Scott and Stiles weren't separated that night in the woods. Both boys were bitten and turned. With both boys struggling with the change, will things turn out differently? Or end in the same amount of pain and suffering? Sterek.
The Beginning

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.

The Hale Pack: The Beginning

On the rural outskirts of a small California town called Beacon Hills, Police Officers and State Troopers gather on a dirt road. At their sides, search dogs bark and whine, pulling their leashes taut.

One by one, the Officers click on flashlights and then glance to the Sheriff for his signal. Finally, he gives a nod. Seconds later, a dozen streaks of light tear through the shadowy woods.

A desperate search has begun...

Not far from those dense woods, a two-story home lies hidden under a canopy of trees. A gentle wind drifts into the open window of an upstairs bedroom where two hands thread the laces on the head of a lacrosse stick.

The work is fast and precise, fingers pulling each lace into a diamond mesh pattern. Knotting the last loop, sixteen year old Scott McCall stands with the re-threaded stick. Dressed in only a pair of athletic shorts, his lithe frame may still have some filling out to do but it's easy to see that he'll soon grow into a strikingly handsome young man with deep black eyes designed to melt the hearts of hopeful young girls.

Scooping a ball up from his bedroom floor, he gives the lacrosse stick a spin, testing his handiwork.

A moment later, the re-threaded stick lands next to a school backpack while Scott pumps out a few chin-ups at the bar mounted in the doorway of his closet.

Then, toothbrush in his mouth, he reaches for the window sill to pull it down. But he stops when he hears a sound. He cocks his ear to listen again. Under the whispering wind, he hears movement. A strange shuffling noise.

Less than a minute later, the door to the porch is opened. Now armed with a baseball bat, Scott starts for the yard. Breath held tight, he moves cautiously off the porch steps.

The sound of movement stops him cold. Holding still, he peers left and right as he white-knuckles the bat, ready to swing. When he reaches the railing, before Scott even knows what's happening, a figure swings down and comes hurtling toward him. Scott hollers in terror as an upside down face appears in front of him, the person screaming back at him. He almost swings the bat before realizing who it is.

"Stiles, what the hell are you doing?" Scott asks his best friend angrily whilst gasping deep breaths.

"You weren't answering your phone." Stiles answers indignanty gesturing with his arms wildly. Feet caught in the trellis, Stiles hangs in front of Scott. The sixteen year-old with boundless energy continues talking upside down as if this were a perfectly normal way to have a conversation. "Why do you have a bat?"

Scott glances at the bat in his hand then back at his best friend, "I thought you were a predator."

"A pre-" Stiles cuts himself off with a shake of his head and slight scoff "Look I know it's late, but
you gotta' hear this. I saw my dad leave twenty minutes ago. Dispatch called. They're bringing in every officer from the Beacon department and even State Police."

"For what?" Scott asks his best friend, lowering the bat.

"Two joggers found a body in the woods." His voice carries a trace of excitement, there's a slight grin on his face as he reaches up and pulls himself free of the trellis, proceeding to land on his feet in front of Scott.

"A dead body?" Scott asks with a slightly confused look on his face, leaning over the railing to look down at his friend. Stiles stands full, leaning closer to the railing "No, a body of water. Yes, dumbass, a dead body." He announces with his trademark sarcasm. The pale boy climbs up, over the railing onto the porch, in front of Scott.

"You mean like murdered?" Scott inquires.

Stiles stands with his hands on his hips. "Nobody knows yet. Just that it was a girl," He makes a gesture with his left hand. "probably in her twenties." he repeats the gesture with his right hand.

"Hold on. If they found a body, what are they looking for now?" A seemingly ever-present confused look was glued to his face

"That's the best part." Stiles announced, gesturing wildly, barely able to contain his excitement "They only found half."

A little later on, a beat-up jeep skids to a halt just beyond the heavily wooded entrance to the Beacon Hills Preserve. Stiles gets out with a flashlight in hand. Scott following him.

"Are we seriously doing this?" Scott asks Stiles incredulously.

Placing a hand on his friends shoulder, Stiles replies, "You're the one always bitchin' that nothing ever happens in this town." Before charging on to the hiking path.

Standing in place with a slight shrug, Scott informs the hyperactive boy,"I was trying to get a good night's sleep for practice tomorrow." Scott then proceeds to follow Stiles.

"Right, because sitting on the bench is such a grueling effort." Is the sarcastic response.

"No, because I'm playing this year." Scott insists, "In fact, I'm making first line."

Stiles put a sarky cheer in his voice to respond "That's the spirit. Everyone should have a dream. even a pathetically unrealistic one."

"Just out of curiosity, which half of the body are we looking for?" Scott asks, deciding to ignore Stiles' previous comment.

"Huh. I didn't even think about that."

"And what if whoever killed the girl is still out here?" Scott asks with little conviction

"Also something I didn't think about." Is the response.

"Comforting to know you've planned this out with your usual attention to detail." Scott gasps out between breaths, whilst climbing a dirt hill. Scott's breath begins to shorten. "Maybe the severe
asthmatic should be the one holding the flashlight."

Scott leans against a tree taking his inhaler out of his hoodie pocket, shaking it several times before following Stiles up the rest of the hill.

Stiles drops to the ground quickly when he reaches the top of said hill. Scott following suit seconds later, when he notices it too. Several law enforcement officers with flashlights and dogs scouring the woods.

Scott takes a hit from his inhaler when Stiles tries to get up and run forward. Scott just manages to pull him back down.

"Dude!" he whispers forcing his inhaler back into his pocket. "If we go that way we'll run right into the search party, lead by the sheriff. Also known as your dad! We're better off heading back."

Stiles goes to protest when he hears his dads voice call out to a deputy. He nods before whispering, "Fine, but you owe me big time!" Stiles hauls himself up to his feet, then helps Scott up.

"For what? Savin' your ass?" Scott asks jokingly, playfully punching the lanky boy's shoulder.

Starting back, the friends try to find their way out of the woods, when the flashlight starts to flicker, before going out completely.

"Shit," Stiles states squinting at the object in his hands, willing it to work.

"Do you have any spare batteries?" Scott asks looking at his friend hopefully, who looked back at him like he was insane.

"Oh, yeah! I keep them in my pocket with my wilderness survival kit!" Stiles snarks, flailing his arms around. "Let's just try to retrace our steps." So the best friends take off, but with each step it becomes increasingly difficult to see in the pitch black darkness.

Stiles stops suddenly holding his arm out, forcing Scott to stop too. "Did you hear that?" There was a rustling among the trees. The pair stand still and share a nervous glance. Scott's breath tightens more from fear, than asthma and he reaches into his pocket and pulls out his inhaler again.

Before he can do anything, there's an odd rumbling sound. The sound of sudden and furious movement increasing in volume and velocity until a dozen deer come charging out of the darkness. The shock sends both boys tumbling to the ground and Scott's inhaler was sent flying. The deer soar past them with the thunderous beat of hooves trampling the ground.

Then, once again it was just the two best friends, alone in the dark forest. Scott stands before crouching down, eyes scanning the leaf-covered ground in search of his inhaler. Pulling out his cell phone, he lights the display and guides the phone's light over the ground.

"What are you doing?" Stiles asks, staring at Scott like he's grown a second head.

"Looking for my inhaler." He snaps, "I dropped it."

Without another word, Stiles joins Scott in his search. The pair don't find Scott's inhaler but do manage to briefly illuminate a face. A pale, dead face, with glossed over, unseeing eyes peering up at Scott. The head was connected to half a body.

Crying out in shock, Scott lurches up, tripping on his own feet and tumbling over Stiles, pulling the paler boy with him. Suddenly, they're propelled down a leaf-covered slope, rolling head over heels,
hitting each other several times before landing in a heap on top of a pile of leaves. Groaning, Stiles and Scott stand, wordlessly deciding to leave the inhaler for the night and get out of the woods.

Suddenly, a low growl stops them from moving. Stiles holds his breath, knowing Scott is doing the same. Something crouches in the shadows right near him. Something very large. Scott slowly begins to turn around when something hurtles towards them. It pins Scott first, and there's a flash of red eyes and razor sharp teeth before Scott twists forward, crying out.

"Scott!" Stiles leaps forward without thinking, determined to help his friend, which only draws the... **thing** to him. He stumbles backwards, landing on the ground with a thump. He holds his arm in front of his face in a feeble attempt at self defense as the red eyed creature lunges at him. The creature digs it horribly sharp teeth into Stiles' thin arm so deep that Stiles thinks it has bitten all the way through.

The creature runs away after that. Scott helps pull Stiles up by his uninjured arm and they rush to get out of the woods.

Crashing out of the woods and onto the road, Scott and Stiles whirl around simultaneously to face an oncoming car. The driver swerves, almost clipping Scott. Horn blaring, the car hurtles past.

Breathless, Scott backs away from the woods, pulling Stiles with him. With the world spinning around him, Scott pulls up his now torn hoodie, over a deep and vicious looking bite.

"Fuck, dude" Stiles gasps, looking at Scott's injury with deep concern in his whiskey eyes. "That looks really bad."

"Speak for yourself." Scott breathes out with a wince, staring at Stiles right arm. Blood was flowing over his jacket sleeve and dripping to the ground.

Before Stiles can reply, the pair freeze at the strangest sound. The howling of a wolf.
Meeting Derek

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

The best friends meet a mysterious man after being attacked.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Hale Pack: Meeting Derek

Before Stiles can reply, the pair freeze at the strangest sound. The howling of a wolf.

"Okay, what the fuck?" Scott asks. Eyes wide with fear. Hands shaking. "Was that a wolf?"

"I-I, no- no fucking way dude. There is no way that just happened! We were not just attacked by a freaking wolf, you know why? I'll tell you why Scott, because there are no wolves in California haven't been for like sixty years, okay? So there's no way that just happened." Stiles was gesturing wildly despite the pain in his arm.

"Look, let's just get to the Jeep, we need to get patched up." Stiles said using his left hand to cradle his right arm. Scott nodded in agreement, the pair started to walk when they heard a car driving behind them.

Turning to get a better look, the friends gained twin looks of awe when a sleek black Camaro pulled up beside them with heavily tinted windows. The passenger side window was rolled down and an attractive man was leaning across to look at them. His skin was pale, contrasting his deep black hair. He was well built, muscles were very noticeable through the parts of the tight black t-shirt that they could see through the open leather jacket.

"You two hurt?" The beautiful man asked in a smooth voice that caused Stiles' heart to skip a beat. The man's gaze turned to him, as if he heard. 'He is gorgeous' was the first thought in Stiles head.

"Yeah," Stiles answered, barely suppressing a shudder "We were attacked by..." He faltered "Something"

Scott didn't seem to be affected the same way and simply stated "We think it was a wolf," ignoring Stiles' glare. "We heard a wolf howling."

Derek's face remained blank, but when he spoke, his voice was tense. "You're lucky that you're alive." His voice getting lower with each word "That thing has already killed. Multiple times" Derek's voice was almost a growl by the time he had finished speaking.

"You mean, i-it killed that girl? Tore her in half?" Scott asked shakily, colour draining from his
face. Stiles could feel his heart racing at a mile a minute and subconsciously clutched his injured arm closer, thinking how fortunate he actually was to still have it. To still be alive.

"Yes. Now get in." Derek demanded pushing open the passenger side door, pulling the seat forward so one of them could climb in the back, sharing a look the friends decided that, if they were to get in the car, they'd both go in the back.

"We don't even know you! For all we know you could have killed that girl." Stiles accused, although he didn't really believe it. Although he knew wolves hadn't been in California for years but he couldn't deny what had happened, what he had seen and heard, he couldn't deny it. "And we have my car, it's by the entrance to the preserve."

"You know it wasn't me and you're in no state to drive," Derek stated, raising a single eyebrow easily, and gestured to each boy's injuries. "Let alone walk to the car itself." The dark haired man gestured to the back seat of the car, "if it makes you feel better you can both sit in the back, but you're better off coming with me and letting me take you home. I'll drive you tomorrow morning to pick it up. You're both still in school, right." It was more a statement than a question but apparently Scott felt the need to answer Derek anyway.

"Yeah, We're Sophomores" Scott wheezed out, clutching his abdomen in pain.

"Good for you, now. Get. In." He said with a firm nod to the back seat. His frustration clear in his tone and body language.

With a soft sigh, Stiles nodded and climbed into the car without a second thought, Scott following immediately.

"Where are you headin'?" He asked, shoving the passenger seat back in place and slamming the door shut.

"Uhh, yeah where?" Scott asked, turning to his best friend curiously.

"Yours? My dad's gonna be out all night on the search, then doing paperwork. I can call, say I got bored and went to yours. 'Sides your mum's got the best first aid kit. It makes sense." Stiles babbled out with various one handed gestures.

Scott nodded in agreement, whilst Derek glanced at Stiles in the rearview mirror. "You're the Sheriffs kid" Another statement.

"Yeah, I'm Stiles. This is Scott." Stiles said, wincing as the adrenaline started to wear off, the pain flooding his arm, setting his nerves on fire. Glancing to Scott and realised the same was happening to him, noting as Scott placed more pressure on his wound.

"So are you going to tell me the address or am I going to have to guess’ Derek asked sharply, eyebrow jumping halfway up his forehead.

"Oh, yeah, sorry," Scott replied quickly, telling the elder male his address, before settling into to silence. The laboured breathing from the injured teens and the purr of the engine being the only sounds they could hear on the journey.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

When the sleek sports car finally pulled up outside the McCall residence, it was just after 11pm. Derek got out of the car quickly, moving to the passenger side door, opening it, pulling the seat forward and helping the teens out, trying to make it as easy as possible for them.
"Do you need a hand getting cleaned up?" Derek asked as the three reached the front door, Scott unlocking the door. Stiles and Scott exchanged a glance. 'Well, he hasn't tried to kill us yet and that car is pretty hard to miss.' Stiles thought, 'and it would be useful to have help.'

"Yeah. Yeah, that'll be good, thanks." Scott said, apparently coming to the same conclusion as Stiles. The three made their way through the house, up to Scott's bedroom. Along the way, Stiles stopped by the bathroom to grab Mrs McCall's first aid kit.

"Let me see," Derek demanded, taking the kit from Stiles. Scott quickly removed his hoodie and t-shirt, whilst Stiles simply rid himself of his jacket and plaid shirt but leaving his t-shirt on. Derek glanced at both wounds before pulling out several items from the kit. "You both okay to clean 'em while I sort out the dressings?" When both boys nodded, he held out several packets of antiseptic wipes, which each accepted gratefully.

Stiles placed his right hand on the back of his neck, in order to elevate his arm and inspect the wound better. He cringed at the sight, several deep punctures surrounded by partially dried blood, you could barely see the white skin underneath. That which was still visible was quickly being covered by the blood, still oozing from the wound.

Stiles opened the wipe packet with his teeth, cringing when some of the taste got into his mouth. Struggling with one hand, Stiles eventually managed to get the wipe out of the packet and started to clean the wound.

Hissing, Stiles dabbed around the punctures and removed as much blood as he could, he winced whenever the wipe touched the wounds. When he'd almost finished cleaning the wound, Scott and Derek approached him.

Scott had a fresh antiseptic wipe in his hand, took the now bloody one Stiles was holding, tossed it in the bin while proceeding to clean the wound. Stiles noticed the neat dressing on Scott's abdomen, patches of blood were starting to seep through, but for the most part it looked better. Stiles realised he must have taken a long time trying to clean his arm, but hey, his was in a more awkward place, okay! And on his stronger arm.

Derek was sorting through dressing and medi tape next to him, glance up every few seconds to check Scott's progress at cleaning Stiles' injury. Once Scott was done, Derek quickly got to work. His hands were strong and firm, but at the same time, tender and careful, looking after the injured teen. Stiles couldn't explain why, but he felt safe with Derek and that didn't happen often.

In fact, the only people he had ever felt this safe with were his dad, Scott, Mrs. McCall and... his mum. So what was it about Derek?

Stiles was pulled out of is thoughts when Derek stepped away, eye's glancing over his handiwork. "Okay," Derek announced, ensuring he had Scott and Stiles' attentions "I know you are confused about what happened tonight and you'll have a lot of questions tomorrow. I'll pick you up here tomorrow morning at 7 to get your car, then after school you'll meet me at the preserve and I'll answer all of your questions."

"We have Lacrosse practice" Scott said quickly, apparently forgetting his injury and the fact that they barely knew the guy, yet he was ordering them around.

Derek, however, simply glared at Scott "Fine," He growled "After practice." Then he left. Not just the room, no, the house. By opening the window on the left side of the room and jumping out of it.

"Woah," Stiles said, he and Scott rushing to see Derek land perfectly, then walk out of sight.
Seconds later, they hear the unmistakable sound of the Camaro start then drive away. "That. Was. Awesome!" Grinning wildly at Scott, who then decides to finally have some common sense. Kind of.

"Dude, what the fuck's going on around here? First, there's a dead body. Then we get attacked by a wolf. The we meet a weird guy, who just happens to show up just after we get attacked. Then he says he has answers, to questions we haven't even asked, then he just jumps out of a second story window without even blinking. I mean seriously dude! It's really..." During Scott's monologue, he had walked away from the window and started pacing, before stopping in front of the bed and dropping onto it with a wince. "Crazy"

"I know," Stiles sighed, rubbing his left hand over his face and the back of his neck. "But it wasn't a wolf," Scott tried to interrupt, but the lanky boy quickly continued. "I mean not a regular wolf, it was way too big for one and it's eyes... Dude it's eyes were glowing red! Like freaking glow sticks!" He paused slightly as Scott's brows furrowed, a small frown forming, before his face quickly became a mask of recognition and shock. "Yeah! And I'm pretty sure that it killed girl, but I don't think it want to kill us. Hear me out okay. It went for non-fatal injuries. Sure they hurt like a bitch, but not fatal." Scott nodded slightly as his best friend ranted, paced, and flailed his uninjured arm. "It could have easily overpowered and killed us. Ripped our throats out, torn us in half, anything! But it didn't. Add that to the eyes and size... I don't know, you're right, it's crazy." Stiles sighed and walked to the bed and sat down next to Scott.

"What about that guy though," Scott started looking at Stiles. "I mean, he didn't even give us his name, we don't know anything about him."

Stiles' head turned to Scott so fast, the elder boy was surprised he didn't get whiplash. "Dude, that was Derek Hale!" He exclaimed, eyes widening at Scott's confused look. "You remember right? He's only like a few years older than us. His family? They all burned to death in a fire like 6 years ago!" Suddenly Stiles' eyes widened "The fire! Scott grab your Laptop."He demanded.

"Why?" Scott asked, once again confused, but stood to do as his best friend said.

"Th-the fire! There were three survivors! Derek Hale, Laura Hale and Peter Hale. Peter Hale is comatose with severe burns, Laura and Derek moved out of town. A few days ago, a few people saw a girl around town, at a motel and heading up to the preserve. Normally people wouldn't notice but apparently she had a really nice car. So nice, I heard Jackson bitchin' about it, meaning it rivals his precious Porsche! Search for the Hale fire." Stiles said the second Scott sat back down next to him. "Please." he added at Scott's glare.

Sighing, Scott searched and clicked on the first link. The pair gasped when the paged loaded, an image being the first thing to appear.

The image had a caption 'The Hale fire survivors' and featured a man who looked to be in his early to mid twenties lying unconscious on a hospital bed. What caught their attention though, were the two teens beside the bed. The younger being a boy who was unmistakably a teenaged Derek Hale, same features just more guilty and grief stricken than brooding. The girl was the most shocking, despite being younger and more tanned, she looked exactly the same, yet at the same time, completely different to who they saw. This was her.

The dead girl they found in the woods was Laura Hale.
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canon.

Thank you for reading and commenting.
New Abilities
Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

Scott and Stiles discover New abilities. Scott gets a crush on the new girl.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Hale Pack: New Abilities

The dead girl they found in the woods was Laura Hale.

After initially freaking out, the boys calmed down enough to decide to try and sleep before school and just ask Derek about everything the next day. It was times like this that Stiles was glad he kept spare clothes and supplies at Scott's house.

After changing into clean sweats and t-shirts, Stiles called his dad, who was relieved his son wasn't alone, so would be out of danger. (At least that's what he thought) The boys decided to treat themselves to sandwiches and water before heading to bed, hoping to get some sleep before they had to wake up at 6. Seriously, why did they agree to meet Derek at 7?

*The Next Morning*

When Stiles woke up on his best friend's bedroom floor, he wondered what he was doing there on a school night. Then it all came flooding back. The body. The woods. The wo-**Thing**. Derek. Laura-Derek! Derek was going to pick them up! Fumbling to his feet, Stiles looked at the alarm clock sat on Scott's desk. 6:04. Okay, he can work with that. Picking up the pillow he'd been using from the floor, Stiles lifted it above his head with both hands without thinking and slammed it into Scott's chest.

"DUDE!" Scott yelled, shooting up in bed, taking care to give Stiles his most threatening glare. He didn't look very threatening, more like an angry puppy, but point's for effort.

"Get up, Derek's picking us up at 7." Stiles announced, grabbing a set of clothes from 'his' draw and claimed the bathroom before Scott could even stand.

"Dere- oh" Stiles just knew that Scott was currently poking at his wound through the dressing. Wound. Wait. Why didn't his arm hurt? He examined it in the mirror and saw that it was still bandaged and that the dressing itself was stained with dried blood. He shrugged and figured it'd start hurting later on. He removed the dressing, cringing at the dried blood, before turning off the shower and stripping.

Stiles showered and dressed quickly, quickly put on fresh bandages without paying the wound much attention and left the bathroom so Scott could use it.

"Finally!" Scott exclaimed, rushing past Stiles and into the bathroom. 6:22, cool, he had time to make breakfast. Grabbing a red hoodie from Scott's closet, he didn't need anyone else seeing the
bandage on his arm, Stiles left the room and made his way towards the kitchen.

Passing Melissa McCall's room, Stiles heard the nurse humming a tune he didn't recognise, meaning she was awake. Huh, usually he and Scott only heard her humming when they pressed their ears to the door trying to figure out their chance of sneaking downstairs to play videogames at 2 in the morning. They weren't very good.

'She must feel like humming louder today', Stiles thought to himself whilst going downstairs, ignoring the nagging voice in his head telling him that he knew it wasn't true.

Helping himself to the ingredients from the McCall's cupboards and fridge, Stiles set off making pancakes. Blueberry for Melissa and Chocolate chip for himself and Scott. Halfway through cooking the first pancake, he heard Melissa's bedroom door open, and the woman came rushing downstairs in her pajama's "Scott why do I sm-!" Melissa froze at the kitchen door when she saw Stiles cooking instead of her son, then sighed in relief "Stiles, it's you, good, I thought Scott was cooking!" Stiles chuckled at that, it's a big mistake to allow Scott to use anything other than a kettle or microwave, though you should be wary when he uses a microwave. His chuckle was cut off when Melissa's expression changed from relieved to suspicious "Why are you here? On a school day? Does your father know? Why didn't I know?" She shot off quickly, placing her hands on her hips.

"I thought Scott called you when I called my dad, but apparently not." Stiles started, expertly flipping the pancake. "Last night, dad was called out because two joggers found a body in the woods, please don't tell him that I know! I plan to be shocked and appalled when it appears on the news. Anyway at around 11 I got bored, so I invited myself over here." Melissa rolled her eyes at that, but had a soft smile on her face as she made her way to the kitchen table. "Of course half way here, Roscoe decided to break down. I got help, and dropped off here, with the promise that Scott and I will be picked up and taken to the Jeep at 7. So all is good." Stiles felt bad about lying to the woman, but if he told her the truth... It wouldn't end well. He distracted her from the holes in his story by sliding a blueberry pancake onto a plate and placing it in font of her. That pancake was followed by five more before he started on the chocolate chip ones.

Stiles had received praises on his cooking from Melissa and served up two plates with half a dozen chocolate chip pancakes each when Scott finally walked downstairs, bag slung over his shoulder, Lacrosse Stick firmly attached.

"Morning mum," Scott greeted, kissing Melissa on the cheek. "Ooh pancakes." He snatched a plate befor sitting opposite his mum at the table. He stuffed a pancake in his mouth, moaning at the taste. "M'm c'n sti'es wiv wif us?" he asked while chewing the food.

"No Scott, you need manners and apparently you don't have them when he's around" Melissa stated, cringing at her son. Stiles chuckled softly, turning off the stove and sitting at the table before stuffing himself with pancakes. His thoughts turning to the previous night and Derek.

"So, you boy's trying out for Lacrosse today?" Melissa asked, glancing at the Lacrosse stick on the floor, already knowing the answer. Thankfully, Scott remembered to swallow his food before replying this time.

"Yeah, I'm not going be on the bench this year either mum, I'm gonna be first line." Scott announced proudly, smiling at his mum.

"That's great honey, I can't wait to see you play." Melissa beamed at her son, pleased with his confidence, she just hoped he wouldn't be let down. "How about you Stiles?"
Scott and Melissa looked at Stiles, surprised when he didn't immediately reply. They were even more shocked to see him staring the table, a thoughtful expression on his face. His plate still held four pancakes, but he wasn't making a move to eat them.

"Stiles?" Scott asked carefully, leaning toward his best friend. The lanky boy continues staring at the table, mind working at a mile a minute.

"Stiles!" Scott yelled to him, gaining the boy's attention.

"Huh, what?" Scott looked at him in concern, eyes flickering to the un-eaten pancakes, then back to his friend. "No, Scott you can't have my pancakes!" Stiles huffed out, pulling the plate closer to himself and proceeding to munch on another pancake. Stiles knew that his friend wasn't after them, but it was the best way to keep the McCalls from being concerned about him.

By the time Stiles had finished his breakfast, without any other incidents, it was 6.57. Derek would be there soon. Quickly, Stiles and Scott gathered up the plates, pans and other utensils and placed them haphazardly in the dishwasher. Just as Stiles turned it on, a car pulled up outside the house.

"That's our ride, see you later mum" Scott said, giving her another kiss on the cheek and grabbed his bag.

