jacket are placed atop the chair, Stiles’ shorts are the last item he
needs to focus on and he does so with gusto.

They slid on just as easily as the jeans came off but it’s not as if Jackson would probably need them. The black boxer briefs Jackson is wearing are more than enough he would need to have a comfortable night; although Stiles knows Jackson would….you know.

Regardless, after adding the last touch, Stiles slides his leg up onto the bed only to feel at Jackson’s heartbeat to find it steady and calm.

Gazing all over Jackson’s body, almost all traces of his injuries have disappeared except his hands where he initially touched the electric fence.

Visible burns are still there but healing, though taking a bit longer than Stiles would have thought. Whatever the case, Jackson is okay.

“The things I do for you,” Stiles whispers, leaving Jackson to rest for a bit as he goes back downstairs to clean up and grub before bed.

In the kitchen, it’s no surprise that Stiles receives an incoming message from Scott.

**Scott:** “Hey, where are you?”

**Stiles:** “I’m home.”

**Scott:** “Okay. And what about Jackson?”

**Stiles:** "He is here with me."

**Scott:** "Oh..."

The response from Scott lets Stiles know he isn’t too pleased with Derek’s orders.

**Stiles:** “Is that a problem?”

**Scott:** “No, it’s just that when Derek told you to take Jackson somewhere safe…”

**Stiles:** “You wanted me to drop him off at his house?”

**Scott:** “No, not that it matters. Just glad to know you two are okay.”

As the relationship with Jackson grows, the friendship with Scott is being tested, continuously.

**Stiles:** “Thanks. By the way, how is Isaac?”

**Scott:** “He is with Derek. He was already responding on the drive so he should be alright.”

**Stiles:** “That’s good to hear. Well, it’s been a heck of a night so I think I will go to bed. Let me know if anything comes up.”

**Scott:** “Will do.”

Cleaning up is a breeze. The sheriff didn’t use any dishes though the trash can is more than overflowing with an immense amount of garbage collected throughout the week. So, Stiles takes it out on the account of also leaving it out on the curb for tomorrow morning.
Back in his room, Stiles washes up in his bathroom and finds Jackson had turned in his sleep. The damaged body is now curled up facing inward instead of being on his back like Stiles had left him.

A little unsure but wanting to follow through, Stiles removes his clothing, all except his own shorts, and hops into bed to join Jackson only to notice him shiver from the open window. Without having to be told, Stiles gets up not to close it, but to grab a blanket from his closet, long enough to envelope them both.

“The things I do for you,” Stiles mumbles again when he jumps into bed, covering Jackson first before taking his part and bringing it up all the way up to his neck.

“And you know what?” Stiles continues to speak, pretending Jackson can hear him.

“I would do them again and again and again,” Stiles finishes mumbling, kissing Jackson’s forehead for good measure.

“Goodnight,” are the last words to fly out of Stiles mouth, bringing his head close enough to be within Jackson’s personal space, almost touching.

Birds chirping give way to morning followed by the sun hitting Stiles face to warm his cheek.

Opening his eyes slowly, Jackson’s face is a warm welcome and a rather wonderful start. Something about being able to wake up to someone does amazing effects on him.

Whether it be the comfort of being someone you love, or just having someone by your side, Stiles closes his eyes and opens them again to breathe in the feeling of euphoria.

When Stiles grabs his phone to check the time, reading 9:17 am, Jackson not waking up is a sudden surprise if not natural.

Maybe with the weekend, Jackson has already accustomed himself to not stress over early hours. Then again, the recovery process might still be taking place.

Well, Stiles doesn’t see any reason to not over-exert himself to head downstairs and continue to take advantage of Jackson being with him to cook some breakfast; when Jackson wakes, to eat together.

Still wearing some shorts with his favorite hero print, Stiles sees no need to get dressed and quickly dabs his face with a wet towel to rid himself of any remaining drowsiness.

It only takes about fifteen minutes for Jackson to wake up with a migraine the size of Beacon Hills.

“Ugh……” Jackson sighs loudly and gets up only to almost fall forward for the gravity he feels, weighing him down.

“What the…” Jackson questions, looking all around to see no familiar surroundings.

Rising from the bed, Jackson walks all around to see what he can only take as an immature teenage boy who has no sense of being clean and tidy; though his own clothes are a safe distance from being crumpled into a corner.

Only being able to think about being attacked at the club, piecing the rest together isn’t difficult though Jackson does look out to find no trace of his Porsche. Being relieved and worried are battling inside his mind when he hears the ruckus being made downstairs in the kitchen.

Using his hearing, Jackson pays close attention to the nonsense running from Stiles mouth and picks
Making his way, as if he already knew the home, Jackson leans against the door leading into the kitchen to see Stiles moving around like an idiot, as always, and making such a fuss for something so trivial.

It’s…endearing.

Very pleasant and cute.

Yes, Jackson can use cute because Stiles is making it seem his life depends on this very meal.

Smiling sideways, Jackson stands still, not making a sound, until Stiles turns around on the account of going back to the fridge when their gazes meet.

“Oh…morning,” Stiles says, stopping midway in his tracks.

Messy bed hair is also Jackson’s style as it’s laid down and forward, soft on the eyes and not sparkling with product.

“I’m just making some breakfast,” Stiles continues, picking the bacon from the freezer to run back to the stove.

Jackson doesn’t make any sudden movements, taking his time to walk over and place his arms around Stiles waist, head over his shoulders to hum, “Morning.”

Skin to skin, the feel is more invigorating than a new pair of socks and all Stiles can do is rest with the embrace but not too much; he is leaning over a fire pit after all.

“How do you feel?” Stiles asks; all heart.

Jackson stretches without letting go, small grunts echo in response though he does open his mouth to inquire, “Can I ask you a question?”

Un-phased this time around, Stiles nods and Jackson grabs Stiles waist a little tighter to follow with, “Taking off my clothes. Was it the highlight of your day this time?”

Chuckling, Stiles turns his head back and around to kiss Jackson’s cheek, no doubt giving him a very solid, “Yes.”

The bacon sizzling makes Jackson’s mouth water and Stiles can hear the wetting of Jackson's lips through his ear so as a gesture of love, Stiles grabs a nicely done piece and hand feeds it to Jackson.

Jackson lashes out to grab at it with Stiles laughing and knowing his animal. Jackson returns Stiles’ earlier motion, with greasy lips, and kisses Stiles’ cheek.

Breakfast ready, Jackson helps to grab some plates from the cupboard and sets them on the table as Stiles brings the food.

When they take their chairs, they sit side by side instead of opposite sides, facing each other, sharing laughs and small moments as Jackson asks to relay what happened after Stiles saved him.
Here we go. Hmmmm looks like Danny might be involved, who knows?! Nothing to really say about this since I just don't want to spoil it or whatever. Read it, I tell you! haha. Thanks again for sticking with me, friends. I appreciate every single of you.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

"Seems like something is in the air, Derek."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“So, looks like there are people after you,” Stiles says through the last of his eggs.

“After all that’s happened, you think so, huh?” Jackson sarcastically answers back as he heads towards the couch with his phone in tow.

With breakfast gone, Stiles and Jackson have an entire day to do whatever it asks, being at its mercy. Scott hasn't contacted Stiles with any new information and with Jackson’s parents continuously out on their own vacations whenever the time suits them, nothing special needs their undivided attention.

“All I am saying is it’s getting dangerous out there,” Stiles quips after putting some dishes in the washer.

“I know,” Jackson replies and leans back after finding what he has been searching for throughout breakfast.

Stiles walks over to grab the remote for the tv as he nonchalantly walks over to the couch and sits between Jackson’s figure, which is now spread out all over.

Jackson, focused but not distracted, drapes his arms over Stiles as Stiles squirms and wiggles to a suitable position to get comfortable; being the little spoon is just perfect with him.

Flipping through the channels, not finding anything to drain his brain cells with, Stiles turns around to find Jackson still fidgeting with his phone but more happily this time around.

“So, what would the plans be for today?” Stiles asks, moving closer to Jackson’s body.

“Ohmm….” Jackson mumbles, placing his lips against Stiles hair.

“I mean, you do dictate my life and what I should be doing so….” Stiles continues to murmur.

Stiles quiets down when Jackson forces his hand onto his face to shush him.

“Very funny,” Stiles bites, pushing Jackson’s hand away.

There isn’t any more movement to be made as Jackson closes their togetherness by wrapping his leg around Stiles’, entangling them together.

“We could continue to watch tv. Or we could play some video games. I don’t really feel like running around if not necessary so any sort of lacrosse activity is throw out the window. I’m not sure there are many other options. Either that or this early morning has my mind limited to whatever I can enjoy...”
Endless words are spewing out of Stiles mouth, filling the home with nothing short of his fast lip. Jackson finally finishes his task on his phone and quickly shows Stiles to silence this overflow of speech.

“How about this?” Jackson calls out loud.

It’s enough for Stiles to squirm, turning around to get a better view of whatever has Jackson grinning with excitement.

The phone shows lightened carnival rides, various booths with games and prizes, as well as a special fireworks announcement for the evening at an open field. It’s a wondrous sight to behold through a screen so one can only imagine the full feeling of being there to witness this extravaganza in person. Without a doubt, Stiles screams internally at what could only signal one big thing.

“Is this our first date!?!” he yells, not being able to withhold all the happiness overflowing in his heart.

Jackson slides back and up to regain his hearing after the sudden outburst. Stiles completely forgot the werewolf hearing.

“Sorry, sorry,” Stiles apologizes again and again but he still can’t help to be bursting with energy. “But is this really our first date? Really really???”

“It’s…….something,” Jackson answers back; small words mark the feel of the sudden shift of mood from Stiles.

Still not being able to enjoy what one has, Jackson takes Stiles hand and wraps their fingers to ask, “Well, you haven't told me if you want to go or not?”

“Careful steps, Jackson,” Jackson thinks to himself.

“Can I still bask in calling it what it is?!” Stiles excitedly answers back, heart rate and feelings on the rise.

“Yes…” Jackson hums softly.

In seconds, Stiles flies up to tackle Jackson over, straddling him face to face.

Idiotic smiling coming from Stiles makes Jackson melt every time, without needing any words.

Jackson attempts to grasp Stiles side but Stiles is quick this time around to grip his wrists and bring them up and over Jackson’s head.

Smiling slyly at being able to break free rather easily, Jackson waits patiently, anticipating a bit of fun struggles followed with playful tugs.

The only response given back is Stiles continuously laughing, sliding his legs across Jackson’s and foreheads melding together.

At the soft touch, Jackson cannot contain himself in the slightest to breathe in heavily and release his tension so easily.

Memories take him back to a simpler time when he and Lydia would frolic in the bed sheets every day. Getting his daily sexual necessity is nothing new but the word ‘love’ is definitely unheard of.

Anyone around would simply explain them as ‘together;’ together in what way?
Friends can be together, as well as a mother/father and his/her children; groups are more than two people being together.

Not a soul alive would ever utter, “They are in love,” “they have a relationship,” or “they are each other’s world;” some cute cliché.

“Hmmm…” Jackson whispers; Stiles frowns with sadness.

Defining Jackson and Lydia’s togetherness isn’t something anyone would classify as less than a typical high school experience but what Stiles brings to Jackson is the only thing Jackson never intentionally asks for but quivers with no intention of letting it escape his grasp.

Stiles’ obsession with Lydia left the door open for the only interpretation of a lonely, inexperienced, sexually frustrated teen with a hidden secret; unexplainable and immense passion.

Tingling hairs and cheesy smiles are welcoming additions in an otherwise cloudy world.

Call Jackson cynical but smiling for no reason is weird; unpleasant. So no information is needed as to why there was so much resentment for Stiles the whole time they knew each other. But it's hidden as a burning desire for an equal share of good fortune.

And now, it’s here; with Stiles.

Jackson gazes once more up into Stiles’ eyes, overseeing the awkward smile and raises his hands, releasing them from Stiles grip, and up to caress Stiles’ cheek.

Serene, gentle, with a bit of hurt but strong enough to keep pushing forward.

A little bit ruined, just like him.

Letting the fire move him freely, Jackson grows into Stiles’ lips, leaving their passion to move as ripples in a pond.

Not playful, not rushed, and not fierce. Their lips move soft and sensual; tender to the ears, light on the eyes.

Jackson can’t taste desire, nor desperation or eagerness, only sweet autumn; just as the shorts that help lull him into dreams every night, the scent sparks his taste buds.

Small breaths are shared amongst each other with Stiles easing himself lower and gentler unto Jackson’s body, the tug of Jackson’s arms weighing him down.

As they separate, their movements are methodical, Stiles easing himself off of Jackson as Jackson refuses to let go and holds Stiles head to whisper, “wait...”

Regretting the notion, Stiles holds his wolf’s cheek in the same manner he did no more than a few seconds ago. Concern consumes him until Jackson brings Stiles closer and continues to whisper the only words Stiles would’ve dreamt would never cross his hearing.

“Stay,” Jackson hums into his soul. “Please, stay.”

“Okay,” Stiles hums back, leaning his head far enough for Jackson to cradle him within his arms.

No questions, no sarcasm, and no awkwardness. Stiles takes in the one moment he knows he will cherish for the rest of his days; the one were Jackson asks him to stay for just a while longer.
In a matter of seconds, they each fall asleep in respect for the moment with Stiles draped over Jackson, acting as a cover of comfort.

However, as if life is against them, the house phone rings with a shriek and Stiles grunts, moans and gripes to answer it, rising though being held down by Jackson.

Jackson smiles to pin Stiles down, twisting and wrapping his arms around Stiles’ head and shoulders, wanting to relish in a feeling unheard of in his lifetime.

Turning those grunts into sighs of relief, Stiles grazes up Jackson’s figure to better smother himself within Jackson’s grasp as the phone rings endlessly, for a small period of time.

“Hello! This is the Stilinski home. Leave a message after the beep!”

“Hmm…” Jackson happily mumbles at hearing Stiles voice on the recorder.

**BEEP!**

“Stiles, granted you are asleep but if you are awake and busy doing something productive, though I highly doubt it, I just wanted to let you know I will be home in about thirty minutes. See you then.”

**BEEP!**

“Sometimes, I’m not really fond of this man who calls himself my father,” Stiles grunts into Jackson’s chest.

“Don’t be,” Jackson sighs back as he straightens himself to better adjust to Stiles.

“But it looks like out time is up,” Stiles says, beginning to rise amid Jackson adjusting himself for Stiles to stay.

“Umm…I don’t think so,” Jackson say, pulling Stiles closer to begin cuddling him all over.

“Haha…..ha. Jackson! Stop!” Stiles struggles to call out within cuddles.

Jackson’s hand is moving all over Stiles’ body, tingling and tickling Stiles in every nook and cranny found any and everywhere.

“Mmmmmm…nope!” Jackson calls back, trying his best to keep those arms caressing and keep Stiles body squirming.

“Stop!! Hahahaha…Stop!!” Stiles tries to squeeze away from Jackson and yet, Jackson’s werewolf strength takes over.

“Nuh uh,” Jackson quips back, rising to kiss Stiles chest and neck playfully.

Watching Stiles smile and laugh brings so many good feeling to Jackson, it’s a breath of fresh air; not only to him, but to Stiles as well.

After his mom’s death, the only good thing in Stiles life became Scott, but the void of love overflowed with emptiness. For a long while, the illusion was supposed to come in the form of Lydia and Jackson was on a far off level but not unachievable. With the relationship, Stiles is more than positive slowly, but surely, the void is closing.

“Uh huh!!” Stiles laughs back. “And we better stop before my dad finds us and arrests you for fanadaling with his son!”
Jackson is so reluctant to let up, his legs wrap around Stiles waist as his hands wrap around his back to smear his face against Stiles chest.

“I think I can live with that,” Jackson mumbles into Stiles smooth figure until Stiles picks up Jackson’s face to kiss those perfect lips.

“I don’t think orange is your color. Blue and red, yes. Black…omg sexy! But orange? Too heavy on the eyes,” Stiles says and Jackson flicks Stiles forehead.

“Spoil sport,” Jackson hisses. Soon, Jackson's ears twitch, catching the sound of rubber and concrete.

“Well…” Jackson starts saying, speaking slyly. “If you want to stop, we can.”

Tussling Stiles hair once more and seeing Stiles give this grin of victory, Jackson responds by licking his lips to prepare his comeback.

“It suits me just fine since your dad is just down the street,” Jackson voices in victory and adds the cherry on top by giving Stiles a quick peck as he flies out of the couch with swift movements to run upstairs, grab his clothes and jump out the window.

“Ah!!” Stiles gasps, restraining himself from calling Jackson a jerk but thinks on Jackson’s words to check outside the window and sure enough, the sheriff’s patrol vehicle pulls up on the driveway.

“What a guy,” Stiles whispers under his breath and patiently waits for his dad to walk through the door and gaze upon something more than any eye can handle.

However, the thought of Jackson making a scene outside his bedroom window sends Stiles sprinting to the foot of the stairs when the door knob quakes and rotates to allow the door to pry itself open with the sheriff coming up behind it.

Stiles halts his feet, gracefully turns around and calls out, “Daaaaaaaaaaadd.”

“Son, please put some pants on,” the sheriff says as he stares forward and up to avert the wandering of his eyes to unnecessary places.

“You got it,” Stiles calls out, rushing upstairs to check on Jackson instead.

In his room, Stiles doesn’t find the slightest hint of Jackson hiding in the closet or washing up in his bathroom. Looking for clues, all of Jackson’s clothes have disappeared from their original place and the open window brushes the curtains in his direction to signal Jackson’s escape.

Running over and looking out, Stiles surprises himself to see Jackson standing out by the curb, leaning against their mailbox, and looking up to flick his head to meet him outside.

“Daaaaaad!” Stiles calls out coming down the stairs. “Did you check the mail?”

“No, I didn’t. But if you want to do that…” the sheriff responds as Stiles lets the door slam shut on his exit.

Stiles's small efforts to button up his jeans arise such a joy from Jackson.

“You seem to be making a scene, Stilinski,” Jackson says upon Stiles arrival.

No doubt Jackson is right as Stiles had simply tossed on some jeans along with a thin white tee. A nice, spontaneous change to his usual rags although he isn’t wearing them; that being the point.
“Whatever makes you happy,” Stiles replies and lunges forward as Jackson stretches his hand to slow Stiles movements down a bit.

“Easy,” Jackson says and Stiles settles for being close nonetheless.

“That was quick,” Stiles voices excitedly, amazed and impressed with the quick and quiet movements.

“You expected anything less?” Jackson asks in offense.


“What’s the plan then?” Stiles continues to speak, not being able to contain himself in the slightest about the first official date in this fast paced relationship.

“For one, a shower because…” Jackson says, bringing his hands up.

Back to his usual demeanor, Stiles shoves Jackson aside, taking offense at the implication of his stink as Jackson tugs at his collar, shaking his clothes instead.

 “…these clothes won’t cut it,” Jackson finishes.

Opening his mouth and smacking his lips, the savory taste of misunderstanding and manipulativness is forgiving in Stiles mind, for now.

“By the way, did I happen to mention that this carnival is in San Diego?” Jackson asks devilishly.

Tables turned, Stiles mouth gasps open; eyes narrow in scolding Jackson for omitting a most vital detail.

“You mean the San Diego that is two hours away?” Stiles inquires back, annoyed.

“That a problem?” Jackson hisses and takes the challenge.

Crossing his arms, straightening his back, and smiling just as equally as Jackson, Stiles casually answers, “Not...at...all.”

“Good,” Jackson hums. “Pick you up back here at 1?”

“Belly full or no?” Stiles asks, unsure.

“If you want. The two hour drive, I don’t want to make any unnecessary stops and once we get to the carnival, it’s free for all from there,” Jackson responds, leaving it all in Stiles hands.

“Okay. We can just hold out once we get there,” Stiles finishes as they both give each other one last longing gaze until Jackson walks over to Danny’s house; he received a message out of guilt from him in realizing Stiles could have not told the truth last night.

Jackson grins walking off and Stiles hops back inside to make time fly by until Jackson’s arrival.

It's not an easy task for as soon as Stiles walks inside to mention it to his father, the sheriff does more than the usual interrogation, insisting on Stiles to take a seat at the table and talk face to face.

“Why San Diego?” the sheriff is quick to point out.

Stiles understands his dad has a sense of ‘old tradition’ dwelling within him, seeing no issues with
staying in town and finding sights or excitement around.

“It’s some special carnival that visits about twice a year. Really huge and really good,” Stiles says but whispers, “…especially the price someone, or Jackson, paid for.”

“Stiles…” the sheriff says and it’s the same usual banter he hears a thousand times over.

Griped faces are no longer necessary at his dad’s inability to see his son grow and grow and yet, picture him as his little boy.

“Why isn’t Scott going with you?” the sheriff interjects with.

“Because…he is doing some stuff he usually needs to do and take care of,” Stiles replies back.

With his entire face moving in all directions, the sheriff fights with understanding, uncertainty, and confusion.

The thought never crosses Stiles mind as to whether or not Scott should know about his little escapade; unnecessary but Stiles feels obligated no less.

The sheriff gets up to refill his mug with coffee and carefully prepares this particular cup with some tenderness with added precision.

Joining Stiles at the table once more, Stiles is eagerly awaiting his dad’s response with half shut eyes from the early morning rise in making Jackson breakfast.

Without having a viable and secure reason to keep his son, the sheriff sighs out loud, “Yes, you can go,” before sipping on his much needed caffeine.

"Yes!!" Stiles whispers loudly, dancing in his chair for victory.

“You aren’t going to make this much worse by asking me for money, are you?” the sheriff asks in agony.

“Dad…when have I ever been that kind of son?” Stiles responds back before he quickly adds in, “…don’t answer that!”

Sharing a small laugh, the sheriff gives Stiles the old pat-on-the-shoulder as his ultimate form of love and leaves him to prepare, shower, or just do whatever he needs to do in order to be ready when Jackson swings by.

A few miles away, Jackson is knocking on Danny’s front door as Danny scrambles and fumbles Jackson’s Porsche keys in his hands to drop them directly on Jackson’s boots when the front door opens.

“Nice to know you still have some respect for me,” Jackson huffs out as he picks them up.

“Sorry, but I wasn’t so sure what time you would show up. I can’t believe I let Stiles talk me into this…” Danny keeps mumbling but Jackson is half listening as he checks his Porsche over for the fourth time in what must be two weeks, amidst his adventures.

“How did it drive?” Jackson asks as he continues to check it over.

Danny squirms a bit from giddiness at Jackson being nice, rekindling their friendship after the thousandth time.
“I got a few good looks as well as some numbers from local guys when I stopped at a corner store to pick up some candy,” Danny says but rescinds his voice towards the very end.

Jackson stops gazing at his Porsche to give Danny such wide eyes, he starts bursting out with small laughs at what he considers to be another desperate person asking for attention, although not from him.


“Pfftt! Why the hell not?” Jackson continues to hoot.

“Because…” Danny whimpers, turning around to head inside as Jackson runs up behind him to grab his shoulder and pull Danny close to a one handed embrace.

“Well, aren’t we in such a sudden good mood,” Danny quips, Jackson replies by eagerly nodding his head.

As the words reach the top of his throat to voice out of his mouth, Danny stares directly in front of him, exiting from relaxation and entering into surprise.

“What’s he doing here?” Danny asks, bringing Jackson down from satisfaction into anger.

“Isaac,” Jackson answers and Isaac smiles hard and wide to show how much appreciation Jackson has towards him.

Walking in from the woods, Jackson knows Isaac made his way through Derek’s although Jackson is a little shocked at Derek knowing exactly where he would be and at what time. Who knows what this meeting with him would bring about this time around.

“What?” Jackson greets Isaac with as he walks up Danny’s porch; like a welcomed guest indeed.

“Derek is asking for you and wants to see you. Now.” Isaac’s adds with some sense of authority, overconfident he would win in a fight between the two of them.

Maybe, since Isaac does have the added effect of having Derek as the alpha and Peter as part of the pack but it doesn't mean Jackson would be so easily beaten as a pushover.

“Great,” Jackson huffs out, exchanging a few more words with Danny before taking his leave.

Isaac, without question, walks side by side with Jackson all the way to the Porsche and takes the passenger side.

“What are you doing?” Jackson asks with his own authority, not entering until Isaac leaves.

“Derek said now,” Isaac adds, reaching for the door when he hears the click of them unlocking for Jackson to enter.

“And clearly not a second sooner,” Jackson thinks, heading straight off to the Hale home but not before he catches Danny say, “Have fun!” and wave with gusto.

Danny’s words are not aimed at whatever meeting had to involve Isaac but more at his sudden good mood when Jackson first arrived at the house.

For a slight moment, Jackson contemplates texting Danny inside the car but the annoyance of Isaac clearing his throat, signaling Derek is waiting, gears Jackson into speeding onto the street out of sight.
When they both arrive at the Hale home, Derek is, per usual, waiting outside on the porch but this time accompanied with Peter, sitting like an old man on a rotten rocking chair, reading the newspaper.

“You’re late,” Derek greets Jackson with as Isaac passes him by and stands directly behind him.

“Might be best if I wasn’t here at all. With promising me a spot inside your pack, I feel less than noticed when I have had the second attempt on my life without seeing any type of concern at protecting a future asset,” Jackson spews out.

“Ooooo…” Peter says as he shudders with these cold words. “Derek, maybe you should listen to the boy and show some of your human side in caring for him.”

Although a total psycho, Jackson finds more comfort with Peter than Isaac or Derek. Maybe it would be better if Peter were still the alpha though within that mind of his, better not dive into the prospect.

“Scott and I took care of the hunter which would have taken you and Stiles out upon leaving the club,” Derek hisses at Jackson and loudly at Peter.

Twitching at the sound of broken branches, all four of them turn around and gaze straight forward to catch wind of Scott waltzing over, grand entrance as always; so subtle, so obvious.

Derek growls and turns menacingly towards Isaac, signaling him over to deal with Scott and get rid of him.

Isaac leaps from the porch and runs over to keep Scott from interfering in Derek’s business.

Not difficult to hear any comments from Scott when Isaac pushes him back and distant, Jackson catches the all too familiar, “What is he doing here?” resonating in his head.

“Stiles,” Jackson sighs.

Derek actually looks down on Jackson and Peter brings his glasses into an inquiry position as Jackson takes the meeting into his hands and asks, “Can we go somewhere semi-private?”

Derek leads the way out back instead of inside the home where they continue to walk further into the woods and away from anyone else.

“Problems?” Derek asks when he feels confident of their distance.

“More like annoyances,” Jackson responds and through a slight crack in the house, Derek hears Peter barely whisper, “Seems like something is in the air, Derek.”

With that, Derek walks forward a bit to peer through another open hole and watch Scott sniff persistently into the air, the same exact scent that’s been around for a couple of weeks now.

“Oh no…” Derek whispers and Jackson quickly retorts with, “What?”

“Nothing,” Derek answers back and follows up with asking Jackson what the plan is for today.

“Continuing to watch over Stiles as you so want,” Jackson calls out and crosses his arms at Derek’s continuous busy-bodying.

“Taking him to a carnival in San Diego is not what I asked,” Derek tosses back and Jackson visibly rolls his entire head in disapproval.
Jackson wonders how on planet Earth did Derek find out about it until he turns around and sees Isaac holding his phone through the cracks.

Emitting intense rage, Jackson calms himself and continues to half listen to Derek about what this meeting is for.

“I’m just doing what you asked in keeping him safe,” Jackson replies back only to be interrupted with Derek immediately stating, “But getting close was not part of it.”

“It’s basically the same thing. How can I watch over him if not close to him?” Jackson throws with anger.

“He doesn’t know,” Derek thinks to himself. “And the worst part is it’s moving along faster than usual. Combine that with an early werewolf transition, finding out about it right away…I don't know…” Derek keeps wondering.

“What more do you want?!” Jackson speaks rather loudly.

It catches the attention of Isaac, Scott and Peter, and Derek pulls Jackson further into the woods where he clears his mind to find something else to say.

“Look, I just need you to be careful because there is a blue moon coming up. After that, in a few weeks time, another full moon will hit and you still haven’t learned much from the first one to handle it.”

“I know!” Jackson voices angrily.

Derek feels stupid to ask but all the pieces need to be put into place.

“How long have you been feeling like this?” Derek inquires, placing his hand on his chin.

“Like what?” Jackson strains through a closed mouth.

“Jackson!” Derek yells.

Jackson cowers like a puppy and puffs out his last amount of angst to see Derek’s eyes flash red for a brief instant.

“Distracted,” Derek says normally, through his usual mono tone.

“Not distracted. Just sick of all of this,” Jackson answers back, waving his hands off to signal whatever distracted meant.

“Maybe this could still go well,” Derek wonders. “But this isn’t good.”

“Are we done?” Jackson asks, intentionally asking in rhetoric as he walks back to the house and his car.

There isn’t any need to answer as Derek flicks his head in silent agreement, following Jackson down the slope.

“Oh, just a little friendly tip,” Peter says as Jackson is within perfect hearing distance.

“Make sure that when the BOOM happens, you are very, and I mean very, far away,” Peter finishes as he points to this ears, smiling all the while.
Irritated at this nonsense, Jackson continues to press forward until he reaches Isaac and forcefully snatches his phone from his grasp, not paying any attention to Scott being in his personal space.

With an hour gone, Jackson looks at his phone to be startled at it being 12:15 pm, leaving him enough of an opportunity to shower, grab whatever he can in swift motions and swing by to pick up Stiles.

When Jackson walks through his front door, the home phone is continuously beeping with an erratic PING, screaming with a new voicemail.

Pushing the button like habit, Jackson’s mom’s voice fills his auditory receptors and all he is able to catch is some slight worry about their absence and leaving him to fend for himself. It’s not unknown since this usually happens when they plan on an extended stay.

It happens and Jackson’s mother mentions staying the entire week instead of just the weekend and Jackson’s only consolidation is his mother stating they made an early morning deposit into his bank account this morning for any weekend plans and more money would be delivered into his account on Monday for the week.

Accustoming himself to a never ending supply of cash has taught Jackson to spend and save accordingly. There is never a shortage of cash because of the inflow but often because there is no need to spend any.

“Well, more for the trip then,” Jackson speaks as he enters the shower.

Taking every minute as it comes, Jackson only breaks for a brief moment in his room as he texts Stiles to let him know he is on his way.

**Jackson: “Leaving the house in five. Be there in ten.”**

**Stiles: “Already waiting outside! :D”**

**Jackson: “Good.”**

Smiling at Stiles for picking up quickly on his habits has Jackson grin all the ride up to the Stilinski home.

Not having to honk, in shock with truth, Stiles is waiting outside; the only thing off is Stiles carrying a backpack on his shoulder.

“What’s in the bag?” Jackson asks as Stiles enters and places it between his legs on the floor.

“I like to be prepared,” Stiles responds with glee.

“And what exactly are we prepared for?” Jackson asks, holding back a bit of an awkward smile.

“The trip of course!” Stiles responds back and opens it for good measure.

“I’ve good some snacks, a charger for my phone, towels to keep whatever mess I make or just in case we need them, some hand sanitizer, even a pencil and pen, along with some paper, headphones, I’ve got my wallet in here too….”

Jackson allows the rambling to proceed for as long as necessary as he takes the opposite direction he usually takes from Stiles house to creep upon the highway and head towards the desired destination.
“I even brought this,” Stiles says and almost drops a small brown, wood container from the bottom of the bag.

Without losing his focus on the road, Jackson can feel it’s something supernatural, the wooden container emitting a strange energy and glowing in Jackson’s eyes.

“It’s uh…mountain ash,” Stiles mumbles as he places it back in his bag.

Cruise control is set in motion as Jackson turns to give Stiles such a sideways glare, Stiles is almost afraid Jackson would pop open the door and kill him with the busy highway.

“I’m not really sure where Deaton gets all this stuff...” Stiles struggles to say. "You know, when you were the Kanima, we had a plan to trap you at that underground party. I succeeded in locking you in within a ring of mountain ash but then I realized I almost sent Isaac, Erica and Scott to their deaths, you were attacking them and Argent’s wife was suffocating Scott but hey, all in the past,” Stiles finishes, the only accomplishment he finds is Jackson completely focused on the road ahead.

“Look,” he begins again as he tugs at Jackson’s arm. “The only reason I have it is if we find ourselves in trouble, I want you to be safe.”

Smelling the sincerity oozing from Stiles mouth, Jackson’s hands twist on the steering wheel, prepping his next words.

“You don’t think I can handle myself?” Jackson scolds Stiles with.

“Yes, but I don’t carry an overconfident and cocky attitude to boost my already supernatural abilities,” Stiles quips back.


These little feeling games are different with Stiles, just like experiencing a relationship for the first time.

Instead of looking away in disgust at a show of emotions, being a bit sentimental gets Jackson so touchy/feely, he moves his hand back to interlace fingers with Stiles, bringing his hand up and kisses the back of it for good measure.

Content within his heart, Stiles enjoys a better part of the ride embraced with Jackson until the munchies cause his stomach to grumble with hunger an hour into the trip.

With Stiles occupying himself with a bag of chips, Jackson asks if Stiles brought the most vital necessity, water.

“Yes,” Stiles answers through some crumbs and hands a water bottle to Jackson.

Still having the Porsche on cruise control, Jackson uses his knees to drive as he opens the bottle to take a sip but replaces it with his phone once more.

Acting on some sort of schedule, there are frantic movements and rapid swipes as Jackson scans furiously at whatever he is searching for.

“Hey, what do you think about this?” Jackson asks Stiles, showing him the phone for Stiles to view acrobats and trapeze artists.

“Looks awesome!” Stiles says through more chips. “What is it exactly?”
“I’m not really sure,” Jackson speaks at the window. “Some special, world renowned circus or something. They are putting on a show and since I bought the tickets for the carnival online, they are offering me some tickets for the show at a discount price.”

“Hmmm…” Stiles chirps and reads the name. “Cirque De Solei.”

“Sound familiar?” Jackson asks.

“Nope. Not in the slightest,” Stiles answers as he gives Jackson back his phone.

“Well, you tell me. We can go to the show and then afterwards we can explore the park. It starts an hour after we arrive and lasts to about 7. If you ask me, it’s perfect to occupy ourselves until the evening. Then we can enjoy the carnival in it’s entirety. When we arrive, there might not be much to begin with but it’s all up to you.”

Hearing Jackson thoroughly explain their plans digs Stiles into the ground with uncertainty. Jackson is leaving it entirely into his hands although Jackson is the one carrying all the money to pay for this date.

Intimidation would be the only thing flowing through Stiles mind but Jackson must only be like this for being dragged into many scenarios with Lydia in the past. It might as well be second nature.

Stiles looks over to find no remorse from Jackson at giving Stiles the reigns and weighing in on whatever crosses his mind.

Hesitant at first, Stiles prepares to answer, “Whatever you want to do,” to give back the privilege to Jackson but not before Jackson eyes him over and smiles with pleasantness.

“Yeah,” Stiles responds as he gives in. “Let’s go to that show.”

And without a second to lose, Jackson quickly taps his phone to confirm the purchase of the tickets and receives a notification, they would be waiting at the entrance.

The rest of their ride becomes a tour of landscapes for the beach is so warm and welcoming, the tropical atmosphere is a needed change of pace from suburban lifestyle.

Reading their current situation leaves Jackson no other option than taking off the Porsche cover and basking within the sun and it’s yellowish rays.

Warm greetings of smooth waves from the ocean follow up with brisk air the water evaporates into. It’s enough for Stiles to want to reenact every 80’s themed movie and toss his hands into the air, emptying his lungs of air and screaming with all his might.

Jackson allows himself to grasp the same emotions resonating within Stiles and lays his head back to place his shades on his eyes so slick, they wink when they touch the sun’s rays; Jackson smiling in appreciation.

Making their way back into the city, as if there isn’t any need to remind them as tourists, signs everywhere are very welcoming but very pointless.

“Look!” Stiles excitedly yells as his fingers point the obvious ferris wheel and Kamakazie in the distance.

Jackson’s response is a very eager nod, not taking his complete focus off the road.
The traffic isn’t as bad as any other city in California but more abundant in size would explain rougher, tougher, and jerkier drivers.

No need for his elevated abilities, just some intense attention and Jackson is more than capable to exit a strenuous flow of vehicles into a more peaceful ride as the carnival arrives closer and closer.

Once the Porsche reaches a fair distance to view the carnival in its entirety, the tents for where their show is currently taking place come into view.

“Right on time,” Jackson calls out through a strained stretch in response to their drive.

“We have about an hour to walk around and check out the sights before the show starts,” Stiles answers back, zipping up his backpack and placing it on his shoulders.

“Then let’s do it,” Jackson answers and begins to walk forward, leaving Stiles to catch up.

Finding a parking spot isn’t difficult though Jackson isn’t too happy about a long walking distance to the entrance. The carnival is well set up with rides and booths though Jackson could tell there are gaps, possibly meaning more attractions would come in later for tonight. And being half bare didn’t stop the flow of people exiting and entering.

Jackson waits for Stiles to catch up but isn’t prone to seeing Stiles strain to hang onto his backpack for dear life. Close enough with the ocean breeze guiding his nose, Jackson easily picks up anxiety and nervousness at an all time high.

The only thing Jackson is unable to see or smell is the turmoil going through Stiles head at feeling so out of his element in this new city. Being a loser in Beacon Hills in one thing, it’s been established ever since day 1 of elementary school, but with a new city comes a new hope in believing things might not stay the same but so far, nothing but dread swirl within Stiles’ mind.

All the people here also seem oblivious to even notice him walking and those that do treat him like an alien visiting Earth for the first time.

Straining to walk towards Jackson, Stiles almost passes him, completely held by the floor with his gaze. Jackson’s warm grasp brings Stiles into reality and those soft, green gems calm the storm surrounding him.

“You okay?” Jackson whispers and Stiles grabs Jackson’s arm but stops his movements simultaneously.

“Yeah—yeah,” Stiles murmurs back, not looking up.

“Don’t lie to me,” Jackson says with a grin.

“You have jokes now?” Stiles replies, impressed.

“I learned from the best,” Jackson says in awe and has Stiles gush a bit over some confidence.

It hasn’t changed, how isolated Stiles feels until Jackson begins to walk forward again and Stiles surprises them both by entangling their fingers together.

Shock is all that can be felt between the two as public display of affection hasn’t occurred in the slightest.

Jackson doesn’t crack as he continues to face Stiles and although the scents of anxiety disappear,
Jackson can read them in Stiles eyes.

“Please, stay. Stay with me,” Stiles pleads and Jackson shakes to the core.

Only a few hours ago he requested the same thing from Stiles in a slight lapse of weakness. And yes, it was weakness but it felt as anything but.

When Jackson looks around to view his surrounding, the realization is Stiles being a sheep amongst wolves.

The usual Jackson charm appears instantly as he grips their hands a bit tighter, getting them situated perfectly as he brushes past Stiles hair to bless his forehead with a kiss.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Jackson calms Stiles with and Stiles laughs quietly to himself, reassured and loved.

Jackson presses forward, hand embracing within Stiles' as they walk over to the first booth, fishing for ducks.

Family fun and children screaming fill Stiles and Jackson with feelings of nausea and immaturity. Well, all mostly from Jackson as Stiles can settle for cheesy games but ones that are better suited for anyone all around, such as water relay races and ring tosses.

Ignoring family matters and continuing forward, Stiles and Jackson are holding tight and steady as waves of people pass them by. Hardly anyone has opened an eye to them being together and the few who have taken to their presence, give a slight nod in respect and assurance it is okay to display their affection.

Jackson appreciates the gesture and nods in respect and mutuality as Stiles pulls him forward to make way towards the bigger and better center of the carnival.

Making their way, an invisible line is crossed where in the beginning there were families and here, it feels right at home with young men and women, walking and running around having the time of their lives.

It isn’t crowded with a plethora of individuals but enough to feel a few cold shoulders from several figures passing by.

A different pattern leads at this center as couples are dominating the atmosphere in every angle you look. Mostly girls with guys but a few girl couples and even less guy couples; however, present nonetheless.

Seeing people be tolerant helps put Jackson at ease in hoping a safe and fun weekend for the two of them. For an added kick, Jackson brings Stiles a little closer to plant a nice, warm kiss on his cheek that earns a giddy smile back and a few jealous ‘secret’ couples complaining to their partners about not being able to show any affection at all.

Strolling and eyeing each area, the games turn into real excitement and fun as Stiles wants to run and win prizes at each one they come across.

Looking at their time, Stiles notices it’s 2:25 pm, only about 20 minutes to get ready to find their seats and enjoy their show which would take up a main portion of their time until nighttime where he was sure the carnival would be bigger, better and chalk full of fun.
Jackson drags Stiles into what he knows to be a ticket booth where one can acquire tickets to ride the carnival attractions although Stiles knows all too well they aren't going to sell for a suitable price.

“How much?” Jackson asks the young lady hiding within the station, using his charm.

“It’s $5 for 10 tickets and $25 for 50,” she replies in a rather good mood.

Well aware money isn’t a problem, she offers Jackson one of the better options.

“We do have bracelets that give you unlimited rides for the entire time you are here,” she says slyly, easing the item in Jackson’s grasp.

“How much?” Jackson asks again, a little bit of a rough tone.

“They are $40 a piece,” she responds.

“Omg…” Stiles mumbles to himself, rolling his head and eyes, almost fainting.

Jackson, admittedly, contemplates purchasing them as Stiles tugs on his arm to signal for Jackson to pay attention to him and voice his opinion.

When Jackson turns to his side, Stiles is very clearly nodding his head in disapproval not only for paying such a steep price, but making Jackson feel as if he has too. Truth be told, Stiles really wants to get out as much and ride all the rides but not at the cost of Jackson making such a sacrifice.

The young woman catches on at Jackson and Stiles being together, so she offers them an easier solution.

“We do have a special on couple bracelets. For both, you only pay $50,” she hums and winks at Stiles this time instead of looking at Jackson.

Burning the color and feeling just as hot as lava, Stiles doesn’t look away but looks directly at Jackson without hinting at another obvious decision.

“We’ll take them,” Jackson boasts proudly and she winks at Stiles again as Jackson whips out a $50 dollar bill to graciously hand to her; she passes him their two bracelets, color red.

“Seriously?” Stiles voices in displeasement.

Maybe a blue, green; heck, Stiles would even take purple but the color red, the color of love, as if it isn’t clear by their hand holding for everyone to know their status.

Picking up both at the same time, Jackson doesn’t let up as he takes Stiles wrist to tie his around it.

Stiles swells with the feeling of being in elementary school where his parents and teachers did everything for him. It was nauseating then and it’s irritating now, no matter how many passing girls cooed at them for being, “So cute!” Or at least those were the words they murmured as they graced by them.

Once finished, Jackson allows Stiles to view it like some sort of fancy accessory that only he could buy him. Well, it is with a hearty meaning but cheesy are the right words Stiles can find for this.

In just a blink of an eye, Stiles and Jackson have completely switched roles, Stiles seeing this as a bit excessive and Jackson basking in it with so much glory.

With a small attempt at not wanting Jackson to sour his mood, Stiles takes Jackson’s band and
returns his gesture, to which he finds himself enjoying it.

Once done, Stiles bumps their wrists together as Jackson scoffs and walks to the large theater area where their show would be held and start in 15 minutes.

“Woah!” Stiles gasps when they reach the tent.

Truthfully, it held higher and bigger as they had previously viewed on the side of the road coming up to the park.

“Impressed?” Jackson laughs and tugs for Stiles to follow, his admiration slowing them down.

“Well…..yeah!” Stiles yells, chasing after Jackson towards another ticket booth.

“Whittemore,” Jackson tells the guy who starts going through his reserved stacks.

Although not being the center of attention is a high priority on their non-existent check list, Stiles is able to catch a couple of adults grazing past them and mumbling short ramblings concerning Jackson’s name.

“……is that really…….”

“No….are you serious?…”

“……maybe it’s someone different…..”

“Is has to be……no one has that name…”

Hoping today would be a day for something that wouldn't involve their attention, life seems to be against them in every microscopic way, nailing them for every detail right down to their name; well, Jackson’s.

“Thanks,” Jackson says after the tickets get validated and they head inside; Stiles cowers and tries to hide his body from any more prying gazes.

The lucky seats Jackson is able to snatch are close to the front and very personal with all the action. Jackson to the left and Stiles to the right, they break hands as Jackson takes his sunglasses, phone and keys to stuff into Stiles backpack, which he has continuously carried around just in case.

Seeing it as a bit excessive, Stiles lays his hand down on the hand rests of his chair but halfway to give Jackson some room for his.

Not many people walk by or past them for their seats but the few that do, Stiles can almost feel piercing glares and hurtful gestures as if targeting him specifically.

Breathing heavily, Stiles starts accumulating sweat and nervously shakes, making the already bad situation turn into hell until Jackson grabs his knee, pinching it to force Stiles into sudden pain instead of panic.

“Mind telling me what’s wrong?” Jackson asks, fiddling with his chair and trying to hopelessly get comfortable.

Immediately caving in but holding a bit back, Stiles answers, “Like if I have to tell you.”

“Well then, I guess it’s time for an education outside of class,” Jackson instructs and forcefully pushes the arm rest up and back, making it creak.
Jackson pulls Stiles closer, flinging his arm up and around Stiles neck to his shoulder.

“I heard all the snide comments people were whispering outside the tent as I was receiving the tickets. But if there’s one thing I actually admire about being a Whittemore is the attitude that comes with it,” Jackson puffs proudly, inching Stiles closer and closer.

“Being an asshole?” Stiles quips, earning himself a flick on the forehead.

“No,” Jackson huffs. “Not giving a damn.”

Stiles isn’t so sure what Jackson is going for but lucky he can see those red lips puckering up for more vocabulary.

“People are going to think and say whatever they want,” Jackson begins. “Even with someone perfect like me, there always has to be something wrong. So the best thing to do is just think of yourself.”

“Which is exactly what you do consistently,” Stiles tosses back and this time it earns him a hard pinch in the ribs.

“Yes, I will admit. But in all honesty…” Jackson continues and Stiles spurs with a small laugh, right up until Jackson glares back. “In all honesty you have to remember to just tell yourself it doesn’t matter what anyone else has to say or think. You dictate and live your life however you want in whatever way you want.”

Cradling himself within Jackson, Stiles puts his ear to Jackson’s chest and listens to the steady rhythm of truth.

“Better?” Jackson asks, turning down towards Stiles and Stiles shyly nods his head, buried.

“You’re going to miss the show,” Jackson hums.

Grunting and scowling, Stiles turns around as the ring master appears, the lights dim with the audience falling silent and he cuddles with Jackson returning the favor, nuzzling back.


Flying men, women and children defying gravity itself is enough to make Stiles writhe in such an exhilarating rush without experiencing anything at all.

“I’m glad,” Jackson mocks and pursues their previous enactments as he grabs hold of Stiles hand on their exit.

Outside, time has sped forward to 7:18 pm, a little over four hours since the show began, well worth it by the way, but darkness has taken over the sky. Dark but well lit, the carnival is now a shining beacon of festivities.

As expected, more fun and rides have graced the park presence as they were occupied being entertained with acrobatic feats no one could ever imagine.

Nothing has changed, walking in the same atmosphere as before. Stiles and Jackson take the opportunity to make full use of their bracelets to the highest extent possible.

Overflowing with excitement, the Kamakazie is first up, shooting them into the stars and rushing back down to earth.
“Are you okay?” Stiles asks Jackson when their feet greet the steady floor beneath them.

Jackson takes a small moment to frown in question, looking left and right before giving a very nice, solid nod to Stiles in acknowledging his un-phased body, checking his wolf to assure himself.

Shooting Star, The Tornado, Twirling Chaos, and Carnage are a small amount of rides Stiles and Jackson are experiencing, never ceasing in their excitement.

Not even having to ask at which one comes next, Stiles takes Jackson from one to another, zig-zagging past anyone who would come across their way; bombarding their path became an inconvenience.

Edging closer and closer to the end of the trail, leading to a very exposed area, “The fireworks show,” Stiles hums, his stomach gives his secret away as Jackson pulls and stops their steps.

“You’re hungry?” Jackson interrogates, angry.

“Yes?” Stiles responds, confused.

Maybe Stile should have spoken up sooner but in the spur of the moment, trivial things became unnecessary.

Well, food is never going to be anything less than trivial to Stiles but understanding about an hour has gone by, prior to their four hour show, Jackson reprimands himself for not being the slightest bit aware.

“Funnel cake?” Jackson asks curiously.

“Yes!!” Stiles sighs loudly, making a small scene but taking a page from the Whittemore book.

Finding the funnel cake stand isn’t difficult but the process of acquiring one is one Jackson can’t bear; although for the sake of one who makes it worth it.

“Okay, I’ll get us…” Jackson starts to say but is taken back when Stiles makes his way away, in the opposite direction.

“Hey-Hey!” Jackson tries to call out. “What an ass,” he calls out in his head.

“I won’t be long,” Stiles yells out while walking backwards. “Meet me at the ferris wheel?”

Commanding instead of asking, Stiles keeps his pace as Jackson is left standing and wondering what he could have done to deserve this.

Sulking in the walk towards the funnel cakes, jam packed with people is the least appetizing thing Jackson wants to see.

Mindlessly letting his eyes wander, semi-interesting carnival games catch his sight as his legs guide him carefully to one he couldn’t fail if he tried.

“Step right up son! Make a basket and win a prize!” the announcer yells.

“The jerk doesn’t deserve this but why the hell not?” Jackson quips and tips the announcer $3 for one shot.

“Just like scoring a goal,” Jackson whispers, dribbling the ball within his grasp.
With a strong gust of air, Jackson growls lowly and takes the shot.

Nothing but net.

“Yeah…” Jackson says under his breath as the announcer can’t help but scream, “Winner! Winner! Winner!”

“Here you go young man, for the special one in your life,” the announcer says while handing him the most ironic gift imaginable.

A stuffed wolf.

“You have got to be kidding me,” Jackson laughs. He isn’t mad at all.

Not at the stuffed animal nor at the obvious mention of his bracelet. It only affirms what he feels he needs to be true.

Pacing towards more game booths, Jackson tries a ring toss without success, the prizes aren’t motivational to try a second time.

Thinking twice about darting some balloons, taking out his small wad of loose bills, Jackson is interrupted with an unfamiliar voice.

“Not that difficult if you ask me,” a guy says, walking over.

A young man, possibly in high school, paces over to make conversation; as if the night could have been an inch perfect.

“Something I can help you with?” Jackson bites back, flicking his wrist in precision.

“I can see that but…” the young guy starts. “…I do admire the confident persona.”

“No need to hide what I already know,” Jackson replies, trying to shake him off.

“Same for me. Though it’s difficult to hide anything from people like us,” the guy answers.

Catching the dart in mid-air, “Can you hold this for me?” Jackson asks the booth man, which he replies yes, and the guy invites him over to talk.

“You’ve got my attention,” Jackson says, mentally preparing for the worst.

“Easy, I can already sense the uneasiness,” the guy tries to reassure him. “Why don’t we start with something simple, like introductions?”

“You first,” Jackson quips quickly.

“Fine by me,” the guy answers, scrunching his shoulders.

“My name is Ethan. Alpha,” and Ethan flashes his eyes. “My brother and I are just passing through but we wanted to see what the big fuss is about this place. Seems decent to get your mind off things.”

“Good enough. Name’s Jackson. Om—Beta” Jackson corrects himself, flashing his blue eyes; being a beta is bad, being an omega is worse. “Just wanted to take a night off as well.”

“With someone,” Ethan finishes. No water is slipping through the cracks.
“As well as your eyes, there is something familiar about you,” Ethan pushes out, bringing his nose into the air and taking a hard whiff.

“Your pack---your pack is known to me. You must come from Beacon Hills.”

At the mere mention, Jackson almost trips on purpose to exit, even at the cost of some embarrassment.

“Don’t worry. My brother and I used to know a family of werewolves that lived there. You have the same scent,” Ethan responds with elegance.

“Infamy is going to be the death of Derek,” Jackson huffs in his mind.

“Well, that’s pretty impressive,” Jackson says and only stares back at Ethan, anticipating something.

“Ethan!” another guy calls out and they both turn around at the sound of his voice.

“Ethan, come on. We have to go before……” the guy starts off and stops as he twitches his nose in Jackson’s direction.

“Who is this?” the guy asks as Ethan smiles, more pleased than ever.

“Aiden, this is Jackson. He is from Beacon Hills,” Ethan replies with radiance.

“I see…” Aiden answers back and studies Jackson intensively.

“Twins,” Jackson calls out, forcing Aiden and Ethan to stand menacingly side by side.

“Alpha twins,” Aiden corrects Jackson and flashes his red eyes on command.

“Humph,” Jackson huffs, riling up Aiden with Ethan holding him back.

“No need to make a scene,” Ethan says calmly to Aiden. “We need to go anyways. Nice to meet you, Jackson,” Ethan says and guides Aiden through the crowd and out of sight and smell.

“What the hell was that all about?” Jackson wonders, eyeing his watch, not knowing how long it’s been.

Stiles must already be desperate and waiting so Jackson takes his prize from the booth, leaves the game of darts and forms himself in the shortened line to the funnel cakes, making sure the trip isn’t wasted.

At the bottom of the wheel, standing in an awkward little corner, Stile is jumping on the balls of his feet, anxiously waiting for Jackson’s return.

“Finally!” Stiles sighs loudly and runs fervently to Jackson, stopping directly in front and smiling idiotically.

“Was I gone that long?” Jackson asks sarcastically.

“Yes!” Stiles calls out and keeps jumping up and down.

“Maybe for the food,” Jackson thinks to himself and doesn’t keep Stiles waiting as he hands him the funnel cake.

Much to his surprise, Stiles takes it but doesn’t scarf it down immediately as he gently holds it off to
the side, instead reaching further behind his back to pick at his backpack and retrieve a stuffed bear.

“For you!” Stiles excitedly proclaims and holds it, pressing it forward.

Jackson views it to be holding a heart, eyes half closed, with its eyebrows up in the desired look.

“Uhh…” Jackson spews out, trying to find some words.

“I won it at a water relay race against other couples. I got to choose it for my ‘special someone’ the announcer said,” Stiles says and shies away, holding his head down.

“Awwww,” two girls coo in their short distance from Stiles and Jackson.

Jackson burns lobster red as he reaches behind his back and brings forward the stuffed wolf he had won, previously stating Stiles didn’t deserve it; after an act like this, hell yeah he does.

Placing it on Stiles chest and stomach, Jackson waits for Stiles to take notice until Stiles snatches it so fast, Jackson wouldn’t be able to take it back even if he used his supernatural abilities.

“Oh! Yes! I love it!” Stiles yells and faces Jackson to see him burning even hotter and redder, in every way avoiding Stiles but not every way; he stays.

“Awwww!!” the two girls coo even louder which catches the attention of a few passers, smiling as they walk.

Stiles takes Jackson back to the ferris wheel where he flashes his bracelet, signaling he and Jackson together, to which the worker says, “Yes sir,” and allows them to pass, taking their seats and securing them well.

As they ride, Stiles adjust his backpack between his legs, taking out his phone and sets the funnel cake onto his lap, when the wheel stops and has them right on top, facing the moon directly.

“Did you do this too?” Jackson asks as he stretches, bringing his raised hand above and over Stiles’ shoulders.

“Please…” Stiles huffs and falls into Jackson’s head, feeding him a piece of the cake.

“Mmm…not bad,” Jackson says through his bite.

Whether or not Jackson is talking about the cake or the gesture, it’s all appreciated in Stiles eyes.

They linger in the air for about 5 minutes when Stiles reaches over and takes Jackson’s hand, stretching it a bit forward and towards the moon, fixating on his pointer finger.

“Something wrong?” Jackson asks, letting his fingers loose.

“Can you feel it?” Stiles asks, squinting his eyes to see if Jackson would shift.

“I do,” Jackson replies. “But in just this short amount of time and the one full moon, I can control it.”

“Show me,” Stiles demands and Jackson shifts in his seat to gain control of his finger and make his claw grow.

Jackson inhales deeply and within seconds, Stiles is viewing how quickly the claw comes into view.

“Argh,” Jackson grunts slightly.
“Does it hurt?! Sorry!” Stiles says and grabs Jackson hand to cradle it in comfort.

“Only a little,” Jackson hums. “I guess when you are in the heat of the moment, you hardly notice it.”

“It’s okay though,” Jackson replies and brings Stiles in closer to his body.

“I still think your eyes are the best part,” Stiles mumbles.

Jackson smiles as they rock back and forth with the wind for a few minutes until they begin to move, heading down.

“Hope you enjoyed the ride,” the operator says and Stiles says, “Thank you,” for the both of them.

As they walk through the crowd and a few more game booths, fireworks soon fill the sky, signaling the close start of the grand finale on this wonderful day.

“Ooooooo0000….” The crowd hums and many people start making their way to the open field where they could get front row seats to the spectacle.

“We should go and hurry if we want to get good spots,” Stiles says only to turn around and not see Jackson standing, but squatting down on the ground, holding his ears tightly.

“Jackson!” Stiles yells out and lets the last remaining piece of the funnel cake fall as he goes to see what’s wrong.

“Jackson! Jackson! Are you okay?” Stiles keeps asking, not sure what he can do.

Stiles doesn’t flinch from his position until, in the blink of an eye, Allison walks over to grab at Jackson’s shoulder and pick him up, “Help me get him out of here,” she commands at Stiles to lend her a hand.

Questions later, Stiles helps pick Jackson up and guide him through the crowd, reaching the entrance/exit of the carnival.

When they reach a safe spot, Stiles leaves Jackson to regain himself as he goes to question Allison and see if maybe this is some coy plan from Scott to check up on him.

“Thanks for the help,” Stiles decides to say first.

“Don’t mention it,” Allison answers back. “I wouldn’t be a good werewolf hunter if I didn’t know everything there is to know about them.”

“What’s wrong with him?” Stiles asks, glad to know the conversation is carrying on.

“Just like dogs, they aren’t fond of loud noises, especially ones that sound like weapons,” Allison says.

“I see,” Stiles sighs and looks back to see Jackson continuing to calm himself down.

“So, what brings you here?” Stiles inquires.

“Not spying on your private life,” Allison laughs. “My father wanted to bring me as a distraction from school. He’s been happy with my grades so this is a sort of reward.”

“Sure about that?” Stiles quips, giving Allison a nudge.
“Yes, I am sure,” Allison replies, rolling her eyes at Stiles implications. “It’s a good thing he isn’t here alone.” And Allison shakes her body slightly in Jackson's direction.

“Yeah,” Stiles says and her words tug at his heart.

Of course she wouldn’t say it but she would also not press the matter, allowing Stiles to feel comfortable in not hiding or being shy/scared around her.

“Well, I should be getting back,” Allison says. “Any longer and my dad might send some of his guys to search for me.”

“Yeah, and thanks for the help,” Stiles answers, looking back towards Jackson.

“If you want to enjoy the fireworks, take him up to that peak,” Allison says and points toward a high hill, same as the east point in Beacon Hills located far off from the forest and city.

“Safe distance to see the show and it won’t be a strain on his ears,” Allison finishes off.

“Okay, thanks,” Stiles says and waves Allison off as she turns to head back inside the carnival.

Walking over to Jackson, he doesn’t seem so stressed and panicked, calm and with his hands lowered but his head isn’t up and facing forward.

“Hey,” Stiles greets Jackson with and brings himself to squat down and try to meet Jackson’s gaze.

Feeling the vibrations of Stiles vocal cords ring within his ears, Jackson brings his head up and quickly brings it right back down.

“Sorry about that,” Jackson voices, silent remorse going with it.

“You don’t have to apologize,” Stiles whispers. “I just want to know if you are okay.”

Grabbing a hold of Jackson’s wrist, rubbing them to ease his nervousness, Jackson brings his eyes forward to gaze unto Stiles.

“Pretty boy blue,” Stiles hums.

Jackson half smiles and Stiles watches to see how immediately Jackson’s eye color changes without blinking.

Stiles nods in agreement of Jackson's silent answer to his question, not taking his arm back to his side.

“You heard Allison, do you still want to enjoy the show?” Stiles asks.

“If you want. It doesn’t really matter to me,” Jackson responds.

Stiles can’t get over the fact of how willing Jackson is when it comes to scenarios such as these; it actually bothers him to see Jackson so submissive.

“Well, it’s going to be a short drive but I think we can make it,” Stiles says and helps Jackson up to make their date complete.

Far away and as high as the clouds, Stiles and Jackson find it not to be a public attraction though it does have the stained dirt and roughed rocks to know people come here more so than none.
Jackson positions himself horizontally to have Stiles sit in front of him and lay his head on Jackson’s stomach to get a full view; Jackson settles for partial view and occupies his attention to his phone again.

“Ah…” Stiles sighs, watching the light show and enjoying a rock-hard yet soft pillow.

“Enjoyable?” Jackson asks.

“Mmmhhhhhh…” Stiles answers back, wishing Jackson would pay attention to the fireworks or him; feeling neglected of course.

The quietness from their distance, and the added luxury of having no one around, Jackson listens to Stiles breathing, feeling it a bit irregular.

“Come here,” Jackson says as he lifts Stiles body to face forward and grasp Stiles in his legs and arms, a very comfortable blanket.

“Aaaaahhhhh…” Stiles sighs even louder and Jackson continues to be impressed at this young guy’s ability to make him tingle.

“Sucks that it won’t be much longer,” Stiles says. “The show is almost over and so is this day. But, it couldn’t be better if I wanted it to.”

“You sure about that?” Jackson inquires quietly.

Turning around to view that perfect smile, Stiles looks up and is intrigued at another proposition.

“It’s already late,” Jackson begins, looking at his phone for the fifth time today.

Stiles doesn’t argue there as their entire day had gone by with it already being 10:07 at night.

“What do you think about spending the night here in a hotel?” Jackson asks. “Stay with me?”

Not having to answer, Stiles simply curls up even closer giving a solid, “Yes.”

Jackson drives back into the city and maneuvers more inward than earlier today as they come into what must be Hollywood Ave.

“Manchester,” Stiles whispers as they pull up to the hotel.

“Not exactly high class but one that I enjoy,” Jackson replies and drives up the valet.

“Well, it suits me just fine,” Stiles replies and exits to meet Jackson up front.

“You’re just saying that,” Jackson laughs and Stiles rolls his head as if it should have been no secret.

“Evening sir. How can I help you?” the receptionist greets Jackson with.

“Checking in. Whittemore,” Jackson responds and waits for their keys.

“Okay. Here you go Mr. Whittemore. If you need anything please, call our front desk and we will be more than happy to help you.”

“Thank you,” Jackson says and take a small envelope with their keys to hand one to Stiles.
Riding the elevator, Stiles gets a little impatient on how their room would look, much less focused on having to call his dad about staying the night in another city.

Opening the door, Stiles is greeted to such elegance, on his understanding, and is not just impressed with what he finds inside but the size as well; almost double his room.

“I’ll be right back,” Stiles says and walks out as soon as he enters to call his father, being a good son.

30 minutes later followed with some small, rough exchange of words, Stiles walks back in, stressed but relieved.

Stiles’ father can’t really demand his son be back after confessing they had already checked into the hotel so most of what was said were small concerns along with brief instances of disappointment.

“Well, that’s done and over with,” Stiles calls out and doesn’t find Jackson in sight.

Wondering where he might have taken off, he miraculously walks in right after Stiles with the small bucket of ice.

What’s more intriguing is Jackson’s ware, only shorts and a slight hint of underwear. Stiles instinctively smells Jackson as he passes by to note the shampoo and body wash.

“Shower,” Jackson instructs and points to its location.

Wanting to decline for the lack of change of clothes, Jackson reaches into an unknown bag Stiles is unaware a bellboy brought up, tossing Stiles the same exact outfit; shorts and briefs.

Stiles does what’s he told and figures he does need a shower so skip about another 30 minutes to find Stiles’ hair ridiculously skewed in so many directions but clean nonetheless.

This time around, Stiles feels a bit weird to be almost naked without his own decision. This morning and last night were different when the opportunity was placed in front of him but having someone else do it for you feels strange but right to a certain point.

Stiles joins Jackson on the bed as he habitually grabs the remote, making himself at home, to flip through the channels and find something entertaining.

However, with the nice warm shower, air conditioning on full blast, very soft and amazingly comfortable sheets, Stiles is soon yawning and curling up with the covers up to his neck.

“Ready to call it a night?” Jackson asks and looks over and down to see Stiles slowly nodding off.

No big deal as it had been one full of adventure but not in the risking their lives type of scenario.

Jackson grabs the remote to silence the tv, throwing it towards the futon on Stiles side of the bed. For such an exciting day, Jackson is no-where near upset their night didn’t end in something more satisfying.

With Stiles, Jackson doesn't want to conquer him like he is just a hill to place a flag up on top. He can actually feel himself being patient with Stiles to a point where the gentlest of kisses and softest of touches provide enough satisfaction to relish within it for days.

Taking up his side of the sheets up until his chest, Stiles is exaggerating a bit to rise them so far up so Jackson lowers them down, making Stiles fidget at the lack of spongy sheets until Jackson moves closer and digs his arms down and around Stiles body, spooning him from behind.
It's a success as Stiles hums in pleasure and quickly falls asleep, leaving Jackson to lull himself to sleep with their synced heartbeats.