"Later Mrs. McCall." Stiles called, making his way to the front door with Scott.

"Bye boy's, have a good day." The door slammed shut before she'd even finished speaking.

Scott and Stiles made their way to the Camaro, the passenger door was open and waiting for them. Once again they both climbed in the back.

"Hey" Scott greeted as he fastened his seatbelt, Stiles repeating his best friend's actions.

"How are the bites?" Derek asked pulling out into the road and driving towards the preserve.

"They're..." Scott started, his signature puzzled look appearing on his face. "They're fine." He looked to Stiles "Does yours hurt?"

"N-no," Sure it's one thing for his not to hurt right now, but Stiles couldn't ignore that Scott's was the same. Both of them suffering deep wounds and neither of them hurting the next day? Sure, it could be a coincidence, but his instincts screamed otherwise. "Not at all."

Stiles shrugged of his jacket and quickly peeled off the bandages. He was half expecting the wounds to be gross and deep, possibly oozing a little. However Stiles wasn't completely surprised to see that the bite on his arm was smaller than before, not as deep or wide, looking to be a few days old. How was this possible?

Looking up a Scott, he saw that his wound was also smaller. The best friends exchanged puzzled and awed looks.

"How is this possible?" Scott asked, looking from Stiles to Derek in shock. Shaking his head, Stiles subconsciously ran his right hand, again with no pain, over his buzz cut.

"I-I don't- Fuck, I don't know" He replied, looking to the stoic man driving the car, he asked "Do you?"

"Yes." Was the short reply, and Derek made no move to elaborate.
"Care to tell us?" Scott asked irridiculously

"Later," Derek in formed them pulling up next to Stiles' Jeep, 'huh, that was quick' Stiles thought
"Meet me here after Lacrosse" He spat the word like it had personally offended him. He shoved the passenger door open and yanked the seat forward. "Don't be late."

"Dude, you can't jus-" Stiles' protest was cut off by a steely glare from Derek, "See you after practice!" He said scrambling to get out of the car, quickly followed by Scott. The second the door shut, the sports car sped away, heading further up the path.

"Dude. What. The. Hell?" Scott eye's were wide as his eyes flickered from Stiles to Stiles' arm. "What the hell is going on?"

"I have no fucking clue, man." He walked towards Roscoe, quickly glancing in the back seat to make sure his School supplies were still there, they were, before opening the door and climbing into the Jeep with ease. "Get in dude, we gotta get going." Scott did as he was told and climbed on to the passenger seat.

By the time they had reached the school, the best friends were rambling theories. From radio-active spiders to government conspiracies.

"I still say it's something to do with whatever attacked us last night." Stiles said flailing his arms around. Scott nodded in agreement.

"Yeah that wolf was freaky" As they walked past the bike racks that Scott usually used, Jackson Whittemore pulled up and proceed to hit Scott with the car door.

"Dude," Jackson hissed, glaring at Scott "Watch the paint job!" As if it was Scott's fault. Leaving when a friend called to him.

"Douche" Stiles muttered. Scott and Stiles proceeded to walk in silence until they stopped beside an empty bench. "Okay, let's get a better look at these things" Stiles rolled up his right jacket sleeve, having put it back on along with a grey hoodie that was in the Jeep. Scott only had to lift his shirt.

"Dude" They muttered in unison. Although the injuries were smaller, the were still rather deep. Showing just how badly they had been bitten. Covering their wounds, Scott and Stiles walked closer to the school.

"This is insane dude." Scott told Stiles, as he walked in front of him, ten turned to face him. "I mean, we find a dead body, get attacked by a freaky red eyed wolf, now we both have weird healing powers! It's just-"

"-freaking awesome!" Stiles interrupted, finishing his friends, despite knowing that Scott was going to say something else. "This is seriously going to be the best thing to happen to this town since" Stiles noticed his long time crush walking towards them "Since the birth of Lydia Martin! Hey Lydia, you look... Like you're gonna ignore me"

Scott resisted the urge to laugh as Stiles turned to him accusingly. "You're the cause of this, you know."

Scott simply nodded "uh huh."

"Draggting me down to you're nerd depths" The bell rang and the best friends began walking into the school
"Uh huh." Scott repeated, knowing his friend didn't mean what he was saying.

"I'm a nerd by association. I'm scarlet nerded by you."

The conversation continued in that manner until they reached class and had to separate to go to their desks. They each took out their supplies and half listened to the teacher. Then an interesting topic came up.

"As you all know, there indeed was a body found in the woods last night." Scott turned to look at Stiles, who smirked and winked at him. The two grinned at each other. "And I am sure that your eager little minds are coming up with various macabre scenarios as to what happened. But I am here to tell you that the police have a suspect in custody." Scott shoots Stiles a confused look, who in turn, raises his hands in a defensive 'don't ask me' motion. "Which means you can give your undivided attention to the Syllabus on your desks" Many students groaned "Outlining this semester."

A shrill sound rang out as someone's phone went off, loudly. Scott and Stiles looked around the room, searching for the culprit, sharing shocked looks when they realised that nobody else was, as if they were the only ones who could hear it. A single beep cut off the ringing, then a girl's voice sounded, just not in the room. Looking out the window, both boys noticed a pretty brunette girl sat on the bench near the carpark.

"Mum, three calls on my first day is a little over doing it." She spoke into the phone that was sandwiched between her head and right shoulder, both of her hands searching through her bag. Scott and Stiles exchanged a startled look before returning their attention to the girl. "Everything except a pen! Oh my god, I didn't actually forget a pen!" She sighed as the person, apparently her mum, replied, the said "Okay, okay, I gotta go, love you." She stood when the principle approached her and apologised for 'keeping her waiting'.

Both boys followed the voices and footsteps as they grew louder, approaching the classroom door. The door opened and the new girl walked in behind the principle, looking shy and uncomfortable. "Class, this is our new student, Allison Argent. Please do the best to make her feel welcome."

The girl, Allison, doesn't say anything, simply walks in and sits at the empty desk, right behind Scott. He turns around and gives her a pen, she looks confused, but smiles gratefully, accepting the pen. "Thanks." She says with a smile. Scott smiles dopily back at her before turning back around, not noticing Allison's face turning back to confused and slightly suspicious as to how he could have known.

Stiles looked between Scott and Allison, thoughts coming and going quickly, from 'way to blend in dude' and 'that's not weird at all, Scotty!' to 'Scotty's got a crush' and 'If she wasn't so out of his league, they'd be cute together'.

Maybe he could help Scott win her over, but only after she's been interrogated Stilinski style.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.
Chapter Summary

Stiles has a few ideas about what's going on with and goes to Derek for answers. Meanwhile, Scott gets a date with Allison.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The Hale Pack: We're Werewolves! Grr

Maybe he could help Scott win her over, but only after she's been interrogated Stilinski style.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

At the end of the day, Scott and Stiles are by Scott's locker, waiting until it's time to head to Lacrosse practice. Scott looks up and notices Allison, at the opposite side of the corridor. They look at each other until Queen Bee, Lydia Martin struts up to Allison and starts up a conversation. Scott and Stiles listen in easily, but Stiles is more subtle, by pretending to talk to check his phone.

"That jacket is absolutely killer. Where did you get it?" Lydia asked, both boys knew well enough to know that Allison was being tested right now. To see if she was 'suitable' for Lydia's clique.

Allison seemed a little startled at Lydia's approach, but answered the question anyway "My mom was a buyer from a boutique back in San Francisco."

Lydia smiled approvingly "And you are my new best friend." She let out a giggle when Jackson approached wrapped an arm around Lydias waist "Hey, Jackson" She greeted and kissed him.

Stiles decided to tune out at that, which was helped by Tammy, A girl who was in multiple classes with him and Scott, approached and started a conversation "Can someone tell me how new girl is here all of five minutes" She looked over her shoulder at the group. "And she is already hanging out with Lydia's clique?"

"Because she's hot." Stiles stated simply while Scott continues to stare and listen in. At Tammy's annoyed look he continued. "Beautiful people herd together."

Scott continued to ignore Stiles and Tammy, opting to listen to Lydia, Jackson and Allison's conversation.

"So, this week-end, there's a party." Lydia informed Allison.

"A party?"

"Yeah, friday night, you should come." Jackson said, using his right arm to lean against the
lockers, left arm holding Lydia.

Allison feigned disappointment "Oh, I can't, it's family night on friday... But thanks for asking." Stiles' new hearing picked up on that, mainly because of the way Allison's heart blipped over 'family night'. She was lying. Forcing himself to keep up his argument of Batman vs Superman with Tammy, Stiles idly wondered if Scott picked up on it too.

Scott in fact, did not pick up Allison's heartbeat. He continued to listen and stare as Jackson tried to talk Allison into going to the party "You're sure? Everyone's going after the game."

"You mean like football?" Allison asked.

"Football is a joke here." Jackson laughed "Are you kidding? The sport here is Lacrosse. We've won state championship for the past two years."

Lydia looked up at Jackson and played with his hair, openly bragging "Because of the team captain!"

Jackson allowed a smug grin to take over his face "We practice in a few minutes. If you don't have anything else to do..."

Allison started to protest "Well, I was going to-" When Lydia cut her off.

"Perfect! You come!" Allison gave Scott another smile as Lydia grabbed her hand and lead her in the direction of the field.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles was pointlessly trying to talk Scott out of playing. "But if you play, I won't have anyone to talk to on the bench! Are you really gonna do that to your best friend?"

Scott looked to Stiles in annoyance "I can't stay out again. My all life is sitting on the side lines. This season I make first line." There was no stutter or blip in Scotts heart beat. His voice was determined and steady. He was serious about this. So Stiles just nodded and head to the bench.

Scott notices as Allison sits on the bleachers with Lydia. When she spots him, the two share yet another smile. Stiles rolls his eyes at the exchange 'If they ever get together, half of their relationship will just be sitting and smiling at each other'.

Scott's eye's finally leave Allison, when coach call's to him "McCall!"

"Yeah?"

"You're in goal!" Coach informs him, tossing multiple items of equipment at him.

Scott looks at coach "I've never played..."

"I know," Coach states simply "scoring some points will give the boys a confidence boost. It's a first day back thing! Get 'em energised! Fire it up!" Stiles clenched his fists. How dare coach talk to Scott like that? Stiles' anger scared him. He never get's worked up like that! Sure he get's annoyed, but he was ready to stand up and punch coach!

"What about me?" Scott asked, a trace of hurt in his voice.

Coach patted Scott's cheek "Try to not take any in the face." He turned his back on Scott to face the rest of the team. "Let's go! Come on!"
Allison kept her eyes fixed on Scott, who now stood in front of the goal, and asked Lydia "Who is that?"

Following Allison line of vision to Scott, Lydia tilted her head slightly "Him? I'm not sure who he is..." Not that Scott or Stiles were surprised by that answer "Why?"

Allison still didn't take her eye's off of Scott, wow she was crushing on him as bad as he was on her! Seriously? They just met that day! "He's in my English class." She said with a smile.

If either girl said anything else, neither Scott nor Stiles heard it over the amplified sound of the whistle. Both teens cover their ears with their hands, desperately trying to block out the awful sound. This distraction caused Scott to get hit the face by a ball, sending him to the ground. Coach and the rest of the team laughed. Disappointment was clear on Scott and Stiles' faces. But for Scott that turned into determination.

The next player ran up, and shot the ball to Scotts right at a high speed and Scott... Caught it. Stiles cheered for his best friend, in slight surprise. Shot after shot, Scott caught them all. Stiles designated himself as Scott's personal cheerleader, letting out various shouts and whoops.

Allison watched as Scott played spectacularly "He seems pretty good."

Lydia watched Scott in slight awe and agreed, "Uh, very good!"

Jackson tries to scares Scott and shoots, a spectacular and powerful shot, that Scott catches with ease. Everyone applauds Scott, very impressed, except Jackson, who glares daggers at him.

Stiles follows his own cheering with a brag of "That is my friend!"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott and Stiles were walking through the woods, splashing in water and climbing over logs, while Scott tries to explain how he pulled of the incredible saves in practice.

"I don't know what it was! It was like... I had all the time in the world to catch the ball ! And that's not the only weird thing. I hear stuff I shouldn't be able to hear, I smell things-"

Stiles interrupted at that "You smell things? I mean the hearing things, I got too, like, I heard Allison's phone call to her mum. Coach's damn whistle made me feel like my ears were about to bleed! And apart from a smell that's been lingering all day, I haven't noticed anything. What do you smell?"

Scott looked at him, "For one, the mint mojito gum in your pocket."

Stiles puts his hand in his pocket "What mint mojito gum?" a few seconds later he pulls a wrapped piece of said gum out of his pocket "Dude, thank you, that smell's been bugging me all day! So all of this is because of these bites, right?"

"What if it's like an infection? Like... our bodies are flooding with adrenaline before a shock or something?!" Scott asked worriedly

"We can ask Derek, who we're supposed to meeting at the entrance right now, by the way." Scott ignored him and kept walking "You know what, I actually think I've heard of this... It's a specific kind of infection."

This caught Scott's attention "Are you serious?"
"Yeah." Stiles nodded "I think it's called 'lycanthropy'."

Scott's eyes widened in concern "What is that? Is that bad?"

Stiles nodded seriously "Oh, yeah, it's the worst! But only once a month."

"Once a month?" Ah, there was the classic confused Scott McCall look.

"Uh-huh. On the night of the full moon."

He imitates a wolf howling. Scott, who was very serious, hits him and continues walking.

"Come on, that was funny" Stiles laughed

Scott glared at Stiles "It's not funny, there could be seriously something wrong with us!"

I know! We're a werewolves!" He mock growled, making claw shapes with his hands "Okay, obviously I'm kidding. But if you see me gathering up as many chains as I can find, it's because Friday's a full moon"

Scott chose to ignore Stiles. He stopped in place, looking at the spot that had held a body the night before. "I could have sworn it was here. I remember the stags running, I dropped my inhaler, the body was there. This is it, right?"

Stiles nodded "Yeah it was definitely here. Maybe the killer moved the body." He suggested with a shrug

Scott crouched down to search among the leaves "If he did, I hope he left my inhaler, those thing costs like eighty bucks"

"I don't know why you're even looking for it, whatever's causing these awesome new abilities of ours clearly cured your asthme. You haven't needed it all day dude!" Stiles turns around to see Derek staring at them, looking pretty pissed off. "Dude" He smacked Scotts shoulder in warning as Derek approached.

"What are you doing here? Huh? This is private propriety! I told you to meet me at the entrance, not trespass!" He stated in annoyance.

"Hum... Sorry, man, we didn't know. This is where we were attacked last night, Scott dropped his inhaler" Stiles explained, rubbing his buzz cut.

"Yeah we were just looking for it, but it doesn't look like it's here anymore." Scott said, disappointment clear in his voice.

Derek pulls an object out of his pocket and tosses it at Scott, who catches it with ease. "Found it this morning"He turns to head deeper into the woods "Follow me"

The teens do as instructed, but of course Stiles has to speak "I thought you said this was private property?"

"It is." Derek states "It's mine"

The walk was silent after that. Weaving through trees, hoping over logs and ducking under branches with complete ease. Like it was a second nature to them. Stiles was confused, usually he would have stumbled or fallen multiple times by now. Along with his new abilities, his reflexes must have improved. Well, hey, who was he to argue with a good thing?
After several minutes, the three males approached a clearing. In the middle of said clearing, the burnt out ruins of what used to be a house stood. The Hale house.

Derek stopped three feet in front of the house, body tense, eyes fixed on what was once his family home.

"Six years ago, someone lit my family's home on fire," *Wait, someone? Wasn't it ruled an accident?" After making sure that their were people trapped inside. Children were trapped inside, the youngest was my six month old cousin!" Anger was clear in Derek's voice as he spoke. "Innocent people died in agony, just because of what some of us are!" *What they are?" "They hate us for something that isn't our fault. We were born like this. They never hurt anyone." His voice was now venomous "My family was innocent. Hunters killed them without remorse, just because of what we are."

"What you are?" Stiles asked, although a voice in his head was screaming the answer. They were, Scott and Stiles were becoming-

"Werewolves"

This apparently annoyed Scott, who huffed and snapped out "Seriously, did you two plan this together or something?" He asked gesturing between Derek and Stiles in annoyance. "Whatever, I gotta get to work, let's go."

Stiles didn't follow, looking from Scott to Derek in uncertainty. "I don't know dude, I think we should hear him out!"

"Are you seriously doing this?! Ugh, whatever. Give me the keys, I need to get to work." At Stiles' hesitation, Scott said "Look it's up to you, either drive me to work, or let your new pranking buddy take you home!"

Much to Scott's surprise, and his own, Stiles tossed the keys to Roscoe to Scott. "Don't crash him!" Scott sighed at Stiles, then walked away.

"Look dude," Derek turned to face him with a slight glare at being called 'dude' "I don't know what's going on or what's happening to me, but I know it's more than just adrenaline. So I'm going out on a limb here. But I'm gonna need proof for what you're saying. Not about the fire, your version actually makes more sense. But about werewolves and hunters. I'm open minded but I do need..." Derek chose that moment to shift. "Proof..." Stiles took in every detail of Derek's shifted face. Ridges appeared on his forehead, his eyebrows completely disappearing. Hair had appeared on his cheeks, fangs in his mouth, his ears had grown and became pointed. But it was his eyes that really drew Stiles' attention. They were glowing, freaking glowing! And were now blue, a piercing blue that drew Stiles in.

Without thinking, Stiles stepped closer and closer to Derek. Eyes scanning his new face. He raised his right hand and softly pressed it to Dereks cheek. Thumb running over the newly grown hair. His breath caught in awe. He moved his hand to feel the ridges on Derek's forehead. Then to the point of his. Then to his chin as he ran his thumb over Dereks lower lip, before settling back on his cheek. Stiles' eyes returned to Derek's, which were searching his, looking for any trace of fear or disgust, he was shocked as he found not even a trace of either. They stared into eachothers eyes for what felt like hours. Stiles' heart sped up when Dereks eyes melted back to their regular colour. Stiles felt the hair recede under his hand and idly noticed as the ridges disappeared and his eyebrows re-appeared. He could hear Dereks heartbeat picking up, just before he turned away, snapping Stiles out of his trance.
Stiles quickly pulled his hand away, looking at the ground in embarrassment. "S-sorry, um, I di- I'm sorry."

Derek cleared his throat "That enough proof for you?"

"Ye-yeah" Stiles nodded "So, what attacked Scott and I last night, that was a werewolf?" Derek nodded "But it was different to you, it was an actual wolf. And it's eyes were red, not blue."

"That's because it was an Alpha. I'm a Beta, so are you and Scott. But your eyes will be amber not blue." Derek told him. "Unlike you, I was born a werewolf. most of my family were too, though some were human."

"Your family, dude, I don't know how to say this, b-but the b-body it was-" Stiles started, wringing his hands nervously

"Laura. I know." Derek refused to meet Stiles' eyes. "After I left you two last night I followed your scents to where you were attacked and found her."

"Wait, did you move her?" Stiles asked in shock.

"Yes." Derek replied "She's buried the way she should be."

"What are you, stupid?" Derek glared holes into Stiles, who kept rambling "She'll be found eventually dude, and when she is, you'll be the cops number one suspect! Seriously? But wait, was she a werewolf too? If so, why would this Alpha kill her?"

"If they find her, the cops will eventually rule it an animal related death. I will be let out. And yes, she was. It killed for her power. She became the Alpha when our mother died. When a werewolf kills an Alpha, they become the Alpha."

"So does that mean we're a part of it's pack? Because, I don't really mind being a wolf, but I don't want to be in a pack with a psychotic murderer." Stiles told him, waving his arms about.

"No, it'll try to get us to join it's pack, but we can say no. Although from what I've learnt about this Alpha, I don't think it'll take rejection well." Stiles nodded in understanding.

"Will we have to kill it?" Stiles asked, biting his lip lightly.

"I think we will, but that'll mean one of us will become Alpha."

"That should be you right? I mean you've been a wolf all your life, you'd be better at it than me or Scott." He pointed out, shrugging slightly.

"Not necessarily." Derek informed him, shaking his head "I was trained to be a Beta, not an Alpha. So it depends on how you and Scott take to the change. It'll be a struggle at first. You'll find yourself angrier, more irritable. The shift can be caused by anger or anything that raises your pulse, so you need to learn to control it, it's possible to real it in. Difficult, but possible." Stiles nodded, soaking in all the information.

"What else do you want to know?" Derek asked raising an eyebrow. Stiles grinned allowing his head to flood with all of his questions, Derek knew he was going to regret this.

Later that night, Scott was at the Animal Clinic, closing up for the night. His boss had already left,
so he took the opportunity to check his wound again. When he lifted his shirt, his eyes widened when there was nothing there. Not even a mark!

Shaking his head in disbelief, he dropped his shirt and set to work. Dragging a bag of cat litter, Scott made his way to the cat area of the clinic. "Hey kitties," He greeted, walking backwards into the room. The cat's started meowing and hissing at him, jumping around in their cages. Scott looked around the room in shock and slight fear, backing out and slamming the door behind him.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the clinic door, Scott looked to see who was there. Allison. She was soaked from the rain, a panicked look on her face as she looked over her shoulder, knocking again. Scott walked up and opened the door. Looking at Allison, Scott notices that she's crying "I didn't see it," She sobbed "I took my eyes over road for like two seconds to change the music on my Ipod and then this dog, it just came out of nowhere!"

Scott tried to console her with a comforting tone "Hey, it's alright, it's alright, it's alright... Do you remember where it happens so I can send animal control to find?"

Allison shook her head "No! I mean, yes, I remember where I hit it but the dog is-"

"Where? Where is it?"

"It's in my car." Allison goes back to her car with Scott. When she opens the trunk, the dog barks, causing her to flinch and back away.

Scott looked to Allison and put his hand on her arm in comfort "You okay?" She nods "She's just frightened."

"That makes two of us." Allison says softly, shivering at the cold.

"Let's see if I have any better luck." Scott says and bends down so he's at eye level with the dog. When he looks at her, Scott's eyes turn amber, without him realising. The animal immediately calms down, allowing Scott to pick her up and carry her into the clinic, Allison close behind.

Scott soon has the dog lying on a metal table calmly, while he assesses her injuries. "I think her leg is broken." He tells Allison "I've seen the doctor do plenty of splints, I can do it myself and give her a painkiller for now.

He looks at the Allison's wet shirt and notices that she seems cold. "I have a shirt in my bag."

Allison smiles at him but shakes her head "Oh, I don't want to trouble you..

Scott turns and grabs the shirt anyway, giving it to her without a second thought "Here."

Allison smiles gratefully at him before leaving the room to change. Scott can see her naked back by the window of the door. The dog looks at him and whines softly"Scott looked at the dog "What? I didn't see anything." The dog lies back down and Scott starts preparing the splint.

Allison walks back in the room adjusting the oversized shirt "Thanks for doing this. I feel really stupid!"

Scott smiles at her and asks "How come?"

Allison shrugs slightly "I don't know... Because I freaked out like a total girl."
Scott grins at her, while working on the splint "You are a girl."

"I freaked out like a girly girl and I'm not a girly girl." She laughs slightly, looking down at the table.

"What kind of girl are you?" Scott asks, wanting to know more about the girl he's crushing on.

"Tougher than that." Allison looks at him "At least I thought I was."

Scott continues smiling at her "Hey, I'd be freaked out too." He looks back at the dog, and works on the splint "In fact, I would probably cry. And not like a man, like the biggest girly girl ever." This pulls a laugh out of both of them. "It'd be pathetic."

Allison giggles some more, "Yeah, right."

"So... It looks like she's gonna live." Scott informs Allison, satisfied with his work. "And I'm pretty sure she'll let you pet her now, if you want."

Allison shakes her head "I don't think so." a guilty look appears on her face

"Oh, come on. You don't want her to sue. I hear this breed is very litigious." He jokes. Allison rolls her eyes slightly but pets the dog, who stays calm.

"You see? She like you." Scott says, staring at Allison.

Allison notices and looks up at him "What?"

Scott shakes his head, snapping himself out of his stupor. "Oh, sorry, you have a eye-lash on you cheek"

Allison nods "From the crying" She wipes the shirt sleeve along her cheek.

She doesn't get it off, so Scott reaches over, gently wiping it away with his thumb.

Allison smiles shyly at him "Thanks." He smiles before looking down. Stealing quick glance to her.

He walks her to her car. "So, um, I was wondering, I mean... Is it really family night on friday? Or you think maybe you'd like to go to that party with me?" He smiles nervously at the beautiful girl in front of him.

"Family night was a total lie" She admits.

"So is that a yes, you'll go?" Scott asks hopefully. Relieved when Allison give him a beautiful smile.

"Definitely yes." Allison climbs in her car, waving to Scott, before driving away.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Later that night Scott falls asleep on his bed, with a smile on his face... And wakes up in the woods, wearing nothing but his sweat pants. He tries to find his way home, when he finds Stiles also looking confused, wearing his batman pajamas.

"Dude, what's going on, why are we here?" Scott demands
Stiles flails his arms around "I don't know man, I fell asleep at home last night, then woke up here!"

"Me too." The best friends share a confused look, when the here a noise. Looking around Stiles sees a shape through the fog, and a pair of glowing red eyes.

"The Alpha," He whispers and two pairs of eyes zone in on him.

"Wha-" Scott start to ask before he spots the red eyed wolf.

Stiles grabs Scott's bare arms pulling him away "Run!" and so they do. They eventually come to a fence, which they jump with ease and find themselves in a swimming-pool. A man who's watering his flowers watches them confused.

Scott greets the man "Morning." and Stiles waves nervously.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.
Sorry it's going kind of slow, but I wanted to focus on the build up and establish how the change affects the characters (mainly Stiles) and how different things will be when Stiles fully understands what Scott is struggling with. It'll start to pick up in this chapter, then get into the action and things in the next chapter.
The Hale Pack: Confrontation

Scott greets the man "Morning." and Stiles waves nervously.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

About 15 minutes later, Stiles approached his house, dripping wet. Man, he hoped that no one saw him. Apart from that guy who's pool they jumped into.

The guy was kind enough to not call the police, when they promised to leave and stay away. Now Stiles had to figure out a way to sneak into his house without his dad catching him.

"Have a nice swim?" A voice called out from behind him. Spinning around in panic, Stiles sighed in relief when he saw Derek standing there.

"Dude, you scared the crap outta me!" Stiles snapped, waving his hands in annoyance. "What are you doing here?"

"I think a better question would be, what were you doing in the woods this morning?" Derek asked, raising an eyebrow.

"I don't know man, Scott and I just woke up there!" He explained, flailing his arms for emphasis. "Then we saw the Alpha, ran away and ended up in some guys pool."

"You saw the Alpha?"

"Yeah, but I didn't get close enough to catch it's scent. I just grabbed Scott and ran." Stiles looked at the ground, ashamed.

"You did the right thing, you're not ready to face it yet. Tonight's the full moon, you need to get ready." Derek informed him"You'll be irritable today. Be careful. Keep an eye on Scott too. You both need to come to my house tonight. They'll be hunters out tonight, so get there before sunset."

Stiles nodded, he was about to respond when his enhanced ears picked up on his dad moving around inside the house. "Shit look, can we talk later? I need to find a way to sneak past my dad and get to my room. Hopefully without soaking the enti-"

"The window" Derek interrupted Stiles' rant.
"Huh?"

"You're bedroom window. You can easily make the jump," Derek told him seriously.

Stiles made his way around to his bedroom window. Looking up at it in disbelief. "Don't think too much. Let your wolf take over. It'll guide you." Stiles closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Embracing his wolf.

He opened his eyes, his vision red as he focused on his target. Eyes amber, ears sharpening to points. He took several steps backwards. Paused. Then took three quick strides forwards. Leaping up, gripping his window sill with ease. He pushed his window open with one hand and swung himself through the window, landing silently in a crouch.

Stiles broke out of his daze when Derek leapt through the window, gliding over him and landing just a silently. "You did good," He informed Stiles as the two stood up, then turned to face him with a grin. "I was expecting to have to catch you."

"What?" Stiles demanded in a hushed voice. "You said I could easily make it!" He glared at the elder wolf in annoyance.

"You could, and did, but most don't make it on the first time, especially with such a short run up. You're a natural." Derek praised him, in a steady tone. Trying not to show just how impressed he was.

Stiles blushed, looking at his bare feet sheepishly "Um, I-I should, um, I should get ready for school, so..."

"Yeah, of course." Derek head back towards the window, starting to climb out, while Stiles started to grab a new set of clothes. "Oh, and one more thing." Derek stopped, leg's hanging out of the window.

"Yeah?" Stiles turned to him and Derek's eyes rake over his body.

"I like your pajama's" Derek smirked at him and jumped out of the window.

Stiles stared at the window in awe and embarrassment for a second, then shook his head, gathered his clothes and a towel and went to take a shower.

15 minutes later, Stiles was dressed and heading downstairs, when he heard his dad's voice. "Wolf hair? Are you sure? You're telling me that a wolf killed that girl and ripped her in half?" Stiles couldn't a reply, just a slight static noise. "Okay, okay, let me know if you find anything else." He heard a beep as his dad hung up the phone followed by a frustrated sigh.

Stiles continued making his way downstairs, making his way to the kitchen where he knew his dad was.

"Mornin' dad." He greeted, his dad was sat at the table, coffee in one hand, case file in the other. "Watcha got there?" Stiles made a move to look at the file, even though he knew most of the information, but his dad would be suspicious if he didn't. As expected, Noah moved the file, placing it face down on the table.

"Something you're not allowed to read." He stated. Stiles raised his hands in defense, backing towards the fridge.

"Okay, okay! What do you want for breakfast? Oatmeal? Fruit? Rais-" He asked searching the the
"Bacon? Eggs? Pancakes?" Noah interrupted, looking at Stiles with a raised eyebrow.

"That's not healthy, we're eating healthy!" He told his dad, head buried in the fridge. With the sheriff under the illusion that he was looking for ingredients, Stiles took the opportunity to get used to the new, surprisingly different, scent's of food. In some cases, such as eggs, fruits and vegetables, the scent was relatively the same, just stronger. but processed food was a different story. He could smell each individual chemical. It made his nose itch and eyes water. Blinking, he pulled his head out of the fridge as his dad protested.

"Come on, Stiles! This a really stressful case! One good breakfast won't kill me!" The sheriff argued.

"True," Stiles nodded in agreement. "But add it to the stress and greasy food you eat at lunch, that you think I don't know about and it might."

"Stiles.." The Sheriff sighs. Stiles huffs in resigned, picking up on his dad's exhaustion and stress.

"Fine, you can have an omelette." His dad smiled at him. "But, you're having mushrooms and onions in it!"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott is in a corridor going through his locker, when Jackson comes to him, an air of threat surrounding him and slams the locker door shut.

"Alright, little man, how about you tell me where you're getting your juice?"

Scott is both startled and confused at Jackson "What?"

Jackson stares at Scott, putting more threat into his words this time "Where. Are you. Getting. Your juice?"

Scott looks around confused, why was Jackson asking him about juice? "My mom does all the grocery shopping..." He informed him.

Jackson looked at him like he was an idiot, before deciding that Scott was probably just trying to throw him off. "Now listen, McCall, you're gonna tell me exactly what it is and who you're buying it from because there's no way in hell you're kicking ass on the field like that, without some sort of chemical boost.

Scott eyes widened in realisation "Oh, you mean steroids!" His look turned accusing "Are you on steroids?"

Jackson turned annoyed at his lack of answers and pinned Scott against a locker "What the hell is going on with you McCall?!!" He demanded angrily.

Scott yelled right back at him "What's going on with me? You really want to know? Well, so would I! Because I can see, hear and smell things that I shouldn't be able to see, hear and smell! I do things that should be impossible, I'm sleep walking three miles into the middle of the woods and I'm pretty much convinced that I'm totally out of my freaking mind!" Scott sighed in relief at letting everything.

Jackson let out a chuckle "You think you're funny? Don't you, McCall? I know you're hiding
something. I'm gonna find out what it is. I don't care how long it takes.” Jackson slammed his fist on a locker, right next to Scott's head before walking away.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles runs up to Scott on the Lacrosse field. "Scott! Scott, wait up!"

Scott looked at Stiles in annoyance "Stiles, I'm playing the first elimination, man. Can it wait?"

Stiles shook his head, placing a hand on Scott's shoulder. "Just hold on, okay? I overheard my dad on the phone. The fiber analysis came back from the lab in L.A. They found animal hair on the body from the woods!"

Scott picked up his gear, ignoring his best friend "Stiles, I gotta go."

Stiles yelled, chasing after him "Wait, no, Scott! You're not gonna believe what animal it was!" He stops, staring as Scott ignored him and walked away. Lowering his voice in resign, Stiles said "It was a wolf."

Coach yells to the team as they gather around him "Let's go, gather 'round! Come on, come on!"

Scott spots Allison making her way to the bleachers. Smiling, she waves to him and Scott grins, waving back.

Coach looks to Scott, noticing his hand up. "You got a question, McCall?"

Scott looks at him confused "What?"

"You raised your hand, you have a question?"

Scott shakes his head "Oh, no, I was just, er... Nothing, sorry."

Coach nodded "Okay." He turns, looking around at the rest of the team. "You know how this goes. If you don't make the cut, you're most likely sitting on the bench for the rest of the season. You makes the cut, you're playing! Your parents are proud. Your girlfriend loves you! Everything else is, uh, cream cheese. Now get out there and show me what you've got!"

The team cheered, making their way to the field and soon game begins. Scott quickly got the ball, only to be knock over by Jackson. This made him angry. When the whistle sounded again, Scott and Jackson were in the middle of the pitch, ready to fight for the ball. Scott gained the ball and made an amazing performance. Spinning and sweeping past the other players, flipping over a wall of three, before shooting the ball into the goal with perfect precision. Everyone watched him with dumbfounded eyes and applauded him in amazement.

Coach called out to Scott with wide eyes "McCall! Get over here!" When Scott reached him, he continued. "What in God's name was that? This a Lacrosse field!" Scott looked at coach in shock "What, you're trying up for the gymnastic team?!"

Scott shook his head "No, coach..."

Coach pointed to the goal "What the hell was that?"

Scott mentally shrugged, looking at coach with wide eyes "I don't know... I was just trying to make the shot."

"Yeah, well you made the shot." Coach said, a grin forming on his face "And guess what... You're
starting, buddy. You make first line."

Everyone applauds again, except Stiles who seems worried.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles needed to talk to Scott about everything. They needed to get to Derek before sunset. Stiles tried to tell Scott about the wolf hair, hoping it would get him to accept the possibility, but he was too busy making first line. That was part of the reason why Stiles needed to convince Scott, so he could try to blend in. Literally until he got bit, Scott could barely stand up straight and now he can do flips and move swiftly and it's not right. No one became that good and fit overnight, others would pick up on that too. So Stiles was in his room looking up information about lycanthropy to show Scott. Trying to find the most accurate information, based on what Derek told him, knowing it'd be easier to persuade Scott with proof.

Stiles could hear Scott making his way into his house and up to his room, but he forgot to tune out when Scott knocked on his door. A loud knock that hurt his ears, causing him to flinch a jump. "Get in here," Stiles demanded when he opened the door to see Scott. "You gotta see this, dude. I've been researching since I got home, reading, websites and books, all of this information." Not really a lie, most of his information he got from Derek, then gathered these resources as prop's to back it up.

"How much Adderall did you have today?" Scott asks.

"A lot," Stiles answers as Scott chuckles, though it didn't seem to work. Maybe it was a werewolf metabolism thing? He'd ask Derek later. "Doesn't matter, just listen."

"Is this about the body and who did it?" Scott tosses his bag to the ground and sits on Stiles' bed.

"No, there still questioning people; even Derek." Yup, he heard from his dad that Derek was in for questioning. Stiles hoped Derek would be let out in time to help them.

"The guy who helped us out, then tried to convince us that we're werewolves in the woods yesterday," Scott says rolling his eyes.

"Yes." Stiles exclaimed. "But I think he was serious Scott" Stiles tells him, continuing before Scott can protest. "I'm serious Scott, this isn't a joke anymore. The wolf, bite in the woods. I started doing all this reading. Do you even know why a wolf howls?"

"Should I?"

"It's a signal," Stiles replies. "Okay? When a wolf's alone, it howls to signal its location to the rest of the pack" Stiles stands up from his chair, flailing. "So we heard wolf howling, it means others would be near by, maybe a whole pack of them."

"A whole pack of wolves?" Scott asks, seemingly forgetting the starting point of the conversation.

"No," Stiles sighs "Werewolves."

"Are you seriously wasting my time with this?" Scott stands up a little angry, ready to storm out. "You know I'm picking up Allison in an hour."

Stiles puts his hands on Scott shoulder to stop him from walking out. "I saw you on the field today Scott and what you did today wasn't just amazing but impossible."
"So I made a good shot," Scott responds about to leave but Stiles stop him, moving Scott's bag from the floor to the bed, preventing Scott from grabbing it.

"You made an incredible shot. I mean the way you move, your speed and reflexives, you know that people can't suddenly do that overnight. And there's the vision and senses and I've already mentioned that you never use your inhaler anymore." Stiles tried to get through to Scott, to no avail.

"Okay, dude," Scott yells. "I can't think about this right now. We'll talk tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Scott yelled, his eyes widening "What? No, the full moon's tonight!"

"What are you trying to do?" Scott shouts. "I just made first line, I've got a date with a girl, who I can't believe wants to go out with me and everything in my life is somehow perfect, why are you trying to ruin it?"

"I'm trying to help." Stiles replies, a hurt look etched on his face. Scott should know that Stiles is not trying to hurt him, only help. "We're werewolves, Scott and the full moon doesn't just physically change us but also increases our bloodlust."

"Bloodlust," Scott glares at him.

"Yeah, the urge to kill."

"I'm already feeling the urge to kill Stiles."

"You have to hear this," Stiles grabbed one of the books. "The change can be caused by anger or anything that raises your pulse. Alright? I haven't seen anyone raise your pulse like Allison does. You have to cancel this date."

Stiles moved over to Scott's bag and searched for his cellphone. When he grabbed it, he turned to walk back to his desk "I'm calling her right now."

"What are you doing?" Scott asks.

"I'm canceling the date."

Once the words left his mouth Scott pushes Stiles against the wall and yelled "No, give it to me!" Scott raised his fist, ready to punch Stiles. Scott and Stiles have had their share of arguments over many years of friendship, but not once have they ever gone to intentionally hurt each other.

Stiles felt his fear call to his wolf to protect him. It did. Stiles wasn't in control as his eyes turned amber or as his own voice roared out "Stop!"

Scott recoiled at the sight of his best friend. Stumbling backwards until he was sat on Stiles' bed again. "How- how did you? What? I..."

"I told you dude, we're werewolves." He stated, walking towards Scott. His eyes were still glowing when he handed Scott his phone. "Now cancel the date, we need to get to Derek. He can help us control it."

Scott shook his head, "No you need to get to Derek, this is happening to you not me! He turned you, not me!" Stiles sighed in annoyance and disbelief.

"First of of all: Derek didn't turn us that was a different wolf, an Alpha. Second of all: It's
happening to you too! You can't honestly believe that you just happened to become amazing at everything the day after you got bitten by a werewolf, and not be turning!" Stiles exclaimed.

"I-I don't know dude, but I've gotta go get ready for the party. Scott said grabbing his bag and heading out of Stiles' room.

"Dude, you can't jus-"

"I've got to go." Scott said, slamming the door shut behind him. Sighing in frustration, Stiles flopped on to his chair and flung his head back to stare at the ceiling. Shit. He needed to talk to Derek.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of its characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.
First Full Moon

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

Stiles and Derek exchange numbers, Scott goes on his date, Allison meets Stiles and Derek, the best friends struggle with the full moon and hunters.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Hale Pack: First Full Moon

*Shit. He needed to talk to Derek.*

Stiles sat wide eyed for a minute, before springing into action. Stiles stood and grabbed his own phone. Half way through scrolling down his contacts list, he realised that he didn't have Derek's number or anyway to contact him. Double shit. Wait. He's at the station, being questioned, by the Sheriff, his dad. Nodding to himself, Stiles stood.

He packed his laptop, laptop charger, phone charger and a spare set of clothes into his backpack, then he noticed Scott's inhaler on his bed. It must have fallen out of Scott's bag. He pulled on his red hoodie, shoved the inhaler and his phone into the pocket then made his way to the kitchen.

Stiles prepared a delicious, yet healthy lunch for his father. He packed it neatly in a plastic tub and placed it in his bag.

Less than twenty minutes later, Stiles was pulling up outside the police station. The first thing that caught his eye was the sleek black Camaro parked opposite him. Sighing in relief, Stiles gracefully jumped out of his jeep and locked it behind him, he made his way into the station.

It was easy to get past the the front desk and to his dad office. Through the glass, he saw Derek sat on a chair opposite his father's desk. Tapping into his wolfy hearing, Stiles listened in to the questioning.

"So, do you have any idea as to why your sister was out there that night?" Sheriff Stilinski asked. 'Ah, so the cops found out that the victim is Laura.'

"Probably out for a late night run and to visit the wreckage." Derek said, eyes downcast to the floor.

"Was that a regular thing for her? Late night runs?"

"It used to be, it was a family thing. When we moved to New York, she stopped, going in the morning instead. Less danger." Stiles heard Derek's heart jump at that as he looked up at the Sheriff. "We grew up in these woods. We always felt safe there. But now..." Anger and grief was rolling off of Derek in waves, hitting Stiles full force. He had enough of listening, so knocked on the door. Both occupants of the room turned to look at him, but he knew that Derek had known he was there. The sheriff opened the door allowing Stiles in the room.
"Hey dad, I brought you lunch!" He announced cheerfully, putting his bag on the desk and pretending to just notice Derek. "Oh, am I interrupting something?"

"No, we're just about finished here. Mr Hale, this is my son, Stiles." Sheriff Stilinski said, indicating to his son. Derek's face contorted into a 'what the hell?' expression.

"Your name is Stiles Stilinski?" His voice was dripping with disbelief as his left eyebrow crawled up his forehead. However, the light of humor and mischief in his eyes gave him away, at least to Stiles.

"No, s'just a nickname." Stiles winked at Derek, who nodded in understanding.

"So what's your real name then." Curiosity was etched on Derek's face. Legitimate this time, he really wanted to know.

"Don't I wish I knew!" The sheriff scoffed, earning him a confused look, so he elaborated. "His mother named after her father, who's Polish. I can't even begin to pronounce his name! His mother was the only one who ever could. So I just called him 'son' and everyone else called him Stilinski until he was old enough to decide that he wanted to be called Stiles." Derek nodded, taking in the information.

"Okay, now that we're done with my life story, I brought you lunch." Stiles said looking to his dad. "Are you gonna be home tonight? Cause' I probably won't. There's this party at Lydia's house that Scott is determined to go to." Stiles pulled the plastic container out of his bag, handing it to his dad. He could feel Derek's eye's on him, now focusing on his every word since the mention of Scott. "I tried to talk him out of it, but he won't budge. He's just ignoring every bit of logic that I throw at him, so I decided to be a good friend and keep an eye on him. We'll probably spend the night elsewhere, rather than risk driving all the way back." Stiles spoke fast enough to keep his dad from picking up on the absence of certain details, such as where they would be spending the night.

"Right, it was Scott's idea to go to the party." Stilinski said sarcastically. "Fine you can go, but only because it's the weekend and Lydia's party. She may have a lot of big parties, but we never get called to them. The second that changes, you're homebound, got it?

"Got it!" Stiles said beaming at his dad, but worried prickled in the back of his mind. What if the cops were called to the party tonight for something other than underage drinking? What if Scott, or Stiles himself, did something? What if they hurt someone?

"Okay, well thanks for lunch, but I got a ton of paperwork to do, I'll see you tomorrow. Thank you for your time Mr Hale." The sheriff leant over to shake Derek's hand and patted his son on the back.

"Thank you for your help sheriff." Derek said before turning to leave the room.

"Bye dad" Stiles waved, then followed Derek out of the room.

"What you said about Scott, was that true?" Derek asked when the pair reached the front doors of the station.

"Yeah," Stiles nodded, sighing in annoyance. "He's convinced that I'm turning but he's not. My eyes flashed at him, which convinced him of werewolves, but not that he is one."

"You flashed your eyes" Derek asked abruptly.

"Yeah, don't worry, it was in my room! And it only happened because he was mad, he slammed me
against the wall and went to punch me. I was scared and it felt like something else took over me. Protected me."

"It was your wolf." Derek explained as the two came to a stop in front of Stiles' jeep. "You and your wolf are two different beings sharing the same body. Your wolf is like your subconscious, only you feel it more. It's part of what improves your instincts and reflexes. It'll help you when you need it. The only issue is that you have to reel it in sometimes. It's short tempered, which'll make you short tempered. Your wolf is an animal. When the full moon comes it has the basic desires of an animal. Hunt, mate, kill. So you need to find an anchor. Something that'll help you hold on to your humanity. Keep you from becoming a monster. I can teach you, but first we need to get Scott.

Stiles stared at Derek then blinked. "Wow, I think that's most I've heard you say ever, let alone in one go!" Derek glared at Stiles who grinned and waved his hand dismissively "Come on, don't be such a sourwolf!" Derek's glare intensified. "Okay, okay, I gotta get ready for the party, give me your phone." A mischievous look appeared on Stiles' face as a thought occurred to him.

"Why?" Derek narrowed his eyes in suspicion.

"Because I need a way to contact you, one that doesn't involve hiking around town or waiting for you to sneak up on me. Phone!" Stiles held his hand out expectantly. With an exaggerated eye roll, Derek pulled his phone out of his pocket and handed it to Stiles.

Stiles programmed his number into Derek's phone and sent himself a quick text. "Thanks," Stiles beamed. Handing Derek his phone back. "I'll see you at the party." Stiles said walking around and climbing in the drivers side of the Jeep. Derek moved out of the way, allowing Stiles to drive off, then headed to his own car. Once he was ready to leave, Derek decided to check what message Stiles had sent himself.

A chuckle left his lips when he saw that Stiles had set his contact name as 'Lil' Red Riding Hoodie' and the text read 'Wat a big mouth u hav.'

A minute later a reply came in, while Derek was driving back to the preserve. Keeping one hand on the steering wheel, Derek fished his hand in his jacket pocket and pulled out his phone.

From: Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (17:58)
Message: The better 2 babble with.

To: Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (17:59)
Message: Please don't tell me you've saved my number as 'Big Bad Wolf'

From: Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (18:01)
Message: Of course not! Wat do u take me 4?

Well that was a relief. Derek kept glancing between the phone and the road, thankful that he was driving up the road to the preserve, where there were no cameras. But before he could enjoy the relief, another text came through from Stiles.

From: Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (18:02)
Message: It's Big Bad Sourwolf. Duh!

Derek groaned, slamming his head back against the headrest. He drove to a remote area close to the preserve and parked his car.

To: Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (18:09)
Message: **When/where is the party?**

From: **Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (18:11)**
Message: **4get the address. Ur picking me up at 7 ;)**

Derek raised an eyebrow at that, it wasn't a request, but a statement. Sighing, Derek got out of the car, locked it then made his way to his old house while replying to Stiles.

To: **Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (18:12)**
Message: **Oh, am I now?**

From: **Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (18:13)**
Message: **Yes, bc u need 2 help me stay in control nd I need 2 help u help Scott. We need each other 4 this nd u no it!**

To: **Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (18:14)**
Message: **Fine.**

From: **Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (18:15)**
Message: **Great, c u then. Wear something pretty ;)**

Derek didn't bother replying to that, instead, stuffing his phone into his jacket pocket. The kid had a good point though. Clearly Scott wasn't as level headed as Stiles, it would take them both, and probably a close call tonight, to get the floppy haired boy to take this seriously. Why did the Alpha turn both of them? Why not just turn Stiles and leave it at that?

Derek sighed, he knew why, but he didn't have to be happy about. It would be so much simpler if only Stiles had turned. He hadn't seen much of Scott, but his seemingly constant confused expression, combined with his denial about the change, despite proof, and all around stubbornness, did not inspire confidence in Derek.

Soon, Derek reached the burn out ruins of his childhood home. Navigating his way through the wreckage to what used to the living room, Derek knelt down beside the blankets he used as a make shift bed and started searching through his duffel bag. He eventually settled on white t-shirt and black jeans, a nicer pair that were a little bit tighter than the ones he was currently wearing. He set the clothes on the blankets and dropped his jacket next to them.

Ridding himself of his tight black t-shirt, Derek went on to work out. Several chin ups, sit ups and push ups later, Derek took an ice cold shower. Because the only working shower in the house had one temperature setting, apparently. Fortunately, his werewolf body temperature helped keep him from freezing. Toweling off and getting dressed, Derek left the house at 18:45 to pick up Stiles for the da-party.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott McCall walked out of his bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist, only to find his mother stood next to the door.

"Mum!"

Melissa just smiled and asked her son, "Is this a party or a date?"

"Maybe both," Scott admitted sheepishly.
"And her name is?" Melissa couldn't keep the smile off of her face.

"Allison." Scott informed his mum with a dopey smile on his face.

"Allison. Nice." Melissa held out the car keys, which Scott took gratefully.

"Thank you."

"We don't need to have the talk, do we?"

Scott rolled his eyes and replied; "Mum, I'm not having the safe sex talk with you!"

Melissa gasped, eye's widening. "Oh-oh my God! No! I meant about keeping the tank full! Give me those back!" She demanded, snatching the keys back from her son.

"Are you serious?"

"You bet your ass I'm serious! I'm not going to end up on some reality television show with a pregnant 16 year old!"

It took some convincing, but soon, Scott was pulling up outside Allison's house. About 5 seconds later, the front door opened and Scott smiled when he saw Allison there, nervously tugging her hair behind her ear.

-Derek look around at the partying teens in annoyance and detest. He was stood behind a small fire, out of the way of the party.

"Oh, come on Sourwolf, dance a little!" Apart from a glare in response to the nickname, Derek didn't react to Stiles' demand.

"Please? Come on, you look like some creepy stalker getting ready to kill someone! Scott isn't here yet and I need a distraction!" That got a reaction from Derek.

"Is the moon effecting you badly?" He asked urgently

"No it's just a dull itch at the moment." Stiles continued at Derek's confused look. "It's my ADHD. My Adderall isn't working and I feel... jittery. Restless. Ya know?"

Derek nodded in acknowledgement. "Your metabolism is a lot faster now. You'll get hungry more, medication won't work, you can't get drunk-"

"I can't get drunk?!" Stiles groaned in annoyance. "Fuck." Derek rolled his eyes at that. "Whatever, just dance with me!" Stiles demanded, hopping in place. A dog chose that moment start barking at them from behind a gate.

"Fine!" Derek gave in, purely to get away from the dog and make the boy shut up and hopefully calm down. He didn't want to. Not at all.

The pair found a space to dance and Stiles easily got into the rhythm of the music. Derek, on the other hand, was rigid and uncomfortable. Stiles chuckled at him before placing his hands on Dereks hips, pulling the older man closer and guiding him to the music. He was hesitant at first, but soon got into it.

Stiles outright laughed when a song he knew started playing. Dereks hands tightened on his hips
"What?"

Stiles shook his, using his arms, that were now around Dereks neck to pull them closer together."Nothing, just this song." Derek raised an eyebrow, "It's 'Animal I have Become' by Three Days Grace. Kinda fitting, don't you think?"

Derek rolled his eyes but couldn't help feeling amused. After two more songs, Scott and Allison arrived. Derek noticed and informed Stiles. Scott didn't notice either of them and just kept walking with Allison until they stopped to dance, right next to them. Derek and Stiles kept their eyes locked on each other, pretended not to notice Allison and Scott until they felt Scott's eyes land on them.

"Stiles?!" Scott demanded in shock. Allison looked at the pair as they looked at Scott.