Chapter End Notes

Finally!! Sorry about the long wait everyone but work and school have been kicking my ass. But that hasn't stopped me from working on this! Anyways, my heart!! My heart, my heart, my tender little heart!! I have no idea where I was in my mind but this came out my fluffier than even I expected. I am not complaining though because I just......feel the love, haha. I went ahead and added Aiden and Ethan to this chapter because I just love those two. Plus, I am sure there would have been some meeting of some sort before all the chaos happened in S3. As an added bonus, looks like Stiles and Allison seem to be getting along, ;). Anyways, as always thank you so much and I hope you enjoy this one.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

“You don’t know what you are getting yourself into,” Jackson spews out, still defensive.

“I know and that’s why I am here,” Stiles quips back, still not swaying.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

For about a few hours, Jackson and Stiles sleep peacefully together, enveloped in each other’s arms. The heat radiating from Jackson and tight grips from Stiles holding him down, it’s a perfect end to a first date.

Although the comfy sheets and fresh air are always a welcomed luxury in Jackson’s world, his dreams chase him into dark pits of anger, stress, and agony.

Sweating profusely, Jackson slices his pillow with sharpened words, ripping into it with a shaky voice.

“Huff……huff……huff……huff……huff……” Jackson gasps again and again through his sleep.

Stiles suddenly feels moist sheets and wakes up to see Jackson shifting through his nightmare. His claws grow in with face hair inching closer and lower to his jaw, both sides nearly touching.

“No…no…stop…” Jackson mumbles and Stiles begins worrying what thoughts are filling his boyfriend’s head.

Soon, Stiles can feel the fabric rip under Jackson’s claws and shriek throughout their hotel room.

Worrying about an overpriced bill, Stiles tries to wake Jackson but only through his voice; getting to close could prove fatal.

With intense tossing followed by flailing arms, Jackson soon begins whining, curled up into his own body.

“Jackson…” Stiles whispers gently. He edges himself closer and closer, not knowing when and if Jackson would lash out again.

“Jackson,” Stiles hums and touches his face to feel Jackson cold, a first at being a werewolf.

At the gesture of a warm hand, Jackson wakes up to see Stiles laying over him, breathing hard and heavy.

“What’s wrong?” Jackson asks, rubbing his eyes.

When Jackson shifts his feet, he can feel the moist sheets brush against his body. Taken back by what he can’t see due to misty eyes, Jackson immediately jumps up, looking over Stiles and pulls his
“Are you hurt?!” Jackson calls out, straining his voice amidst still waking up.

“I’m fine,” Stiles answers back but still lets Jackson check him over.

“Are you sure?! Jackson keeps asking, panic consuming him.

Not prone to detail, Jackson moves the sheets to find the rips from his claws, taking note of his nightmarish transformation.

Without thinking, Jackson breathes harder and heavier, forcing Stiles to be a witness of what a panic attack looks like from the other side.

“Are—are you sure—sure you’re not…” Jackson struggles to say as Stiles forces him to look at his eyes.

“Focus on me! Focus on me,” Stiles commands and Jackson views solid determination in Stiles gaze.

“Listen to my voice, look at me and don’t say anything. Just breathe,” Stiles continues on.

Jackson focuses completely and allows his hands to move freely throughout Stiles body. Stiles allowing the movements to continue, to help Jackson become at ease.

“Dammit!” Jackson huffs, letting his head fall back onto the pillow to face the white ceiling above them.

Stiles hesitates to get close to Jackson after this little scare so he settles himself on his side, leaning on one arm to figure out what might be the problem.

“What were you dreaming about?” Stiles questions shyly, hoping it would be better to jump right into the slight lapse of a minor problem.

For a few seconds, the full moon scenario replays in Stiles head; portraying himself as Jackson looking for him.

Stiles finds it difficult if, and only if, Jackson were to still be having nightmares about looking for him and not finding anyone; blind to note Jackson has him right by his side.

“It’s nothing too big,” Jackson replies, rubbing his face to further wake up.

“Not really sure if I should tell you,” Jackson mumbles and looks in several directions towards the ceiling, avoiding stares with Stiles.

“You can…” Stiles hums and feels confident enough to allow himself to grow close to Jackson. “…if you want.”

Still captivated by the white paint, Jackson feels Stiles awkward, growing smile inch it’s way towards him. Rolling his eyes through his mind, Jackson looks back to see the smile in person and cringe with no choice and possibly lie, but opts not to at the assurance of having a good ear to mend a broken heart.

“As if I can’t say no,” Jackson answers, lifting himself up and against the backboard of the bed as Stiles adjusts himself better, placing his head on his hand as it’s leaned against his elbow on the bed.

“No therapeutic questions. Just hear me out, if that’s remotely possible,” Jackson says and Stiles
responds by zipping his mouth shut, tossing away the key.

“The nightmare is probably the most recurring one I’ve had for years,” Jackson begins. Stiles sighs silently to know Jackson isn’t dreaming about him; small heart strings tug on the inside.

“Huh, I never really thought about this nightmare but it doesn’t have a specific pattern although reoccurring,” Jackson mouths in surprise.

Anticipating words, Stiles moves his mouth tighter to close it and continue to hear Jackson out.

“It dwells upon losing a lacrosse game, getting a flat tire, and walking in the rain,” Jackson says.

Stiles looks at Jackson with the most ridiculous face, even werewolves would be scared. Puzzling and bizarre, Stiles is dumbfounded to understand why Jackson would ever dream, much less be distraught, about such minor problems and call them nightmares.

“And….” Jackson starts but quickly falls silent.

Noticing the change of tone, Stiles fixes himself up unto a pillow, laying his elbow down and facing Jackson face to side.

Twiddling thumbs makes Jackson regret being vulnerable, never allowing himself to be anything less than strong. Seeing as he voluntarily jumped into this scenario, Jackson decides to go with forcefulness instead of weakness.

“And about my parents but it’s nothing out of the ordinary with the chaos and hell I already survive each day,” Jackson plays off, letting his body and head fall back down but Stiles remains up and over to disagree with Jackson’s show of a total drama queen.

Scolding Jackson for being so defensive, Stiles knows all too well to see Jackson mentioned his real parents and not the ones he currently refers to with such title.

More importantly, Stiles is able to discover what these reoccurring nightmares have in common: fear of being weak.

Jackson, at such an early age, knew what it felt like to be weak and what dangerous outcomes one experiences because of it. The one shot it hit him with gave Jackson enough of a reason to never, ever, feel like he wanted to be hit again.

Although Jackson had asked for no therapeutic questions at the very beginning of his confession, Stiles doesn’t sway in his attempt to inquire as to why Jackson would inadvertently consume himself with such matters.

“Why focus on things on like that?” Stiles asks and purposefully emphasizes the ‘focus’ part.

“No therapeutic questions,” Jackson reprimands and Stiles remains steady as a rock.

“I also said to my dad I would be his best behaved son ever when I was three so, we’re not perfect,” Stiles quips, holding his ground.

“Alright,” Jackson calls out and rises up again to meet with Stiles standing, still impressed with holding his own when they are together.

“And what do you mean, ‘focus on things like that?’ They’re dreams, nightmares if you will. I don’t do it on purpose,” Jackson replies.
“Well, technically no. Dreams are part of our subconscious so although most we can’t control, more than half the time we can by allowing ourselves to think about certain situations or people right before we go to sleep,” Stiles answers, the master of knowledge.

“So what? You can’t tell me you worry about day to day life,” Jackson bites.

“True but most of the time I dream about being a Jedi master and slaying Siths all over the known galaxy so flat tires and bad grades are the least of my problems,” Stiles replies with giddiness.

“Riiiiight…because dangerous Sith lords are conquering planets all over and we should be prepared for when they invade Earth,” Jackson says eerily.

“You bet!” Stiles yells and raises his hands to conjure the force.

Jackson laughs and covers his eyes, embarrassed with this total geek.

“You know, I think they have some animated series on Netflix,” Jackson calls out, reaching for the remote.

“It’s totally lame. Not true to the series in the slightest,” Stiles replies as he grabs Jackson’s hand to place it back down. “Besides, you can’t escape from me that easily.”

Feeling slightly better, Jackson’s voice shifts once more to put up a wall instead of a bridge. “So my focus isn’t where it should be,” he says. “Is that really a problem?”

“Nooooo……” Stiles says, stretching it out. “But I think you need something…” he starts off. “…or someone,” Stiles mumbles. “…to help keep you in focus.”

“Got any suggestions?” Jackson asks, not caring, or careful, in what he is referring to.

“Well…” Stiles starts off and shifts his position to lay on his back and take his turn to face the blank ceiling.

“You can think about me,” Stiles answers, confident and unwavering.

Using his eyes to do the talking, Jackson looks at Stiles as Stiles views sideways; Jackson with uneasiness and Stiles with assurance.

Ecstatic beating from Jackson’s heart are no match as Jackson uses his ears to take note of Stiles’ steady rhythm.

“You sure that’s okay?” Jackson asks solemnly and Stiles jumps up from his spot to sit and scoff at Jackson for being an idiot.

“Jackson, you literally took me out on our first date. You took me to a show, spent money for rides, food and prizes, booked this hotel room and we are sleeping together. Do you really think it matters if you use me to get a good night’s rest?” Stiles voices with anger.

Stiles is blind to note it isn’t about a good night’s rest; Jackson asks in the form of an anchor. Jackson continuously blind Stiles has been the only thing keeping him sane all around.

“I want to help, in any way that I can,” Stiles moves forward with.

“You don’t know what you are getting yourself into,” Jackson spews out, still defensive.

“I know and that’s why I am here,” Stiles quips back, still not swaying.
“You can try to push me all you want, but I will still keep coming back. You’re stuck with me so you might as well accept it.” Stiles says and grabs Jackson back down to the bed to curl up and go back to sleep; the clock on Stiles phone reads 2:28 am.

“Am I really stuck with you?” Jackson asks squeamishly, trying to crawl away from Stiles.

“Mmmmmmm…no use trying to get away,” Stiles mumbles into Jackson’s back; Jackson is the small spoon this time.

The warm body heat returns to Jackson through Stiles grasp on his body. Jackson removes all the covers circling the bed and leaves a very thin bed cover to place halfway up their bodies.

Jackson curls up nice and tight with Stiles, one of his arms curled with Stiles' arm and the other he extends forward.

“Focus on me, focus on me…” Stiles mumbles, repeating the phrase until he silently nods himself to sleep.

On the other side of the bed, Jackson remains awake for a few minutes longer, listening to Stiles snore.

“This guy,” Jackson says quietly, turning his body to come face to face with Stiles.

“Thank you,” Jackson hums, placing his hand behind Stiles head to scratch at it like a puppy; kissing Stiles lips for good measure earns Jackson a soft smile that he takes with him into his dreams.

The next morning, Jackson awakes first and finds Stiles so serene sleeping face to face, not moved from his initial spot.

The temptation is too surreal to hold Jackson back. Without thinking twice, Jackson moves up and over Stiles to begin nibbling all around his neck, scarping his teeth all around.

Only a slight bite makes Stiles twitch with pleasure and struggle to open his eyes. Jackson doesn’t fault as his lips continue to make their way up Stiles’ ear.

“I didn’t ask for a wake-up call,” Stiles murmurs, fixing his position better for Jackson.

Jackson presses kiss after kiss on Stiles neck.

“This is an abuse of power. You’re abusing me right now,” Stiles says looking away.

“Oh, I’m sorry. Do you want me to stop?” Jackson asks through kisses.

“We seriously need to have some rules about this,” Stiles responds, letting Jackson have his way.

The obvious lie earns Stiles a hard shove from his waist up into Jackson’s teeth, leaving a very noticeable hickey.

“Well, I’m not about to become lazy,” Jackson says as he moves from Stiles, heading towards the bag he got his clothes from last night.

“I’m heading to the gym,” Jackson says as he puts on a muscle shirt, socks and running shoes.

“You’re coming to. This isn’t a debate,” Jackson calls out as he tosses Stiles his wear for the workout.
“Now this a rude awakening,” Stiles huffs and eyes the clothes, wanting them to disappear.

“If you do this, you can shower with me afterwards,” Jackson slyly remarks, tying his shoelaces.

With that, Stiles is up and hastily gearing up to work out like his life depends on it.

“Works every time,” Jackson whispers and leads the way out the door, towards the elevator and downstairs where the gym area is located.

“Thought few people would be here,” Stiles speaks lowly at the sight of a semi-filled gym.

“Better to get your work in, done and over with than have it pending for the day. Then you forget and there it goes,” Jackson answers and receives a thumbs up from a couple close to the door; Stiles glares at Jackson’s eyes in disapproval.

Hulk like figures dominate a majority of the bench press and weights as runners take almost every treadmill.

“Stretch first, then the treadmill,” Jackson orders, already leaning forwards and backwards.

Stiles obeys with some slight nerves wracking his brain at the intimidation he could feel, not entirely certain if it’s real or not.

At the treadmill, Jackson has Stiles run with him for twenty minutes but at different paces. Jackson runs, producing steady air as a fan on medium speed; Stiles runs and produces air like a broken down windmill.

Beep…beep…beep…beep.

Jackson’s phone rings at the twenty minute timer, relieving them of their cardio for the day.

Collapsing on the floor, Stiles sees no reason to pick himself up and remain lying there, causing a road block with his recovery.

“And you’re supposed to be, ‘the boy who runs with wolves?’” Jackson mocks, helping Stiles to his feet.

“I—I don’t—I don’t run w—with them. I just—just ca—casually walk—with th—them time t—tti—
time to—to time,” Stiles gasps.

“Of course…” Jackson replies with sarcastic sentiment.

After their cardiac run, Jackson walks over to the weight rack and starts off with 20 lb weights, Stiles grabs the 5 lb ones.

The imaginary intimidation climbs higher on Stiles shoulders as the only weights occupied around his area are by women, Stiles shies away from looking at anyone directly.

“Everyone has to start somewhere,” a guy says as he walks past Stiles to grab at the set of 25.

Grateful for being able to sense the hesitation without being a wolf, Stiles nods in appreciation for the comment as Jackson smiles back, already lifting and counting.

Jackson looks more focused than ever as he lifts and lifts, adding more and more reps each time he drops down each arm. Feeling satisfied and wide awake, Jackson shakes his arms to get more blood flowing as he proceeds towards the 30 lb weights.
“Show off,” Stiles hums, making Jackson turn around and scowl at him across their distance.

Jackson lifts them with ease as a man, man for his size and age, makes his way and scoffs at Jackson’s small figure compared to him and picks up the 40 lb weights.

Jackson can see this man is trying to one-up him but he fights the urge to go any further until the man strains his arms and face, furiously lifting each arm and counting out loud, no doubt struggling but refusing to be out done by Jackson.

Taking the challenge and willing to shut this man up, Jackson places the weights back on their rack as he goes around and past the man to pick up the 50 lb weights, lifting them with ease.

Using his power to his advantage, Jackson easily counts, breathless, each rise and fall of his arm to take note of the man stopping his routine to eye Jackson about his.

The only viable answer, Jackson shrugs when he catches the man staring as the man grows furious with upstagement. He runs past Jackson to grab at the 65 lb weights and struggles to lift them even once but his pride will make or break him.

More than likely it will break him as the veins on his arms spread like wildfire, red color overlaying them as one rep is barely accomplished.

Nowhere close to take note of his presence, Jackson continues counting and finishes his reps to head over to the bench press and prepare himself for a full upper body workout.

Stiles finishes his reps quickly to walk over with Jackson and stand at his side at the bench. Stiles murmurs once more, “Show off…” as Jackson adds weights to the bar, preparing to press.

Having Stiles as a spotter is murder for if Jackson did need help, there would be no possible way he could help if need be so Stiles secretly wishes Jackson isn’t pushing his limit as he decides to take the floor in front of Jackson to push out some sit-ups, a nice alternative.

The entire time, Jackson isn’t even stressing as the bar is lifted and raised, like a metronome.

Stiles matches Jackson in sit ups, well beyond Jackson’s surprise and Jackson notices how Stiles keeps going though he is well beyond done with his presses.

“48…49…and 50,” Stiles huffs and sits up, catching his breath, and sees Jackson smirk with a sense of pride.

Jackson grins, widely, and Stiles can almost feel the words of, “That’s my guy,” inch their way out through those perfect teeth.

Adding to the mush, Jackson calls out, without hesitation, “Get on my back.”

If Stiles didn’t feel anyone watching before, he does now as Jackson voices it loudly, no stuttering; what appears to be a certain level of intimacy.

Jackson, being an ever so good mind reader, bends down and whispers, “Not here. We can save that for when we get back to the room.”

Slyly slipping more into Stiles’ space, Jackson places a well received kiss on Stiles cheek, meeting some warm skin of shyness.

“But I still need your help so jump on my back,” Jackson says louder, rising up to walk over to a
small corner area where mats are laying in every direction.

Following Jackson, Stiles finds this to be a bit different than the usual things Jackson has asked for or done but when Jackson lays down, stomach on the mat, Stiles climbs up and over to lay back to back with him.

When Jackson lifts his body for the first count, Stiles slides and nearly tumbles off but not before Jackson quickly calls out, “Wrap your leg around mine!” and Stiles does so in mid position to maintain his place.

Stiles is more than aware to know Jackson didn’t reprimand him but only said it hoping he wouldn’t topple over. He sighs as Jackson easily picks up his pace; Stiles enjoying a small ride of comfort.

The need of having to go above and beyond in a workout entitles Stiles to believe this to be another side effect of being a werewolf. Elevated senses, unnatural healing and animal instincts purposefully elevate born or turned wolves by extending their normal range. Stiles only teases for the sake, and privilege, of knowing why.

Nonetheless, Stiles is impressed at surviving a werewolf workout and ponders what might be next on the agenda.

“What are we going to do after we leave? What time do we have to leave?” Stiles asks, seemingly confident Jackson can answer.

“We can stay however looooonng you want to,” Jackson teases, stretching his words with his rise.

“Perfect! Think I will order steak for lunch and we can get a Star Wars marathon in our room. You sith!” Stiles replies and Jackson purposefully lets himself fall fast to give Stiles a thump.

“Kidding,” Stiles responds. “Though I would go to the dark side for you, and that’s saying a lot since I followed the steps to be the next Obi-Wan Kenobi.”

“Ugh,” Jackson puffs out but pushes through his workout.

“Well, what about you?” Stiles asks and the sudden question throws Jackson a curveball he isn’t expecting.

“Wh-What about me?” Jackson inquires back, trying to regain his composure.

“I mean, what do you want to do?” Stiles asks.

After all the fun of yesterday, Stiles never let it exit his mind of how giving and submissive Jackson was. It wasn’t like him and Stiles doesn’t need him to change his personality simply because they were on their date.

“I decided what we did yesterday,” Jackson says and figures that should be enough for Stiles to make a decision.

“You planned everything but it was all left to me. Even if I would have said no, I’m sure you would have dragged me along. Not that I mind, of course,” Stiles finishes with, making sure Jackson understands.

“It’s all up to me, huh?” Jackson asks devilishly.
“Yes sir…” Stiles whispers, begging in his voice.

In swift movements, Jackson jumps and flips his body over to expertly land Stiles on his back, his own body on top.

“Really?” Stiles asks shockingly, having their figures close and touching.

“No one’s around,” Jackson answers.

Viewing their whole area once more, Stiles is shocked to see everyone has gone up and left the two by their lonesome. No wonder the charm and sparkle return to Jackson’s eyes.

Although, Stiles feels like he is on some game show where everyone purposefully tortures him, in on some practical joke to help Jackson have some small fun.

“Wha-Where did everyone—“ Stiles says but is cut off by Jackson’s lips.

Annoyed with this little distraction, Stiles can feel Jackson a bit hungrier from his morning pleasures. Rocking back and forth like a pendulum, Jackson is easy grinding to and fro on Stiles crotch, having Stiles respond in the exact way Jackson desires.

The sudden need for hunger drives Jackson into a sexual frenzy, breathing heavily all over Stiles neck. Without the pressure of prying gazes and judgmental stares, Stiles allows himself to submit…only for a moment.

Trailing on Jackson's back, Stiles fingers are heavy on Jackson's figure. Sensations measured only by passion, Jackson picks up Stiles legs to wrap them securely around his waist.

“We need to hurry and check out before they charge us for another day,” Jackson says, continuing to curl Stiles further and further up his body.

At the mere mention, Stiles can feel the tone in Jackson's voice calm and yet, different. Stiles can be the one to feel something strange going on between them two. Strange but oddly enough, enlightening and excellent.

"I don't feel like handing money away so let's go," Jackson says and places Stiles gently back down.

"You might want to take care of your little friend first," Jackson advises as he gets up to grab a towel he brought along from their room.

At the shot of embarrassment within an empty room, Stiles verbally hollers, "Thanks to you," grabbing his little guy to try and bring him down from his ride, leaving Jackson to sprint like a rabbit towards the elevator.

Not that he struggles to get to their room but Stiles is still human. Competing with Jackson in a race is the rabbit vs the turtle, except this isn’t a fairy tale.

Upon entering, Jackson is already sweeping up all their belongings into the mysterious bag which had been there since they arrived.

“Hey, wait!” Stiles yells while stuffing his backpack with all his items.

“What about our shower?” Stiles continues on, mad for not receiving his reward. Not to mention being left high and ready.

“We can shower once we get there,” Jackson replies, still wearing his workout clothes; annoyance
builds at more rambling and less moving.

“When we get where?” Stiles inquires curiously, taking a small seat and irritating Jackson a bit more.

“You said I could decide what we do today so that’s what I am doing,” Jackson answers and takes Stiles hand on his exit.

“Good,” Stiles says and contents himself with Jackson being able to take his life in a different direction; hopeful in the best.

In the lobby, Jackson walks over to hand in their keys and pay for the night as Stiles sticks close, nearby to hear some nobility.

“When you charge us for the room, make sure you add an extra hundred dollars,” Jackson says and Stiles looks quizzical.

“Trust me, you need some new sheets,” Jackson finishes off and watches the young lady go from puzzled to sudden squirming when she sees Stiles behind Jackson, appreciating the territorial mark on his neck.

“I see…” the lady answers and takes Jackson’s request in adding a hundred dollars to the account.

“No harm done,” she says and raises her eyes to have them twitch in Stiles’ direction.

Stiles feels violated until he can feel the hickey left by Jackson. Quickly covering it up, Stiles says, rather loudly, “Ass,” when Jackson retorts with, “That might be next.”

“Oh!” Stiles gasps and gabs his shorts to protect them for Jackson’s maliciousness.

“Let’s make sure this doesn’t happen again, okay? See you next time,” the lady replies and Stiles stuns his antics to rise in suspicion.

Jackson clears his throat upon her words and falls silent pacing towards Stiles. Not stopping to be cute and grab his hand, as walking out the door should signal for Stiles to follow.

“Thank you, sir,” the valet says. “Let’s not wait too long for next time.”

Okay, now Stiles definitely feels he is on some slick reality show. When they enter the Porsche, Jackson seems distant but is more than focused on getting where he promised Stiles he would want to go, no dodling.

Although Jackson heads further deep into the city, he is well aware on his destination. But Stiles is less than pleased on discovering what might be regular visits, which would earn responses like that from employees knowing him on a face to face basis.

Crisp spring air mixes with sour angst and someone has dipped their spoon of salt into the pudding; Jackson sighs with frustration.

“Something wrong?” he asks and Stiles squirms in his chair to get comfortable and yet distance himself from Jackson.

Being obligated to answer, Stiles’ feeling of despair creep onto his back like a rash, wanting to consume his all in a matter of seconds.

“Looks like these morning people knew who you were. Does the Whittemore name still carry weight
“all the way out here?” Stiles bites.

Jackson cringes hard with the insinuation but cowers quickly after and settles in sadness for feeling hurt (from the one he least desires it from).

Edging on the road, allowing his hands to rest lazily on the wheel to give way with slight swerves, Jackson breathes shakily.

“I used to come here a lot,” Jackson starts with. “It used to be one of my favorite places to escape.”

Stiles still hasn’t moved but Jackson feels pressure beyond a steel frame pinning him down. Unwillingly, Jackson is in pain seeing Stiles so upset after being in wonderland all day yesterday, as well as this morning.

“…And I used to bring Lydia here sometimes too,” Jackson says, feeling his heart burn with lust at Stiles for not paying attention to him.

In response to being so agitated, Stiles digs into his backpack and takes out some chips to begin munching loudly, blocking Jackson out.

Through their fun, their excitement, their night, Stiles is somehow so reluctant to face Jackson though Jackson can sense Stiles fidgeting with his own sentiment. Failing to keep it obscure and obvious but stubborn in dealing with it; usually Jackson is this bad.

Long moments of pause make the car clock slowly push each minute that crawls by. Stiles fidgets, twists and turns, fooling no one in seeing how this new information affects him in all aspects.

Holding it in no more, Jackson’s attitude emerges into what might be the most profound example of his long, hidden, human side.

Three little words…

“Talk to me,” Jackson pleads.

“Hmph…” Stiles huffs, internally fighting between wanting to leave and desiring to be held close.

An attempt failed, Jackson continues driving, smoother and lax into wherever he is planning on escorting Stiles to.

More minutes, more trees, and less buildings take on their drive with Stiles falling into a saddened betrayal, he forces himself to speak up and out.

“It’s just….” Stiles starts off with and Jackson turns his head in hope, anticipation grinding him into dust.

“It’s just…when I heard the girl say, ‘Let’s not wait til next time.’ It makes me feel you do this a lot, and I’m just another stepping stone,” Stiles says, fear gripping his throat.

On the other side, Jackson gripes with anger; aimed at who are what, his mind isn’t presenting things clearly.

“And then hearing you admit you brought Lydia. That is just…..” Stiles huffs and contemplates whether or not to continue conversing.

“So it’s Lydia who is the problem?” Jackson thinks. “Why bring her up?”
Tiny jolts shock Jackson in tossing the name out the window to tackle the clear obstruction.

“And what if I do this often?” Jackson continues to ponder. “That in it-self shouldn’t be a surprise.”

All the thoughts and arguments round his mind twice, three times until Stiles emanates loneliness.

“Stupid idiot,” Jackson mumbles, hitting the steering wheel for good measure.

Continuing to be childish, Stiles lets his body slide into the chair. Jackson views the distress about these details and continues to ponder on finding the correct words.

Before that, Stiles speaks again and Jackson can taste the desperation of anger radiating, descending all over the inside of the Porsche.

“I thought this would be different…” Stiles breathes silently.

“It is different!” Jackson yells back, not letting Stiles finish and grabbing his arm, instinct kicking in.

“It is different…” Jackson swears. “…And I’m going to prove it to you.”

Refusing to settle in Stiles being so changed about discovering a bit more he knew, but failed to believe, Jackson understands the immense pain of feeling used, degraded and lied to above all else.

In hopes to take away the sudden shift in mood, Jackson curls his fingers forward to try and reach for Stiles’ palm, calming the storm.

Stiles remains still and silent, processing what he can only take as truths, not being able to detect lies but Jackson’s pull is ever so difficult to orbit away from. Through the tingle, Stiles grabs at Jackson’s thumb, holding it for dear life.

Simple and true.

Stiles allows Jackson to run his index finger all around his palm, hearing it whisper, “Thank you, thank you, thank you…”

A few more right turns and the Porsche is making its way along a cliff, leaving Stiles to wonder where this sudden view came to pass.

It’s making his curiosity bubble, settling into a struggle of questions and assumptions.

“So…” Stiles strains to speak. “Where are we going?”

Jackson completely takes his attention away from the road to read what can only signal a better mood.

Never allowing sadness to overtake his soul, fixating on the problem isn't the issue; it's how one handles it.

Stiles turns his head around and smiles, breathing in pleasantness. In being able to fix things, the duct tape to Scott, he throws caution to the wind to free himself; extending his hand and holding hands with Jackson is a nice cherry on top.

“It’s a secret place, only I go there. But I guess, you will know about it too,” Jackson hums, driving in solace.

Jackson still finds some scorn to fill his head with in having Stiles be upset. Physically feeling it, it
manifested into claws internally digging at him from the inside and out.

Gentle, so gentle, and so serene are those eyes, Jackson shakes his body, more so his hand in utterance of his wounds to have Stiles heal them with a firm grip.

Like a sudden chill, the warm air engulfs the Porsche in a sudden, moist presence and soon, Stiles is able to have some hint as to their whereabouts.

Adhering to Jackson’s rhythm is the best alternative to a sudden outburst of hurt, tender lines of emotions rotting away, melding into an unending thirst for raw passion.

Eager, the fever pitch rests for a few seconds running on years as Jackson approaches a small tikki bar laying gently across the road.

Pulling up and pulling in, Jackson swerves with ease, “Hurry so we can change,” he calls out to Stiles upon his exit.

“Yeah,” Stiles answers back and runs to Jackson to see him making his way around the bar, oblivious to it staring Stiles straight in the face.

Stiles’ feet carry him swiftly towards Jackson’s side as his eyes are able to catch the incoming clothing being launched in his direction.

“You’re going to need that,” Jackson says, changing into swimming trunks and a light tank top.

A bit annoyed with Stiles confusion, Jackson grabs his hand, guiding him through thick shrubs as well as a stone wall to present the secret beach known only to determined, one actually, werewolf.

Scenic and panoramic, the small area is a well hidden beach suitable for a couple to take a break from the existential pressures of the universe. Barricading itself well with skyscraper rocks on both sides, it’s far enough down and covered so not even cars driving above would be able to tell such a place existed.

Palm trees align themselves in a corner where one would be able to rest within shade and cool off as rocks are positioned strategically to enhance the view from any angle you desire. Only thing to match would be the crystal clear water, swaying side to side, directed by the air’s hands.

“Ha…” Stiles smiles to himself and finishes changing to appreciate the magnificence.

“I’ve been here more than once but I promise you, it’s on my own,” Jackson says.

“Actually, it isn’t one of my finer moments to how I found this place,” he continues.

“Oh, do tell,” Stiles replies.

Jackson walks over countless rocks to recount his tale.

“From time to time, I do enjoy the water. A nice change of pace from digging in the dirt all day.”

“Ain’t that the truth,” Stiles quips, making Jackson giggle.

“Swimming isn’t all that bad but surfing brought more thrill with twice the danger. Well, on the other side of this rock,” Jackson says and points to their left. “…are dangerous rip tides. Murderous, even.”

“Overconfident and cocky, I ignored all signs and went straight in. Knocked my head a couple of times and tore some muscles. Unconscious and without being asked, I drifted up here.”
Half listening, Stiles has already joined Jackson in his antics in jumping from rock to rock, amazed with such honesty.

“I only happened to find out it was right behind the bar when I tried to go out again and the wind pushed me straight towards the back door, collapsing in front of the bartender. Never mind the hot guy, the real question is where did I come from in the first place.”

Hoping it would ease more pain, Stiles lightly punches Jackson in the back, making Jackson stop in his tracks.

Slightly annoyed at the stop, Stiles puts his arms on Jackson’s shoulders, giving him permission to move forward.

“Since then, I’ve made it a bit of a habit to check this place out whenever I come around here,” Jackson says and looks up to feel the heat bearing down on him.

“To do what?” Stiles has to ask.

“Think. Get some fresh air. Be alone…” Jackson answers, walking towards the palm trees.

“So, what do you think?” Jackson asks, feeling positive their atmosphere has changed.

“Not alone anymore,” Stiles answers.

Ignoring personal space, earlier instances of passion meld into humble moments of serenity, taking time to stop time if necessary.

In a moment of weakness, Stiles remedies his own misunderstanding, flat out jealously, finding pettiness to be overrated, and leans forward to grant Jackson peace with a small well earned kiss on the cheek.

“I’m…” Stiles begins but is immediately cut off with a raised hand.

“We were both idiots,” Jackson says and has Stiles shy from his face, Jackson nuzzling all around his head.

Intrigued, Jackson can feel Stiles hands slyly make their way down and around his waist, magically lifting his tank up and over.

“You stink!” Stiles yells as he pushes Jackson down onto the sand to run first into the awaiting waves.

“Ah!” Jackson gasps with attitude.

Running towards Stiles and tackling him down before he hits the water reminds Stiles what’s really important in his life right now. Elongated years of sadness, depression and remorse are all that need to be gone.

When the waves hit land, leaving their stain on Stiles feet, cold shivers of moisture make Stiles jump fervently into Jackson’s arms; tighter, much closer.

Jackson’s warmth, aided with the sun, have Stiles writhe in comfort as the waves start to tingle their way up into both of their backs and sides.

Jackson, laying down on his back completely, feels the water hit him entirely when the wind starts to pick up in speed and strength.
Not bothered in the slightest, Stiles waits until his feels confident enough to dive in. That is until Jackson picks him up to hurl his body in the fresh water, shivering from the drop.

“Haha…hahahahaha….hahaha…” is all Jackson can muster up to say. Too much enjoyment comes from Stiles hopelessly deciding whether to stay in or leave.

“You ass!” Stiles calls out, flinging himself out to Jackson’s upper body and failing to have him topple over.

“That’s not very nice,” Jackson sarcastically says.

“I’m not a nice guy,” Stiles winks back.

“Really? Is that so?” Jackson inquires ever so curiously.

Stiles raises his eyebrows, awaiting the sting of a kiss when Jackson twitches his ears to hear someone calling his name.

“I’m looking for a Mr. Whittemore,” the voice says, talking to a bartender.

“I’ll be right back,” Jackson says and sets Stiles down gently to not damage his precious cargo.

“Boooo,” Stiles pouts and sits like a boy, Indian style, asked by his mother to behave.

As soon as Jackson rounds the corner, and bushes, he is greeted with a Hawaiian dressed man carrying a plastic bag.

Recognizing him right away, Jackson walks over to grab some food he had ordered, using his phone without Stiles noticing, before they left the hotel.

“Well, you didn’t take long,” Jackson remarks and hands the guy his money.

“Oh it was not trouble at all, especially for someone like you,” the guy answers back, shying away.

“Okay…” Jackson replies and leaves quickly than he entered.

“I’m back and you’re going to love me even more,” Jackson hums with confidence.

“You know, I think I would. But that’s nearly impossible since you’re already giving me your all. Or at least, most of it,” Stiles answers, licking his lips, and taking the bag from Jackson’s grasp.

Very intrigued, and utterly seduced, Jackson slithers into Stiles side, smacking his lips, grinding his hips and smelling what must be cockiness from a very unlikely source.

It makes Jackson so frisky, his head begins to move all around Stiles neck, sniffing hard as his hands dig further and further into the sand, trying to hold back but the restrain is more difficult than he has ever experienced; none to be exact.

“But food is a good way to start,” Stiles says and hands Jackson his plate with their setting providing the meal, shrimp kabobs and fish fillets.

Lust never rose in Jackson’s own guise, shadowed only by the mirror of people standing in front and forward, not only in their stance.

Tasting, barely licking the outside of the forbidden fruit, it’s drug poisons him. Swelling on the inside, barely tipping his skin, slow growls and quivering moans are all the air can speak.
The sea speaks to Jackson, egging him to go forward, explore realms unknown; “take the dive.”

“Ah……ugh……ah……” Jackson moans again and again.

“Mmmm…that was delicious,” Stiles mumbles through some crumbs. “Aren’t you going to eat something?” he asks.

Jackson takes one, small, hard whiff of salt water air, prepping his response.

Steady waves flowing in, warm air exiting out.

“Jackson?” Stiles questions, entering his scent.

“I am,” Jackson answers, slightly opening his eyes. “But for something way different……”

Running on instinct, Jackson pushes Stiles forward and digs his body into the ground, lifting his head slightly up.

“Anything I can do to prepare this meal?” Stiles asks, submitting fully.

“Mmmmm…grrrrrrr…..” Jackson growls.

“Getting freaky on the beach? Don’t think I’ve ever done that before. Would love to see how it turns out,” Stiles winks.

Jackson growls lower and harder, pulling Stiles head up to push his hips forward, clashing with Stiles rear-end.

“Ah!” Stiles gasps in ecstasy. “That’s the spot.”

Reeking, oozing of this drug, Jackson shifts right on the spot to barely bury his claws on Stiles’ back.

Stiles is not surprised to know Jackson is in mid shift, tell that to his growls and moans, but Stiles is well aware Jackson would never be nowhere near hurting him; he allows Jackson to continue.

All around this canvas of his body, Jackson sways his fingers in all directions, burning his sensations into it; evident and clear.

“Yeah?” Jackson is able to growl, and ask.

“Yeah. Yeah!” Stiles answers, spreading his legs wider for Jackson to bring his in and closer to his ass.

Jackson growls become more and more heated after the last one until Stiles can feel his skin ripple through each one.

In a sudden discovery, Jackson catches wind of his claw tips tingle as they scrape, painting Stiles body a light red.

Quickly turning Stiles over, Jackson presses his crotch within Stiles, lifting his legs to hug his waist all around.

Breathing heavily, Stiles takes Jackson’s head, with Jackson beginning to shift further and faster.

Allowing the hair to culminate in his hands sends the signal for his body hairs to rise in appreciation.
Giving in to his own lusts, Stiles kisses Jackson furiously, not letting his tongue fall back but dive in to Jackson’s mouth, struggling to maintain composure.

No need as Jackson eagerly answers back, moving his head from side to side, not letting anything slip his tongue.

Almost forgetting what’s happening, Stiles caresses his mouth on Jackson’s teeth, feeling them elongate in Jackson’s mouth.

Touching the tip of his fang with his tongue, small drops of his saliva ooze from Stiles lips onto Jackson’s teeth, feeding them altogether.

“Ungh…..” Jackson huffs, straining to keep his right sense of mind.

Craving so much it aches, physically aches, forces Jackson to twitch at restraining himself though Stiles can sense it too, he helps Jackson take it all in.

Grabbing Jackson’s claw ridden hands, Stiles places them on his chest.

“I know you won’t hurt me,” Stiles whispers, giving Jackson the all clear sign.

Snarling added to his growls, Jackson begins to claw into Stiles bare chest, making Stiles growl back with the pain but overpowered in love, going insane with infatuation.

The claws dig a little deeper, making Stiles skin a little redder but Jackson is now fully shifted, full wolf in bloom with Stiles staring straight back.

“Beautiful. Absolutely beautiful,” Stiles says, breathing life into Jackson’s figure.

Answering whole heartedly, Jackson sits Stiles on his lap to have Stiles return the favor on his behalf, refusing to settle for any type of partiality.

Stiles reciprocates fully, taking his hands to graze his own marks on Jackson’s back, making Jackson helplessly naw into Stiles chest with his fangs.

A never ceasing cycle, their souls are entangling further and further the more Jackson feeds his lust, the more Stiles gives in to quench a bottomless well of thirst.

Stiles feels as if he is glowing, radiating with so much energy he can burst at any second but takes into account Jackson might be feeling it as well, their hunger is shared.

Every slow growl, sensual kiss, eager grind has them both on cloud nine; riding a natural high.

The deep root where Jackson’s wolf resides sends vibrations of music to Stiles soul; intimacy for the ages.

The intensity of emotion matches only with Stiles clinging to Jackson’s body for dear life, feeding and being fed his insatiable desire.

The sun bows to their raw intensity until Jackson catches a sound of creaking trees, echoing louder and louder from behind the rocks obscuring their view from wandering eyes.

Flowing from passion to anger, Jackson growls protectively through Stiles, focusing his eyes towards the sound, refusing to break contact.

“What’s wrong?” Stiles asks, regaining his stance to cower under Jackson, who is already
leaning forward to leap at anyone who dares to show their face.

“Grrrrrrrr!!Raaaaawwwrrrr!!” Jackson snarls dangerously.

Stiles isn’t too certain if he should be in Jackson’s perimeter, sliding down and away until Jackson grabs Stiles to cradle him squarely into his chest, like a mother protecting her cub.

Seeing Jackson be so territorial with Stiles is shocking to say the least, but it has Stiles gazing up towards Jackson, asking him for guidance.

Soon, Jackson’s snarls turn audible as Stiles is able to make out some giggling along with little high pitched playful screams of, “Stop tickling me!”

A couple of horny teenagers found their way into their area thinking it was a safe corner but their assumptions are less than accurate.

“Grrrrrr. Raaaarrrrrrrrrrrrr…Grrrrrrrrrr…” Jackson huffs louder and louder.

It's so loud they have the girl stop laughing and say the all too familiar, “What was that!?"

At the mere mention, Stiles hears it clearly and as soon as Jackson begins to stand on his legs, ready to dash forward on command, Stiles quickly shuts Jackson’s mouth.

As if the hair is standing on its’ own legs, Jackson is too committed in protecting what’s his and has Stiles struggle to keep him quiet and stable.

“Shhh!! Please,” Stiles whispers, using both hands.

“Do you hear that? It sounds really close,” the girl continues to say.

“No! No no no no no no. Just calm down,” Stiles pleads but Jackson is staring straight away and towards those two behind the rocks.

“Please!” Stiles asks one last time, looking fully into Jackson’s eyes.

Quicker than a flash of lightning, Jackson looks at Stiles and begins to rescind his breathing into low puffs as Stiles is able to hear the girl speak, “Guess our fun is over,” hearing other people call them over, walking back towards where they came from.

After taking their leave, Jackson calms himself back down. Seeing Stiles so worked up has Jackson groaning in pain and whining for attention, Stiles answering back fully.

In a heartbeat, the atmosphere changes from love to the worry of danger to Jackson willing to hurt anyone who would get close to Stiles, as if taking him away.

Asking with his eyes, not his words, which have never failed him, Stiles gazes unto Jackson, find the right things to say.

In what Jackson understands, his mouth starts to move but through strained teeth follow some harsh stares and quiet threats.

“They were…..ha..ha…ha…they were getting closer….ha…ha..ha..and…” Jackson struggles to word out.

“They’re gone now…” Stiles assures. “They’re gone now.”
Meeting the worry and protectiveness for the first time is beyond comparison to Stiles actually knowing what it feels like to have someone fight for you; or at least take you under their arms, shielding you from all.

Steady breathes of relief, pain soothing, overtake Jackson in his attempt to find Stiles once more; lost in his instinct.

“Focus on me, remember?” Stiles says, bringing his head up and towards Jackson’s.

Gripping the soft, tender skin against his worn torn hide gives Jackson the privilege of having a soft place to land when things get rough.

His strength, his focus, his security.

“You okay?” Stiles questions.

“Better now,” Jackson answers.

“Good,” Stiles hums, letting Jackson fall onto his forehead, begging Stiles for the breath of life and Stiles enthusiastic to give.

“You know…” Stiles starts off. “This really is different.”

Pleased, but just like he had promised, Jackson nuzzles Stiles in affirmation of the obvious point made right from the beginning.

“Should we stay?” Stiles asks, pending Jackson is feeling better.

“Of course,” Jackson answers and remains laying on top of Stiles, waiting to have his fill.

Handling the situation rather well, Stiles views Jackson sit back and finally take in the sun’s rays, refreshing his aura.

Stiles takes Jackson’s relaxation as a good sign to continue letting his inner child out and make a sand castle.

In no way allowing himself to be limited, Stiles uses any available tools, sticks mostly, to help carve angles, corners and towers in all directions.

“Yes!” Stiles voices in accomplishment, scuffling a few inches back to properly gaze upon his creation.

Jackson opens on eye to see Stiles crawling his way further from the castle and into his stomach. Catching Stiles a bit off guard, he falls into Jackson’s stomach and ruins Jackson from catching the rays which would help him gain some color but heal him of his burns.

Though through catching rays and building castles, Stiles bumping into Jackson has him startled enough to send sand flying and pan Jackson’s figure all over.

“Sorry,” Stiles says, trying to wipe away the sand but feigning a small smile.

“Ugh..” Jackson answers, half amused.

Jackson lets Stiles clean up for a bit but not before he grabs a fistful of sand to gently let it waterfall down Stiles head, his smile more cunning.
“Wow! Really?!” Stiles giggles, letting it crescendo down and down.

“There. Dirty fits you really well,” Jackson says, admiring his own work.

“Well, if it’s what you like, then I think I can be like this all the time,” Stiles boasts, wearing his sand cap proudly.

“Maybe not all the time,” Jackson says, scrunching his eyebrows in a small plea.

Soaking up the sun together, Stiles is stirred from his spot when his trusty backpack he has carried around with him all weekend, PINGS with an incoming message.

Grunting at displeasement, anytime anyone is so rude to not have any decency to be polite, Stiles rises up to see who would be calling.

Walking over to the shaded area where their belongings are resting, Stiles easily digs into his side pocket to pick out his phone and see Scott’s name blaring at him.

**Scott:** “Hey, I think we found something. Whenever you are ready we can talk.”

“Whenever I am ready? What does that mean?” Stiles mumbles, trying to solve his puzzle.

Bringing his phone back to the main message board, Stiles views a second message he had mindlessly passed over from an unfamiliar name, at least through his phone.

**Allison:** “Is Jackson feeling any better? How are you guys?”

With a heart made out of gold, Allison meddling is acceptable for her concern but not okay for her blabbing to the others, or Scott.

Examining the message closer, Stiles takes note she sent it last night, pretty late after they were both asleep.

“They probably went home that same night,” Stiles says, answering her back.

**Stiles:** “Hey. Sorry about last night. We are both okay. He is doing better so no need to worry.”

**Allison:** “Good to know, : )”

“That was fast,” Stiles voices.

Though he can’t help but feel a bit upset over her letting Scott know of his escapade. Whether or not details were omitted are far beyond him.

As Stiles is checking his phone, Jackson twitches his ears to pick up the vibrations of his own phone shaking in the distance, inside his glove compartment box.

“Seriously, Derek,” Jackson huffs, setting his body to sink deeper into the sand.

Stiles begins to walk over, face scrunching in dismay about letting Jackson know it would be best to head out; the whole world is waiting for them back home.

“Hey, I think it might be best if we go ahead and call it a day,” Stiles says, standing in front of Jackson. “Scott let me know he found something and is waiting for me; quote, ‘whenever I am ready.’”
“Sounds about right.,” Jackson replies, stretching to help himself up. “Derek doesn’t let up. He sent me a message right now.”

Jackson flicks his head towards the Porsche to indicate hearing the message through the ocean, trees, people and a metal frame.

“Sucks that our fun is over,” Stiles says, extending his hand like habit to have Jackson take it immediately.

“For today,” Jackson answers and has Stiles smiling shyly.

Making it round the rocks and through the trees, Jackson follows directly behind Stiles on their exit/entrance until Jackson guides Stiles; “Shower,” Jackson commands again.

Taking ones that are slightly out of sight for anyone to really take notice, Stiles and Jackson wash side by side.

Stiles watches first to see the semi-warm water slide off Jackson’s hardened physique; the muscles flexing in and outward.

Like magic, but supernatural, the sun burnt parts of Jackson, amidst layering some sun block, meld with his skin to retain his color but heal his burns.

“It’s like changing the skin tone on creating a new character, but real!” Stiles yells in his head.

Although his back is turned, Jackson smirks so hard at feeling Stiles gaze upon his body, he turns his head to seductively invite Stiles over.

Stiles balls his fists but his temptation fails to keep him steady as he joins Jackson in his shower to allow the water and Jackson to freshen him up.

Jackson can’t fall behind either as his hands graze Stiles back all over. Facing it fully, Jackson feels each scratch mark, narrowing his eyes at each one, hesitation in knowing it’s pain.

“Do they hurt?” Jackson has to ask.

His hands press forward, gently, to caress the marks of instinct, territory.

“No, they don’t,” Stiles answers calmly.

As if taking away his pain, Jackson kisses each scratch almost making his way down before Stiles stops to lift him up, scolding him for being so naughty.

The mark on Stiles chest is interesting enough to radiate an energy only Stiles can feel.

Three fairly spread, and equally long, claw marks on his left chest area are slightly deeper than the others across his back but don’t sting like fresh wounds.

Stiles feels it helps him feel connected, like he isn’t alone. Foolishly understanding it’s a souvenir, a good souvenir, to carry with him until it heals; a treasure.

Stepping out once the water gets cold, Jackson has no problem stripping himself naked to change into more clothes he has packed in that duffle bag from the hotel.

Seeing some worn out jeans are blessings upon Stiles soul, flinging them onto his waist.
Jackson layers himself in the same cool fashion Stiles has witnessed for the second time in his life; short tee, button up over the tee, faded jeans, and a cap to settle some non-product hair.

Walking out as the pretty boys next door, the tiki bar is moderately filled with all eyes on both, not just Jackson.

Stiles walks through the tables, head held up high with a new boost as Jackson matches the stares with the ol’ Whittemore charm he knows people love.

The bar, outside, falls silent in as much it can as while they make their exit. It’s actually not that different when they enter the Porsche and leave, Jackson hearing nothing but slight murmurs.

Half and hour into the drive and Stiles is nodding his head along to some personal jams through his phone, Jackson using his phone to answer back to Derek.

Derek: “Found something. Need to see you right away.”

Jackson: “Yes. On my way.”

Derek: “Grow up and stop mimicking me.”

Jackson: “I’m not.”

Reading the faces Jackson is making, Stiles knows they aren’t exchanging pleasantries.

He continues to jam until he looks over to catch wind of Jackson folding his arms in the all too common Derek fashion, pack mentality shinning through.

Angry becomes a daily necessity and although Jackson hunches over, he also feels calm in that, ‘should-have-known-this-was-going-to-happen’ type of deal.

However, Jackson now has an alternative to a rage fit. Stiles places him arm over to run across Jackson’s elbow, reminding him of the promise they made between each other.

Jackson lets his arm fall, allowing Stiles to move his placement higher up, towards Jackson’s wrist.

Holding hands in inevitable and Jackson wraps their fingers together, taking the Porsche from cruise control and taking the wheel with his other arm, finding his strength again.

A few more miles roll by and Stiles’ tunes are interrupted by another message coming in.

“Dammit, Scott,” Stiles mumbles, opening his message board.

“Allison?” Stiles asks/says surprised.

Allison: “Hey, where are you guys right now?”

As smart as ever, the added annoyance from earlier disappears and Stiles feels more than excited to let her know.


Doing more than needed, Stiles brings his phone up, closer to his face, to snap a picture of Jackson driving.

CLICK! “And send,” Stiles mentally says.
Stiles looks at the still to notice this is the first picture he has of Jackson, showing him off completely; a new background on his phone is well on its way.

With a few changes, a few adjustments, the right angel, Stiles sets Jackson to his background, never mind Jackson is giving Stiles permission to do this.

A few more moments and Stiles phone chimes with a new notification.

**Allison: “Okay but be careful though.”**

**Stiles: “Careful? Careful of what?”**

**Allison: “Jackson is going to need both hands to drive. ; )”**

Seeing the picture like a scientist examining a slide though a microscope, Stiles sees the plainly obvious hand holding between the two.

With being such a normality in a short amount of time, Stiles didn’t think of it much as he skipped over it to set it as his background.

Not hidden, their entangled fingers are also present and even though Stiles is embarrassed for Jackson, he revels in it with happiness.

Besides, Allison doesn’t seem all too bothered by it either; a small secret, it’s nice to let someone in and aware.

Stiles looks over at Jackson, smiling from his side as Jackson shifts in his seat to get a bit more comfortable.

Soon, Jackson looks over to see Stiles staring and instead of being upset, asks in assurance, “Everything okay?”

“Yeah,” Stiles responds, looking towards the sun.

When they reach home, Jackson decides it is best to leave Stiles at his home first, though Stiles had protested they see Derek together.

“What can wait,” Jackson says, walking Stiles towards the front door.

“You seem to know him very well,” Stiles answers sarcastically.

“And you honestly think Scott can wait?” Jackson retorts back with.

“That’s a different story,” Stiles quips and take his key out of his pocket to open the front door; the sheriff is still at his shift.

“Well, there went our whole weekend. Together, which I thoroughly enjoyed, but gone,” Stiles hums quietly.

“Stop being so dramatic. We will see each other tomorrow,” Jackson replies, rolling his head and eyes simultaneously.

“What if we don’t? What then? Mind giving me a reason to look forward to tomorrow,” Stiles says, winking when he meets eyes with Jackson.

Jackson inches his way closer, tightening his legs around Stiles’, ready to whisper all the right words.
“If you don’t, you will fail class and have to watch my pretty ass move on to the next grade while you stay behind,” Jackson murmurs.

“Oooohhh that is very tempting. Maybe I won’t go to school at all. Then I will have to see that ass,” Stiles answers back.

“Not a chance,” Jackson reprimands.

“Fine!” Stiles huffs, settling for one final kiss to let Jackson see what nonsense Derek has for him, Scott is waiting after all.

Jackson takes his leave and Stiles doesn’t make it upstairs into his room to let Scott know he is home and he can come by whenever it suits him.

**Stiles: “I am home now. You can come by.”**

**Scott: “On my way.”**

**Stiles: “See you in a bit.”**

At the edge of town, Derek waits for Jackson to pull up, cautiously eyeing his every move.

When Jackson exits, he takes a hard whiff of air to only pick up Derek’s scent, no Isaac and no Peter.

“They aren’t here,” Derek says, picking up easily on Jackson’s notions.

“Good,” Jackson says and walks over to hear this news.

“So what’s this we need to discuss. Am I in trouble?” Jackson asks.

“I get that you think you rule high school. You’re the king, but when danger reveals it’s ugly head, no one is safe,” Derek says with frustration. “You need to start taking things more seriously, and I mean everything.”

At the last statement, Jackson suddenly feels scared, nervous, looking at Derek in his first instance of hopeful guidance Derek would be able to give.

“I get it,” Jackson answers. “So, what is it?”

Derek hands Jackson a folded piece of paper.

Back at Stiles house, Scott takes a page from Derek’s book to leap into Stiles room from his window and make his appearance.

“Hey,” Scott greets Stiles with.

“Scott, what’s up bud?” Stiles responds with.

Scott seems a bit more distant at Stiles lack of presence. Inseparable is a delicate way of describing how Scott felt this weekend without his other half.

Nevertheless, Scott gets straight to business.

He hands Stiles a piece of paper Stiles knows all too well he sees often at the sheriff’s office.
“You said you found something?” Stiles asks, taking the paper from Scott’s hand.

“Well,” Scott starts off. “You remember how Allison said her father was robbed of the equipment? It turns out that isn’t the case.”

“What do you mean they weren’t robbed?” Jackson asks Derek, taking a look at the report from the station.

“They weren’t robbed because they would had to have broken in. They didn’t break in. They were let in,” Derek responds.

“Let in?!?” Stiles gasps loudly. “By who?”

“Look at the bottom of the page. The name of the locksmith,” Scott answers.

“No. There’s no way this is right!” Jackson scolds the air harshly.

“It’s not a lie,” Derek says. “It’s him.”

“This is…This is Danny’s dad,” Stiles and Jackson say in sync.

The name Robert Mehalani in black bold letters.

Chapter End Notes

I finally finished this chapter. Yes! Thank you all so much for waiting for on me and being supportive. I truly appreciate all of you. As always I do hope you enjoy this next part. Things are moving forward and revelations are happening. What happens next? Wait and see! Or read!
“Wait! Wait wait wait wait wait wait wait wait…WAIT!” Stiles says, through shifting voice pitch and tone.

“First of all, does Danny know about this?” Stiles questions, guiding Scott through his home, feeling Scott is invisibly pushing him.

“Well, that’s about half of it,” Scott says and hands Stiles another piece of paper, a medical file from the hospital.

“His dad was in the ER?!” Stiles yells, waking up the dead.

“No and yes…but…” Scott studders, not knowing where to go from here.

“Okay, slow down and let me process everything. From the top this time,” Stiles says, relaxing to get comfortable as he stands.

“’Fraid we can’t do that,” Scott answers, heading out the front door. “Everyone is already waiting for us.”

With that, Scott pushes Stiles out and into his car to drive them both to Derek’s; their not so secret gathering spot.

From the walk out Stiles’ front door to Scott’s car, Scott picks up another scent troubling his nose. The thought of it coming from Stiles shakes Scott to the core but Scott takes it under the impression his nose might be playing tricks on him.

Inside the vehicle, Stiles lightly picks at his tee, shifting the cloth around his back and neck, adjusting it as he hits the back of the seat.

At the Hale home, Jackson is waiting patiently for more answers. He eyes the paper again and again, wondering what mess Danny has gotten himself into, willingly this time, when Allison pulls up with Lydia; Isaac running, following, behind.

“You’re late,” Derek scolds when Isaac walks over.

“Are normal greetings beyond Derek?” Jackson wonders, his eyes rolling to back up his statement.

“We only came when Scott messaged us, knowing Stiles was home,” Isaac replies, staring menacingly at Jackson.

Allison watches all anger aimed directly at Jackson, putting him on the spot and being the scapegoat of the group; it’s unsettling.

“I heard the little rump of some rowdy teenagers. So noisy!”

Making an entrance, Peter jumps out, wearing a solid red sweater, shaking his hands as if pretending to be freezing from the dark night.

“But I do bid thee a good welcome to our home, our honored guest of course,” Peter says, staring
cold heartedly at Allison.

He immediately extends a calloused hand to her, no doubt continuing his little mind games until Isaac and Lydia step forward to block his gesture.

Jackson joins the party to side-block on Isaac’s end as Derek, standing a few feet away, lowers his head; a sign for Peter to not engage in anything stupid.

“Well, aren’t we rude?” Peter snaps, continuing to press his arm forward for Allison to take it.

“No, rude, just not wanting to deal with assholes,” Jackson growls back, grabbing Peter’s hand to drop it.

“Aren’t you one to talk?” Peter says devilishly, grinning ear to ear.

Being able to read Jackson like a book, unlike everyone else, Peter can see right past this imaginary guise Jackson always wears arrogantly; fooling no one except himself.

“Don’t you have the fire inside of you?! It’s erupting and I love it!” Peter exclaims proudly. “I need to be careful.”

With that, Scott emerges from around the corner, Jackson picks up on the sudden panic of a racing heart.

Jackson, refusing to let go, sees sensibly to force Peter’s hands down and walk away; breathe some fresh air.

“Let me know when you want to be a part of a real pack,” Peter whispers, catching the attention of Derek as well; Jackson huffs out to growl.

Scott walks over, ahead of Stiles, to notice the tension between everyone; adding Peter is ice cream on the molten lava cake.

Allison is already carrying her bag which would provide a bit of clarity on this subject as Scott brings the folder he showed Stiles with the medical records on Danny’s father, all the information in place.

Stiles is less than focused on the problem with what he notices needs his utmost attention, Jackson walking off in the distance.

“Everything alright?” Scott asks, coming up towards Allison first.

Allison nods, impressing all around her by standing her ground, through her friends protecting her.

Isaac nods as usual, turning around to head towards Derek, still remembering where he belongs, but remaining hopeful in trusting Scott.

Lydia sighs, not letting all this ridiculousness affect her in the slightest but staying close to Allison in show of good faith.

Scott walks over to whisper a few things towards Allison, some murmurs and ramblings not even Derek would be able to make out if he listened close enough.

Stiles is the only one walking over to Jackson, seeing him walk around in anger like a crazy man cursing the world for being so cruel; Derek and Scott take notice.

“I saw what happened,” Stiles says.
“Asshole,” Jackson mumbles, hoping Peter would hear; he does, smiling back in agreement.

“Forget about it,” Stiles replies nonchalantly.

Stiles nears to grab at Jackson’s shoulder but Jackson stops him before they touch. Jackson anticipates the feel to rub at Stiles chest, feeling the mark from earlier today.

Derek sighs in uncertainty, Scott breathes out in frustration.

Before Stiles and Jackson break to join the others, Stiles notices yellow police tape bunched up and torn towards the back of the home.

“What the…” Stiles begins to say when Scott’s voice becomes overbearing.

“I think we better head inside and get started,” Scott calls out loud.

With Derek leading first, Peter following, the semi-pack enter and allow passage of Allison who takes out a laptop to reveal what she uncovered.

There isn’t any time wasted to get right down to business.

“Okay, after I found out our house was robbed, I went to my dad to ask how it all happened,” Allison says. “I wanted details but he assured me he was taking all necessary steps to dealing with it.”

“We have security like a fortress so my father tapped into the camera’s and I was able to steal this from what he viewed.”

With that, Allison turns her computer to full screen to play a video, security cam footage.

Without having to ask, Stiles recognizes Danny’s dad’s vehicle drive up to the Argent home where he begins to walk forward and pick at the door.

Their positions have Stiles, Jackson, Allison, Lydia, Scott and Isaac leaning in as the eager teenagers they are, while Derek holds back to make sure Peter doesn’t overstep, standing side by side.

“When did this happen exactly?” Stiles interrupts, filling the silence with more clues.

“The date the objects were stolen is about two weeks ago. Around the same time Gerard’s hunters decided to stick around,” Allison answers, studying the video intensely.

As they are watching, the video skips around different parts to show the multiple areas where Danny’s father had been, leading up to the downstairs basement where all their hunting equipment is located.

“This is the last part,” Allison says, holding the screen closer. “Looks like he is running. Not sure if from an alarm or something else but that’s it.”

The video footage dissipates immediately after the little scamper.

“Is that all?” Isaac asks, rather irritated it only showed so little.

“That’s all I was able to get. It looks like Danny’s dad did some extra work to cut cords which powered the cameras, erasing most of the video footage,” Allison answers.

“When did the arrest take place?” Stiles asks, taking the police report out of his pocket to view it.
“Recently, a few days ago,” Allison answers. “I guess this is how my father is handling it. Though I hate to think my father actually put Danny’s dad in jail.”

“I wouldn’t doubt it,” Derek answers, Peter smiling with such giddiness.

“Well, what about asking Danny for some help? This does involve his dad after all,” Stiles retorts, remembering he had recovered the footage for Jackson during his transformation.

“We tried and we didn’t get much,” Scott replies, souring his face at the mere mention.

“Well, what do you think we should ask him when we see him?” Allison inquires, pacing towards the lacrosse field.

“I don’t know,” Scott answers, walking by her side.

They both patiently wait for Danny to finish his scrimmage with a few friends.

After some high fives and sweaty half hugs, Danny takes notice of Scott and Allison; Scott waving him over to grab a few words.

“Scott? Hey, what’s up? What are you doing here?” Danny asks when he gets close enough.

“Just coming out to see you practice!” Scott replies, trying to sound interested.

“Okay…” Danny replies, seeing no reason to stay until Allison butts in.

“We were just on our way to lunch and wanted to see if you wanted to come with us,” Allison speaks, like a normal person.

“That sounds good. Let me just grab a quick shower and we can go,” Danny voices, a bit eager for some food after a hard workout.

They all arrive at a wing barn and sit together in harmony, Allison taking Danny’s side to show more appreciation; waiting to speak more sense if Scott can’t find the right words.

Luckily, Danny starts off the conversation first with a simple and calming question, “How are you guys?”

“Doing well. Just trying to make it through school,” Allison answers, taking a sip from her drink.

The abundance of people only reaffirms their presence in a favorite weekend spot. Their dinning doesn’t bother them in the slightest, a crowd to ease the nervousness and not create a scene when the questions are asked.

“What about you Danny? Are you doing okay?” Scott asks, feeling now is as good a time as any.

“Yeah……” Danny responds, a bit offended by Scott’s assumptions. “Why wouldn’t I be?” he adds at the end.

“Well…it’s just that we heard about your dad getting arrested,” Scott throws out; and into the open.

“Oh that...” Danny shrugs off, letting it slide right past him. “It’s no big deal.”

“If you don’t mind, we would love to hear you out,” Allison quips, smiling to let Danny know it is more than acceptable to talk if he needed an ear to listen.
“Heh…” Danny half laughs. “We all make mistakes and for my dad, he paid the price to making some bad decisions.”

“Does your dad do something like this often?” Scott inquires.

“No! Come on, Scott!” Danny retorts, slightly more agitated.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean…” Scott tries to calm Danny down but Danny beats him to it.

“No, it’s my fault. Sorry about that,” Danny apologizes.

“It’s just…one day my dad comes up to my mother and I, letting us know he has this big project he will be doing that will earn him some pretty good money. We’re excited of course but being illumined with big money didn’t cause us to think what ‘big project’ this would be.”

Instantly, Danny turns his head in what Allison takes to be sadness but Scott can smell it’s frustration.

“A few days later my dad takes off in the middle of the night saying this is part of his project, and doesn’t return until the next morning. Add a few more days and then my dad is arrested, giving a clear sign he was doing something he wasn’t supposed to.”

Danny is already looking a bit more solemn in opening up, quickly regretting it.

“But it’s no big deal. Water under the bridge so don’t worry about this or me,” Danny finishes with, taking a small sip of whatever his cup is empty with.

"Jackson is the only one who can talk to him,” Allison mumbles, identifying Jackson is the only one to remedy him.

Danny soon receives a phone call that interrupts their conversation but politely has to leave and take off, having Allison and Scott wonder what to do next.

“Well, there has to be something we are missing,” Stiles calls out, pushing everyone aside to get a better view of the screen and go through the video piece by piece.

“If we want to talk to Danny again, there’s only one person who can do that,” Scott says and looks over to Jackson with slight-agitation.

Derek backs Scott’s idea to gaze at Jackson with a slight head tilt, giving him an obvious sign he should do this.

Feeling more weight added to his shoulders, Jackson almost speaks up against his new order when Stiles interrupts with sudden news.

“Scott, look at this!” Stiles yells, grabbing the attention of all ears nearby.

Stiles takes up the whole space around the laptop but Jackson easily beats Scott in taking one of Stiles sides, Scott having to take the opposite end.

“Check this out,” Stiles says and the video is back at it’s final moments with Danny’s father running away from the home.

“And what am I seeing?” Scott asks, trying to see through Stiles eyes.
“Look!” Stiles says eagerly, pointing to what appears to be a black blotch moving in the pavement as Danny’s father is running.

“What is that?” Isaac inquires. “A ghost?”

“Please, there are no such things as ghosts,” Lydia hums.