"Oh hey Scotty!" Stiles greeted cheerfully. It was then that he noticed just how close he and Derek had gotten. Their chests were pressed together, as they faced Scott, their cheeks almost touched, Stiles could feel the heat radiate from Derek. To distract himself, Stiles looked to Allison. "And you must be Allison!"

"Yeah, it's nice to meet you, Stiles." She smiled at him kindly then looked to Derek. "And your.. boyfriend?"

"Yes," Derek said quickly, it'd be easier to explain than anything else. "Well kind of, we can't make it official until he's 18, but the feelings are there all the same." It was a lie. Completely. No feelings at all. If Stiles and Scott didn't hear a skip in his heartbeat it was because they weren't paying enough attention. "I'm Derek by the way."

"Allison. That's sweet of you to be willing to wait!"

Stiles nodded and unwrapped his arms from Dereks neck and turned to fully face his best friends and Allison. Derek stood behind him and wrapped his arms around Stiles' waist and smiled at the pair as the Stiles leant against him with ease. For appearances.

"Yeah, he's kind of a prude." Stiles grinned, winking at Allison as Derek glared down at him.

Allison giggled. "You two are cute together!" Derek and Stiles smiled at her in response. Neither of their wolves yipped in happiness or responded in any way. No sir!

"I know, right?" Stiles agreed, tilting his head back to look up at Derek. Derek smiled down at him, until they noticed it. The confused and angry scent rolling of off Scott, paired with the rapid thumping of his heart.

The change can be caused by anger or anything that raises your pulse. Shit. They raised his pulse with their little act.

"Scott?" Allison's voice rang out in concern, as the boy doubled over, clutching his head. Stiles immediately leaped forward.

"Scott, bro, have you got your inhaler?" He asked for Allison's benefit, give her a reason for Scott's sudden condition. Scott shook his head no and was about to say something but Allison cut in first.

"Wait, do you think he's having an asthma attack? Because this isn't like any attack I've seen."

Allison said shaking her head in panic.

"No, it's probably not an asthma attack," Derek said. "But sometimes, during other situations, using their inhaler can help asthmatics calm down enough to explain what's wrong and give others an
idea of how to help them." His voice was calm and steady as he lead the girl though the house and out towards his car. While Stiles lead Scott to his car. "Wait, Stiles!"

"Yeah?" Stiles asked looking at Derek in panic.

"Why don't you take Allison home? I'll look after Scott and you meet us afterwards?" Stiles realised Derek's logic, he'd know how to handle Scott better and the moon was still just a dull itch to him. He'd be able to take Allison home.

"Yeah, sounds good. Scotty, give me your keys!" Stiles demanded. Scott immediately handed them over. Too disoriented to fully realise what was going on. Derek and Stiles exchanged passengers before heading in their separate directions. "So, what's your address?"

Allison told him before going quiet. After a few minutes she spoke up again in a slightly suspicious tone. "Why did Derek take Scott home if you're his best friend?"

"Multiple reasons." Truth. "1) Derek is better to handle this" Truth. "His sister was also asthmatic, so he's had a lot of experience." Lie. "2) Would you really be comfortable who's older than you that you just met that day? Or with someone who is your age, the trusted best friend of your date and is absolutely awesome?!" This caused Allison to giggle.

"Definitely the awesome, trusted, best friend!" Allison agreed, still giggling.

"Damn right!" Stiles hollered excitedly. "And 3) How would your parents react to you leaving with one guy and coming home with another, who is older and has a much nicer car?"

"Not well, that's for sure!" Allison admitted nodding her head in understanding "I'm sorry. It's just that I move to yet another new town, thinking it'll be the same as all the others. Then on my first day I meet this really sweet cute guy, who is also athletic, but not a jerk about it, and he works at an animal clinic! He saved this poor dog that I accidentally hit in the rain. I'm just not used to that. I was kind of worried that he changed his mind and trying to just hang me out to dry so to speak. I kind of thought that you wer-

"Recruited to deliver the dump-o-gram?" Allison blushed.

"It's stupid, I know." She said sheepishly, looking down at her lap.

"Not at all." Stiles said softly. "But just so you know, you don't have to worry about that with Scott. He's a good guy, a bit of a ditz at times, but he's not a jerk. He's the loyal kind, if anything, I'm gonna have to come after you for breaking his heart. That's just not Scott. Unless you do something extreme, like, try to kill all of his friends and family, he won't just up and dump you. So don't worry about it." He gave her a friendly smile, pulling up outside of her house.

"Thanks Stiles, I wish I had a friend like you." Allison said honestly.

"Stick around long enough and you'll be stuck with me. I'm like a fungus- no, wait, that's not right- A tattoo, you thing you want me, but then when I'm there you get sick of me and want me gone, but too late, you're stuck with me! Sure you could laser me off, but that takes time and money so you think aww, screw it. I'll keep him! Then the more you live with me the more you get annoyed by me before you realise that all you need to do is feed me Reeses and curly fries to shut me up and we'll get along just fine." Allison looked dazed. She wasn't used to hurricane Stiles. Poor thing.

"Reeses and Curly fries, huh?" She asked once she caught up with what he had said.

"Yup." He popped the p and smiled at her
"I'll stock up." She joked with a grin.

"Please do, Ally!" Her face dropped to a look of shock

"What did you call me?" She asked.

"O-oh, I'm s-sorry, do you not-

"No don't! Go a head! No one outside of my family has given me a nickname in a long time." Allison look down with a blush coating her face. "I-it's nice."

"No problem Ally." She smiled at him softly. His phone cut through the silence, signaling a text.

**From: Big Bad Sourwolf (20:03)**

**Message: Where are you?! Need help with Scott. We're almost at the preserve, HURRY!**

"It's Derek. I gott-

"Yeah of course" She said, unbuckling her seat belt. "Thanks for the ride!" She climbed out of the car.

"No problem, see you on monday."

"See you monday," She smiled and shut the door behind her.

Stiles waved before driving off, mind set on the preserve.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

When Stiles got to the preserve he immediately started making his way to the old Hale house. Half way there he heard Scott's voice, but it was deeper, darker.

"Where is she?" Wait. Who? Did he mean Allison? Did he not remember?

"She's safe," Stiles heard Derek's voice reply. "From you."

Stiles could hear the sound of someone being tackled, then what he could only assume was the two wolves wrestling. Stiles picked up his pace to find them. Hopefully before they killed each other.

"What did you do with her?"

"Shh quiet!" Derek demanded in a hushed voice so low that Stile almost didn't hear it. Was it Stiles Derek heard, or someone else? Stiles froze and heard several sets of feet stomping through the woods heading in Scott and Derek's direction.

"Too Late." Derek growled, "They're already here. Run!"

Stiles could hear Derek run towards him, so he went to meet him. God, he hopes Derek doesn't try to kill him, mistaking him for a hunter.

Stiles squinted at the dark for a few seconds before everything went red. Literally. It made it a lot easier to navigate his way through the woods and he quickly found Derek, who didn't attack him. Most likely because of the glowing eyes.

"What's going on?" Stiles asked in an urgent whisper. Though he was fairly certain that he already knew the answer, he just wanted Derek to confirm it.
"Hunters." Yup.

"Where's Scott?"

"I don't know, I told him to run."

Through the trees they both saw a blinding flash of white light. Then heard Scott cry out in pain.

"Guess he didn't run far enough" Stiles said running in that direction.

The two wolves stopped a few meters away from the action, behind the hunters. Stiles almost lost it when he saw Scott pinned to a tree by an arrow through his arm and three armed hunters in front of him.

The eldest lowered his crossbow looking at Scott, focusing on his eyes. He looked slightly disappointed. Stiles then realised that they must be after the Alpha. Stiles looked to Derek who nodded, as if he knew what Stiles was thinking.

Crouching and ready to pounce, Derek whispered to Stiles "You take the one on the left then run to the right, I'll get the one on the right and Scott." Stiles nodded, lowering himself into the same crouch. "Ready?"

"Yeah." He whispered.

"Take him." The eldest hunter said to the two behind him.

"Now."

Stiles reacted purely on instinct. He leapt forward, landing on all fours almost quickly swung his body around, sweeping the hunters legs out from under him. Stiles disarmed the hunter, throwing his riffle into the trees. He jumped to his feet, grabbed the hunter by his collar and pulled him to his feet, before gaining a better grip on the back of his shirt and tossing him into a nearby tree behind him, rendering him unconscious. Then took cover in the trees to his right. The eldest hunter looked behind him at the commotion. Stiles watched as Derek used the distraction to run to Scott, pull the arrow out of his arm and drag him towards Stiles. When the pair found him, he joined them in running away from the hunters.

When the were a fair distance away, Scott collapsed against a tree, his eyes finally fading to their regular colour. "Who were they?" He asked looking up at Stiles and Derek.

"Hunters." Stiles stated. His vision went back to normal, so he knew they were no longer amber.

"The kind that hunting us for centuries." Derek continued, looking around to make sure there weren't anymore lurking.

"Us?" He asked angrily glaring at Derek. "You mean you! You did this to me!"

"He's not the one who bit us." Stiles protested as Derek tried to appeal to Scott.

"Is it really so bad, Scott? That you can see better, hear more clearly, move faster than any human could ever hope?"

"He's got a point man." Stiles agreed

"You've both been given what the most humans would kill for. The bite is a gift"
Scott simply shook his head "I don't want it."

Derek smirked at him "You will. And you're gonna need me if you want to learn how to control it. So you've gotta face it Scott, we're brothers now." Stiles wasn't sure why he was so disappointed at that statement. He was in love with Lydia, right? Why should he be bothered that Derek sees him as a brother by default?

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

At midnight, in the old Hale house, Stiles started to really struggle to stay human. He tried to focus on things that mattered to him, his dad, his mum, Scott, Derek, Melissa, Lacrosse, star wa- wait. How did Derek creep in there?

His distraction caused him to let slip more of his humanity. He didn't even realise he'd transformed and started growling until Derek had pinned him to the floor. "Stiles! Calm down!"

Growl

"Stiles!"

Struggle

"Focus!"

Growl

"Stiles!" Derek roared out

"D-Derek?"

"Yeah, Stiles, Focus."

The commotion had caused Scott to struggle against the restraints that Derek had been forced to put on him.

Stiles helped Derek calm Scott again, before being handcuffed to a pipe, 'as a precaution'.

"You're doing really well. You already found your anchor?"

Stiles nodded. "Yeah, though, I wasn't really trying. I just couldn't stop imagining accidentally hurting those that I care about and it terrified me." He admitted shamefully. "And I wouldn't say I'm doing well. I totally lost it back there."

"But you pulled through!" Derek insisted, a hint of pride in his voice. "Most bitten wolves are like Scott on their first full moons! Or worse. I've never seen anyone show the amount of restraint and control that you are right now." Without thinking, Derek lifted his hand and caressed Stiles' cheek. They both ignored their heart beats rising and the hitch in Stiles breath.

Stiles' eyes roamed from Derek's eyes to his lips. Both of them leaning closer together until their lips were a mere inch apart.

Growl, growl, snarl, chains rattled, growl.

Derek jumped back like he'd just been burnt. He gestured to Scott "I should..." He turned his back on Stiles and walked towards Scott.
Stiles wasn't sure if he should hug Scott or kill him, although he was leaning towards the latter.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles lead Scott to Melissa's car the next morning after they'd camped out at the Hale house and began to drive them to Scott's house.

Scott sighed from the passenger side seat "You know what actually worries me the most?"

"If you say Allison, I'm gonna punch you in the head."

Scott ignored him, and whined "She probably hates me now."

Stiles rolled his eyes. "I doubt that. But you might want to come up with a pretty amazing apology for being stupid enough to take your inhaler. That's a pretty good excuse, by the way, you're welcome. Or you know you could just... Tell her the truth and revel in the awesomeness of the fact that you're a freaking werewolf. Okay bad idea... Hey, we'll get through this. Come on, If I have to, I'll help Derek chain you up on full moon night, which I did last night, fyi. And hey I'll even feed you live mice as a treat." He announced with a grin. "I had a boa once, I could do it!" Scott stared at him for half a second before chuckling, shortly joined by Stiles.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott waits for Allison after school on monday.

"Hey, Scott, you okay? I was really worried about you!" Allison called out in concern.

"Yeah, but I... I'm really sorry about... well leaving."

Allison giggled, "Scott, It's okay, really. Stiles explained it to me and said somethings, that made me less mad."

"So, is that a yes on a second chance?" Scott asked hopefully and Allison smiled.

"Definitely yes" A car honks, interrupting whatever was going to happen next. "That's my dad. I'd better go."

She smiled at Scott before walking to the car and Scott heads towards the school for Lacrosse practice. Then a horribly familiar scent hits his nose and he turns to face the car. Stiles walks up beside him, patting him on the shoulder, but his eyes remain on the car.

"Dude come on, we're gonna be l-" Stiles suddenly caught the same scent and his head shot towards the car that Allison was climbing into. "Holy shi-" The older man caught their stares, paused for a second then grinned at them.

"Uh-huh." Scott nodded numbly. "Allison's dad is a hunter." They were so screwed.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be
canon.
Panic! At The Hunter

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

Lacrosse, hurt Stiles, tiny Sterek fluff, Stiles daydreams and Scott and Stiles argue.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Hale Pack: Panic! At the Hunter

"Uh-huh." Scott nodded numbly. "Allison's dad is a hunter." They were so screwed.

Stiles muttered curse words under his breath as Scott panicked. When they finally got to the locker room they let the panic fully set in. Scott removed the top half of his uniform while Stiles removed his gloves, searching through his belongings for his phone.

"He didn't recognise you, right?" Stiles asked urgently, as Scott leant back against a post, freaking out.

"I don't think so and what do you mean me? Us!" Scott yelled, pulse rapidly rising and Stiles was grateful that all of the other players were now out on the field.

"I don't think he got a good look at me!" Stiles said honestly and shook his head. "But he definitely saw you! Thank God you were wolfed out, there's a chance he doesn't. Dude, does Allison know about him?"

Scott really freaked out then. "I don't know, what if she does? Oh my god..." Scott started sobbing, nearing a fully fledge panic attack "He's gonna kill me..."

"Shit." Stiles quickly shot off a text to Derek. "Just calm down okay." He puts his phone away and hands Scott his equipment "Just focus on lacrosse, okay? Lacrosse! Yeah! Here. We. Go!" Stiles pulled his own gloves on and ran out to the field.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

From: Lil' Red Riding Hoodie (15:43)
Message: Gt a prblm, gt 2 skwl now! Allison's dad is the hunter frm last nite! REPEAT! PAPA ARGENT HUNTER! Scott freaking! Hurry!

Shit.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Let's go!" Coach yelled as he blew his whistle. "One on ones from up top!" he turned to Jackson "Jackson! Take a long stick for today!" Jackson got into position and when the whistle blew, sprung into action. easily sweeping past the other players, one by one.
"That's how you do it, Jackson, Thats how you do it!" Coach praised, "Greenberg! Take a lap. Let's go. Faster Greenberg!" Scott almost felt sorry for Greenberg, but it was his turn against Jackson.

"McCall! What are you waiting for?" Scott snapped to attention, trying to push any and all thoughts of Allison, hunters, werewolves and Jacksons threats, out of his head. 'Focu on Lacrosse!' He thought to himself.

The whistle blew. Scott ran to Jackson, only to be taken down easily. "Hey McCall!" Coach yelled, walking up to Scott, who was staring at Jackson in anger, who in turn, simply smirked.

"You sure you still wanna be first line, McCall?"

Scott stood up and tried to control his anger. "My grandmother can move faster than that, and she's dead!" Coach leaned down to speak into Scott's ear. "Do you think you can move faster than lifeless corpse of my dead grand mother?" He asked in a taunting voice.

"Yes coach." Scot said, looking at Jackson with amber eyes.

"I can't hear you."

"Yes coach!"

"Then do it again!" Scott ran back to the staring position as coach's taunting voice called out, "McCalls gonna do it again! McCalls gonna do it again!" Scott started running the second the whistle sounded. He smashed straight into Jackson, who landed on the ground in pain as Scott doubled over.

'Shit!' Stiles thought as he ran to Scott. He could sense his best friend shifting as the rest of the team ran to Jackson. "Come on get up!" Stiles pulled Scott to his feet, and lead him towards the locker room.

"I can't control it Stiles, it's happening!" Scott groaned.

"I know, just keep walking." They made their way to the locker room, not noticing Derek stood by the bleachers.

When they finally made it to the locker room, Scott collapsed to the ground. Stiles took a step closer before Scott looked up at him, fully transformed. "Get away from me!" He roared out before losing all control and lunged for Stiles.

Stiles reacted on instinct. Jumping up onto a row of lockers, staring down at Scott. Scott growled and also jumped, only onto the beams above him. Stiles immediately started moving and jumping from locker to locker, Scott close behind. Stiles' eyes searched for something to force Scott to change back as he ran from the wolf trying to kill him. Soon, his eyes fell on a fire extinguisher. His now amber eye's locked on his target, and he jumped.

A sharp pain shot through his leg as Scott's claws dug into him. Slicing through just below his knee, all the way down to his ankle. A long howl of pain echoed through the room as Stiles fell to the ground.

Scott landed next to him and Stiles was sure he was done for, when Scott took off his helmet. Face completely human. "Stiles? What happened? Did I do this?!" Scott asked in horror and confusion.

"Yeah. You tried to kill me." Stiles hissed angrily.
"Dude, I'm so s-!" Stiles shushed him in panic. Rushing footsteps were heading towards the locker room. The two tensed. Then, Stiles latched on to a familiar scent and relaxed.

"Derek." He sighed in relief as the door opened. Then turned back to Scott "I told you before, it's the anger, your pulse rising. It's a trigger!"

"But that's Lacrosse! It's a pretty violent game if you haven't noticed!" Derek crouched down beside Stiles, examining his wound.

"Well, it's gonna be a lot more violent if you end up killing someone on the field! You can't play Saturday, you're gonna have to get out of the game." Stiles told him, wincing slightly as Derek poked at his injury.

"But I'm first line" Scott protested.

"Not anymore."

"He's right," Derek said. "You haven't got enough control to play. You're not just risking yourself, you're risking me, Stiles and everyone else on that field." Derek looked Scott in the eye's "If they find out about you, they find out about all of us, thanks to your girlfriend, then it's not just hunters after us, it's everyone."

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked in confusion.

"I didn't know she was an Argent, if I had I wouldn't have let you go on that date, Scott!"

"Is she a hunter too?" Scott asked sadly.

"I don't know," Derek admitted, "But the Argent's are notorious. They've been one of the biggest hunter families for centuries. They're dangerous."

A realisation hit Stiles, causing him to laugh. The other two wolves looked at him in confusion. "It's funny how lore twists facts over time." Derek smiled realising that Stiles had figured it out. "Argent. It's french for silver, right?"

"Yes, it is." Derek agreed as Scott finally realised what they were saying.

"It's not the metal silver that kills werewolves," Stiles started.

"It's the family." Derek finished. Stiles smiled before wincing. "Here, give me your hand." Stiles raised an eyebrow in confusion, but did as he was told. Mere seconds after Derek grabbed his hand, black veins appeared on his arm, and Stiles felt his pain lessen.

"Did you jus-" Stiles started in awe.

"I took some of your pain away. You'll both be able to do that, soon." Derek said before looking at Scott. "Get something to clean up the blood." Scott nodded, rushing off to do so.

When Scott returned, the other two wolves had moved. Derek was now behind Stiles, chest pressed to his back, supporting him, whilst his hands were on Stiles arms, pulling pain from him. Stiles' leg was healing quickly, the wounds almost completely gone.

"-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Later that night, Scott flopped face first onto his bed, completely stressed. His mum knock on his door, looking at him in concern. "Hey, late shift again for me but I am taking saturday off to see..."
"No mum, you can't!" Scott protested, but Melissa would have none of it.

"I can and I will!" She stepped further into his room. "Come on one shift isn't gonna break us... Completely." She stopped by Scott's bed and looked at him closely. "Hey what's wrong with your eyes?" Scott sat up in concern. "You look like you haven't slept in days!"

"Oh, it's nothing, I'm just stressed" Scott said, using his arms to support himself.

"Just stress? Nothing else? I mean it's not like your on drugs or anything right?" Melissa chuckled nervously and Scott raised his eyebrows.

"Right now?"

"'Right now'?! I'm sorry, what do you mean 'right now'. I mean have you ever taken drugs?"

"Have you?" Scott retorted.

"Get some sleep!" Melissa demanded walking out of the room.

After a few minutes of moping, Scott heard his laptop beep, signaling an incoming video call. Stiles. Scott accepted the call and was greeted with Stiles spinning around to face him, blasting a toy gun.

"What'd you find out?"

"Well, it's bad, Jackson's got a separated shoulder." Stiles said

"Because of me?!" Scott asked in horror.

"Because he's a tool!" Stiles corrected.

"Well, is he gonna play?"

"Well they don't know yet, now they're just counting on you for Saturday." Scott sighed at his lap in despair.

When he looked up, Siles was staring at something on his screen in shock and slight fear. "What?" Stiles glanced to the camera before looking back at the screen. Squinting slightly. Then the computer froze on Stiles' confused face.

"What?" Scott, hit several key's, hoping to make the laptop work.

"Derek?" Stiles asked in confusion.

"Hello Stiles." Derek's voice called out from behind Scott, causing him to jump up in horror.

"Dude!"

"I didn't have time to talk to you earlier, I was busy helping Stiles. But I saw you on the field. You shifted in front of them."

"I'm sorry, but they didn't see anything I swear." Scott began, fear evident in his voice.
"No, Scott. And they won't. Because Stiles is right, you can't play that game on Saturday. If you try, I'll kill you myself."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"What do you mean you can't play the game tomorrow night?" Coach asked Scott, leading him into his office.

"I mean, I can't play the game tomorrow night." Scott said simply

"You can't wait to play the game tomorrow night!" Coach corrected

"No, coach, I can't play the game tomorrow night!"

"I'm not following." Out in the locker room, Stiles rolled his eyes at the conversation. How do some people even survive in this world?

"I'm having some personal issues." Scott said awkwardly.

"Is it a girl?" Coach asked.

"No."

"Is it a guy? Ya know, our goalie, Danny's gay!"

"Yeah, I know coach, but that's not it."

"You don't think Danny's a good looking guy?" Stiles had to stifle his laugh at the conversation, leaning against a locker.

"I think he's good looking, but I like girls! And that's not it anyway. I-I uh"

"Is it drugs? Are you doing meth?" Coach asked urgently. "Because I had a brother that was addicted to meth, you should have seen what it did to his teeth, they were all cracked and rotted. It was disgusting!" Coach rambled.

"Oh my god, what happened to him?"

"He got veneers" Coach said, then a triumphant smile appeared on his face. "Is that what this is about? Are you afraid of getting hurt, McCall?"

"Yes, say yes." Stiles said quietly enough that only Scott would hear.

"No," Scott said pointedly, obviously talking to both Stiles and coach "I'm having some issues dealing with aggression." Stiles rolled his eyes, that was the worst excuse!

"Well, here's the good news, that's why you play Lacrosse! Problem solved" Coach said.

"Coach, I can't play the game tomorrow night!"

"Listen, McCall. Part of playing first line, is taking on the responsibility of being first line. Now if you can't shoulder that responsibility, then you're back on the bench until you're ready." Coach informed him and Stiles beamed. That's perfect! Scott need to be on the bench.

"If I don't play the game, you're taking me off first line?" Scott asked, in a hurt voice.
"McCall. Play the game!" Fuck. Stiles shook his head, and left to his next class.

Walking through the school corridors, Scott thought over his conversation with coach. Then his conversations with Stiles and Derek. His phone buzzed as he received a text from his mum.

*From: Mum (Work) (10:45)*
*Message: Got the night off! Coming to see you play! So excited!*

When Scott looked up from his phone, he saw Allison walking towards him.

"Hey," She greeted happily, and Scott completely forgot about about her father and the fact that she might be a hunter too. Or at least know about him.

"Hey," He beamed.

"Busy?" She asked, stopping in front of him and glancing at his phone.

"No, it's just my mum, she's nothing! I mean it's nothing!" He corrected with wide eyes. "Never busy for you."

"I like the sound of that," Allison admitted, a smile appearing on her face. "I have to run to French class, but I wanted to let you know that I'm coming to see you play tomorrow!"

"You are?"

"Yeah, and we're all going out afterwards! You, me, Lydia, Jackson, it'll be great! Tell Stiles to come too, if he wants, he can bring Derek. I mean I get that Derek might not want to hang out with a group of teenagers, but if he does, he's more than welcome! I was gonna ask him earlier when I saw his car, but I had to get to class. Speaking of which, I gotta go. Save me a seat at lunch!"

Scott stared after her in shock, his brain finally catching up as her muttered "Oh god."

In maths, Scott stood next to Lydia, writing on the board.

"Why is there a rumour going around that you're not playing tomorrow?" Lydia asked without looking at Scott.

"Because I'm sort of not," Scott said in a resigned voice.

"I think you sort of are!" Lydia said angrily, looking at him before returning her attention to the board, writing quickly. "Especially since you brutally injured my boyfriend by ramming into him."

Scott looked at the red head in annoyance "He brutally injured himself ramming into me!"

"Jackson's gonna play tomorrow. But he's not gonna be at his peek." She looked Scott up and down, "And I prefer my boyfriend at peek performance."

"Okay..?" Scott said confused

"I date the captain of the winning Lacrosse team." Lydia stated, "And if they start the season losing, I date the captain of the losing Lacrosse team. I don't date losers!"
"Losing one game isn't gonna kill anyone!" Scott snapped. "In fact, it might even save someone." He muttered.

"Fine! Don't play!" She put on a faux thoughtful face "We'll probably win anyway. And we'll go out after like we were planning and I'll introduce Allison to all of the hot players on the team." Her tone was too innocent, knowing it'd get a reaction out of Scott. "And Scott McCall will stay at home, surfing the net for porn."

Lydia finished her problem and sauntered back to her seat triumphantly.

"Mr. McCall, you're not even close to solving your problem!" The teacher informed him.

"Tell me about it." Scott muttered.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott had just turned away from his locker when he noticed Stiles eavesdropping on his dad and the principal.

He was about to walk over to him when he noticed Allison talking to Lydia and another member of the Lacrosse team.

"Hey," Allison greeted him when he approached, causing the other to people to walk away.

"Hey, so Lydia's introducing you to everybody?" Allison nodded happily.

"She is being so incredibly nice to me!" Allison was beaming, clearly pleased.

"I wonder why..." Scott said suspiciously.

"Maybe she get's how much being the new girl can suck!" Allison said.

"Maybe." Scott didn't believe his own words. But his mind was to busy to notice.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

After school. Stiles pulled up his jeep by the entrance to the preserve. "Hey Derek." He called hoping out of the jeep, smelling Derek's scent grow stronger behind him and spun around to be face to the leather clad wolf.

"Stiles." Derek said, his body tense.

"Something wrong man?" Stiles asked, concern seeping into his voice.

"I'm fine. What are you doing here?"

"I came to talk." Stiles said grabbing his backpack from the Jeep and shutting the door, in order to communicate that he wasn't going to leave without talking.

"Fine," Derek growled out. "But not here. Follow me."

Soon, the two were stood in the remains of Derek's living room. "What?"

"Okay Sourwolf. Calm down. I just wanted to tell you that Scott's having a hard time getting out of the game, I'm not even sure he wants too, so I may need your help with that. Also, my dad in issuing a curfew for everyone under 18. So if you need me.. or Scott, after 9:30, you're gonna have
to sneak in through the window for a while."

"Is that it?" Derek asked in annoyance.

"No." Stiles said, voice full of confidence. "One more thing," Stiles lunged forward, wrapping his arms around Derek's neck. Pressing their lips together. Derek immediately responded, grabbing Stiles' waist, pulling him closer, then lifted the younger boy up. Stiles in turn, wrapped his legs around Derek's waist.

Stiles ran his tongue across Derek's lips, the elder boy parted his lips in response. Their tongues battled for dominance. Derek eventually won, exploring the lanky boy as he pinned him against the wall.

Derek let out a breathless moan "Stiles..."

"-Stiles!" Derek yelled snapping his fingers in front of the boy's face.

"Huh?" Stiles asked in confusion, returning to reality.

"I said is that it and you started daydreaming!" Derek tone and expression were annoyed, but his eyes and scent gave away his concern.

"S-sorry yeah t-that's it s-sorry." Stiles stuttered, forcing his mind to focus on something else. Trying to get rid of the growing problem in his pants. The problem he knew Derek could smell.

"Derek!" They heard Scott's angry voice yell from outside. Yes, problem gone! They made their way outside to Scott who was looking at something else for a second. "Leave her alone, " What? "Allison told me she saw your car today! She doesn't know anything!"

"What if she does? You think you can just google Werewolves and now you've got all the answers, is that it?" Derek asked, walking towards Scott, Stiles following slowly. "You don't get it yet Scott, but I'm looking out for you. For both of you! You're out on the field, the aggression takes over and you shift in front of everyone!"

Derek picked up Scott's Lacrosse stick. "Your mum, all your friends and when they see you..." Derek used his claws to rip the netting.

"Aw! Come on dude, do you have any idea how much those cost?" Stiles whined at Derek's action, even though it wasn't his.

Derek ignored him "Everything. Falls. Apart." Derek tossed the stick at Scott, who caught it easily. But when he looked up, Derek and Stiles were gone.

-To: Stiles (16:56)
Message: Get 2 mine now! I found sumthng!

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-
Stiles ran into Scott's house without knocking and straight up to his bedroom.

"What did find? How did you find it? Where did you find it?" Stiles asked coming to a halt, blinking rapidly.

"How much Adderall have you had today?" Scott asked before shaking his head. "When we were at Derek's today, I smelt blood, there's something buried there. It's probably the girl! We'll find it and have your dad bust him for murder! Then you'll help me figure out how to play Lacrosse without changing, because there is no way I'm not playing this game." Scott announced triumphantly.

"Dude. No! I don't care what you smelt, Derek didn't do it! Okay? It was the Alpha, you know? The one who bit us! You will play Lacrosse again. Just not yet, dude! Be smart about this. Okay? Derek can help us. But not if you falsely accuse him of murder!" Stiles yelled.

"Why are you protecting him?! What has he done for you that is so important?" Scott asked angrily.

"He saved our lives, Scott! On the night of the full moon! He saved other peoples lives by keeping us locked in his house!" Stiles took a deep breath, trying to calm himself so he wouldn't transform "He saved us Scott. He helped us when we had no idea what was happening. He's not the bad guy here Scott, the sooner you realise that. The sooner you'll accept what's happened and live your life.

Stiles turned his back on Scott and left the room, ignoring the hollow feeling in his chest at leaving his brother like this.

Chapter End Notes

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Bring me the Body

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

Scott goes searching for half of a body and Stiles makes a discovery.

The Hale Pack: Bring Me The Body

*Stiles turned his back on Scott and left the room, ignoring the hollow feeling in his chest at leaving his brother like this.*

-On Teen Wolf-Sterek-On Teen Wolf-Sterek-

On the drive home, Stiles stopped by a shop and brought a liter of cookie dough ice cream, several packets of Reese’s cups, soda and various sorts of crisps. *(A/N: Or chips to some people.)* He then made his way home, ready to mope.

Halfway through watching Batman Begins and eating a quarter of the ice cream in bed, Stiles noticed a familiar scent appear, filling his room.

"Derek" He greeted softly, before shoveling another spoon full of ice cream into his mouth.

"Stiles. What's wrong?" Concern seeped into Derek's voice.

"Scott." Stiles said around a mouthful. He swallowed before continuing. "Scott's being an idiot."

"Is that supposed to be a shock?" Derek asked seriously, earning him a laugh from Stiles.

"No, it's what he's being idiotic about that's a shock." Derek gestured for Stiles to continue. "He's convinced that you are the one who bit us and that you killed Laura."

"Why?" Derek's eyebrow shot up his head.

"Because yo're a werewolf and he smelt blood at your house earlier." Stiles said casually, shooting Derek a pointed look. Derek glared in retaliation.

"Don't worry, I've taken precautions." Stiles gave him an 'explain yourself' look. "Trust me, we'll be fine."

There was a short moment of comfortable silence before Stiles held up a second spoon. "I accidentally grabbed two spoons, my ice cream is starting to melt and I don't want to waste it. Help me finish it?" Stiles asked hopefully.

Derek hesitated for a moment before standing and making is way to the bed. Stiles beamed and shuffled up on the bed to give Derek more space.

"Batman Begins. Nice." Derek stated after he'd settled on the bed, grabbing his spoon.

The rest of the night saw the two werewolves eating junk food, watching The Dark Knight trilogy
and arguing over which was the best, before falling asleep in each others arms.

-Derek freaking Hale. He's ruined everything. He needed to go. Then everything would be good again. Just wait and see!

Those were some of the thoughts circling through Scott's head as he made his way through the hospital angry and determined. Quickly making his way to the morgue.

Once there, he search for the draw containing the bottom half of the body.

Laura Hale (Partial)

Got it!

Cringing, he pulled out the draw and lifted the sheet, Scott proceeded to examine the scent.

Gasping at the back marks on the pale legs and gagging at the pungent scent, Scott pushed the draw back and closed the door.

It was the same scent. Scott escaped the hospital as fast as he could. He needed a shovel.

-Later that night, Scott walked up to the Hale house and made his way to where the body was buried. He knew Derek wasn't in. Scott had gone to Stiles' house along the way, to try to persuade him to help, only to see Derek jumping into Stiles' bedroom window! Scott quickly pushed the thought out of his head and made his way to the grave, he needed to act fast.

As Scott grew closer to the grave, he noticed the scent was slightly different. He shook his head and started digging, wanting to get it over with. About an hour later, he finally found what he was looking for. It took Scott a few minutes to untie the knots, and unwrap the body, only it wasn't what he was expecting.

Scott let out a scream as he jumped out of the hole and away from the half a body. Not a human body, mind you. Nope. A wolf. Not the werewolf form he took on the full moon, but a full bloodied, fur covered, actual wolf!

Damn, how was this possible? It's the same scent. Mostly. So it must be the girl, right? Laura? Wait she's Derek's sister, so she must be a werewolf too! Maybe turning into an actual wolf is a skill you eventually learn? Or maybe it's a girl wolf thing? Either way, this won't get Derek arrested. He needs to figure something else out.

Scott made quick work of covering the wolf corpse, then left, planning to figure something else out.

-The next morning Stiles woke up in bed alone. All empty wrappers were gone, the tv was off and he was under the covers. He couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed that Derek was gone, but he wasn't surprised. Stretching out, Stiles stammered out of bed and headed down stairs to make himself breakfast, knowing his dad was still at the station, trying to figure out who killed Laura and what happened to the other half of the body. Then Stiles noticed it. Derek's scent. It was still fresh. Not even slightly faded. He was there.
Stiles turned on the spot. Trying to figure out where Derek was. Stiles took a deep breath, closed his eyes, slowly let it out and listened.

It was silent, minus two heartbeats, but they were overlapping each other and echoing around the room. He couldn't tell them apart.

Everything was still, and Stiles knew what was happening. This was a test. Derek was testing him. Stiles focused on his hearing and sense of smell. Your eyes can deceive you. Distract you.

Nothing happened for a moment. Then. The air to his left shifted.

Acting immediately, Stiles leapt forward, out of the way of attack, finally opening his eyes.

He spun to face Derek, using arm to block Derek's fist, which he knew was concealing claws as Derek was fully wolfed out. Stiles caught Derek's other fist with his left and maneuvered his right hand to grab Derek's forearm. He spun Derek so that his arms were twisted behind his back and he was now facing the door. Stiles jumped up while simultaneously pulling Derek backwards and kicking his legs out, full force, hitting Derek's lower back. Stiles used the force to propel himself into a backflip, land crouched, right hand on the floor, left hand out to the side and head down. He looked up, eyes glowing amber and studied Derek, who was looking at him from the floor with a mixture of shock and pride.

Before Stiles could analyse it too much, Derek was back on his feet and charging towards him. Stiles stayed crouched, waiting for Derek to get close enough for Stiles to sweep out his feet, only to have Derek leap over him.

He was momentarily stunned, giving Derek the upper hand. Derek grabbed Stiles by the back of his shirt, pulling him off of the ground, flipping him and sending him to the ground on his back. Stiles immediately grabbed Derek's ankle and pulled, causing Derek to fall to the ground. He felt relief as Derek's head narrowly missed hitting the corner of the desk. However, Stiles now knew better than to hesitate or pause, so quickly jumped on top of Derek, pinning his, very nice, thighs with his knees, held Derek's hands above his head on handed, by the wrists and used his other, clawed, hand to threaten Derek's throat.

"I win!" Stiles said triumphantly.

Derek smirked. "Do you?" Derek spread his legs (Bad thoughts, Stiles! Bad thoughts!) causing Stiles to drop, he moved both of his hands to either side of Derek's head to support himself, without even thinking. When he realised what he'd done, it was too late.

Derek wrapped his legs around Stiles' waist and flipped them over. He straddled Stiles, sat on his lap, knees forcing Stiles' legs together. Derek's strong hands gripped Stiles' wrists above his head, Derek lowered his face to Stiles' until their noses were touching, both of their faces had returned to human. Stiles' eyes flickered from Derek's eyes, to his lips. He knew that this was right.

The wasn't just some sparring accident, it was instinct. Stiles' mind flickered back to the night Derek explained everything.

~Flashback~

"So mates are real?" Stiles asked intrigued.

"Yes." Derek stated with a nod. "We mate for life, one the mate bond is completed, there is no going back. Some wolves have two mates, but never more than that and the two mates are also mated to each other, regardless of if they're wolves, humans or something else."
"How do you know?" Stiles asked eagerly.

"You just know. It feels right, to both you and your wolf. You feel safe, relaxed, when you're with them. They feel like home and even if you've only just met, you can't imagine the rest of your life with out them. You know that they are yours and you are theirs. You just know."

~End Flashback~

Stiles felt Derek start to pull away, so voice his discovery. "Mate." He said breathlessly, eye's turning amber as he arched towards Derek. "Mine!" Derek's mouth dropped in shock, not at the fact that they were mate. At the fact that Stiles had figured it out so quickly. "Derek."

Derek lost control at that, eyes glowing blue as he claimed Stiles mouth with his own, eye's fluttering shut at the sensation. It wasn't like any other kiss he'd had before. It was soft, tender but at the same time, passionate and claiming.

Derek move his hands from Stiles' wrists, one moving to Stiles' hip, the other caressing his cheek. Both of Stiles' hands were buried in Derek's hair, pulling him in, and keeping him from pulling away.

This continued for a few minutes before they pulled away for air, both gasping for breath.

"So.." Stiles gulped down another breath. "Breakfast?"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Over breakfast, Derek explained to Stiles that although they were mates, they couldn't complete the bond until Stiles turned 18.

However, Derek explained that he did want to get to know Stiles and had no interest in seeing anybody else. So they agreed on dates. A few group dates with Allison and Scott and Lydia and Jackson. Mostly to keep an eyes on Scott, Allison too but mostly Scott. Their dates with just the two of them, would take place out of town.

If they ever got caught spending time together in town, their cover would be that Derek is tutoring Stiles in History and Spanish, as Stiles wasn't very good at either, but Derek was great. Same for on group dates, Stiles didn't want to be the fifth wheel, but didn't want to date yet so Derek agreed to tag along so they could go over notes throughout the night.

Everything was perfectly planned! Of course, it was Stiles, so things were bound to go wrong at some point. But until then, they can pretend.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Later that day, the entire Lacrosse team were in the Locker room, getting ready for the first game of the season.

Taking a deep breath, Stiles walked over to Scott. "You gonna try to convince me not to play?" Scott asked in annoyance.

"I just hope you know what you're doing!"

"If I don't play, I lose first line and Allison!"

"Allison's not going anywhere!" Stiles said "And it's one game that you really don't need to play!"
"I want to play! I wanna be on the team. I wanna go put with Allison. I want a semi freaking normal life. You, of all people, should get that!"

"I get it." Stiles admitted with a sigh, sitting on the bench next to Scott. "But it'll be a lot harder to do that if you're in prison! Or dead!"

"I know. But I can do this!"

Stiles nodded. "Okay, but Derek and I will both be watching and ready to take action if you start to lose it!"

Scott huffed "Why do you trust him?!"

"He saved us Scott." Stiles mumbled, and Scott's eyebrows furrowed.

"No, there's something else. What is it? I know you, Stiles, you don't trust easily. Why him?"

Stiles took a deep breath and looked Scott in the eyes. "He's my mate."

"What?" Scott's mouth dropped open in shock. "Mate? Like soul mates?"

"Yeah. I knew there was something about him when I first met him. Then my wolf started reacting to him. God, it was so happy when Allison asked if we were boyfriends." He chuckled, looking at his lap. "And I started to just know things about him. Like, I knew when he was annoyed or concerned and when he was lying or telling the truth, more so than with anyone else. Then this morning we were sparring and he had me pinned down and I just realised."

Scott listened intently to his best friend. "So I said it. I said 'mate' and... he kissed me." Scotts eyes widened in shock and Stiles looked up at him with a huge smile on his face. "Now we really are boyfriends. But, like the lie we told Allison last Friday at the party, we can't complete the mate bond until I'm 18. But we're gonna go on dates and things, just the two of us, out of town, then group dates and stuff, in town. But to everyone else, Derek is tutoring me in History and spanish-"

Stiles continued to babble to Scott happily. Scott realised that he had to give Derek a chance. He'll make it though the game and prove himself, then he'd confront Derek about the body and asses his answer. If he seemed trustworthy enough, he'd tolerate him. For Stiles.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Out on the field, Scott and Stiles walked to the bench, looking for familiar faces in the stands. Melissa, Allison and her father, they could look for anyone else, Lydia walked over to Scott and grabbed him by the front of his shirt.

"Scott! I just want you to remember one thing for tonight."

"Uh, winning isn't everything..?" He asked nervously.

Lydia giggled, patting his shoulder. "Nobody likes a loser." She patted his chest and sauntered back to the stands.

Over on the bench, coach sat down beside Jackson. "How's your shoulder?"

"It's fine."

"Feel any pain?" Coach asked, looking to Jackson, who shook his head.
"No."

Coach grinned "What if I gave it a big 'ol punch." He said miming punching Jackson, who flinched slightly. "Would you feel any pain then?"

Jackson nodded nervously. "Maybe."

"Listen. Just go out there, just give it your best, if you feel any pain just- you just-"

"Keep playing?" Jackson asked, slightly confused

"That's my boy!" The whistle blew, and both teams took position on the field.

"Please let this be okay! Please" Scott whispered, waiting anxiously for the game to start.

Over at the bench, Stiles watched Scott nervously until his dad walked over to him "Hey kid." Sheriff stilinski greeted.

"Hey dad."

"So do you think you'll see any action tonight?"


On the field, Scott kept whispering "Please." until the whistle sounded. The match had begun.
Torture for my Valentine

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

Lacrosse match, nightmares, group date planning, slip of the tongues and things heat up between Stiles and Derek.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.

A/N: This chapter is longer than the last few, so I hope it makes up for everything. Enjoy!

The Hale Pack: Torture for my Valentine

On the field, Scott kept whispering "Please." until the whistle sounded. The match had begun.

The match was going badly, Beacon Hills was losing, Jackson had ordered the entire team to not pass to Scott, then there was the fact that Lydia and Allison were holding up a sign that read 'We luv u Jackson', the only good thing was that no one had died.

On the bench, Stiles was worried that his best friend would lose control. He could smell Scott's anger on the field. The boy was doubled over, his breath being huffed out in clouds. Many of the other players, and the referee, were looking at him in fear and concern. Stiles just knew that Scott's eyes were glowing. Stiles turned his head to look at Derek, who also looked concerned, Scott was definitely losing control. Shit.

Stiles was using his enhanced hearing to listen in on Scott's heartbeat, when a conversation caught his attention.

"Which one is Scott, again?" He knew that voice. The hunter from the night of the full moon. Chris Argent

"Number 11, otherwise know as the only one who hasn't caught a single ball this entire game." Lydia said with a bitchy edge to her voice.

"I hope he's okay." Allison's voice was full of concern. Lydia just looked to the score board.

"I hope we're okay. We need to win this." She stood up, holding another sign for Jackson "Allison? A little help here?" Allison stood reluctantly and help Lydia hold the sign.

Scott saw this sign, his rage increasing and his eyes narrowed. When the whistle blew, the struggle for the ball began and the ball ended up being shot into the air. Scott, not thinking clearly and eager to prove himself, ran jumping over two players and snatched the ball out of the air.

He then proceeded to weaving in and out of the other players. Spinning past and ducking under the
players rushing towards him. Then shot the ball into the net.

The entire Beacon Hills crowd burst into cheers, except Chris Argent, Lydia and Derek. Stiles did cheer, though he was still worried, he needed to support his friend.

"McCall! Pass to McCall!" Coach yelled to the team.

Stiles heard the growl when Scott was facing a member of the other team, and watch as that player passed Scott the ball in fear. Coach walked over and sat next to Stiles.

"Did the opposing team just deliberately pass us the ball?" Coach asked in confusion.

"Yes, I believe so, coach." Stiles said nervously.

"Interesting." Coach muttered. Scott's next shot was thrown with so much force that it tore straight through the goalie's Lacrosse stick's net. The score was now tied. The crowd was cheering, both team coaches were arguing, but Scott was losing any and all control. When the whistle sounded, telling the players to get in to position, Jackson came face to face with the other captain.

"What the hell's up with your teammate, man? What's he on?" The captain asked.

"I don't know." Jackson said, determination clear in his voice. "Yet."

The game continued and Scott was seeing red. Pure animal instinct had taken over as he was surround and facing the goal.

"You can do it Scott." Which Scott heard as clearly as if she were speaking directly into his ear. Scott's eyes burned amber, scaring the opposing players, but they still charged at him with precious seconds ticking away.

Scott swung the stick, full force and threw the ball, straight into the net.

The timer hit zero. The scoreboard reading 6:5 to Beacon Hills. The crowd was cheering and ran onto the field. Scott removed his glove, revealing claws. Freaked out, he ran to the locker room, not noticing Allison looking for him.

Chris Argent slowly walked on the field, looking thoughtful and suspicious. Stiles watched him carefully, this didn't bode well for Scott. Speaking of Scott, Stiles wondered how he was coping. He knew that Derek had gone on ahead to the locker rooms, just before the game ended so he could calm Scott. Stiles was about to go check on them when he heard his dad on the phone.

"Dad? What's going on?" Stiles asked in worry, jogging up to his dad.

"I want you to stay home tonight, Stiles. They found the second half of the body." Shit. Derek. "It was half buried by the lake." wait, what? "I don't know how we missed it the first time, but we got it and now I need to go in. I'll probably be at the station all night." His tone was apologetic and his heartbeat steady. "Thing is, all evidence points to an animal attack, but the way the body was buried..."

"Animals don't bury their kill like that." The sheriff nodded "I understand, dad." Total lie. "Be careful, okay?"

"Of course, you to." Stiles nodded and hugged his dad, before heading to the locker room, only to
see Scott and Allison kissing.

It didn't last long though, and when they pulled apart she said "I gotta get back to my dad."

"Okay," Scott said dopily and Allison kissed him on the cheek before she started to leave. On her way out she noticed Stiles standing awkwardly, looking around at everything except her and Scott. With a blush, she greeted him "Hey, Stiles."

Stiles finally looked at have and waved awkwardly "Hey, yeah." Once she was gone the best friends walked to each other, Scott smiling like an idiot.

"I kissed her." Scott said happily.

"I saw."

"She kissed me."

"Saw that too." Stiles announced. "It's pretty good, huh?" Scott's smile widened, if possible. Then Derek walked out of the shadows of the locker, making his presence known.

"Thank you, Derek, for helping me control it. Once you got through to me, it was almost easy to pull it back! Thank you!" Derek nodded, but Stiles was looking worried, just not about Scott.

"What is it?" Scott asked looking at Stiles in confusion.

"The cops found the other half of the body by the lake." He shot Derek a look, and he simply nodded. He moved the body, but why? "All evidence point to an animal attack, but the body was partially buried in a way that indicates a human killer. So the cops aren't sure what to think. But knowing what we know, who do you think is gonna figure it out?"

"Hunters." Scott said, eyes widening in fear.

-Ten Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles and Derek were walking through the school car park, heading towards one of the busses. "Where exactly are you taking me?" Derek asked, raising an eyebrow at Stiles.

"Somewhere we can be alone." Stiles said with a grin on his face, winking at Derek.

"We are alone." Derek rolled his eyes, but more out of fondness that annoyance as they stopped in front of a bus, Stiles pressed his back to it and pulled Derek towards him.

"Somewhere we can be more alone." Stiles purred out, arching his body into Derek's, who gripped Stiles hips in response. Stiles reached behind him and opened the bus door. "Come on!" He demanded walking backwards on to the bus, pulling Derek with him. Stiles lead Derek to a seat near the back of the bus and sat down so that his legs were across both seats and his back was pressed to the window, pulling Derek down with him. The two boys stare into each other's eyes and leaned closer together. Stiles pressed his lips Derek's and the two wolves started to kiss. It begun as a simple kiss that sparked into something more passionate and Derek kissed along Stiles' neck.

The Stiles felt his claws drag along the seat. He broke this kiss and pushed Derek off of him onto the opposite seat.

"Stiles? What's wrong?" Derek asked in concern, standing and walking towards Stiles.

"Get away," Stiles moved away from Derek. His eyes glowing amber, claws on the opposite hand
extending, and fangs lengthening.

"Stiles?"

"I said get away!"

Derek backed away slowly when Stiles turned around and gave him a primal look.

"Stiles, calm down. You can control this, you've done it before, okay? Calm down!" When Stiles simply snarled in response, Derek knew that the best option right now was to confine him. He began to run off the bus but Stiles grabbed his leg making him fall to the ground. Stiles proceeded to drag Derek down the aisle to get him closer.

Derek used his enhanced strength to kick Stiles off of him and into the back door of the bus, which cracked under the force. Derek ran to the front of the bus and tried to pry the door open. Halfway through his task, he was hit by a seat that Stiles had broken off of the bus and thrown.

"Shit." Derek cursed seeing Stiles lunging towards him, knowing he had no escape now. He jumped over the seat and kicked Stiles. However, the boy barely stumbled this time and quickly tackled Derek. "Stiles, stop!" Derek demanded, but it was too late and Stiles was to far gone. Derek tried to fight back, but Stiles was feral now. All he could do was struggle as Stiles leant in for the kill.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles shot up in bed, covered in sweat and gasping for breath. Glancing at the clock, he noticed he was running late and immediately got dressed.

15 minutes later, Stiles was walking into the school building, desperately trying to reach Derek. The elder male hadn't replied to any of his six phone calls or eleven text messages. To make matters worse, when he arrived at school, he was greeted with the sight of police tape surrounding a school bus that had blood splattered on the windows and was extremely damaged.

Distracted by his phone, Stiles ended up bumping into someone. Scott. "I think I killed Derek/Allison!" The best friends blurted out in unison.

"Dude, I had a dream that I lead her onto a school bus! Then I-" Scott started, fear clear in his eyes.

"-Started to lose control and attacked-" Stiles continued.

"-I ripped off one of the seats and threw it-"

"-Dragged him by his ankle through the bus-"

"-And leant over for the kill." Scott finished and both boys were wide eyed. "This is good, right? It means that what happened on the bus wasn't either of us, right? So Allison is probably okay."

"Yeah maybe," Stiles said, running his hand over his buzz cut hair. "But the only way to know for sure is to figure out what happened on the bus and talk to Derek, maybe he has some answers. Only problem is, he's not returning any of my calls of texts!"

"Hey, I'm sure he's okay." Scott said, patting Stiles' shoulder in an attempt to comfort him.