As if the stupidity is supposed to be rolling off Stiles tongue, everyone looks at Lydia like she just sank to a low level, werewolves all around.

“What are we looking at?” Derek asks, getting everyone to focus.

“Look, this shadow moves and if you look closely, you can see fingers!” Stiles proclaims, bursting with energy and almost knocking the computer to the ground.

“Hold on,” Allison says, moving forward to adjust the resolution and provide a slightly clearer view. Sure enough, the fingers are more visible with the notion of a waving hand becoming clear.

“He wasn’t alone that night,” Stiles says, indicating more digging has to take place. “Damn are we stupid! Danny’s dad unlocks the doors, the thieves go in and out with the supplies.”

“That would explain this,” Scott chimes in, bringing forth the report for the hospital.

“A few broken ribs, bruises all over and an injured back. Like someone beat him up,” Scott finishes. “Probably to make sure he stays quiet”

“Didn’t you ask Danny about this?” Stiles asks, infuriated about how Scott is planning/ handling this.

“No because this happened last night,” Scott answers, feeling bad although it isn’t his fault.

“Sorry but this does make sense,” Stiles corrects himself in his apology. “Maybe they found out about the arrest and wanted to make sure Danny’s dad stayed quiet; saving their own necks.”

“But who would do this?” Isaac asks. “Gerard’s hunters? I thought they took off when he disappeared.”

“You can’t forget about the ones who stayed behind,” Derek scolds, scratching his chin.

It’s all so sudden and Scott feels the yokes on his back grow heavier and more tiresome with all the weight being added. Stiles’ pondering signals they are barely scraping the tip of the iceberg.

“What about the night Jackson was poisoned? During the full moon?” Stiles asks, trying to adjust all the pieces of the puzzle.

“I forgot about that,” Scott huffs, all the weight holding him down

“Do you think these could be the same people?!” Stiles inquires, worried about his boyfriend but trying to shield himself from showing concern.

“Maybe, but how can we know who they are after?” Lydia asks, deciding this is worth some of her attention.

“They’re after Jackson,” Derek responds, turning all heads. He opens his mouth and only the two more words are spoken, “the arrow.”
Jackson, Stiles, Lydia, Allison and Derek look at each in unison when they remember the day Jackson’s Porsche took an arrow to the back tire as a warning.

“What do we do now?” Stiles sighs in defeat.

Asking for a normal life would be an insult to the type of person he is, but Stiles is not upset for being with Jackson; never would he actually regret this decision.

What’s frustrating is having all their problems attacking them at once. Stiles continues to watch the video footage, repeating itself again and again, tugging at the back of tee once more.

Not only does Scott notice it again, Derek picks up on the notion to take a hard whiff and pick up the alluring scent of property.

Jackson can easily sniff the strong scent of dismay with Stiles being in such close quarters, he slides over to gently graze his body against Stiles’.

“It’s okay, we will figure this out,” Jackson’s body speaks to him. “Thank you,” is what Stiles sends back with his hips.

After a bit of a long pause, Scott gives the group his guidance once more.

“We—we can try to protect him...” Scott replies, with a little hesitation stopping his words.

Although his Kanima phase has come and gone, Jackson needed heroism in the form of friendship to find his lost heart.

At Scott’s advice, Jackson tenses up with nerves in asking what the others think about this plan; always following Scott in trusting he knows best.

“We...protect him,” Allison follows up, taking the slight pause from Scott.

“We’ll look out for him,” Derek finishes, implying Peter, and Isaac into the mix.

Jackson only looks to gain support from Stiles, the one it truly matters from, and Stiles silently mouths, “You’re stuck with me.”

“Okay, so the plan is still to figure out what happened that night at Allison’s house,” Scott moves forward with. “Do you think you can talk to Danny?”

Scott looks over to view Stiles and Jackson together and though the question is aimed at Jackson, Scott is gazing over to Stiles, still not being able to comprehend trusting and fully admitting Jackson into their pack.

“If that’s what it takes, I will try,” Jackson responds.

“Well, you need some extra charm and wit to get solid responses from Danny so I will go with you,” Stiles answers, making Jackson smile shyly to show appreciation with the gesture; Scott glares, as Lydia shows a bit of resentment but accepts it nonetheless.

“Okay, let us know what you find,” Scott says and his words are taken from everyone to the end of their meeting.

On their exit, Stiles is directly in Scott’s gaze to have him look at Stiles shoulders and notice the small scars left earlier by Jackson’s claws.
One hard sniff and Scott picks up small remnants of blood and scared tissue.

“Stiles! Are you hurt?!” Scott asks in a panic.

As soon as Scott’s arm touches Stiles, he has crossed an invisible boundary no one readily comprehends except Derek.

Protection; forbiddeness escalating to an all time high. Anything else than anger, hurt, betrayal and at the very forefront, evil. Jackson completely loses his sense of mind to take down anyone who would dare to place their hands on what he holds dear.

There isn’t any equivalent of even coming close to something so utterly disrespectful in the supernatural world; compared to being something humans do on a regular basis, not caring about what truly matters.

Jackson lunges forward, flying past Stiles to tackle Scott. He quickly wraps his body around Scott’s to launch him forward and assure himself Scott is no where nearby.

Hitting the ground hard, a battered Scott fervently makes his way up to stand at a ready position to fight back; claws out, fangs bared and eyes burning yellow.

“Dammit!” Derek huffs, speed walking forward to take notice of this predicament.

Isaac runs fast and stands between the two but leans more towards Scott side to fight Jackson off. Allison runs opposite Isaac and readies a small crossbow she hides behind her coat and belt, protecting Lydia but ready to engage if needed.

Isaac and Allison stand in neutral positions, not knowing who would fight back who. Overall, self defense is the best option.

“Now this is more like it!” Peter yells, barring his claws as well and roaring in appreciation for a bit of chaos and fun.

Jackson and Scott are taking up most of the commotion, refusing to calm down; a sudden first for Scott as he relentlessly tries to avoid problems.

Allison stands still, waiting for either one to make a move. Isaac is already full shifted and willing to take punishment for having another excuse to beat some sense into this cocky, pretty boy.

Silent winds, low growls, and calm trees. The whole entirety circling around the Hale home wait for a response from anyone who dares to take the first step.

Stiles is too frightened to do anything but crawl backwards to give all of them some space. Lydia follows as they reach the bottom of the stairs with Derek looking out to them.

He doesn’t have his claws out but if there is any indication he is warry, it would be his stance with this hands at his side, prepared.

“Raaaaaaarr!” Jackson growls loudly and moves the earth with his feet.

Galloping towards Scott, Isaac tries to interject Jackson’s movements but is a bit slow for he misses and lands face first into the ground, giving Jackson the liberty to come full force with Scott.

Jackson rattles Scott back and forth as Scott flings his arms up into Jackson’s face to toss him off.

“Scott! Scott! Scott, listen to me and stop this!” Stiles yells, trying to get some sense into his best
friend.

Isaac runs forward to give a second effort in taking Jackson down but Peter beats him first and runs Jackson over like a truck, pinning him off of Scott and further down the house.

“Restrain him!” Derek orders.

Soon, Peter picks up Jackson and holds him in place, allowing Scott and Isaac take a turn at hurting him back but Jackson is in full instincts and enraged. He easily flicks his head back to deliver a heavy blow to Peter’s face, forcing him to let go.

Isaac circles Jackson a few times before his takes his turn to slash at Jackson’s chest and stomach, he misses as Jackson catches his head lowered to bring his knee up and greet Isaac’s face with.

Derek is wanting to intervene but holds himself back to wait a bit more; Stiles and Lydia continue to watch in horror.

Waiting for Isaac to get up, Jackson growls louder and harder to egg on whoever dared to take a swing at him next.

His answer, through the rustling of the trees and gentle winds guiding it, an arrow swishes through the air to dig into his right leg, piercing his skin to dig into a nerve, shocking his movements into staggering for help.

Removing the arrow as the wound heals up quick, Jackson’s eyes seem to glow brighter with rage as he picks up speed again to bring down the source of the arrow, Allison.

Allison drops her crossbow to bring into light two small knives from the laptop bag to anticipate the incoming wolf.

Jackson jumps up to surprise her but Allison dodges the attack and digs the knives into Jackson’s back, a piercing howl covers the night.

Straining from the wound, Jackson continues to push through his pain and slash at her but she has the upper hand for a few seconds, either blocking or avoiding any hits.

It only lasts for a few more swipes when Jackson purposefully cowers his last slash to punch Allison and sweep the leg to knock her over.

“Allison!” Scott roars and now Scott’s instincts are in full burn, running towards Jackson once more.

“Allison!! Scott!! Please don’t do this!!” Stiles shouts, trying to help.

This time, Jackson is more than ready to rip Scott’s throat out.

Scott and Jackson run towards each other, but Jackson jumps over Scott easily to avoid him but not Isaac.

Isaac followed Scott directly and he clashes with Jackson midair, exacting his revenge.

They tumble in the dirt and Isaac gets a few claw marks on Jackson’s body when Scott comes over as they try to hold Jackson together.

They can’t as Peter comes in to help and does the more obvious tactic to hold Jackson’s neck and head, claws still extended.
Soon, Derek finally sees his opportunity to join the fray and walks over to the restrained Jackson.

Stiles can see the attitude building in Derek and follows him only to have Derek threaten him to stay away.

“Derek! Please! Please don’t…” Stiles pleads; Derek isn’t listening.

He walks over, Jackson struggling and straining to break free as Derek comes to eye level with him.

All Derek can see is rage; bitter, immense, uncensored rage, building a tower higher than a skyscraper.

Clenching his fist, prepping it, Stiles tries to utter another word.

Failing to speak, Stiles only sees Peter give a devil’s smile, winking, as Derek raises his fist to make contact with Jackson’s face.

Only the hard crack of bones breaking are heard, scaring off nearby crows, as Jackson collapses on the floor.

At the mere sight, Stiles averts his gaze, flinching when he hears Derek’s fist punch through Jackson’s face, knocking him out cold.

Stiles sinks lower and lower unto his knees, burying himself within sadness; submerging completely.

Peter lets go first, not caring on whether or not Jackson would suffer from whiplash while Scott and Isaac let him drop slowly onto the ground.

Jackson is breathing, steady, but calmed down above all as the others release themselves from their shift.

Looking down at Jackson, small bits of hate escape from Scott’s aura to invisibly show how upset he is for not only attacking him, but giving clues into something that happened between he and Stiles and those scratches. And going after Allison of course.

At the mere thought, Scott goes to check on Allison and see if Jackson did manage to get in a solid swipe.

Allison is dusting herself off, looking all too well, and Scott is relieved to see by how she manages to grasp her crossbow and walk towards Lydia and Stiles. Yet, something tingles at the back of Scott’s spine.

Tagging behind Allison leaves Scott so blind, at first, to take notice of his best friend calling his name to quit furthering the conflict, hiding some vital details.

“Are you okay?” Allison asks both of them.

Lydia is a bit shaken at the sudden burst of emotions reaching a fever pitch; shaken but not stirred.

Stiles is at his lowest, hitting rock bottom after being mountain high. His body evaporates into a puddle of flesh as Allison carefully approaches him to settle within his side; not until Scott interrupts.

“Allison! Allison, are you hurt?! Did he hurt you?! Are you bleeding?!” Scott keeps asking.

The questions become underappreciated as Allison continues to make her way down to Stiles and tug at his shoulder, providing comfort.
“I’m fine, Scott. He didn’t mean to do it,” Allison answers and the response greatly makes Scott shake his head in disapproval.

How can Allison honestly protect this guy after going on a rampage, almost ripping out all their throats and take it as a slight mishap; Scott agrees silently with Derek in doing what he needed to do.

Allison kneels far enough to be head level with Stiles, but not eye as Stiles has his gaze down and averted.

“Stiles…” Allsion whispers, calm and serene as Stiles pictures all his moments with Jackson.

“Stiles…” Derek says, still looking down at Jackson in disappointment.

“Go home,” Derek instructs, leaning down to hear and view Jackson’s breathing.

“Come on, I can give you a ride,” Allison says and helps Stiles to his feet.

The moments Stiles rises to not give Scott a sorry side smile, Scott understands what happened; partially.

Trying to mend his mistakes, Scott walks over with a stern smile to greet Stiles with at the sound of his soft words, “Hey bud, I’m sorry.”

When Stiles does turn his head to meet Scott wearing a solemn expression, there isn’t any gratitude for doing something considered to be anything less than blasphemy in Stiles presence.

“Let’s go,” Allison calls out, signaling for Lydia to follow.

Derek and Allison are the two few who know the reason Jackson attacked Scott in the first place, leaving the others to wonder what’s happening in the pack; the yoke on Scott’s back getting heavier.

As Allison exits, passing through everyone, Scott is left wondering what comes next and if their initial plan still stands; Derek answers his question.

“Start off by questioning Danny again, with Jackson’s help,” Derek says, picking up Jackson willfully and stealing his Porsche keys. “Maybe get Allison to see if she can get more from her father.”

Limping like a soulless corpse, Jackson is flung over Derek and they begin their trek towards Jackson’s Porsche; Allison taking leave in her vehicle, Stiles riding up front and Lydia taking the back seat.

Underlying emotions eat away at the thin atmosphere, forcing even Peter to leave awkwardly, not knowing whether to hide in the burned out home, or run far away to never come back.

Derek makes it so clear for everyone to go their separate ways but Scott is not crazy to understand Derek knows something, and he is hiding it once more.

“Derek!” Scott calls out, causing Derek to take a misstep.

“You know something, don’t you?” Scott asks, running to catch up.

The electronic door lock has the Porsche ‘BEEP,’ startling it to open up.

“Derek, you know something so tell me?!” Scott yells out, louder. “Why didn’t you help when Jackson was attacking us?! Why did you let Jackson attack us?!”
“Scott, go home,” Derek repeats his order.

Infuriated, Scott wants to bellow out, the very least thing he can do at the present time.

Derek loads Jackson onto the passenger side, casually sliding him in, putting on his seat belt for good measure in preparation for their ride home.

“Tell me!” Scott roars.

A harsh echo, the sound reverberates throughout the trees. An alpha’s tone, it persuades Derek to stop his movements to read the hidden message behind this upfrontness.

Constantly a guardian angel to his friends, bleeding wounds are tiny scratches compared to the bursting heart strings being torn apart.

Taking his accountability in motion, Scott pursues his mistakes into befitting what he feels he should know, even at the emotionally painful level.

It doesn’t work as Derek carefully lowers his head to adjust Jackson into the passenger seat, buckling him for good measure, to continue his responsibilities of not only an alpha, but a half-human adult.

It is Sunday and Derek does have some accountability of making sure his pack at least make attend school.

“Go home and get some rest for tomorrow's classes,” Derek persuades, and speaks no more.

Walking directly towards the driver side, Derek gets in and quickly turns on the engine to shift the gears and drive off, leaving Scott an empty shell of a being.

Isaac hadn’t even stuck around to instead meet at Derek’s place to also get some rest for what the next day will bring.

Shallow whispers of slight turmoil circle around Scott’s mind to have him feel it’s the beginning of the end for all him and his troubles.

During the drive home, Allison crosses restaurants and malls to arrive at Lydia’s high maintenance neighborhood to drop her off first.

Not completely souless, Lydia understands whole heartedly as to why she is the first stop on their little tour.

“Thanks for the ride,” she says upon her exit.

As a sign of her maturity, Lydia gently pats Stiles shoulder before she is out of Allison’s car, in giving her word, ‘everything would be okay.’

In an alternate universe, Lydia coming close to Stiles is a miracle and placing her hand, voluntarily around Stiles proximity, would mean peace on Earth.

Any other day and time, except for now. Now when Stiles has dedicated to revolve his world around someone who needs him just as much as he needs him.

The only time he has to live, the present, and one which he doesn’t take for granted.

Lydia exits on both of her farewells as Allison gently swerves her car to head in the opposite
direction to take Stiles home.

Any form of conversation would be met with small shrugs, low grunts, mumbled words or harsh silence so Allison continues to drive until she reaches the mailbox out in front of the Stilinski home.

The engine is still and quiet as Allison shifts gears into park but doesn’t turn her keys to power off the motor.

Waiting for Stiles to move, she prepares to whisper the only thing she, or anyone, would be able to murmur in this situation.

“Are you okay?”

Stiles twists his body in response but doesn’t exit just yet. He firmly plants his feet into the car and is struggling inside his own head to either ask questions or weep silently.

There isn’t any deliberation as the confusion mixes further and further having him breathe heavily with sentiment behind each escape of air.

“Do you think they will ever get along?” Stiles suddenly exasperates.

The quick burst from his emotions has Allison shiver from the unexpected words but she only settles into the best possible response she can give, under this circumstances.

“They will. You just have to give it time,” Allison responds. “Besides, you two seem happy together.”

At those last words, Stiles feels compelled to return a very appreciated smile of gratitude. Without having to ask, and though it was unintentional, her finding about the two of them together is either a light on the fuse to a bomb or frosting on the cake.

Grateful for the second option, no other information is given for her to stumble upon what could be the best thing in Stiles life. Having someone in on their little secret is only topped by the understanding backing it up.

“See you at school tomorrow,” Stiles says, exiting and exchanging a small hug for comfort.

Allison patiently waits for Stiles to enter before she gives him one last wave and heads home for the night, just like everyone else.

Although she gave Stiles her word and would do her part to make sure things go well between all of them, she knows the key people to this are Jackson and Scott; all the weight on this subject falls on their shoulders.

“They have to get along,” Allison speaks quietly to herself on the ride home. “They have to do it. For Stiles sake.”

She only hopes her wish is heard and granted.

Once Allison makes it out of sight, Stiles frantically grabs his backpack and lacrosse bag to load it up with everything he needs for tomorrow; spending the night with Jackson called out to him like a fish to the ocean

Without his dad, noticing a small note left on the refrigerator door, Stiles doesn’t even bother to grab the bag of food and munch on a late dinner, choosing to settle with early sleep at Jackson’s house.
No longer a raging hormonal teenager, Derek is responsibly driving the Porsche in what could be described as married, parent driving, all the way back to Jackson’s house.

Figuring out which button opens the garage door, it’s pushed to open and give Derek a more convenient excuse to drive it all the way in before parking it.

Derek continues his parental duties to carry Jackson all the way upstairs into his room, finding it such a surprise that for being so rich, their worries are none as multiple doors are open, none of which have a lock except the front one and a few windows slightly pried open.

There isn’t not need to be surprised, not just because he is a supernatural, but mainly since this only angers Derek further into being upset at everything Jackson is blind to.

Only when Derek reaches the bed does he actually tender to him like a small child and gracefully lays down Jackson’s body.

The scolding continues its reign as Derek can feel the stress affecting him like he is the one with the problem.

“Jackson, why are you so blind?” Derek asks, hoping this idiot would be listening.

“Why are you so stubborn? Why don’t you understand?” Derek keeps asking, feeling his own heart rate rise build.

It calms when Derek notices a heartbeat off in the distance and approaching fast on Jackson’s yard outside his room.

Derek takes a quick peek to see Stiles stumbling in the distance, lugging his baggage and placing it a secure spot he can leave until he can climb up to open some doors and bring his items inside.

Derek takes that as his cue but not before he asks Jackson the most vital question of all.

“Why can’t you just accept it?” Derek hums, back turned on his way out the door.

Using his human side, the exit Derek decides to take it out through the front door instead of jumping out a window like an animal, Stiles is taking care of that for him.

As soon as Derek can hear Stiles’ shoes creak in Jackson’s room, Derek uses that sound to hide the front door opening and closing upon his leave.

Stiles doesn’t stumble this time around and walks directly over Jackson to check and see him still knocked out.

Visible bruises surround all around his lower jaw but the healing process is taking place as the colors are changing to match his skin pigmentation.

Scott worrying about Stiles being hurt is child’s play when Jackson is the real one to undergo what the word pain means.

Stiles gently caresses Jackson’s jaw but the only thing he feels are slight stings, as if the pain is carrying over, sharing it between the two of them; as one.

Alongside pain, emotional distress is the second half of what Stiles is carrying around within himself.

Asking Allison isn’t going to make things better.
A silent prayer; an acceptable wish. Stiles is asking for whatever force in the galaxy can help to mend this sensitivity in his life.

Though Scott is unaware of his relationship with Jackson, would it actually kill him to give him the benefit of a doubt like he has done to so many others? What is different before when Scott really did care about saving his life despite the type of person he is?

What’s changed? What’s different?

Ridiculousness is the only thing coming to Stiles mind but on a deeper sense, a small light of resentment illuminates a darker revelation.

The first time Stiles is allowed to be selfish and place himself first above all others, Scott has to be the one to reject it at the highest level and decide Stiles’ happiness isn’t important.

Settling for what he knows to be a dark, long held truth, Stiles almost forgets his bags are waiting for him outside, so he hurries as quietly as he can to use the front door, which he finds open to his surprise, and bring them in before some punk decides he wouldn’t need them.

From their drive back to the detailed and action ridden evening at the Hale home, Stiles notices the microwave clock in Jackson’s kitchen to light 9:37 p.m.

Not too late but Stiles had already decided on an early bed session to settle in through what could have been another perfect day.

Well, helping himself to what can be done, Stiles makes Jackson’s home his and picks up, or tries to, and take care of anything else that he sees might need attention.

Overall, a few dishes, some random placement of estranged objects are fixed. Last thing is taking his bags upstairs to adjust them around Jackson’s bed, ready for tomorrow morning.

Stiles sees no reason to take a shower realizing Jackson is still carrying dust and dirt from the ground where he was brought from being taught a lesson.

Stripping Jackson free from his wear isn’t pleasing this time around, still feeling the pain and being extra careful to not have it spread anywhere else.

Plucking some shorts from Jackson's dresser, Stiles is right in his element in doing all he can for this guy, which he loves.

The last things on Stiles check list are brushing his teeth, and stripping his own clothes to join Jackson on the bed to rest for the night.

Only a couple of think blankets are thrown onto Jackson, not wanting to move him to place him under the ones the bed already carries on top.

Curling up nice and tight, Stiles warms up nicely next to Jackson, chest to stomach and cheek to cheek.

In this small instance, Stiles doesn’t understand why being selfish is such a bad thing. Although living a fantasy dream, Stiles is agitated enough to not be able to nod off into a deep slumber.

Demons, other packs, the entirety of the supernatural world should be the main focus of the definition of what trouble stands for; not something within that can be resolved between regular human beings.
Warm on the outside, but thunderous storms brewing from within, Stiles attempts to regain his right mind to fall asleep, failing for one full hour.

Only through hopeless restlessness, Stiles minds gives up any further tries to comprehend all these events and issues.

Tired of being tired, Stiles’ mind quiets, leading his body to follow up with. And finally give him an excuse for some shut eye.

Thirty minutes into the what Stiles can consider a nap instead of actual sleep and Jackson is awake and conscious.

“Aaaoooowww…” Jackson yawns, feeling his sore chin and mouth.

Through all his lapses of losing control and shifting unintentionally, Jackson recalls bits and pieces but nothing solid he can build an actual memory on.

Except Derek knocking him out cold, that will never fade away anytime soon.

Jackson feels the entangled mess of Stiles and their fingers swirled together; the lack of clothes on his body with the sensitive smoothness of skin.

In a accepted normality of how they’ve been living their lives lately, something is not lining up correctly.

Embracing so many unknowns in this time, Jackson undermines the amount of responsibility it takes for someone, anyone, a special on, to be around creatures such as them.

Forgetting himself, selflessness, Jackson carefully turns over to see a battered Stiles.

Worn out, torn, suffering.

These are the only descriptors Jackson uses to sum up Stiles figure at an overall glance.

Baggy, saggy eyes...tired sleepless expression. At the mere touch, Jackson can feel Stiles bones' ache and the pain, the pain he feels is greeted with a sorrowing guilt.

Silent cries of unholy tenderness, Jackson digs his arms around and under Stiles arms to carefully ease Stiles onto his body, mending it all around.

Jackson tucks Stiles in so securely, Jackson actually views the light scratch marks he had made on Stiles previously today.

They once carried a memory of crazy fun, but they now speak to Jackson as a means of forcing Stiles to be metaphorically and physically torn; ripped apart and battle torn.

Loving him so much never cost Stiles anything, and Jackson never asked but received something he found giving a slight damn about.

Sentimentality is never Jackson’s strong suit but the pull for Stiles is too great to not do anything to return a very, undeserved, gift.

Weakness.

The uncertainty of a foreign subject makes Jackson tremble with nerves of wet tissue paper but something, digging deep and tugging at the very core of his soul, urges his body forward to do the
right thing for the one he loves.

Placing a very heated hand on Stiles back, Jackson closes his eyes and concentrates hard to take away all the pain emanating from Stiles figure.

Immense black veins cover Jackson’s forearm and his power extends further and further into the same symbiotic feeling he fails to understand he and Stiles have shared since they have been together.

Emotional distress gather through his healing process as vivid thoughts of agony accumulate in vast numbers inside of Jackson’s head.

Small seconds fly by as Stiles can now feel the distress being shared and grunts, sentimentally, in his sleep, begging for Jackson to hold him and never let go.

Jackson reciprocates and uses both of his arms to continue the healing process, Stiles scars fading away and out of sight.

Jackson’s gaze wanders to the open window where the moon is half smiling back at him. Jackson focuses harder but doesn’t color his eyes blue, the moon only gives him something to focus on because what he intakes, is his own medicine.

Loud cries of sorrow, immense pain, stem from the inner most reaches of Jackson's heart, and black voids of darkness succumb Jackson's ears, thoughts and heart.

When the healing process finishes, a very audible and calming sigh warms Jackson’s back, easing Stiles into a slumber no one would be able to wake him from.

Healed but not, small scars belittle themselves in the back of Jackson’s mind; in allowing himself to be weak, Stiles had subconsciously shared his own demons with Jackson.

Pity can be a simple answer to empathy on any level but having his vision clear for the first time in years, Jackson embraces Stiles tight…in love.

In mutuality.

“Stiles…” Jackson whispers softly.

He places a last tender kiss on his forehead, curling Stiles head into his shoulder and deep into his chest.

A single, hopeful, and held back tear cascades from Jackson’s eye, making it the last thing Stiles’ skin welcomes before Jackson falls victim to the tyranny of sleep.

Calming rays of sunlight warm Stiles back, helped by the small chirp of birds singing in through the window.

Rustling up his legs, Stiles finds both of them wrapped and tucked into Jackson’s own thighs. Both of his arms are squarely around Jackson’s neck and his head is buried into the deepest part of Jackson’s chest, finding a nice pillow amongst his body.

Stiles yawns in appreciation for another glorious morning, his hot breath making Jackson’s heart beat erratically race in it’s place.
Jackson’s frantic beating heart, curtesy of his emotions, awake him, feeling Stiles squirm and struggle to get more comfortable in bed, refusing to rise and prepare for the day.

“Morning,” Jackson hums, scratching the back of Stiles head, egging him to wake up.

“Morning, grumpy wolf,” Stiles mumbles back into Jackson’s chest, small bits of saliva oozing their way down his lips, creating a wet mess on Jackson’s chest; Jackson doesn’t care.

“Come on. We need to get up and shower to head off to school,” Jackson says, letting his words belie him, remaining still.

“Mooonndaaayyyssss………..” Stiles groans, stretching out his limbs, and words, bringing them back softly to tussle at Jackson’s hair.

“Least favorite day since the dawn of time, but the faster we get it done with, the quicker it will pass,” Jackson assures.

In a small instance of hearing a passing train go by, the sound of the horn alarming him into thinking his dad is home, never mind the fact Stiles isn’t at his own house, he rises to further his stretching antics. Yet, Jackson holding him down, and laying down for that fact, Stiles is relieved to know someone isn’t too thrilled about today either.

“Now who is being uncooperative?” Stiles retorts, allowing Jackson to hold him down.

“Ugh…Mondays,” Jackson sighs, earning a laugh from Stiles, he tosses himself back to lie down in bed once more.

Derek had been right all along. Without Stiles, Jackson seemed as lost as he currently is without pack but having Stiles makes him feel like an alpha among betas.

In everything, Stiles has been the center of Jackson’s world, helping him focus, keeping him calm, bringing him happiness. Stiles is the center piece holding it all together; without him, it all falls apart.

Deciding to eat his own words, Jackson forgoes anyone/anything that would want to rob him of this state he finds himself in. Only worrying about himself is all that matters, and his happiness of course, screw everyone else.

Stiles, after struggling to comprehend the severity of the issues last night, allows Allison’s words to sink in; her faith unwavering.

Believing Scott and Jackson will get along has taken and developed into his great sense of optimism once more; everything will be okay.

“Tell you what,” Jackson says. “How about if you take a shower first, I will get some breakfast ready?”


“What’s going to get me mad is you not doing what you’re told,” Jackson bites into the air, making his teeth clench tight.

“Yes sir!” Stiles salutes and gathers some clothes he brought over last night from his lacrosse bag to take into the shower.

Jackson waits until he hears the water running and Stiles moving about through the water for him to
gather his own clothes and wash himself up in the downstairs shower.

Quicker and faster to make breakfast, Jackson enters and exits swiftly and accomplishes almost all of his morning routine except for teeth brushing and hair gel styling, heading over to the stove.

For almost reaching the middle of summer, Beacon Hills had been blessed with a rather peculiar but very welcomed 80 degree day with slight gusts of 10 mph.

A thin, blue, wool sweater covers Jackson in show of his class, not in response to the weather. Regular jeans give him some option to move around though boots are a good match.

Bacon sizzling, eggs cooking, juice pouring, Jackson is just about done setting the table when Stiles hurriedly makes his appearance, still under the assumption Jackson hasn’t showered yet.

When Stiles gazes upon Jackson’s washed figure, Stiles scoffs in not being able to see Jackson would do this, but in cute manner; no hate whatsoever.

However, when Jackson views Stiles, the clothing Stiles has decorated his body with turn out to be the very same Jackson had urged him to buy, saying it would be best to upgrade his wardrobe.

Stiles had also taken into account the beautiful weather to fit himself with a long sleeve and button up opened up and over his first wear.

Stiles had settled for a bit of faded out, slightly torn jeans and fresh kicks to walk around like common folk but well maintained common folk; comfortable but suitable to be at Jackson’s side.

“Should have expected this,” Stiles continues to scoff, walking over to grab the pans from the stove.

“Stop lying. You knew this was going to happen,” Jackson replies, taking a seat and waiting for Stiles to join him.

“Doesn’t make me feel any better,” Stiles tosses back, scrunching his face into a mess of unsatisfaction.

“Sour face,” Jackson mumbles through taking a sip from his juice.

“Ah!” Stiles gasps, shocked from the insinuation.

“Still like you though,” Stiles answers and quickly goes in for a kiss, heading back to the table, when Jackson catches him mid way to return the gesture.

“Me too,” Jackson says, earning him a giddy smile from Stiles.

Their meal is eaten in a peaceful humming with birds all throughout as they both pick up their dishes, wash them and Jackson heads over to the downstairs bathroom to finish primping: Stiles following to brush his teeth.

Jackson reaches into the bottom sink cabinet to extract a huge bottle of gel when Stiles nods his head in disapproval, taking the bottle from Jackson’s hand and replacing with a smaller bottle he used this morning.

“What’s this?” Jackson asks in confusion, feeling a bit threatened with his usual normalities.

“Something that won’t blind everyone is sight,” Stiles laughs.

Jackson glares hard, “Cute little angsty wolf,” Stiles thinks, and Stiles helps Jackson ease a creamy
“Just try this,” Stiles assures him, beginning to rub it into Jackson’s scalp.

“Your hair will still remain thick and pompous, in all it’s heightened glory but now it’s soft to the touch, and easy to move around when you get uncomfortable.”

At first glance, Jackson is rather impressed with Stiles’ ability to take into full account of how he styles his hair to get it exactly right; each strand perfectly aligned with the others.

Jackson actually combs his hair over to feel the silkiness, “Not bad,” he admits.

“Sexy! Rrrraawwrrr!” Stiles responds, trying to imitate a seductive growl.

“Amateur,” Jackson thinks and pulls Stiles close to verbally win this little game, tickling Stiles with the deep hum of his growl.

“Yeah, that’s it,” Stiles retorts, feeling it vibrate his whole body.

With breakfast done and gone, Stiles and Jackson pack up their bags to take Jackson’s truck to school, huge and heavy lacrosse bags take up a substantial amount of room.

Upon their arrival, Allison, Lydia, and Isaac are gathered, waiting for the arrival of their leader, Scott.

Stiles makes his way over as Jackson twists his fists in a struggling compulsion to keep himself calm and steady, not forgetting their plan; look out for him.

Half their plan through, as Jackson recalls needing to speak with Danny and acquire as much information he can; details are vital.

Allison, still grasping the concept of basic understanding, greets Jackson and Stiles with small pleasantries; Isaac huffs to face another direction, Lydia spreads around blush using her mirror.

When Scott does show his face, through his mom dropping him off, Jackson can tell there are small bits of uncontrolled rage and bitterness building all around yet, a greater sense of withdrawal resonates within.

As Scott grows closer and closer, taking Allison’s side, he lets out a deep sigh of restraint before the words flow out of his mouth.

“I lost my cool last night and I am sorry. But I thought you would like to know, we are still sticking to the plan. We will look out for you, protect you, whatever. I can’t just turn my back around and say I won’t do anything.”

Without flinching, Scott speaks the words so elegantly into Jackson’s face, even Stiles is a bit taken back

Scott extends his hand and Jackson’s take it for what it is worth; the truth.

Stiles appreciates the gesture but knows Scott has slightly come to a bit of his senses thanks to Allison as she looks at Scott with a bit of, ‘just like we talked about.’

Unsure if Allison had spoken to Scott last night and how much was said, she clearly got her message across as Stiles watches Jackson and Scott shake hands, with Scott’s gaze upon him.
“Okay, so…have you spoken to Danny?” Scott asks, their forgiveness gone as quick as it came.

“Spoken to Danny about what?” Danny chimes in.

His attendance had sparked everyone into staring directly at Jackson, figuring this was his job to deal with.

“Just gossipping like usual,” Jackson answers.

“No wonder I felt my ears burning. Hope you guys aren’t saying anything particularly bad about me,” Danny quips back.

“Nothing everyone is already aware about,” Jackson remarks, getting a light smack from Danny in response.

“So, did you need to tell me something or what?” Danny asks, feeling there is something he is holding back.

Sensing the pressure from everyone all around, Jackson quietly mumbles, “Maybe we should talk alone during lunch,” and Danny agrees.

Morning classes drag as usual and for a Monday, become extra strenuous, lunch is a welcomed treat in Stiles eyes.

However, when Stiles walks in, Jackson is nowhere in sight and neither is Danny. Abandoned and forgotten, Stiles walks towards Isaac and Scott, relaying their night at the club, digging for my clues.

Stiles understands Scott is reluctant about obeying Derek and further questioning Allison about her father’s involvement, trusting in her completely they have no involvement whatsoever.

Thought this moment does give Stiles an appropriate moment to actually speak to Scott like a normal human being instead of shunning him out, as he unintentionally has been doing for a few days now

“Hey, what are you doing here?” Allison asks when she and Lydia reach the table.

“Jackson is out doing his duty,” Stiles salutes, implying his questioning of Danny for more information.

“Good,” Isaac spews out, glad for Jackson’s lack of presence.

“So, how have you been?” Scott asks, treating Stiles like an unknown.

“Good. Don’t think there is anything wrong,” Stiles answers back.

“Okay. Just asking, that’s all. Although I did want to know if you might know why Jackson attacked me last night for touching you?” Scott calmly responds.

As Stiles looks up from his spot, Allison is quietly making small gestures to him, indicating now would be the perfect time to let Scott know about his new found relationship.

Stiles heartbeat is racing fast, trying to calm itself down so Scott doesn’t pick up panic or lies but a text distracts Stiles long enough to feel a escape rope thrown to him.

**Jackson:** “Are you really making me wait for you? My truck. NOW!”

“Sorry Scotty, gotta go. Talk to you later?” Stiles yells behind his back, flying out the door.
Stiles runs outside to guide his way through the mountain of vehicles to pick out Jackson’s truck.

A sight for relieved eyes, Stiles runs over and almost fails to notice Danny already taking the passenger seat up in front.

Stiles would have to ride the backseat, which is perfectly normal considering Jackson didn’t abandon him; just like Stiles said he would tag along, Jackson remembered.

“Making Jackson wait. You really don’t him do you?” Danny says as Stiles jumps in the back seat, buckling up as fast as he can.

“For me? I think he can wait,” Stiles answers back, winking in the rear view mirror when Jackson adjusts it.

Danny looks at Jackson quizzically, Jackson making Danny a silent promise he knows exactly what Stiles meant.

On their drive, Stiles is sub-conscious of wondering and noticing where Jackson is driving off to, sights and sounds like another tourist attraction/date.

Danny and Jackson exchange small stories of competitive athletes and winning plays from professional lacrosse players, teams when Stiles phone buzzes again.

In utter confusion, and slight hesitation, Stiles digs for his phone and brings it forward to reveal a message from Jackson; sitting within the same range, must be something Jackson can speak out loud.

**Jackson:** “Heard your accelerated heartbeat when you first came in. Everything okay?”

Amazed, seeing Jackson fully engaged in conversation with Danny, Stiles answers back.

**Stiles:** “Yeah, everything’s good.”

**Jackson:** “Good.”

Such concern, Stiles settles well into the backseats knowing his boyfriend is looking out for him.

**Jackson:** “Hope you brought your fake ID because you are going to need it.”

Jackson’s last message leaves Stiles under the impression lunch would take place somewhere he isn’t allowed or welcomed.

When Jackson turns the wheel into the parking lot, an outstanding and elegant white building with the words ‘Casa Laguna’ greet them.

“Wow!” Stiles gasps, amazed at their location for lunch.

“High class, you need to get used to this,” Danny says, feeling more confident this is up his alley.

“Right,” Stiles sarcastically hums, as if he isn’t aware already.

Jackson leads them both towards the dinning area where elegantly dressed waiters and waitresses are bustling about, taking orders, drinks and menus.

At the front pedestal, Jackson talks to the receptionist, making their seats known and taken as he already has the menus in hand, waving them all over.
Danny catches up rather quickly as Stiles is left admiring all around, like a kid in a candy store. Their table they sit at has them all divided and sitting equally apart from one another, placing Jackson almost in the exact center between the two.

“And what will we be having to drink?” the waiter asks, having his pen and pad ready to order.

“Bring us all a glass of wine. Red,” Jackson answers, already looking through the food items. Stiles gulps hard but knows this still isn’t above any normal Jackson behavior; though drinking in the middle of the day while they still have the rest of the school day pending is a bit far.

“Not a problem. ID’s?” The waiter says, Jackson and Danny easily tossing him theirs. Stiles cowers a bit but doesn’t want to be left out and hands the waiter his ID, with some held back confidence.

Skimming through the IDs in a flash, the waiter only halts when he eyes Stiles. What words and descriptions, God only knows but he hands back all of them and quietly snickers to say, “How about some Coke?”

Defeated, Stiles almost nods in agreements until Jackson butts in to save the day, again.

“Can’t you overlook this once,” Jackson remarks and greases the waiters palm with a dirty 50 dollar bill.

“Just this once,” the waiter slyly remarks and takes the bill to stuff into his outside pocket. “Three glasses of red wine coming up,” he calls out happily and takes off to return with their drinks.

Feeling embarrassed with the show of trying to be someone he isn’t, Stiles watches the cocky smile on the waiter all the way back to front, where he stops to tell his tale of getting dirty when an older man appears, likely a manager, and listens intently to what the waiter is saying.

After all the details are spewed, the managers asks for the waiter to point out who these individuals are and he points out of controlled fingers at Jackson and his table. Recognizing Jackson immediately, Stiles notices the manager verbally scolding the waiter and replaces him with a brunette young lady.

She eagerly makes it back with their wine and without a stutter, says, “We apologize for the inconvenience, Mr. Whittemore.”

“How about some Coke?”

“Not a problem,” Jackson answers back

Stiles can’t help but take away in how Jackson still does appreciate of how far his name will take him.

She hands them all semi-filled glasses with red wine and Danny eagerly takes the glass as Stiles trembles to receive his.

“Little early to be drinking, heh…” Stiles says, finding his footing to take the wine, and a sip.

As he looks at the other two, Jackson carelessly takes a huge gulp, winking at Stiles when he catches him staring.
Stiles notices Jackson is wearing such a proud smug because the alcohol wouldn’t affect him in the slightest, with his healing factor or whatever; vaguely remembering Scott and the night with Jack Daniels.

“Ah! Refreshing!” Jackson exclaims, making Danny smile and tip his head in agreement.

When the waitress comes back to take their order of food, Jackson orders for everyone and decides today would be a steak type of day, easily having Danny and Stiles join in the unison of agreement.

“So, what’s new?” Jackson says, breaking the ice.

“Nothing particularly exciting,” Danny answers, stretching back.

For Danny seeming to know where Jackson is headed in this direction, he isn’t too put off in the slightest, purposefully asking for Jackson to question and show interest in his life.

Reigniting their friendship is a penultimate goal, almost tied into being the number one priority.

“Scott tell you about my little ordeal?” Danny asks, taking the reigns of conversation from Jackson.

“Well, he didn’t tell me about returning the crush you have for him,” Jackson quips and has Danny choke on his wine.

“*cough* *cough* *cough* Ah!! Errmmm! Ahaaa! Ahaererrrrrrrrrrrr!” Danny struggles to get some sense of fresh air.

All Stiles can do is feel like he just became part of a sacred trinity; feeling a competent part of something, and special nonetheless.

“Yeah? This new love interest you have really seems to be doing their job, seeing you being less of an ass and more of a dick,” Danny spews out through is coughs.

Jackson doesn’t scoff with the comment and gazes over to Stiles to devilishly grin.

Stiles blushes with the look and has Danny eye the two of them with a happy, sudden interest; peaked with how they interact.

The scented aroma of steaks sizzling takes Stiles blush away and replaces a red face with a grumbling stomach, aching for food.

Witty words and well placed jokes, their table is about the usual combustion of rustling teenagers.

After lunch, Danny checks the time to notice they are about 15 minutes late for their next class but no hurries at Jackson still hadn’t really pushed asking Danny anything that would make him uncomfortable.

When the arrive back at school, Stiles listens carefully to all of Danny and Jackson’s banter, aware their relationship is as unique and normal as his and Scott’s.

“Haha, you remember the time you thought you were being slick trying to take my bag with all my gear?” Jackson laughs, recalling the moment.

“Hey...I felt...‘confident’...with that gear. I just didn’t want that feeling to go away,” Danny replies, folding his arms in distress.

“Except it wasn’t the gear, it’s the person wearing it,” Jackson boasts, holding his head high.
“Oh really? I say that sounds like challenge,” Danny growls, folding his arms in a show or dominance.

“You sure you want to go there, Mehalani?” Jackson barks, holding his body straight and steady.

“Okay. Get ready later on, when lacrosse practice starts,” Danny bites, heading off to class.

Danny turns the corner first to rush late into his English class as Stiles and Jackson walk together, Stiles to history and Jackson to calculus.

Side by side, Stiles can’t help but feel this unnerving sense of anticipation, as if Jackson knows what challenge Danny is issuing out; Stiles is bubbling with excitement.

When the bell rings for their last class of the day to start, Jackson, Danny, Scott, Isaac and Stiles are already out on the field warming up, running laps and stretching.

Scott, making his everlasting impression with coach Finnstock, is politely ordered to run drills with the team and make sure they are running as good as they are going to get for next season.

“McCall!! Take these bastards out and make them twice as good as they are now!” Finnstock yells.

“Yes coach,” Scott grunts and runs with team to do a scrimmage against one another.

Keeping Scott occupied leaves Jackson and Danny to their challenge, Stiles runs over to see how this will turn out.

Danny already has a net to himself, taking shots and scoring all of them, Jackson continues to walk over, unphased.

When they both arrive, Danny pauses, only to make his challenge clear.

“Remember when we both joined the team in middle school? There was always a question of who was better. We would always settle it with a good game of horse so why don’t we do that now,” Danny calls out, prepping his stick in his hand.

“Fair enough,” Jackson replies and grabs his own stick to take up Danny’s small challenge.

“But here is the catch,” Danny quips in, picking up a ball in his hands.

“Whoever misses a shot allows the other person ask whatever question and it has to be answered with the truth,” Danny insinuates and takes the ball into his stick to make a backwards goal.

“*Gulp*” Stiles groans.

With this, Danny has the advantage to ask about him and Jackson, making him speak the truth of what they are.

Stiles is uncertain.

Jackson picks up another ball and takes his shot, scoring the same goal.

“Bring it,” Jackson says, standing his ground.

“But who is going to be the judge?” Jackson asks, seeing as each of them wouldn’t be able to decide.

“Stiles can be the judge,” Danny answers, taking into account he is joining them.
“Not a problem,” Jackson replies and walks over to where Stiles is standing.

“Jackson, are you sure about this?” Stiles inquires, nodding no about how if this would be the best option.

“Derek and the others want details, and this is the best way to get them,” Jackson says. “Besides, don’t you want to see me get down and dirty?”

"Normally I would be all for getting down and dirty, not to mention that I would want to record whatever down and dirtiness takes place, but I'm not sure..." Stiles rambles but Jackson is more than ready to take his opportunity whenever it is available.

Jackson proceeds to remove his shirt, leaving only his shorts on his body, flexing to further stretch and put Stiles squarely on the spot.

“Hang on to this for me?” Jackson asks seductively.

“Trying to sway me and my decision?” Stiles asks, taking the shirt from Jackson’s grasp.

“Maybe…” Jackson responds and gets a small grasp on Stiles stomach, making him twitch with pleasure.

“Let’s see what you got, Mehalani,” Jackson says and waits for Danny’s first move.

Chapter End Notes

Hey there, everyone. Sorry for being late on this chapter but here it is. A bit longer that all the other ones I have posted in the past but here nonetheless. I do apologize if this one has major errors, spelling and so on. Since I was so rushed to get this done, I wanted to put this out as quickly as I could but I will revise it either tomorrow or Monday. I know no one really wants to hear this but I did end up getting ill for a few days due to recent high blood pressure, courtesy of all the stress I have been undertaking lately. Even now I am trying my best to recuperate but it has been a struggle. Add that with problems upon problems stacking themselves higher and higher, and hitting me back to back no less, things haven’t been well but I am enduring in all I can for all I can. Anyways, thank you everyone so much for bearing with me and I do hope you enjoy this next part. Have fun reading and take care of yourself out there.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

“But I always imagined my first time to be…you know………special,” Stiles answers.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Prepping, aiming, and cocky sounds.

Jackson and Danny each take their respective stances to size each other in attitude, confidence and soon enough, skill.

As Danny had taken the shot and scored, the trees applauding loudly with the grace of the wind, Jackson edges himself forward in self glory to miss and spill some details, or revel in asking Danny what makes him tick.

Two paces forward with a turned back, Jackson grips his stick towards the bottom, flicking it with a swift wrist, the net yawns with a scored goal.

“Heh…” Jackson murmurs proudly, thanking his imaginary fan base cheering from the sidelines.

“You first,” Danny calls out, tossing Jackson another ball what the authority of power enveloped all around it.

Stiles, eyeing their determination from a short distance, breathes breaths of gratitude. The subtle indication of weights being placed on his shoulders to carry, shared between Jackson, feel lighter as his strength builds a bit more to anticipate the cascade coming in all at once.

“Sorry about the other night at the club. Wasn’t exactly a wing man or a decent person. Are we good?” Jackson says, figuring out his correct footing on his next shot.

“No worries. It’s all good and we are good,” Danny responds, going in for a small high five.

It’s returned whole heartedly, Stiles writhes in his little spot at small embers being protected and made to grow; the friendship between Jackson and Danny faint but going strong.

“Okay. Since Danny challenged and Jackson made the shot, Danny get’s his ‘H.’ It’s Jackson’s move,” Stiles boasts in his assigned position as judge.

Jackson smacks his lips like a little girl trying on lipstick, getting her experience of a glamorous life.

Irritation the size of a clingy ex-girlfriend, Stiles reprimands Jackson in giving so much leverage to Danny to satiate his nosiness.

Not to mention the gesture alone is completely uncalled for and in a different realm, Jackson would never find himself in.

Focusing on the challenge at hand, at the forefront, Jackson runs away from the net, gaining space
and gravity which help launch him forward, giving way to a shot so heavy the next topples over in amazement.

Stiles can sense the use of unrestricted and unrestrained werewolf power, limiting potential as well as possibility of Danny succeeding in a victory.

Grateful in no longer releasing secret information but torn at the moral judgment, Stiles scoffs at the cruelty.

Sized up, Danny takes his place to grind some dirt into dust underneath his shoes. Reminiscent of Scott and Isaac during tryouts and monotonous practices beforehand, Danny takes the shape of a beta in training.

Feeling the ground quake with his steps, Stiles easily watches Danny mimic Jackson’s exact movements, mirroring the same result; GOAL!!

Flying off it’s hooked stakes on the Earth, the net swoons at Danny’s attempt, fainting for a good show of manly, human, brawn.

“Yes!” Danny growls, shaking his fists in victory to shimmy away with a small tune playing inside his head.

“Sweet!!! That gives Jackson his ‘H,’” Stiles yells, matching Danny in fervent glee.

At a show of impressed fanatics, Stiles can’t hold himself back to share in this small moment; Jackson frowns in disappointment yet, congratulates Danny on a job well done.

“Alright, I can give you that one,” Jackson says, giving a nice pat on Danny’s back.

“Hey! Who is the judge here?!” Stiles scolds, feeling castrated on his proud stance.

Jackson smiles with rebellion at appointing his loved one to settle this little feud but in the same aspect, takes it all back in swift motions into his own grasp.

A certain leech sucks on Stiles neck.

Danny picks his next spot to intimidate Jackson with one of his more surreal shots, although his prowess of asking his question hasn’t escaped his mind.

“So…what’s with this sudden change of attitude lately? In a relationship? Got a girlfriend?” Danny says, barraging Jackson with a flurry of busy-bodying.

“You only get one question,” Jackson yells, watching Danny pace gracefully and much further than he did to tackle down the net.

“No, I only get one answer. Take your pick,” Danny answers back.

The sass pouring out of Danny’s mouth, this guy almost surpasses Stiles in wit; maybe he does.

But Jackson comes to understand they all have a similar topic and only one good, viable answer.

Having to answer truthfully is painful, for both, but Jackson is glad to note, what Stiles fails to see, is Danny didn’t ask about a boyfriend. A nice alternative but the troublesome duty of answering about a relationship still stands.

Fixating on how to give a modest, and sincere reply, Jackson preps his body; his answer would
require a maximum effort.

“You got me. I’m in a relationship,” Jackson responds, assertive.

Clear as a waterfall, Isaac and Scott’s ears perk up higher than mountains, listening intently to anticipate more. Silently, and secretly, wishing Danny would emerge victorious after each future round.

Clenching onto a sad, tapped up excuse of a lacrosse stick, Stiles’ breathing ponders what else his poor soul might endure if Danny keeps up this charade; immune to it’s consequences.

Eyes forward, Danny twists his body half way around, touching his rear end, feeling his body acknowledge his next attempt.

A hot, steamy breath rises with the pulse of steady lungs, Danny looking afar from the goal.

A leap from a gazel, Danny runs sidewards, trekking his steps as he half skips/half jogs.

Yelling distance from a bystander in the crowd, a shriek twist from Danny’s body curves his stick out then in to score the most amazing side shot at a halfway field.

The net graces Danny’s ball, tucking it away in a twisted mess of lose cloth towards the bottom

Stiles understands this shot could cripple any opponent into wondering what aim was taken, then taken aback, possibly faint, at the goal scored.

“Wow…” Stiles gasps, mouth opened wide.

“Pretty good, huh?” Danny teases, growing a bit close to Stiles.

“Yeah!” Stiles yells in excitement. “Where the hell did you learn something like that? Forget that! How are you this good?”

The gush overflows from Stiles mouth, cleansing away the fact of Danny being able to have Stiles and Jackson submit to his power of inquirery.

Without a second thought, Stiles fails Jackson to believe Jackson can manage to score a goal as that. Brute force and straightforwardness seem a favorite tactical approach with Jackson but trickery, misdirection, aren’t his strongest suits to wear.

Asking the Earth for guidance, Jackson digs his heels to and fro at different angles until he sets a position good enough to match Danny’s unused, well hidden, wonder.

Pace set and distance locked, Jackson runs in the same distinct fashion Danny did at his turn.

The determination is dead on but the focus is shaky at best when Jackson flies towards the corner too hot to twist and turn, the lacrosse stick trembles at an uncertain length, flicking instead of gliding with the air current.

Mud at the end of slip and slide, Jackson takes an extra step forward, catching himself slightly off to twitch at the very end of the initial shot.

The catch is not well prepared as Jackson trips over his two left feet, face plating on the ground with a heavy thump.

Breathing into the dirt with anger, the only remedy to this fall is a well attempted goal but at the mere
thought, a loud PING answers his only wish and lowers his spirits, the ball bouncing off the border of the net.

“Haha….maybe we shouldn’t get too excited and go full force to tackle a bull next time,” Danny jokes as he walks over to lend Jackson a hand.

Medium blankets of dust wipe off Jackson’s shorts, but small stains of darkened brown color remain plastered unto Jackson’s body.

With the teeming laughs of some on-lookers, passerby’s and teammates, Stiles walks over to lend a helping hand in continuing to clean Jackson up.

“Humph!” Jackson puffs out, hissy faced. Pissed at Danny’s cockiness, Stiles fussing over his baby and everyone else for being jerks.

“Stop being a brat and let me do this,” Stiles scolds, tussling Jackson’s hair to shake out any remaining dirt.

Danny doesn’t have to be told this time around to know he gets his opportunity to ask another follow up question previous to his last.

“Sooooo………” Danny stretches out, seeing Stiles and Jackson act like a mother and her child.

Separating from Stiles fussiness over him, Jackson contemplates making their challenge a bit more elaborate in return at Danny slightly edging, and winning.

Honest answers to questions go un-phased in both of their minds.

“Sooollllooo………” Danny stretches out, seeing Stiles and Jackson act like a mother and her child.

Impressive Finnstock is for formulating words in-between blows but Stiles reluctantly does as he told and begins to semi jog away from his position as judge to gain traction in skill improvement.

Danny takes his opportunity and conspires to acquire as much information from Jackson as he can without letting Jackson catch on; little does Danny know.

“Are you happy?” Danny asks, coming closer to where Jackson is plotting some intricate scheme.

Away from earshot of Stiles but loud enough to speak without mumbling, or hesitating, Jackson picks up his lacrosse stick tighter and feels it heavier than usual; the weight of the question pinning him down.

“What do you mean?” Jackson throws back, finding it better to figure out whether or not to confess to Danny the truth or restrain himself into lies.

With Stiles away, giving his best attempt to increase his speed and endurance by jogging, Jackson figures he and Danny can be able to settle into a nice conversation for once, instead of always speaking in stale sentences.

Danny understands it too, adding more detail and background to his previous request for information.

“Well, you haven’t been the same these past few months. I mean, recording yourself while you sleep? Seems pretty strange to me,” Danny starts off, stretching his legs.

Failing to keep Danny in light about what has occurred in his lifetime, Jackson allows his mind to
take in every word exiting Danny’s mouth to answer honestly and sincerely; a small reward for the one person who didn’t turn tail and run when all Jackson needed was someone to stay.

“Then, you start hanging out around Scott and his gang, as if you were old friends from the beginning. Top that off with a new relationship and I’m not even sure I know you anymore.”

If Danny had refrained from his last statement, everything would have been close to a small disappointment or reprimand.

But his last choice of phrase, Jackson remembers why his heart always lies buried deep within him; feelings either place you on cloud nine, full of joy and serenity. Or in hell, suffering with pain and sadness.

Noticing his words weren’t the wisest choice, Danny clears his throat to return to the main topic, Jackson’s happiness.

“Okay, so I’m a little upset at whatever, I’m not even sure anymore. But I am concerned about you,” Danny says, though Jackson can still feel the bitter part of being stood up from the other night along with the truth in these statements.

“Are you really happy right now? With everything?” Danny asks, standing idle next to Jackson.

Hearing the question ring crystal clear in his ears, Jackson leans his figure on his lacrosse stick to catch wind of Stiles running opposite in his direction.

Jackson inhales so deep, Danny mistakes it for contemplation or stress; neither of the two. The huge intake of air collects deep in Jackson’s nostrils to taste the autumn crisp of Stiles scent.

Watching Stiles struggle to reach speeds coach Finnstock expects from cheetahs, Jackson sighs his worries away looking at the drained and sweaty face from Stiles.

Morning dew dawning it’s moist to freshen the leaves at the sound of a new day.

“Yeah, I am happy,” Jackson responds, seeing Stiles drop abruptly when he crosses the finish line from running laps.

“Ahh…..ha…..ha…..ha…gg…..go…..gooooo…..good. en…….good enough, coach?” Stiles asks, rising to receive a congratulatory gesture.

Smiling with wide eyes, Finnstock lowers himself to meet and be head level with Stiles, showing some teeth to portray eagerness matching Stiles in pride.

“Stilinski…if I ever had a moment where I would be proud of my players, hell would freeze over, Jesus would come back for his people and monsters would be roaming the earth,” Finnstock answers, tugging Stiles shoulder to bring him down lower.

A snappy response, Stiles almost allows himself to let it slip of the already known ‘monsters’ walking among them; i.e. Jackson, Scott, Isaac and Derek.

“You know, if you’re looking for monsters…” Stiles mumbles, catching his breath long enough to speak clearly; standing as well.

Faster than a roadrunner on burning ground, a lacrosse ball zooms through the field.

SMACK!
And leaves a small bump as a parting gift on Stiles head.

“OWWW!!” Stiles yells, quickly turning to reprimand Jackson for being so rude.

However, it’s all a surprise when Jackson indicates he didn’t throw anything, moving his own eyes to and fro in discovering the culprit.

Danny is half listening, seeing at he and Jackson’s game of ‘horse’ ended with a draw, matched in skill (though Jackson would never admit it), practicing his own shots and running drills at his own expense.

Seeing their would be another clear criminal here, Stiles sternly faces Scott to note he has his back completely faced towards him. Believable, Stiles knows Scott wouldn’t deliberately use his power in front of others, not even to make his point.

Through some small investigation, Stiles retreats from his wild goose chase long enough to have Isaac come barreling by, snatching the ball from Stiles grasp.

“Sorry about that, it slipped,” Isaac hums, making his escape.

“Should have known,” Stiles murmurs, the plainly obvious all too clear.

Steadily pacing back towards his initial spot, Isaac watches Stiles rub down his sore head with a fervent scratch when Isaac picks up the same tingling scent Scott has been sniffing around for a couple of weeks now.

A bit repulsive like tar flavored licorice, but as delicious as a burger patty frying on a George Foreman grill, Isaac intakes a deep breath to acquire a calm sensation like he has never experienced before.

Polar opposite of Scott, Isaac shivers with a desirable pleasure to consume as much of this new proclivity of enjoyment.

Drifting over to Scott, the smell elevates his senses into a full uproar of animalistic beserker rage.

Darting forward through his lost mind, Scott accidentally tosses Patrick over in a one-on-one scrimmage trying to score.

OOMPH!

“Oww!! What the hell, McCall?!” Patrick yells out, thumping hard on his back to appreciate the clear blue sky.

“Ooooo….sorry about that, Patrick,” Scott apologizes, and lends a helping hand in straightening out his battle down teammate.

“Well at least I know someone has been eating this wheaties to help carry the weight of this team next year,” Patrick smoothly speaks on his way up.

Smiling tersely, Scott appreciates light humor turned from anger or frustration, giving the explanation of his antics placing Patrick there in the first place.

But in an instant, Patrick dismisses inhuman strength for rigorous training and a healthy lifestyle; a well accepted lie Scott immerses himself in.

In the same instance Patrick is dusting himself off, Jackson witnesses a short threat emanating in his
direction; squarely from Scott.

Hearing Jackson utter words of happiness should resonate peace inside of Scott’s soul, normality returning in any form possible; for what it’s worth.

However, the thought; the image, mental picture of two individuals in their natural environment creeps onto Scott’s mind and tickles his every nerve.

Finishing on a very rough turn flips Stiles over onto his side, forcing coach Finnstock to blow his last breath…of the day.

PHRRRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIIINNNNNNNGGGGGGGGG

“Alright! I’ve had enough of this crap for one day, just like every single day. Pick up your gear and let’s get the hell out of here!” Finnstock orders.

In urgency of going home to escape hell, the entire lacrosse team pack up their own gear in their small efforts to be absent from their current scene.

A captain to a team but a mother to teenagers, Scott and Jackson notice goals, balls, and cones stranded in no man’s land, all over the grass.

“*sigh*….this is a captain’s responsibility,” Scott says in apathy.

Stiles, Isaac, and Danny lingered behind from the crowd and decide to help bring up the rear for old times sake.

Isaac and Scott buddy up to gather the balls and cones as Danny, Jackson, and Stiles work in sync to carry the goal posts.

Almost at opposite ends, the placement of the cones all around the field have Isaac trail after them like a bird to birdseed, leading him straight towards Stiles.

“Some team, huh?” Isaac chimes in, having no difficulty carrying his entire load on one arm.

“You expect anything less?” Stiles quips in, taking his goal post apart. It would still need to be pieced apart inside but outside is the better alternative, free space against a small compressed room.

Stiles lets his eyes wander around different directions to see Scott taking solace in being alone, doing his part to carry his and the team’s weight.

Stiles picks up on small ramblings escaping Scott’s mouth, cursing the world of feeling the hint of a shift. Stiles rapidly paces over to give his presence, the only needed comfort he can offer.

Light feet with quick steps guide Stiles through thick ground towards Scott’s place along with a few stray items he can help with.

“Need some help?” Stiles asks, reaching down to obtain old, tattered lacrosse sticks for those who don’t have one.

Scott not taking notice of Stiles figure within his proximity makes Stiles’ stomach churn in displeasure.

Focus and determination, Scott’s attitude portrays another mission of the utmost urgency; picking up lacrosse gear to place safely inside the locker room.
Quietly, Stiles works side by side in harmony with Scott, edging to stay close but squirming to give Scott his space.

Stiles leaving an empty void gives Isaac a small opportunity to join Jackson in mutuality, pack if anything else.

Ever changing as the wind, Jackson welcomes a familiar clawed hand to tolerate Isaac’s face.

“So this is what ‘captain’ signifies?” Isaac asks, quoting the air to further make his statement.

“It’s not like I don’t know there isn’t a team. It’s always been me,” Jackson confidently throws back.

“Good for you,” Isaac retorts, grabbing his cones.

“If you’re waiting for a warm handshake, forget it. But at the very least you can expect less scowling when we come face to face. Can’t promise you every single time though,” Jackson says, hinting closely at what Isaac continues on insisting on.

Isaac sniffs out the change of mood, citrus sweet scent flowing out from Jackson compared to the usual tangy moodiness oozing out.

“I’m not just doing this for you,” Isaac vocally makes clear. “I’m doing this for Derek and for Scott.”

Within a shrug, Jackson scrunches his nose to detect no lies but more misunderstanding.

“What does Isaac mean he is also doing this for Scott?” Jackson ponders inside his mind.

Being able to detect the confusion, Isaac begins his clarification.

“I trust Scott, just the same as Derek,” Isaac answers. “He knows what’s best.”

“What does all that even mean?” Jackson contemplates. “Better yet, how does Scott know what’s best?”

Jackson gazes over to see Stiles and Scott packing in each other’s space but a tiny refusal to speak to one another.

Temptation reaches all over Jackson’s body to pull Stiles away, his instincts to have him at his side burn wildly; his human side keeps Jackson in check.

But Stiles is eagerly trying to reach out to Scott as Isaac troubles Jackson for some help with their items and gear.

“Scott?” Stiles pushes, hopelessly figuring out what to say next. “Scott, are you okay?”

Imagining Stiles as invisible helps Scott concentrate on being responsible to accomplish what needs to be done.

Yet, Stiles keeps pushing until he can come through.

“Scott?? Scott, can you hear me?” Stiles keeps asking.

Trembling at the sound of a soft voice, Stiles honey-dewed words snap Scott out of his responsibility trance to view Stiles staring, anticipating an answer.

“Scott?” Stiles asks tersely, Scott follows with a warm grin.
“Yeah, I can hear you,” Scott responds softly.

Without having to ask, and being a bit upfront, Stiles fuels his need to grasp Scott in a tight embrace.

“Woah! What’s this for?” Scott inquires mid-embrace.

“For being a good friend when I need one most. I worry about you, Scott,” Stiles responds, breaking away after a few seconds.

“Same here,” Scott whispers. “Which is why I’m distracted right now, thinking about those hunters,” he follows up with louder, clear enough for Stiles to listen in.

“We have dealt with hunters before, this isn’t something new,” Stiles answers, picking up more loose balls around both of their feet.

“It’s not only that. When Gerard and his hunters were after me, they also targeted Allison,” Scott replies, shaking at a mere coincidence.

“Meaning they will target Allison again or……?” Stiles tries to comprehend, failing to acquire the main point.

Puffing out some warm steam like a locomotive, Scott pleads internally to not have to spell it out for Stiles to see what this might mean.

The words almost fill Scott’s throat to voice out, huge chains of restraint continue to hold him back, and yet……

“Hahahahaha….Well, we can see what happens and I will let you know.”

Danny’s voice reaches out as a shock to everyone, failing to remember Danny is almost a part of their group. Hence, his own decision to stay behind and help remained unchecked, not to mention under-appreciated.