"He better be." Stiles muttered, sending Derek another text before pocketing the phone. "It just felt so real! All of it. Then there's the fact of the school bus being covered in blood and scratches! I
just..." Stiles faded off, but before Scott could reply, he carried on "But, if we both had the same dream, just with different people, we should be okay." Stiles shook his head "Well no, it could be a pack thing. Y'know we see each other's kills or something? Or it could be the Alpha trying to convert us to his side, make us think about killing until we do it? I just wish Derek would reply! Let me know he's okay! I just- I just!" Stiles could feel his anger and frustration building up. "Fuck!" He turned and slammed his fist into a locker, the cheap metal bending under the force of his fist, turning disfigured so it no longer protect the items inside.

"Dude!" Scott gasped, eyes wide looking at his best friend in shock. Stiles finally calmed down and turned, resting his back against the next locker, gasping down deep breaths.

"Whoops." Stiles chuckled, pushing off of the locker and walking towards Scott. Scott rolled his eyes and turned to walk towards class, and bumped directly into Allison.

"Oh my god, I'm sorry Allison!" Scott babbled immediately. "Are you okay? I'm sorry!"

Allison giggled and shook her head, "I'm fine, you scared me, that's all."

"Sorry, but you're okay?" Scott asked, relief written all over his face. 'At least he knows he didn't kill someone he cares about last night!' Stiles thought, slightly bitter, if he's honest.

"When my heart starts beating again, yeah." she joked and the two carried on there conversation and Stiles faded them out, turning as he noticed Jackson walk over to the damaged locker in confusion. Stiles did an internal happy dance as he realised that it was Jackson's locker.

The principal made an announcement over the loud speaker that classes would continue, despite the wrecked school bus.

"Save me a seat at lunch." Allison said to Scott. "Bye Stiles!"

"Bye Ally!" Stiles called after her with a wave.

"Ally?" Scott asked Stiles in a hurt voice.

"Yeah, I accidentally called her it when I gave her a ride home from the party, she liked it and told me that no-one outside of her family called her that, so it was nice to have a friend say it." Stiles explained walking towards their class.

Scott seemed relieved and Stiles had to fight the urge to roll his eyes. "Okay."

-In Class, Stiles most loathed teacher, Mr. Harris was writing on the board and the class was silent. Until Scott turned around to talk to Stiles.

"Maybe it was our blood on the bus." He said, an edge of hopefulness to his voice.

"It could have been animal blood." Stiles suggested, "Maybe we caught a couple of rabbits, or something?"

"And did what?" Scott asked in confusion.

"Ate 'em" Stiles said casually and Scott's eyes widened in horror.

"Raw?!!"
"No! We stopped to bake 'em in little werewolf ovens!" Scott whisper exclaimed, sarcasm lacing his voice.

"Mr. Stilinski. If that's your idea of a hushed whisper, you might wanna pull the head phones out every once in a while!" Mr Harris announced. "I think you and Mr. McCall would benefit from a little distance, yes?"

"No!" Stiles protested but the teacher moved them anyway.

"Let me know if the separation anxiety gets to be too much." Harris snarked, and Stiles was extremely tempted to punch him.

Shortly after the two were sat at their newly assigned seats, the girl next to Scott noticed something out of the window and announced, "Hey, I think they've found something!" And the entire class rushed to window.

"That's not a rabbit." Scott whispered to Stiles.

A man was being pushed on a gurney, towards an ambulance, seemingly unconscious. Suddenly, he shot up, screaming and the class jumped back from the window in shock. Some students screaming. Scott and Stiles backed away further. Both thinking the same thing. "Did we do that?"

Scott and Stiles were in the cafeteria, walking towards an empty table with trays of food.

"But dreams aren't memories" Stiles argued.

"Then maybe they weren't dreams!" Scott replied.

"Maybe. Or maybe it wasn't even us" Stiles said trying to comfort both Scott and himself.

"Maybe. But either way, something happened last night and we need to remember what!"

"Well, I would say let's ask Derek, but he's not replying to me! For all I know, I could have killed him!" Stiles said bitterly, sitting down at the table, opposite Scott.

"Dude, it was someone else on the bus!" Scott tried to reason.

"That doesn't prove anything. I mean, maybe I attacked them both and merged the memories together!" Stiles didn't really believe his own words, but he was in the mood for some self pity until Derek was proven alive and could provide a good explanation.

"Dude you don't know that! Beside, I could have been the one attacking that guy!" Scott said, worry creeping into his voice.

"I don't not know it! And we don't know that!" Stiles said, shaking his head firmly.

"We don't not know it!" Scott countered, causing Stiles to roll his eyes. "I can't go out with Allison. I have to cancel!"

"I should agree with you, but I can't let you give up your first date or entire life! Okay? We'll figure it out."

"Figure what out?" Lydia asked, sitting down next to Scott.
"Uh, just, uh, homework" Scott stuttered as the two best friends looked at her in shock. Before turning to each other.

"Why is she sitting with us?" Stiles whisper asked, leaning across the table to Scott, who shrugged in return. To further the weirdness, Danny and a girl sat either side of Stiles, while another guy sat at the end of the table. Allison then walked over and sat next to Scott, and things started to make sense.

Jackson walks over to the table and glares at the guy sat at the end. "Get up!" He demanded.

The guy sighed "Why don't you ask Danny to get up?"

"Because I don't stare at his girlfriends coin slot!" Danny said, sharing a smirk with Lydia. The guy reluctantly stood and walked away from the table. Jackson quickly took the seat. "So, I hear they're saying it's some sort of animal attack. Probably a cougar." Danny said, trying to start a conversation. It worked.

"I heard mountain lion." Jackson said.

"A cougar is a mountain lion." Lydia stated instantly. At Jackson's look, she put a vacant expression on her face and clueless tone in her voice. "Isn't it?"

"Who cares?" Jackson asked, being his douche-bag self. "The guy's probably some homeless tweaker, who was gonna die anyway!"

"Actually, I just found out who it is, check it out!" Stile said, holding his phone out for everyone to see the video announcing the victim as Garrison Myers.

"I know this guy!" Scott announced "He was a bus driver that I met when I lived with my dad."

Stiles was about to pull his phone back when it started ringing and a picture of him and Derek kissing, that he had discretely took, lit up the screen. The four occupants of the table that didn't know about his relationship looked at him in shock.

Stiles cleared his throat, a blush coating his cheeks. "Excuse me," Stiles stepped away from the table, answering the phone. "Thank God! Why the hell haven't you been answering my calls?!"

"You don't remember?" Was the only reply.

"Remember what?" Stiles asked, panic flooding through his body.

"The alpha, last night it attacked the bus driver, it tried using it's influence over you to make you and Scott help him kill. Because neither of you have joined his pack, you were able to resist and when I got there, you were trying to protect the guy. I chased the alpha away and have been following him all day. But I lost him." Derek finished with an angry growl. "If you want to remember, return to the site and follow your senses. I'll talk to you later, I'm gonna try catching his scent again."

"Be careful!" Stiles demanded. "I don't mind you tracking him, but please don't attack him on your own! You told me that Alpha's are stronger than us, so.." Stiles knew that Derek was rolling his eyes at him.

"Okay, I won't but I gott-"

"Promise!" Stiles demanded and Derek sighed.
"Fine, I promise!"

"Great, happy hunting!" Stiles beamed.

"See you later." Derek promised before hanging up. Stiles couldn't wipe he smile away at know his mate was alive and had promised to see him soon.

"-sounds fun? Stabbing myself in the face with this fork!" Jackson said holding up a fork that Lydia immediately snatched off of him.

"How about bowling? Lydia asked excitedly "You love to bowl!"

"Yeah, with actual competition!" Jackson snarked.

This sparked this competitive side of Allison, "How do you know we're not actual competition?" She then looked at Scott "You can bowl right?" Stiles rolled his eyes.

"Sort of..."

"Is it sort of or yes?" Jackson asked leaning across the table.

"Yes!" Scott said, slightly angry. "In fact, I'm a great bowler!"

"Great!" Lydia smiled, then turned her head to Stiles. "How about you Stiles?"

"Huh?" Stiles asked in confusion.

"Are you and your boyfriend coming bowling?" She asked slowly, enunciating the words as if she was talking to a child, causing Stiles to roll his eyes.

"Yeah Stiles!" Allison agreed. "You should bring Derek!"

"Derek, huh?" Lydia looked to Allison, looking intrigued. "You've met him?"

"Yeah, at your party! Stiles brought him." Lydia hummed thoughtfully and turned back to Stiles. "Bring him." She demanded.

Stiles rolled his eyes, how did he delude himself into thinking he was in love with her? She'd make a much better partner in crime than girlfriend to him. As long as they're on the same side, they'll get along fine. "I'll ask."

Everyone at the table, except Scott, looked at him expectantly. "What? Right now?"

"Yes. Right now!" Lydia demanded.

Stiles sighed, but did as told and pulled up Derek's contact info. "Big Bad Sourwolf?" Danny asked confused. Scott's head shot up to look at Stiles while everyone else mimicked Danny's confusion.

"Let me see!" Scott demanded. Stiles showed him the phone that everyone else craned to see. Sure enough, under the picture of the two kissing, was the name that Danny had read out. Whilst everyone else remained confused, Scott burst out laughing. "Oh my God." He gasped out in between laughs. "Does he know?!"

"Yup!" Stiles chuckled, "But he's not very impressed." He then pulled his phone back and addressed the rest of the table. "When we met, he was very grumpy and his only facial expression
was a scowl. So at first I started calling him 'sourpuss' but it didn't really suit him, so I tried to think of other names when I found out his favourite animal is a wolf. Thus, Sourwolf was born!” He finished his partial lie dramatically before hitting the 'call' button. Lydia quickly leaned over, grabbed the phone and put it on speaker.

When Derek answered, Stiles spoke quickly. "Hey, Der, you're on speaker." He hope Derek would get the message and not mention anything wolfy.

"Hey, babe, who am I talking to?" Derek asked casually causing Stiles to smile.

"Me, obviously, Allison, Scott, Lydia Jackson, Danny and.. uhh" Stiles' eyes widened in horror as he realised that he didn't know the girls name.

"Hi Derek," Allison greeted in an attempt to save Stiles.

"Hello Allison, it's nice to talk to you again."

"You too, Derek" She said with a smile, even though he couldn't see it.

"So Der, sorry if we interrupted anything" Stiles said, knowing that Derek would know he was asking about the Alpha situation.

"No, I just got home from a uneventful run. I'm just about to work out a little."

Stiles felt a smirk tug on his lips as he started to speak, "You know, if-"

"Nothing you're about to suggest will end with me working out."

Stiles expression fell into a pout and he seemed to forget that he wasn't alone. "It's not like we'd do much with all the damn rules you set in place."

"True, but I know you. So I know that you'd get as close to the line as you possibly can, then try to step over it."

Stiles had an offended look on his face "Hey! I resen- Nah, you're probably right." He admitted rubbing his cheek and nodding his head. Then Lydia cleared her throat and gave him a pointed look, causing him to remember the reason for his call. "Oh, yeah. The reason I called is to invite you to a group date tomorrow night. Bowling."

"..."

"Please?"

"...Who's gonna be there?"

"Well I am, does it really matter about anyone else?"

"..."

"Okay, fine, Scott, Allison, Lydia and Jackson."

"..."

"Please?"

"..."
"I won't call you sourwolf for the entire night!" Stiles promised.

"Deal."

"Great, I'll figure out the details and let you know later."

"Okay, bye."

"Bye, I love you." Stiles hung up the phone and noticed Scott gaping at him. "What?" Stiles asked confused.

"You just said..." Scott started in shock and Stiles' eyes widened.

"Oh my God." He gasped in horror. Everyone else at the table stared as they realised that clearly, that was the first time Stiles had told Derek that he loved him. And it was over the phone. And Stiles hung up before Derek could replied. Well, that's awkward.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"You're a terrible bowler!" Stiles exclaimed while walking down the corridor with Scott.

"I know! I'm such an idiot!" Scott cried throwing his head back.

"Well you're not the only one! I don't even know why I said it. I mean, it's true, I think and it felt right to say. But why now? Why over the phone? Why in front of everyone? Oh my God, I hate my life right now!" Stiles groaned

"It was like a car wreck! First it turns into a group date! Then there's that phrase 'Hanging out'! Then you get invited in, then you say that!" Scott said, cringing slightly.

"What if he hates me now?"

"How did this happen?"

"What if I've scared him off?"

"We either killed a guy or we didn't!"

"What if he doesn't find me attractive anymore?"

"I asked Allison on a date and now we're 'hanging out'."

"Did he ever find me attractive or was it just the mate thing?"

"I make first line and the team captain wants to destroy me, and now"

"Am I attractive to gay guys?" Stiles asked curiously.

"Now I'm gonna be late for work!" Scott said in exasperation, walking faster out of the school, leaving Stiles to yell after him.

"Wait, Scott, you didn't answ- Am I attractive to gay guy-? You didn't answer my question!"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Later that night Stiles was pacing around his room nervously, like he had been doing for the previous forty minutes. He was pretty sure he was wearing down the carpet, but he didn't stop long
enough to check. To make matters worse, Derek had been sat on his desk for the past fifteen minutes. At least, that's how long ago Stiles had noticed him. The second he saw him, he looked away as if he hadn't and continued pacing.

After another five minutes, Derek finally snapped. "Okay, quit it! We need to talk, Stiles!" Stiles froze in place, sighed, then sat on the edge of his bed refusing to look at Derek.

After a few minutes of silence, Derek Spoke again. "Did you mean what you said? Or did you just say it because your friends were there?" Stiles' head shot up, eyes wide in shock and it was Derek's turn to look down.

"No!" He exclaimed. "I mean yes! I mean-" Stiles took a deep breath. "I mean yes, I meant it. I didn't mean to say it, it just slipped out. It just felt right. I didn't say it out of obligation or anything, but because it's true. If I'm honest, I don't really understand any of this, it's all happening so fast and it's confusing and I've never felt like this before. I understand if I've scared you off and you don't want to see me anymore bu-"

Derek cut Stiles off with a firm kiss, pushing Stiles backwards, so that he was lying across the bed and Derek climbed on top of him. Stiles wrapped his arms around Derek's neck, deepening the kiss.

After several minutes of making out they pulled apart for air, and settled more comfortably on the bed, so that Stiles was resting against the pillows and Derek could use the headboard for support if needed.

"I love you, Stiles." Derek said confidently, looking Stiles straight in the eyes to show that he meant it. "I just needed to make sure that you meant what you said before I told you."

"I love you too, Derek." Stiles said with the most beautiful smile on his face, pulling Derek in for another kiss. The kiss became more and more heated. While Derek was kissing along Stiles' neck, they both notice as a certain part of Stiles reacted to Dereks actions.

"Remember, Stiles, no sex!" Derek mumbled into the boy's neck. Stiles sighed and started to push Derek off of him.

"Tease." He muttered. Derek sat up, straddling Stiles, only to push him back onto the bed and pin him in place.

"I said, no sex." Derek growled out, which made Stiles tingle in a way that it probably shouldn't have, and ground his hips against Stiles's own, drawing a moan from the boy. "I didn't say anything" Derek removed his shirt revealing his perfectly chiseled chest, that Stiles shamelessly oggled and ran his hands over. "About other things." Stiles moaned and pulled Derek down for another kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Feel free to use your imaginations from there.
Chapter Summary

Sterek fluff, slight idiot Scott, awesome Lydia, jerk Jackson and sweet Allison.

**The Hale Pack: First (group) date**

*Stiles moaned and pulled Derek down for another kiss.*

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott and Stiles were both nervous as Stiles drove the to the school later that night.

"So, what? We just go back?" Scott asked Stiles, worry and confusion equally shown in his voice.

"Yeah, I guess, we just have to trust our senses." Stiles told him with a shrug.

"Speaking of senses, what is that smell?" Scott wrinkled his nose in disgust, not noticing Stiles' blush.

"Huh? W-what smell? I-i don't smell anything. I think you're just imagining things there buddy!" Stiles stuttered out, mentally cursing himself for being bad at lying under pressure. Also Scott, for not giving him time to shower!

"It smells like Derek and you just different, kinda like... Oh." Scott face twisted into a look of shock and disgust. "Dude! W-what about the rule or whatever?"

"We didn't have sex!" Stiles exclaimed, wide eyed "We just did other stuff." He mumbled.

"Oh my god, that's far too much information Stiles!"

"Oh, please. I didn't tell you anything that you couldn't already smell!"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

When the jeep pulled up outside the school, Scott had stumbled out before it had even stopped.

"-nd there may have been blowjobs... but maybe not! And there might have been rimm-" Stiles' voice called from inside the vehicle.

"Oh my God, please stop!" Scott begged, hands pressed firmly to his ears, though it did nothing to block out Stiles voice as he walked towards the fence. Stiles hopped out of the Jeep shutting the door behind him. He soon caught up with Scott, and went to climb the fence. Scott quickly grabbed Stiles arm "No, just me, someone needs to keep watch!"

"Why am I always the guy keeping watch?" Stiles asked in annoyance.

"Because there's only two of us!" Scott whisper yelled as if it was the most obvious thing ever.
"But I need to know if I hurt him as well! Come on Scotty, I-i gotta know." Stiles' voice cracked at the end and tears to filled his beautiful whiskey eyes. His eyebrows crinkled to fowns, and his lips tightened as if he were fighting away his tears.

"Y-you're right. I'm sorry, w-we'll both g-go." Scott stuttered guiltily, gesturing for Stiles to climb the fence.

Stiles gave Scott a watery smile. "Thanks man," He said, and started to climb the fence. The second his back was turned to Scott, any trace of tears vanished from his eyes and a triumphant grin lit up face. It took Scott a few seconds to catch on to what had just happened.

"You tricked me, you little-" Stiles looked down at Scott as he reached the top of the fence.

"No take backs!" He was perfectly balanced, both feet on the top bar.

"I'm Batman!" Stile called in a deep voice, flipping backwards off of the fence, landing in a perfect crouch. Scott didn't act as awesomely, but was still okay. "You can be Robin this time." Stiles said casually.

"Nobody's Batman and Robin any of the time!" Scott said rolling his eyes at Stiles.

"Not even some of the time?"

"Nope, now let's go!" Scott demanded, walking forward.

"Oh my god!" Stiles groaned irritably. The two wolves found themselves increasingly nervous as they grew closer to the bus, willing themselves to remember what happened the night before.

Sleeping.

Howling.

Alpha howling.

Transforming.

They're eyes snapped open and they looked at each other. So far, not looking too good. They walked closer to the bus. As they placed their hands on the door, they each saw a figure pressed to the door. Screaming. Except for Scott it was Allison and Stiles saw Derek.

Scott stepped on the bus first, Stile quickly following, pushing the door shut.

The man screaming, being dragged.

Bench hurtling towards them.

They each grabbed one of the mans hands.

Alpha claws slashing at them. Catching Scott's chest.


They ran off the bus, back towards the fence. Scott jumped one a red car, running across the hood and roof, before propelling himself into a flip, over the fence, landing and pushing into roll. Stiles on the other hand, opted to jump straight onto the fence, gripping the top bar with both hands, flipping himself over, also landing in a roll. The two wolves sprinted to the Jeep, clambering into
their respect seats, and Stiles drove away as fast as he could.

"So we didn't attack him," Stiles began triumphantly, while Scott looked out the back to make sure they weren't being followed.

"We were trying to protect him," Scott continued, turning to look at Stiles. "But from who?"

"The Alpha, I've told you, dude. The Alpha wants us in his pack!" Stiles rushed out, trying to catch his breath.

"Why?" Scott asked "Why go through all this trouble? Why does he want a pack so bad?"

"Because a pack will make him stronger. Also, a lone wolf never survives long. Even if it's an Alpha," Stiles told him automatically, repeating what Derek had told him.

"Wait, aren't we lone wolves then? We can't have a pack without an Alpha, right?"

"We are in a pack, You, me and Derek. I'm not sure exactly how it works, but that's what Derek told me. We will need an Alpha. But hopefully one that's not psychotic! Once this Alpha is gone, we'll have a new Alpha." Stiles explained the best he could, but like he said, he didn't know all of the details.

"How? Will a new Alpha come to town or something?" Scott asked curiously, wanting to know more.

"Maybe it depends on who kills the Alpha." At Scott's confused look, he continued. "If a hunter kills an Alpha, then either one of us would be transferred the power, or we'd have to hope we don't get killed while trying to find a new one. But if a werewolf kills an Alpha, they gain the power on an Alpha. Laura Hale, the girl who died, Derek's sister, was an Alpha. She gained the power when their mum died because she was the oldest. When she was killed by a rogue werewolf, an omega, the power went from her, to him." Scott nodded, trying to wrap his head around the new information.

So, there's a chance that he or Stiles could become an Alpha. That was a sufficiently terrifying thought.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next night, Allison was in her bedroom, searching through her wardrobe. She smiled when she saw a shirt that she liked, taking it off of the rack and holding it up for Lydias approval.

"Hmm, pass." Allison turned back to her wardrobe, picking up a rather colourful shirt. "Pass!" Lydia said instantly, with a distasteful look on her face. She sighed and stood up from the bed "Let me see." She marched towards the wardrobe in determination.

"Hmm, pass. Pass. Uh, pass on all of it!" She said, shaking her head in disdain, turning to her friend, who looked dejected. "God, Allison, my respect for your taste is dwindling by the second." Lydia chuckled, playing with the girls hair. She looked at the next shirt and tilted her head. "Huh." She took the shirt off of the rack and walked into the brighter part of the room to get a better look. "This!" She announced happily.

Allison took the shirt out of Lydia's hands and held it in front of herself, looking at her reflection in the mirror. Chris Argent walked into his daughters room without knocking, holding his jacket in one hand.
"Dad, hello." Allison greeted politely, giving him a look that clearly said 'Why the hell didn't you knock?'. He smiled at her and Lydia, putting on his jacket before realising his mistake.

"right, I-I'm sorry, I completely forgot to knock." His facial expression was apologetic, and Lydia hoped onto Allisons bed. Landing on her side, one hand on her hip, the other playing with her hair as she smiled semi-flirtatiously.

"Hey, Mr Argent." She greeted. Allison looked at her for a second, before turning back to her dad.

"Dad, do you need something?"

"I wanted to tell you that you'll be staying in tonight" He said casually. On the bed, Lydia's look transformed from flirtation to a mix of annoyance, disappointment and something that just said 'of course'.

"What? I'm going out with my friends tonight!" Allison protested and Lydia rolled her eyes.

"Not with some animal out there attacking people!" Chris retorted. Allison started to protest, but Chris wouldn't listen. "Hey, hey, hey, it's out of my hands! There's a curfew, no-ones allowed out past 9:30pm!" Both girls rolled their eyes and Allison threw her shirt onto the bed in annoyance. "Hey, No more arguing." He smiled at her then left the room.

Allison sighed. "Hmm," Lydia hummed, "Someones daddy's little girl." She commented, smirking at her friend.

"Sometimes," Allison admitted before shaking her head. "But not tonight." She walked over to her dresser, looking to the door to make sure her dad wasn't coming back and put on her hat. She then walked to the window, and opened it. She climbed out and walked over to a small platform with ease. Lydia rushed to a window and poked her head out "What are you doing?" She asked in worry, her eyes widening as Allison simply leaned forward and flipped off of the building, landing easily on the ground. She looked up at the window and whispered, slightly out of breath. "Eight years gymnastics. Are you coming?"

"I'll take the stairs." Lydia informed her with a nod.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Later, the three couples were at the bowling alley, Allison was picking out a ball, trying to find the right weight.

"You really look like you know what you're doing." Scott observed, slightly intimidated.

Allison smirked at him and explained. "I used to bowl with my dad. When was the last time you bowled?"

"Oh, at a birthday party.." She smiled at him, then settled on a ball, walking back to their lane, missing Scott's mutter of "When I was Eight!" Lydia was up first, preparing to go, when Jackson came up behind her putting a hand on her waist. He helped her take her shot, but the ball went into the gutter. She managed to hit three pins on her second shot.

"I'm so bad at this!" She muttered angrily, walking back to her seat.

Allison went next, getting a strike. Scott smiled proudly at her and gave her a high five.

" Somebody brought their A game." Lydia declared with a grin.
"Well done, Ally!" Stiles complimented as he stood to take his shot. He also got a strike, earning him a surprised look from everyone except Scott.

"Great job, Stiles! I didn't know you could bowl." Allison said in surprise as Stiles settles himself in Derek's lap.

"Ugh, don't get him bragging!" Scott laughs as Stiles smirks. "He won every time we ever went bowling!"

Jackson also got a strike, but only Lydia cheered. That didn't stop him from smirking, though. "You're up McCall."

"Well that guy seems like a douche." Derek whispered into Stiles ear, causing him to giggle.

"Yup! He's the douchiest!" Stiles whispered back. Scott's small grin gave away the fact that he had heard.

Scott went to make his shot and the ball... went straight in the gutter. Jackson bust out laughing.

"Jackson!" Allison scolded, giving him a look. "Mind shutting up?" He kept laughing.

"I'm sorry." He said between laughs. "I'm sorry. I'm just flashing back to the words 'I'm a great bowler'."

"Maybe he just needs a warm up!" Allison argued.

"Yeah, maybe he just needs the kiddie bumpers!" Lydia laughed at that.

"Just aim for the middle." Allison advised and made an attempt to sound reassuring.

"How about you aim for anything except the gutter!" Jackson snarked.

"Just imagine the pins are Jacksons head!" Stiles countered, causing Derek, Allison and Scott to smile.

"Come on, Stiles!" Derek scolded, causing Stiles' face to drop, and Jackson to smirk "We're trying to get Scott to aim for the pins, not the building!" The group, except Jackson, burst into laughter. Even Lydia, who tried to bite it back, but failed.

"L-" Allison started between laughs. "Let him con-centrate." Unfortunately, Scott got another gutter ball, causing Jackson to laugh.

"Great job McCall! You're a real pro!" Jackson teased as Scott sat down.

"Don't worry!" Allison whispered. "We've only just started." Next it was Derek's turn. As he went to make his shot, he hesitated and his shoulders dropped.

Realising what he was about to do, Scott whispered at a volume that only Derek and Stiles would hear. "Derek, don't, I may suck, but you guys still have a chance to beat and humiliate Jackson!" He noticed Derek's small nod and smiled as the leather clad man took a step back before taking his shot. Strike.

On the next round, the shots stayed the same, except Lydia managed to hit five pins, and didn't complain about being bad this time. Scott nervously stood, preparing to take is shot. After a moments hesitation, Allison stood and ran over to him.
"Scott, you're thinking too much," She whispered and Scott sighed.

"I know, I'm sorry I'm ruining this!" Scott apologised but Allison shook her head.

"No, no, not at all. But, I wouldn't mind shutting them up! So just clear your head and thing about something else." She said with a smile.

"Like what?"

"Think about me." She started to walk away, but a though occurred to her and she turned back. "Naked." She then ran back to her seat, not noticing Stiles and Derek exchange a look, then wrinkle their noses at a new smell.

This time, when Scott took his shot, he got a strike! Stiles cheered, Derek smiled and Allison laughed in shock and happiness. Jackson was not as happy.

"What did you say to him?" Lydia asked, confused and curious.

"Uh, I just, gave him something to think about." She said casually.

Later on in the evening, Scott made another strike.

"That is seriously amazing!" Allison exclaimed. "Jackson, uh, how many strikes is it?" She asked tauntingly.

"It's six. In a row." Jackson looked seriously pissed off and Lydia ignored him to face Scott, while Derek took his shot, purposely getting a spare.

"Maybe it's just natural talent." Allison suggested smiling at Scott.

"I could use a little natural talent." Lydia said, smiling at Scott when her turn cam back around. "You mind helping me out this time Scott?"

"uh, no, you're good. Go for it." Scott said nervously under the stares of both girls.

"That girls has no shame!" Derek whispered pulling Stiles back onto his lap.

"I know! I can't believe I ever had a crush on her." Stilles whispered without thinking, only realising what he said when Derek's arm tightened around his waist and he growled softly into his ear. "Oh, calm down, I love you and only you!" He said honestly.

"I love you too." Derek smiled and pulled Stiles in for a kiss. The continued to kiss softly for a few moments, before Lydia cleared her throat. The rest of the group were looking at them with mixed expressions. Lydia had an eyebrow raised, but was smiling slightly, Jackson was glaring, Allison was smiling and silently 'awing' and Scott just looked like he was about to throw up.

"Dude! Do you have to do that in front of me? You're my brother, it's gross!" Everyone rolled their eye's at Scott.

"It was a kiss, Scott! No tongue or anything! Don't be such a prude, bitch." Stiles smirked at the end, knowing Scott would get the reference.

"Jerk." Scott responded instantly, smiling at Stiles.

"Anyway," Lydia cut in with annoyance. "Thanks for the vote of confidence." She sent Scott a glare, before going to take her shot.
"Hey, I'll help!" Jackson said, standing to prove himself once more, but Lydia protested.

"How about, I just try this on my own?" Jackson was annoyed at that, but gesture for her to go anyway.

Lydia looked at the pins confidently. Making her shot with a smirk, getting a strike. "Yes!" She cheered triumphantly, chenching both fist in celebration and spinning to face her friends. Jackson looked at her in shock as she sat next to him again. "I think I'm getting the hang of it." Lydia twirled her hair casually, ignoring Jacksons sassy look.

"That was sort of perfect form!" Allison said in shock.

Lydia put an perfectly crafted confused look on her face and asked, "Was it?" But you didn't need supernatural abilities to know that she was putting it on for appearance.

Allison leaned over to her and whispered "Maybe you should stop pretending to suck just for his benefit!" Lydia rolled her eyes.

"Trust me, I do plenty of sucking just for his benefit." She sat up straight and turned to Derek and Stiles "So, Derek. How did you and Stiles meet?" Lydia asked casually, but the look in her eyes showed that she was dying to know. They had prepared for this. It's go time.

"Well, it was uh, what? mid summer break?" He asked, looking up at Stiles, who moved his head so he could look at Derek.

"Yeah, around that time, I was on my way home from a long night of video games at Scotts." Stiles chuckled. "Anyway, I was about half a mile from home, 2:30am, when my Jeep brakes down! So I get my phone and I'm about to call for help, when out of nowhere, this guy, fully dressed in black and wearing a leather jacket, knocks on my window-"

"I did not appear out of nowhere! I was stood there waving at you for like five minute, you were just oblivious." Derek cut in, rolling his eyes causing the girls to giggle.

"Hush you, I'm talking!" Stiles playfully demanded. "So he just appears, looking like he belongs to a biker gang! I'm a little freaked out, but I need help so I roll down the window sli-"

Derek cut him off. "Oh, please! You were terrified!" He look at the group, all of whom were captivated by the story. Even the boys, Scott knew it was fake, but still clung to every word. Jackson tried to act indifferent, but failed. "He literally screamed and jumped into the passenger side seat, flailing his limbs like an octopus!" Allison, Lydia and Scott laugh at that, all picturing the action clearly. Jackson couldn't contain his smirk, and a slight chuckle escaped his lips.

"I did not!" Stiles protested, slapping Derek on the arm.

"I believe Derek," Lydia smirked.

"Me too, sorry Stiles." Allison smiled apologetically. Stiles huffed and crossed his arms.

Derek rolls his eyes fondly, and takes a moment to admire Stiles with a look of pure love and adoration. Stiles meets his look with a blush and the same expression on his face. Without taking his eyes off of Stiles, he continues. "I couldn't help but laugh at this hyperactive teenage boy, flailing about like a spazz. So I'm just stood there, laughing like crazy,while he's freaking out, thinking I'm about to kill him or something."

"Then when I realise that it's not an 'I'm a crazy psychopath who's going to kill you' laugh, but an
'Oh my god, you're such an idiot' laugh, I got angry-" Stiles started, eyes still locked on his mate. Telling the tale of how they wish they'd met. This harmless, weird, funny, cute scenario.

"And he opens the drivers side door, full force, just to hit me with it, then slams it shut again. Thats when he finally rolls down the window and yells 'Whoever you are, you better not try anything! My dad's the Sheriff and my death will be avenged!' At the top of his lungs!" Derek continued.

"He rolls his eyes, which by the way, is his favourite action," As if to prove a point, Derek rolled his eyes. "-See!- Anyway, then he's like 'I was gonna offer to help you spaz! But now.:' and starts walk away. Without thinking, I jump out of my Jeep, and chase after him-

"-He jumps on my back yelling 'Nononononno, please help me!' I had half a mind to send him to a psychiatrist. Instead, I do the stupid thing and offer him a ride home. He is apparently even more stupid, and accepts."

"So he drives me home, although I'm a bit hesitant about giving him my address-" Derek cut's him off.

"Though he's only hesitant after accidently blurting it out. So I take him home and then go back to the hotel. For some reason, I just can't get this boy out of my head. Then two weeks later I saw him in the coffee shop. And I swear too god, my first though was, 'Please, for the love of God, tell me nobody was stupid enough to give this spaz coffee!' The group burst into laughter at that, even Jackson. "Thankfully, he was drinking hot chocolate, which I found out when I sat with him. I'll admit, I only sat with him because all tables were taken, and he was the only person that I vaguely knew, but I'm glad that I did." Derek's arm tightened around Siles' waist, pulling him slightly closer.

"I'll admit, I was nervous at first. This tall, dark and smoking hot guy, who I've met once, walks over and sits with me. But it was just perfect, we just talked for hours, and he gave me his number." Stiles smiled down at Derek, leaning closer to him. "It took me three days to gather up the nerve to call him. When he answered, he sounded all angry and stuff, so was nervous, thinking it was a bad idea."

"Hey, I thought it was someone from New York, bugging me again." Derek said apologetically, rumbling Stiles' arm. "When I realised it was you, I was a lot happier." He grinned at Stiles, who chuckled in response.

"Tell me about, you wouldn't shut up!" Stiles chided, a teasing grin on his face.

Derek scoffed and playfully smacked Stiles thigh. "Like you can talk."

"Yes, I can. In fact, I'm very good at it. I'm actually told that I talk too much." Stiles grinned.

"Hmm, true." Derek hummed, tilting his head. Stiles gasped in mock horror.

"You're not suppose to agree with me!" He said, turning so that his back was to Derek, and he was looking at the group, who were watching the exchange in amusement.

"Well, sorry for trying to have an honest relationship!" Derek rested his chin on Stiles' shoulder.

"Oh, you want an honest relationship, prude?" Stiles teased, causing Derek to get defensive.

"I'm not a prude, I just don't want to get arrested when your dad finds out, I'm already preparing to be shot! After I've taken a bullet for you, if I survive, I'd rather spend time with you, than behind bars."
Stiles had a faux thoughtful look on his face. He then beamed and turned to face Derek again. "Fine." He dragged out the word, faking annoyance. "I guess I can accept that. Even though it's annoying."

"Poor you, you're such a martyr!" Derek drawled sarcastically and Stiles sighed dramatically.

"I know, I think that I deserve a reward!" Stiles stated with a nod, leaning closer to Derek.

"Oh really?" Derek raised an eyebrow.

"Yup!"

"Okay then." Derek muttered, closing the gap between their lips. Lydia and Allison cooed and awed at the couple, Jackson rolled his eyes, but a subtle smile graced his lips. Scott just looked ill.

"Ally, i-it's your go." Scott announced loudly, searching for a distraction from the couple in front of him.

Allison rolled her eyes, but smiled at the couple one last time, walking away to take her shot.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Jackson was playing on the pinball machine and Scott walked over. "Nic shot man!" He complimented. Glare. "Listen, I know we both didn't want to be here, but, the thing is, we don't have to hate each other."

"I don't hate you." Jackson stated, looking at Scott. "I just don't believe you. You know, you've got everyone thinking everything's fine and normal about you, but... I know somethings off. You cheated tonight!"

"How do you cheat in bowling?" Scott asked incredulously

"I don't know. But you did! And I don't know if it's steroids or something weirder, I'm guessing something weirder, since it's pretty obvious you're a freak!" He said glancing Scott up and down. "So, don't think for a second, I've given up on finding out what your little secret is."

"I don't have any secrets!" Scott lied, though it did nothing to dissuade Jackson.

"Yeah, you do! And, here's the other thing. I don't know why, but I think whatever it is you're hiding..." He looked over to Allison, who was talking to Lydia, Stiles and Derek. "You don't want her to find out about it either."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Later, at the hospital, Derek is in the room with the bus driver who was attacked. "Open your eyes. Open your eyes!" He demanded, "Look at me." Meyers slowly turned his head to look at Derek. "What do you remember?"

"Hale." Meyers gasped out, Causing Derek to become confused.

"How do you know my name?" He asked in slight shock.

"I'm sorry."

"How do you know me?!" Derek demanded.
"I'm sorry.." Meyers repeated, before laying his head back on the pillow.

Outside of the room at the nurse station, Melissa McCall walked to get her belongings. "Girl, I am outta here!" She said to another nurse, who smiled at her. "There's a DVR at home, full of unwatched tv, waiting to remind me how ridiculously single I really am. The two giggled, but then the computer started beeping."Rose, call a code, room 137. When she arrived at the room, it was too late. Garrison Meyers was dead.

-Melissa walks to her son's room in exhaustion, finally dressed in pajamas, rather that scrubs. "Hey Scott, I'm gonna go to.." She trails off when she realises that the room is empty. "Sleep." She starts walking down the hall to her own room, "Seriously?" Then stops when she hears a noise from Scott's room. She starts to head back, a notices a figure coming in through the window, landing on Scott's bed.

She grabs a bat and goes to hit the intruder with it while screaming, when the person screams back. Stiles. "Stiles, what the hell are you doing here?!"

"What am I doing?" He retorts angrily. "God, do either of you even play baseball?" The light the turned on and Scott walked in.

"Can you please tell you friend to use the front door?!" She asked Scott.

"But we lock the front door, he wouldn't be able to get in." Scott replied and Melissa nodded.

"Yeah, exactly!" She sighed and look between the two teens. "And, by the way, do either of you care that there's a police enforce curfew?"

"No." They stated in unison.

"No? Alright then, well, you know what?" She threw the bat on the bed next to Stiles. "That's about enough parenting from me for one night. So goodnight." Melissa then turned and walked out of the room.

Scott pulled his desk chair to the end of the bed and sat down so that he was facing Stiles. "What is it?"

"My dad left for the hospital fifteen minutes ago. It's the bus driver." Scott's eyes widened. "They said he succumbed to his wounds."

"Succumbed?"

"Scott." Stiles shook his head. "He's dead." Scott's eye's widened further, if possible.

-After Stiles had gone home, Scott headed to Derek's house to confront him. Stiles may believe him, but Scott didn't. He tried to, but now that Meyers is dead. Killed by a werewolf... It had to be Derek!

"Derek!" Scott bellowed, rage flooding his body. "I know you're here! I know what you did!"

Derek's voice echoed around Scott. "I didn't do anything."

"You killed him!" Scott was enraged as he made his way up the stairs.
"He died!" Derek corrected, more anger was seeping into his voice.

"Like your sister died?" Scott asked, looking around for Derek, continuing up the stairs.

"My sister was missing! I came here looking for her!"

"You found her."

"I found her in pieces!" Derek bellowed, pain and anger clear in his voice. "Being used as bait to catch me!"

Scott continued up the stairs, ignoring the undeniable pain in Derek's voice. "I think you killed the both!" He announced stubbornly. "And I'm gonna tell everyone! Starting with the Sheriff!" Scott finally reached the top of the stairs. Only to have Derek appear behind him and throw him back down them. Scott looked up fully wolfed out, and turned his head to growl at Derek.

Derek jumped the stairs in one go. Just to be thrown through a wall by Scott. He stood and dusted himself off as if it were nothing. "That was cute" He commented proceeded to remove his jacket and wolf out. Eyes glowing an icy blu. Scott walked towards Derek and the fight begins. Kicking and throwing each other into various pieces furniture and walls. Flipping and tossing, hitting each other with whatever they could find. The fight ended when Derek grabbed Scott by the throat and repeatedly slammed him into the floor, kicked him over a table him when he stood up then punched him one last time for good measures.

They both shifted back to their human forms. "I didn't kill him! None of us did! It's not your fault and it's not Stiles' and it's not mine!"

Scott Stood angrily, walking towards Derek/ "This? This is all your fault! You ruined my life!"

Derek glared at him, but spoke some what calmly. "No, I didn't!"

"You're the one who bit me." Scott snapped, staring Derek in the eyes.

Derek shook his head. "No, I'm not!"

Derek shook his head in disbelief "Don't you listen to Stiles? I'm not the one that bit you!"

Scott remembered the night on the bus. The eyes, the claws. He stumbled backwards onto the sofa in shock "There's another." He finally believed what Stiles had been telling him the entire time.

Derek nodded, explaining what Stiles had already said. "It's called an alpha. It's the most dangerous of our kind. You, Stiles and I, we're betas... This thing is more powerful, more animal than either of us. My sister came here looking for him and now, I'm trying to find him. But I don't think I can do it without you and Stiles."

"Why us?"

"Because he's the one that bit you. You're part of his pack. It's you, you're the ones he wants."

Derek stated, staring at the boy in front of him. Unaware that just outside the house, hidden in the trees, the Alpha was watching. Eye's glowing red as it listened to the two wolves in the house.
Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

Friendship blossoms with Stiles, Allison and Lydia. Plus Sheriff Stilinski!

**The Hale Pack: Gossip Time**

*Unaware that just outside the house, hidden in the trees, the Alpha was watching. Eye's glowing red as it listened to the two wolves in the house.*

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"So what's up?" Stiles asked sitting on the end of Alison's bed. Lydia and Allison were sat side by side, leaning against the headboard. Lydia had her legs straight out, whereas Allison had one knee pulled up to her chest.

"You and Derek are so cute together!" Alison gushed immediately and Lydia looked as though she was analysing Stiles.

"Thanks? Was that all?" Stiles asked in confusion. "Cause' you said that like thirty times at bowling."

"I don't know what you mean." Lydia replied in an airy tone, tilting her head slightly but before she could continue, Stiles rolled his eye and cut in.

"Lydia, come on, you can stop pretending to be a nitwit now." Lydia glared at him but he just continued. "Look, you can glare all you want, but it's just Ally and I here, if your that worried about your reputation."

"What makes you think that I-"

"Lydia, before Derek came along, I had a crush on you! Like the biggest crush ever, since the third grade, so I know that someone behind that cold, lifeless exterior, there's an actual human soul. I'm pretty sure, that I know just how smart you really are! And once you're done acting like a complete idiot, you will eventually go off and write some insane mathematical theorem that wins you the nobel prize. So if you really want to pretend in front of your fake friends, who don't know the first thing about you, fine. But with me, Ally, Scott, hell, even Derek. You don't need to pretend. So just give it up."

Allison and Lydia exchanged shocked looks, but Allison still nodded at what Stiles said.

"A fields medal." Lydia corrected softly.

"Huh?" Stiles asked and he and Allison looked at Lydia in confusion.

Lydia smirked at them and explained "Nobel doesn't have a prize for mathematics. The fields medal is the one I'll be winning." Lydias body language was screaming confidence.
"Damn right." Allison agreed, nudging Lydia with her shoulder.

"That was actually one of the things that I wanted to talk to you about. I'd noticed your crush on me, I ignored it because I used to think you were a loser, no offense." Lydia stated with a shrug.

"None taken." Stiles said, rolling his eyes. "But only because you used past tense."

"So, how is it that one guy can completely obliterate a crush?" Allison asked, resting her chin on her knee.

"Well, the thing is, I'm not sure it was a crush." Stiles admitted and the girls shot him disbelieving looks. He raised his hands in defense. "Hear me out, okay? I think it was more admiration. Like I'd noticed how smart you are and your confidence, how you can be so intellectually brilliant and still remain fashionable, like you don't conform to the socially inept, shy, genius girl, or the dimwitted, selfish, fashionista bitch. Although you like to pretend that you're the latter." He smiled at Lydias glare and Allisons giggle. "You mix up both and throw in a little something extra. Now that I've met Derek and realised that I completely and utterly in love with him, I realise that you and I would make amazing friends and unstoppable partners in crime." Stiles finished with a grin.

Lydia stared at him, silently assessing him for a few moments as Allison looked on nervously. After a few minutes of tense silence, Lydia grinned, matching Stiles' own expression. "I agree."

Allison squealed and grinned happily, then moved to grab Stiles and pulled him and Lydia into a semi-awkward group hug.

When they pulled away, Stiles was also settled against the headboard, Allison to his right and Lydia to his left.

"So, tell us everything!" Allison demanded. "We know Derek has the no sex rule, but you have to have done other stuff!"

"If you ask me, it's a stupid rule." Lydia stated rolling her eyes, Allison leaned over Stiles to lightly smack Lydias arm.

"I think it's sweet and responsible." Allison argued, resulting in an eyeroll from both Stiles and Lydia.

"Oh, come on, it's not like he can get Stiles knocked up! And Stiles doesn't have any diseases, seeing as he's a virgin. If Derek has any--" Stiles jumped in "He doesn't" "he can just wrap up!" Lydia argued flicking her hair over her shoulder.

"But it's still illegal."

"So is whatever else they're doing, but you're not bitching about that!" Lydia stated with a triumphant grin.

Allison opened her mouth to argue, but closed it the sighed with resign. "So, tell us!"

The three of them proceeded to laugh and gossip until the early hours of the morning. They had shifted so that Stiles lying on his side across the length of the bed, near the end, face directly opposite Allison. Lydia was now on her stomach, one hand supporting her chin, the other fiddling with the sheets. Allison was pretty much in the same position, except both knees were pulled to her chest now, crossed at the ankles.

"Allison!" Mrs. Argent scolded walking into the room in pajamas looking tired and annoyed, eyes narrowing when she noticed, not only Lydia, but Stiles sat on her daughters bed. "Allison, you're
friends need to go home."

"Aw, mum, come on, five more minutes? It's a saturday night and Stiles is telling us about his boyfriend!" Allison protested putting on her best puppy dog look. Victoria Argent wasn't convinced, however.

"No, Allison, it's 3am." The three teens gained wide eyed expressions of shock, pulling out their phones. Sure enough, it was exactly 3am. "Now, say goodbye to your friends."

"Wait, h-how are you guys getting home? Lydia, didn't Jackson drop you off?" Allison asked concerned.

"Yeah, but he's so not gonna pick me up now." Lydia sighed, feigning disappointment, she wasn't really bothered, but this way, she had a chance at getting an invite to spend the night.

"What about your parents?" Mrs. Argent asked, already catching on to the teenagers plan.

"Divorced." Lydia stated, rolling to her side. "Dad lives with his secretary, mum is on a vacation somewhere. Probably drunk."

"That's awful sweetheart." Victoria said sympathetically, knowing she wasn't going to win the battle. "It's late, why don't you stay the night." She turned to Stiles, "How will you be getting home?"

"I'll try calling my dad, he might still be at work." Stiles said with a shrug, unlocking his phone.

"Sheriff Stilinski has been working so hard lately." Allison announced, tone casual but it was clear what she was trying to do.

"Do you have your fathers personal number?" Stiles nodded and handed her his phone. she copied the number into her own phone, then pressed call, putting the phone on speaker.

"Sheriff Stilinski, how can I help?" A tired voice answered after two rings.

"Hello, Sheriff, I'm Victoria Argent, my daughter is friends with your son, Stiles?"

"Noah," he corrected "Your daughter is Allison, right? Is everything okay Mrs. Argent?."

"Please call me Victoria, Yes, everything is fine, it's just that your son and another classmate of Allison's came over and seem to have lost track of time, both were dropped off at our house and have no way of getting home."

"Oh, I'm afraid I'm stuck at the office all night. I understand that you might be uncomfortable letting a teenage boy that you barely know stay at your house, but he's a good kid. He won't do anything. And just between you and me, he claims to have a thing for this girl Lydia, but I'm pretty sure he's got a crush on this guy I was talking to the other day."

"Stiles, you're dad doesn't know about your boyfriend?" Lydia asked loudly, making sure the sheriff would hear.

"Boyfriend? Stiles why didn't you tell me? What's his name son?" The sheriff asked, figuring out that he was on speaker.

"I-It's a l-long story d-dad" Stiles stuttered nervously, "I-I'll explain -t-t-tomorrow."

The Sheriff sighed. "Okay, So Victoria, would Stiles be okay to sleep on the couch, or
"something?" Noah asked hopefully and the teens all shot her a hopeful look.

"He can stay in the guest room, Noah, but I must insist that if he stays over again, I'll need more warning."

"Of course, thank you for your generosity Victoria. I have to get back to work now, but I hope you have a good night. Goodbye Victoria, Stiles, Allison and, uh, Lydia? Was that you?"

"Yup, goodnight sheriff." Lydia called, the other occupants of the room bid farewell to the Sheriff, Stiles taking the longest.

"Okay, Lydia you can stay in here with Allison, Stiles the guest room is down the hall, Allison can show you where. I'm trusting you all. I'm going to bed. You have five minutes to say goodnight, then I want you all asleep." Victoria announced, an edge of warning in her tone before she left the room.

The next morning, Stiles was rudely awoken to two girls jumping on him. He screamed as they tackled him. The girls began tickling him, Stiles tried to wriggle away, only to hit his head on the headboard, rather hard. "Get off!" Stiles demanded. Both girls laughed, but did climb off of the bed.

"What a wonderful awakening." Stiles drawled sarcastically, then noticed Mr and Mrs Argent stood in the doorway watching in amusement. "Morning Mr and Mrs Argent, do you have any aspirin?" He asked, rubbing his head. It didn't actually hurt, but he need to keep up appearances.

"Morning." Lydia greeted the Argents, before turning to Stiles. "Come on, don't be a wuss, and must you use sarcasm all the time?" She teased.

"Hey, I'm 147 pounds of pale skin and fragile bone, okay? Sarcasm and D-bear are my only defenses. Okay? And he isn't here right now." Stiles said, raising his hands defensively. Purposely on using Dereks initial, hoping that Allison and Lydia would go with it.

"D, is that your boyfriend?" Victoria asked suspiciously.

"Yup, obviously, that's just a nickname, though." He said with a smile, hoping that the Argents wouldn't make the connection to Derek. "I'm not quite ready to go public yet, which is why before someone" He glared at Lydia while climbing out of bed. "Told my dad, only my closest friends knew, and Jackson."

Lydia rolled her eyes and Mr Argent spoke up for the first time that morning. "Okay, so if you kids want to get dressed, separately, then come downstairs, breakfast will be ready in about 20 minutes. Stiles, Lydia, the two of you can't stay long, Allison needs to help get the house ready."

"For what?" Allison asked confused and curious.

"Your aunt Kate's coming."

Later day, Stiles was sat opposite his dad at the kitchen table. Both Stilinski's were quiet, unsure how to start the conversation.

"Is it Hale?" The Sheriff asked finally, causing Stiles to choke on air. "I saw the way the two of
"Yeah, it's him." Stiles admitted softly looking at his hands.

"Is-" The sheriff sighed and looked at his son in concern. "Is he forcing you?" Stiles head shot up in shock and he shook his head violently.

"No dad, I swear to you! I really care about him and he cares about me. Plus he made a rule about no sex until 18! And if he did try anything, I'd call you straight away, I swear!" Stiles rambled immediately, hoping his dad would believe what he was saying.

After a few moments, Noah nodded "Okay, I wish you had told me yourself, though, son." Stiles looked down guiltily. "Call Derek, tell him to be here at 7 for dinner. I've got the night off and want to get to know him." Stiles smiled and nodded, pulling out his phone. "Once you've done that, you're gonna tell me all about how you met!"

Stiles and Derek sat next to each other at the table, Noah sat opposite them. Pleasant chatter was held through the meal, Shepard's Pie, courtesy of Stiles.

"This meal is delicious Sheriff!" Derek praised honestly.