But another guest had interrupted what would be considered a pack meeting.

Troy had unknowingly walked over to converse with Danny over the small concern of a lacrosse stick being left behind which turned out to be his own personal one.

Striking up small talk isn’t an excuse to feel as if an explanation was needed as to why Troy’s lacrosse stick had been left behind. Only with the notion of Danny being equally popular as Jackson did words start spewing out like wildfire.

Occupied in their own little worlds, only after Danny and Troy split does Jackson walk over to discover what the fuss is about, hearing clearly the, “…I will let you know,” part.

“Got plans for tonight?” Jackson questions, hinting his knowledge about what their conversation consisted of.

“Na…just the usual; hanging out, sports activities. It’s always the same, you know?” Danny answers, returning to picking up.

“Sounded promising,” Jackson quips, making Danny look at him with sarcastic eyes.

“Yeah, it’s only going to happen when pigs fly,” Danny responds.

Jackson takes his chance to shove Danny playfully, knocking him onto his knees before Danny
misses Jackson completely to fall side first into the dirt.

Snickering, Jackson extends a helping hand towards Danny, which Danny takes but not before attempting to pull Jackson down and failing.

“Nice try,” Jackson applauds.

As Danny steps forward first to lead the way back to the locker rooms, Jackson places his foot down to hear a PHHHFFFFFFRRRTTTTT!! on the ground below him.

Danny grin widens as the sun over the horizon as a successful scheme of his has finally paid off. Clean cleats are now painted brown with dog feces and Jackson’s expressions are complete dismay.

Scott, Isaac, and Stiles are relishing in the moment, laughing and smiling to breathe in some fun within their newfound group.

“Highly amusing,” Jackson voices at the three of them, taking Danny’s lead to head inside as well.

Stiles decides to stick around to help bring up the rear with Isaac and Scott, as they all gather the remaining items to be done with this day.

For dirtying his outside wear, Jackson feels compelled to take a shower and wash his disgust away.

Danny had already vacated the premises leaving Scott, Isaac, Jackson and Stiles to place the gear in their respective places or call it a day as well.

Scott opts for picking up correctly as Isaac changes into his street wear. Neither one had decided to shower since Scott didn’t break a sweat coaching and Isaac’s answer is preferring to shower at Derek’s.

Occupying himself with helping Scott, Stiles is no doubt waiting for Jackson to clean up so they can ride home together, in different vehicles but go home to the same place.

“See you tomorrow,” Scott calls out, walking off with Isaac to keep him company along the way.

“See ya, Scott,” Stiles yells back, walking closer to Jackson.

On his trip there, Stiles notices Jackson’s cleats buried deep in the trash can next to coach’s desk, disappointment ensues.

“Really, Jackson?” Stiles asks in anger, not accepting Jackson’s overreaction to something that can be mended, or washed in this case.

“If you want them, you can take them. But they aren’t good enough for me anymore,” Jackson bites back.

Tempting but there is a certain sense of understanding coming from Jackson in not wanting to use them again, for once Stiles agrees; just a bit though.

“What’s the shower for anyways? I didn’t see anything else stain your clothes or body,” Stiles says, confident Jackson might be doing this to put on a show.

“If I shower now, I won’t have to take another one later. No matter how dirty I get,” Jackson replies, making Stiles peek around the corner to view Jackson showering.
Jackson beats Stiles to the punch though and walks forward, pressing Stiles face with his palm to guide him through the lockers back to his, where his clothes are out and waiting.

“Something wrong?” Jackson asks, sitting Stiles down at the edge of the bench as he changes, Stiles looking away.

“Nothing…well yes…..then again…..no….” Stiles stumbles for words.

SWOOSH!! And Jackson has Stiles facing him directly, butt naked.

“Tell me,” Jackson orders, small beads of water cascading down all over his skin.

“Maybe not now,” Stiles shies away again, refusing to stare.

“Then let you ask you this. How come it’s so easy to stare and enjoy my bareness when I am asleep but when I am awake, suddenly it becomes inconvenient or too much?” Jackson pushes out, bending Stiles backwards.

“We are together after all…” Jackson whispers, crawling up and over Stiles slowly. “Sooner or later….sooner or later…”

Feeling moist skin pelt down onto his shirt rise Stiles body, hitting his sense of arousal.

Jackson remains steadily breathing in Stiles face, not allowing his eyes to wander in any direction. Only to have them wait on Stiles response.

“Wh—what about Scott and…” Stiles begins to speak before Jackson launches his lips forward.

“Miles away…” Jackson replies.

“Sooner or later…sooner or later…” Jackson repeats temptingly into Stiles ear.

Tiny beads of condensation crawl away from Jackson’s skin to bless Stiles clothes with a heavenly scent.

“Sooner or later….sooner or later…” Jackson whispers temptingly into Stiles ear.

Jackson’s face, no eyes, have budged an inch from their initial position, patiently waiting for Stiles to make any movement; the willingness to give in is immense.

Slight thrusts produce a steady rhythm to help Stiles make his decision easier. Only this time, they are guided willfully by Jackson’s hand stretching further down south.

Jean thick fabric added with underwear isn’t nearly enough hiding material to calm down a raging beast.

Caressing; gently. Without anxiousness overtaking his clear sense of mind, Jackson sways his hand freely up and down Stiles shaft, feeling it engorge tremendously in his grasp.

“At least someone can appreciate me when I am awake,” Jackson hisses, undoing Stiles zipper.

“Mmmmm….” Stiles responds, taking every bit of Jackson’s movements.

Reassurance doesn’t speak for one’s own actions; Stiles hesitation for self-awareness isn’t assisting Jackson’s need for responsive action.
Yet, Stiles is more confident in believing what he needs to be true.

Slowly, Stiles allows his fingertips to graze harmoniously on Jackson’s lower back, feeling Jackson’s pulse resonate through his bones.

“Don’t hold out on me now,” Jackson teases, moving one of Stiles hands to a more suitable position.

Soft as velvet, smooth as sand, firm like a rock, but fluffy like a pillow. Jackson’s bare rump tickles Stiles fancy.

Silent giggles ring audibly into Jackson’s face as Stiles can’t help to show his appreciation at such a fine asset.

Through laughs, through seduction. Stiles and Jackson’s passion runs wild, fueling their fire to burn vigorously.

Stiles takes his turn to be adventurous and begins to massage Jackson’s bum, pushing Jackson to stroke harder Stiles dick and in return, becomes stiffer and longer.

Almost fully erect, Jackson isn’t able to restrain himself to take a peek.

“Well, aren’t I a lucky guy?” Jackson remarks, stroking it harder.

“The very first,” Stiles quips back, spreading his legs apart a bit more.

Joyous pride consumes Jackson into remembering Stiles has never been with anyone, at all.

Stiles portrays unwashed, dirty fruit; fitting for those who would say he is home grown or organic. While others would just be happy no one had ever taken a bite in the first place.

Kissing his way down Stiles body makes Stiles stomach curl and churn in happiness, exposing more and more of his light skin.

When Jackson reaches the waist, Stiles squeamishly folds his legs in response to an area never before discovered by tongue.

“Ah…Jack…Jackson…Jack—son…” Stiles tries to mumble.

Jackson’s mouth is entirely occupied within Stiles lower waist to find anything else remotely interesting to be paying any attention towards.

In Jackson’s mind, the soft, tender, light skin give a slight resemblance of Lydia; familiar sights at best.

But the attention to detail reveals a distinctive difference, physically and mentally.

A happy trail leading to buried treasure and Jackson is ticking the hairs with his tongue.

“Want to find out where the trail ends?” Stiles asks, rubbing down Jackson’s hair.

“Humph….” Jackson puffs proudly at his boyfriend acquiring his own cocky attitude.

More kisses are absorbed into Stiles skin, helping Jackson fold Stiles briefs lower and ease his lips onto the inner thighs of Stiles legs.

When Stiles cock makes its appearance, what a sight to behold!
“If only anyone would have dared to take the dive, no one would be disappointed,” Jackson thinks to himself.

This time, Jackson is a bit reserved to reach over and grab Stiles tool, shaking from the image of it, not the thought.

However, eyes are not averting in any other direction as Stiles and Jackson lock stares, when Jackson receives his all clear sign.

Stiles gently places his hand atop Jackson’s crown to lower it softly and gently in the right direction.

Jackson takes small initiative to dive lower and closer to Stiles shaft until uncertainty overflows Stiles senses.

“Wait!!.................Ah.....Ahhh.........ooo........oh my..............oh my god.......”

The immense amount of sexual arousal within their close quarters would be enough to push Isaac, and Scott into a sex frenzy.

Only one question lingers in a moment lasting ages; the feel of it.

Stiles shakes at the feel of tingling wetness surrounding the tip of his cock.

Not being able to see if it was Jackson’s mouth, tongue, or the water still dripping from his showered body, but Stiles speaks once more into his closed eyes.

“Wait,” Stiles repeats. “Can we just wait? Why don’t you get dressed so we can leave?” he offers and Jackson stretches himself forward to scrounge his face, but listens to a shaky heartbeat keeping Stiles in a reserved state.

Unwilling but compromising in being able to take Stiles home, Jackson gets up to layer himself in clothing, Stiles adjusts his own garments.

“I uh… I guess I will meet you back at your truck,” Stiles fumbles to speak and doesn’t wait for Jackson to give a simple nod, banging the steel door on the wall on his way out.

As Jackson closes in on the truck, towing his bags for good measure since Stiles couldn’t have done that as a small favor, a stun silence understands Stiles messed up. But his good reasoning pulls through.

“I bet you’re pretty mad about what happened right now, huh?” Stiles asks, seemingly trying to giggle to lighten their mood.

“You think?!” Jackson spews back, loud and threatening.

“Look, I’m sorry. Okay!” Stiles answers back, not allowing himself to be outdone.

“You have no idea I have waiting for something like this,” Stiles says and Jackson scoffs, quietly muttering, “I think I can guess.”

“But I always imagined my first time to be…you know.........special,” Stiles answers.

Sighing intensely, Jackson builds rage at this smut incessantly whining to become a reality.

Repeating this same thought over and over again never felt anything less than a wish on Santa Claus’ list. Hearing the same wish from Stiles, curls Jacksons toes but a worry-some thought hangs...
overhead like a grudge.

“I don’t want to do it in a public place. My self esteem probably wouldn’t be able to handle it,” And Jackson reluctantly smiles.

“And to be honest, I don’t want to do it just because my dad is gone for a few hours. I want to be able to take my time especially since it will be a lot of firsts and I need some time to process it.”

“Being naked never happened not even between Scott and I but I think it really wouldn’t matter when it’s someone you care about. People describe sex as great but I think it’s great as in being in love with someone and not in finishing your homework early. But I think it would be a very pleasurable experience that wouldn’t be like anything else before. Taking your time, enjoying one another, being taken to a special place. Yeah, that’s what I want.”

For someone who takes sex as a chore, listening to Stiles talk about an unknown subject fills Jackson with desire to experience something he has fondled with day in and day out. But this time, it’s almost an ache to immerse himself in sex through Stiles perspective.

“Jackson…” Stiles says again and grabs Jackson’s hand, assured their tension is gone for now.

“I l—“ Stiles begins to say but is quickly cut off with a tight grip and a very sturdy, “Don’t!” from Jackson.

There it is, right there.

Silent words of hope.

But words that can kill, or rejuvenate; depending on who dares to phrase them together.

Stiles settles into his seat, Jackson holding on to Stiles hand in his chest, praying Stiles doesn’t continue; he does.

“I like you,” Stiles blurs out, seeing this at his better option to unfold his true feelings.

In a manner of relief and appreciation, Jackson leans forward into the wheel of his truck so far, any small bump in the road would have the truck horn yell in surprise.

“I like you and I just want our first time to be special,” Stiles says and takes both of their hands to tuck safely at his side.

“Tsk…” Jackson scoffs and he removes the middle arm rest to fold backwards and allow Stiles a comfortable position.

“I hate you,” Jackson mumbles, finding the only suitable words he can utter.

“And you know what?” Stiles rhetorically asks, scooching closer to Jackson’s side.

“I do to,” Stiles answers, finding his boyfriend’s love to be damp and sarcastic; enjoyable and one of the things Stiles loves about him.

“Korean food?” Jackson asks, after finding their peace once more.

“For the guy you hate?” Stiles teases, earning him a half closed eyes, threatening glare.

“Bad puppy!” Stiles responds and flicks Jackson on the nose, forgetting Jackson is steering on the road.
The need for Stiles to be put in his place has Jackson shove Stiles deep into his chest, taking away his source of life, air.

Stiles flings his arms in a panic but his quick thinking escalates into his viable solution.

Pinching Jackson’s nipple with his teeth, Jackson gripes, “Oooooo!! Ah!!” and lets Stiles fall into his own seat.

Clearly, their lack of fun and play hasn’t suffered a bit and Jackson drives through the drive thru to enjoy a nice meal with a very domestic feel.

At Jackson’s home, dinner is well served and thoroughly finished as Jackson had ordered substantial food between the two of them; Stiles as a bottomless pit and Jackson’s elevated hunger being a werewolf helped no less.

Since finals are still pending as the most urgent matters along with supernatural dangers, school work comes first.

They both take the opposites ends of Jackson’s table to give each other enough room when Jackson’s phone vibrates with an impatient message.

**Isaac:** “**Hey, Derek needs to see you right away. Come to the woods.**”

“Strange. Why doesn’t Derek just text me himself?” Jackson asks, folding his books to grab his shoes at the door and lace them on.

“What’s up?” Stiles asks, following directly in Jackson’s footsteps.

“Derek wants to see me,” Jackson answers looking at his watch; 8:37 pm.

“Did he find something?” Stiles asks, fumbling with his shoe in one hand and his phone in the other.

“Maybe I should text Scott…”

“If he did, I think Scott already knows and he is probably meeting us there as well,” Jackson responds, prepped and ready.

“Oh…so…” Stiles says, trying to comprehend if Scott will actually meet Jackson and Derek there and what they will discuss.

“I’m not leaving you here if that’s what you are thinking,” Jackson remarks, halfway out the front door.

“You better not!” Stiles scolds, relieved Jackson sees a reason not to.

“Okay, lets…oh wait!” Stiles says, going back to his backpack.

“Come on! I don’t want to be late and give Derek more reason to hate me,” Jackson quips, clinking his keys in a irritated fashion.

“Okay! Okay! I see your point,” Stiles replies and lugs himself hurriedly into the Porsche.

“Onward!” Stiles yells out, pointing straight to the trees.

Jackson rushes out, hoping this meeting can be quick and painless.
At the entrance to the reserve, Jackson parks and finds it easier to walk and find Derek by scent or sight.

Stiles tails behind closely, still able to match Jackson with his human nose and eyes but hoping their trails would end soon.

The weather isn’t permitting any reason to stay out, cold winds pull Stiles away a couple of feet every five minutes, straining Stiles to run and shiver.

“What’s wrong?” Jackson asks after the fifth time Stiles has bumped into him through his slight jogs.

“N-Nothing!” Stiles shivers in response.

“Oh really?” Jackson quips back.

“Why yes, I forgot to mention that I carry around matches in case I need to start a fire to revitalize my normal range of temperature. Give me a moment,” Stiles replies and begins trekking back to the Porsche.

“You little ass,” Jackson bites.

Jackson furiously turns Stiles around to pick his hands out of their hiding places and dig them under his shirt, wrapped around his belly.

“Better?” Jackson asks, already knowing the response.

“Well, I certainly forgot about this walking heater,” Stiles says, snuggling closer and closer.

“Right………” Jackson murmurs, walking ridiculously slow because of his added weight.

Fifteen minutes go by and Jackson finds this scenario oddly strange as neither Derek nor Isaac have made some grand entrance to entrain their arrival.

“Why aren’t they here yet?” Stiles questions, still stuck to Jackson like glue.

“I don’t know,” Jackson replies. “But drastic calls call for drastic measures.”

Stiles’ arms hang on for dear life as Jackson lifts his phone up to his ear, calling Isaac.

“So dramatic…” Stiles mumbles, feeling heated enough to let Jackson call in peace.

But as quickly as Stiles lets go, Jackson comes face to face with Stiles in bringing his phone to speak and hear an unwelcomed voice and a dire message.

“The phone number you have called is not in service. Please try again.”

“What the heck does that mean?” Stiles asks, now thinking it would be a good idea to text Scott.

“I don’t know but let’s keep looking,” Jackson assures and leads the way.

After walking for a few more seconds, Jackson picks up a shadow figure in the far distance; walking away, teasing them to follow.

“Derek!” Jackson calls out, but to no avail is there a response in the slightest.

“Come on. I think he wants us to follow him,” Jackson says, certain this is him and he is being
Derek, like usual.

Cat and mouse continue until Jackson loses sight of Derek and opts for sniffing him out.

Lies of being misled come clear in Jackson’s sense as there hasn’t been the slightest hint of Derek being present anywhere.

Jackson focuses harder to hint at small shuffles of feet being dragged into the ground when his eyes catch shifting between the leaves on the ground, edging themselves closer and closer when the wind tries to hopelessly cover a trap.

“Look out!” Jackson yells, tackling Stiles away a safe distance.

Only imagining this sort of trap being used for wild cats, Stiles sees a net spring up and tight, hoping to encompass Jackson within its grasp.

Jackson stretches his entire figure around Stiles body, extending his arms further and protectively.

The subtle notion of a trap replays in Jackson’s mind, taunting him for being such an idiot to not call Derek instead of complaining about this late meet.

In fear for Jackson’s safety, Stiles is cautiously watching from behind Jackson’s back but still aware anybody can be in any direction. Jackson is directly facing straight and forward as Stiles helps himself to turn to have him back to back with Jackson.

Neither one moves, testing the amount of space between danger and safety.

Quiet; winds howling.

Steady steps are paced backwards with Stiles leading, and whispering, “Maybe they are gone.”

Too soon as an arrow darts towards Stiles, giving Jackson enough of a window to fervently lower Stiles entire body to the ground, a small scrape marks it territory on Jackson’s shoulder.

“GO!” Jackson yells, pushing Stiles forward to lead ahead of him; protect him.

Stiles is rapid for his size but not fast enough to avoid arrows or bullets, Jackson sticking close behind and moving his body every so often to avert them.

Rapid paces for their life become small bouts of desperation in Stiles understanding he is slowing Jackson down significantly but the refusal to leave his boyfriend’s side remains strong to push himself further and further.

Yet, luck isn’t in his side as Stiles trips over a thick heap of sticks barring their path, causing Stiles to topple over and Jackson to let his guard go completely for a few seconds.

“Are you okay?!” Jackson asks in a panic, reaching over to check Stiles over but the instant his body bends down, an arrow digs deeply into his back, staggering him further down.

“Arrrrgghhhhhhh…..grrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!”

A shock of pain turns Jackson into walking destruction, the arrow pinging him painfully but raising his adrenaline levels to shift automatically.

Amazingly, Jackson isn’t slowed down by the arrow in the slightest as he helps Stiles to his feet, hiding Stiles directly behind his back.
In this instance, the hunters make their shadow figures present; five in total forming a semi-circle around Jackson.

Stiles reaches into his pocket to notice his particular item missing but enough of it is left over to attempt a now-or-never last resort plan.

Each hunter is threatening holding a crossbow, except for the leader facing Jackson directly who has thrown his weapon to the side, in a show of dominance, choosing a shotgun for better measure; this is going to be settle once and for all.

Any attempts to show off aren’t making any dent in Jackson’s will to stand his ground, the only option to fly at Stiles to cover and sacrifice himself if need be.

However, Stiles isn’t backing down either as he takes what few remaining crumbs of Mountain Ash he has to throw directly in front of Jackson, aiming at the hunters directly.

Flinching at first sight of a defensive tactic, the hunters cock their weapons in a fire position at the click of a trigger when the revelation of nothing happening brings cocky grins to their covered skulls.

Each step taken forward and death is only inches away from claiming their souls; Jackson fights to the bitter end and Stiles is hoping for miracle.

A discreet, soft wind comes calling out for anyone in need and Stiles watches the air carry his last remnants of Mountain Ash directly over Jackson’s feet.

Faster than a speeding bullet, Stiles forces Jackson a few steps back to allow the breeze to readjust the remaining Mountain Ash already spilled when Stiles first tripped with two tress standing equal distance apart from each other.

In the next blink of an eye, all five hunters take their shots, arrows and bullets flying to greet Jackson’s cold hearted stare.

It would have been a success if not for a bright blue light blinding all of them when the arrows and bullets have graced the ground below Jackson and Stiles.

Moving slow, as if hindered by molasses, the hunters await eagerly for Jackson to topple over but disappointment ensues when they see him standing prouder than ever.

The head hunter feels insulted and easily lifts up his shotgun to take another shot, impatient to see Jackson’s end as his bullets ricochet in separate directions; almost striking him in the process.

“A barrier,” Jackson thinks to himself and in a brief moment of understanding, wonders how it can be possible; Stiles is living up to exceptional expectations.

The barrier carries itself in a full circle of trees surrounding all around them providing a safety zone but little escape. However, it is reassuring.

“How did you do that?” Jackson mumbles, bringing Stiles close enough to whisper; confident in their shield.


However, terror rears its ugly head once more as three of the hunters drop their crossbows, along with leader and his shotgun, to bring out daggers; crawling closer and closer to Jackson and Stiles.
After much heated adrenaline, Jackson staggers at the pain of the arrow running deeper into his tissue, wearing him down.

“Damn….dammit…” Jackson strains to say, wooziness taking its toll.

“Stiles…” Jackson says, carefully watching the hunters edge themselves closer and closer.

“Stiles, you need…you need to get out of here…get out of here…” Jackson commands, helping Stiles take the first steps by pushing him away.

“No way! I’m not leaving you here!” Stiles yells back, reaching behind to firmly get a hold of the arrow.

“Aaaaaaarrrrrhhhh!!” Jackson gripes in pain.

“I’m sorry!” Stiles yells as he furiously grabs the arrow to remove it in one swift motion, as quick as peeling off a band-aid.

“AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRAAAAAARRRRRGGGHHH!!!” Jackson roars as loud as a thunderclap, echoes of immense suffering ring all around.

Per the hunter’s desires, Jackson finally topples over in anguish leaving Stiles to fend for himself with the repercussions of trying to save Jackson in the process.

Having no other option to leave, refusing to back down, Stiles almost takes up Jackson’s forefront position to stand in between him and the hunters when a howl pierces the night sky.

“Aaaao0000000000owwwwwww!”

“What the hell?!” one of the hunters says and turns to face the west direction where the howl might be originating from.

“Aaaao0000000000owwwwwww!”

“Shit! There’s more than one!” another hunter voices out loud.

None of them are paying the slightest bit of attention to Jackson, seeing his incapability to do anything as Stiles attempts one of his wild plans to escape from further harm.

“Hurry up and make this quick!” one hunter says, urging the others to end this prolonged session of death for Jackson and Stiles.

The three hunters with blades begin to gain ground much quicker at their rapid paces until Jackson startles them with his own howl.

“Aaaaaa0000000000owwwwwwwwww!”

Jackson succeeds in howling his position for whatever werewolf might be in the vicinity to come to their aid.

Stiles isn’t aware of anyone this close to the woods better suited to take down the enemy in his own territory; this battle favors Derek in all aspects.

Right on cue, the hunter standing far left mistakenly stands next a tree where his body disappears around the trunk, the others turning at the sound of his dropped crossbow.
“Wha—what the hell was that?!” the other hunter on the far right asks, terrified down to his very soul.

“Steady…” the head hunter calls out to his men when the far right hunter gets him come up ins to follow his fellow comrade into his own doom.

“Dammit! Move! Move!” the head hunter calls out, heading back to his main weapon, when Isaac flies over to tackle him from the back.

Looking backwards, Isaac, fully shifted, makes eye contact with Stiles, signaling an opportunity when Isaac falls over, dagger in his back.

“Gotcha!” one hunter yells, following up losing his blade with a take on one of the downed crossbows.

Not expecting more resistance, the hunter almost succeeds in nabbing himself another victim when he finds the crossbow gone, nowhere in sight.

“What the—“ the hunter says, confused when Scott makes his appearance; “My turn,” Scott says and knocks out the guy.

The only one left is the leader but he is holding his own amongst Isaac after he removed the dagger himself; Scott joins in as Derek walks over to aide a downed Jackson.

“Stiles, break the barrier,” Derek persuades and Stiles does so with gusto at Derek giving him a hand with Jackson’s limping body but acting on childish instincts, Jackson refuses to leave Stiles side.

At the sound of Isaac screeching in pain, Derek’s body comes in close contact with an arrow straight to his shoulder. Yet, Derek doesn’t flinch an inch.

He simply turns his whole body around, facing all five hunters menacingly; Stiles knows no deaths on account of Scott being here with him.

“Then I hope you can handle yourselves getting out of here,” Derek says as he easily digs out the arrow, breaking it in half.

“Just worry about yourself,” Jackson spews out, half standing to back up his remark.

“Hmph,” Derek huffs out as he heads into battle, hands and claws out towards their leader, knocking the shotgun once more away from his grasp and onto the ground.

Stiles leads the way back to Jackson’s truck as Jackson follows, being able to stand and walk but still leaning on Stiles for minor support through the thick of the forest, managing half and half.

“You drive,” Jackson suggests tersely, handing Stiles the keys from his pocket.

Stiles is keen on arguing any other day but having near death experiences convince you of more important things, such as staying alive.

Stiles eagerly takes the wheel and presses his light foot as heavily as possible to take the truck screeching out of the woods.

No relying on werewolf supernatural power, Stiles top mission is taking Jackson to his home where he would have the necessary bandages and medicine needed to help Jackson’s body ease itself into healing.
Throughout the ride, Jackson leans his head further and further onto the window, keeping a very close ear to what is still happening in the woods; assessing the situation.

Without speaking out loud, the wound on Jackson’s back has rescinded into a small scar, twisting and churning to fix itself amongst his skin.

At the sign of Stiles street name, the truck leans so far, for a mere second Stiles thinks it could lean over and crash until it squeaks to a stop; awaiting no less.

Stiles resumes his fast-paced driving until they pull up into his driveway, Stiles exits rapidly with Jackson following closely behind, his wound completely healed.

“Okay. I’m thinking maybe some Oxygen Peroxide, aloe vera and whatever else I can find to settle the pain,” Stiles begins to say as he easily slips in his key to walk through the door and jump the entire staircase.

Jackson purposefully, and carefully, stretches an arm’s length of distance between each other until they reach Stiles room, Stiles heading straight into his bathroom as Jackson eyes the desk chair.

“I think I have some pain relieving lotion you can also use. Maybe a heating pad, if that helps…” Stiles murmurs when the sudden SLAM of his bathroom door jerks his attention to a trapped room.

Turning the knob to feel it stuck, Stiles attempts to harshly push the door ajar but feels something barring his exit.

“Jackson!! Jackson!!” Stiles yells; no one is listening.

“Stay safe,” Jackson whispers on his way out, back to his truck and back to aide his soon-to-be pack.

“Jackson!! Jackson, let me out!!” Stiles yells, knowing concrete solid walls are thin paper to Jackson’s ears.

At the sound of Jackson’s truck reving up, Stiles bashes the door harder to match a an even louder plea.

“Don’t go! Please, don’t go!! Jackson! Jackson! Listen to me!!” Stiles pleads, hoping Jackson isn’t stupid himself.

Out of disappointment, Jackson is and hastens to a situation he hopes isn’t too late to join.

Chapter End Notes

Here we go, just like I promised. Again, I do apologize greatly for being so late on this but I do hope this makes up for it. This chapter is a bit shorter than my previous ones but it’s just a build up to more trouble brewing. As always, do enjoy my readers.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

"You put his life in danger! Without considering the consequences, you don’t consider him."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Jackson! Jackson, open this door and let me out!!” Stiles yells out again and again.

“Don’t do this to me!! Let me out!!”

Huge words, small wishes, a loud voice to carry a heart’s desire.

Stiles leans his head forward, trying to calm his desperation in tiny attempts to pick and rattle the door open.

Nothing, as not only the weight of the chair Jackson leaned against the door resists all attempts but the angle the chair was placed has turned it into a lock for a vault.

Thinking on his toes, Stiles opts for calling, phoning, Jackson to adhere one last chance to get him to turn around and consider a better alternative.

RRRIIIINNNNGGGG!!

RRRIIIIINNNNGGGG!

RRRIIIIINNNNGGGG!!

Please leave your message for…987-555-4321

“Worth a shot…” Stiles mumbles, falling to the floor after he leans against the wall, figuring out who might he call next.

“Let’s see…Scott-no, Lydia-no, Derek-no, Isaac-no…Yeah, that’s just about everyone,” Stiles sighs in defeat.

However, a tiny ray of hope shines through at the very top of his contacts.

“Well, not everyone…” Stiles whispers, Allison’s name shining bright in his gaze.

Allison knows, she understands, but to what extent and would she actually feel comfortable helping them in whatever they felt needed her meddling.

“Too risky and……it’s weird,” Stiles thinks to himself, turning off his phone to settle in his next plan.

Luckily, it answers him first when the sheriff walks through the front door calling out his name.
“Stiles, are you here? I saw your Jeep in the driveway and the front door is open. Hello?” Sheriff Stilinski calls out into the home.


“*sigh* On my way,” the sheriff answers, trudging up all the way to his son’s bedroom.

Sheriff Stilinski finds the door half open, pries it the rest, and oversees the chair blocking the bathroom door.

Startled at first glance, the sheriff doesn’t hesitate to ask his son, “Are you okay in there?”

“Yes, dad. I’m fine. Just stuck. Do you mind?” Stiles persuades and easily has his father move the debris blocking his exit.

Open seaseme and Stiles is free. The only thing quite clear to the sheriff is his son calmly leaning against the wall; unharmed, solemn, and aggravated.

“Wha—…” Sheriff Stilinski begins but Stiles has already prepared his rebuttle to speak first.

“Before you say anything, know that I was locked in here to keep myself out of trouble,” Stiles speaks, making his dad twitch with surprise and relief.

“Then I have to give credit to the guy who was able to manage an almost impossible feat. I owe Scott some dinner next time I see him,” the sheriff says on his exit.

“Right assumption but wrong name, dad,” Stiles murmurs on his walk of shame out of the bathroom.

“As long as you are here though, how about a late snack?” the sheriff yells behind his back downstairs.

“Eh…” Stiles whines, deciding to follow his father downstairs. Mentioning food is Stiles Achilles heel.

Coming into the kitchen, and greeting Stiles at the center of the table, are freshly baked muffins steaming with sweetness and sugar.

“Late night snack? More like late night disease. Didn’t I tell you you need to start eating healthier?” Stiles reprimands.

“Don’t take this away from me. I deserve it after having a good day,” the sheriff answers back, defensive is the least word to describe his mood.

In the far corner of the kitchen, Sheriff Stilinski puts on a pot for coffee as Stiles places another on the stove to warm up some milk.

Stiles patiently waits for his dad to finish making his coffee and allows him first pick of the muffins before his will fails him and he takes two at a time.

“You know…” the sheriff begins to say, filling their silence with banter. “I’m glad you are here at home safe but I think I can honestly say I am a little shocked to see you here and not running off like you usually do.”

“I think it was pretty clear by being locked in that I should stay where I am,” Stiles retorts, restating the obvious.
“Which I do appreciate but it’s not like that has stopped you before. Something different this time?” the sheriff restates.

“Life and death, maybe,” Stiles wonders in his head.

Certainty consumes Stiles in knowing that if the hunters wouldn’t have killed him, Derek would have for being a disobedient teenager.

Jackson would be upset, but never to a point he would have to threaten Stiles life. Stiles smiles at knowing the truth.

Lost in his thoughts, Stiles remembers a certain thirst to acquire more information and with his father’s calm sense of satisfaction, courtesy of a good day, the temptation is rather grand.

“Dad?...” Stiles whispers, grabbing his father’s attention.

“Hmm…” the sheriff replies, taking a quick sip from his coffee.

But his human self regains his understanding to see clearly. Continuity is often strenuous, tedious but overall, exhausting.

Taking away his father’s sense of peace is wrong. To ruin it with wondering what happened to his boyfriend’s best friend’s dad might make it to obvious to have the sheriff wonder what could be occurring.

“Nothing…never mind,” Stiles says, smiling to show outward appreciation for his father’s work.

“Okay,” replies the sheriff and returns a grin.

“Belly’s full and brain is fried. Think I am going to call it a night,” Stiles yawns, dragging his body around like a snail pulling his shell.

“Sounds like a great idea to me,” the sheriff clamors, almost clapping his hands together.

“Very funny. Enjoy this while you can because it isn’t happening,” Stiles calls out.

“For the same reason, I think I can accept this will be a regular thing. And that’s perfectly fine with me,” the sheriff answers back, basking at winning.

Stiles fails to come up with a snarky remark to allow his father victory and further peace; small victories are taken whenever you can.

Upstairs, Stiles twiddles his phone up, around his hands and desk area to contemplate texting Jackson.

Maybe Scott, Derek or even Isaac but the real concern in the slightest would be with Jackson.

Stiles: “…………………"

The struggle of not knowing if it is relatively okay to text in their dire situation.

Stiles: “…………………"

Nothing.

The minutes of the clock are flying by, notifying Stiles of his utter waste.
What happened? Is Jackson okay? Are they all alive? Are they hurt? Who are these hunters?

Stiles’ sudden aura of calm with a late night with his father his passed like as quickly as a 3-day holiday weekend.

No stranger to living a constant state of anxiety mixed with denial, Stiles frustrates his body to collapse, back down and stomach up, atop his covers.

His sweats feel moist and his shirt dampened, the uncertainty setting itself in deep.

Hours roll by without a single hint of any information in the slightest.

Calling Scott is seen as a ray of hope, tempting Stiles to pick up his phone and gently place it back down in defeat.

Deep sighs and Stiles isn’t so sure what happens next, rising up from his bed to walk around his room and look at his evidence board; but not at it entirely.

His focus looks past the glass to draw attention to the various pictures outlining his entire wall.

Mostly outlined are pictures of he and Scott ever since the moment they met. Recent photographs of their gang take up a small corner, almost centered if edged a bit closer.

The angles of the pictures are all skewed, moved left and right as Stiles had taken nearly every single one without the others consent.

It’s heart-warming, the feeling of home, but someone is missing.

Stiles grasps his phone once more from his pocket to illuminate its’ light and show Jackson’s face grace his eyes with his presence.

A small beginning to what Stiles can imagine are plenty more to further decorate the wood holding his space together.

“Except there won’t be if Jackson doesn’t make it!” Stiles screams in his head.

“Please, let there be more…” Stiles hums.

Suddenly, Stiles hears a hard THUMP downstairs and ventures to his next life or death encounter.

Around the corner, there isn’t the slightest hint of a gun pointed in his direction, or claws to his throat, as the sheriff is passed out on the couch; a heavy folder with scattered papers on the floor.

“*sigh* Dad…” Stiles whispers and proceeds to pick up the files.

“Hmmm…..grrrr….mmmmhhmmmmmm…” the sheriff mumbles in his sleep.

Stiles finishes picking up all the sheets when a folded sheet hiding secretly under the couch, emerges silently; Stiles nearly misses it.

“Huh…” Stiles murmurs, picking it up to view.

A copy of an arrest warrant, dated around the same time Allison had mentioned their house had been robbed.
Everything written didn’t seem so odd until he skims the top of the sheet to read the name of the person who filed the report against who.

Allison hated to think her father was the reason Danny’s dad was put jail but it wasn’t him.

Instead, a very familiar, and renowned troublemaker, was the one who not only saw what happened but his involvement means bigger problems.

P. Hale.

“Does Derek know? And if he does, why would he hide this?” Stiles asks, anger building a bit.

“What does Derek know?” the sheriff sluggishly murmurs.

“D-Dad!” Stiles gasps, and tries to hide his little secret but his father beats him to it by extending out his hand to take what Stiles picked up.

“Derek doesn’t know anything, strangely enough,” Stiles answers, giving up his evidence.

“Remember what I told you about going through my files?” the sheriff asks.

“Not in the slightest,” Stiles chirps and heads back upstairs, leaving his father to pick up the rest of his belongings.

Groggy, Stiles walks semi-normal into his room to try to force himself to sleep when Jackson’s figure surprises him facing forward, looking at his wall.

Imagining his head playing tricks on him, Stiles rubs his eyes awake to see Jackson skimming through each photo, playing particular attention to the group photos of the pack.

“Do you want me to leave?” Jackson asks, feeling a bit uncomfortable to take notice of Stiles not jumping or tackling him over with excitement at having him back.

“No…” Stiles answers, low voice to make sure the sheriff didn’t hear.

“Any reason why you haven’t put up the photo you took of me the other day?” Jackson inquires, taking notice of what’s missing.

Jackson being Jackson, Stiles walks behind him to wrap both arms around his shoulders and drape them across his chest.

“Well, I don’t think my boyfriend would appreciate taking pictures of him without his consent,” Stiles replies.

“And yet, you still have this one,” Jackson pulls up Stiles phone to show his photo.

“Cute guy,” Jackson mouths on.

“I’m glad you’re back, safe,” Stiles says, placing a soft tender kiss at the back of Jackson’s head.

Jackson returns it back on Stiles arm, pulling Stiles’ arms lower to lean back without effort at Stiles touch.

“Can we not talk about tonight? I just want to get some rest,” Jackson says, breaking away from Stiles to head over to the bed, removing his clothes in the process.
“Yeah, sure,” Stiles answers back, following Jackson.

“Now what?” Stiles asks mentally, wondering what events occurred during or after the battle.

After stripping down to his underwear, Jackson can smell the confusion overlapping Stiles’ own scent.

“No way. You’re not getting in bed like that,” Jackson says, proceeding to help Stiles strip.

Easily removing the shirt and sweats, Stiles allows Jackson to roam his hands all over to put himself at ease.

In bed, Jackson squirms himself close to Stiles, spooning him from behind, giving Stiles the opportunity to grown into Jackson’s embrace.

Sniffing Stiles hair, Jackson can pinpoint the confusion no longer present but the worry that had been emanating from Stiles since the moment he was locked inside of his bathroom.

“Hey…” Jackson whispers, getting Stiles to turn around and see Jackson face to face.

“Are you okay?” Jackson asks, stroking Stiles hair.

Stiles curls under Jackson’s body to cover him like a blanket.

“With this cute guy, I sure am,” Stiles answers, earning a small scoff from Jackson.

In a matter of minutes, Stiles finally gives in to his inability to acquire any sleep, now aided with the help of Jackson, but Jackson remains still for a few more seconds.

Going back a few hours ago, Jackson thinks about Derek’s words and how far things are moving along; for fear of the worst.

“If you care, you’ll do what’s right.”

Silent echoes in the wind.

Jackson turns his head in disgust, exhaling a very warm breath as he pulls Stiles closer, tighter, and harder to his figure.

Arriving too soon, the morning sun greets Jackson’s eyes to gently caress his cheeks and yet, a buzz hums in his ear drums.

“Mmm…*groan*……mmmmrrrrmmphhh….” Jackson murmurs in a failed attempt to compose audible words.

“What the hell is that?” he continues to bite, moving away from Stiles to try and pin-point the source of this inconvenience.

Jackson views Stiles to see Stiles’ mouth slightly open and medium snores exit his lips; it counts as Stiles being oblivious to this particular disturbance.

In wanting to be careful to not wake Stiles, Jackson makes not-so-subtle movements to find the problem; in a miracle, Stiles only turns in his sleep to lie on his stomach.

Tracking the hum like stalking prey, the racket radiates from his jeans. Which were thrown across the room last night after Jackson had settled well with Stiles for the night.
A call is coming in and to see his father’s name identify itself on the screen is much worse than being hunted. Maybe now wouldn’t be the best time to wish he actually was dead instead.

Regardless, Jackson quickly answers with any attempt to shake himself loose and awake, preparing for whatever this interruption consists of.

“JACKSON!!” his father yells out. “Jackson! Where the hell have you been?!? I’ve been calling you for about thirty minutes now.”

“Out for a run,” Jackson yawns. If he couldn’t play the barely awake card, Jackson can at least play the tired one.

“You could have answered me on your run! Why didn’t you?!” Mr. Whittemore continues to reproach.

“I’m answering you now!” Jackson yells back, but rescinds his voice at the end for Stiles’ sake, not his father.

“Fine!” Mr. Whittemore puffs out. “All I needed to tell you was that we, as a family, have to present a good image at a certain meeting I will be attending this weekend. I need you here so you will be coming. This isn’t a debate.”

Rolling of eyes hasn’t stopped ever since Jackson’s father had started speaking. Only when it suits him does Jackson’s father actually pretend they are something of a perfect family you would read about in books or fairy tales.

“I will send someone to pick you up at 6, once you get out from school since your flight leaves at 9. You will be gone for the rest of the week but I have already taken care of that with the school. Bring whatever you want but make sure you pack a better attitude than the one you’re giving me right now.”

A small snarl slips Jackson’s mouth, entering their call causing a small static build up but Jackson’s father remarks, “Stupid cell phone!” putting blame where it doesn’t belong.

“You got that?” Mr. Whittemore huffs.

“Yeah, I got it. Anything else?” Jackson spews back.

“Nothing…” his father says, lingering on the call; awaiting something but he doesn’t follow through.

After a solid ten seconds, Mr. Whittemore hangs up first giving Jackson the opportunity to view about ten missed calls from him. Another 5 came from his mother but Jackson is positive it was for the same reason.

Jackson had unknowingly walked into the hall of the Stilinski home, unaware of the sheriff’s presence.

As luck would have it, equally annoying snores can be heard coming across the hall in the sheriff’s bedroom; an indication of a day off or late start to the day.

Jackson walks downstairs to pick at the fridge, empty and half full bags of leftover food from countless fast food places, pick-up and take-out.

Minor distractions to face the bigger issue.
Jackson’s ears focus closely to hear Stiles still in mid-sleep, the sound brings Jackson’s gaze as if can see through walls to Stiles figure on the bed.

Upset for Derek being almost right through his experience, texting him to let him know what’s going to happen is enough of a purpose to shut Jackson up with the usual, “I told you so.” But Jackson fears what this trip sets-up.

**Jackson: “Derek, I need to talk and see you about something.”**

“Maybe Derek isn’t even awake right now…” Jackson thinks but the PING of a new message proves Jackson wrong.

**Derek: “Is something wrong?”**

**Jackson: “No, there isn’t anything wrong but I still need to talk you.”**

**Derek: “Okay. When you are out for lunch, come and see me at my home.”**

“Okay, maybe things aren’t so bad,” Jackson says under his breath until Stiles makes his appearance.

“Morning,” Stiles grunts, sweeping his feet along the floor to reach Jackson.

Dragging his body immeasurably and close enough, Stiles lets himself fall, carefully, forcing Jackson to catch and bring Stiles up to shoulder length, and wrap his arms around Jackson’s neck.

“I missed my warm pillow,” Stiles hums, half asleep-half angry.

“And I don’t think leaning on me for warmth works in our favor since your dad is still sleeping upstairs,” Jackson answers back, pushing Stiles softly away.

“Really?” Stiles puffs, trying to remember if his dad had mentioned a late start to the day or the possibility of Jackson lying; Stiles mind is all eggs.

“Look, I kind of have a bit of a rush today so I’m going to gather my things and head home real quick. I’ll see you at school,” Jackson says. hurrying back up to Stiles room to gather his clothes and keys.

“See you at school,” Stiles yawns, crawling back upstairs to shower, prepare, and head out as well.

The first comment Jackson makes isn’t processed completely in Stiles’ mind until warm water dripping from his shower shakes it out of his system, dismissing it entirely.

At his home, Jackson understands the unnecessary need to pack anything as everything he needs can be bought; very easy in his circumstance

Showering in record time, tiny attempts are made to gather any other objects that would be desired on this trip, items that wouldn’t be particularly bought or simply, replaced; items like a phone and phone charger.

However……

"You put his life in danger! Without considering the consequences, you don’t consider him.”

The sudden call into his mind, whispers to a terrible fate.

Bad dreams but more like terrible realities, Jackson struggles internally to figure out what to do when
something sticks to you like a bad odor.

“Aaarrgh!” Jackson growls, twisting and bending his phone case.

Jackson is already dressed, practically out the front door but these lingering words…

Heavy burdens and impossible requests.

The unclear battle between what’s real and what’s not place a tick inside the bomb waiting to blow; better more, a volcano about to burst.

Frustrated, Jackson slams his door shut until he remembers forgetting to set the home alarm system since no one would be around in a few days; as if that has really mattered for the past couple of weeks.

**ALARMS SET! HOME SECURED!**

“Good to know,” Jackson replies to the machine.

With the last click of his portable lock/unlock device attached to his keys to the front door, Jackson speeds off to school.

Back at Stiles house, the sheriff is already awake but half dressed when Stiles runs downstairs; late as usual.

“Hey dad?” Stiles asks in mid-run. “Did you mention anything last night about having a day off or something?”

The sheriff puffs out proudly before he answers. “No, I didn’t. But good of you to take notice.”

“So…is this a day off?” Stiles presses, wanting to get an answer but rushing altogether.

“Not really. I’m going to go into work around 12 so I only have a late start to the day. Figured I deserve to give myself a little bit of a break. According to one particular son, ‘I’m doing the best I can.’”

“You got that right!” Stiles cheers. “See you later, pop!”

And Stiles takes off flying into his jeep, greeting the road with screeching tires.

At school, Stiles arrival is so late first period is only minutes from beginning, leaving him just enough time to drop off excess weight inside his locker and run to class.

“Glad you are able to join us, Mr. Stilinski,” Harris calls from behind his desk.

“How about taking a seat?” Harris persuades.

“Love to,” Stiles smirks and takes the chair opposite Scott.

“Just late. That’s it,” Stiles answers when Scott looks over, questioning his late arrival.

“Let’s go ahead and get started,” Harris begins but is stopped when a student aide comes into the classroom and hands Harris a peculiar note.

“I see…” Harris whispers. “Tell him I will have the work ready later this afternoon.”
“I will,” the guy answers and leaves just as quickly as he had arrived.

“Without anymore further interruptions, let’s get class started,” Harris says once more. “Open your books to page 154.”

After chemistry comes economics, Isaac joins Stiles and Scott in sitting behind Scott.

“I don’t want to be here, you don’t want to be here,” coach Finnstock starts off, again. “So, let’s get this damn lesson done and over with. Here we go!”

However, like in Harris’ class, another student aide comes into class to pick up a book and small folder Finnstock had already prepared.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. That’s it. Tell him it has to be finished by when he comes back! And no half-assing on that report! It has to be so good it’s going to make me feel like I can quit with dignity.”

The girl takes the items and nods as she understands whole heartedly what coach Finnstock means. She might know, but for whoever the work she took will have a much better clue than her.

After the bells rings, it’s an all clear sign for lunch which doesn’t have Stiles too excited for food, an exception for today, but a break from what has been this day.

Though it’s shortly enjoyed when Stiles spots Jackson in the distance, walking away from the lunch room and towards the parking lot, possibly towards his Porsche.

“Going somewhere without me?” Stiles asks when he finally catches up to the fast paced wolf.

“Something like that. But I get this strange feeling that it won’t be happening,” Jackson answers back, grateful for the company but unhappy at revealing the truth.

“I’m actually on my way to see Derek,” Jackson answers but cowers, feeling a need to bow in remorse.

“You aren’t even a part of his pack. Why must you insist on being so close to him?” Stiles asks agitated.

“It’s a bit deeper than that. I need his help with something,” Jackson says but it almost cut off by Stiles naming, “Scott? Isaac? Me?” sarcastically; Derek isn’t the only one capable of aiding whenever needed.

In a gesture of love amongst frustration, Stiles reaches over to tug gently at Jackson’s backpack to feel it increasingly heavy than ever before.

Jackson feels the tingle of movement to watch Stiles eyebrows grow with suspicion; answering, Jackson turns around one last time to not be able to view anyone within normal sight and sound.

“I should probably tell you, huh?” Jackson asks sarcastically.

“Now you’re speaking my language!” Stiles happily quips, making their way to Jackson’s Porsche.

Ten minutes into the drive, as well as their conversation, and Stiles is squirming between being unsettled and nervous.

“Normal things aside, what if something…….para-normal happens when you are over there?” Stiles inquires tersely.
“That’s exactly why I’m going to see Derek. Maybe he can give me something to…I don’t know, protect me, or whatever,” Jackson replies, shaking to indicate his cluelessness altogether.

“Besides, I’m actually doing him a favor…” Jackson starts again but loses his words towards the end.

“Oh yeah?” Stiles barks. “In what way?”

Seconds before Jackson can utter another word, Derek flies by the windshield, landing perfectly to make an entrance; shutting Jackson up is another perk.

“Sweet Jesus!!” Stiles gasps, grabbing Jackson for support.

“What the hell?!?” Stiles yells, out of breath.

It takes him almost about a whole minute to calm down after that scare but Jackson gathers himself swiftly to catch a small moment with Derek before Stiles intervenes as usual.

“Why is he here?” Derek scowls.

“Because you’re getting what you want,” Jackson scolds back, letting himself be nothing less than an equal in Derek’s eyes.

“Which is why I am here. I help you, you help me,” Jackson reminds and Derek has a mind to stay quiet until all three of them are inside the half-home.

Familiar but dank, the hale home keeps its creepy reputation even through sunlight.

“So, how are you going to help, Jackson?” Stiles asks, wanting to see if magic would take place.

“I’m not,” Derek quickly responds.

Stiles gasps with an annoyed opened mouth as Jackson slightly moves from leaning against the wall to walk out, angrily, into his car and leave.

“I’m only doing him a favor,” Derek corrects himself, easing their uncomfortablness.

“I’m going to give you pack power. It’s like an induction without being fully admitted,” Derek begins. “Lone wolves won’t make it on their own so this is protecting from any another wolf out there that would want to do you harm. Plus, it let’s others know you actually belong to one to keep their distance and not do anything stupid, unless they want to deal with me.”

Derek’s last statement has him puff out like some proud leader; Stiles knows Derek isn’t up for Alpha of The Year.

“Give me your arm,” Derek commands and Jackson has already closed their distance close enough to extend his arm full length to hand to Derek.

It’s only the forearm Derek needs, gripping it tight and holding it steady.

Within seconds, Derek’s veins grow and spread like a virus but Stiles can tell this isn’t like taking away pain.

Derek looks like he is overpowering Jackson but Jackson isn’t being drained of his life, it’s exactly as Derek had said: giving power with Jackson trying to withhold it all in.
A small glint of Derek’s red eyes with a tiny gleam of blue mixed.

Stiles worries himself a bit until Jackson’s standing, proud figure doesn’t sway; Stiles better adjusts his body to lean and face Jackson directly to see if his eyes would glow red.

Anticipation failed with disappointment following as Jackson’s eyes remain blue but seem to glow harder and brighter.

“There, that should be enough to keep you out of trouble,” Derek remarks, letting go of Jackson’s arm.

Completely void of what his initial plan was from the beginning, Jackson’s ego is spurned after so long in darkness.

Reawakening at its finest, Jackson is clearly on cloud nine. Feeling the change, the gain of power, just a taste but already his mind considers the prospect of what happens when he is fully admitted into an actual pack.

In Derek’s mind, the mistake is only as foolish as the risk. He watches closely as Jackson seems to mid-shift to check his added gains.

Even at a great distance, anyone would be able to notice the huge change of image as Jackson glows with power and pride.

It’s almost like an erupting volcano until Stiles walks over to pat Jackson’s shoulder gently, smiling in admiration.

Like a soothing wave of tranquility blanketing people in times of comfort, Stiles warm hand hasn’t lost its magic touch.

Grinning to go along with the feel, Jackson turns slightly to gaze upon Stiles eyes, yet shyness beats Jackson to the punch and has him turn his head away, embarrassed.

“As the wolf laid with the sheep and all was well in the world,” Derek thinks, persistently hopeful things are moving in the right direction; it’s Jackson decisions that determine where it all leads.

“Be careful out there either way. Let me know if anything happens or if you need help,” Derek advises.


“Hey! I don’t think that’s Derek’s job,” Stiles spews back, punching Jackson’s shoulder.

Jackson knows and slightly moves his body back to touch Stiles’, letting Stiles know he is only playing around.

“No. But that doesn’t mean I will sit back while you are in danger. I’m not that heartless,” Derek bites back, trying not to show any weakness.

“Besides, you’re doing what I ask,” Derek whispers, catching Jackson’s werewolf hearing and causing Jackson to frown in anger.

“That’s it for now. You two should probably head back to school. I need to go back into town and look into something,” Derek speaks, already walking out the door.

Merely bringing up the subject, Stiles restrains himself from chasing after Derek if this has anything
to do with the particular name that popped up in his father’s reports last night.

Stiles dismisses it, acknowledging he could figure it out himself especially without Jackson being here. Details are Stiles bread and butter; uncovering them would prove minimal difficulty.

Jackson and Stiles easily get in the Porsche to grab a taste of food before heading back, Stiles’ stomach couldn’t hold in its whale call of hunger.

Buckled in, Derek’s murmurs are the only important thing Jackson needs to hear.

“You aren’t doing what I asked. You’re doing what you need to do.”

Contemplation resurfaces as a new added worry, Stiles not knowing is another subject on the matter, but trying is the best way of understanding what’s best.

For lunch, expressos and cookies are nice substitutes for a full meal; lack of time no less.

Although Stiles isn’t coming cheap as he had asked Jackson for several treats instead of just a normal cookie or brownie.

“Give me your phone,” Jackson commands in a sudden outburst at their table.

The outcry shakes Stiles from browsing through it but an odd request, Stiles almost feels obligated to do exactly what Jackson asks.

Confused, Stiles answers, “Sure…” and hands Jackson his mobile; tiny restraint shown only when Jackson fully takes it.

Speedily, Jackson is twisting his fingers back and forth all over the screen at record speed; Stiles is watching anxiously.

When Jackson finds something of interest, his mouth opens wider than a tunnel on the road, smiling and looking at Stiles in amusement.

“Okay, that’s enough!” Stiles yells, attempting to retrieve his phone from Jackson’s grasp.

“I’m not done yet,” Jackson answers as he holds Stiles face in place, distant enough to not allow his hands to reach.

“There. Now I am done,” Jackson says, gracefully handing Stiles his phone as Stiles rummages through it quickly.

A stranger, eerie sensation courses through Stiles body as he tries to find what exactly Jackson did but nothing seems new and out of place.

All of sudden, a ping of several notifications pop up and Stiles views each one.

New Contact Added on Snapcat: JWhittemore (Jackon Whittemore)

New Contact Added on Skype: JWhittemore (Jackson Whittemore)

New Contact Added on Facetime: JWhittemore (Jackson Whittemore)

Stiles sighs turn into ones of relief and even though he would like to burst out with happiness as their relationship grows and grows, he holds himself back.
No use as Stiles heart beats erratically, Jackson looks over with raised eyebrows.

“What? You didn’t think I would leave and you wouldn’t hear from me, did you?” Jackson quips.

“I knew that,” Stiles tries to reply calmly, but laughs sheepishly at the end.

Facetime is the one Stiles can’t wait to try out and so he does. Calling Jackson and hearing Jackson’s phone buzz immediately; Jackson answers.

“I’m not even gone and you have to call me right now?” Jackson asks, not looking at his phone and not looking at Stiles directly.

“Just practicing,” Stiles replies, looking at his information through Jackson’s side.

Jackson had curiously used a picture of Stiles wearing a very tight kids shirt he had tried on at the mall a couple of weeks ago.

“This jerk!” Stiles says and Jackson looks at the phone to wink.

“Fine! Let’s see how you handle this,” Stiles voices, changing his name to ‘His One and Only.’

“Now every time I call you will have to answer to that!” Stiles clamors in victory.

Jackson looks to see Stiles had snapped a quick photo of him taking a sip from his iced coffee, looking stunning as ever.

Jackson goes to his options to change Stiles name and the first thing Stiles reads is, ‘This Idiot’ but then the ellipses are blinking meaning Jackson is wanting to add a bit more.

Patient, Jackson lets his fingers float above his keys for brief moments until he adds the heart emoji at the end.

“Fine. But I get to have this,” Jackson responds as he rises to grab his keys so they can go back to school.

“Your move,” Jackson quips and leaves Stiles sitting still with a quick kiss to his cheek.

“Oh really?!” Stiles calls out, dumping his trash into the nearest bin, running after Jackson.

“Oh shi…” Jackson says as he runs ahead to try and escape this enemy.

Stiles is surprisingly keeping a very steady pace with Jackson although Jackson isn’t too keen on using his abilities to an unfair advantage, this time around.

Caught up, Stiles tackles Jackson straight onto his Porsche door, having the upper hand on Jackson’s stomach.

“Careful with this pretty package,” Jackson reprimands. Stiles tightly grabs Jackson’s side to make him tingle and rise closer into his arms.

A nice way to spend the last few moments before an unnecessary absence, it’s tugs on Jackson’s heartstrings.

"You’re not doing this for me. You’re doing this for him and his safety."

Derek’s words echo once more.
“I’m going to miss you,” Jackson whispers softly.

Out there and in the open, these gentle words cannot back taken back no matter how hard Jackson’s attempts are; there aren’t any in the slightest.

For knowing this isn’t Jackson’s usual nature, Stiles allows them to settle thoroughly into his mind as calming tides of peace settle among his soul.

“You’ll be back,” Stiles assures them both, taking the helm in their relationship.

And yet, it’s an immense challenge to hold back a sad sorry for an excuse to weep tears of joy.

“Just…promise me one thing,” Jackson continues to say.

“Marry you? Let me at least get through high school!” Stiles clamors, Jackson gushes over Stiles sway.

“Just promise me that you will be careful,” Jackson says, reaching out to tightly hold Stiles hand.

Love.

Words they have yet to utter but are felt in whatever way they are spoken; they are universal if you only care to listen.

Stiles takes Jackson’s hand to place it atop his heart; “Promise me you will do the same,” he requests.

“I will,” Jackson hums.

Bitter taste of longing isn’t strong enough to ruin Jackson’s desire for a deep kiss.

Without taking notice, Jackson’s hand slowly guides itself to Stiles cheek, cradling it deep into his palm. For Stiles, he brings Jackson closer and higher into his hips for his hands have not released themselves from their initial position.

Actions speak when words fail, and not too soon.

Stiles begins to open his mouth as Jackson quietly hushes him, begging to not ruin the serenity overcoming their atmosphere.

Stiles leans over with eyes closed and falls head first into Jackson shoulder, honoring his boyfriend’s request.

“We’re already late to class,” Stiles mumbles under his breath, Jackson couldn’t withhold Stiles mouth for long. But gratitude is sighed as snarky comments are replaced with truthful words.

“So what?” Jackson answers. “Got somewhere to be?”

“Of course not,” Stiles answers, pressing his forehead into Jackson’s, eyes closed.

“Good,” Jackson breathes quietly.

Unintentionally, Stiles and Jackson arrive only to catch the remaining hour and half of their last class.

Stiles is reprimanded by his history teacher for arriving when it’s convenient as Jackson is given the option to stay or leave since his work is already gathered for him.
No harm in staying so Jackson takes a seat towards the back of the class, half listening while texting his mother about his trip.

Mrs. Whittemore: “There’s a surprise for you when you get here!”

Jackson: “Not another one of your failed attempts to make us seem like a family.”

Mrs. Whittemore: “Trust me. You are going to like this one!”

Jackson: “We will see.”

“Don’t forget you still have one small lecture exam this Friday before your final exam at the end of the year!” Mr. Adams says through the bell ringing. “Mr. Whittemore, you will take the test once you make it back on Monday.”

Jackson simply nods but at his exit of the classroom, he accidentally bumps into Isaac and Scott as they are patiently waiting for Stiles to exit to hang out as usual.

“Sorry,” Isaac says as Jackson looks at him, shrugging his shoulder to not allow himself to dwell on it. However, Scott has other plans.

“Hey!” Scott calls out, getting Jackson to turn half around. “Are you going somewhere?”

Isaac watches intently for an answer as well, seeing as they both heard Mr. Adams tell Jackson about taking an exam as soon as he makes it back next week.

For a brief second, Jackson would no less please himself with walking away without having to answer at someone he doesn’t consider conversation worthy.

Yet when Stiles makes the corner and joins Scott and Isaac in waiting to see what he says, those eyes ask politely to fit into their gang; not give them any more reason to feel like he isn’t going to try for Stiles sake.

“Out of town for a couple of days,” Jackson answers back, sighing heavily.

“Derek already knows,” Jackson tells Isaac, not sure if it matters but just so Isaac wouldn’t feel like he has to report back with any news.

Jackson stays standing and still, wanting Stiles to join him but Stiles sways his body, pointing to Scott; seeing it would be best to head out or stay with him for a bit.

“At six,” Jackson mouths with Stiles promising he will be there before he leaves.

“Where is Jackson going?” Scott asks, turning around to see what Stiles would be able to tell him.

“You could have at least waited until Jackson was out of ear-shot,” Stiles thinks in his mind, seeing Scott can sometimes come off as being equal of an ass.

“Some event that his parents are attending. He has to go and present a good image of the ideal family.” Stiles says, waiting to get Scott alone if he can.

“Oh, I guess it’s no big deal then,” Scott replies and Stiles almost opens a menacing stare towards Scott.

“Wait. What do you mean it’s no big deal?” Stiles asks, pushing aside Scott by force.
“Well…” Scott begins and doesn’t even seem hesitant or nervous to give a steady reply back.

“All I am saying is this isn’t something that we can focus all of our attention on. He can handle himself for now,” Scott finishes.

And since when has this particular subject stopped Scott before from jumping head first into any situation?

Yet, it seems his opinion is shared as Isaac stands idly by, not saying anything but swaying side to side as if it's any indication he is going to continue to let Scott speak for him.

Frustration but more like betrayal when you expect nothing less from the one person who has never failed you before; when nightmares become reality.

“Fine. I guess I will see you guys later then,” Stiles bites as he runs to catch up to Jackson as soon as he passes the double doors.

In swift moments, Stiles comes flying by.

“Hey, I thought…” Jackson says as soon as Stiles touches him but all Stiles can do is grab Jackson by his hand, guiding him to his Porsche.

“Can we just leave?” Stiles pleads, waiting for the Porsche to be unlocked.

“......yeah,” Jackson answers, unlocking the car as they both jump in, driving off rather rapidly.

Allison catches the sight of them as they skid off the parking lot but Stiles face speaks to her rather loudly as the distress can be seen a mile away.

Looking back towards the school, she notices Scott and Isaac walk in an awkward state, side by side and then one leading the other.

“Scott......” she whispers in disappointment but she insists on staying put until she knows when it would be best to intervene.

Jackson isn’t wasting any time to head straight home to not delay in whatever time his driver would arrive for him; doubtful the driver wouldn’t arrive at said time.

But Stiles joining as he packs and leaves everything in order, lingers as extra weight considering things were left pretty well, all else aside.

“Mind telling me what’s wrong?” Jackson asks as he bumps into Stiles for the third time while moving throughout the house.

Stiles only mumbles, “Sorry,” each time it occurred but doesn’t change his spot or consider letting Jackson do all his chores and wait patiently on the couch in the living room.

Instead, Stiles sees this as another opportunity to dig further into Jackson’s head, relentless in seeing if all of this makes sense.

“Can I ask you something?” Stiles throws back; Jackson is relieved at Stiles talking.

“Go ahead,” Jackson responds, calling out from behind his bedroom closet.

“You and Scott…” Stiles starts off but decides it best to be thorough.
“Actually… I hope you don’t mind that I ask this but……but do you have any….any one you can……can tolerate?” Stiles stumbles to speak.

Obnoxious and weird, Jackson isn’t so sure this is English but if not for his intelligence, he would have to scold Stiles for being completely stupid and just say what he means.

Put lightly, the only understanding Jackson finds is allies.

“You mean…friends?” Jackson says, Stiles cringes in defeat.

Jackson locks up his room, walking past Stiles and guides him back downstairs.

“I know, I know! I said it again on my head and it doesn’t sound pleasant no matter what words you use but I was just wondering,” Stiles tries to justify himself.

By this time, Jackson is listening intently although he does beat Stiles to the punch of their conversation.

“I heard what Scott said,” Jackson says, closing and sealing the pantry door in the kitchen.

“Part of me was hoping you didn’t,” Stiles answers back, falling onto the couch heavily.

Twiddling his thumbs in circles, Stiles feels less confident continuing to utter more words until Jackson flicks his head to call him into the garage.

Both work together to pull tarp like covers unto Jackson’s vehicles as well as his mother’s Hybrid.

“Is there any particular reason you should feel regret about asking me this?” Jackson continues mouthing on, oppositely facing Stiles across the Porsche.

“Well…” Stiles studders but somehow gets the strange sensation Jackson is already fully aware.

“They are my friends. I won’t stop hanging out with them and if you are with me, then all of us will be spending more time with each other;” he voices, shying away for a split second.

Jackson scoffs, heading around his truck to cover his end and urging Stiles to grab the other side to secure it tightly.

“You’re worried about that?” Jackson pushes, quite the curious little monkey today with all his inquiries.

“Not just that…” Stiles tires to explain but is immediately interrupted by Jackson’s rhetoric.

“I thought you had decided to take a page from the ol’ Whittemore book?” he smirks and Stiles returns the charm.

“Overall…” Jackson starts off, tucking his corner in and around the wheel.

“I understand we will have to be a group. Like the Justice League,” Jackson points out, speaking Stiles language and succeeds in getting him to smile.

“I will admit, it’s not one of my strong suits; friendship and camaraderie. But I don’t really care what they think. Only one opinion truly matters,” Jackson calls out from tucking the cover between the rims of his truck.

“I only care what you think. As long as I am important to you, I think I can tolerate being around the
rest. And believe me, I’m trying really hard,” Jackson pouts sarcastically, finding his dry sense of humor once more.

Settling for Jackson’s understanding in realizing how hated he is has Stiles act in shock but awe.

Putting on some fake façade of strength, only Jackson would know it’s all in illusion; except Stiles who has studied him from the moment they met.

Why his walls went up well, it’s pretty clear but having them didn’t take away his notion of being blind.

Ironic how things work out but Jackson understood very well the effects of his change. However, special individuals brightened fires that are small embers of hope in the blackened void.

Jackson’s openness settles well with Stiles to know without even trying, he is doing everything right; he helps.

Maybe, hopefully and wishful thinking at best but Scott as well as the others, can see Jackson the way he does, and not see him but accept him for who he is. It’s a personal little wish Stiles has.

“Watch movies until my driver arrives?” Jackson asks, suddenly appearing in front of Stiles to shake him out of being zoned out.

Jackson waits for an answer with shrugged shoulders, as if Stiles had been carrying around his anger all afternoon, not knowing if it had passed; Jackson isn’t psychic.

Stiles stares, intensely, as if he is attempting read what might be rattling around Jackson’s mind yet, that isn’t it……

“Omg! You have freckles on your nose!” Stiles yells, ecstatic and joyful.

Jackson creates a strong gust of wind with the flick of his head, furious anyone would take the time to actually study him to discover all his flaws.

But Stiles grabs his head, faces him directly and smiles brighter than the sun.

“Me too,” Stiles vividly points out.

They aren’t flaws, not imperfections and not faults.

Treasures is more the right word, secrets and hidden wonders Stiles can happily take into his dreams.

“Netflix?” Jackson asks, more vulnerable but taking a risk in being safe within Stiles arms.

Stiles doesn’t bother himself with answering as he grabs Jackson’s hand to lead the way back into the home, sit Jackson on the couch and grab the remote to put Netflix on the big screen.

Jackson lays himself long ways to allow Stiles to lean against him completely.

In mindlessly flicking Stiles ear, Stiles doesn’t halt Jackson’s actions but keeps Jackson’s hand tangled within the grasp of his own, occupied no less.

No use as Jackson uses his mouth to tickle the back of Stiles neck playfully to bring out tiny red hairs that glow in Jackson’s vision.

“Haha..Jackson, stop!” Stiles tries to say but it’s falling silent on deaf ears for Jackson is too
immersed in finding out Stiles hidden treasures.

“Jackson, you’re tickling me! Stop!” Stiles laughs, squirming to get free.

In the same instant Stiles tries to obtain freedom, Jackson’s phone buzzes in the kitchen table but it has also been written off as unimportant, other impending issues need their full attention.

“Jackson!! Jackson, are you even listening to me?!” Stiles asks, out of breath.

“Nu uh!” Jackson mumbles, buried in Stiles’ skin.

It’s done all in fairness, you get what you give and Jackson is more than capable of taking what’s his. Life has other plans though as the doorbell pierces through the home, alerting Jackson to take notice of the tv clock and has it read 6:15pm.

“Oh man!” Jackson calls out, running straight to answer the door.

A tall man in black overlooks Jackson’s figure as soon as the door opens, judgment taking place as he has his phone in hand.

“Mr. Whittemore?” the guy questions with an icy tone.

“Yes. Just give me a minute and I will meet you at your car,” Jackson replies but the man has already taken his leave in a less then friendly demeanor.

“I gotta go,” Jackson says, giving Stiles the opportunity to pick up his mess and get ready to walk out the door together.

Upon taking his phone, there had been about five missed calls starting five minutes before 6 but it wasn’t going to affect anything now so might as well hurry to pass these few hours, the days wouldn’t hurt either.

All deeds done, Stiles and Jackson exit as the man starts his vehicle on sight of Jackson as a clear signal they shouldn’t be wasting any more time.

“I guess I can call you when I get to the hotel but it will be around midnight or later,” Jackson suggests.

“You know I will still be awake,” Stiles retorts as Jackson excuses his assumptions.

An exit Prince Charming would be proud of, Jackson takes Stiles hand to gently rise it all the way onto his lips, a tender kiss for politeness of guests.

Stiles twists like a vine around a garden to watch Jackson walk with his backpack and another small luggage he had packed with normal, teenager clothes to de-stress.

At the curb, Stiles watches the car turn the corner heading out of Beacon Hills, the airport nowhere nearby.

Sacramento isn’t so far but an hour flight with any delays wouldn’t be a walk in the park.

It’s all dismissed in Stiles eyes about just seeing where and what this adventure would be, and he isn’t going.

At the airport, Jackson tips his driver, a good amount, to apologize for being rude but also on the
notion of his driver doing his homework to find out what kind of people he is servicing.

“Thank you. Call on me anytime,” the man says, turned over like a new leaf.

Packed with entertainment, Jackson keeps time ticking with a laptop, tablet, and his Iphone.

Music and headphones aren’t visible indications for anyone to have any shred of common sense to quite frankly, piss off as an eager young man traveling back home joins Jackson’s space to barricade him with an energy dawned as annoyance.

Through thick headphones and heavy EDM, Jackson picks up all this guy’s words but as soon as the announcement is made for his flight, he bolts out like lightning.

Jackson’s ticket merits first class and the only other company aboard is a couple a few seats away.

“Good,” Jackson hums, closing his eyes to rest for a quick second.

Arriving in Sacramento, Jackson finds another driver waiting but more along the lines of familiarity.

“Jackson,” the man greets, casually stepping aside to allow Jackson to enter the passenger side and not ride in the back.

“Cullen. So my parents brought you along too. Are you the surprise?” Jackson quips.

“Not likely. Since when have I actually been a relief in someone’s eyes,” Cullen remarks.

Jackson grins lightly for the humor but it is good to see this old friend of the family.

At the hotel, Cullen has already made all the arrangements needed for Jackson but his presence was needed for some so Jackson takes the wheel to handle whatever is left.

Cullen doesn’t baby Jackson all the way up to his room and bids farewell for the night in the lobby but assures they will meet again tomorrow morning.

In the elevator, Jackson is already fidgeting with his phone in Facetiming Stiles to answer and let him know about his safe entrance.

Stiles answers but Jackson is faced with a sideways face as Stiles is already cleaned up and in bed for the night.

“I made it to the hotel safe, sleepyhead,” Jackson whispers softly.

“*yawn* Good to know,” Stiles answers.

Contagious, Jackson yawns back and drops his bags at the side of his bed to strip, the temptation of laziness grips him tightly.

“*yawn* How was the flight?” Stiles murmurs, attempting to keep the conversation going.

“Boring,” Jackson replies, placing his phone on a custom made case that turns into a mini stand.

The conversation disappears instantly as Stiles begins to snore lightly into his screen.

Seeing it is best to get some rest for tomorrow, Jackson bends over to reach for his charger, plug in his phone to keep it running all night.
“Goodnight,” Jackson yawns.

“Mmm……ggkijh……nnniejk……*snore*……” Stiles mumbles.

No one around to see, or judge, Jackson places his phone next to him; slightly hugging it for added comfort

Chapter End Notes

Finally finished this chapter. Not much to say right now since it’s so late but I will write more up later. Thank you everyone for your support and I do hope you enjoy as always.

-Update: Hello again, everyone. HUGE apologies for being late but if you read my preview a couple of weeks ago, work has kept me busy. Being an adult sucks. Never grow up!! But anyways, here is the next chapter. It went a different direction from what I had planned but oh well. I do hope you enjoy.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

“What is this?” Scott asks in confusion; the illustrations aren’t making sense.

“Dralafa,” Derek answers, only now joining the conversation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

KNOCK!! KNOCK!! KNOCK!! KNOCK!! KNOCK!! KNOCK!! KNOCK!!

“Mr. Whittemore! Mr. Whittemore, are you awake yet?” a voice calls out from outside Jackson’s bedroom door.

Jackson rolls over flat on his stomach, irritated and more than willing to deliver harsh words.

At the slight tint of grasping for the door knob, the bellhop’s voice calls out again.

“Mr. Whittemore, this is your wake up call. Breakfast is ready and waiting downstairs.”

Jackson can hear footsteps carry themselves all the way down towards the elevator and out of sound; partially, as he steps away from his door only when the elevator hits the bottom floor.

Nothing new here.

Ideally, a better start to the morning would have been a message, text, snap, something that spoke, ‘Stiles misses me.’


But appreciated.

“I think I have five minutes I can spare,” Jackson reassures himself.

Flicking his laptop open, Skype logs him in instantly, turning on his camera to semi-perfect his image for a spoiled boy.

“It’s not late…” Jackson thinks, gazing over to oversee the clock and the time it displays: 7:48 am.

“Come on…” Jackson hopes, feeling strain tug on his heart strings.

Impatient wouldn’t be best to describe gut pounding; emotional high? Probably but not so much.

Technology isn't a huge help with it's lack of respect for purposefully hanging up on both Stiles and Jackson during their night of Facetime; lack of activity no less.

“It’s ringing..” Jackson breathes into his screen, hoping.

Within a few good mono-tones, Jackson turns around to juggle getting dressed when he can hear
muffled, joyous chants of his name.

Viewing his screen, like someone had covered the camera, darkness highlights Jackson’s view.

“Stilinski?...” Jackson calls out tersely; seeing himself in confusion.

Loud volume raised higher calls out to Jackson to aware him of fast feet shuffling themselves around, attempting to gain a foot-hold.

Killing two birds in one stone sounds most wise in not forgetting the main reason why he was brought along on this candy train.

A slight angle tilt, bringing the laptop closer to the side of the bed, to help Jackson juggle getting dressed and speaking to his beloved.

If he would only answer and stop doddling!!

Pretty soon, unnoticed, Stiles had already picked up his own laptop from the pile of clothes he had excitedly launched it into when Jackson called.

“Well, well, well…..” Stiles chimes when he clears his screen for a perfect view.

Jackson’s well toned ass is about the main focus/center of Stiles camera, although it wouldn’t object if it had the voice to say so.

Cashing in good karma is like finding a fifty in your dirty jeans. But in Stiles experience, putting others first becomes second nature in sharing his wealth with others.

However, certain exceptions do apply and Stiles is more than certain his wants to be able to keep this treasure very well hidden, the golden eggs from the goose.

Fantasies and sexual…….temptations

“Jackson, I do hope you realize you are making my most dormant fantasies come to life. You’re making me so so so very very very naughty!” Stiles proclaims.

The small tint of having your wildest dreams comes true is enough for anyone to relish in ecstasy of passion but Jackson appreciates his little angel. Seeing him go bad? It’s tempting and he wouldn’t stop Stiles from going all out. And yet, the ultimate pleasure derives from Jackson triggering this in Stiles. It’s not natural in the slightest for him.

Maybe another day, Jackson convinces himself as he slowly levitates his laptop closer and higher on the desk inside his room.

“Eyes up here,” Jackson calls out, forcing Stiles to forgo his wildest dreams.

“Fine. But I can tell you that at least one part of me will be wide awake today,” Stiles answers back.

The not so subtle drop of his head turns Jackson into a crazed animal, hinting very well at the bite of his lip.

So close and yet so far, as if the distance is more costly than he could have anticipated but it’s unusual; another unforeseen effect.

Quickly snapping himself steady, Jackson continues to get dressed as he and Stiles carry a light conversation of what the day has planned.
“So it’s basically like a ‘meeting the parents type of deal?’” Stiles asks.

“Somewhat,” Jackson responds as he buckles tight his belt.

“We have to spend these next three days with these people. Today and tomorrow are especially crucial since the announcement will be made the day after tomorrow, Saturday.”

“And which announcement will this be?” Stiles questions eagerly.

Without thinking twice, Jackson has no reservations to give a solid response.

“My…father….” Jackson strains. “…is a lead in for the state senator. If all goes will and the committee likes what they see, it’s a deal.”

Stiles looks un-phased, as if somehow this exceeded his expectations but it didn’t at the same time.

“And what happens if all doesn’t go according to plan?” Stiles presses, hoping Jackson would know.

Jackson is well aware of many possibilities but isn’t keen on considering any of them an option as he nervously answers, “Let’s not think about that.”

“Anyways, I think I should head downstairs before that idiotic bellboy comes back to break down my door and attempt to drag me downstairs,” Jackson finishes with as he takes his phone into his hands.

“Attempt being the operative word,” Stiles teases as he hangs up first with a wave of his free hand.

Entering the elevator, its glistening metal reflects mirror perfect images as Jackson uses it fix any last minute adjustments.

The attire today had called for formal with a twist of casual. A long sleeve to begin that he could easily roll up if it became overbearing and uncomfortable. Blue jeans with a thick black belt and black boots made for running or walking, whatever the occasion called for. Not sleek gel ridden hair but instead, smooth as a baby’s bottom in taking Stiles advice for a better look with less mess. And sunglasses because unwanted attention could be helped in any scenario.

Inside the lobby, the morning hotel team gaze upon Jackson with curious eyes, no doubt confirming the rumors someone important had stayed overnight dismiss the surprise at it being someone as young as Jackson.

Not paying any attention in the slightest to these pestering faces, Cullen actually grabs what little focus Jackson can muster up around this early on a non-related school day, as he is waiting for Jackson to join him at his table.

“Morning, Jackson,” Cullen greets, allowing Jackson to take his seat first.

“Glad I don’t get to show up to this affair solo,” Jackson says, being a bit polite to shake Cullen’s hand before taking his seat.

“And even more so since I will be joining you throughout this entire endeavor,” Cullen quips.

“Think we can make it?” Jackson sarcastically asks, taking his cup of black coffee.

“I’m not too certain we have a choice. Besides, all you have to do is smile and pretend everything is okay. Lies can be miracle workers,” Cullen responds, making Jackson agree wholeheartedly.
Breakfast time is limited to 20 minutes as their food is brought out almost immediately upon sitting down.

Several big bites later and Jackson’s plate is cleaned, Cullen’s left a few portions scattered all around but nothing that gave any impression he has certainly had his fill.

Outside, Cullen goes around the hotel to bring around his vehicle as Jackson waits patiently out front.

Swinging around as Jackson leaps into the vehicle, not letting Cullen make a total stop, they drive off in a calm hurry.

“What’s first?” Jackson asks, twisting his phone between his hands.

“Exercise,” Cullen replies, his voice sounding like a greek tragedy. “Together, we have to go and check out this particular section of the city where the government hopes to use as their new offices.”

“Sounds fun…” Jackson huffs, gazing upon his new, clean boots.

“But we might get even dirtier,” Cullen continues, looking at Jackson view his clothes in sadness.

“There is another empty area where these individuals want your father to invest his money into creating a completely new building in itself.”

“And good luck to them with that!” Jackson barks as Cullen agrees with laughter.

“Haha, yes. Your father is pretty insistent in not letting his politicians get their way by giving them a two sided street. They place him as their front-runner, he cooperates. They don’t and their dreams will remain as such,” Cullen proclaims.

“Well then, guess we will see what mess this turns out to be,” Jackson spews out in his last remnants of anger to place his lies in place for as Cullen and he have arrived on location.

Cullen does Jackson a favor by exiting quickly to open Jackson’s door like royalty, gaining some of their guest’s attention.

“Jackson!” Mrs. Whittemore screams out in happiness.

“Hello,” Jackson greets her with.

In a small instance, Jackson allows her motherly instincts to kick in as she attempts to fix any minor detail that might be wrong in his attire.

But within seconds, Jackson’s father comes over to give his greeting and Jackson is well aware it will settle like moldy cheese in his stomach.

“Son…” Jackson’s father says, and the nails screech on the chalkboard.

However, Jackson’s father finds his footing once more as he scolds Jackson for being late.

“I got here as fast as I could,” Jackson bites back, almost scowling until the crowd of people begin to circle around them.

“Everyone, this is our son; Jackson,” Mr. Whittemore voices out loud.

They each take turns circling themselves around Jackson’s figure until they take their turn at shaking
his hand.

“Alright, if that’s all then let’s go ahead and head over to our first sight,” Mr. Whittemore says in a guiding tone.

Jackson’s mother holds herself back to see if Jackson would take the opportunity to walk alongside her but he quickly joins the crowd with Cullen following right behind him.

At Beacon Hills, Stiles find himself a bit chipper than normal throughout the morning.

It doesn’t bother him to note Jackson isn’t around for school fun but taking an opportunity to bring everyone closer together, that requires the finesse only Stiles is able to produce.

In second period with Scott, Isaac and Allison, Stiles joins the back corner where they are bunched up to discover if any new details have emerged about this whole semi-new threat.

“We haven’t really gotten anything else we can go on,” Scott admits.

“Sorry, I haven’t gotten anything new either,” Allison says when Stiles turns to her.

And Isaac?

Stiles looks directly behind him to question with his stare when Isaac looks to Scott, wanting to come up with something as to why he can’t answer.

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“I—I I I I—...
proximity.

Stiles ignores it for the better part of ten minutes until he can feel Scott’s tremendously hot breath heating up his body temperature so high, Stiles drips small beads of sweat.

“Okay! Scott, you are my best friend and I love you and all but can you please give me some breathing room!?” Stiles exclaims.

Few students turn around but none are more embarrassed than Stiles himself.

Isaac, Allison and Lydia have been engaged in their own conversation they hardly noticed Scott drooling over Stiles like a dog wanting a bone.

“Sure, go ahead,” Scott responds but only moves a few centimeters away as he still stares at Stiles.

“Why are you still staring?” Stiles asks, annoyed.

“Just like having you back,” Scott answers happily.

If Stiles was an idiot like Troy, a comment like that would have gone right over his head. But Stiles isn’t, figuring out this weekend would be a now or never situation to talk, really talk, to Scott about Jackson.

Although, Stiles does have a full four days so it’s on his list, but somewhere towards the bottom.

In remembering Peter’s name at the top of the arrest warrant, Stiles is keen on continuing to question Isaac on whether or not they could follow Derek and Peter to see where they have been running off to when Stiles phone beeps to a familiar noise.

Jackson: “What’s for lunch today?”

“Right on time,” Stiles whispers before he answers.

Stiles: “Cold Turkey. And you?”

Jackson: “Caviar.”

Stiles: “Oooooo! Fancy!”

Jackson: “Greasing our palms. I could care less.”

Stiles: “Will you just enjoy being spoiled for once?”

Jackson: “If that’s what you want to call it. I just rolled into some bread and had the waiter take it back when he picked up my plate.”

Stiles: “Ugh…will you please try to have some fun while you are out there?”

Jackson: “I can. It’ll be tough though.”

Stiles: “Would you rather be here being hunted?”

Jackson: “Much rather!”

Stiles: “Just behave yourself. We can Facetime later tonight.”
Jackson: “Let me know when you are home.”

Stiles: “Will do. Be safe. And try to have some fun. <3”

Jackson doesn’t answer back but Stiles is certain his message ran loud and clear. Maybe too clear…

Across the State, Jackson had spent his morning trying his best to admire what petty gifts these peasants offered but nothing was winning him over.

Mrs. Whittemore had noticed the dismay scattered all over Jackson’s face and in another small attempt to tame a raging volcano, she helped herself to take Jackson’s side amidst his protests, grasping his arm for further measure to strive all possibilities.

However, she relished in having her ace up her sleeve but insisted in keeping it a secret through Jackson’s polite-rude scowls and gestures.

“Walking around sure builds up an appetite,” Mr. Whittemore remarks, pacing a bit faster to break away from the crowd.

A small turn allows him to oversee past his shoulders to see who would respond first as they all simultaneously agree with him.

“How about it, Jackson? Hungry?” Mrs. Whittemore asks.

Jackson nods in confirmation only to notice if any of them would feel any remorse for putting him through his heated hell.

“Sure, we can do lunch. We already have the tables and reservations made and ready,” one businessman proclaims.

“Then let’s go to it!” Mr. Whittemore gleefully replies.

Mrs. Whittemore breaks with Jackson to head into the same vehicle they arrived in as Jackson regroups with Cullen at his car.

“How greased up are we going to be?” Jackson inquires with Cullen when they are both inside.

“So much you could have your own enterprise,” Cullen laughs.

“Look…” Cullen sighs. “You know the drill but that’s not a poor excuse to say I can't make things a bit easier. That’s why I was brought in.”

Jackson’s attention has been obtained by Cullen in waiting for an alternative to what follows up after lunch.

“The plan after lunch is to return to the building and observe the inside to go into details about what changes could be made, accommodations mostly. But if you would like, I can take you to buy a suit for later tonight.”

“And what’s happening tonight?” Jackson sarcastically asks, seeing no point his parents neglected to say anything about anything for this trip.

“A reunion of sorts. Some or all business partners of your dad from the past as well as some present ones these folk are hoping will be part of his future. Your choice,” Cullen finishes with, as he parks at their arrived destination.
There hasn’t been another word uttered from Jackson until Cullen catches sight of Jackson’s not impressed stare, the answer is quite clear.

“Fair enough. You can let me know when you are ready to go,” Cullen replies, nudging Jackson faster past the glass doors and towards their table.

Seating arrangements scream formality as Jackson’s father adjusts himself accordingly at the head of one of the tables set aside for their whole group.

Father’s like kings with their wives and children to their sides. Jackson and Mrs. Whittemore each take their left and right side of Mr. Whittemore appropriately.

There comes slight uncomfortableness when Jackson is suddenly joined by two spry middle aged men. Both seemed to be around their early 30’s with a chipper spirit as Jackson joins them in conversation when sports talk becomes an ideal focus.

But soon after basketball, another good topic for Jackson aside from lacrosse, is replaced with American Football, it’s not necessary to pretend to show any slight interest.

Gazing up on the clock, Jackson knows lunch period is already alive and happening at Beacon Hills so texting Stiles seems like a best bet.

A good fifteen minutes later, being in a respectable silence, and Mrs. Whittemore notices Jackson smile into his lap. Whatever what might be occurring, she is pleased Jackson’s mood is brightening and hopes is will be even more spectacular later tonight.

After lunch, as Cullen had foreshadowed, the same team leader persuading Mr. Whittemore all day, speaks up to entertain the idea of thoroughly visiting one of their viewtiful buildings to know the details further hidden inside.

But just the same, Jackson politely excuses himself from the party to opt out of more pointless sightseeing, insisting it would be better to walk with purpose around the outlet mall for the suit he would show off later tonight.

Cullen gives Mrs. Whittemore a proper farewell, seeing as she would be the sensible one to actually allow the both of them to miss this little tour.

“Make sure to not be late. It starts promptly at 6,” Mrs. Whittemore calls out to Cullen as he leaves.

Cullen bows and nods his head in agreement, certain to make sure this privilege isn’t taken for granted.

The drive is no more than a blink of eye, barely allowing Jackson to subtly drape the seatbelt over his shoulder.

The outlet mall is large in length but no necessarily in size.

With the stretch being mainly horizontal. Jackson is positive it’s average compared to the shops in Beacon Hills but the variety makes up a small advantage to draw a crowd.

Shoes, socks, a whole new suit even if for tonight is essential. The sure fire tingle of making impressions while mocking others still brings the tiny joys in Jackson’s life that he enjoys.

However, alone time isn’t an option as Cullen is trailing down every aisle and giving his opinion when needed, when Stiles isn’t so sure in giving a solid answer on what he likes and doesn’t like.
Jackson: “What about this one?”

Stiles: “It looks good too!”

Jackson: “You said that about the last two also. :/”

Stiles: “Well, I think they all look great.”

Jackson: “You aren’t really helping.”

Stiles: “Says who? You make anything look good so I thought this would be easy.”

Jackson: “I’m not just trying to look good. I’m attempting to make others feel bad for looking good.”

Stiles: “Ugh……what an asshole. ;)”

Jackson: “;)”

Jackson: “By the way, why are you answering me so fast? Don’t you still have another hour and half at school?”

Stiles: “Free period. Spending it with this amazing man.”

And with the bright flash of the camera, Stiles sends a quick pic of Deaton.

Jackson and Deaton have never formally met but Jackson had caught a few minor details from Derek and Peter these past couple of weeks.

Apparently, Deaton had been essential to Derek for quite some time now but the information halts itself there.

Jackson: “Why with him?”

Stiles: “Where do you think I got the mountain ash from? ;)”

Jackson: “Good point. Got any plans for tonight?”

Stiles: “Might do some investigations of my own. Also, I want to be able to talk with Scott and see what plans we can come up with.”

Through the phone’s brightness, it dims to notify of Stiles lies. Jackson isn’t so high on letting Stiles get away with this.

Jackson: “You want to talk with Scott about something else.”

It’s not a secret, but not something Stiles can say freely either.

Stiles knows he has to be patient.

Stiles: “Yeah, there is something else I want to talk with him about but you don’t need to worry.”

Jackson: “If you say so. I’ll go ahead and let you know when I am home so we can Facetime.
Sound good?”

Stiles: “Definitely! Have fun!”

“Find anything?” Cullen asks after an hour had passed with Jackson behind closed doors of a dressing room.

A click of a door presents Jackson in a very sleek blue suit, navy with all the right edges and corners curved to perfection.

“Good enough?” Jackson asks.

“Enough to make the girls squeal with delight. Or more so if you are in the mood,” Cullen winks at the end.

The implications aren’t taken so lightly as Jackson already has eyes on Stiles, building on whatever it is that they have.

The procession crawling slowly into Jackson’s head.

“Well…..” Jackson hesitates, already undressing as well as taking off the top part of his jacket to place back on the rack.

“It’s perfect. After all, better take it and buy, then to need it and not have it,” Cullen interrupts with.

Jackson smiles before answering, “Does this suit take you back to that day?”

Cullen grins a half-smile as he guides Jackson to hand him the jacket instead of placing it back, not giving Jackson the option to say he wouldn’t purchase it.

Outside the store, walking towards shoes and socks, Cullen images himself within the hallow halls of the orphanage.

Jackson as a grown young man, Cullen had the notion this day would come but not as quickly as it did.

The day the Whittemore’s decided to take Jackson for adoption, their only ridiculous request was Jackson dress himself presentable to carry the name here on out.

In a flash, Jackson shrinks down to kiddie size, stumbling down endless doors of children, making his way to where his newfound parents would be waiting.

Cullen was there, the moment Jackson presented himself, knowing he wouldn’t ask such things at a very young age.

Squibbling and squabbling, Cullen wishes he could reach forward to make Jackson more comfortable but the second Cullen reaches his hands forward to adjust his little coat, Jackson quickly tosses his hands in disgust.

A stare colder than death’s warm hand, Cullen knew their relationship would be one to remember.

A week into the transition with Cullen feeling in deeper and deeper in hell each passing day.

Jackson’s complete, utter refusal to listen, follow rules and behave as expected should have been foreseen but never to this extent.
With Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore constantly at their jobs, luck favored the prepared with Cullen pulling on the reins as best he could to attempt fatherhood.

Nothing.

Food constantly throw everywhere, never eaten. Clothes ripped, dirtied, or crumpled up.

And yet, on one fateful Saturday when Cullen is able to enjoy some of his normality, Mrs. Whittemore had politely asked for him to bring along Jackson on his fishing trip to a nearby lake.

(Mind the responsibility but torture of having to choose between raising kids and keeping your job).

A drag at first, Jackson showed much interest in understanding exactly where they were headed.

When they arrived, Jackson’s figure ran circles at the edge of the water, impressing Cullen in Jackson understanding not to do something like he has been at home all week; misbehaviors.

Jackson had separate gear of his own but Cullen knew he wasn’t very fond of having it, almost like it Jackson was appalled by it.

Cullen sat Jackson next to him on a small dock but the chairs were a fair good reach from each other; Cullen’s arm length.

Quiet minutes pass and Cullen could see the boring sense overtaking Jackson’s mind, not fun whatsoever.

Cullen figures it best to allow Jackson to take his reel into his little arms, gently passing it in Jackson’s direction.

At first glance, Jackson lights up but scrunches his face in confusion at what action Cullen was taking.

At the right distance, Jackson takes the fishing pole but hesitates, waiting a bit more for something else to follow.

The signs aren’t recognizable as Cullen smiles at Jackson, giving him the go to handle it by himself but Jackson isn’t settling down.

Rather, Jackson picks himself up, walking over to Cullen to bond them both.

Jackson’s little figure squeezes itself between Cullen’s legs to settle itself comfortably in Cullen’s lap.

Continuing further initiative, Jackson takes a small part of Cullen’s light jacket to wrap it around like a soft blanket.

Although Cullen would have protested, the small voice inside his head knew the words wouldn’t formulate to object in any matter.

Through the entire morning, Jackson hadn’t budged an inch; reassurance in Cullen’s mind knowing he was enjoying their time together.

After their time was up, Cullen nudges Jackson into packing up their gear to begin heading home.

And almost as if their bond wasn’t sealed, Jackson developed his small tendency to let Cullen know he would walk right beside him.
A small double tap of his foot and Cullen would be running to catch up.

“Cullen, let’s go,” Jackson persuades.

As Jackson got older, his small habit never outgrew him with words added as he learned to speak, but it still has the same small effect on Cullen now more than ever.

Jackson had grown on him, like a father proud of his son for achieving so much in Jackson’s entire lifespan to this point, they both walk down the pavement towards their next store.

Purchases mixed with walks worked up an appetite and although dinner would soon be ready in less than an hour, Cullen treats Jackson to a small frozen yogurt to ease their growling stomachs.

“So…any idea what I can expect from tonight?” Jackson asks, tossing his plastic spoon into the empty paper bowl.

“Nothing you wouldn’t already know. All familiar territory,” Cullen answers back, mimicking Jackson in the same gesture.

“But if tonight goes well, fun will added to the schedule tomorrow night,” Cullen chimes in again.

Even Cullen is in on this excitement his mother had been erupting with ever since she attempted to hide but let Jackson know as soon as she could.

Jackson had been in denial anything would ever come close to brighten him up in any way or form. The day had been slowly dragging through each hour, making Jackson really contemplate leaving and being back at school with familiarity.

Trading one headache for another, Jackson is assured not all would be hell as he would have someone to take along with him for the ride.

**Jackson: “I miss you…..”**

But Jackson hangs onto the message before he sends it.

It takes a few seconds for him to actually place himself in Stiles shoes, wondering how he would act if he received this message.

“It’s been no less than a day,” Jackson scolds himself. “This is just pathetic.”

Jackson turns off his phone but not before the message saves itself under ‘drafts;’ not deleted.

The drive to their salon takes a better part of fifteen minutes leaving just enough time for Jackson to make a quick stop back at his hotel, dressing properly is necessary.

Jackson takes up his time fully to admire himself in the mirror but also snap another quick snapshot to send Stiles way.

**Stiles: “Very nice. Have fun out there!”**

**Jackson: “I’ll text you in a couple of hours.”**

**Stiles: “Sounds good.”**
Jackson accepts the response for now, seeing no real reason to delay himself any longer at dinner.

However, Jackson does wonder if Stiles had already spoken to Scott about anything; what information is being passed around.

“Whatever, it’s not really important,” Jackson mumbles inside his head.

Fake, total focus is needed tonight for it to be a bearable success if nothing else.

Walking towards the salon, a very tacky, lighted up sign illuminating the letters of IMPRESSIONS give a tasteful thought of maybe overcompensating for something.

“Let’s see if the name carries any weight,” Jackson scoffs, speaking loud enough for Cullen to listen in, responding silently with a small laugh.

“Well, it isn’t a disappointment,” Jackson remarks.

The interior is lined with endless tables, accommodating 8 chairs each. It almost gives off a vibe of being at a wedding with so much white material, wine glasses, including the staging area decorated as if awaiting someone to give their speech.

The abundance of people eases Jackson into content, having a bit more luck take his side in following through with his initial plan.

Working, at first, everyone already seated and present, give Jackson and Cullen a very formal nod to acknowledge their presence.

Cullen nods back as Jackson takes in all he can, stepping further to really see what people think.

The scents become a bit overwhelming for the sheer number, but nothing extremely difficult consumes his senses into an overload.

Patience is needed to single out each one although some have already been identified as jealously and lust.

“Easy,” Jackson whispers.

Then again, not so much because any person would have to be blind to take into account who stares open mouthed while drooling unto their suit or dress.

Jackson joins his mother’s side at their table without any word to his father, the same action followed them both.

No matter because his mother’s smiles seem to brighten up further and further until she notices a group gently sweeping themselves in their direction.

And then……

“That scent….” Jackson voices a bit loud, but not catching anyone’s attention.

It’s focused entirely on the group, but not singled out; yet.

Now, Jackson is having some difficulty pin-pointing its origin.

It feels………satisfying. Like a nice substitute for the real thing but alarmingly close it drives him crazy with the desire to rise from his chair and run towards it.
Creeping closer and closer, Jackson holds himself down on his chair still oblivious to the huge crowd crammed in this tiny space, until it actually makes itself known.

Mrs. Whittemore had already gotten up from her chair to greet the last of remnants of people waiting to fill the last seats before she squeals with much excitement.

“Jackson! This is your surprise!” she exclaims, bursting with extra happiness.

At last, the crowd clears revealing to Jackson something he never actually anticipated would ever happen again.

“Hello, Jackson…”

After lunch, Stiles took the opportunity to refuel his one and only needed resource that would actually help in any supernatural situation.

“I’m heading to Deaton’s office,” Stiles says through the last bite of his brownie to Scott. “Are you coming?”

“Not right away,” Scott answers back, taking one last sip of his milk. “I fell behind in some other classes so I need to catch up if I ever intend to graduate high school.”

“Okay, but if you need help just call,” Stiles replies, heading out the door. “But I will see you after school, okay?”

Scott nods in agreement, staying behind to discuss certain particulars with Isaac.

“Now that Stiles is gone…” Scott murmurs, turning to face Isaac completely.

“Sorry Scott but I don’t have anything new from what you asked either,” Isaac quickly responds, not prolonging anything in the slightest.

Scott cowers in slight disappointment but not defeated, optimistic everything will fall into place.

“Okay, it’s not a problem,” Scott says. “I guess we really should be focused on what Derek and Peter might be up to. Should we follow them?”

Allison scoots her body over to include herself in the conversation knowing all too well sooner or later Scott will ask for their help so why wait.

“I think that might prove to be a bad idea,” Allison says, answering the question.

“I’m certain Derek feels you’ve stuck your nose in this enough. Anything else and you might have to face him again in a battle of who’s handling what,” Allison finishes off.

Isaac agrees in fear of Scott getting hurt by Derek, conflicted between Scott holding his own and Derek not really following through sometimes with his threats and yet, not wanting to push the limit on how far they could go with Derek.

Needless to say, all the circles are getting them nowhere though there one and only plan to include and protect Jackson has proven successful if not necessary; a first so far.

“Stiles has to have something by now. Maybe he’s holding out on us,” Allison chimes in, softly this
Scott almost rises from his chair at the insinuation before rudely fighting back with a snap response.

“And what about your dad? Have you tried questioning him again?” Scott calls out in a medium tone.

Uncalled for and out of line, Scott abruptly apologizes for his attitude.

Isaac can smell the frustration oozing out of Scott although Scott is attempting to shake it out as fast as possible.

What Scott knows, what he doesn’t want to know, whatever mess is going on in Scott’s head needs to be thrown out, cleared up or understood; Scott needs to know peace.

The lunch bell throws them for loop when it rings since Stiles had left a bit too early without anyone taking notice.

“It’s another long shot but let’s see if we can keep a close eye on Derek to see if he might lead us to something,” Scott advises.

Isaac is well aware his claws would be picking up some dirt but he trusts Scott, to hell and back.

As they rise from their chairs, Danny accidentally bumps into Scott on his way out while following the crowd.

“Oops!! Sorry, Scott,” Danny says behind his back.

“Not a problem,” Scott smiles back, making Danny giggle with delight.

However, a small PING graces the tile floor at their feet; Scott eyes a bright little object glimmer on the ground below.

Danny turns around with the sound to turn in circles at what seems to be his best effort to locate whatever hit the tile.

Scott offers his hand to help, reaching for the object before Danny locates it.

It’s a ring, small and vibrant but clear; a small gem hidden inside.

“Lose something?” Scott questions, handing Danny the ring.

“Omg!! Thank you so much, Scott!” Danny cheers.

Scott hands the item to Danny but Danny isn't the sly bit shy to snatch it away from Scott’s grasp; Scott doesn’t mind.

“What is it exactly?” Scott asks, curious but sounding a bit dumb.

“Let’s call it a special gift. Look at it!” Danny exclaims, handing it right back to Scott after taking it away.

Scott takes the ring in to appreciate it further when his eyes catch the thinnest image of the moon outlined within the center. It’s oddly satisfying to see.

“That’s pretty neat,” Scott says, angling it carefully for Danny to take notice.
“Yeah, I know,” Danny responds, still holding a solid smile.

“And here’s the best part,” Danny says, bringing the ring higher than eyesight towards the sun.

A thin ray of sunlight hits the stone placed strategically in the dead center, reflecting in every direction to have the ring glow like a lantern.

“So….green, huh?” Scott voices, handing the item back over to Danny’s grasp.

“Not my personal favorite but it’ll do. It partly makes up for the other night,” Danny comments.

Scott’s ears pick up Danny’s comment but whatever is happening in Danny’s life, Scott is pleased to know things aren’t so bad so everyone; at least one person seems to be doing okay.

At the animal clinic, Stiles walks through the front door, like a client, but Deaton doesn’t greet him right away.

The noise is deafening as an animal clinic would be, but this time would a large amount of screechy tweets from birds.

A pair of them fly directly at Stiles in what would be a freedom charge out the front door when the charge directly at Stiles has him swatting them away like flies.

Stiles gestures backfire as one his manic hands smites one of the birds from the air to send it toppling over on the floor.

Stiles stops his movements to see the little one alive but hurt, limping on it’s left side as if trying to fly away but unable to flap its wing.

“Deaton!” Stiles yells, picking up the bird to have it healed.

“Deaton! I didn’t mean to hurt him but he got in the way and I swung my arms and then I hit him and then he fell and now he’s hurt and now you have to help him!” Stiles rapidly breathes out.

“Stiles, calm down,” Deaton says, taking the bird from Stiles palm. “Let’s just see what we can do here.”

Deaton settles the little one on a soft pile of tissue as he opens up the wing to feel around if anything is broken.

“I think it’s only a bit of sprain,” Deaton assures Stiles. “All we have to do is give him so rest, good herbs and he will be back in the sky in no time.”

With that, Deaton takes one of his glass containers packed with his known remedies to take a small batch of an unusual seed to feed to the injured patient.

The bird dives right into his medicine but not alone as the other accomplice to their escape plan flies in to join up.

“That’s right, there were two of you,” Stiles mumbles, watching the two settle down side by side.

“Who are you?” Stiles whispers, inching his face closer and lower get an answer.


“Actually, it’s girlfriend,” Deaton calls out through endless screeching.
“Really?!?” Stiles exclaims, somehow impressed.

“Boyfriend and girlfriend,” Stiles repeats a few times, admiring the pair.

Stiles moves himself to watch the two of them from a front angle as they settle into their lunch.

It’s reminiscent of Stiles missing Jackson for the first time ever since they got together and yet, Stiles isn’t paying a nice visit to Deaton for no apparent reason.

Rising up from his admiration, Stiles leaves the couple alone to compose his words.

“Deaton…” Stiles hesitates at first. “Can I ask you something?”

“Sure!” Deaton answer back, the noise continuing to mount.

When Deaton turns around, Stiles is standing like a pre-schooler on his first day of school. The loud atmosphere isn’t helping so Deaton uses his own grasp of power to wave his arm, silencing the tweets at all once.

“That’s better,” Deaton hums, cleaning his hands with a small rag placed atop the medical table.

Stiles closes their gap, amazed but all too familiar with most supernatural ‘actions.’

“So…what we talked about the last time,” Stiles starts off with. “I want to know a bit more because I was reading something again and I found it…interesting.”

Deaton crosses his arms, betting his mind Stiles isn’t going to bring up anything he wouldn’t know nothing about.

Whatever it might be must be something that Stiles isn’t comfortable discussing with the others as his legs shake, sliding back and forth.

“It’s just….I was reading, REALLY reading, about wolves and such. When I came across the whole……” Stiles says, allowing his movements to replace his words although they aren’t coming across as anything Deaton could make out.

When vocabulary fails, the only thing Stiles can use as a viable source are the two birds still eating.

“That!” he calls out and points.

“When you came across the eating patterns of birds?” Deaton says, seeing if he understood Stiles correctly.

The comment almost has Stiles burst out laughing at the awkwardness of it all until he finds his footing to really say what’s on his mind.

“No…not that,” Stiles responds, holding in a slight giggle. “When I stumbled upon……mates.”

“Oh, I see,” Deaton nods, without saying one word.

It’s a bit like playing cat and mouse, each other waiting for the other to speak first when Deaton casually remembers to bring out the flower he had been nursing from the last time, out to catch some sunlight.

Stiles can feel a bit of annoyance to remember the words Deaton had spoke; “A connection,” “…needing each other…” and “…special, invisible bond…”
But it still wasn’t ringing clear as Stiles had stunned when he read about animals mating for life.

Wolves were no exceptions although, folklore didn’t carry much in terms of love or mating rituals; karma-sutra wasn’t much help either.

Overall, it feels like a too often game Stiles doesn’t know how to play. Not that he would with anyone but assurance is settling, peaceful.

Stiles always likes to think two steps ahead of everyone else so suspicion comes naturally; as much as doubt.

It’s taken a few silent minutes for either one to say anything else as Deaton feels it’s his turn to speak up first.

“You want to know if you and Jackson are mates,” Deaton says.

Stiles continues to be stooped in his corner without saying anything but nodding his head intently to speak up for him.

“That’s…a very difficult topic Stiles and not necessarily one of my areas of expertise,” Deaton replies once more, his last words forcing Stiles to look at him in shock.

“But-But you must know something!!” Stiles calls out, regretting his shout in bringing about the noise of the animals again.

Deaton begins walking towards the flower to sprinkle some water from a bottle at one of his stations.

“Mates are one thing,” Deaton speaks into the flower. “Love is another.”

Stiles cringes his whole body at the mere mention of the word. It’s a illusion to think Deaton wouldn’t know what Stiles is aiming at but Stiles was hoping it actually wouldn’t be brought up.

“I-I just don’t know if this is all going the way it’s supposed to or not,” Stiles breathes out heavily.

“Stiles…” And Deaton pauses for a moment. “This is all new to you and I get it but over-thinking isn’t going to get you anywhere.”

“You’re preaching to the choir here,” Stiles sarcastically tosses at Deaton.

Deaton smiles at the truth, like irony although this conversation isn't going to plan.

“Tell me something,” Deaton starts off. “Did Scott ever tell you how confused he was when he first turned?”

“Uh, yeah he did!!” Stiles answers back, finding this question to be a bit ridiculous.

“Not just turning, but the whole sex drive thing?” Deaton asks again.

“Woah!!! Woah!! Whoah!!” Stiles exclaims. “Now this conversation is getting a little out of hand.”

Deaton’s smiles keep growing further and further, hoping their change would set Stiles on the right path to forgo him and travel on his own; making his own mistakes to find out his truth.

“It’s true that he fell in love with Allison but there were times when I know Scott couldn’t control himself,” Deaton says.
Stiles’ hands are shaking between moving up to cover his ears and staying down to ball up into fists to continue listening.

“The bite for someone like him makes the sex drive peak to unimaginable heights with the whole process of puberty, it’s almost as if the scale goes from one to ten with Scott being at a twenty.”

What Deaton is teaching Stiles is on the right track to be what he fears most, reluctant to admit and still hopeful.

“I guess it’s a good thing Scott is the way he is,” Deaton comments softly but nowhere close enough to hide it from Stiles’ ears.

“Wait, what do you mean ‘Scott is the way he is?’ What does that mean?” Stiles quickly demands.

A bit disrespectful but Deaton is no exception to be like every other person in Beacon Hills who hides secrets on a daily basis.

In turning around to give more birdseed to the countless birds surrounding their area, Deaton quietly tells Stiles to leave; Yet, Deaton feels Stiles eyes burning him for answers.

“Deaton….please,” And the notion can’t be denied.

“*sigh* Where do I even begin?” Deaton thinks to himself, placing small blankets on all the cages.

A bit of a further emphasis this is something big, Stiles feels it.

“You know what the problem is with a werewolf?” Deaton asks, turning around to face Stiles completely; no studders in his words.

Stiles walks over to lean against the medical table, his attention fully obtained.

Another second and Stiles almost answers as Deaton raises his hand to quiet Stiles back down.


Small squints replace blinks; hurt but Stiles is interested to find out what the problem actually is.

“Maybe you don’t want to hear this but humans are evil by nature,” Deaton voices tersely.

“We’re deceptive, cunning, misleading, confusing and so on. Much like animals but…..”

The pressure builds, crawling all over.

“But what makes us evil is our choice to do so,” Deaton finishes off.

“We become greedy when we see what others have and try to take it from them. We become selfish and don’t want to share with anyone. We lie, cheat, and steal. I guess you could say it’s our sense of morality because again, animals could very well do these types of things to but out of necessity, survival, and not because there are other options.”

“Look, I know this can be confusing so let me just say it plainly,” Deaton speaks.

“If you two are meant to be together, it has to come from the both of you. Not one sided. He has to realize it, feel the same way about you as you do about him.”

“He does, he does, he does, he does, he does, he does, he does, he does, he does……” Stiles repeats
“Mates are just a myth,” Deaton murmurs, earning a slight grin from Stiles.

Suddenly, with a hard smack of the back door, Scott comes bursting, irritating all the cages.

“Ah!” Scott gasps, seeing Deaton and Stiles. “Stiles, what are you still doing here?”

“Nothing really, just stalling,” Stiles answers back, leaning forward.

“Well, I just came to help like you asked me to,” Scott says, talking to Deaton directly.

“I remember,” Deaton replies. “Start grabbing some cages to pair these guys up in all the smaller ones I have in the back.”

“Oh, it’s something you want to discuss privately,” Scott says, picking up the anxiety on Stiles.

“Well, we can talk at my house if you want. You go on ahead and I can meet you there,” Scott calls out, tackling 4, 20lb bags of birdseed with two on each shoulder.

Stiles nods in agreement as he takes his leave, excusing himself for the time being from Deaton as well.

With Deaton’s words carried on his mind, Stiles replays them over and over.

“Evil by choice,” Stiles mutters.

Well, that’s a bit of an understatement considering Jackson was once a snake in real form.

Lizard, reptile, supernatural creature or whatever.

But it is those same decisions that now seem to work in Stiles favor, Jackson being the one he chose.

Nevertheless, hearing out Scott would be a good example of to know where his heart lies.

There isn’t any doubt, just…………….uneasiness.

It takes Scott a solid hour to help Deaton at the clinic, some overtime and extra money never hurt, until Scott makes it home.

Stiles still carries his spare key for emergencies so Scott expects nothing less when he finds Stiles already upstairs in his room.
“Took me a bit longer than usual but hey, I’m here,” Scott boasts, flinging his backpack into his closet.

“No problem,” Stiles smiles back, rising from sitting in Scott’s chair.

“Are you hungry?” Scott asks, almost leaping out the door.

Stiles follows but wouldn’t want to be rude to decline anything Scott would offer so he nods behind Scott’s back, Scott very positive Stiles wouldn’t object.

Downstairs, Scott pulls out a couple of small frozen pizza’s to bake in the oven for about fifteen minutes.

“So, what did you want to talk to me about?” Scott asks, beating Stiles to the punch.

“Okay, this is going to sound weird but bare with me on this,” Stiles responds, eager to start; the faster the conversation, the faster this can be over.

“When you first turned, little less than a year ago, did you ever………like…..” Stiles says, gesturing with his hands to add emphasis.

It’s helpful but a bit strange as Stiles guides his movements towards his jeans and lower area.

“Did—I—ever—get—some—new—pants,” Scott strains to say.

Stiles grips his fists tight as ever as he tries a second attempt to get Scott to understand.

“No! I mean, did you ever get….you know? Urges…” Stiles mumbles.

“Did I get some urges to get some new jeans?” Scott asks again, not seeing the picture clearly.

Defeated, Stiles tosses his head back as Scott rises from his seat to check on the pizzas.

A small growl on frustration leaps out of Stiles mouth as his final attempt to blurt it out wins him over completely.

“Scott, when you first turned did you ever have any sexual urges?” Stiles semi-yells out when, rescinding his voice back when it feels like the house purposefully shuts itself up to see if it heard Stiles correctly.

Scott had moved from the stove towards the fridge to get something to drink, moving about as if the question hadn’t bothered him in the slightest.

“Oh. That….” Scott sighs; it hadn’t.

There is a glass filled with sweet tea placed in front of Stiles and orange juice for Scott on his side of the table.

Stiles takes a sip accordingly, waiting for Scott to continue to speak.

“I hope you don’t mind but Deaton and I talk so I already knew this question would come up sooner or later,” Scott finishes.

Stiles hands bring themselves up and stretch across his face to hide from his shame.

“But that’s why you came to ask me, right?” Scott pushes.
Perceptive but still not good enough to take away the feeling.

“I have no shame in telling you yes. And it happened with Greenburg,” Scott calls out happily.

Now Stiles shame has been taken into Scott with Stiles fingers parting slightly to give Scott that trademark Stiles stare.

Eyeing Scott carefully, Scott seems to be smiling idiotically like some sort of fool in love. It’s… strange.

At the sound of a DING, Scott walks over to the stove to bring out the pizzas, slicing them into pieces before they hit the table.

“Yes, I was really into Allison,” Scott speaks again. “But I’m sure you remember how much of losers we were when we were growing up and when we entered high school.”

Stiles rolls his eyes in agreement, allowing Scott to keep the conversation going.

“I wasn’t used to being popular, so when it hit, it HIT!”

“Greenburg was the first one who noticed the change but the exception become when he was the first one to actually make a move. We started hanging out more often than not until he purposed the idea of a date. I was a bit hesitant. However, it was the appreciation I could feel of being special and so, I accepted.”

By now, Scott had already gone the full mile for Stiles by serving him dinner. And Stiles isn’t objecting to allow Scot the free mind to carry his thoughts into words.

“We went to a movie, nothing too fancy. And…. ” Scott stops, taking a sip from his juice.

“AND!!” Stiles screams in his head, mimicking Scott.

Scott smiles when he looks at Stiles, making Stiles spurt a small stream of sweet tea along the table.

“Oh my god!” Stiles gurgles on his way to the sink.

“It’s not like that!” Scott yells out.

Stiles visibly shakes to think what Scott wants him to although Scott protested.

“We didn’t have sex,” Scott calls out before Stiles could interject with one simple question.

Stiles takes his seat once more with Scott being a bit more straight faced.

“All we did, or rather, all Greenburg did, was just give me a kiss and I gave it back.”

Scott takes another bite of his pizza, calm with Stiles processing the information.

“But—But—But, oh my god!! Greenburg!! Like—it’s Greenburg!! Oh my god!!” Stiles says, the only words he can say.

“Okay!! I get it!” Scott yells back.

Stiles knows he is out of bounds, a bit, adjusting himself on his chair before Scott rebuttals.

“As much as your protested hating Derek, Miguel was certainly a nice addition to the family.”
This time, Stiles does choke on a small piece of pepperoni traveling its way down his throat.

The coughs are loud gaps of air with Scott leaning back on his chair in justice being delivered.

“*cough* Ack!! Errrhmmm.........Whatever!” Stiles throws back, drinking his last bit of tea.

“Oh, so we have drifted off WAAAAAYYY off topic. What does all this have to do with anything? Are you worried about something?” Scott asks, straightforward and to the truth.

With sudden, tired eyes, Stiles sets aside his plate and glass, needing the space to breathe.

“I’m…I’m…” Stiles breathes softly.

Scott waits patiently like a mountain, strong and sturdy. Stiles sways like the wind using time to wind Scott down although the real question is how much more will be needed.

“I—I think I’m worried about Lydia,” Stiles says forcefully.

“Dammit!! Dammit!! Dammit!!” Stiles scolds himself in his head.

The damage has already been done. It can be taken back with the truth but Stiles entertains the idea of possibly going along with it for now.

“Worried about Lydia?” Scott answers back skeptically.

Scott’s eyes narrow for a bit, pinpointing the lie but if Stiles being a super-active spaz has actually been a good thing, Scott finds it difficult to tell the difference between panic and the truth.

“Ye—Yeah,” Stiles responds. “I mean, with the whole thing with Jackson being a werewolf and what not. Makes sense, don’t you think? I mean, they break up every now and again and everyone always wanted him of course but now it’s like WOAH!! I mean, an already perfect ten going to a twenty. Like, that’s gotta be a challenge, right? For her! For her, to, you know, keep him or whatever. I’m worried about her, that’s all.”

A strong, deep inhale from Scott leads the way to pick up both of their dishes to place them to rinse off in the sink.

It takes Scott the entire process to muster up the words to give a response back, a preferred one in Stiles opinion.

“It would make sense that she should be worried. He can have anyone he wants and at any given time but I think that’s his choice as well as hers,” Scott speaks into the dishwasher.

“Think about it for a second though. They may drift apart but they always wind up together. The look for each other no matter what happens, it’s mutual and it runs both ways, not just a one way street.”

“Heh, the big reason why Greenburg and I didn’t work out was because I was already madly in love with Allison,” Scott giggles.

“Thank God!” Stiles exhales, making Scott smile harder.

“But he understood when I told him how I felt. Which wasn’t the same way he did. I’m sure everything will work out so you don’t have to worry.”

“And what if it doesn’t?” Stiles quickly quips.
By this time, Stiles guided himself to where Scott is standing, a bit like hopelessness is filling his heart.

Scott gently pats Stiles shoulder, like a father to his child.

“It will,” Scott whispers.

With impeccable timing, Isaac barrels his way through the door, out of breath.

“Scott!! Sc—Scott! I think I have something,” Isaac says through breaths.

Isaac doesn’t mind that Stiles is there with him, only Stiles is wondering how long Isaac had been running and when exactly did he show up to hear anything at all.

“That’s great!” Scott boasts. “What do you have?”

“Derek and Peter are meeting someone in a couple of hours. If we follow them, we might be able to see if they know anything or what they have been up to,” Isaac persuades.

“Sounds like a plan,” Scott says. “Looks like we have a mission tonight and.…”

Scott stops his words when his phones vibrates with a quick message from Allison.

**Allison:** “I might have a lead on something. My dad is meeting someone later tonight. We could follow him and see who he meets and maybe figure out something else in the process.”

“Huh,” Scott beeps. “Looks like we might have a good problem.”

Stiles scowls over Scott, mentally reprimanding him for obvious reasons.

“Scott, when have there ever been good problems?” Stiles bites cautiously.

“Allison just texted me,” Scott says, flashing Stiles his phone. “She says her father is also meeting with someone later tonight. And it could be related to the items that were stolen from their house. With that, we could also learn who exactly we are dealing with.”

“I thought we already figured out it was Gerard’s hunters?” Isaac quickly interjects.

Isaac waits for Scott to agree whole-heartally, with Scott only answering with a simple, “Yeah.”

But Stiles knows Scott better. The ideas don’t only derive from his rapidly paced brain, Scott has learned to be fully aware. It’s uncertainty to believe there isn’t more to this.

“So, what do we do now?” Isaac asks.

It’s ironic to notice the shift of Isaac’s attention from Scott to Stiles, basically common sense.

Stiles doesn’t need to contemplate for a second when Scott takes charge on his little gang.

“I can follow Derek and Peter. You and Isaac can tag along with Allison to follow her father,” Scott points to Stiles.

Tempting but Isaac isn’t very keen on Scott being stupid, not just being hero.

“I’m going with you,” Isaac boasts. “With me, Derek might not actually rip your head off.”
“Fair enough,” Scott nods. “Stiles, you can go with Allison. She will make sure you are safe.”

“Humph,” Stiles sighs.

Allison isn’t Stiles mother and Stiles isn’t her child. The implications she would protect him ruffle Stiles feathers to feel Scott is embarrassing him on purpose.

“Let’s all be careful,” Scott pleads.

Isaac and Stiles promise with their eyes as they all begin to take their leave.

“Do you know where Derek and Peter are right now?” Scott questions, seeing where they should start off first.

“Derek’s loft. We should wait for them outside and follow them for there. I don’t know where this meeting will take place,” Isaac answers completely.

“Not a problem,” Scott professes.

Stiles follows along but a bit confused to whether he should head home of straight towards Allison’s house, if she happens to be there.

Before Stiles can ask Scott, he and Isaac are already a few hundred yards away on foot.

Stiles hesitates to speak normally, their hearing range stupidly close to hear him clearly, but Stiles shrugs are to seeing when he developed this habit to ask about everything.

Equally spaced, Allison’s house isn’t far off from his so Stiles decides to walk to her place with ease.

Only when he reaches Allison’s front door does it slip his mind to know that their mission’s could laten the time for he and Jackson to speak.

Taking out his phone to apologize beforehand, Stiles is shocked when Allison quickly opens the door to greet him, almost like she had been anxiously waiting his arrival.

“Scott told me you were on your way,” Allison greets; she had.

Allison steps aside to allow Stiles passage with Stiles shying away like a nervous puppy entering his home for the first time.

“My dad isn’t home,” Allison chimes in, grabbing Stiles hand to pull him forward.

As if that would be a huge relief, Stiles still isn’t convinced this home is people friendly.

“Dim lights,” Stiles squeaks as they pass through the dinning room.

“Oh please,” Allison sighs, exaggerating just as much as Stiles.

Their walk carries them all the way towards Allison’s room upstairs, and not towards the Argent mini-cell with all their weapons downstairs.

Almost like if they are brother and sister, Allison gears up with anything and everything she would need to tackle whatever might come their way.

Even decked herself out with an all black attire, a beanie on her head for good measure.
Frightening enough but nearly complete until she holds her old faithful, her crossbow.

“Is that really necessary?” Stiles squirms, weirded out she would go to such lengths just to spy on her dad.

“Do you want to be safe or not?” Allison asks.

Stiles glares so tightly, the words, “Yes, mom!” almost escape his lips.

In thirty minutes time, the sun sets and nighttime has blanketed most of the sky; thanks to the weird seasonal changes of hourly time.

Scott and Isaac are ground level looking up to where Peter and Derek would be standing.

Scott eyes the top of the building carefully, for any sudden movements when both, Derek and Peter, scale the side of the building easily.

Derek takes the main ladder down, although take being a very underrated phrase as he is simply sliding down it with ease; using it more for balance.

Peter doesn’t mind a show as he drops dangerously close to Derek and only holding on to one side of the ladder for good measure; also using it for balance.

It’s too mesmerizing to watch, captivating as they might be, acting like secret agents. But Scott and Isaac remain vigilant to be prepared for anything.

Failure comes up first as with a simple nod when they reach the bottom, Derek and Peter instantly make use of their abilities to dash away with lighting speed.

“Dammit!” Scott whispers loudly.

Scott easily picks up Isaac, attempting to launch him forward to give an added boost in their now hopeless mission to follow them.

With Derek and Peter leading ahead, it’s a bit convenient to give a certain space to make sure they aren’t aware of Scott and Isaac following. However, Scott’s main concern is to not lose them and in these Beacon Hills woods, anything is possible.

Derek’s scent remains low but steady as Scott leads the train after them. All the trees are SWOOSHING past, rhythmic beats of a metronome.

The chase continues for a few more minutes when Derek and Peter suddenly leap forward through a giant maul barring their path. Isaac notices the jump first, fairly certain he and Scott wouldn’t be able to make it in the slightest.

“Scott! Wait!” Isaac calls out, skidding to a sudden stop.

In Isaac’s view, Derek and Peter are out of sight, heading further and further away. And yet, Scott is locked on, his senses peaking, as he takes his leap of faith.

The quarter moon blesses Scott with its power as Scott springs up with loaded legs to give the added thrust to clear the maw.

RrrrrrrrrRRRRrrrrrrRRRRRR!!

Scott’s feet slide gracefully in the dirt, with the help of his hands to build enough force to aide his
Only seconds it takes to shake himself off and notice Isaac still on the other side.

“Come on!” Scott yells. “We’re losing them.”

“Okay! Okay!” Isaac murmurs back.

The slight stop he made earlier places him in a bad position to launch, it’s better to take several steps back.

The distance and goal of seeing Scott on the other side takes Isaac in full accomplishment mode.

The hint of the moonlight also guides Isaac to leap forward, taking small pebbles with him across the way.

Scott actually moves forward, Isaac’s body not looking like it might make the jump until Isaac passes Scott to signal he would be the lead now.

In moments, Isaac touches the ground, keeping his feet moving and running ahead to let Scott catch up.

On the other side of town, Allison and Stiles are still getting ready, also heading out on foot.

It’s a bit confusing to Stiles on how they actually plan to follow Argent when they aren’t doing the same thing as Scott and Isaac or don’t have any abilities to aide them.

But tools aren’t lacking, much like the will, as Allison easily hands her phone to Stiles; her hands occupied.

“What’s this?” Stiles asks, gazing down to see the phone illuminate red circles every few seconds; pings on a radar.

“I’m tracking my dad’s phone,” Allison answers, letting Stiles guide them both.

“Cool,” Stiles replies, taking lead onto the road.

After a couple of blocks, Allison and Stiles cut through abandoned buildings at the east end of Beacon Hills.

Not entirely alone or covertly hidden, Allison’s phone seems to take them through narrow alleyways, leading to what can only be a secret gathering spot.

Two men startle them, pushing Allison and Stiles towards the wall, when the door from where they originate from is left open.

A fair light shines through, a fair amount of commotion can be heard.

“What have we here?” Stiles asks with interest.

Allison un-glues herself from the wall to walk over with Stiles, carefully tucking away her crossbow within her coat and bag.

When they reach the door, the two men standing outside don’t say a work or even flinch in their direction to stop them from coming in.
Their presence is noticed but probably by the way Allison is dressed or something else, it’s not strange in the slightest.

Once in, it’s a bit busy like a tiny tavern for those who would need an early drink to get away.

Argent walked over to the back, or front, end of the room to take a comfortable seat where a sturdy bartender is handing out drinks.

The seat on his left quickly occupies with a possible friend as they engage in conversation like old times.

Figuring it wouldn’t hurt, as they hadn’t already been stopped or asked to leave, Allison takes a quiet seat at a round table for two; Stiles takes the other seat.

With a smooth release of her beanie on her head, a young woman with a tray walks over to greet them.

“What can I get you young ones today?” she asks rather calmly.

The attitude she employs is certainly better than all the snobbish eateries Jackson had taken Stiles before.

“Oh, we don’t….” Stiles begins.

“We’ll take two Bloody Marys,” Allison speaks up.

The young waitress waits for Stiles to agree as Stiles eyes Allison for some help.

“All you need to say is yes,” Allison’s eyes answers back.

“Yeah—Yeah, that sounds good,” Stiles replies.

“You got it,” the waitress replies, heading back to where Argent is sitting.

“Bloody Marys?” Stiles asks silently.

“You might be here a while,” Allison answers back, feeling comfortable enough to fix her hair a bit like if no one is watching.

In a quick review, Stiles notices no one really questions like if they weren’t meant to be here. It’s a feel of old memories and good times, living in the past but present.

Almost like she had prepared them herself, the drinks look a bit festive with some possible added features of whatever might improve the taste.

“Thank you,” Allison says, handing her a rolled twenty.

“Anything else, let me know,” the waitress answers, taking her leave.

“I wouldn’t be lying to say I need this,” Stiles mutters, taking a sip.

“Uh-oh. You want to tell me what happened?” Allison replies, keeping one eye focused on her father.

“I talked with Scott today,” Stiles says, not beating around the bush.
“And how did it go?” Allison asks.

“Terrible,” Stiles answers, taking another swig.

“Come on, now’s a good time as any while we wait,” Allison suggests.

Stiles takes her on that offer to just tell her he didn’t actually confess to Scott about his new-found relationship.

“Why didn’t you tell him?” Allison scolds.

“How the hell do you think I’m supposed to tell my best friend that his best friend is going out with the most hated popular guy in school, is gay, which should have been first, and that this guy is now the ex-boyfriend of his best friend’s childhood crush since he was in third grade?!”

The anger spewing from Stiles warms his drink as he takes another sip.

“But you told him something, right?” Stiles accuses.

Allison isn’t flinching at what appears to be some sort of threat coming from Stiles, taking a large gulp from her drink.

“I didn’t spill any of the details,” Allison answers back. “Do you think I want to be the one to tell Scott his best friend is gay, going out with most hated popular guy in school, and this guy also happens to be the ex-boyfriend of his best friend’s childhood crush since he was in third grade?”

Stiles rolls his eyes so hard, the whole room spins in a dizzy frenzy.

“All I said to Scott was that Jackson is important. And one day he would find out why but for now, it’s enough to believe he is essential. It wasn’t much, mind you. But…Scott believed me, took me for my word and then went out on this whole, ‘protect Jackson,’ thing.”

Stiles is taking his turn to watch Argent through their conversation but he is listening closely.

“Besides,” Allison carries on. “Don’t you think on some level Scott already knows?”


It often feels pointless to see how all this matters in the grand scheme of things but Scott is his best friend after all; not telling him would be blasphemy.

Not letting her money go to waste, Allison hastily drinks her glass empty before she turns around to see the bartender whisper a few words in her father’s ear as he excuses himself from his guests to head out a back door.

Allison lightly kicks Stiles to grab his attention away from his phone, focusing him to notice Argent leave.

They obviously don’t want to follow so Allison suggests leaving through the entrance to pursue from around the corner.

They both leave in a hurry, trying to catch up as the building seems bigger from the outside.

Around the first corner, Argent is still seen walking past a few more tall buildings until a small light illuminates a dark man in the shadows.
Video game wise, Stiles is certain this man provides special items or quests but shakes that pleasant thought into reality.

There aren’t any nice antics, instead there appears to be a rough tone exchanged with careful words as they don’t resolve anything.

In a show of good faith however, Argent plucks from his pocket a thick wad of money to hand to the guy. And like a snake to it’s meal, Stiles can nearly see the man’s tongue lash out to savor the good fortune.

Not being pushed aside, Argent continues to hold his hand out.

The glimmer in the man’s eye sparks a response, handing Argent a small item that looks very familiar.

“An arrowhead!” Stiles says, loudly.

“Shhhhh!" Allison says, quickly shushing Stiles mouth.

Allison looks over to see neither the man nor her dad have noticed their presence but it hadn’t gone unheard.

Another bystander who had been eyeing them from another section of the area crept up on them as soon as they tagged along.

Pointing a gun to Stiles head, Allison reaches slyly into her jacket to extract her crossbow when the man points the gun at her next.

“I wouldn’t take it out if I didn’t intend to use it,” the man remarks, calling her bluff.

Allison slips her hand past the bow, raising them both to surrender as the smarter choice.

“Let’s go,” he commands, pushing them forward with his weapon.

All three walk dangerously close to where Argent is standing until the man pushes Allison towards the ground; “Quien son?” he demands.

Argent overhears, immediately rushing to intervene as the situation demands it.

“That’s my daughter! Back off!” Argent yells, pulling out his trusty handgun from his backside.

He aims it directly at the man with Stiles and Allison still cowering, neither one daring to look up.

With more scowls, Argent loads a bullet into the barrel around the same time the mystery man calls out from behind Argent’s back; “Dejalos ir,” he persuade.

With the CLICK of a safety, the man backs off as Argent lends a very furious hand to Allison.

“What are you doing here?!?” Argent scolds harsh but softly.

The realization of Stiles being there hadn’t hit him yet until Stiles is awkwardly walking over to join them.

“Hey there, Mr. Argent, sir,” Stiles greets with.

Argent glares and Stiles shuts up.
“Both of you, get into my truck out front. Now!” Argent gently pushes.

Stiles doesn’t stay, the sway of another parent having great effects on him, with Allison grudgingly following.

It only takes a couple of minutes for Argent to finish up, slamming the door on his entrance to scream his anger to the world.

Allison had taken the passenger seat with Stiles in the back, Argent revving up the engine to go home?

No; the truck tires screech on the black pavement of the police station.

At the mere sight of the front door, Stiles turns his body into liquid; washing down to the floor of the vehicle.

With the hard PROP of the door, Argent furiously waits for Stiles to exit and follow him inside.

“All this again,” Sheriff Stilinski sighs as Stiles is carefully escorted through the door.

“Hey dad,” Stiles sighs back, also understanding what’s coming.

The heat of the moment hasn’t settled down in Argent’s head, leaving without having to waste his breath.

Sheriff Stilinski only nods in affirmation, “Sit,” he commands, at the bench in front of his desk.

Back with Scott, Isaac is still leading the charge in full force until they come across what appears to be a small cabin out in the middle of no where.

Scott eyes it with such intensity, he wonders if it just happens to be supernatural; popping out of no where all of a sudden.

In the far right corner of the house, Isaac notices Peter standing and waiting until someone else, on a motorcycle, loudly emits their exit; pushing hard on the gas pedal to take off.

In a strange sense, Peter’s figure almost seems to follow the motorcycle but it disappears quickly into the night.

Scott and Isaac creep onto the unsuspecting house, seeing Derek as the only one vacating any room within.

In pacing left and right, Derek is mindlessly on his phone; texting rather that using his voice in any form.

Smart choice, taking no chances with anything or anyone.

Scott and Isaac continue to stalk, their own defenses lowered when the same motorcyclist shows his covered veil, aiming a shotgun straight to their heads.

Isaac begins breathing heavily while Scott retains his calm composure, understanding this particular individual isn’t keen on nothing more than teaching them a lesson.

Scott is right as the gun points lightly to the front door, no doubt wanting to notify Derek of some pesky intruders.
Isaac sees no reason to feel guilty now as he opens the door like such a welcomed guest.

Derek turns but half expects Peter with Scott and Isaac being pulled by their ears as in elementary school.

“Seems we had some extra tag-alongs,” Peter clamors out.

He glides right past Scott, carrying a musty book he probably fetched out from the decaying ruins of his old home; impressive nonetheless.

The masked figure leaves them all, walking this time around on his exit..

“And that is….” Isaac begins to ask, still feeling no shame to point out the elephant in the room.

“A helpful resource,” Peter answers back, flipping the pages of his book.

Derek isn’t surprised to see them, but disappointment doesn’t lack when he gazes up from his phone to see them still standing like puppies waiting for food.

“Ooohh, I think we should give them a treat,” Peter happily calls out. “After all, they did follow us so shouldn’t we reward them?”

For once, Peter actually favors with Scott and yet, Scott is wary to try and find the strings attached to this sly offer.

It calms when Peter patiently extends his book filled hand to a certain page he is more than willing to share between them.

It shows a man walking away from the sunlight, his shadow growing with every step until it becomes increasingly large to envelope everything behind the man’s back, leaping out of the darkness with a blade in hand; murdering anything in its wake.

“What is this?” Scott asks in confusion; the illustrations aren’t making sense.

“Dralafa,” Derek answers, only now joining the conversation.

“And that’s a fancy name for…?” Isaac asks out-loud, in wonderment.

SNAP!!

“The ones who are after Jackson,” Derek says, clamping the book shut.

“Look, we already have some idea who is behind this but we can’t really say anymore until we figure out the big question; why,” Derek finishes, choosing his words carefully.

“And that’s all you need to know for now,” Derek voices.

His words had ironically lead him to the front door; Derek doesn’t open it but the notion is implied.

“Fair enough,” Scott replies. “If you do find out the big question, let us know?”

“Okay,” Derek answers back.

Scott takes his leave with Isaac settling to stay behind; no further information was going to be discussed.
“Dralafa…” Scott mumbles.

“Hopefully it isn’t something dangerous,” Scott remarks; stupid but hopeful.

Back at the banquet hall, when Jackson and the girl make eye contact, it’s almost unrecognizable how much she has grown up.

“Jennifer!?!?” Jackson cries, caught between a yell mixed with shock.

“Yeah, it’s me!” Jennifer excitedly yells back.

She hurries the last few steps to give a skip and hop, trying to reach Jackson faster.

But Jackson doesn’t mind rising from his chair to twinkle his toes on the floor and embrace Jennifer with a hug.

Jennifer’s scent is sweet, like delicious honey that makes anything sweeter and satisfying.

It’s oddly, very welcoming in Stiles absence. Jackson felt like he was running on fumes, being with Stiles consistently, but now it’s almost as if his tank is full.

A curious thought dwells to keep Jennifer for the whole weekend if possible.

“I have to say, you look amazing!” Jennifer squeals.

Uncalled for, Jennifer places her hands forward unto Jackson’s chest, slightly moving the fabric aside to lightly caress his skin.

Jackson moves his hand forward, tracing it along Jennifer’s ear, brushing it across her hair and skin as well; “You don’t look too bad yourself,” Jackson whispers back.

“Sooooo…what do you think?” Mrs. Whittemore, chimes in.

“I think he liked the surprise,” Jennifer answers for him.

“We thought you might enjoy this,” Mrs. Whittemore speaks on.

Jackson grins happily at Jennifer when she movies to the left to give way to Mr. Whittemore behind her.

“Oh,” Jackson sighs. ‘We’ as in mother and father.

“Sit down! We have so much to catch up on,” Jennifer says, paying no mind to grabbing Jackson’s hand as she leads them back to their table.

“The last time we actually saw each other was when….”

“You both were in the swimming pool in your underwear, three or four years old I think,” Mrs. Whittemore butts in.

“Ugh, really mom?” Jackson voices with his eyes and gestures.

Mrs. Whittemore giggles but rescinds back into her chair, turning her back to them to give them their deserved privacy.

“So, what’s new with you?” Jennifer asks, taking a sip of the sparkling water from her glass.
“Oh, nothing much,” Jackson starts off with. “Captain of the lacrosse team, honor student, stunning good looks and rolling in money. You know? Just the usual and expected for someone like me.”

Jennifer smiles, giggling like Mrs. Whittemore before, and bringing a very natural smirk from Jackson in return.

“What about you?” Jackson asks, turning the question back to her. “What’s been new all these past years?”

“Oh, let’s see. Where do I begin? I’m the captain of the swim team at my school, cheerleader in the off season, really invested in some art classes, thinking I may minor in that when I go to college, but I also have debate and….”

The audible words spewing from Jennifer’s mouth turn silent in Jackson’s ears as he appreciates what a woman she has become.

Sitting crossed leg, first of all, brings out the class of a special lady Jackson expects from someone in the same stature as him. Her legs are silky smooth, like rich chocolate a pastry chef took the extra time to prepare and make.

Actually, the skin color all over her body is rich, the color is boundless. Her frame is strong, filling but not overflowing; all the right fitting in all the right places with some extra to love. The face is like a cupcake, sprinkles and frosting make it better although it is very well delightful without anything on.

Jennifer’s hair is it’s own marker with waves and curls, naturally vibrant. Jackson can see it’s a bit straightened for tonight, however it’s with a comb he notices hanging out the side of her purse. Into further viewing all the details, his eyes can see right through her chest and notice nothing is implanted; all natural.

“Very nice,” Jackson says with raised eyebrows.

Jennifer brings her hand towards her chest, flicking her fingers for Jackson to pay attention a little higher.

“Am I boring you with the details of my life?” Jennifer asks sarcastically.

“No, it’s my fault entirely,” Jackson slightly laughs as he answers.

RRRRIIIIIIIINNNNGGGGG!!

“That’s the bell for dinner. Hope you’re hungry,” Jennifer says.

Everyone parts their separate ways, each taking their own seat at their respective tables, awaiting the many servers bringing their food.

Jennifer and Jackson never stop conversing over their meal and a solid hour after dinner is already over.

Drinks and cigars fill the ambience after dinner, and although Jackson politely refuses at first, Jennifer lightly hands him a small wine glass half full, taking one for herself as well.

Shy, a first, Jackson takes it, taking a sip as they continue their commute.

“So, as if I didn’t plan on making things so sudden after seeing me after all these years, there’s
actually something I wanted to ask you before tonight is over.”

Jennifer moves her chair forward, hesitating at first before mustering up her courage to place her hands gently atop Jackson’s.

“My cotillion is tomorrow night and if you aren’t doing anything, I was hoping maybe you would be my escort?” Jennifer hums.

Jackson releases his hands to take the upper position and close them around Jennifer’s, forcing her to look up and watch Jackson silently nod yes.

“Yes!! I mean, thank you!!” Jennifer gleefully proclaims, catching some slight attention.

“We could spend all day together too!” Jennifer exclaims but Jackson sits back in uncertainty.

The whole reason of being here is to present a good image with his family and he will be damned to do anything than what is expected of him.

Jennifer slips into her seat as well, a little saddened but not so much as their date night easily makes up, having something worthwhile in the end.

But right on cue, Mrs. Whittemore turns around from her chair to lightly tap Jackson on the shoulder, giving him the go-ahead and enjoy this opportunity as it’s presented to him.

“Looks like it’s just us tomorrow,” Jackson answers.

The light shinning from Jennifer’s face burns brighter than all the lighting in the hall.

It’s a well timed answer as Jennifer’s parents pass by their table to pick her up as they take their leave, Jackson viewing his mother grab her purse and his father finishing his brandy.

“So, I guess I can go ahead and text you where we can meet to start our day,” Jennifer says, going in for one last hug for tonight.

“Sounds like a plan,” Jackson replies, giving Jennifer his number.

The embrace is rather invigorating, like a tonic for a wounded body.

“See you tomorrow then,” Jennifer whispers.

Jackson shakes his head in agreement, walking over to his parents as they take their dismissals.

Cullen drives Jackson back to the hotel, Jackson asking what Cullen was doing the entire evening with great gusto.

Cullen isn’t questioning what he knows he saw, but allows Jackson to foolishly entertain himself out of necessity.

“Do you need me to pick you up tomorrow?” Cullen asks, as he parks in the front for Jackson to exit.

“T I think I will be good. I can just pay and use a rental if I need to,” Jackson answers back.

“Have fun!” Cullen remarks cheerfully.

Jackson actually humors the words by smiling, like if it’s not noted he will with catching up with an
old friend.

When Jackson reaches his room, the clock on the nightstand reads 9:37pm.

“It’s hardly doubtful he is asleep,” Jackson replies as he pushes Stiles icon on Facetime.

“Hey there,” Stiles winks, answering the call quickly.

“Figured you would want to see my face to have sweet dreams when you sleep,” Jackson replies.

“Thanks but I’m still riding the natural high of this morning,” Stiles quips back.

The teasing of Jackson never ceases as he casually gets up to remove his jeans, leaving his phone waist high.

Jackson expects to hear some light moan but instead sees Stiles shuffling about in his closet, looking for clothes he supposes.

But the view does give Jackson his own taste of sweetness as Stiles is easily sporting tight boxer briefs he thinks Stiles would’ve never had the capacity to wear; although they do show a tight, firm ass.

“Now this is very pleasing,” Jackson remarks, laying down with just his own briefs on.

“Too much?” Stiles tosses back.

“Not-at-all,” Jackson replies.

“So, how did today go?” Stiles asks, taking his seat back down after grabbing what looks like a long sleeve from the closet.

“Eh, the whole political agenda,” Jackson sighs. “I can’t wait for this weekend to be over with.”

A certain empathy fills Stiles in the desire to join his boyfriend during his trying times. We all go through our battles after all.

Jackson notices that Stiles seems to be invested in his computer along with a book as he asks what Stiles had been up to.

“We trailed Argent to see if he could lead us to something new and we were close when we discovered and treated like the rebellious teenagers we are,” Stiles replies.

It’s earns a small grin from Jackson when Jackson’s phone beeps with a new message.

Jennifer: “Let’s me up for breakfast at La Plaza. Then we can paint the town from there, :)”

Jackson: “Sounds perfect. I will meet you there.”

In light of the good mood Stiles finds too good to be true, he can’t ignore Jackson fiddling with his phone as something else so the compulsion to ask wins him over.

“Who was that?” Stiles questions, avoiding any delays.

“Jennifer was just letting me know what our plans for tomorrow are,” Jackson replies.

Like a sudden sting to the arm, Stiles carefully shuts his book, pushing it aside to follow up on this
“And Jennifer is your aunt, cousin, maybe long lost sister or…something, right?” Stiles asks, trying not to sound like a total busybody.

Jackson can see a bit of some uneasiness revolving around Jennifer, but he answers like it shouldn’t be a problem.

“She’s an old friend that I haven’t seen in years,” Jackson answers, smiling again.

Stiles gut gurgles it’s whale like call; “You haven’t had dinner yet?” Jackson promptly inquires.

“Uh, yeah—yeah, I already ate but not much. I wasn’t really that hungry,” Stiles says, gripping it tight for comfort.

“So, what are you two going to do tomorrow?” Stiles pushes softly, feeling sleepy all of a sudden.

“I’m not entirely too sure but probably go around town. The one big thing we are having is her cotillion tomorrow night which should be fun. Can’t wait to purposefully use my charm to upstage all others that are going to be there.”

“Heh,” Stiles coughs, not as much words as grunts.

“But hey, I know you still have school although it is Friday so I think I better call it day. I’ll make sure to let you know how things are going and what trouble we get into all day through Snapchat. Sound good?”

For underestimating the effects distance would place on their togetherness thus far, it’s unsettling how certain Jackson is about whatever he feels he should be doing to rid himself of any hindrances that might make this trip less fun.

“Oh, okay. Just let me know what the day brings,” Stiles hums.

At the sound of Jackson placing his phone on the nightstand, Stiles is a bit hurt to find Jackson won’t be sleeping with him tonight.

“Goodnight,” Jackson wishes Stiles through viewing a white ceiling.

“Goodnight,” Stiles answers back, melancholic.

BEEP!

Jackson’s picture a nice substitute.

“Til tomorrow evening, I guess,” Stiles murmurs into his pillow.

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Evening, everyone. I do apologize greatly for the extended delay but so much has happened in these past couple of months, the details are less than entertaining so there isn’t any need to dive into them. Though I have prepared and made a very lengthy chapter to make up for my absence. Other than that, not much to say. As always, I do
hope you enjoy.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Baby, I’m hot just like an oven
I need some lovin
And baby, I can’t hold it in much longer
It’s getting stronger and stronger

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

In light of a tiny setback, Stiles settles comfortably in the night to wake up the next morning.

Slept well, but not refreshed.

Friday couldn’t be a better day to help carry Stiles through the weekend, no doubt lending a hand to pass the days by faster as they come in.

From a surprising end to a night, now comes along a shocking twist in the morning as Jackson captures himself working out with ‘Stiles’ watching him closely.

“Haha,” Stiles giggles, watching the video through Snapchat.

The wolf plush Stiles had won for Jackson at the carnival during their first date made it’s first appearance on screen as it lightly sits atop Jackson’s stomach.

“Stiles counting my reps.”

Jackson had sent this comment in along with the a close up of the plush, courtesy of some recording done earlier with his phone.

According to the video sent, and when Stiles had asked, Jackson found himself alone at the gym; ‘peaceful’ were more along the right words.

“So….” Stiles hums.

Jackson had already left the gym to head back into his room for a quick shower, they both trade Snapchat for Facetime.

Stiles doesn’t want to ask, but his need to know wins him over.

“What’s the plan for today?” Stiles cringes, attempting to sound interested in the slightest.

“Breakfast right now. I’m starving but I know Jennifer will kill me if I’m not ready in fifteen minutes when she shows up, haha’

“I bet,” Stiles answers back, sighing out of range.

“What about you though?” Jackson asks back. “Same old, same old?”
“Pretty much,” Stiles replies.

Not to say there wouldn’t be anything on the agenda that would merit Jackson’s ear. The need isn’t dire this time around.

“Buck up,” Jackson cheers. “You can survive without me.”

“Might be easier than you think. With you gone, looks like it’s going to my turn to be the top dog.”

Jackson quickly glides across the carpet floor; “Underlying confidence? HUGE turn on,” he boasts.

“Well now..” Jackson continues, slightly edging his hands across his crotch. “…don’t go having any fun without me.”

CLICK!

In defeat, Stiles accepts their time is over without having to give his own favor to ask.

“Don’t go having fun without me either.”

The words become etched in his black screen, plastering themselves down in heat as they create a misty wall overlapping the thin linoleum.

“STILES!!! You’re going to be late!!!”

“Be right down, dad!”

Arriving at school a bit earlier than usual, Isaac bumps into Stiles as they each make their way into the land filled with pages.

A bit strange, not to mention coincidental for the second time, Isaac greets Stiles awkwardly pacing a small circle.

The actions give it away too easily to see the possibility of Isaac following Stiles for some reason.

Isaac’s feet glide him around like a ballet dancer in all cardinal directions, stopping every so often as if he knows very well where he is going and then, not so much.

Needing no map to find his way, Stiles goes directly towards the animal section to pick up a very noticeable black book from the third shelf, taking a seat at an empty table after opening it intently.

Isaac’s, “Ah…” moment doesn’t stop his crazy antics, overlooking another shelf further down from where Stiles is sitting comfortably, almost tearing his body down in hope lost.

Well, no need to change what can’t be helped, so Isaac quietly walks over to Stiles table, taking the chair opposite him, waiting for Stiles to notice the brightest werewolf grin he has seen from this newbie for the first time.

“May I help you with something?” Stiles asks politely, not being nervous in the slightest.

“Oh, nothing much,” Isaac responds, still gazing.

“Just….realizing you and I never hang out…..we don’t really know each other or anything….well, maybe I don’t know anything about you but you know something about me. Whatever the case may be, we should hang out…or something.”
The insinuation is just as bad as the offer, leaving nothing short of picturing what could be the awkward-est friendship in history.

Stiles speaks weird and even he knows the silence emitting from various scenarios of conversations that would never, ever happen; as they haven’t been from the very beginning.

But it doesn’t seem to put Stiles in panic or worry to have Isaac nearby, his familiarity helps to actually concentrate a bit better in reading.

Isaac takes notice to see how comfortably Stiles squirms in his seat to read more relaxed as students start to fill any remaining space.

“Hey, so…..how are the dreams?” Isaac asks abruptly.

“Huh?” Stiles murmurs back, a tad confused.

With an eager ear, Isaac waits for a good reply.

It takes Stiles a few seconds to remember talking about this with Isaac a couple of weeks back. Never mind why he has to bring it up all of a sudden.

Maybe Isaac does want to know….

“Uhhhh…they’re good. Okay and normal if that’s what you are asking,” Stiles answers back.

“Find your anchor?”

Isaac is quick to vividly recall what they had been.

“Uhhh…something like that,” Stiles replies quietly.

With the morning rush, comes the morning dispersal as many of their classmates, and other students, begin packing their belonging into their packs or hands as they begin to make their walk to class; not allowing the bell to beat them to the punch.

Stiles, knowingly, takes his book into his hands to continue reading in his next class when Stiles phones buzzes in with his first notification of Jackson’s adventures.

“Huh…” Stiles grunts.

A still picture in snapchat showing Jackson and Jennifer having breakfast in a small café in the outside patio, shoulder bumping for a tighter squeeze to get them both together.

Stiles sends back a smiling face, belying his actual face.

During Economics, Finnstock takes them all to the computer lab in a small attempt to actually guide his students in the right direction towards finishing their term papers.

Allison takes it upon herself to revise the beastary in hopes of finding more information about the Dralafa. Scott sits a couple of chairs down, interested, but knowing to not overstep his bounds.

Isaac sits opposite Allison as she casually hands him notes she obtained from Lydia on what she plans to use on her assignment.

Stiles becomes an odd ball out, choosing to sit almost at a corner desk, still very intrigued by his book but also attempting to make it seem like he is working on his paper.
Apparently, Stiles isn’t so obscure as Allison as Finnstock appears directly behind him to see what might be grabbing Stiles attention so deeply.

Finnstock isn’t a subtle man either.

“Stilinski, seeing your eyes focused completely on what looks like wolf sexual activity, I’m stunned. Stunned that now, in my class and at the computer lab, is when you decide to get off your rocks.”

Stiles knows those around, with a couple of werewolves, are listening closely. Now is about the time Stiles wishes he could disappear.

“Put that book away and GET BACK TO WORK!!” Finnstock whispers loudly.

In utter, complete, devastating embarrassment, Stiles closes the book and returns to being productive; for the time being.

Scott turns around to Isaac, knowing he had met up with him earlier in the morning, but Isaac only answers with shrugged shoulders, not realizing what exactly Stiles had picked up from the library.

It’s quiet, at least for another ten minutes, only the gentle “CLICK’ of keys typing on the keyboard are all that can be heard.

Rather comforting until Scott hears a very solid, “Hey!” he was hoping he wouldn’t.

Scott turns in his chair to face Stiles looking around intently to make sure no one did hear.

It was Jackson’s voice, no doubt coming from Stiles phone in more messages relaying what’s been going on.

Scott tired hard to hear what Jackson might be saying be it seems Stiles had silenced his phone completely, only allowing him to see what no one else can hear.

Within a few more inches of checking, or simply being nosy, Scott can faintly see what appears to be a very timid smile lighting up Stiles face.

RRRIIIIIIINNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG!

“Finally! Already know some of you are going to fail so hurry up and get out of my sight!!”

Finnstock literally pushing them out the door.

Scott, Isaac and Allison are squeezed together, side by side, while Stiles comes tumbling after a few more kids down the home stretch.

“A kick to the back to help me move forward,” Stiles tosses out when he reaches the gang.

They all let a smile at his quick wit before Scott looks back to see Stiles had mindlessly left his book at this station when he left.

Scott ducks under Finnstock smoothly as he outstretches his hand further than Mr. Fantastic to grab the book and leave the room just behind the coach.

“Forget this?” Scott asks, tossing it towards Stiles.

“Oh yeah……..” Stiles sighs, beating himself and hesitant in taking it back.
“No worries,” Scott assures his best friend.

“If you want to talk, all you have to do is say. We’re all meeting at the library after lunch for our free period. We can continue to search through the beastiary together for some answers.”

Allison agrees and Isaac nods like it’s obvious, giving way Lydia would also meet them as usual.

“Yeah, I can meet you guys there. I have to turn in this book either way,” Stiles agrees.

Waving it off instead of his hand, Stiles turns to head towards History, parting his ways for now until they meet again.

“Anything?” Scott asks Isaac, turning to view for a better response.

“Nothing,” Isaac answers solemnly.

“We’ll just have to wait and see,” Scott says, pondering another alternative.

Ignoring what he has already been told, Allison scrunches her face to see Scott pressing into a matter he really doesn’t need to involve himself in. Her only wish is for everything to fall into place and soon, before things get out of hand.

During Jackson’s morning, Stiles was the proper way to wake up although Jackson hadn’t gotten much sleep prior to wondering what sort of plans Jennifer had planned for them.

The excitement had unintentionally caused Jackson to be late as Cullen had to knock on his door, alerting him of Jennifer’s presence downstairs in the lobby.

“On my way!” Jackson yells back, dabbing some light cologne for good measure.

“About time!” Jennifer happily greets Jackson with.

In a share amount of respect, Jennifer kisses Jackson’s cheek with Jackson returning the favor; common amongst folk like them.

“Where to?” Jackson asks, flipping his sunglasses onto his eyes on their walk outside.

“Driving to breakfast. You don’t want to start the day on an empty stomach,” Jennifer quips.

“And by driving you mean…?”

But Jackson isn’t able to finish as the valet brings Jennifer’s Prius round the corner.

“Literally driving…” Jackson finishes off.

Jennifer takes her keys, along with the wheel, with Jackson making himself a bit comfortable in her car.

Different change of pace from constantly taking the wheel doesn’t have Jackson screaming internally for Jennifer’s sake. He trusts her like an old friend should, choosing to settle in wonderment as he had been all last night.

Jennifer settles into a little small café overlooking the ocean, resting safely on very sturdy ground.

The weather certainly cooperated without being asked, forecast calls for sunshine all day with a clear night leading up to the cotillion.
Must be some secret though as Jackson doesn’t find many people near the area.

Jennifer easily orders for two of them, taking a seat at a far ended table to perfect their view.

Jackson had easily worn some laid back jeans with a tee underlying a button up; the brisk ocean air certainly called for it.

Jennifer had impressed a bit with wearing a dress, small remnants of Lydia shining through. Not to mention the sense of familiarity her scent brings.

She sits quietly, fiddling with her fingers and waiting on their food.

Jackson takes the opportunity to snap a picture for Stiles pleasure when Jennifer quickly jumps into the frame for good measure.

Her actions aren’t ambitious in the slightest as Jackson quickly takes it to immediately send it on its way.

“Sending it to someone in particular?” Jennifer asks, taking out her phone to simply check the time.

“Something like that,” Jackson replies, pulling Stiles contact rather easily.

For the lack of bodies, their food flies into their presence rather quickly.

“Well, at least you and I look cute together,” Jennifer quips before relinquishing her attention to their waiter bringing over their meals.

“Yeah, we do,” Jackson mindlessly answers back, making way for his plate.

After morning breakfast, Jennifer suggest something traditional to occupy themselves in without wandering too far off.

“How about a midday at the beach? A city boy like you needs to get out more often.”

“But I don’t have any--…” Jackson starts to interject as Jennifer points to the trunk of her car.

“Your mom already gave me some swim trunks in your size. She also gave me a light tee you can wear. I have some sun-screen and a few towels.”

Jackson has immense eyes of intrigue for his mother and Jennifer being rightfully prepared for their little misadventures. That or already having the day planned without a single word to him but no matter, Jackson is thrilling himself with being taken for a ride.

With a special, little someone.

“The only thing I don’t have is a charger for your phone,” Jennifer says sheepishly.

There is a subtle bow from Jackson in realizing he had been paying an awful lot of attention to his device rather than her company.

“Ah, it’s okay. I think I can manage,” Jackson replies solemnly.

“Great. Let’s go! The waves await!!”

Hastily moving through the tables, Jennifer almost crashes into their waiter as she stupidly gives him a twenty as his tip. Jackson lingers back a bit to give a shrug off to the waiter, apologizing for
Jennifer’s excited behavior before she interrupts both of them to grab Jackson’s hand in persuading him to her car.

A five minute drive lands them right to a public parking spot, concrete no doubt, safe for Jennifer to leave behind her car and not dirty it up with small, microscopic pebbles.

It’s a semi-weekend, Friday, and it’s certainly a time for most to be out and about but the timing is still off, not shying away from the morning hours; school and work have most people occupied til later in the afternoon.

“Not a lot of people,” Jennifer whispers.

A few scattered spots all over the main entrance but nothing more or less.

“No biggie,” Jennifer calls out rather proudly.

In an instant, she quickly flips her dress inside and out, tearing it away from her body to reveal she had been prepared from the very beginning.

“As if I really had a choice,” Jackson murmurs in his ear.

With a CLICK!, and pop, of the trunk, Jackson knows it’s his turn to put on a bit of a show.

Jennifer is rather quick to grab the clothes from her trunk, handing them to Jackson as if his current wear is on fire.

Jackson sits back down into the car with the door open. He starts to unbuckle his belt when the sting of Jennifer’s stare is felt very painfully.

“Do you mind?” Jackson calls out, still not wanting to move an inch.

It can’t be said Jennifer doesn’t take advantage when she can but Jackson is still conscious enough to be where he needs to.

“It’s still rude,” Jackson comments, using manners to aide him.

“*sigh* If you say so…” Jennifer breathes out.

Her body sways, almost a full circle, but it does complete a full semi-circle to give Jackson her back instead of her face.

“I meant alone,” Jackson scoffs.

“Take what you can get,” Jennifer smirks, hearing Jackson’s belt and pants drop.

“You’re tenacious, I can give you that,” Jackson remarks back, giving Jennifer a much sought out compliment.

“I know what I want.”

“Confident. Nothing but sexy for someone who has it,” Jackson speaks in his head.

Jackson still sees Jennifer turned around but bouncing wildly on the balls of her feet, impatient in wanting to look at him. The fun and laughs move forward when Jackson’s mind brings it to an all-out-stop.
“Wonder how he’s doing without me today?” Jackson questions on.

The feeling of sudden loneliness, almost like years have past, place Jackson so deep and saddening, the beach isn’t so tempting anymore; for a split moment.

“Ah…*grunt*…I’m sure he’s doing okay,” Jackson shakes off.

The clothes fly off to decorate Jennifer’s back seat before Jackson taps her on the shoulder, letting Jennifer know she can have the privilege to look.

Swim trunks are the only fabric hanging a bit loose on Jackson’s physique, the shirt over his shoulder in case it might be needed later.

“Wow!” Jennifer cheers, gazing him all over.

“This certainly doesn’t leave much to the imagination,” she giggles.

“Well, I can’t keep this a secret forever now, can I?” Jackson puffs proudly.

“No, you cannot,” Jennifer gleefully answers back.

Like a trophy waiting to be showed off, Jennifer grabs Jackson’s arms to walk them together to where she feels would be an appropriate spot to settle down for a good while.

The actual, perfect spot, resides a little forward from some sand dunes. Leading behind them, some condos and beach homes for whosoever would like to take a break every now and again.

A towel allows for small comfort, providing the perfect time to apply sun block before the rays intensify with the Earth’s rotation.

“Alright turn around,” Jennifer orders.

“H-Hey!!...Wha—what are you…?” Jackson attempts to fight off.

However, Jennifer finds her footing to slide Jackson sideways, giving way to his very exposed back, which severely lacks sun-block.

“Protecting you, of course,” Jennifer says slyly.

“Uh huh…” Jackson growls back annoyed, but allowing it either way.

Vanilla and strawberry are writing his nose in what can be said is a woman’s femanality, but the rubbing process taking place is not to be counted out.

It’s quite clear a massage is taking place rather than applying protection from the sun. Jennifer’s hands have Jackson’s upper body move with her motions, ravishing all over on whatever limited space she can get a hold of.

When they do make their way to Jackson’s neck area, Jennifer gives small pinches all around his skin, trying to make Jackson more comfortable and relaxed.

“Ahhhh………”

Jackson can’t help but let this tiny moan escape his lungs.

“Good,” Jennifer responds back, pinching the skin a little harder now.
Their first moment…cut short by a screeching owl.

“Jennifer!!!! Jennifer, Jennifer, Jennifer, Jennifer!!!!!”

A brunette is galloping towards the two of them sitting down peacefully, looking as if she will come tumbling down.

Jackson anticipates with a stiff back but Jennifer uses it as a support to help her to her feet and meet this girl down the middle.

“Anna!!! I’m so glad to see you here!” Jennifer screams back.

Their hug is more squirming mixed with erratic jumping seeing as they can’t contain themselves from their sheer happiness.

“Eeewwww…what is that?” Anna screams again, trying not to be grossed out.

“It’s sun block, don’t worry,” Jennifer replies, shaking it off for good measure.

Remembering on who it’s on, Jennifer turns around to introduce the man of the hour.

“Anna, I want you to meet someone. This is Jackson.”

Jennifer points to Jackson laying hunched over, waiting to see if Jennifer would come back to finish her job as Anna waves a hearty ‘hello’ from a distance.

“Well look at that…” Anna mumbles, impressed nonetheless.

“Wait…” she halts her amazement for a few seconds. “Isn’t Jackson the guy that you..”

“SHHHHHHH!!!!” Jennifer hushes loudly.

“Let’s go! Let’s go!! Keep walking!!” Jennifer pushes forward.

“But he is, right?!?!?” Anna attempts to ask again.

“We’ll be right back!” Jennifer calls out to Jackson.

Jennifer is almost tipping Anna over, what she assumes is way out of range for Jackson to see or hear with Anna trying to make sentences from all the nonsense she is spewing out.

Jackson shrugs knowing he can full well listen in if he wants to but the indication he shouldn’t is by having Jennifer and Anna step away, a great distance.

Not a problem as Jackson takes the time to actually finish screening himself up while having some fun with the block and snapchat.

The next snap he sends Sties is the outcome of an unfinished job, videoing his sad face and back proceeding to accomplish the job on his own.

Leaving a stray bunch on his nose, Jackson’s dry sense of humor displays for Stiles enjoyment. Not to mention a small comment made after snapping a picture of a seagull; “My name is seagull…Jason Seagul.” Jackson writes.

As fast as he had sent it, Jackson receives a swift reply from Stiles; a video of the village idiot smiling and laughing as best he can during class.
But when Jackson sees Jennifer and Anna making their way back, Jackson can’t help but continue to mess with his phone and snap another video of the two of them off in the distance closing in quickly.

“Here they come,” Jackson writes to send off to Stiles.

At the glance of the video, Stiles is bothered amidst his loneliness.

It’s not taken any further to actually admit Stiles is missing Jackson terribly but what can he do expect grow with envy at Jennifer for being able to take advantage of Jackson’s company.

**Stiles: “Have to go and will be busy for the rest of the day. Text me when you are back at the hotel.”**

**Jackson: “I will.”**

The answer is simple but confusing. Only when Jackson remembers if he forgot to mention to Stiles the cotillion happening later this evening.

No matter, Stiles only said to text him when he made it back to the hotel, whatever hour that may be.

“Time to hit the water,” Jennifer yells happily on her arrival.

With the help of a mighty pull, Jennifer casually guides Jackson to his feet, guiding them herself towards the waves.

At the touch of wet sand, Jackson allows the moist rocks to seep into his bare feet.

The closer they reach the water, the more soothing the feel becomes.

Satiating a weak soul, the invigoration of a healthy healing process manifests itself into something laid dormant.

Within a small splash, Jackson draws trickles of water running down Jennifer’s spine as she quickly turns around to tackle him down.

In a failed attempt to bring him under, she now challenges Jackson to take her off, retaining a deathlike grip on Jackson’s body.

Jackson accepts the mission, walking zombie like while having his legs pretend to fail him on purpose to fake falling down or back with Jennifer in tow.

Cause and effect are very dominant for the harder Jackson attempts to release Jennifer, the tighter Jennifer’s body embraces itself around his.

Anna, the sneak, slipped Jackson’s phone past his fingertips to become the self-proclaimed documentarian, taking pictures of all their moments; mostly Jennifer and Jackson together.

More splashes and a few sand castles later, Jennifer glances down at her phone to see it's almost time to move on their next activity.

“Hungry?” she asks, picking up what few belongings they brought outside the car.

“Surprisingly, Yes. I am,” Jackson answers back, dusting himself off in his pickup.

“Well, I can’t really say we are going to eat much since we do have to save room for the big dinner tonight but I know a great place we can go to snack.”
“Guess that means I should get back too. But I will see you guys tonight!” Anna says, bidding her farewells for now.

“See you later,” Jackson answers instinctively.

“Let’s shower to rinse off first,” Jennifer suggests.

“Seems like a good idea,” Jackson tosses back sarcastically, knowing full well he wouldn’t want anyone to step a dirty toe into his own Porsche.

Side but side, but separate, the tepid water helps alleviate their body temperature as it cleanses them. Difficult as it is to not stare, Jackson’s eyes linger more so than usual on Jennifer’s turned back, sight-seeing those wondrous hands glide around her body.

Suddenly, they make their way around to untie the back end of the upper part of Jennifer’s bikini. Her scent oozes of vanilla, a bit plain but always a fan favorite for anyone.

The indication is only meant to be a thorough cleaning of her entire body, washing out every inch. Jackson turns around, with a very satisfied smirk, as Jennifer makes her way around to land her eyes on Jackson’s body.

“Almost like he isn’t even a teenager. More like a man,” Jennifer huffs.

Ever so being such teases, Jackson mimics the desirable motions to unlace the tie around his trunks, allowing the water to grace his skin in its entirety, also, not allowing the sand to lodge itself in odd places.

The air of approval wafts in Jackson’s nose, detailing the amount of heat radiating from the one and only source.

Pleasure contained: “Maybe is she asks hard enough, her wishes might just become realities,” a tiny voice utters.

SNAPping the trunks on his waist, Jackson grabs his clothes he had left when they made it back to the car; dripping into the restroom on the side, finishing drying off and changing into his normal get-up.

An extra five minutes has Jennifer already waiting inside her car, greeting him with a solid, “Finally!” of exhaustion.

“What now?” Jackson inquires.

“Now? Now, we have some fun!” Jennifer proclaims.

“I like fun,” Jackson answers with a very, cocky smile.

Jennifer drives with a hypnotic rhythm, being lulled into a very deep trance.

The streets are no longer paved with flashy signs, through broad daylight, but rustic charms that still retain their glow after all these years.

Jackson never imagined Jennifer would be one for an old soul but appearances are always deceiving, he wonders for what ‘fun’ actually stands for.
Outside and parked, a rundown wooden sign reads ‘Hop Shop.’

“Strike two,” Jackson thinks, but Jennifer is eagerly taking him by the hand to reveal the real secret.

A small curtain peaks curiosity as it’s moved to show a very delicate, heartwarming atmosphere.

A theatre stage. Few live musicians are playing to a glorious crowd living up most of the area. Each table is eloquently decorated for the charm to come alive, very tempting to take a chair and relax.

“A music bar? Now this is very impressive,” Jackson says with awe.

Jackson walks forward to an already pre-set table with a convenient waiter standing by, as if he was urging them to come closer.

Jennifer takes her chair first, allowing the waiter to turn to their presence, leaving abruptly but returning swiftly.

In his hands are two small glasses of sparkling water, Jennifer whispering small entrees of tasteful delights to settle their stomachs until dinner.

Once the musicians are done with a strong, final note, what appears to be a host for the day asks, “Anyone else would like to take their shot?”

Jackson’s eyes perk up after taking a small sip from his glass, Jennifer raising an eyebrow in question.

“Anything you would like to show me?” Jennifer asks persuasively.

“Yeah, I think not,” Jackson scoffs, settling his back further into his seat.

“Well, I have something.”

Jennifer excuses herself rather politely, to an extreme, to gently walk over to the host and request a song to be played for her debut.

Within seconds…

“Ladies and Gentleman, our lovely little lady here, Jennifer of course, will be serenading us this afternoon with a very lovely rendition of Marvin Gaye’s Sexual Healing.”

**Oh, baby…now let’s get down tonight.**

**Oh, baby…now let’s get down tonight.**

Jackson is seemingly nodding along with the beat of the tempo, like being in a trance by Jennifer’s secret.

**Baby, I’m hot just like an over**

**I need some lovin**

**And baby, I can’t hold it in much longer**

**It’s getting stronger and stronger**

Jackson’s lips move harmoniously as if helping Jennifer sing along, mimicking each thrust in his
In another absent minded antic, Jackson records a small bit of her performance to send Stiles way, impressed on his end.

**And when I get that feeling, I need sexual healing**

**I said when I get that feeling, I need…sexual healing…**

“Wow!! Encore, encore!!”

Various chairs are left void after a solid standing ovation to mesh with Jennifer’s stellar performance. Every chair, mind you.

Jackson’s bottom is no longer being support by soft cushions, instead he is with outstretched arms, waiting to embrace Jennifer on a job well done.

“That was more pleasant then surprising. I’m at a lost for words,” Jackson says, guiding them both back to their seats.

“So melodic, Jennifer. Like a siren from the seas escaped the water and came unto land!” the host comments.

In a polite manner, Jennifer bows in appreciation a few more times before their waiter brings their light snack to ease up into dinner.

The small bites round the table are barely nibbled on, instead having both of them enjoy whatever entertainment graced the stage next, close to about two hours they stayed.

After another swill of sparkling water, Jennifer notices it’s arguable time to head back to start getting wedding day ready for the cotillion.

“We should probably be heading out,” Jennifer whispers.

Jackson looks at the time, “What time does it start?” he asks.

“Dinner begins promptly at 6. But you know a woman has to look her best,” Jennifer answers back.

“As if you clearly don’t know anything about me,” Jackson retorts but Jennifer closes his jaw right away.

“Which is why I said we BOTH should get out of here.”

The tip falls on Jackson’s shoulders, making their way out quietly as another small group takes the stage, performing mellow jazz, like aiding their escape as pink panthers.

As if there isn’t a second to spare, Jennifer hastily drives Jackson back to his hotel, leaving just enough time for a quick hug.

“Hey, wait!”

Jackson screeches his shoes into the pavement, wondering what might be a problem.

“Do I come by and pick you up again? That way I know exactly how much time I have,” Jennifer says, feeling a bit rushed.
“Take your time then. I’ll find a way to get there, don’t worry,” Jackson reassures.

“None of this ‘fashionable late’ nonsense,” Jennifer warns,

“None what-so-ever,” Jackson smiles.

Jackson politely waves her off, standing a bit to the side of the entrance seeing her leave.

On the elevator ride up, Jackson picks his phone from being dug into his pocket, the sheer good time he and Jennifer had practically kept the mobile device out of sight.

Really taking a glance, there are a few notices from Stiles. Messages and some random posts on snapchat but all sent hours ago with no responses.

It doesn’t sting, Jackson know it, but it does feel like a wrinkly shirt; uncomfortable.

Without thinking twice, Stiles name lights itself up on Facetime, Jackson convincing himself Stiles won’t mind an early chat.

“I thought you were supposed to call me after you made it back to your hotel which was going to be much later,” Stiles opens with.

“Maybe he does,” Jackson sighs in his head, the hot air warming his mouth.

“I do have a little bit of time is that’s what you’re asking,” Jackson grits between his teeth.

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” Stiles says, taking out his books from his bag.

Several topics from different subjects pass through Jackson’s screen but Stiles is still too focused in digging through his bag and now, his desk.

“Here we go,” Stiles says, taking out a notebook Jackson is certain Stiles uses for notes.

“What are you working on exactly?” Jackson asks, seeing plenty of information.

“Finnstocks’ report. Don’t want him breathing down my neck at my desk if he has to see me next year because I failed.”

“That would be wise,” Jackson replies back, taking his new suit out of it’s bag to hang it over the hook on the closet door.

“So, how did your day go?” Stiles asks casually, not gazing up from his work.

“Eh, nothing too special. We first started at that small café I sent you the snap of…then we went to the beach. Seemed appropriate with everything still at school and work so we could have it all to ourselves. Met up with…”

Jackson stops for a brief second to see Stiles rustling the pages of his black book, forgoing the journal, setting it off to one side completely.

That’s not what causes Jackson to halt though.

In a dead room, Jackson can hear Stiles mumbling certain things under his breath.

Maybe out from his book or something that seems to be running throughout his mind.
“Uh-huh......yeah......okay.......that’s good....uh-huh...”

Eyes curled up in agitation, Jackson places his phone directly in front of him to test Stiles listening abilities.

“I was at the beach,” Jackson says.

“That’s nice,” is the response.

“Got sand up my ass,” Jackson continues on.

“Good…good…” follows up.

“I think I got a little burnt and might start peeling in a few days.”

“Just turn them inside-out. That always helps…”

“Yeah. And then I went skydiving, climbed a mountain, went deep sea fishing and ventured into a cavern filled with bats and darkly creatures.”

“Sounds like fun…”

“Okay…” Jackson sighs, grabbing his phone to place gently onto the soft bed sheets.

No use in letting time go to waste, Jackson walks right into the shower, allowing Stiles to submerge himself in whatever so has his attention.

At the unnerving high pitch sound of silence, the deafness shrieks Stiles out of his transient state, giving him the privilege of staring at the clean white ceiling once more.

A tense hand pushes forward but a hardy, heavy spirit takes it back, helping Stiles push all his homework aside to place his head on his arm, waiting for Jackson to come back.

Few snores escape Stiles lips.

“Good nap?” Jackson quips as he lifts his phone back into his palm, back from his shower.

“*yawn*...something like that,” Stiles answers back, stretching himself thin.

“From the way you were answering, I’d say you didn’t get enough sleep last night, did you?”

It’s phrased carefully so Jackson asks without sounding like an emotional spaz Stiles wouldn’t accept, like someone babying him.

But the care is there, in whatever way it’s presented but Jackson should know better Stiles is of equal caliber; “Yeah been a bit tired and off all day but it’s no big deal,” Stiles dismisses.

“Shouldn’t you be getting ready, though?” Stiles defends himself on.

Jackson listens closely, taking those words with some spice.

“Yeeaahhh…” Jackson stretches it out a bit. “But you’ve known this since yesterday. I mean, if I’m not wrong, it does sound like you REALLY want me to go to this thing, haha.”

In a flash, Jackson notices Stiles eyes flutter away some sarcasm, right when Stiles rises from his chair to begin walking around his room where Jackson’s gaze isn’t able to follow.
“Is there a problem with me going?” Jackson questions.

And it’s too late, too far gone.

Jackson has stepped invisibly into a line maybe he is fully aware he shouldn’t have but does so anyways; Jackson’s tenacity to be a hard-headed fool.

“She asked me to be her plus one so I’m just going what she asked,” Jackson says.

“Yeah, I get it,” Stiles replies back, still out of sight.

“Ugh…” Jackson huffs, riling himself up with Stiles attitude and none too pleased with it either.

“If this is such a big deal, why didn’t you mention it yesterday when I first told you?” Jackson asks rudely. “She did ask so I could have said no.”

“Like she really gave you that choice. Asking the day before it actually happens,” Stiles snarks back.

“Ah!!......hey…….Hey!!” Jackson yells, attempting to get Stiles attention to look at him.

“Can you just be clear in letting me know what’ bothering you?!”

The force behind Jackson’s tone isn’t phasing Stiles in the slightest, almost being immune to always being spoken as such on a daily basis.

However, Stiles does make his way around to sit back down and look through his journal as if checking his notes for something he may have missed.

For the next few seconds, Stiles isn’t budging one inch.

“Are you goi…”

On the verge of asking a second time, Jackson is interrupted by Cullen knocking on the door, notifying him of his father, strange as it is, waiting downstairs before his leave.

“Go, before you are late,” Stiles says, not lifting his head a centimeter to dismiss Jackson.

“Fine, but we can discuss or argue about this later!”

Jackson hangs up first, fumed for discovering Stiles to be such a square.

Steaming, Jackson rides the elevator down and fast, pacing quickly to see what his father’s wishes could be.

“What now?!” Jackson greets Mr. Whittemore with close to the door.

There isn’t any need to feel any slight remorse for such an appalling greeting to one’s own dad, unheard of truthfully.

Mr. Whittemore pretends his ears didn’t hear anything in the slightest, placing his hands firmly but gently atop Jackson’s shoulders, smoothing over small wrinkles no one could really see.

“I heard about tonight and I want to remind you what kind of example you will be putting for yourself out there.”

The grimaces Jackson throws aren’t having any effect on anything in the room except for Cullen
who sees Jackson blinded by rage to possibly be listening to his father’s words.

“But I also want you to have fun so here.”

Like taking out an important file from underneath his coat, Jackson is suddenly standing confused, looking at his father’s outstretched hand, giving him a small trinket.

“It’s the key to my Camaro which you can take but just for tonight,’ Mr. Whittemore breathes out.

The spare key actually, Jackson notices is singled out and not on any ring or hook of any kind.

In a big intake of air to his lungs, Jackson reaches out to grab the key from his father’s grasp, taking it normally with his anger settling a bit.

Jackson stares at the object for a few more breathes, looking up to see his father holding a normal stare right back at him.

It doesn’t feel empty, Jackson not knowing if there ever was a time it had been like this.

“Thanks,” is the only thing Jackson can say, still feeling like he has been thrown for a loop.

Cullen silently invites Jackson to walk over, leaving Mr. Whittemore to some business as he walks over to the receptionist a few feet away.

“Well, I hope you have fun out there and you know you can always give me a call if something come up. For whatever reason.”

Cullen has always been dependable, a net to catch you if you fall per say.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Jackson struggles to speak, trying so hard to just be okay when he arrives at the festivities.

Back inside Stiles room, his focus hasn’t derailed from looking up all the information needed on deciding where to take the next step.

Earlier, Stiles didn’t break away from lunch as much as he felt it was necessary to grab some time to think.

Reluctantly, rare when it happens, he does catch up with Scott and the rest at their usual spot after ten minutes of separation.

Allison has her laptop out again, going through the beastiary to find anything remotely close to the word Derek used to describe the enemies they are up against.

Not to forget, Allison doesn’t want to pressure her father anymore about the matter considering the life-and-death fiasco she and Stiles willingly wandered into.

Scott notices Stiles with a lack of food, too creepy in his eyes, so he sends Isaac off with a ten dollar bill.

Isaac makes it back with a few easy snacks, couple of chicken burgers, chips and a small coke to hand to Stiles.
Stiles is grateful when Scott pushes them into his space but between friends, it’s a embarrassing to have someone go this length for you, Stiles knows it.

In a small effort to not sound too greedy, Stiles takes one bag of chips, opens it along with the coke for added help pushing the crumbs down.

“Still can’t find anything?” Scott asks, turning towards Allison.

“Nothing yet,” Allison answers back. “I keep thinking I have something then it just keeps taking me to this blank page with nothing on it.”

Also spending the entire time without eating, Allison closes her laptop softly to take a small break to regain her energy.

However, Danny has different plans as he walks over, almost on his way out with the other lacrosse guys, asking Allison if she needs help.

“Oh no, that’s okay. Really,” Allison replies.

“It was pretty clear to see your concentration and frustration a mile away. Come on, it really looks like you are struggling so why don’t I give you a hand,” Danny persuades.

The heavy hesitation is felt very much by everyone, allowing Danny to gaze upon himself the beastiary on the supernatural.

Nevertheless, you take chances.

And Danny was also willing, per Derek’s body, to help with uncovering the messages leading up to Peter.

“Uh-yeah..yeah, you can help,” Allison answers, popping open her laptop to share between them.

Again, Danny doesn’t ask too many questions but simply into the details of helping Allison decode or find the information relative to the subject.

“Cool monsters!”

Unannounced, Troy has made his way, cleverly sneaking up behind Danny, to watch over his shoulders as to what he was doing that was keeping him from the others.

“I’ll be right there, in a minute. I’m just helping her with something real quick,” Danny scowls, trying to get rid of Troy and the uncomfortableness he knew Troy was setting in.

“Well come on, you can go ahead and look at those crazy figures some other time,” Troy comments back, leaving Danny alone for now.

“Sometimes it’s really hard being popular,” Danny sighs.

Allison smiles a tad at Danny’s immense understanding, like he has always been part of the group.

“See, this is where I am stuck,” Allison chimes in.

Giving Danny a bit more room, she shows him the suddenly blank page where there doesn’t seem to be anything related to the search word they type in.

“Am I missing something?” Allison asks, feeling lost.
“You are but that’s an easy fix. All you have to do is…”

“Danny! Hurry up! The others aren’t waiting anymore,” Troy yells out.

The notion of seeing him walk back as soon as Danny turns around has him leave mid-way from helping Allison but fixating her on the right trail.

“Just click the paragraph corner and select match with background or merge with background!” Danny calls off.

“Let’s try it,” Allison hums as she follow the instructions.

And sure enough.

CLICK!

All the pages become visible with text like the other parts of the book.

“That’s it!” Allison cheers, grabbing the gang to huddle up close.

Already, the first thing Scott and Isaac see is a very similar picture Derek had showed them the other night.

Scrolling further down, the word, “Dralafa” appears once more and then it’s English term.

“Shadowhunters…”Allison reads.

“Sound familiar?” Scott questions, looking at the picture deeply.

“I’ve never heard of them,” Allison replies back.

They keep scrolling together......

RRRRIIIINNNNNGGGGG!!

“Dammit. Well, at least we know how to access the data. See what you can dig up.”

Scott as acting leader readily gives his team assignments.

“I can see what I can find on my own,” Stiles says, taking up his own mantel.

“Free period?” Scott asks.

“Rest of the afternoon,” Stiles answers, taking his backpack heavily onto his shoulders.

“Hey, well that means I can join you so we can just head to the library or something.”

It’s rather tempting to take Scott on his offer but with the rather irritability all morning, Stiles feels it best to go alone.

Food has gone down Stiles stomach but as if his spirit has left his body, the physical shell is now a walking zombie.

Tired above anything else is how Stiles can describe his sudden change of behavior.

Like a snail instead of a fox.
“I’ll be fine,” Stiles shrugs off.

Scott trusts him as they all make their way back to class with Stiles heading towards his objective.

Two long hours later……

“No…..no….nope….nothing……nu-uh……nothing, nothing, nothing….yeah right…nope…… nada…..crap, crap, crap…..no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no……”

Somewhere in the land of books, an entire shelf is missing and decorated on Stiles table.

The internet wasn’t as helpful either as ten pages on Google only came up with fiction on certain websites, mentions of some movies and video game characters.

There really doesn’t seem to be an incentive to go further.

On a hunch of a much needed break, Stiles feels a growing headache culminating from the overload of data received. So, he whips out his phone to see if he can grab a bit of Jackson’s time.

Stiles: “Hey.”

Silent.

Stiles: “Hey, can we talk for a bit?”

Dead.

Stiles: “Hello! Anyone there?”

Gone.

Discovering if he really is being ignored, Stiles is at least somewhat happy to note nothing had been updated in Snapchat recently.

The small comfort isn’t relieving another rise from a series of if’s mixed with certain possibilities of what could be happening.

All this of scenario one, scenario two and ‘they could be here doing this’ or ‘they could be doing that.’

Like mountain roaring thunder resonating inside of his head, not allowing him to think or calm down.

High pitched frequency of nails on a chalkboard piercing his ears,

It settles after his phone PINGS! with what Stiles was hoping is finally a response back; his heart ticking rapidly.

“Are you serious?” Stiles gripes.

Seeing Jennifer up on stage like some glorified princess and singing what can arguably be one of the top ten greatest love songs.

Stiles gets up and beats the bell to go walking rapidly out of the school.

Forgoing his jeep, a very well, long pace seems to be a nice remedy to feel anything else then the
struggle of feeling like he is someone else.

The heat buildup from his body uses it as fuel for his motor to keep going without the feel of getting tired in the slightest.

Halfway home, passing his father’s station and with no one particularly paying any attention, more pacing takes place as much as feet will take him until his mind beats him to the punch.

It falls back, taking his entire body with him on the way down to saddle up on a curb.

“What the heck is going on?” Stiles asks anyone listening.

Even asking ironically wouldn’t make him feel any better; the answer probably isn’t one he wants to hear or know.

Resting helps, taking away the heat of the moment, giving Stiles a free weight-free card to make it home safely.

It is kind of early, too early, for anyone to be home, maybe in about another hour or so when Stiles grabs a bottled tea from the fridge.

Upstairs, a not so convenient time grants Stiles a lucky break to see Jackson calling.

“Thought we were supposed to talk later tonight,” Stiles whispers.

“Crap,” Stiles gripes, letting the call ring for another couple of times.

“Thought we were supposed to talk later tonight.” Stiles answers.

Jackson answers back and Stiles can see Jackson is attempting to balance him out.

Figuring out the best option would be a good distraction to seem interested and not despondent or frustrated.

It works the entire time they carry their conversation, even after the weird answers Stiles found himself giving, shrugging them off as his obnoxious personality.

Stiles understands he isn’t doing his part in swallowing his pain and playing nice for the sake of having distance separate them.

Again, the migraine crawls back to his forehead, dragging his mind down and out.

Re-awoken when Jackson straddles by, asking if the nap was well taken.

“Oh wow.” Stiles murmurs.

Jackson’s compassion shines like a beacon, well received but Stiles certainly doesn’t want to feel like Jackson has to worry.

“I’m fine. But shouldn’t you be getting ready soon,” Stiles asks, looking closely to the time.

“Yeeaaahhh…” Jackson answers. “But you’ve known this since yesterday. I mean, if I’m not wrong, it does sound like you REALLY want me to go to this thing, haha.”

“If you really want me to answer, I would say no but you can’t hear me can you?” Stiles replies in his head.
But being absent minded all day, the face speaks for itself, relaying the response he would have much rather kept to himself.

Stiles had set his bottled tea on top of his dresser and in going in to grab another sip, Jackson oversteps his bounds.

All the questions that follow-up, bubble up the volcano laid dormant for the past couple of hours all for Jackson to come in and stew the lava even harder this time.

Stiles fists tensely grab the small knobs on his dresser, and all Stiles wants to do is tell Jackson to shut up.

Calling Stiles into view takes all of Stiles remaining willpower to dress in all calmness he can muster.

Zipping his lips tightly, Cullen interfering is the blessing in disguise.

“Go, before you are late,” Stiles speaks.

And even with Jackson’s last threat to talk about this later deprives Stiles of the last amount of patience he is having to conjure up for the last time; refueling an empty cup with nothing left.

Scott: “Hey, did you find anything?”

“Never ending,” Stiles puffs.

Stiles: “No, I didn’t. Allison find something else?”

Scott: “Bits and pieces since it’s in Latin. She’s trying to decode more of now and will let me know later on tonight or tomorrow morning.”

Stiles: “What about Derek?”

Scott: “Not possible. Isaac says he and Peter are out of town. They set him up in a hotel though so that’s good.”

Stiles: “Not sure why you mentioned that last part but okay.”

Scott: “Feeling okay? I noticed you were kind of off or something.”

*sigh*

Stiles: “Yeah, bud. I’m okay.”

Scott: “So what are you doing or going to do?”

Stiles: “Just finished up some work but I think I might level up myself in Call of Duty. I’m rusty and I don’t want these ten year olds bitching me all over again.”

Scott: “Sounds relaxing. Have fun!”

Stiles: “I will.”

Stiles Playstation 4 had already been set up and ready downstairs in the living room, only thing missing was some popcorn he had placed in the microwave to munch on.
Thirty minutes in and the sheriff arrives, as normal as can be.

“Hey kiddo, what are you doing down here?” Sheriff Stilinski asks.

“Trying to ‘relax,’” Stiles quotes.

“Well, I don’t think I have seen you ‘relax’ in a very long time,” the sheriff quotes back.

Timing a pot for coffee, the sheriff takes a seat on the dining room table, reading the newspaper like a well traveled man.

After the second pot empties out, the sheriff looks up to notice Stiles is still sitting down, immersed in his game.

A little bonding may not hurt as the sheriff walks over to watch Stiles nail as many enemies as he can within a limited time frame.

“Is this the reason I’m supposed to believe you can take care of yourself out there,” the sheriff comments after an enemy is downed.

“My knack for survival pretty much does that for me,” Stiles quips back.

“More like dumb luck to me,” the sheriff retaliates with.

“Touche,” Stiles remarks, placing his controller down signaling the end of the match.

“Did you want to watch something, dad?” Stiles asks, ready to move back upstairs.

“No. You don’t have to move on my account,” the sheriff replies.

Stiles is already packing everything up, setting the tv back to its normal cable settings.

“Well, I think I have had enough for one day,” Stiles grunts.

“Saturday tomorrow so don’t wake up me unless it’s life or death. And please don’t let it be life or death.”

Stiles scoffs happily, silently trying to promise no trouble anymore; each time convincing himself it’s the last.

On his bed, Stiles has a clearer mind to be able to think back to his and Jackson’s little mishap, hoping Jackson would follow through on his threat to talk about it once he makes it back.

Or argue, although Stiles is hoping it doesn’t have to come to that.

“Honesty in the only way to go,” Stiles assures himself.

Zzzzzzzn nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn

Jackson: “Hey.”

When Jackson arrives at the reception hall, Jennifer is not inside but outside standing idly by a group of her friends including Anna.
After spotting him in the distance, Jennifer walks over, relieved he actually showed and already making a scene as Anna watches Jennifer break away from the group.

Jackson can noticeably hear all this chatter, but it’s all muffled static as he continues to shake away all the bad vibes surrounding him still.

“Hey, right on time!” Jennifer says gleefully.

“Hi,” Jackson grunts.

“Are you alright?” Jennifer questions, closing the gap in their already tight space.

“I’m sorry, really. I just had a little bit of an unpleasant rest of the afternoon. Here’s hoping the evening will go better,” Jackson answers back.

“It will. Just forget about what happened and let’s just try and have a good night.”

The smile she gives is so warm and inviting, Jackson breathes deeply to intake the calmness emanating from her words and body.

It’s working all rather too well to have her as a substitute in another small absence of filling a deep hole dwelling deep inside his heart and soul.

Accommodating herself further, Jennifer’s hand wraps itself around Jackson’s, tugging it close to lay her head in comfort, turning her eyes to grin at Jackson with them.

Jackson releases his weight, smiling back with a, “Shall we?”

“All’s”

All around, Jackson is carefully following Jennifer through the crowd with every few steps bringing them both to a halt to give their greetings and nice words; Jackson remembering the certain ‘image’ his father mentioned.

“If everyone can please take their seats, dinner will be served.”

At their numbered table, Jennifer is joined by her parents along with Anna, her date, and their parents.

Plenty of conversation is going round the table, Anna engaging with everyone along with Jackson hitting it off extremely well with her date, being the captain of his lacrosse team as well.

“Now that everyone has had their fill, I would like to direct everyone’s attention to our special guests for the evening. If they can please line up so we can present them one by one.”

“Hope you don’t mind,” Jennifer gasps, forgetting this small bit to Jackson but he improvises.

“Next we have Jennifer Pratt and her escort, Jackson Whittemore. Jennifer is the daughter of Laura and David Pratt. Jackson is the son of Karen and Andrew Whittemore. We are very honored and pleased to have Jackson with us this evening. From all of us, we do hope you have a very delightful evening, Mr. Whittemore.”

“Are they seriously treating me like this?” Jackson rolls his eyes forcefully.

Jennifer giggles slightly, moving her hand lower to almost entangle their fingers together in Jackson’s show of appreciation for all this toleration.
More words from the esteemed presenters for this show, not too long, and the presentation ended having everyone act like a plane already in the air for travel.

“You certainly do know how to make yourself stand out,” a deep voice calls out from the crowd.

It takes away from more greetings and pleasantries Jennifer and Jackson may have missed upon arrival, certainly one Jackson would’ve taken notice.

“I didn’t think you would make it!” Jennifer says, dragging Jackson along.

Jackson walks over to see a very tall, semi-bald, older man standing all around with the strong sense of respect overwhelming him.

Sturdy and built, even through the thickness of his suit, it is quite clear.

“Jackson, this is Ennis Bardou.”

Ennis outstretches his hand first and Jackson takes it willingly.

“And I’m Jack…”

“Jackson Whittemore. I know who you are,” Ennis rapidly answers.

“I suppose it’s hard to actually hide when you are being announced to everyone here.”

Ennis laughs politely, dismissing it with the wink of his eye; “I’ve actually known about you for a while now.”

“The Whittemore name carries weight if I didn’t know any better. However, given the fact I have known that my entire life, what can I expect, right?”

“True, I can go ahead and give you that but I actually heard about you from my sons.”

“Oh, how are they? Why aren’t they here?” Jennifer interjects with.

“They are doing well but they had some other responsibilities to take care of so they weren’t able to make it,” Ennis replies solemnly.

“Sons?” Jackson questions, sounding intrigued.

“Yeah, Ennis here has two boys. And very attractive too.”

“Erhmmmm,” Jackson clears his throat.

“Oh stop,” Jennifer pulls Jackson closer, her actions making Jackson behave.

“Yes, twin boys actually. Ethan and Aiden,” Ennis finishes off.

Jackson’s smiles of confidence are shaken tersely, taking a more serious approach.

“Those are your sons?” Jackson inquires again, wondering if he heard correctly.

“Yes, they are. Is there a problem?” Ennis smirks, revealing his enormous teeth hidden behind the giant mouth.

“Oh---no. I just wasn’t aware I had actually met them already and they mentioned me to you,” Jackson replies steadily, the composure coming back.
“Don’t worry, they only mentioned good things,” Ennis winks.

“I’m sure.”

“Hey, look! The dj is already setting up. I hope you brought your dancing shoes.”

Jackson looks around to indeed see a dj’s station all ready, huffing and puffing in less than pleasing happiness.

“A dj? Here? Isn’t that a bit…..strange?” Jackson says, first effort to dismiss the proposition.

“Don’t tell me you’re actually 30. We are still young so why not have some fun?”

She does have a valid point.

“Besides, you owe me,” Jennifer reminds him.

“You got me,” Jackson laughs softly.

“Have fun,” Ennis says, walking away to another group of adults huddled up around the open bar.

Back at their table, Anna excitedly questions whether or not they will be the first ones to break open the dance floor, Jennifer giving them the go ahead if they are willing.

Anna and her date are; “I’ll be waiting!” Anna calls behind her back.

Jennifer tosses her heels into the air, replacing them with a pair of flats but when she stands up to remove the spongy part of her dress, Jackson jumps in front to grab her hands, appalled by her actions in the middle of a large crowd.

“It’s just tucked in and tied, I can remove it at any time,” Jennifer giggles, taking it off to reveal a good sized, fluid skirt.

“Look at you all worried about me.”

Jackson actually allows himself to smile truthfully, taking off his jacket as Jennifer works his tie.

The whole hour, the dj switches to and fro from all varieties, even playing some two-step country Jennifer follows with easily.

A bit stiffer, Jackson ends up having her lead during that one, developing two left feet replacing steady rhythm.

Forget about hip-hop, rap, and ballroom; Jackson nailed those.

At the very end, per special request, no guesses needed, a steady ballad personally invites everyone for one last dance before the end of time.

Biting her lip, Jennifer graces herself extremely close to Jackson’s body. Placing both hands up and over his shoulders, closing them around his neck; “Feeling better?” she asks quietly.

It’s a rare moment to treasure forever.

The crowd had thinned out in respect, leaving them to privately stand swinging back and forth, no longer dancing but entranced in each other’s embrace.
They break, but only when Jackson takes Jennifer’s hand into his own to give her the kiss of an actual princess, right at the top.

Like a Hollywood movie, the whole crowd cheers, clapping happily to see an actual fairytale style date become reality.

Within a time span of thirty minutes, Jennifer has already bid her farewells to everyone, her parents giving her time to bid Jackson a goodnight just outside the doors.

“We hope you spent your time well and had nothing less than a good evening, Mr. Whittemore.”

“Maybe my father wants to hear about this later,” Jackson snarks at Jennifer, allowing each person to say goodbye to him personally.

Jennifer isn’t bothered at all, she can speak for herself to know the evening went better than originally planned; the whole day for that matter.

“So…have fun?” Jennifer asks sarcastically.

Jackson smiles, “I sure did.”

“So, I know you’re here til Sunday but I do have to ask. Have any plans for tomorrow?”

“You know what? I would love to hear what you and I will be doing,” Jackson responds.

“Well, that depends on you. We can we do tomorrow?”

“I’m very certain we can think of something,”

The giggles, hints, small shoves of playfulness, “Get a room you two!” Anna screams out her car.

“Just text me later or tomorrow morning and we can go from there like today,” Jackson says.

“Of course. See you tomorrow then,” Jennifer asks.

There is no question to another embrace for their farewell.

Jackson rides a good high going back to his hotel, listening to a few cheerful songs playing on Spotify.

“Cullen, you’re still here?” Jackson says, walking in to see him having some coffee on a lobby chair.

“Well, you do have your father’s car after all,” Cullen remarks.

“Fair enough,” Jackson replies, handing over the key to Cullen in no doubt will be the return to his Mr. Whittemore’s possession.

“And also to let you know then deal has been made. Your father will be the next candidate for state governor.”

“Well, that is something,” Jackson huffs, seeing how all the pieces came into place for his father’s sake.

“We’ll be having a sort of congratulatory celebration down here in the lobby so be prepared, again,” Cullen sighs.
“Well, appreciation and kissing ass is something we all know very much about,” Jackson quips.

“But I think I already have mine red from all of this, don’t you?” Cullen remarks, Jackson smiling at his quick wit.

“So, I take it you are feeling better from earlier?”

“Right…earlier,” Jackson thinks.

The thought of having the first drawback in such a long while, was indeed long gone; Jennifer mended those wounds already.

“All in the past,” Jackson comments. “All in the past.”

“Have a good night, Jackson,” Cullen exits with.

“You too, Cullen.”

Back in his hotel room, Jackson undresses properly to hang up his suit and leave it for the dry cleaners.

Upon pulling his phone for the inside of his jacket, tonight’s plans took away what little energy Jackson had mustered up to endure the remainder of the day.

Well spent, what Jackson had promised was either talking or arguing about their issue later on when he came back, the first option more preferable then the other.

Jackson takes a seat atop his cushioned recliner.

**Jackson: “Hey.”**

A message seems a bit appropriate before the tension to see each other again goes away.

**Jackson: “Are you busy?”**

The second message can be taken with attitude if Stiles is still feeling bitter and not any better. However, the only practice Jackson has ever known is with Lydia and she seemed to change from one split second to another.

**Stiles: “No, I’m just downstairs in the living room and heading up to my room.”**

“He’s talking to me at least,” Jackson whispers.

**Stiles: “Give me a minute and I can call you.”**

**Jackson: “Sure.”**

Jackson’s phone sits comfortably as Jackson rests it in front of him, removing his white tee he wore to catch most of his sweat.

Stiles call enters, Jackson answers but lifting his arms to smell his armpits if he would take a shower tonight or leave it til tomorrow.

“I can smell the stench from here,” Stiles coughs, shooing away the bad odors.

“It’s not that bad is it?” Jackson questions rhetorically.
“Well, maybe not,” Stiles answers, breaking a shy grin off to the side.

“So, how was the party?” Stiles asks on.

“Good, good. Ate, danced, and became the center of attention. It was normal.”


“Pretty good if I do say so myself,” Jackson puffs proudly.

“Yeah, I think that’s already a given.”

“Well, what about you? How did your evening go?”

“Eh, I finished up some homework and then gamed for a bit. Fun night.”

Stiles shifts on his bed, Jackson lowers his body to crouch over; arms over his knees.

Quiet on both sides, warm breathes and beating hearts dominate their patience.

“Hey.”

It’s simultaneous, harmonic.

“You—you can go first,” Stiles says, nodding.

Jackson takes his phone onto the bed, sitting still.

“I—uh—I just wanted to say, I’m—I’m sorry for what happened earlier. You were probably having an off day and I just happened to make it worse and I know I tend to do that.”

Jackson can’t face forward into the screen but Stiles can sense the nervousness settling itself within him.

“Off doesn’t even begin to explain it,” Stiles replies, shying away as well.

He isn’t doing any better.

“But I’m just glad this day is done and over with though. Just put all of this behind us and leave it there.”

Stiles arm movies around his neck, scratching an invisible itch he knows he has.

“And I want to apologize too for taking out all this frustration on you too. I don’t think I’d be able to tell you what it is since I don’t know either but maybe….”

The words become harder to pass but come on now.

Honesty.

“Maybe I hate to admit it’s jealous on a small scale but maybe so.”

“……*gulp*……”

“But hey, all this behind us and gone.”

Stiles can see the emptiness in Jackson’s eyes for the very first time.
“And gone….RIGHT?!?!”

Jackson takes his phone into his hand, giving a very direct sight into those heartless pupils.

“You’re seeing her tomorrow again, aren’t you?” Stiles demands to know.

“What’s the big deal?!? She’s a friend, in town, I haven’t seen her in a while, she wants to hang out and I want to spend time with her.”

“What’s wrong with that?! What’s wrong?!? I mean, are we both looking at her with the same eyes or not?!”

“You said forget about this so let’s forget about it,” Jackson attempts to dismiss it.

“But you also said we can argue or talk about this later so let’s do both right now!” Stiles angrily bites back.

“Let’s talk about how she took you to the beach where she knows she can see you half naked. Not to mention giving you a ‘not so special’ privilege of looking at her the same way. Let’s talk about how she literally serenaded you with a complete love song at the music bar. Let’s talk about she asked you to be her one and only date a day before a big event in a young girls life, walking in with nobody other than the famous Jackson Whittemore.”

Speechless, Jackson is.

“You said you could have said no but you didn’t. And you want me to go ahead and believe that you could’ve have? Did you say no to hanging out with her tomorrow? Did you?”

………..

“No,” Jackson answers. “I didn’t”

A playful shyness is overtaken by a world renowned Hale scowl.

“I’m with you. Doesn’t that mean anything?” Jackson harshly grits.

“Nice of you to remember,” Stiles puffs, returning the glare.

Jackson plants himself firmly on his next choice of words

“You know, I could say something about you too. Of almost everyone out there, I’ve met some pretty outrageous characters, those who you often know are everything you hope you’d never be, never want to meet or become. I convinced myself you were a nice, different surprise. I’ve never been happier to know I was right all along.”

“Goodnight.”

Chapter End Notes

Here we go, the next chapter. My heart was hurting with this one but I think I’m over exaggerating because this is only another beginning. It’s going to be one heck of a ride. For now, as always, enjoy.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

"Be there for each other."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Restless.

Stiles body lays quiet and motionless, sprawled all over his bed with the air swelling inside his lungs, up and down his chest shifts.

Transitioning from his bed, to his desk, to the floor; placing himself with legs hanging outside his window with the cool air tickling his bare feet is where serenity is found.

Gazing past still trees in the foreground, the moon is gently whispering its full circle arrival, a quarter almost complete.

In the presence of its light, Stiles inhales deeply, feeling invigorated tremendously by the moon’s pale reflection upon his skin.

Immersed, Stiles closes his eyes, transmitting his peace into the stars.

However, it falls short to land right into Jackson’s dream; a hard knock is more of what wakes him from his slumber.

Growling, Jackson wakes with eyes shut tightly, waiting for another hand to smack the wood.

Silent.

Troubled, Jackson’s breaths are still shaken in not being able to sense anyone around.

In an instant, frosty chills sweep across Jackson’s back, hands trembling over his motions to reach his jacket draped across his comforter.

Jackson’s laziness wins over to not walk over to the thermostat and adjust the temperature, figuring this could and is better.

Wrapping it around closely zips it almost entirely around his body, stitching it up is the only other solution for warmth.

It’s tempting, although Jackson catches a strong scent of perfume lingering on the piece from a few hours ago.

Potent.

Familiar.

Jennifer’s own aroma replaces the one she masked herself with last night, Jackson sniffing intently to
inhale it all.

She seemed to be the only one who is now on Jackson’s good side, trying desperately to make sure Jackson is happy no matter what.

And given the tension build up from Stiles last night, it’s a huge relief she will be the one to make all his misery and pain go away as she so had promised.

Familiar is the right word though, Jackson being placed on his same pedestal he complains atop time to time.

“She gets me,” Jackson shouts quietly.

A hum echo bounces from all the walls back into his ears, listening carefully to what he just spoke.

Hearing it again, the words almost make sense but good is good enough here; it will work in this case.

Across his bed, Jackson sees 2:27am marked on the digital clock.

Rather early, Jackson heads off to bed; anxious to pass the next few hours is an understatement.

Back in Beacon Hills, Stiles has inched his way forward, gracing the shingles laid atop his roof with his bum. The aurora around him has waned thin, leaving his physique to shiver but like a punishment meant to be served; Stiles doesn’t move an inch to relieve his pain or discomfort.

The time feels early and later all the same, no wanting to check it in the slightest to see what the hour will read; afraid, possibly.

Nevertheless, human nature is to rest at night; fatigue settling in close and tightly around Stiles eyes.

A struggle to find sleep, stranger things have certainly happened.

Rest is the right word, Stiles is severely lacking in that department.

At the mindlessness of not having a quiet, settled brain, the clock ticks seem louder and irritatingly hopeless to escape.


Stiles head falls softly onto his pillow, back in bed.

Sudden magic, snores are all that surround the walls of the Stilinski home.

At the start of a new morning, Stiles is already on his back, eyes open wide with moody groans. The rest of the darkness was spent dreading the morning sunrise.

Saturday; no school, no reason to rise early and yet, here Stiles is.

Not that his mood depicts the reality of how he feels.

Walking back around to the window he crawled out a few hours ago, Stiles sees his dad in the garage carrying boxes into his patrol car.

Pacing faster on his downward drop on the stairs, more boxes lined up the back door; sprawled in
several different directions.

Looking ahead, the sheriff is checking one after the other, finding certain folders and tossing the boxes after he is done rummaging around for what he seeks.

“Spring is practically gone and now is when ‘cleaning’ pops up into your head?”

The sheriff tosses another box aside, narrowly missing Stiles bare feet, relying on Stiles dumb luck to not see him get hurt.

Stiles nods at the slight miss, mindlessly picking at the contents within to satiate his curiosity.

“Old police files?” Stiles grunts.

A few dates Stiles views are well past his own years, the wonder rising to want to know what exactly his father is doing with them.

“Checking through some old cases to help with the new ones,” the sheriff says, gazing over to notice the confusion etching itself on his son’s face.

“Some of these attacks, murders, sightings and happenings; I remember hearing about back when I was about your age. Figured it wouldn’t hurt to actually look through some of these to see if I can find some sort of correlation. Or maybe something I might have missed. You know….before…..”

The words stop themselves from rearing their heads out of the sheriff’s mouth but Stiles turns around to actually watch his father continue.

“Before?” Stiles questions with his head.

“Well, before I get any older,” the sheriff answers.

Another box is angled to where it drops at the bottom of another shelf where a few more are patiently waiting.

“Hand me a couple of those there, will you, Stiles?”

Flailing hand motions speaks for themselves as the sheriff is back faced with Stiles staring right at it.

“Why not?” Stiles shrugs, picking up a couple of small ones to place gently by his dad’s feet.

As Stiles returns to the back of the garage, he picks up another box to move it aside and then a hard THUNK; a medium sized book falls behind the shelf.

Reaching for it, Stiles easy grabs hold, dusting it off carefully for it reeks like it’s a century old.

Propping it open carefully, the dust washes itself away through the air with Stiles being able to see it is not a book but a photo album, long lost but now found.

“Talk about traveling back in time,” Stiles hums.

All the photos decorating the pages are classic, using timely old camera’s Stiles knows required a huge bulb with a big flash.

The first few were careful shots of the sheriff, “You photographed well in your youth, old man.”

After a couple of pages, all were priceless, beautiful portraits of Stiles mother.
Various locations and never the same angle twice but carrying those loving eyes and gentle smile Stiles remembers.

One photo in particular, portraying his mom and dad at the carnival, called out secretly to Stiles as he takes it into his hands.

The delicate image shows his dad shooting a water gun to win a prize with his mom excitedly cheering him on.

Smiling, Stiles turns it over to see some very faint writing. Barely legible but not completely invisible.

“My hot shot,” it reads.

No doubt Stiles’ mother was the one who wrote it and gave to his father for safe keeping, the memories it holds and the prediction it has made come true.

“Find something?” papa Stilinski asks, wondering what could be the hold up.

“No, nothing,” Stiles replies back, bringing the package round the front.

The photo tucks itself away within Stiles shorts, cuddled between both fabrics including his tee.

The sheriff simply takes the last box Stiles brings him, lifting it gently to take outside to the trunk.

“I’ll be back later,” the old man whistles.

Stiles is left like a widow saying goodbye to her husband in being drafted for the war.

Prom queen waves are given as a hearty goodbye, wondering what time, if any mentioned, the sheriff would be back.

Not that Stiles isn’t already accustomed to having his father leave randomly and be gone for several hours at a time.

No.

The sullen reality of being lonely, physically and spiritually, has Stiles wishing his father wouldn’t leave this time around.

Nevermind how with one small text to Scott, asking him to come over, Scott would grow wings and fly quickly to stay at Stiles side without any questions asked.

The secret is still being kept tight, under the radar, and no where near speaking freely and openly about.

“Oh boy…..” Stiles sighs.

The heated anger from last night haunts Stiles, sending cold chills creeping down his spine.

Rubbing his arms doesn’t help, and in the middle of the driveway catching a few rays of sun, cold sweat beads drop down his sore back.

Stiles phone hadn’t made the trip downstairs and into the garage, remaining in the same spot it had been since last night.
Stiles isn’t budging, fervent in believing he is, without a doubt, right.

Jackson should buzz in and apologize any minute now. Or at least call so Stiles can angrily hung up on him for still being upset at his poor choices.

Or maybe having him wait to feel the unrelenting guilt wouldn’t be so bad.

Stiles avoids his phone intentionally at all costs, right now at least.

Back at the hotel, Jackson is downstairs, sweating up a bit of a storm at the gym.

Outdoors is settled as being the best option for a much needed run and Jackson takes to the streets leading him up to the mountains.

The notion of following a certain crowd up a hill has Jackson gaining ground but at his own pace and space.

The higher up the crowd climbs, the more sparse they become, allowing Jackson to see a hidden path dividing him away from the others.

He takes it, instinctively.

As such, rampart thoughts align his figure down and forward; driving his physical body into a heavy thicket of trees and shrubs.

In seconds, Jackson is scampering on all fours, utilizing thick trees to launch further up; faster and harder.

If anyone were nearby, the wouldn’t be able to see much beyond a dim blur. Although they would sense a strong breeze hit them after the delayed presence of whatever it was that passed.

After each helping tree, Jackson’s hands were leaving faint indents from his claws; already bursting out the moment his fingers touched solid ground.

Jackson’s knees began bending further, allowing a very natural position that felt all too familiar; his head lined up in perfect symmetry with his spine with broad shoulders backing him up.

The feeling is invigorating!

It helps turn his still staining anger into a healthy outlet and not allow his human feelings attain the best of him, but it was only for a split moment.

Within a long intake of air to help refuel his lungs for a longer stay in this form, Jackson’s senses belie his being, smelling what he believes to be the autumn scent he has come to favor emanating from a splendid source.

“Sti---SHIT!!”

Jackson’s feet tangle up like spaghetti, missing a hole he otherwise would have seen if not for slipping out of his current trance.

Toppling over like a leaning tower of Jenga pieces, Jackson attempts to catch himself leaning forward too much. However, his legs aren’t cooperating and they get the impression Jackson is demanding to jump so they give a kick sending Jackson flying onto his back.

A strong cloud of dust picks up when Jackson lands with a hard SMACK in the dirt, obscuring his
There are no words to overtake his embarrassment.

Ahead, few voices can be heard although they do seem to be fading away at a steady pace; running or walking away from Jackson’s direction instead of towards.

It’s a pleasant feeling to see them go as Jackson can’t fathom them jogging over to lend him a helping hand after watching him tumble over, like someone getting their ass handed to them.

However, the question is to what degree did Jackson start heading back to the main road?

Whatever the case, it saves him the trouble of having to find it to head back to the hotel.

Back in his room, Cullen had already advised Jackson has the privilege of spending the day however he wants; no news yet.

“No matter. Jennifer already mentioned she had something planned for us today anyway,” Jackson says.

“Really, now? Are you two playing nice?” Cullen slyly questions.

“I suppose we are. Just friends catching up.”

Cullen isn’t pleased with the response, thinking it can’t be more formal than mentioned.

“Is something wrong with her? Having problems of some sort?”

Without making it seem like Cullen is out of place to ask such an absurdity, he is quite curious nonetheless.

“No. She’s great for who she is and I like her…”

Jennifer: “Hey, make sure you dress light today. We are going to give a try to the impossible.”

“And a bit crazy,” Jackson finishes off.

“Well, have fun and I’ll keep you posted about anything else.”

Cullen exits Jackson’s room, perturbed by the answer given and frowns solemnly out of Jackson’s way.

Jackson: “The impossible, huh? I believe anything is possible.”

Jennifer: “Good to know, ;).”

Jennifer: “I’ll be there to pick you up in about ten minutes. Be downstairs and ready.”

Jackson: “I’ll see you in a bit.”

The ten minutes easily pass the whole elevator ride down and into the lobby.

Just as she had ordered, Jackson trades dress slacks for summer shorts; thin enough to wear comfortably, thick enough to feel like a decent pair of clothing. A rather dark blue but breezy polo.
Semi-athletic tennis knowing all too well their adventures for today aren’t going to be anything less than simply walking around being casual.

“Hey! Ready?!”

Jennifer barges in, catching Jackson by surprise with her enthusiasm flying through the roof.

It’s almost as if Jennifer is charged with pounds of sugar and gallons of caffeine.

Jennifer displays further tidbits of her physique, wearing small clothing clenching her skin like an extra layer. A bright, pink top is all over her upper body but it seems more like workout gear.

Comparing them side to side, Jennifer looks more prepared to run in a Spartan race and Jackson sitting at the side lines to congratulate her on the accomplishment.

Jackson almost walks backwards to change, to be more…at level but Jennifer simply runs up to grab him before he escapes.

“Don’t worry, you look good and we are going to have a great time.”

With a warm touch, Jennifer reaches over to lay a gentle hand on Jackson’s shoulder; eyes making good promise, today will produce nothing but smiles.

Unnecessary but uncompromising is Jennifer’s will to fulfill her life’s duty it would seem.

Jackson does take it to be a bit much until he remembers why Jennifer is over-stressing herself immensely.

The look of her eyes reminds Jackson telling her about his little mishap last night with Stiles. Not to mention it got worse later on that evening; escalating with her as the main subject of their argument.

However, without having to relay any sort of information, Jackson can only guess she feels he isn’t doing better this morning; her promise carrying over to today.

“Hey, can you give me a minute? I need to go to the bathroom.”

“Of course.”

Jackson rapidly paces away from any circling bodies around the main entrance, slowly hiding in a small hallway retired well away from the receptionist’s desk.

There, he carefully views no one in sight to turn his back around and touch one of the walls, placing himself visibly to see anyone enter or exit, just in case he may have missed something.

There, like the secrets of the world are contained within his cellular device, Jackson pulls it into absolute view to see nothing from Stiles.

For a few minutes, Jackson fails to remember why he was such in a bad humor in the first place. Almost like nothing had ever happened and it seemed silly, or stupid, to be upset.

Jackson sighs, lifting up his hands to pinch his sinuses in deep thought. Running through the scenario inside his head, all the details point to it being Stiles fault; convincing himself nothing was done wrong on his part.

There was going to be no breaking on Jackson’s part. The leave to meet back with Jennifer is stern and correct.
Coming round the corner, Jennifer smiles shyly, awaiting Jackson to crawl or pace carefully back to her side.

“She cares and I can give her that,” Jackson thinks.

There are no more words spoken, just quietness all throughout the car ride through the clouds leading up to the impossible.

After ten minutes of smooth concrete, Jackson notices Jennifer settles comfortably in her seat; leaning off to one side as well as releasing one arm from the wheel.

“It’s probably going to be a while,” Jackson mumbles.

“But well worth it,” Jennifer quips back.

Turning over to lean on her right side is the better option, moving forward a tad to adjust her body straighter, ready and willing to swap a few more words.

“So……..what are you into?”

Or interests.

Jackson retracts his motion in digging through his pocket to fetch out his headphones, turning to his left in a slight gesture of paying attention.

“Lacrosse,” Jackson answers blatantly.

“Yes, yes. I know that one already. But there has to be something else, right?”

“Food?”

“I like food.”

“Music?”

“Great to listen to.”

“Oh geeze. You sure haven’t changed since we were young.”

Jennifer laughs with Jackson’s responses, reading him better than a mystery novel.

“What’s with the interrogation? I’m not about to be kidnapped am I?”

The door CLICKS with child lock safely in place.

“Of course not,” Jennifer winks.

“I just…you know. Want to know what types of things are you into so I could….maybe get into them myself.”

“You’re life’s not all that exciting, huh?” Jackson jokes.

“You ass!” Jennifer laughs back, punching Jackson’s shoulder like a bro.

“But seriously…wouldn’t it be nice if we could do stuff together?”

Jackson scrunches his face a bit sourly.
“I suppose so…” Jackson hums.

After his last remark, Jennifer considers she may not be approaching Jackson as smoothly as she had been since yesterday.

They both sit in relative silence for the remainder of the ride, Jennifer listening to music exiting the car and Jackson occupied by his phone.

Actually, Jackson was taking the small time he had to answer back a message from Derek he had received rather early; Derek wanting to know if Jackson had encountered any trouble while out there.

**Derek: “Staying out of trouble?”**

**Jackson: “Yes sir. Nothing more to report except what I had mentioned already.”**

Without even asking, Derek got wind of Ennis, although no names were mentioned; “Just a small encounter with a fatherly werewolf,” Jackson said.

**Derek: “Keep me updated.”**

**Jackson: “If that’s what you want.”**

Within a few breaths, Jackson keeps taping his phone.

**Jackson: “Hey…”**

In a flash.

**Derek: “What?”**

As Jackson deeply intakes air, the push of steam creates a foggy blanket obscuring Jackson’s mind.

**Jackson: “Nevermind.”**

**Derek: “Okay then.”**

Crossed arms signal a not so pleasant sensation emanating throughout Jackson’s brain, wracking it unsteady. Almost crossing his legs as well, Jackson’s mobile chimes in a last time with Jennifer pulling the last few feet into a jungle view.

**Derek: “I’m not his responsibility, you are.”**

In his head, Jackson can hear sarcastic words climb through his ear lobs and ooze out over his palms. “I know…” he whispers.

Heavy sweat beads down his forehead, streaming down while cooling the seat a bit more with the help of a full blown AC running.

“You say something?” Jennifer chimes.

Jackson straightens his upper body methodically.

“No. Nothing,” he rings back.
Stretched out, Jennifer brings her legs up, carefully hugging the steering wheel as she tilts forward to see hope on the horizon.

Jackson is charmed further to the windshield, seeing medium shaped figures launching themselves from atop a cliff, screaming for dear life.

“Heh….ha..ha…ha…oh god…..”

“Ready to fly?! ” Jennifer squeals

Back downstairs, Stiles hadn’t moved or attempted to go anywhere, although he does take a crack at making some pancakes to munch on.

Call it a small bout of spider-sensation, Stiles anticipates Scott's presence.

Refreshing to know Stiles silent cries sometimes do not go unheard.

Outside, Scott trails the house close enough to smell the intense heat beginning to light the stove.

Scott paces a little faster, remembering the slight misadventure they had one time Melissa stayed out late one morning at the hospital while both, Scott and Stiles tummies, were rumbling for bacon.

Speaking for everyone, fire does not mix with McCall’s or Stilinski’s.’

Scott almost bursts through the front door, Stiles doesn’t’ flinch.

A buttered delight parks softly back on the pan Stiles is using to create each one.

“Breakfast?” Stiles asks, not turning around just yet.

“Are they burnt?” Scott jokes, coming up close to the table; relieved.

“Practice makes perfect.”

Stiles swings over the leaning tower of flapjacks, setting them centerfold at the table, bowing to show his excellence.

“Not bad,” Scott applauds.

The sniffs of victory are already passed well done with Scott turning curiously eyeing over to see the stove still ablaze, climbing rapidly towards the ceiling.

Stiles carefully speeds forward, avoiding any flammable material to catch wind, turning it low.

“Alright, almost perfect.”

Scott notices the flame still burning, wondering if Stiles could be waiting on someone else to come by, maybe yes, maybe no; Scott had certainly helped himself.

“I hope burning scraps isn’t the only thing on the menu this morning.”

Isaac graciously allows himself inside the home, smiling curiously at Scott who blushes down and sideways.

“Good thing the house didn’t burn down or you would be the hero to save me AFTER I am charred down to a crisp.”
“Oh you…” Isaac’s eyes respond, walking right past Stiles to open back up the fridge to pull out some eggs.

“May I?” Isaac asks, taking up the already lit burner.

Stiles raises his hands up and away from Isaac’s space, deciding to prep more batter for more flaps for jacks.

Isaac gently lays strips of bacon beside each egg being cooked, the whole house fuming with sizzling flavor.

“Knock, knock! I couldn’t resist the delicious aroma.”

Allison allows herself a smooth passage through the kitchen door, taking note of Scott sitting quietly at the table like a small child waiting to be fed.

She decides to put her efforts elsewhere, grabbing glasses for juice and plates for food, setting them in front of each empty chair.

“Not bad,” Allison nudges Isaac. “Where did you learn to cook?”

“With the greatest motivator of them all, Derek,” Isaac sighs. “First morning I spent at his house, Derek made this incredible breakfast, you’d think he should have been a chef if not anything else. As he sat down, I went in to grab some from the setting in front of him and he quickly smacked my hand away. Then he said in his Derek manner, ‘Eggs, bacon and anything else are in the fridge, pots are in the cupboard, dishes are in the cabinet.’”

The whole gang smiles sheepishly; Derek can be one hell of a motivator.

Stiles finishes a few more stacks of pancakes, placing them centerfold and in equal reach of everyone around the table.

Allison helps Isaac fill each plate with a couple of eggs and two strips of bacon, knowing well he isn’t anything like a common Hale.

Scott brings out the juice to rest atop the counter after he had gotten up for a drink, saving the trouble to keep going to the fridge to take it out.

As the host, Stiles takes the last chair after the others had taken theirs, making sure he had done a good job.

Mouths closed but with sounds of ‘mmmmmm’ give Stiles the okay he can take his seat to enjoy a home cooked meal.

After a late, almost brunch, breakfast, no one is allowing Stiles to pick up after them, each taking their dishes to the sink and thoroughly washing their tableware.

Once done, Allison and Isaac challenge each other to 1v1 on Stiles video games, seeing who would be better with Scott and Stiles choosing sides.

Neither one did, leaving Allison and Isaac to prove who was the top dog in this house.

A few minutes into the match, Scott confidently turns to the side of the couch where he is at to grab Stiles’ attention away from the tv screen.

“Hey, so…how’s Jackson?” Scott asks.
The question brings a sudden shock into Stiles heart.

“I-I don’t know,” Stiles stupidly answers back, checking his phone for any notices.

“Okay, just thought you might know something,” Scott replies, sounding way too calm with his expression.

“Yeah well, you know you can always ask Derek,” Stiles says, attempting to sound dismissive about the subject in general.

However, Stiles can’t seem to let it go for the better of him.

“Scott, can I ask you something?”

Scott perks up his ears intently, turning his whole body almost completely towards Stiles direction and waiting patiently for Stiles question.

“Does-I mean-Do you like Jackson?”

“Well, giving how these new bad guys are after him and I said our plan is to protect him, do you think otherwise?”

Scott smiles but is waffling around the subject matter.

“Right…the plan,” Stiles huffs out. “I get the ‘plan’ but you still haven’t answered my question. Do you like Jackson?”

“*sigh*…..I don’t hate the guy. But come on, you can’t deny he isn’t exactly the nicest guy in school.”

In defeat, Stiles sighs and rolls his eyes away from Scott’s view.

“Do YOU like him?”

Startled, Stiles feels someone has pulled his body straight into cold water.

Allison is never wrong, he needs to let Scott know sooner or later, but the pressure!

Stiles squirms, wiggling in his chair, with stuttered breaths stopping his words.

“Well…haha…you know…I-I just think—*erhm.* *ERHM*….you see…”

“Yes!! Victory!” Allison cheers loudly.

“Who won!?!” Scott yells in the same volume, giving his full awareness to the details screen after the match.

Allison: KDR 10-0, Isaac: KDR 0-10.

“Duuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu
Crossing his legs Indian style, Scott plops down besides Isaac as they restart a fresh match.

When Allison rounds the corner, she catches Stiles lifting his shirt up and fanning himself with a half folded newspaper.

“You know, maybe I don’t have to tell him? I mean, what’s the harm if he doesn’t really know? It’s not like this is a life of death situation. Maybe he can just know without knowing, you know?”

“I don’t think Scott can know without knowing,” Allison replies, understanding full well Stiles hasn’t said anything.

“Yeah, well. Maybe he shouldn’t know.”

At his last statement, Allison watches Stiles check his phone for the third time during their visit but squeeze the plastic cover around his mobile, making is squeak.

“Are you okay? What happened?” Allison requests to know.

Stiles eyes almost want to speak for themselves, begging Allison to give him a hug for comfort but his mouth beats him to it.

“Nothing or…I don’t know. Maybe we can talk about this later,” Stiles dismisses.

“A tie! Let’s go ahead and do a best two out of three.”

“You’re on!”

“Well, we do have some time right now,” Allison suggests.

Stiles leans over to see Scott and Isaac struggling for gaming dominance.

“Alright, let’s go outside.”

Two werewolves with excellent hearing, talking near them is like ear candy for their sake.

In nature’s presence, Stiles guides Allison near a small garden the sheriff tends to every now and then during his spare time.

“So, what happened?” Allison asks for the second time.

However, responding back proves to be more difficult than usual as Stiles cannot stay on eye level with her.

“Nothing happened really. Just the same old, same old stuff that happens in any relationship, you know. I mean, it’s not like I didn’t know this was going to happen at some point and time but maybe it wasn’t going to either. Just caught me off guard, haha.”

“Stiles, stop. Just tell me.”

“We-uh….we-uh…kind-of fought last night.”

The admission already out, Stiles spends a solid twenty minutes regaling Allison of everything that happened, leading up to the disaster and the now.

“Are you two broken up?”
“No. At least, I don’t think we are.”

On habit, Stiles checks his pocket to notice he didn’t bring his phone outside, leaving it placed gently on the counter next to the coffee pot.

“Has he tried texting or calling you?”

“No.”

“Have you tried texting or calling him?”

“No.”

“Why?

Very vague, it’s not clear which why Allison is asking about but Stiles finds a universal answer for both.

“Because we are both stubborn mules.”

Allison hates to sigh in agreement although she also feels like a relationship counselor, ready to give Stiles his next piece of helpful advice which hopefully will propel him in the right direction to fix things with Jackson.

“Look, you already know, better than Scott, how Jackson really is. He won’t be the first one to apologize so you need to.”

A snide insinuation to think Stiles needs to be the first to apologize, the mere mention is appalling.

Just then, Scott makes an appearance, giving way he and Isaacs’ matches are over.

“Hey, Isaac and I were about to head into town since I need to run some errands. You guys want to come along?”

“No thanks, I can’t,” Allison responds. “I promised my dad I would help him move some equipment we have to another safe location and Lydia is dying for me to go shopping with her. She’s convinced me she is walking around naked with nothing to wear.”

“Alright, one vote for no.”

Scott eagerly turns his attention at Stiles, hoping he would be the one to come in and save the day.

“Sorry, Scott. I can’t either. My dad is looking through some old police files and I thought I would give him a hand.”

“Hey, no worries. Guess it’s just us two!”

Scott winks rather childishly, elbowing Isaac for fun; Stiles gazes over to see Isaac melt like total putty in Scott’s hands.

Back inside, they all bunch up together in the living room but only to grab whatever items might be absent-mindedly left behind.

For crying out loud, Stiles examines his phone in much better detail, going through the actual applications, hoping to find something along the small lines hope isn’t lost.
Bidding a small see-you-later for now, Scott and Isaac gallop away as Allison purposely remains behind for a few seconds.

“You need to talk to him,” she hums.

“I know,” Stiles whispers. “I know….”

Melancholic, Allison struggles to give a reassuring smile before her exit, but nothing allows herself to urge more and more the notion to speak up.

Back inside the garage, packing up piles and piles of paper, Stiles remains; moving boxes from one end all the way down to the other.

Time feels endless, longing, engulfing and void.

The shadows of a lingering darkness cloud sturdy optimism.

Light tip-toes reach heavy stomps clunking around the dormant halls of sadness.

However darkness falls, a dim candle burns brightly in the howling winds of despair.

Stiles’ beating drum keeps him steady and standing still.

The whole world spinning around, Stiles almost falls faint on a very severe lack of oxygen emptying from his head.

Still steady, Stiles reaches up, covering his entire left chest area and pushing his hand further down as if almost checking to see if his heart is still beating.

A stern breath exits his mouth, forcing his chest to push itself back up and his hand away as a sure sign he is doing better.

The rest of the day goes by silently, only the steady rhythm of a metronome keeping tempo beats on.

“Come on!! This will be fun!!”

Jennifer is pushing a very reluctant Jackson up the entire small cliff to reach the take-off ledge at the top.

Once there, only a few brave souls have joined in their insane attempt at taking an ironic turn in risking their lives to live fully.

In a matter of two other individuals standing ahead of them, Jackson inhales deeply to calm his nerves down a fraction of how high they have escalated right now.

No success.

Jennifer had intentionally roped Jackson into bringing him along on a paragliding trip round the city.

“She wasn’t kidding about doing the impossible,” Jackson thinks.

Standing fairly close to the clouds, feeling a slight tingle for a small decrease of oxygen supply, Jackson grows tense with anxiety.
As the other two people are strapping in, almost ready to take off, an instructor comes over to them, throwing all his questions out with Jennifer answering them easily.

“How many?”

“Two”

“Single glider or duel?”

“Duel”

The man curiously eyes Jennifer for answering in wanting a duel glider instead of having them each take one with an instructor above, guiding them the whole way down.

The man eyes Jackson walking away although he hates to admit Jennifer might be the one experienced.

“Have any of you used one before?”

“Yes. I have a couple of years experience,” Jennifer huffs back.

Toes stepped, the man backs off slightly after his last question to find out what size they would be wearing for gear.

“I think we are both medium.”

Heading out to bring back their harness, Jennifer goes back to where Jackson had aimed to leave without her taking notice.

The nervousness is visible in every, single, terse step.

“Birds fly, wolves don’t,” Jackson mutters under his breath once Jennifer is close enough.

“I think that’s already been decided by nature,” Jennifer sarcastically responds.

“Exactly, if we were meant to fly we would have wings. Why did you tell the guy we needed a duel glider? Wouldn’t it be safer if we rode separate ones with trained professionals?!”

It’s not longer worry as it has developed into down-right fear of dying; Jackson paces hurriedly in the dirt, sweeping up a storm.

A calming spirit, Jennifer takes Jackson into her arms to hold down his sense of uneasiness.

The embrace is tight and comforting, Jackson can’t help but lift his arms to engage in the squeeze himself.

“I’ve done this plenty of times. Trust me when I say you will be safe and I won’t let anything bad happen to you.”

Jennifer leans back to face Jackson and revive the sense of security once more.

“Do you trust me?”

Still unable to mutter words, Jackson nods more confidently than he has ever spoken.

“Alright you two, strap into your gear and let’s get you ready,” a man comes forward to say.
One solid breath.

“Let’s do this!” Jackson voices with a boom.

Already in position, Jackson takes the bottom place, placing Jennifer directly riding him on top on account of being lighter in weight.

Although higher up, Jennifer easily has access to the handles acting as their steering wheel to take over or help guide Jackson during the flight.

“Don’t be nervous. Several instructors will be flying around your area to make sure you don’t have any accidents in the air.”

“Perfect…” Jackson sighs, feeling his heart rapidly pick up in pace.

“Okay, here we go. Go off in a running start and launch yourself a few feet from the edge. Tilt your bodies and the glider a bit forward to gain momentum but not too much or you’ll find yourself heading head first into the ground. Circle around the area as many times as you want but make sure that once you start losing altitude; land over by the huge sand covered area at the bottom over there. Have fun and relax most of all.”

Jackson loses his vocabulary again, nodding in accordance to everything said.

“It’s all you now! Go, go, go, go, go!!”

Fear gone, tingling excitement replace it as Jackson runs forward with purpose.

A slight gust pushes them aside pre-maturely but Jackson bucks down a few more dashes until he spots his target marked, kicking off with both feet.

Taking off, the two figures fly above, gaining altitude quickly up instead of floating gently like a leave in the wind.

It lasts briefly as Jackson leans his body forward, tilting it as instructed, and carefully.

It’s an almost disastrous moment as Jackson suddenly leans a bit further than previously directed not to, their stomachs gulping in response.

Jennifer quickly takes their reigns in pulling both handles hard and fast to snap them back into feeling pure excitement.

Jackson never lets go of the handles as Jennifer comfortably lays her hands atop his, maneuvering while helping him to do so.

Airborne, Jackson’s chest is compressed fully into his harness with little to no movement except shallow breaths.

Shallow breaths, sure, but the THUMP is levitating his heart to pop out his through his harness and out his body.

A slight pain deviates from Jackson’s body, straining against the restraints is only accelerating the uncomfortableness further.

In fear of shifting mid-air, terse moments pass in slightly shaking the fear out of his system.

The gesture stirs their flight in all directions until a sturdy object holds Jackson in place.
In a fraction of a millisecond, relief at first at the feel, but sudden panic as it could be Jennifer holding onto to him as she let go of the handle.

Looking down, just as regrettable, there’s nothing in sight as it’s difficult not to actually have the notion of something there.

Steady and firm, as if already on the ground.

A calm.

And Jackson is already smiling in happiness.

Jennifer can feel Jackson’s fingers slip open to better adjust his grip on the handles.

She isn’t far behind in action, slipping her digits between Jackson’s.

The view is breathtaking all the same.

The green surrounding their feet resemble a rainforest, enlightening the experience as if away from home.

A flock of seagulls hover around as all neighboring dogs below bellow out in barks and howls.

It’s exhilarating and amusing.

Jennifer takes the helm round the countryside a few times, swirling without nausea, until the altitude drop feels faster.

“Ready to drop?!” she yells.

Jackson visibly nods his entire body ‘yes,’ prepping to land on his feet upon their arrival.

It is sand, just as the instructor said, no doubt a cushion for any mishaps on the way down.

Bad start but good ending with Jennifer landing them like a dainty butterfly, a beautiful grace giving presence.

Jackson jumps on the balls of his feet a few times once he reaches the sand’s texture, a good attempt at making a smooth landing.

Safely within the dirt, the harnesses almost snap off instantly, releasing both bodies simultaneously.

Jennifer delays a bit in the removal of her gear as Jackson dances forward and away, a giddy boogie of a cheeky monkey.

“You see?! How much fun did we have?! Doing the impossible and living to tell the tale!”

Jennifer easily wraps herself in the same sensation enveloping Jackson all over, sharing what she loves with someone along the same lines.

“That was intense! And awesome! And downright frightening!!”

Jennifer is dancing along with Jackson, frantic hopping from one side to another.

“But it was so much fun!! Thank you!”

At the last statement, Jackson happily jumps in Jennifer’s figure, hugging her close and tight to his
body as he shakes her loose.

Anticipating a good reaction, she opens her arms immensely to receive Jackson well, leaning her head into the crevasse in his neck.

Comforting and weight-lifting.

Jackson leans further into Jennifer’s figure, making the happy embrace into a longing one.

Soothing surges flow through them each as they suddenly break to come face to face, eye to eye.

Jackson smiles childishly, Jennifer grins giddingly.

It’s timeless, their stare into each other’s faces.

So close, bodies crawling carefully forward, nature’s wind helping to ease into desire.

A tempting breeze inches itself down to the tips of Jennifer’s toes, curling them in.

Closing her stare, she readies her soul.

Jackson is taken aback, stunned happiness creating warm feelings of familiarity.

On call, Jackson begins leaning in himself…..

“Hey, get off the landing site!! We still have people coming in!”

Stopped.

Cheeky smiles lead the way off the sand and back towards Jennifer’s vehicle.

Almost fifteen minutes on the drive back home, Jackson receives a phone call from Cullen.

“Might as we give you some congratulations on your father’s behalf. Everything went extremely well and your father is the next shoe in for state senator. As it’s a joyous occasion, there’s going to be an impromptu celebratory dinner later tonight back at your hotel dinner hall. Dress to impress.”

It’s a positive vibe spreading all around and although it can be infectious, the feelings it brings about almost cure the ones before it.

“Looks like we will be celebrating tonight,” Jackson says, allowing Jennifer to lower the volume on her radio.

“Lots to celebrate?!” Jennifer squeals.

“It would seem so,” Jackson squees back.

Good news, and good news should be shared.

It is fairly easy for Jackson to open his phone and see Stiles name light itself up as soon as it’s punched into the dialing box.

A slight hint of being forgetful affects Jackson briefly to recall he and Stiles aren’t back on speaking terms.

However, Jackson is poking around every app he can to see whether or not Stiles had actually made the effort to reach out first.
He hadn’t.

Not yet at least.

Sighing heavily, Jackson allows the seat cushion to swallow him whole.

Jennifer gazes over to see Jackson back to a usual scowl instead of an enlightening grin she had been pleased to bring out the entire time she was here.

“Hey, what do you want to do or what?” Jennifer questions.

Maybe it sounded better in her head than saying it out-loud, coming across more like a pushy friend trying to uncover details instead of comforting a friend.

“Excuse me?” Jackson scorns.

He doesn’t take it well either.

“No, no. I don’t mean it to sound like that. I’m just wanting to see if there’s something I can do for you.”

The idea is bouncing around his head.

The fairness has always been almost anyone and everyone always seemed to be putting Jackson ahead of their own interests, Jackson being so accustomed to waves of admiration. The hard part is deciding what Jackson would like.

“Maybe…maybe, but I don’t know.”

“Well, I do have another idea of something else we can do. But if you don’t want to…”

The thought isn't the only thing that counts.

“No, you’re okay. You’re good. Let’s go.”

Jackson uses his careful time riding to their next destination as a gateway to find out without inquiring.

Jackson: “Are you with McCall and the others?”

Isaac: “Not anymore but we were together a while ago.”

Jackson: “We, meaning?”

Isaac: “Meaning all of us.”

“Oh…my…god….”

Jackson: “Who is everyone?”

Isaac: “All of us!!”

Pulling teeth right now.

Jackson “Never mind. Just forget it.”
Slightly agitated, a slight empathy emerges, crediting all the work Jennifer has put in to making the most of what small time she has with Jackson.

Solemnly smiling, Jennifer drives off back to where Jackson vividly remembers hitting the music bar yesterday afternoon.

Although this time around, she misses the building completely and parks directly in front of video game characters decorating a small gated door.

“What guy doesn’t like video games?” Jennifer teases, breaking their silence the entire ride back.

The outside looks almost foreign, brick meshed with metal, ancient and yet, still standing.

Passing on through, all the inside is decorated with so much memorabilia of various characters spanning different games from diverse worlds.

It doesn’t strike Jackson as weird or creepy, the bright colors compliment a warm presence all the way towards the back as Jennifer guides them both through a widened hallway.

It’s pleasantly louder as the distance shortens, digital with pixilated music outpacing screams of horror, victory, loss and competition.

An arcade room.

It is certainly ‘large family’ sized but no doubt accommodated to fit the people, games, and fun.

Before Jennifer reaches into her purse, Jackson whips out his wallet to take a hefty fifty dollar bill.

Exchanging it for a sizeable amount of coin, quarters to be exact, they start allying themselves at cooperative games.

Plastic weapons, guns to be a bit more precise, have Jackson be happy for being in control of what outcomes may or may not happen.

However calm on the outside, the wolf rages within.

Jackson’s firm grip rises in strength to a gladiator hold, squeezing the plastic and making in scream in his mercy.

“No need to show off, Hulk,” Jennifer pokes.

“Ah…sorry,” Jackson laughs.

The vice-like clasp loosens up a bit as they stare straight into oblivion, shooting hoardes of zombie-like enemies within sight.

Jackson is holding his own, no matter how many times Jennifer is quickly sniping enemies closing all around his character.

Easily reigning in the top scores, the challenge isn’t nearly enough to keep Jennifer entertained as she curiously eyes Jackson on their next activity.

“What do YOU want to do next?” she asks.

“How about some friendly competition?” Jackson points out, fingers locked around the basketball shootout.
“Alright, I’ll take that challenge.”

Side by side, hands pulsing with the desire to win, at the start of the whistle, Jackson is flowing smoothly like a calm river.

All his shorts are floating swiftly through the air, hugging the net on their way down back to his hands.

Jennifer is not falling too far behind as every other shot misses when launched.

After a two minute speed round, Jackson holds his head high by his pride at a total of 80 well earned points, Jennifer rounds off at 66.

“I didn’t think basketball was anything like lacrosse,” Jennifer remarks, playfully making Jackson upset.

“A ball, a net, and making baskets or goals. I think they are very similar,” Jackson snarks back, not at all drawn back by her statement.

“What’s the trick then?” Jennifer questions, holding up her last loose ball for Jackson to enlighten her.

“No trick…” Jackson says, taking the bait.

Slithering his way around the machine, the initial move places Jackson delicately behind Jennifer, wrapping his arms around her waist to guide them all over the ball and patiently waiting to shoot.

“Open your legs a little more.”

She does.

“Lift your arms up with your shoulders.”

Arms and shoulders are up.

“And then release with your hand, moving only your wrist.”

SWISH!

“Nothing but net,” Jennifer chimes.

Jackson is smiling proudly, almost prolonging the hug further until…

“You’re no longer Mr. Grumpy Face,” she snickers.

An ominous wind blows the words straight into Jackson’s ear drum.

“Grumpy wolf”

Stiles voice echoes in the distance.

Immediately, Jackson releases his hold on Jennifer and slowly backs out of her personal space he had no problem sliding into a few seconds ago.

Although eager to check if there had been any new notices on his phone, Jackson knows it just isn’t so.
He would be able to sense it, hear it, or even feel it.

But there isn’t any use fooling himself into thinking ignoring a problem long enough makes it go away.

Feeling distressed, Jackson runs his hands through his milky soft locks, messing up his current look to switch it up for a new, jumbled one.

“Did I say something wrong?” Jennifer walks over to ask, feeling bad she should have never said anything at all.

“No, it’s just….I just thought of something,” Jackson replies.

“Well hey, you don’t need to be shy, you know? If there’s something I can do, just tell me. I can help in whatever way possible.”

Jackson looks over, side-eyed but curious all the same.

“I’ll-uh……I’ll be sure to remember that,” Jackson hums off.

Jennifer takes his company into her arms once more, hanging off Jackson’s side as they browse around and look for something else to occupy their play time.

After a couple more hours, and another 50 spread all around the room, Jackson knows better than to be conveniently late to an event being hosted in his hotel. Staying there was a greater motive to arrive on time.

Jackson actually offers to drive, struggling to hold himself back any longer in being so accustomed to having everything in his control.

Jennifer, not surprisingly, agrees and gives Jackson the full leeway to do whatever he pleased.

“Dang, I don’t think I told you what happened, right?” Jackson stuns himself as his own accusation, acutely remembering the reason the day has to be cut short.

“No, haha. But you can tell me now,” Jennifer smiles back.

“Looks like my da-father is really going to be the next California senator. There’s going to be a last minute but all too extra festive celebration at my hotel parlor.”

“Well, congratulations. It really is a very good thing to be proud and happy for.”

‘More so for my father than for me, let’s be honest. What time are you showing up?’”

It’s phrased so casual, Jackson expects a rapid answer, almost on instinct.

Nothing.

Instead, Jennifer has already scooted her physical being further away from Jackson with her head tilted to the far right, refusing to lay sight on him.

“Are you not coming?” Jackson irritatingly asks.

“No, it’s not that I don’t want to come but I wasn’t invited, you see. I think it’s more of a private party.”
There’s slight thumb twiddling between Jennifer’s legs, antsiness battling with a fervent need for Jackson to beg her to show up.

“Well, why don’t you?” Jackson bites.

And truth be told, no one wouldn’t really be able to stop her if she attempted to. Alas, all the free privilege she has taken the entire time with Jackson; all the same, there was no difference.

“You know, in case you forgot, you said to me a couple of hours ago you would do whatever is needed to help me. I think I will take you up on that offer right now.”

Jennifer turns around, blinded with lust and motivated with desire.

“Right now?”

A tongue slips all around Jennifer’s lower lip.

“It’s not a one time offer, is it?” Jackson winks back.

The question isn’t whether or not Jackson will stop playing these games but rather, who is going to be the person to play along with him? Crazed anger fuels the fires of pain reaching out to the trees of satisfaction, burning them to a crisp with only the fruit of pleasure left for Jackson to freely take.

Deaton wouldn’t have to be the one to see Jackson as the scorpion with anyone else freely being the turtle.

“It’s my nature,” Jackson would smile.

Stiles had only proved he wasn’t good enough to play alongside Jackson amidst his protests with Jackson not beating around the bush.

Jennifer has proven it, all this weekend and panders in the only way Jackson knows how to live; people doing whatever, whenever, all for his sake.

Not to mention, she is here right now, wrapped around Jackson’s finger for his beck and call, and waiting patiently for whatever positive outcome may happen.

She is his everything now, Stiles has become a turtle.

Twinkles in both their eyes can’t be mistaken, it’s all a matter of when.

“So, I want you to come later tonight.”

Jackson is obscenely straight forward.

“And I’ll be here,” Jennifer grins.

Their little game left them standing right outside Jackson’s hotel entrance.

Cullen is visible through the glass doors, letting his line of sight catch them both standing outside as a couple oddly saying their farewells.

At best, Cullen is refusing to give way new customs of staring, occupying himself with what can only be proper placements for the next few hours.

Another warm embrace takes place, leaving Jackson to act more prideful than pushy since his arrival.
All the way up to his room, Jackson feels weights and chains detangle themselves from his body.
His feet mimic his excitement, running him through the small space; no longer a confined area but more as a means of withholding all his being.

The shower is quick, getting dressed is snapping his fingers, and the clock is too slow to catch up.

Jackson arrives early, much early, before anyone else as he heads downstairs to the parlor; Cullen has now changed into a different wardrobe but continues to arrange table seatings.

“Where’s the fire?” Cullen asks, Jackson close enough to hear.

“Don’t think it would be wise to joke around like that in front of my father. Nothing says ‘hello to new beginnings’ like a bad omen.”

“But you aren’t your father, correct?”

“Touche.”

“Why are you here early?” Cullen asks, almost falling over with a heavy box of tableware.

Jackson catches him before Cullen oversteps his right foot, flinging into the skies knives, forks, and spoons.

“How about I give you hand?” Jackson suggests, taking the box with one hand and placing it atop an uncovered table.

Caterers arrive like a herd stampeding through the jungle, Cullen using signs Jackson isn’t sure count as sign language, directing them to separate tables already set up.

An extra pair of hands certainly make the work load easier as Cullen takes a few minutes to catch his breath and shake his wear clean and straight.

“Is she coming?” Cullen asks as soon as Jackson meets up with him again.

“What?” Jackson dismisses completely.

“Jennifer. Is she coming?” Cullen repeats his question.

“I invited her so it would be rather strange if she didn’t show up,” Jackson huffs.

At the mere mention, Jackson forgoes leaning against the table and stands proudly, as if blasphemous to act like a teenager.

Cullen takes a rather comfortable seat and waits as the caterers are scampering all around, organized but messy.

“If you really don’t mind me asking, how are things with her? You two seem to get along great.”

Jackson growls lowly, steadily letting his anger grow into easy calmness.

“Not that it really isn’t any of your business but yes, we do get along rather well.”

Looking back, Jackson sees Cullen cross his arms curiously as if in disbelief.

“Is there a problem?!” Jackson retaliates fiercely.
“There isn’t a problem, kid. Seeing the two of you together does make me smile and I am happy seeing you happy.”

Jackson crosses his arms.

“Then what is it??”

A perfect opportunity.

Tender hands clasp around the frog in Cullen's throat. Arising from his initial spot, small waves of truth wash over Cullen’s forehead.

A small tilt of the head, no turning back.

“Well?...” Jackson’s arms speak up.

“Here we go…” Cullen’s hands hug each other.

*inhale*

“Ermmm...Hrrmmmmm!! Everything in order?”

Mr. Whittemore’s voice trembles throughout the walls.

“Yes sir, running smoothly as expected,” Cullen responds, leaving Jackson to his own accord.

Nothing signaled Cullen would come back to his almost statement.

Fifteen minutes til the time of the celebration and Jackson was already waiting anxiously in a table seated especially for his family and him.

A good impression, arriving on time. A better one? Arriving early.

Jennifer: “Be there in 5.”

Jackson: “Perfect.”

Jennifer: “;)

A bit nerve-wracking to wait five whole minutes, time wouldn’t go by any faster even if he begged.

“Ah, there you are!” Mr. Whittemore calls out.

A pleasant surprise to see an extraordinary individual arrive earlier than expected.

“Welcome, welcome. Please, come on in.”

Climbing up the corporate ladder alludes a person to feel as if floating within the stars but the last thing Jackson knows he father isn’t so keen on is manners of any sort.

It’s acceptable as Jackson can see an older man being guided with his father’s help through the doors, a walking cane in one of his hands.

Jackson feels the urge to go over and act like the son he pretends to be, helping a blind man out.

“No need, my lady won’t be long,” the stranger responds at the feel of Jackson’s arm helping to guide him.
A woman with jet black hair rapidly makes her way inside as she takes the underarm of the blind man, smiling fully when she meets Jackson and his father full figure.

Very tall and beautiful, mini-skirt to show off all her assets with heels. Formal even with the toes, and a bit of elongated nails, but the colors brighten up the entire piece.

“So glad you could make it,” Mr. Whittemore cheers.

“Well, I do think this is the start of a very promising future between us,” the man chirps.

“Jackson, I want you to meet Kali and Deucalion Dallin,” Mr. Whittemore announces.

“Nice to meet you,” Jackson remarks, carefully placing his hand squarely where Deucalion would be able to take it.

“Nice, firm handshake you have here, young man,” Deucalion says.

“And wonderfully good looks. You certainly have your family’s genes in you,” Kali compliments.

Jackson accepts it and moves on.

“Deucalion is going to be our main man leading up all of our reconstruction sites and projects back home. He currently bought and owns the old bank residing close to the abandoned district in town.” Mr. Whittemore proclaims.

“Although blind right now, I’d like to refer to myself as a man of vision. Looking at the bigger picture.”

A polite laugh rings from all four.

“Jackson, I have heard so much from you from your father. There’s….a good feeling I get about you; lots of untapped potential. There are many possibilities in your future.”

“Okay…..” Jackson hums in his mind.

“You remind me of a young man I met years ago when I lived in Beacon Hills for a time. Brash, head-strong, stubborn and rude; but strong potential as well. Large family too, many brothers and sisters who resided at the edge of town. Have you heard of him by any chance?”

Silence.

“There are many men who were young back then. I’m afraid I don’t know who you would be speaking of.”

Mr. Whittemore almost kills Jackson with his stare if not for a small chuckle Kali gives as she squeezes Deucalion’s arm a tad; after that tug, Deucalion carefully removes his black shades to give a glimpse of his sightless eyes.

Deucalion whisks his hair off to the side, dropping Kali’s arm held around his to stand better on his own.

“There is great promise inside you, Jackson. And personally, I admire it. Make sure to let you friends know I can’t wait to meet them.”

Placing his shades carefully back atop his face, Kali doesn’t bother to help as Deucalion fully utilizes his extendable cane to help himself.
“I feel like I need a shower after that,” Jackson quips.

His father isn’t feeling Jackson’s remark as he pushes Jackson towards other individuals walking in; the time is already near.

Breaking away from the crowd, Jackson is really rather curious to see if he was able to catch Deucalion’s clue.

**Jackson:** “Do you remember a blind…”

“Hey! I’m here!”

Jennifer interrupts him mid-text, surprised and questioning when she arrived.

“Looks like you were too focused on your phone to look up and see me so I thought I would just come right ahead.”

“Too long,” Jackson sighs.

Quickly.

**Jackson:** “Do you remember a blind man? Meet him here and said he knew you. Indirectly of course but I would say he was talking about you.”

“Alright. Let me show you to my table.”

Jennifer’s attire was so plain and simple, a white mini-dress only long enough to reach just above her ankles.

Jackson and her walk side by side; Mr. Whittemore looks rather pleased as he invisibly gives a nod of approval behind their backs.

All afternoon, Stiles spent it being a maid to his dad; cleaning up the garage and piling box after box of anything remotely related to any quote ‘odd’ case in the past.

“Basically, anything supernatural,” Stiles says, pulling the last box inside the living room.

Truthfully, Stiles wasted today on purpose.

The was still a sting felt from last night although at any given time, it could be remedied.

It should be.

It has not.

Early evening arrives when the sheriff walks through the front door.

“Hey, dad. Already got some water heating up in the pot for coffee.”

“Maybe we can have it later. For now, burgers and curly fries.”

“You are the best but you need to be eating healthy for you heart’s sake, dad.”

The sheriff already sits down, not bothering with any extra work with dirty dishes.
“You gotta live a little sometimes.”

“Hmmm…” Stiles murmurs.

“Mmm….hey…..*munch*…did you find any--*crunch*--anything else I might have missed?”

Stiles can’t respond, his mouth filled with spicy goodness.

“Guess we should chat after this is over,” the sheriff laughs.

After dinner, papa Stilinski makes two cups of coffee. One Stiles happily takes as it’s set down in front of him while he buries his face in the reports.

Nothing stands out as anything unusual, different from what Stiles has now seen in person.

It wasn’t important though as Stiles attention with more focused on the photo album he found earlier.

Hiding it seemed like a good idea at first, placing in front of a huge report file that perfectly sat the pictures delicately within.

Nevertheless, it was shaking in Stiles hands. And itching to be brought out so he could ask something he never thought he would.

“Dad….Hey, dad…..”

The sheriff only raises his eyebrows, not letting his focus go from the current folder residing in his hands.

“Come on, dad. I really need you to listen here. I feel like—I feel like I need some relationship advice.”

Instantly, papa Stilinski takes off his glasses, places the folder down softly, and holds his hands together in anticipation.

“Please, please don’t tell me I am already a grandfather,” the sheriff stays sternly.

“I’m not going to the dark abyss just yet, dad. Come one! I found this and wanted to show it to you first.”

Stiles uncovers the album from being well hidden, showing his father brightens up a smile on the old man.

“Wow……I didn’t think I still had these memories.”

Papa Stilinski hesitantly takes the box into his hands, careful it might break apart if handled too roughly.

Gazing through all the pages spreads a smile across the sheriff’s face wider and wider, sometimes letting loose small chuckles every few seconds.

Stiles helps himself to another small cup of coffee, seeing caffeine doesn’t have any effect on him in the slightest.

“You two look great together,” Stiles hums on his way back to his seat.

“You know, it took two years of my nagging for your mother to finally humor me with a date. I was
sky high the whole day it happened.”

“Haha, ah…pops,” Stiles grins.

No longer a secret, Stiles takes out the photo he had taken earlier,

“Were you just as happy here?” Stiles questions, handing over the photo.

“*sigh*….One of the happiest days of my life,” papa Stilinski responds.

“But…there weren’t always happy days, right?” Stiles quickly asks, nervous but remaining on subject.

“Not always. Love and life are like a roller coaster, plenty of ups and downs.”

The sheriff makes his way back to the coffee pot for another cup as well.

“If you don’t mind me asking, what did you do when the downs came….well, down?” Stiles questions.

“There’s a lot of secrets when it comes to love, Stiles. Lots,” the sheriff says behind his back.

“I don’t think I can give you a perfect answer but I can give you something I learned, and it’s my little secret too.”

Taking a strong sip, papa Stilinski is quite satisfied with his creation.

“Be there for each other,”

As Stiles looks up, the sheriff is certain he has offered the advice Stiles was looking for.

“Your mother was a lot like you, even when I first knew her. Quiet and shy, often times using her intellect to save herself from dealing with idiotic people on a daily basis.”

Both Stilinski’s rolls their eyes simultaneously.

“But in being quiet, I knew your mother had a lot to hide; insecurities, fears, and pain. Regardless, she didn’t have to say anything. All I needed and all I wanted was for her to know I would be with her no matter what.”

“It’s that easy, huh?” Stiles jokes, attempting to be sound casual.

“Maybe, maybe not. But remember, the other person is never going to tell you how much they need you. Always be there for them, especially when it feels like it’s hard because that’s when they need you most.”

“Yeah…..yeah…..” Stiles murmurs.

Settling for a comfortable spot on the couch, the sheriff gets up and heads straight away with his cup and files.

“Hope that helps, sport.”

Stiles nods in appreciation, thanking his dad for his words of wisdom.

Upstairs, Stiles is lying down on his bed, face up, with his phone brightly lit with Jackson’s contact
name, ready to call at a gentle push of his number.

Stiles isn’t sure how well his father’s advice is, hitting the nail right on the head.

And what truth it holds.

Stiles has known so much about Jackson, private details Jackson wouldn’t ever think to mention or say, not even in private.

Calling him out on his bluffs of wealth and superiority.

Seeing him weak as the pain weighs down on those delicate shoulders, bending him at the knee; it almost succeeds in making Stiles pity him each and every time to lend him a helping hand.

Jackson does need him, and Stiles knows it.

Shaking the stubbornness out of his head, Stiles punches in Jackson’s number.

RRRRIIIIIINNNNNNGGG  RRRRRIIIIIIIINNNNNNGGGG G RRRIIIIIIINNNNNNGGGG

No answer.

“Again,” Stiles murmurs.

RRRRIIIIIINNNNNNGGGG G RRRIIIIIIINNNNNNGGGG G RRRRRRIIIIIIIINNNNNNGGGG

Still, no answer.

“Snapchat?”

**Stiles: “Hey, are you busy. Can we talk?”**

No reply.

“Facetime, it is.”

*Connecting…..Calling: Jackson Whittemore.*

“Come on, come on.”

Disconnected.

“You will answer me,” Stiles demands.

Fifteen full minutes pass by with Stiles phone wasting away in attempting to reach Jackson with no response.

Stiles doesn’t see it as defeat, instead, switching it to Jackson’s side and leaving him the door open to call him back.

Stiles paces back and forth, along his bedside, thinking what could be the right words to use in saying what he needs to.

A long hour rolls by, no call backs and Stiles is silently whispering into his phone.

“Please call me back. Please, please. Just a text or maybe a snap, a facetime message so I can hear you.”
Looking at his phone, his cries out are not heard.

The mobile sits incredibly still and black, refusing to say anything after all this time waited.

In one last hopeful push, Stiles calls Jackson one last time and………

RRRIIIIIINNGGGGGG RRRRIIIIIINNGGGGG RRRRRRRRRRINNGGGGG

-Please leave your message for, 987-555-4321.

“*sigh*…” Stiles sniffles.

Nevertheless, Stiles soul is aching so heavily for something to not be left unsaid.

BEEP!

Back at the celebration, Jackson is embarrassingly watching his father engage in many conversations as his alcohol level rises with each toast at every table.

In respect, Jackson and Jennifer are sipping sparkling water, sitting quietly and behaving ever so properly amongst their guests.

It’s actually a bit boring compared to the cotillion, mainly adults and their dry sense of humor fill the atmosphere.

A huge relief arrives when Jackson can feel his phone vibrate with an incoming call, thanking God for relieving him of this dullness.

-Incoming Call: Stiles-

Maybe there really shouldn’t be any gratitude given.

A tad of excitement builds, helping Jackson leap out of his chair and willing to excuse himself to answer the call.

However, the anger and better nature reaches Jackson as he stands, crunching his phone case and easily sitting back down.

“Everything okay?” Jennifer whispers from the side.

“Yeah, it’s fine. I was waiting for someone to call me but…….”

“Was that the call you were expecting?” Jennifer tilts her head with.

Jackson swallows hard.

“You know what? It’s okay. It’s not important right now.”

Jackson places his phone on top of the table, in plain sight for all to see.

Somehow, it seemed like a good plan but wasn’t as it was just a small cymbal nonstop.

It was clearly lighting up and buzzing so often, the other guests wondered what business certainly needed this much attention from Jackson.

A better part of the evening was spent mingling around just like he would assume his father needed
him too, creating character with many political figures most likely.

Jackson isn’t sure what exactly to do but it’s nice to be nice.

Going full circle, Jennifer holding him close, his phone is no longer giving a laser show except for one small blub flickering but holding out strong.

Watching it blink, teasing him, it plays games with his mind; torturing him all the same.

“Hey, do you mind if we go upstairs to my room?” Jackson questions.

Jennifer takes another advantage of grabbing Jackson’s lower back, wrapping a finger around the belt loops on his slacks.

“And it took you this long to ask me?” almost scolding him in the process.

Turns out, Jennifer is more than ready to leave as she had inconspicuously taken a bottle of red wine from the open bar set up by some of the catering party.

“Hurry up! Let’s get out of here!” Jennifer cheers.

Jackson is all for it but not before he catches a brief glimpse of his mother in the distance.

Without using words, Jackson signals his is leaving upstairs and through his mother’s glass of gin, she nods; drunkenly approving.

Once they reach the room, Jackson helps himself to undressing as best he can to get comfortable but not really taking away any opportunities from Jennifer’s wish list.

The same pattern she follows, removing her heels, removing several clips from her hair and messing her hair up to a still attractive look.

The wine bottle is easy opened with Jackson’s brute strength, digging a very slight grown out claw to pluck at the cork.

“Cheers,” Jennifer toasts, finding some small glasses in Jackson’s mini-bar.

“Cheers,” Jackson toasts back.

Taking a sip, Jennifer downs half her small glass, swishing the last bit as if wishing for the glasses to be lot bigger for a larger swill.

Jackson’s glass remains mostly full, savoring the small stint he is lucky enough to experience before his healing kicks in.

“So, mister big shot. I bet this sort of thing happens to you often, no?” Jennifer talks.

“The wine is settling in faster than I would have guessed,” Jackson says with his raised eyebrows.

“Yeah, well. You know me. Lone wolf type of guy so I’m free for about anyone or anything” Jackson voices, opening his shirt down another button.

“Stop it!” Jennifer smacks Jackson lightly. “I only know you a little. But I wouldn’t mind getting you know you a little better.”

She finishes her glass and picks up the bottle directly.
Helping herself further, she takes a strong swig, and forcibly pushes the bottle to Jackson’s lips in wanting him to do the same.

Having her sit directly on his dick, Jackson begins to grow, simply with the pure sensation of being able to anticipate what comes next.

“I really don’t care how many times you’ve done this. As long as I get to be one of the lucky ones who gets some too,” Jennifer breathes.

Her warm hands fondle all around his chest, moist lips are kissing his with tongues licking every single inch inside.

Jackson can taste the hunger that is a definite sign has been building up for the past few days when they first saw each other again.

It’s almost primal how much she rips his shirt off, grabbing his hands to place them under her dress, feeling up the bra nicely.

Time is of the essence although Jennifer desires to spend it more on the direct action instead of small talk and trivialities.

Jackson hated to admit, for a lengthy amount of days, he has felt no different than a nun in a brothel.

Having Stiles hold out on him for whatever reason his insecurity wouldn’t allow him to actually enjoy one of life’s greatest pleasures, it was such a difficult task to be able to hold out as much as he could when he did.

Cool air creates cold sweat beading down their hot mix of writhing pleasure.

Jennifer gets up to remove her dress as Jackson tears off his shirt, working on his belt and slacks until Jennifer jumps back on top.

Jackson’s beast was semi unleashed only covered, barely, with the thin cotton fabric from his boxer briefs.

Gaining rhythm has Jennifer imitating the bobbing notion of riding Jackson’s dick, she doesn’t allow Jackson to fall behind as she pushes his head into her breasts.

The gnawing from Jackson’s teeth titilate Jennifer into another frenzy, groaning and moaning loud enough to fill up the entire room.

There is no lie is commenting how badly Jennifer wanted this but her desperation is consuming her entirety.

Her scent no longer carries the enjoyable substitute Jackson came to enjoy after Stiles lack of.

The kisses in her mouth salivate sourness and awfully bitter, Jackson digs his tongue in deeper as Jennifer moans like a tugboat, it’s rather appalling this time around.

However, the kiss is a search for lost treasure in the hopes the sourness would pass and everything would go back to how it was; unsuccessful doesn’t begin to cover it.

A burp and Jennifer releases all the alcohol she had been ingesting, someone had sprayed perfume within the dumpster and Jackson takes a breath of alcoholic fresh air.

A loose hand Jackson was able to pray away from Jennifer’s ass reaches over for the bottle but not
before Jennifer takes it and downs the whole bottle.

“Perfect,” Jackson mumbles.

As if proud of her antics, Jennifer smiles cheerfully as Jackson grins sideways; his sarcastic comment.

A miracle takes place as Jackson’s phone begins buzzing with another incoming call.

BZZZZZZNNNNNNN BNBNZZZZZZZNNNNN BZNNNNN

There is more effort in slowly sliding Jennifer off him and onto the bed so he can escape for the sake of his sanity.

“No, no, no. Where do you *hic* where do you think you’re going? *hic*”

“Uh…hehe. I really do think I should answer this phone call.”

Jennifer’s manages to keep herself semi-steady, still remaining on top of Jackson’s thinly covered dick, fighting for him to stay.

“You and I can continue after I take this call. We do have all night after all.”

The smoothness in Jackson’s voice isn’t anything like all the images of him Jennifer can see through her eyes.

“Weeeelllll….okay *hic* Just don’t be too long,” she manages to say.

Jackson only winks as he picks up his phone and heads straight into the bathroom.

“Hello! Yeah, hello?!”

“Didn’t think you would actually pick up the first time I called.”

“Derek,” Jackson sighs; slight relief.

“Why, why are you calling me?” he asks, trying to prolong having to go back; no way was Jackson ready.

“I got your message about this blind guy. Can you give any more information? Did he tell you anything specific?”

“No, not really. He was incredibly creepy though. Kept telling me that he saw potential and promise with me. And then mentioned that small bit of having known a young man who lived in Beacon Hills and how I reminded him of that young man.”

“I wouldn’t call that a compliment,” Derek says.

“Of course,” Jackson retorts.

“So, nothing else happened?” Derek asks.

“Nothing that a few cold showers won’t fix,” Jackson quips back.

“Alright, it’s no big deal so don’t worry about it. If anything, we can talk about this more once you come back. I just wanted to check in before the day was over.”
“Alright…*sigh* good.”

“Why are you out of breath? Are you working out right now?” Derek questions a bit sternly as usual.

Fighting back breathing so heavily, Jackson answers midway with, “No not*buuuuurrrrrppppp* not really.”

Derek amazingly crosses his arms with his voice, “Jackson, are you with someone?”

Jackson throws his hands in defeat, half-heartedly answering, “Uh……” as Jennifer giggles and moans a few times through the walls.

“Are you going to reprimand me right now?” Jackson quickly interjects with, half-hoping Derek would help waste a few more moments.

Silent, heavy huffs of air.

The pulse inside Jackson’s heart grows louder and louder, unsettling his ability to sit down on the plastic over the toilet.

*BEEP! Call Ended.*

“Fantastic,” Jackson pants.

Opening the door to walk back towards the bed, Jennifer is already lying down with her eyes closed; giggling more so and writhing all over the bed, dismantling the work the house cleaners had done earlier.

Opting for more time, the door leading outside into the hallway becomes every so inviting as Jackson takes it’s handle to allow himself passage.

The halls are relatively quiet with an occasional person blasting whatever tv programming being watched, giving insight to who the person is exactly.

Small details derailing from the deep issue.

“Why was this so awful?” Jackson asks anyone.

Few strands of hair are lingering on Jackson’s mouth as his spits them away, crushed.

Leaning against the wall at first gives way with Jackson falling onto his bum, knees up with his arms laying over them.

A bit brisk the air conditioned air sweeps across his skin, rubbing his shoulders for warmth instead of heading back into to grab a robe.

Sniffing hard in the air, the atmosphere hasn’t changed itself either.

“What was there to expect?” Jackson wonders.

The shakes inside his head reel into his body, fear gripping it’s cold hand around his heart.

Fear?

Afraid of what?
Jackson isn’t so sure but breathless sums up the perfect way his situation is headed.

Gasping in small bouts, the scene is dramatic but plausible. In her drunken state, Jennifer wouldn’t be able to help in any way.

It’s a terrifying few seconds before his phone buzzes with a new notification never seen before.

--New Voicemail—

“Hey,”

The swelling inside Jackson’s throat rescinds as he holds his phone closer to listen, as if Stiles were right next to him.

“I tried calling you earlier. Maybe you got my messages, maybe you didn’t but I don’t think I could go another night without telling you something. I—I need you. I need you, Jackson. And I don’t say that because I care so much about you, but because I know you need me too. Heh, maybe I’m reading too much into this but there’s a lot I don’t know about you. So much more than just the tip of the iceberg. I mean, no one else really knows you are a werewolf, right? And for me, that’s okay, you don’t need to tell me anything. Life is full of wonder and mysteries and you are just another I am willing to go on an adventure for. You know me, always out for the unknown. I guess… I guess what I am also trying to say is, I’ll be waiting for you when you get back. I’ll be here, I’ll always be here.”

CLICK!

“……*sniff*……...*sniff*………….*sniff*……”

One, single tear flows tenderly to the ground.

Chapter End Notes

Oh my god!! This chapter pissed me off but here it is. Delayed and I do apologize but things haven't been easy at work. I currently feel like the flash in this particular scene right here, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u6VAysMH29M . Anyways, hope you all enjoy this one.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

"Were you happy?"

"Yeah, I was."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shivering.

The moisture from the only tear to grace the carpet floor creates water droplets on every inch of Jackson’s skin.

A blanket of remorse keeping him well noted.

Eyes closed and legs crossed with arms draped the full length, Jackson almost doses off; numbing the pain or attempting to remove it, it’s difficult to tell.

THUMP!!

Jackson quickly raises his head at the sound, finding the strength to stand up and walk back into his room where Jennifer still resides.

Near the foot of the bed is where Jackson sees Jennifer slumped over, arms draped, almost touching the floor below.

A few inches away is the wine bottle Jennifer had clearly attempted to reach for and take another swig, forgetting the bottle is empty is another matter.

Listening in carefully, Jackson can hear small chippers of laughter masked with stronger snores of Jennifer’s slumber.

Jackson lends Jennifer a helping hand, adjusting her body straighter and fully atop the mattress to pass the night as decently as possible.

Jennifer sprawls out over the entire frame, not allowing any wiggle room for someone to come up and get comfortable.

It is blind optimism as Jackson walks over to the closet, removes a spare blanket from the small shelf at the top, settling perfectly at the futon edging the corner of the room.

The removal of his clothes hadn’t come close to undertake the task, a strange sensation of feeling unusually cold urges Jackson to keep them on.

Still clinging on to his relentless emotions, the easiest feat of nodding off rapidly helps ease Jackson into a sullen night crawling by their hotel room; the moon gently stoking Jackson’s face for hours on end.
When morning arrives, Jennifer heavily grasps her heaving body up and forward, slightly nauseous and mildly embarrassed.

Small knots around her stomach stretch tighter when she sees Jackson slumped over on the futon.

The collar part of his shirt was open, clearly he still had it on. Jennifer looks down and sees her attire is skewed in all directions but still draped on her figure.

“Nothing happened,” she mutters solemnly.

Jackson’s ears invisibly twitch after listening in on her disappointment.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK!!!

“Mr. Whittemore? Mr. Whittemore?!?”

Startled, Jennifer leaps out of the bed, scrambling to gather her belongings and dash out the door.

She stops as Jackson wakes up, setting aside the blanket, and walks over to answer the call.

“I am going to strangle that bellhop!!” Jackson screams in his mind.

“Yes?!” Jackson asks sternly, flinging the door wide open.

“Oh—this is your other wake up call, from your father this time. Breakfast is downstairs and ready,” the bellhop says.

Jackson scowls, the bellhop flees.

An empty stomach pairs well with a fuzzy head, Jennifer still armed and ready to leave at the most opportune moment.

“If you want, you can stay for breakfast,” Jackson says.

He blazes right past her to grab some more clothes from his bags tucked away to shower before heading down.

Jennifer gets up, almost wishing she could take a better option to simply leave but her mannerisms suggest it wouldn’t be polite to refuse the offer; as much as should would like.

It is actually the easiest thing to do.

Without any recollection of any sort of intimate encounter, the shame overbears Jennifer’s rational sense to stay.

A quiet exit is almost successful until Jackson peers out from a slightly opened bathroom door, awaiting a verification he already knows.

“Ye-yeah. Yeah, I can stay. Just let me go and get a fresh change of clothes from my car,” Jennifer answers.

Jackson doesn’t wait, hearing her clearly from behind a closed door and running water.

The entire ride down the elevator and right in plain view of anyone gracing the lobby floor has Jennifer cover herself up traumatically, feeling so exposed and vulnerable even with full bodied clothing covering his skin.
She wasn’t naked and yet…..

A sinking feeling overwhelmed her.

After grabbing a bag from her trunk and back upstairs to Jackson’s room, Jackson is riding the elevator opposite her to already head towards breakfast.

An entire table it set up neatly where Cullen is already joined by Jackson’s father and mother.

Politely, Jackson bids everyone a, ‘good morning,’ as he takes his seat besides Cullen, leaving the open chair available for Jennifer when she makes it down.

Not surprisingly, some guests from last night’s celebration make their way inside and take other available seats decorating the elongated table.

“Where’s Jennifer?” Cullen whispers.


Jackson visibly seems alright, shaking hands with those who extend them and engaging willingly in conversation when provided.

Acting well behaved and mannered, Cullen almost figures everything went well with Jackson and Jennifer all of last night.

Once downstairs, quietly, Jennifer tip-toes over to join Jackson at his side. There isn’t any nod or closeness compared to how inseparable they were all weekend.

Mr. Whittemore deeply takes notice.

Cullen also notices and shoots down his idea of figuring things went well.

As the breakfast proceeds, once a few other individuals join their party, Jackson remains his usual, fake self. Jennifer joins in to play her part, providing details on topics or politely laughing when a joke is made.

Their relationship has grown platonic, old friends simply catching up.

Jackson only turns around once to as if Jennifer is alright; “You okay?” he asks, “Yeah, I’m fine,” she responds back, grinning.

Their entire meal, Jackson almost quietly allows Jennifer to be her own individual, being separate from him without feeling like she is his and she wouldn’t be able to talk or be with someone else if the opportunity presented itself.

Once finished, all party members bid a hearty, ‘thank you’ to Mr. Whittemore for an invitation to a good start of the day.

Jackson’s eyes naturally roll in unamusement, seeing how well there seems to be long embraces towards his father before anyone has had their leave; kissing ass is apparently something not even his father is too good for.

Disgusted but a bit more angry at ironic hypocrisy, Jennifer softly urges Jackson out the door on account of having her parents already waiting for his return. A swift exit is almost accomplished before Mr. Whittemore catches them both.
“Jackson!” Mr. Whittemore calls out.

Jennifer and Jackson are standing close to the door; Jennifer making her way almost out as if she is just waiting on something to take her leave.

And yet, as soon as Jackson’s father calls him over, she stays a bit longer.

“Our flight doesn’t leave for another few hours,” Mr. Whittemore says, closing the already small gap between the two of them even further.

Reaching inside of his coat, Mr. Whittemore pulls out a first class plane ticket, handing it to Jackson for safe keeping.

“You and Jennifer can still have time to yourselves if you prefer…” Mr. Whittemore suggests.

“I don’t think so,” Jackson quickly interjects.

“I was just giving her my goodbyes since her mother has already called about having her home pretty soon.”

Mr. Whittemore gazes over to notice Jennifer does seem to be impatiently waiting, looking over her phone a couple of times.

“I see…….” Mr. Whittemore replies.

Walking over to Jennifer, Jackson almost pulls himself towards her for a sudden act of safety. Seeing his father walk over to Jennifer is like watching a mountain lion prey on a small mouse, too scared to move for it’s own safety. After watching them interact for a bit, it’s almost as if Jackson’s father is having a stern word with Jennifer about God knows what.

At first glance, the conversation seems to be going well, Jennifer smiling shyly at Mr. Whittemore’s words but then she suddenly seems to be defending herself with her gestures.

Cullen inches his way close to Jackson’s side, although Jackson occupies himself with attempting to listen in.

It’s something of a struggle with the commotion of the people inside the lobby as well as not having serious amounts of practice.

“…..what happened……” “nothing……not that I can remember……” “……promised me……” “……did what I could……” “….not good enough……”

“What do you think they’re saying?” Cullen asks.

Jackson shakes his head in lost focus, angry Cullen butted in without knowing, but how could he?

“What?” Jackson questions, pretending he wasn’t paying attention.

After Jackson turns his head to face Cullen, “Nevermind,” is all Cullen responds after tilting his head back to where Mr. Whittemore and Jennifer have now parted ways.

Before Jackson goes back to say his real goodbye he asks Cullen if he wouldn’t mind taking him back into town one last time.

“I’m with you til you get on the plane and leave the airport,” Cullen assures.
“Good,” Jackson answers. “Give me a few minutes and I’ll be back.”

Rushing over to Jennifer, Jackson walks right past her and the doors signaling she should follow, which she does.

“What did my father say to you?” Jackson asks as soon as she catches up.

“Oh, nothing. He was just giving me the business like I’m sure he gives to everyone,” Jennifer giggles.

Jennifer places herself a few steps ahead of Jackson, almost as if she were skipping purposefully fast.

Jackson wants an answer, Jennifer is avoiding it at all costs.

“Hey, can I ask you something? Just to be clear,” Jennifer says, slowing down on her words.

“Sure,” Jackson shrugs, walking a bit faster to close their distance.

“Last night….did you and I….I mean, did we…….we went a little crazy didn’t we?”

A tiny side-smile creeps up Jackson’s face. Jennifer is almost certain Jackson is going to fill her heart with glee.

Her body language carries her shyly towards Jackson's side, shoulders swaying gently with small bouts of side glances to push herself mentally on top of Jackson for support.

“You really want to know, huh?” Jackson winks.

Jennifer’s legs squeeze together, polishing each other clean as if wanting to spread herself open right then and there.

When Jackson reaches the tail end of Jennifer’s car, he quickly turns around and sprouts nothing more than his scowling mug he proudly wears each and every day.

It’s almost as if Jennifer had been set up.

“We didn’t do anything,” Jackson replies. “You were already very much drunk and to take advantage of you like that? That isn’t really my style; being a gentleman and all. Besides, we already had fun all weekend. Wouldn’t want to spoil that by doing something such as this.”

She was.

“Yeah, you’re right about that,” Jennifer answers back, agreeing with Jackson only to pull her neck strenuously.

“Maybe we’ll get that chance next time,” Jennifer smiles, looking at Jackson hopefully.

Jackson edges himself away from the car as soon as Jennifer crawls close enough to embrace him once more and miss completely as Jackson’s steps take him further and further away.

Plucking out her keys from her jeans, Jennifer opens the driver side door, making up for missing Jackson in a hug, and tosses her bag across the way to the passenger side.

Adjusting a few things forces Jennifer’s keys away from her grasp and reluctantly attempting to run away as they land on the concrete floor below.
Jackson mindlessly leans down to pick them up when he spots an interesting key chain hanging from the main ring.

A stone arrowhead shows a thin line of faintly traced silver outlining the edge. It’s not nearly potent enough to leave a mark on his body but does heat up his finger as he traces his fingertip all along.

“This is pretty interesting,” Jackson says out loud.

Loud doesn’t fit the description as much as forceful, allowing Jennifer to face him directly as he hands her back the arrowhead in particular.

“Oh, this? This is nothing. Really,” Jennifer gasps.

Whooshing the keys out of Jackson’s grasp, Jennifer quickly turns around to say her final goodbyes.

The notion of swiping the keys from Jackson’s grasp leaves him with a mosquito bite, gone in seconds.

“So, I guess this is it,” Jennifer sighs.

Jackson hides his palms inside his jean pockets, farewells aren’t really Jackson’s thing.

However, in some way, Jackson is allowing himself to gaze upon Jennifer as a nice person who only tried to make this weekend bearable in the least.

There are no more intoxicating fumes crawling their way up Jackson’s nose and into his head.

No hairs standing on goosebumps waiting to be brought down with the single, warm touch of desire.

No knots within a stomach holding back an immeasurable amount of butterflies that take away each breath before it can exit the mouth.

With a deep inhale, no outstanding scent reigning in the tug of home.

“Home,” Jackson whispers.

It’s possibly the first time he actually feels incredibly relieved he will be heading back in only a few hours.

Rosy cheeks blossom on Jackson’s face, Jennifer watches the color spread and paint a glorious glow on an otherwise sour face.

“Maybe this weekend wasn’t as bad even without the ultimate goal,” Jennifer wonders.

Opportunistic, she edges herself closer one final time to hold Jackson to her body, bending her legs slightly to fit perfectly into Jackson’s chest.

Like glue she sticks, wrapping both arms around Jackson’s physique but Jackson only extends one arm around to loosely wrap around her shoulder, not entirely the whole width.

Jennifer isn’t gazing into Jackson’s eyes, Jackson isn’t even looking her direction either; choosing to entertain himself with the cloudless sky above.

It’s almost as if they haven’t ever met.

“Well, haha………maybe I’ll see you around again sometime,” Jennifer says upon her release.
“Who knows?” Jackson shrugs. “Still, it was nice to see you.”

Jackson side smiles a crooked delight as Jennifer shakes herself loose.

“Yeah, same here,” Jennifer hums.

Jackson signals he has nothing more left to say as he carefully pushes Jennifer’s door closed after she enters and is seated comfortably. Jackson begins walking over to give her the space she needs to pull out of her parking spot.

The exit isn’t Jennifer swerving out of the lot but dancing peacefully, almost as if holding back a notion of refusing to leave at all.

Yet, the small vehicle picks up speed and flies out of sight; never to be seen again.

Almost outside, Cullen patiently waits across the door to drive Jackson back into town one last time. Not entirely too sure if Jackson’s bags were already downstairs and ready for the taking.

“Let me just go and get my things,” Jackson says, passing Cullen on his way back to the elevator.

“Take your time,” Cullen nods and Jackson contemplates taking Cullen up on that offer.

Back inside Jackson’s hotel room, an eerie quietness echoes throughout each wall.

Almost as if he is barely waking up, Jackson pushes the curtains wide open; an overflow of sunlight touches every nook and cranny of his extended space.

Feeling recharged is an added bonus to help clear any clutter surrounding his mind.

Small bouts of relief are felt all around, cradling Jackson’s body into a wave of peace.

However, Jackson anxiously bounces on the balls of his feet. Fervent in asking the world if it would be uncalled for to give Stiles a ring.

With eyes closed, Jackson plays the message once more inside his head, hearing Stiles utter every word; clear and emphatic.

‘I’ll be here. I’ll always be here.’

The noise of silence is deafening in Jackson’s ears, piercing his ear drums as it floats down towards his hands and has them curve in displeasement.

Jackson is no fool.

Stiles still has not received any type of apology from the spoiled brat, much less anything that let Stiles know Jackson realized his own mistakes.

In a slight glance to the left, Jackson notices the stuffed wolf plush he had won back in his bag. Stiles had unknowingly packed it along with Jackson’s things for the weekend in a small attempt to make sure someone was keeping an eye on him, making sure Jackson was on his best behavior.

Being pensive aids Jackson in figuring out what he could do to let Stiles know he isn’t all that bad.

Its much more in the notion of coming off as a nice guy which Jackson has never traveled that road before.
Exhausting accurately describes Jackson’s current mood, many possibilities passing his brain overhead; leaving scattered remains Jackson brushes off with his hands through his hair.

“Ugh,” Jackson sighs in distress.

The length of his hair screams for attention.

“Maybe I should go and get a trim,” Jackson mutters.

Flicking his head off to the side, Jackson easily grabs anything else his may have passed over when initially packing and walks back downstairs to meet Cullen.

Done, finally, Jackson walks over to the receptionist and hands her back the only key he needed.

“Thank you, sir. We hope you had a wonderful stay!”

Jackson firmly holds his lips together, letting loose a grin he joins with a nod in appreciation and thanks.

“Ready?” Cullen asks, already holding the door open for Jackson.

Cullen drives back almost to the same spot he had already taken Jackson the day before, figuring out this is what he meant about taking him back into town.

As they arrive mid-center, Jackson asks if Cullen wouldn’t mind dropping him off and then picking him up close to when it would be time to head to the airport.

“Sure, that’s not a problem,” Cullen responds.

It’s way too obvious Jackson would like this time to be alone and Cullen isn’t going to press the matter by insisting he stay.

“I’ll pick you up in a few hours or you can give me a call if you want to leave earlier,” Cullen says.

“Thanks,” Jackson chirps on his escape.

“First things first,” Jackson hums, making his way to the most expensive beauty salon he knew would be around.

Almost one full hour swings by with Jackson’s barber taking into account all the loose, stray hairs growing out of place and plucking them one by one, leaving Jackson’s head smoother than the silk sheets covering Jackson’s bed.

“All done!! And have I said, you look so damn handsome!!”

“Yeah, the entire time I sat here in this chair,” Jackson groans.

Persuading the barber to hand him a mirror, impressed is all Jackson could accumulate in looking upon a job very well done.

Outside, the air tastes a bit ripe, a new sense of confidence bestowed on Jackson; being pretty ain’t no easy task.

With an hour gone, Jackson knows he only has a select couple before the clock speaks up.

Pacing a few hundred steps, a bright neon sign illuminates a novelty shop Jackson would never, ever
set foot in for the sake of his reputation.

However, a small voice emits a signal letting Jackson recognize this would be a rather good place to start if he intended to do, or buy something, to apologize to Stiles.

Eyes closed, composure gained, Jackson walks in beside his steel clenched fists of strength.

An open vent above the door WHOOSHES a strong gust of air directly into Jackson’s physical appearance.

The stiff scent of various perfumes and colognes almost lean Jackson over to gag, potent enough to use to knock him out instead of wolfsbane.

 Bodies of other teenagers fill each small sections of clothing and novelties.

Jackson dulls in comparison, very easily could he be mistaken for appearing as someone’s father and reluctantly dragged into this particular venue.

Jackson’s feet carry him farther in, away from wandering stares, and deeper into a more secluded but still semi-busy area of the store.

Wandering around for a few minutes, Jackson pinpoints various wears Stiles wouldn’t be shy in decorating himself out in public.

The embarrassment burns Jackson red in the face and yet, Jackson finds himself smiling idiotically with Stiles being so damn proud of what he loves.

A few more glances around, Jackson spots a rather interesting curious sized millennium falcon.

Jackson takes it from its place to see it’s a phone charger, with a note attached saying when the phone is ready and charged, it utters the words, “Alright chewy, punch it!”

“Guess that makes me Chewbacca and he, Han Solo,” Jackson laughs. “Omg…just wait until he hears this.”

It will make up for his mistake, Jackson assures himself after taking a batman tee from a rack of shirts that outline some costume like abs as part of the bat symbol sprayed across the chest.

Both presents in hand, the smart idea to follow would be to actually arrive at the airport on time; there would be no delay on Jackson’s part for the flight.

Punching in Cullen's number faster and having Cullen answer even faster, as soon as the call ends, Cullen breaks record time in arriving 10 minutes quick to pick up Jackson.

“Just around the corner?” Jackson asks with a smirk.

“As a matter of fact, yes I was,” Cullen winks back.

Jackson sits quietly in the passenger side, not taking away any opportunity Cullen might be willing to take to talk for a bit before they bid their farewells.

“So, have a fun weekend?” Cullen asks, taking his chance.

The drive wouldn’t be far as Jackson could see a plane arriving in the distance but it wasn’t just around the bend or close as it seems.
“Yeah, I suppose it was nice to get around from the usual, tedious routine back home,” Jackson replies.

“It’s just the routine that’s that bad, huh? Not the people?” Cullen is quick to ask.

Jackson’s gaze doesn’t go stern at Cullen’s remarks but rather, it’s almost surprising how well Cullen is picking up on the small details.

“Eh, they’re not all that bad,” Jackson says.

ZZzzzzzznnnnnnnnnnnnn

Jackson’s phone buzzes in with an incoming message.

Excited, Jackson quickly whips out his phone to check and sees it’s from Derek.

Derek: “What time are you supposed to be back?”

Jackson answers back annoyed.

Jackson: “In a few hours, later this afternoon.”

Derek: “Good.”

A wonder.

Jackson: “Do you need the power you lent me back?”

Derek: “No. It wears off on its own.”

Jackson: “Does someone want me back?”

A bit more curious.

Derek: “No, I am just asking.”

Even through a message, Jackson can sense when Derek is unamused.

Unamused, sure, but Jackson isn’t going to let this wear down his sense of optimism he seems to have accumulated in allowing it to go to waste.

Putting his phone back in his pocket is a success until it vibrates again.

Sighing, Jackson brings it up only to find it’s Danny this time.

“Looks like I’m getting all the D’s today,” Jackson mumbles.

Cullen overhears and for being a grown adult, he can’t help a snicker escape his mouth at listening in to Jackson’s comment.

Danny: “Hey, when are you coming back?”

“Why is everyone so clingly and desperate to have me back all of a sudden?”

Jackson: “I’m supposed to be back later this afternoon. Why?”
Danny: “No reason. Just wanted to see if you wanted to hang out, grab some food or something.”

Jackson almost types out a heavy sigh, as if Danny didn’t already know it was going to be a dreadful flight no matter what.

Reluctant, Jackson agrees.

Being occupied only copes well with a clouded mind, and Jackson doesn’t have one.

In fact, the eagerness rears itself again in Jackson’s head knowing all too well someone is already waiting for his return.

The anticipation is making Jackson’s heart beat faster.

“So, I’m guessing those might be the people who aren’t so bad back home, right?” Cullen inquires.

“Correct,” Jackson cheers.

“That means Jennifer didn’t exactly cheer you up, huh?” Cullen points out.

A sour mistake Cullen has made, showing a double row of white teeth to match his ghastly expression at a mistaken slip-up.

There is no sudden shock from Jackson, just relief it finally took Cullen so long to admit he knew.

“This was what? A way of me getting something I would want so my dad could get his desire?” Jackson rhetorically asks.

“Correct again,” Cullen quips.

“But I think I may have missed the whole point. Were you happy?” Cullen chimes.

This question does ride up Jackson’s spine, adjusting his body in his seat calms those sudden nerves.

In retrospect, each day spoke in its own, separate way. There was not a single mood that carried throughout Jackson’s time there.

But as Cullen is still awaiting an answer, Jackson keeps searching if he had indeed been happy all weekend with the events.

Truthfully, no.

Honestly, how could they have been if Jackson already had gifts ready in an effort to apologize for his wrong doings?

“Yeah, I was,” Jackson lies.

“That’s good to hear,” Cullen smiles.

As Cullen pulls up to the drop-off zone, Jackson can see his mother and father already seated inside the terminal awaiting the announcement.

Stiles had quietly passed all Sunday morning lying in bed. Half asleep, half waking up and wondering if now would be the right time to actually get up to do something.
The battle has caused him more exhaustion mixed in with his inability to actually acquire any sleep whatsoever.

Right at midday, Stiles decides to just get up; picking the lesser evil.

Habit kicks in as Stiles grabs his phone to check and see if he had anything new across his notifications.

Nothing.

The denial kicks in after Stiles sent his voicemail last night, figuring it would be best to just do the one thing he had plenty of practice with Lydia all these years since 3rd grade, swallow his feelings and move on.

Although he had quietly hoped Jackson would’ve sent back something, maybe even a time he would be back so Stiles could prepare a small welcome back lunch-in or something.

Just between the two of them, of course.

Yet, Stiles isn’t so sure, and wouldn’t past it past Jackson to know he might still be upset and not in the mood to hear anything from him.

The door is always open though, Stiles knows it.

“I’ll be waiting,” Stiles repeats to himself, a secret promise.

Downstairs, Stiles can hear the sheriff rustling around some more papers while scolding, “Why do they always go there?”

Of course, Stiles has to know and have all the information.

A few good skips lands Stiles downstairs within seconds with the sheriff already up to fill his mug with more coffee.

“Morning, kiddo,” the sheriff says. “Or should I say, afternoon?”

“Either one works,” Stiles replies, already grabbing a cup of coffee as well.

“What does the daily bugle say today?” Stiles asks, already taking the opposite spot across from his father at the table.

“Actually, it has some crazy story about this wild, crazy kid always getting into trouble and not listening to his parents. It could possibly be the greatest case for local and federal government.”

Sheriff Stilinski seems quite convinced this could be a story for the ages.

“Sounds to me like he’s going in the Guinness Book of World Records for being the best kid around the block,” Stiles replies, wearing a guilty grin.

“Well if he becomes famous, he still has to keep a clean room,” papa Stilinski quips.

“Come on, dad. What’s the real story here?” Stiles questions.

“Eh, there’s no harm in telling you since you’ll hear about it tomorrow. I just finished reading an arrest report with one of your acquaintances from school; Troy...something. Familiar with him?”
“Slightly,” Stiles gripes.

Stiles patiently waits for further details from his father, hoping there was something tangible he could maybe use in this search for these things hunting Jackson.

“It’s not a big deal though. Idiot kid was caught shooting his father’s gun out in the restricted area of the woods.”

“Was he chasing someone-something?” Stiles interjects with.

A small scooting sound is heard as Stiles inches his body forward to listen in very intently.

“No. My deputies said he was just standing stationary shooting a few rounds into a tree. Didn’t really resist when they caught sight of him and took him in. Since he’s a minor, best thing we are looking at right now is small bouts of probation and community service.”

Papa Stilinski had finished his cup of joe in two big swills, setting the mug down and off to the side means no more for the time being.

“But hey, no need to be spreading this around without any real reason to do so, okay? Just pretend you don’t know and I’ll pretend I don’t know you know.”

“Yes sir,” Stiles salutes.

“I do wonder if Derek knows Troy was out there. In the supernatural world, that’s too close for comfort,” Stiles hums in his mind.

Stiles ponders taking a trip out to the Hale home or rather staying put in keeping his promise to Jackson.

It’s almost head-splitting until Scott politely knocks on the side door, waiting for Stiles to let him in.

“Scott,” Stiles greets, happily giving his best friend a hug.

“Busy?” Scott jokes, pointing at Stiles still being in his pajamas.

“Not-not really,” Stiles answers, feeling a bit embarrassed.

“Allright boys, I’m out to the office for a bit. Gotta file these reports correctly and start working on where the community service will take place. See you two later.”

The sheriff excuses himself out the front door, giving Stiles a ruff of his hair and Scott a pat on the shoulder.

“Community service?” Scott asks with his eyes.

“I should tell you on the way to Derek’s,” Stiles responds in voice.

“Derek’s?” Scott questions with his raised eyebrows.

Brushing past Scott, Stiles is already stripping his clothes off for better ones before he enters his room.

The few seconds of the drive to the old Hale home were enough to let Scott know about Troy’s whereabouts in the woods, still fuzzy on a few of the details.
Before Stiles could even knock on the door to see if Derek would be home, Scott trudging behind, Derek opens it and greets them both with the Hale smile they’ve come to know and love.

“Derek! So nice to see you,” Stiles says. “I see the house is still looking beautiful as ever, such a lovely home.”

Derek smiles ever so brightly, his lips are so tightly shut Scott can see the outline of Derek’s fangs growing in.

“We just want to talk about something,” Scott says, pushing Stiles out of the way and brushing right past Derek.

Already in, Derek sees no point in blocking Stiles path and he opens the door further to allow Stiles to be nowhere close for right now.

“Right. Stiles dad said the caught one of our high school guys shooting a tree somewhere in the woods. Shooting a tree is a bit hard to believe so we want to know if he was chasing you or Peter or someone else.”

“Yeah, I heard him nearby last night,” Derek answers, feeling Scott can handle all the information.

“Oh?” Scott puffs, not sure if Derek is pretending it’s not a big deal.

“You want to know what he was doing?” Derek asks.

Scott and Stiles lean in close with bug eyed stares.

“*sigh* …… I don’t know,” Derek huffs.

Derek begins walking back to the stairs, making sure he had enough room spread between the three of them as if Scott and Stiles were somehow no longer welcomed.

“There is something else,” Scott murmurs.

“I don’t know that either,” Derek responds.

However, Scott isn’t taking no for an answer.

“You want to know more about the Dralafa, right?”

Derek’s paces take him up the stairs as he sits down in a small, sturdy section of the staircase strong enough to hold his weight.

“We already know a bit more,” Scott says. “Allison was able to take another look at the beastiary and find the Dralafa are referred to as Shadowhunters.”

“That’s not the entirety of it,” Derek interrupts.

“You see, Dralafa aren’t technically alive so they can’t really be hunters. They are more like entities.”

“Ghosts? So, Lydia was sort of right?” Stiles stammers.

“They’re empty shells of bodies fueled only by the essence they carry. Anger, jealously, vengeance etc; sometimes something else.”

“Cool, so almost like Ghost Rider!?”
Scott smacks Stiles shoulder as if superheroes are likely in this scenario.

“Anyways…” Derek presses. “These essences consume the shell of a body, only fueling them each day by the motivation of whatever it is that makes them feel alive. However, that’s not the worst part.”

Scott is already bending down at the knee while Stiles hesitates a bit to find out what could be worse than an almost literal walking ghost.

“Dralafa are deceptive in their ways. Instead of directly killing someone or hurting a single person, they inflict soulful damage. Destroying someone from within.”

Stiles gulps to find it frightening how awful possession would be, not to mention what would happen if it occurred; would you be dead or would you be alive and conscious but notice everything around you and not be able to do anything.

Concerns are laid to rest as Derek isn’t finished.

“Destroying someone from within means they target your job, career, education, social status, as well as family and loved ones. It’s any and everything that essentially makeup who you are. Different parts of a whole.”

“Once all that is gone, the essence of anger, sadness, frustration, jealousy, vengeance overtake you, leaving you to die and be an empty shell…” Scott gasps, piecing the puzzle together.

“Then you become one of them,” Stiles finishes, placing his shoulder on Scott for support.

“How do we stop them?” Scott questions, hoping Derek would be able to provide a solution.

“I-I don’t know,” Derek answers, hesitating a small amount.

*sigh*

Scott rises from kneeling, taking strong whiffs of air in each breath he takes.

“Has anyone heard from Jackson?” Derek asks, taking out his phone to quickly punch in a message.

The response from Scott is a sullen ‘no’ through his pensive mind, Stiles shakes his entire body to really give an answer.

Derek gets up from his spot, walking past Stiles, almost as if he’s opening the door for Scott and Stiles to leave but not before mentioning one last thing.

“Stay together,” Derek hums.

Stiles almost faints, head suddenly dropped down in hearing those words ring inside his heart.

Feeling Derek incredibly close, Stiles musters up whatever courage he can do look up when he finds Derek looking directly at Scott instead of him.

There is a plan developing in Scott’s mind, unsure of what and how to execute it is another thing entirely, but Scott had turned around as he caught wind of what Derek said.

Stiles really feels lightheaded, taking a sudden step forward when he catches his whole figure leaning too far, a huge breath saves him while regaining composure.
Derek was giving an indirect order to Scott, a helpful tip in making sure to look out for one another which is always one of Scott’s top priorities.

Stiles understands all too well this falls on him.

“Okay, we got it. We’ll make sure of it,” Stiles replies.

Remembering what Scott had already made them do, the plan was surprisingly already in motion.

A slight breath of relief overcomes Scott in maybe not being so far out of place like they had just pictured themselves to be.

Derek walks them both out, asking Scott to please not leave him out of anything if something new pops up.

Scott assures Derek only if he will do the same, Derek nods.

Stiles already has his jeep revved up, although he fidgets with the gears.

Frustration.

For the first time, Derek silently questions if Stiles will be okay.

"That wasn't the worst part, Derek," Peter says, making his way from sulking around the corner.

"I know...." Derek hums.

The road back asks Stiles if he wouldn’t mind dropping off Scott at the hospital, lunch with Melissa is something a good son wouldn’t say no to.

Once there, Melissa sees two’s company, offering to buy Stiles an extra plate if he wouldn’t mind the taste of under-cooked chicken and tasteless crackers.

“Never say no to free food,” Stiles suggests.

All three sit down at a small, round table with only one more spare chair for anyone to take at the expense of not it not being used.

The whole conversation is carried by Melissa venting out of all these small annoyances Scott and Stiles wouldn’t be able to actually have an opinion on, just listen; smile when she smiled and agree with her when she suggested something be better or improved.

It was a nice distraction until Stiles receives a sudden phone call from his dad, asking if he wouldn’t mind coming over to the station to help with a few things.

Thanking Melissa for the meal, Stiles retreats and heads off to the station.

Stiles is pleased the rest of the day wears out helping his father.

Picking up something quick and easy for dinner, Stiles asks for something none too heavy, mentioning he had already been treated to some food not so long ago with Scott.

Understandable, the sheriff orders a rather ironic kids meal for Stiles and regular combo to go.

Back at the house, Stiles says he’s going to be upstairs in his room, letting his father know if there was anything that needed more of his attention, just give a holler.
Actually, Stiles is hoping the sheriff wouldn’t actually need him for anything else.

He still has a promise to keep and Stiles will be damned if he didn’t follow through.

The door would be wide open for Jackson, whenever. All that’s left is for Jackson to take the first step inside and be welcomed into open arms.

At the airport, Jackson joins his father and mother sitting patiently, although across on the other section of seats across the way.

There was only about a good thirty minutes that passed before the call was made for all passengers aboard.

Jackson rushes ahead, as if it would serve as a clear sign he needed to get back home as quickly as possible.

No luck as it takes another twenty minutes for the last remaining straggles to be seated and all flight preparations to take place.

However short the flight may have been, Jackson knows a late lunch with Danny could be another setback Jackson isn’t willing to admit is stopping him.

As much as Jackson hears Stiles words on waiting and always being there, life is certainly doing anything it can to prolong it, certainly believing Stiles has all the time in the world.

Jackson wants nothing more than to disprove any small assumptions this might create.

Generalizations are possibly one of the top three pet peeves Jackson dislikes, how easily any individual make about him from just quick glances.

An internal willingness to beat that supposition resets that drive to make it today, no matter what.

After landing, Jackson pushes harder once more to reach the inside of the terminal already in Beacon Hills.

Turning on his phone and the impatience seems to build even harder, Jackson completely angry it’s deliberately stalling.

“Finally!” Jackson says forcefully.

Jackson: “Hey, I’m already back.”

Danny: “Cool! Do you want me to pick you up or you meet me?”

Jackson: “I’m actually still at the airport. We just barely landed.”

Danny: “Okay. Your call then.”

No doubt.

Jackson: “Come and get me.”

Danny: “Alright, be there in ten.”
When Jackson’s parents finally decide to pick up a bit of speed, only when they catch up is when Jackson leaves them once more.

“Danny and I are heading out. My bags are going home with you,” Jackson calls out.

Mr. Whittemore holds back reprimanding Jackson in front of a crowd, not to mention the huge amount of distance already between them.

The only thing Jackson can hear his mother whisper out of her mouth is, “Dinner later tonight.”

Where they wouldn’t be able to see him, Jackson invisibly agrees. Not bothering to piece together some kind of hidden message.

Danny arrives smoothly, hitting a bit of the curb but nowhere close enough to cause any damage to his vehicle.

Jackson quickly hops in, snapping his fingers to give Danny the all clear he wasn’t going to be waiting around.

It’s not a restaurant Danny had initially planned on taking Jackson but more to the food court in the outlet mall.

In a sorry confession, Danny neglected to mention to Jackson he needed a bit of a second opinion on his clothing since he needed an upgrade in his closet.

Several stores later, Jackson regrets not being able to have his own car and drive off the moment his sees his chance.

It wouldn’t happen, of course, but it would be nice to at least have the option.

At each entrance, Danny apologizes. After that, Jackson reassures Danny it’s okay.

Jackson pinpoints exactly when Danny feels enough is enough, the clock on Danny’s phone reads 6:45pm.

Danny calls the shopping done for the day, Jackson smiles peacefully knowing this is the moment.

The apologies still don’t stop even after Danny has already reached the front door of Jackson’s home.

“Keep calm, keep calm,” Jackson mumbles.

“I’ll see you tomorrow at school then,” Danny calls out.

Jackson pulls out one last honest smile as he waves Danny off, leaping through the front door.

“I’m home,” Jackson voices, loud enough in case no one was around to hear.

“Go upstairs and get ready,” Mr. Whittemore commands, both are in the living room.

Jackson halts briefly, enough to recognize dinner wasn’t just simply about having a possible meal at home.

“I thought dinner was going to be here?” Jackson rudely implies.

“Your mother said dinner but we thought you knew better it wouldn’t be here at home,” Mr.
Whittemore bites back.

“Then do it without me,” Jackson snaps, heading upstairs.

“Not going to happen!!” Mr. Whittemore yells.

Jackson turns around, waiting.

“This is a formal dinner party for a few of my colleagues who are celebrating this joyous moment in my career. We need to put up a good picture.”

“We? Or you?”

Jackson is almost level headed with his father, the pupils of their eyes could be seen narrowed as both their eyelids close sharply.

“You owe me this!” Mr. Whittemore snarls.

Before Jackson could rebuttal, Mrs. Whittemore pulls Jackson aside and away from dire consequences.

“Sweetie, please. Just go upstairs and get ready. I promise this won’t be so bad.”

“For the love of God….” Jackson whispers.

The is purposeful delay on Jackson’s part for dinner as it was nothing but tiresome being there.

More congratulatory greetings were met when all the guests met with Mr. Whittemore upon arrival.

The entire time, Jackson’s own fangs were growing inside his lips each time he was met. Only when the guests felt it was appropriate to say hello did Jackson have to grin and bare it.

Another obstacle Jackson feels is life punishing him for all his misdeeds.

Whatever consequence, Jackson is relatively happy to know as soon as some guests order a few more heavy drinks, Mr. and Mrs. Whittemore decide to call it at night and head back.

On the drive back, once home, Mr. Whittemore isn’t offering any sort of apology for snapping at Jackson they way he did as thanks for behaving well during the dinner.

Truthfully, Jackson didn’t want one as he slams the door to his room shut, a well known sign for any parent to leave their teenager alone.

Pick pocketing through his bags, Jackson locates the charger and shirt he bought for Stiles, wrapping them both inside his jacket he puts on in respect to the brisk air.

The time reads 10:13pm.

Out the window and Jackson can see his Porsche calling out his name. Taking it would be too much damage control he would have to do tomorrow morning.

“Forget it,” Jackson hums.

It’s not that far to the Stilinski home anyways, Jackson wouldn’t need to drive for a small jog wouldn’t hurt that much.
When Jackson reaches the home, all the lights are put out or dimmed except for one Jackson can see illuminates Stiles room in the far left.

Jackson walks over and sees Stiles still awake, staring at what would appear to be his computer screen. Jackson is still below looking distance on the ground floor as he carefully climbs up one of the nearby trees.

Once Jackson is high enough, Stiles expressions can be made out.

The poor kid looks tired but not unhappy, still patient and waiting.

Jackson has his chance, grasping a semi-loose branch to propel his body through the window already ajar.

However, the tender branch collapses under Jackson’s weight, Jackson letting out a small, “Ahh…” as he then hugs the tree for support.

The moment this occurs, Stiles lets out a hearty yawn, completely drowning out the sound of Jackson’s gasps.

“Seriously?!” Jackson gripes.

As Jackson grasps better footing, he scales the tree once more and is back on top looking through Stiles window.

Stiles isn’t around this time and Jackson can hear Stiles bare feet walking through the hallway and down where Stiles had gone to grab some more water.

“Perfect,” Jackson grins.

Holding the ledge, it’s a simple maneuver Jackson takes in opening the rest of the window frame to slide in.

The phone charger and shirt rustle within Jackson’s jacket and if Jackson could find the right courage right now to face Stiles, he would hold them and hand it to them as soon as they met but now it seems to be failing him.

A good corner spot is found on Stiles desk so Jackson takes them to gently place where they could speak to be seen first.

They were his sign of forgiveness sure, it would be making this easier but practicing is no actual substitute for the real thing.

It all started coming back all at once; no calls, no messages, no words on his part to let Stiles know he would even be here to follow up.

*growl*

Jackson’s stomach churns in agreement maybe, it wasn’t such a bright idea without calling first.

“No,” Jackson shakes his head, this is the right thing to do and the right place to be. Suddenly, an answer.

“Hi.”

“Hey.”
Jackson has his back to Stiles, now it’s his turn to wait.

“I told you I’d be back,” Jackson says.

Stiles restrains his body from moving forward on its own to attach itself to Jackson.

“And I told you I’d be here,” Stiles replies.

A heartbeat beats a little faster.

“What’s um….what’s this?” Stiles questions, pointing to his gifts atop his desk.

“I brought you back something,” Jackson says.

Perked up ears can listen in on Stiles checking out the phone charger and marveling at this new shirt he would definitely put on tomorrow morning at school.

When Jackson can hear no more rustling, certain Stiles is quiet, he begins to speak again.

“Those are for…those are for….you know…..for….”

But just as Jackson urges his mouth to spew out those particular words, Stiles suddenly runs up and wraps his arms around Jackson’s stomach, pressing extra hard his head to Jackson’s back.

“I’m so glad you’re back.”

Jackson is incredibly fast in grabbing Stiles hands to interlace their fingers together.

Now, right now, Jackson feels like he is finally home.

Not breaking their hold entirely, Jackson turns around so Stiles can wrap his arms around Jackson’s neck, Jackson wraps his arms around Stiles waist.

“They’re for…” Jackson wants to finish speaking but Stiles chooses to shut him up instead.

Stiles lips cradle Jackson’s, holding them closer and so soft.

There’s patience in Stiles lips, a standstill reaction building a much sweeter flavor.

Jackson melts entirely in Stiles figure, allowing Stiles to take control of the kiss but responding delicately.

“I don’t have anything for you. But I have been thinking about this and I want to be able to make it up to you.”

Jackson unenthusiastically breaks but only for brief moments as Stiles guides him carefully towards his bed.

As if they haven’t ever been this close to anyone before, Jackson is so wary of Stiles, there’s absolute tenderness Jackson brings onto Stiles body.

A rose, Jackson’s fingers are afraid to distort the image, damaging the petals disguised as Stiles skin.

As Jackson is sitting on the edge of the mattress, Stiles is already on top on his knees, smiling so happily.

Jackson is staring back in disbelief, none to certain if he could lie awake in his own bed at any
second.

Hopeful, Stiles takes Jackson’s hands to place right under his shirt at the waist.

Stiles hands are in the bottom front of his tee, lifting up his shirt slowly as to not cause any wrinkles.

The fingertips aligned all over Stiles waist stand still, Jackson is blatantly too nervous to move them.

When Jackson decides to look at Stiles again, Stiles understands Jackson needs help.

A side grin, Stiles moves his hand towards the back of Jackson’s head, nudging it softly to move forward.

As the movement begins, Jackson breathes a little harder, eyes closing until his moisture waters Stiles thin hairs waiting to brush against Jackson’s mouth.

Eyes fully shut, Jackson shifts his mouth forward until those small stands grace his lips.

Stiles tingles at the sensation, a small moan of agreement as the right gesture urging Jackson to move forward.

The response, an affectionate tongue slide riding up Stiles lower right side.

Stiles shirt is already all the way up, shot up with Jackson’s loving actions. The amount of time Jackson is taking is immeasurable, not that Stiles is actually wanting this to end.

The guidance went from the back of Jackson’s head to his jacket, unzipping whatever was left and peeling it off.

By now, Jackson had already reached Stiles chest, hands gone and off to the side for Stiles to help himself.

Stiles buries his hands deep in Jackson’s jacket, smoothing out the fabric as it detaches from the hard body it was attempting to hide.

So much fondness reciprocates with every touch, goose bumps welcome Stiles on his way down Jackson’s shoulders and arms.

Jackson’s arms don’t move, steadying his figure as Stiles pushes his body down.

Starting from the bottom, Stiles lifts up Jackson’s shirt and takes the whole road leading up to Jackson’s neck.

The whole ride lifts Jackson’s body, arching so well with the delicate ecstasy of pleasure.

Shirt gone, Stiles starts back at the bottom, dangerously close to the lower abdomen of Jackson’s waist.

A risk well known, Stiles is placing kiss after kiss, rubbing Jackson’s leg for good measure.

Jackson’s breathing, short staccato breathes with both arms extended across the bed as if held together by invisible restraints he is desperately trying to break free from.

Daring for a challenge has Stiles biting Jackson’s button on his jeans in a small dare to get them open.
It doesn’t take Stiles many tries to get a good grip on the button, tugging at it a few times until it finally releases.

Stiles dares to go further and bites down on Jackson’s zipper to slowly lower it entirely.

Each exhale can be felt through the fabric of Jackson’s briefs, right at the top of his cock the sensitivity lies where Jackson senses a sharp gust of air being huffed directly into it.

“Oh…my….god….” Jackson pants.

After Jackson’s jeans are dropped and laid to rest, the kisses begin once more but as early as Jackson’s shin.

Jackson’s wrists twist even harder, “Oh…..hunngggghhh….ah…….” the only audible noises Stiles can make out.

When Stiles reaches Jackson’s cock again, the fabric is barely holding together to stop it from emerging.

It’s throbbing and beating like a battle drum ready to be beaten.

Jackson quiets down, listening to the set sound of lips being wet.

Stiles bares his teeth, tracing them along the thick outline of Jackson’s cock.

It’s now.

Just as Stiles reaches over to pulls Jackson’s briefs aside…

“Wait!!”

Stiles retracts his tongue and looks up to see Jackson’s head up, not certain if Jackson has his eyes open.

“Wait….”

Softer and remorseful, Stiles crawls up to Jackson’s face to notice Jackson does indeed have his eyes closed.

Maybe Jackson doesn’t want to open them, maybe he can’t.

Nevertheless, Stiles strokes Jackson’s cheek with a gentle glide.

After Stiles hand passes down to Jackson’s chest, Jackson reveals a sorrowful stare; eyebrows furrowed into repentance.

“I….”

Stiles interjects the apology with a finger he soon replaces with another soulful kiss.

Through it, Jackson remembers Stiles description of how he would like his first time be. Not something casual just done because they have a few hours alone. Always like how it is meant to be.

Burying his arms under Jackson’s back, Stiles lies his head across Jackson’s chest to get some sleep.
as tomorrow as another school day is awaiting.

Jackson kisses Stiles forehead, a bit curious to know when Stiles had actually stripped down to just his briefs as they lie there together.

They sleep peacefully for a couple of hours before Jackson is startled by some snarling cats fighting for scraps at a nearby trashcan.

Comfortableness and warmth are proving very dominant as Jackson simply shifts his arms to be a bit to begin rubbing Stiles head.

Tracing the back of Stiles ear and Jackson is able to see the freckles he had already found once and deemed so proud to know this little secret.

Yet…..

“I can’t believe you’d do this just for me,” Jackson whispers.

“And then there’s this asshole,” Jackson thinks.

So much information is flying through Jackson’s head, his heartbeat starts accelerating faster and faster with the overload.

Sweat begins building up on Jackson’s forehead, panic as the last thing he needs is Stiles to wake up to an unnecessarily wet bed but Stiles essentially wakes up.

“Hey…. *yawn*…..hey, are you okay?”

Groggy, Stiles wipes his eyes and lifts his body up to meet Jackson’s face.

“Did I wake you?” Jackson asks, not sure if this was just coincidence

“It was the pounding in my ears,” Stiles answers, accusing more Jackson’s heartbeat.

In a deep intake of air, Jackson prepares to lie as if he could easily pass this off as just another case of insomnia.

Stiles has other plans and whatever lie Jackson can come up has to wait as Stiles instructs Jackson to turn over to his side.

“Nightmares? Here, hopefully this will help.”

Stiles positions his body perfect to fit the crevices of Jackson’s own physique by spooning him from behind.

Although smaller by comparison, Jackson finds this impressive on how Stiles spooning makes Stiles seem bigger.

An arm across Jackson’s head so he can lay on it, another holding his hand up to his chest with Stiles head around the crease of Jackson’s shoulder and neck.

Magic and therapeutic, Stiles places one final kiss on Jackson’s cheek as they both slowly drift into a deep slumber for a few more hours.

Chapter End Notes
*Updated. Hello, everyone. Just want to say the chapter has been updated and fully out. Hope you all enjoy this one although I am pretty sure some of you already saw this coming. Anyways, I'm excited to see what happens next. As always, thank you very much for your love and support. You're awesome! :D
Stiles breathing is a bit fuzzy with a small amount of loose boogers in alliance with a stuffed up nose. The cold air creeps up Stiles bare back, although Stiles isn’t shivering for the lack of warmth.

Jackson’s sizzling body is enough to work as a heater for many nights and moons, but Jackson is a tad afraid Stiles body isn’t working on the same level as his; it could probably be the reason why Stiles might sound the way he does.

Carefully, Jackson squirms away from Stiles hold, confident they can switch places as well as taking a stand it’s the right thing to do in this scenario.

Jackson’s eyes grace all over Stiles left side of his face, amusement at the image of a grown up Stiles. Not once did Jackson think this small, wimp of a Stilinski could ever reach such a level.

As Jackson continues to shift through his current position, Stiles notices the movement and shifts his figure, attempting to accommodate Jackson if that was his intention.

After a few seconds of fidgeting like an uncomfortable worm, Stiles eyes remain closed but his mouth opens up.

“Is something wrong?” Stiles hums, giving Jackson the room he needs to spread around.

“The cold air…..” Jackson hums back, mindlessly rubbing his legs together like flint to steel.

Stiles responds by holding Jackson closer and tighter, placing one leg completely over Jackson’s waist and leg.

“Heh….not for me. For you. Listen to the way you’re breathing…..” Jackson whispers.

Stiles grins, still not opening his eyes, as his raises the thin sheet of cover over their two bodies.

“You can’t get sick.” Stiles mumbles, his grin becoming more.

Jackson reaches behind and pulls Stiles the last, impossible amount; nearer than two peas in a pod.

Instantly, Stiles begins to softly snore. The entire room buzzes with the low hum of heavy breathing.

As Jackson closes his eyes, his vision feels faint, blurred. Darkness is no longer clear.

Forcing his eyes to shut harder, Jackson struggles to comprehend how distant sleep seems to crawl slowly back to into his life.

However, sleep seems to prolong itself further as Jackson no longer attempts it for fear of being crushed.

Stiles has unexpected gained an enormous amount of weight, leaving Jackson at his mercy as Jackson slips away to become a part of the bed.
The trouble of being squished isn’t so much a problem as the confusion rises above anything else as to why Stiles suddenly become so heavy without Jackson’s knowledge.

As Jackson digs further into the mattress to gain a steady arm to hold him in place, as soon as Stiles keeps moving both forward and down, only when their bodies reach this roadblock does Stiles suddenly stop moving.

Jackson listens carefully, faintly distinguishing small words Stiles appears to be uttering in his sleep.

The utterance of words last a few brief seconds before Stiles suddenly wakes in a panic, a huge gasp of air intake towards his lungs.

“SSSSPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!”

Jackson panics as well, snapping his arm loose and returning in place to submerge himself into the mattress.

Yet, Stiles is awake and stops. Halts the sinking feeling.

Stiles begins to move his arms and body away from Jackson and Jackson can’t help but follow along as his squirms a bit.

But in doing so, Stiles hunches over and responds delicately; whispering into Jackson’s ear, “ssshhhhh…..” And placing soft kisses on his right shoulder.

Tender at the sense, Jackson calms down stretching as Stiles releases his hold, believing him to surrender to his pleas of rest, and moves aside to actually stand up.

Jackson doesn’t turn around, convincing Stiles his charm worked as Stiles sighs walking into his bathroom.

The door is halfway shut, the light turned on as Jackson can hear the faucet leaking water.

Unable to pry his attention away, Jackson turns over and crosses his legs Indian style, watching Stiles simply lean over the sink with his head bowed.

With focused hearing, Jackson listens in to Stiles’ heartbeat. It isn’t rapid but slower paced than usual, resembling booms of thunder during a storm.

During this short time together, their nights were probably the best so far.

Nothing gave way or interrupted a special privilege anyone very easily takes for granted.

It is simple, comforting, enjoyable.

Perhaps those are the reasons why Jackson wonders what has bothered Stiles so to force him awake of all of sudden. A cautious surprise first in their time together.

The faucet no longer drains itself of water as much as it allows small drops to cascade down and grace the metal below it.

A disgruntled growl Stiles voices out on his exit only to be a little shocked to find Jackson already staring straight in this direction.

“Did my pillow miss me?” Stiles hums.
Stiles almost makes it back onto the mattress although Jackson scooches his body forward to meet Stiles at the end.

“What’s wrong?” Jackson asks.

It becomes evident Jackson really didn’t go back to sleep as Stiles had initially hoped would happen.

Stiles smiles, moving his body forward and up on top of Jackson, motioning his entire body to hug Jackson who has stayed firm in sitting right-side up.

Jackson grins shyly, allowing Stiles to sit atop his crossed legs, moving his arms up Stiles back.

A small giggle escapes Stiles mouth as his moves his arms around Jackson’s neck and through his soft, angel hair.

The sensations doesn’t appear to be running wild as Stiles carefully moves forward to simply lay his head on Jackson’s shoulder.

As fervent as Stiles had attempted to push some feelings away, they escalate quickly back into his head with Jackson knowing he needed to ask.

“Hey….hey,” Jackson hums.

A gentle hand lifts Stiles head and cradles it as Jackson holds it steady.

Stiles feels entranced by the palm, placing his own hand along Jackson’s fingers, sighing deeply with how warm it feels and not wanting to let it go.

Jackson loosely grips Stiles fingers, gliding them down so softly the feel is almost as if they aren’t moving at all, just a swift wind all over Stiles skin.

Soon, their entangled fingers reach Stiles heart, still beating loud but calm all the same.

“Hey…” Jackson whispers, a secret only Stiles can hear.

“Talk to me,” Jackson suggests.

Stiles breathing is steady, Jackson would not be able to differentiate if Stiles were to actually lie at this exact moment.

However, without concentrating in the slightest, Jackson blindly takes away a small stream of pain resonating within Stiles body.

The black line seeps only enough to reach Jackson’s forearm before disappearing.

Stiles gazes down to notice Jackson it happened, Jackson is patiently waiting for an answer.

Eyes closed, body feeling heavy, soul racing to burst out.

Tilting a tad further down, Stiles head kisses Jackson’s forehead, a dream Stiles is hoping he will never wake up from.

There is no escaping this serenity, the pull becomes too strong for only a fool would rescind what any person would ache for.

Carefully, Jackson seals his eyes as well, a huge gulp of air to help ease a new level of being alive.
As the words form themselves in Jackson’s throat, the only one to ever show its face is priceless.

“Please…” Jackson pleads.

The sound, the word it itself, shudders Jackson so much he opens his eyes so startled it frightens him so.

But when Stiles opens his eyes, the only thing Jackson can see is the same promise Jackson knows is there.

“Please…” Jackson says again.

The pull of entangling auras leaves Jackson with nothing else.

Chapter End Notes

Hello everyone! In case anyone was wondering, I am not dead!! Anyways, not that anyone cares either but things have just been getting crazy I couldn’t keep up. I don’t want to bore you with any details, because no one cares, but I just wanted to give a little preview for this next couple of chapters. Yes, you heard right, two! I decided to put out two chapters since I did fall behind as just something to make up for it. The first one will be put out in a few weeks and the next one will be shortly after. Well, that’s all I wanted to say. Happy New Year everyone and let's hope for much better, and lots of fun stuff in 2018.

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