"Please, call me Noah, Derek. And thank Stiles, he's the one who cooked." Noah said, a hint of bragging in his voice. "So, Derek, Stiles told me you two met midsummer? You were helping him out when his Jeep broke down?" Jon asked casually.

"Yeah, that's right." Derek said, nodding in agreement. The sheriff's eye's narrowed.

"Really?" Derek and Stiles exchanged concerned looks. "Because after I interviewed you, I checked your whereabouts prior to the body being found. Standard procedure, and according to witness', your credit card and phone's GPS, ever since you left with your sister 5 years ago, you hadn't stepped foot within a five mile radius of Beacon Hills until a half hour before the body was found. And the coroner says that she was killed at least two hours before she was found. I hate bringing up your sister like this, Derek, but I need to know the truth about you and my son."

Noah shot a demanding look to Derek and Stiles, who both looked nervous. The wolves looked at each other and Derek nodded to Stiles. It was the only way. "Dad," Stiles said softly, looking at the elder Stilinski. "There's something you should know..."

Later that night, it was 2am in Beacon Hills, the town was almost silent, most of it's residents were at home, sleeping, unaware that a familiar face was rejoining their community.

A woman drove through the town, listening to the radio, scoffing at the 'Animal attacks' being reported on the nightly news. She switched to a music station and proceeded to check her reflection in the rear view mirror. Getting caught up in the music, she didn't notice the red eyed creature running along side her car. Hearing noises, she looked around, seeing nothing, she faced the front again, only to find herself in the wrong side of the road and heading straight for another car. Swerving out of the way, and stopping by a stop sign, she gasped for breath.

"Nice driving, Kate," The woman muttered. "Nice."
Kate fired a shot into the air and hollered "Come on!"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles was tucked into Derek's side that night in a makeshift bed on the Hale living room floor, tear streaks staining his cheeks. Both were only wearing their underwear, sleeping peacefully, when the Alpha howled, startling the mates from their sleep. They hurried out of 'bed', pulling on clothes, minds set on catching the Alpha.

Meanwhile, across town, Allison Argent was sleepily confronting her dad about where he was heading off to.

"What's going on?"

"Your aunt Kate just texted, we're heading out to pick her up." He explained calmly, hoping Allison would drop it and go back to bed.

"But it's 2 in the morning, is everything okay?" Allisons tone was filled with concern.

"No, no, she's just having a little car trouble." Chris assured his daughter.

"Not serious is it?"

"No, just a flat tire, go back to bed, sweetheart." Allison complied without complaint, satisfied with her answers.

-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-

Derek knelt down, noticing blood on the floor. The Alpha was injured. Derek stood, analysing the scent properly now that he had a better sample. Stiles knelt to do the same while Derek scanned the area. His eyes fell on the Alpha, who snarled at him before leaping away. Unable to control his rage at his sister's killer, he chased after the Alpha without thinking, scaling the building.

"Derek!" Stiles whisper yelled. "Derek get back here!" Derek ignored him and continued chasing the Alpha. Stiles was about to follow when he noticed her. A woman with an assault rifle, aiming her weapon at Derek. Stiles turned to call out a warning, but it was too late. Derek was jumping over a gap between two buildings when the shot went off and he went down. Stiles started to run to Derek, when someone grabbed his arm from the shadows. Stiles turned to attack, claws lengthening when a familiar voice spoke up.

"Dude, it's just me." Scott whispered urgently.

"Scott." Stiles breathed out in relief. Stiles turned his head, noticing a car pull up by the woman, who was probably a hunter. "You go listen in to what's going on, see if we can figure this out. I need to check on Derek." Scott nodded, rushing over to the fence.

Stiles heard Derek groan in pain and speed up his pace. When he finally reached his lover, his wolf
became restless, howling in pain and whimpering at the sight. He knelt down next to Derek and gently pulled up his sleeve, to investigate the wound.

The wound itself didn't look too bad, it was the fact the the bullet was glowing blue that concerned him.

"Wolfsbane." Derek gasped out in pain. Eye's moist from unshed tears, Stiles stared at Derek in shock and fear, aware of what that meant. Derek was dying.

"No." Stiles whispered, shaking his head. "No I can't lose you too!"

Scott ran over to them. "The car, it was Mr. Argent!" Scott gasped. "The woman who shot you is his sister!"

"Kate," Stiles whispered, eyes widening as he glanced from Scott to Derek, just catching the look of recognition on Derek's face.

Scott didn't register that Stiles knew her name and continued "She said that you don't have more than 48 hours! Why? She only got your arm."

"It's a different kind of bullet." Derek gasped, It's poisoning me, when the infection reaches my heart, it'll kill me"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Allison squealed in excitement, running into her aunts room. Kate squealed in response and pulled Allison into a tight hug. "Wow, I don't see you for a year and you turn into a freaking runway model!" Kate gasped in disbelief, Allison giggled, sitting on the bed. "Ugh, I hate you." Kate said but without an heat.

"I haven't even showered yet." Allison groaned and hid her head in her arms.

"Sweetie, you're a knockout. In fact, I hope you have boys knocking each others teeth out for your attention!"

"I kinda have one" Allison admitted softly with a shy smile and a blush on her face.

"You kinda have one? Well you should kinda have a million!" Kate replied in a whisper, causing them both to giggle.

Allison decided to change the subject and reached for Kates duffle bag. "Do you need some help unpacking?" Only to have Kate grab her arm tightly.

"No, not that one!" Kate barked immediately. Guiding Allisons hand away, Kate then let go and sighed "See, you turn out beautiful and I end up with this kung foo death grip!" Allison giggled and Kate took a moment of relief.

"Sorry sweetie, I didn't mean to be so rough!" Kate apologised, heading to the bathroom to put things away.

"No worries." Allison assured sweetly. "Hey, is everything okay with your car?"

"Uh, yeah, I just needed a jumpstart. That's all." Kate called from the bathroom, unaware of Alison's face now taking on a confused and suspicious expression.

"A jumpstart?"
"Yeah sweetie, everything's fine." Kate assured, returning to the room.

"Okay, that's good." Allison smiled, standing up. "I'm gonna go get ready for school." She announced pointing towards the door.

"Okay, do you need a ride?" Kate asked her niece pleasantly.

"No, Stiles is picking me and Lydia up. He'll be here in an hour and a half though, so I'd better get ready." Allison informed her with a smile, but she was still slightly suspicious.

"Oh, is he the 'the boy'?" Kate asked with a grin, causing Allison to laugh.

"No, Stiles is seeing someone else-"

"That doesn't mean anything sweetie he co-"

"A guy, aunt Kate. He's gay." Allison stated with a small smirk. Kate's eyes widened slightly.

"Okay then." Allison smiled then went to get ready.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles fought to control his expression as he drove himself, Allison and Lydia to school. Inserting a comment into the conversation here and there. His mind was elsewhere and he couldn't seem to focus it.

It didn't take long to reach the school, also known as, the last place he wanted to be right now. But Derek insisted. Besides Scott and/or Stiles needed to get to Alison's house and retrieve another bullet, apparently, the wolfsbane in it could be both a poison and a cure, if you used it right.

Stiles smiled at the girls and announced, "Welcome to hell!"

Allison giggled and Lydia rolled her eyes. The three the climbed out of the Jeep, ignoring the stares from the other students.

They were about to head into school, when Stiles' phone started ringing. "Gimme a sec, guys." The girls nodded and walk a few paces away, chatting idly.

Stiles' heart sped up when he looked at the caller ID. He answered the phone nervously. "D-dad?"

"Hi, son. Look, I don't have much time before work, but I just wanted to apologies for how I reacted."

Stiles shook his head, even though he knew that his dad couldn't see him. "No, I understand dad, it's a lot to take in."

Noah chuckled. "Yeah. I haven't fully accepted it yet, that may take a while, but for the mean time, I accept enough to listen and be there for you as much as I can. I love you son, no matter what."

"I love you too, dad." Stiles said, smiling, while fighting back tears. "Thank you."
Awkward Moments

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

Friendship, magic bullets and awkward conversations.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Hale Pack: Awkward Moments

"I love you too, dad." Stiles said, smiling, while fighting back tears. "Thank you."

Stiles hung up the phone, a brilliant smile on his face. "Hey, ready to go?" Allison asked, she and Lydia walking over to him.

"Yup, let's go." Stiles announced happily, holding out his arms for both girls. Lydia was the first to hook her arm with his, smiling happily, shortly followed by Allison.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Hey, if Derek's not the one that bit us and isn't the Alpha, then who is?" Scott asked Stiles, who was sat behind him in class.

"I don't know." Stiles sighed checking his phone for any texts or calls from Derek. Scott turned back to the front settling in his seat for half a second.

"Is Derek okay?" Scott asked, turning around to face Stiles again.

"I don't know." Stiles admitted sadly, checking his phone again.

"Dude, are you okay." Scott asked in concern, noticing Stiles unusual.

"Scott my mate is hurt, and apparently dying, my dad is freaking out, the alpha is out killing people, my friends, except for you, have no idea what's going on and I can't do a damn thing because I'm stuck in class, wasting half my life away. So no, I'm definitely not okay!" Stiles had started in a whisper, but gradually grew louder as he went on, finalising his point by snapping his pencil in half, drawing the attention of other students in the class.

The teacher reached Stiles desk and handed him his marked test. A. Well that was one less thing to worry about. Looking up, Stiles noticed that Scott had gotten a D- ouch.

"Dude, you need to study more." Stiles commented, causing Scott to huff. "That was a joke. Scott it's one test, you're gonna make it up!" Stiles reasoned, trying to comfort his best friend. "Do you want help studying?"

"No, I'm studying with Allison after school today." Scott told him happily and Stiles nodded in recognition.
"Yeah, right, she mentioned it this morning." Scott turned to face Stiles once again.

"Wait. This morning? When did you see her today?" Scott asked in confusion, but not as accusingly as he would have been before Derek came along.

"I gave her and Lydia a ride to school today." Stiles said with a slight shake of his head. "I've already become the gay best friend. I might as well start hanging out with Danny!"

"It's not that bad, dude! Hey, atleast you don't have a crush on Lydia anymore, or that would've been a huge blow." Scott commented and Stiles rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, true, but I'm not to keen on the idea of being invited over to gossip and talk boys and have my nails painted!" Stiles scoffed.

"I'm sure that won't happen!" Scott assured with a small smile, before turning back to face the front.

"It already did." Stiles muttered picking a fleck of nail polish from his finger nail.

*Flashback*

1.15am Saturday Night/Sunday Morning

"Come on Stiles, it'll be fun! Please?" Allison begged, holding up a bottle of a blue-grey nail polish and Stiles shook his head firmly.

"Nope, no way, nuh-uh. Back away." Stiles warned, backing away to the edge of the bed.

"Oh, for Gods sake Ally, just pin him down!" Lydia demanded casually leaning against Allisons dresser, looking at the brunettes selection of makeup.

"Come on Stiles, we'll stop asking about your sex life all night" Allison offered, Stiles shook his head and climbed off of the bed, backing away towards the door. "And I'll help you get Scott to watch Star Wars!" She bargained, remembering the hyperactives boys complaints from earlier, yet Stiles still wasn't convinced. A brilliant smile lit up her face as an idea occurred to her. "And I'll buy you a pack of Reese's everyday for a week!"

Stiles stopped walking, looking thoughtful. "Fine." He relented, dragging out the word with a groan.

Allison and Lydia immediately ran over to him, squealing happily. Stiles sighed as he was pushed and pulled over to the bed and unceremoniously shoved onto it. The girls sat either side of him, each grabbing a hand. Allison painted his thumb, middle and pinky finger nails, as she did so, Stiles noticed that the colour was almost identical to that of Derek's eyes.

He turned his attention to Lydia, who had retrieved a piece of card and used it to mix a gold and a light brown polish, resulting in a colour just like the colour of his own eyes. As expected, she was painting the index and third finger nails. After three coats of polish on Stiles, the girls switched hands. Stiles wondered why they hadn't just switched colours, but he wasn't going to ask. Those girls could be scary when they want to be.

Once they were done, Stiles was tasked with painting Allisons nails a light blue. For some reason, she had multiple bottles of the same colours. Not just blue, but various pinks and purples and reds and ever a nice emerald green. Then there were colours that she only had one bottle off, which was a lot. Some were so similar, that Stiles probably wouldn't notice if it wasn't for his enhanced
eyesight. Of course, his enhanced sense did betray him. He'd noticed how strong the smell of nail polish when he was younger, that to his mum and Melissa, but now it made his eyes water. Thankfully Lydia and Allison didn't think to much of it, assuming that it was simply because he wasn't used to it.

About an hour later, they were finally done, but before stiles was forced to braid Allison's hair. The girls put away their weapons of torture and sat on the bed again and Stiles opted to return to the end again. The new found friends ended up talking about movies and Ideas for group dates until Allisons mum came and disrupted the fun.

*End Flashback*

"Mr. Stilinski!" The teacher snapped, drawing Stiles from his memories.

"Yes miss"

"A good grade does not mean that you don't need to pay attention in class." Stiles felt his heart rate increasing in annoyance.

"Sorry." Stiles said through gritted teeth.

"Sorry, what?" The teacher taunted.

"Sorry, miss." Stiles growled.

"Now, that wasn't very apologetic, was it Mr. Stilinski? Again."

"Sorry, miss." Stiles' tone wasn't any calmer, in fact it was more aggressive. The pale boy gripped the edge of the desk, while he glared at the object as if it had personally offended him. His vision was red, his heart was racing and he was losing control.

"Again!" The teacher snapped.

"Stiles, come on man, calm down." Stiles heard Scott's voice, at a volume only he could hear. "You can do this man. You can control it, you don't want to hurt anyone man. Do it for Me, your dad, my mum, Allison, Lydia, Derek, you can't save him if hunters are after you, dude. Come on man, pull it back. Pull it back." Throughout Scotts words of encouragement, Stiles could feel his heart rate returning to normal and his eyes fade to their regular colour.

"I said, again, Stilinski!" The teacher snapped, causing Stiles to look up at her.

"Sorry, miss." Stiles repeated, voice void of aggression.

"Good, now pay attention." The teacher walked back to the front of the class and Scott turned to Stiles in concern.

"Thanks man." Stiles whispered gratefully, sending Scott a soft smile.

"Anytime man." Scott smiled and faced the front again.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

At lunchtime, Derek dragged himself through the school corridors, wincing with every slow step. He paused when he noticed a familiar scent, but it wasn't Stiles. Derek looked up to find the source of the scent. Jackson. Derek shuffled towards Jackson, using all of his strength to keep standing.
"Jackson, where's Stiles?" He gasped out. Jackson looked at him in shock.

"Dude you looked wrecked. What are you on? Dianabol? Hmm? HGH?" Jackson asked.

"Steroids." Derek stated with an eyeroll.

"No, girl scout cookies." Jackson drawled sarcastically. "What the hell do you think I'm talking about? I know someones selling to McCall and with the way you look, I'm betting that it's you!" Jackson accused, gesturing to Dereks pale and weakened form.

Derek looked down when he felt blood stream down his arm, to his hand. As the blood dripped to the floor, he noticed that it was black. Clenching his fist, he looked back to Jackson. "I'll find him myself."

"He's with Lydia and Allison!" Jackson stated with an eyeroll, slamming his locker shut. Derek leant against a wall and taped into his enhance hearing to help him find Stiles, when he heard Lydia's voice.

"Scott's coming over, tonight?" Lydia asked voice filled with intrigue.

"We're just studying together." Allison insisted, causing her to receive eyerolls from Stiles and Lydia.

"Ally, "just studying" never ends with just studying. No matter who it's with." Stiles informed her, placing an arm around her shoulder. "Like, if you and Lydia were to study together, you'd probably end up gossiping and stuff. Where as Scott and I would end up playing video games."

"Stiles and Derek wouldn't get any studying done at all." Lydia smirked.

"True, I'd be to distracted by his hotness!" Stiles declared with a grin.

"Are you seeing him tonight?" Allison asked curiously.

"Yup, although I won't be getting any sexy-fun time. He's got food poisoning." Stiles explained sadly.

"Oh so that's why you've been checking your phone all day? Checking up on him?" Allison inquired, a tone of empathy to her voice.

"Yeah."

"Damn." Lydia hummed "Anyway, back to Allison. As I was saying, it's like getting into a hot tub, somebody eventually cops a feel." Lydia stated with a shrug

"So what are you saying?"

Lydia shrugged slightly and stated. "I'm just saying, you know, make sure he covers up." Allison looked confused and Stiles rolled his eyes. "Hello, snow white! I'm talking about a condom."

Allison looked shocked for a second then laughed. "Are you kidding? After one date?"

Lydia: Don't be a total prude. Give him a little taste." Lydia insisted with a slight shrug.

"Only if you want to, Scott won't push if you're not ready!" Stiles informed her.

Allison looked nervous "Well, I - I mean, how much is 'a little taste'"
Lydia chuckled "Oh, God. You really like him, don't you?"

Allison smiled softly, turning shy under her two friends looks. "Well, he's just different. When I first moved here, I had a plan, no boyfriends till college. I just move too much. But, then I met him, and.. He was different. I-I don't know. Can't explain it."

"I can." Lydia stated "It's your brain flooding with phenylethylamine."

Allison giggled, "What? What is that?"

"Geez, Ally I thought you were smart." Stiles teased with a grin.

"I'll tell you what to do. When's he coming over?" Lydia asked.

"Right after school."

The bell sounded, causing Derek to cover his ears in pain.

-Stiles, Lydia and Allison made their way out of the school and walked towards Stiles' Jeep. "So, we take Ally home first, then you drop me off at the store, so that I can pick up the stuff for tomorrow night. And you can do whatever it is that you're planning!" Lydia announced strutting over to the jeep.

As the reached the vehicle, Stiles spotted Derek looking ill and pale, leaning against the passenger side door. "Oh my god, Der." Stiles gasped rushing over to his boyfriend. "What are you doing out of bed?"

"I wan--wanted--to--see--you--" Derek gasped out, gripping Stiles' hand.

"Hey, maybe you should get him to a hospital, he doesn't look so good." Allison said in concern.

"No!" Derek gasped immediately. "Stiles you can't take me to a hospital. You can't!"

"Don't worry, Der." Stiles assured, then turned to the girls. "He hates hospitals. I'll take him to mine. If he gets any worse, I'll call Scotts mum, she's a nurse." Stiles partially lied to reassure both Derek and the girls.

"Okay, hey, um, Jackson still here I can get a ride off of him if--" Lydia started, but was cut off by Derek.

"No, I- I don't wan-t to in'rupt your plans- I'll b-e f-ine." Derek sent the trio a pointed look, that clearly said 'Don't argue with me.'

Allison and Lydia shared worried looks, but opened the door and climbed into the back seats of the Jeep. Stiles helped Derek into the passenger seat, before hopping into the drivers side.

"Hey, um, I have tons of medicines at my house, when we get there, Lydia and I can look after Derek well you grab something for him, if you'd like." Allison offered, biting her lip nervously. "I-I mean, I would get it myself, but you'd probably know if he was allergic to something, y'know? But if you don't wan-"

"Thank you Ally, that'd be great." Stiles cut off the girls ramble gratefully, smiling at her in the rearview mirror. He really hoped she doesn't follow in her family's footsteps, the girl was so sweet and he'd grown fond of her already. Plus, she'd unknowingly made the task of getting the bullet a
lot easier.

When they pulled up to the Argent house, Allison handed Stiles a key, "Upstairs, second door on the left," She informed him with a smile. Stiles ran to the house, taking a moment to listen for any extra heartbeats. None. Perfect. He paused at the door way, a strange sensation hitting him. Shaking his head he stepped forward, though it felt odd. Once he was inside the house, he used his sense to track down the bullet. It took a few minutes but he caught the scent when passing a bedroom. He was immediately drawn to a bag under the bed. When he held the bullet, he felt his eyes glow.

On his way out, he grabbed a couple of painkillers and antibiotics from the medicine cupboard in the bathroom Allison had sent him to, for appearances. When he went back outside, Scott was approaching on his bike. "Dude I got the bullet, everything's cool." Stiles whispered, so that only Scott and Derek could hear him.

"Hey," Scott called, drawing everyone's attention. "What's going on?"

Allisons hoped out of the Jeep gracefully, glancing back at Derek in concern. "Derek's got food poisoning, so I offered him some medication to ease it a little bit. But I didn't know if he was allergic to anything, so Stiles went in to get it. Oh, here he is." Allison explained, noticing Stiles walking out of the house. "You get what you need?"

"Yeah, thanks Ally," Stiles said gratefully holding up the pills, before hugging Allison. Who returned it semi-awkwardly due to the books she was holding.

"Anytime," Allison smiled, "I'll uh, see you guys tomorrow," She said, grabbing Scotts hand. "Bye, Lydia. Bye, Derek, I hope you feel better soon." The three returned her calls and Stiles walked back to the Jeep, idly noting how Scott also paused at the doorway.

Hopping back into the Jeep, Stiles turned to Derek. "I've got what you need." He handed him the pills, so Lydia wouldn't be suspicious, but he knew that Derek was aware of what he meant. Lydia remained silent, so Stiles pulled out of the Argents drive, and headed towards the store that they were to drop Lydia of at.

"Okay, what's going on. Derek I can tell you're ill, but I know it's not food poisoning. At first I thought drugs, but you would have been a lot more irritable and wouldn't have let us in the car. Furthermore, you were both far too relieved when Allison offered to let Stiles go get some medication. There was something in that house that you needed, but it wasn't medication." Lydia stated, folding her arms. "So what was it?" Derek and Stiles exchanged worried looks.

"Lydia, I-" Stiles started.

"Nope, no excuses, I want to know the truth." Lydia demanded.

"I can't Lydia, okay?" Lydia went to interrupt, but Stiles continued. "Right now, I really can't tell you, okay? Please just give me time. I want to be your friend, but I can't do that if you keep pushing!"

"Fine." Lydia relented. "But I'm not letting this go, Stiles. I want to be your friend to, but I can't if you keep big things from me, and I can tell that this is big." She stated. By that time, Stiles had pulled up outside the store and Lydia climbed over stiles, opened the door then hopped out of the Jeep without another word.

"Why'd she have to be so smart?" Stiles asked in annoyance, before pulling the door shut, sharing a
look with Derek then driving home.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott turned off his phone after receiving a text from Stiles announcing that everything was okay and Derek would be fine. It was clear that he'd phrased it that particular way in case Allison read it.

Sitting up from the bed, Scott noticed a photo frame in one of the boxes waiting to be unpacked.

He picked it up and examined the woman in the picture next to Chris Argent.

"Who's this?" He asked, pointing to the woman.

"That's my dad's sister Kate. Except, she's more like my sister." Allison explained with a smile. "She got here last night. She had some car trouble, though, I guess."

Scott nodded, remembering the woman from the previous night. He knew that she'd called Chris her brother, but it could had figurative. Apparently not. Scott place the frame on the bed, leaning down and picking up a stack of black and white pictures, flicking through them. "Did you take these?" He asked curiously.

"That's when I thought I was a photographer." Allison explained with a blush.

"They're good." Scott complimented, only to have Allison snatch them away from him.

"No, they're not. I stopped when I realised that I was terrible at it." Allison said, glaring at the pictures. "The framings off, bad lighting, believe me, not good.

Scott didn't comment, simply pulled a painting of fruit out of the box. "That's when I thought I was good at painting. Uh, terrible too." Allison announced, grabbing the picture from Scott, who chuckled, the grabbed a folder from the box.

"That's when I tried poetry, terrible doesn't even come close to describing that." Having grown up with a single mum most of his life, Scott knew better than to argue.

"What are you good at." He asked curiously.

"I'm gonna show you, if you promise not to laugh." Allison said nervously, before leading Scott to the garage.

"I was nationally ranked as a kid, and my dad want me to go on, but I don't know, I just didn't really like it." Allison informed him with a shrug. "Promise not to laugh!" She demanded as Scott looked around the room.

"I promise." Scott stayed, still looking around. When he turned to face Allison, he jumped back in shock. "What the hell is that?!"

"It's a compound bow." She explained with a grin. "And I'm pretty sure it requires an arrow to be harmful." Allison teased as Scott flinched when she continued to aim it at him.

"So that's what you're good at?" He asked nervously and Allison smirked. "Archery."

"You said you wouldn't laugh!" Allison reminded him with a pout.

"Trust me I'm-" Scott faltered when his eyes landed on something across the room. "Not laughing." Scott found himself drawn to the arsenal of weapons and ammunition.
"So, I guess I should explain." Allison stated. "We're not some sort of separatist gun-nut family." Allison explained, walking to the cases of weapons. "My dad sells firearms to law enforcement." There was no skip in her heart beat, she actually believed that.

"Oh, that's good. So, um - Are you planning on joining the family business?" He asked, slightly worried.

"I don't know, you tell me." She purred, grabbing his hands and pulling him closer to her. "Would I look hot with a gun?"

"Hotter without." Scott informed her leaning in for a kiss. The door to the garage burst open and Chris argent walked in carrying a box. Allison and Scott pulled apart quickly and ducked behind the red car.

"Hey Chris, get your ass out of the 50's and come help with the groceries!" Kates voice called.

"Be right there!" Chris replied, stopping just before the car and placing the box on a pile. Then he walked and leant against the boot of the car, looking down at the two teenagers. "You two mind helping?" He asked, voice void of emotion.

Both nodded. "Sure." Allison said.

"No problem." Scott stated nervously.

Chris smiled at the, picking up on Scott's nervousness. "Great." He then walked out of the garage, shortly followed by the couple.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott had just grabbed the last bag of groceries from the car, when Chris came outside. "Thank you." Chris said pleasantly, grabbing the bag from Scott.

Scott phone chimed, signalling a text.

From: Stiles (17:37)
Message: Der's fine now, hows the 'studying' going?

Scott rolled his eyes.

To: Stiles (17:38)
Message: I'll tell you later.

Allison walked out of the house "Do you still want to study?" Scott asked nervously.

"I think she'll concentrate better on her own." Chris stated before Allison could reply.

"Umm, I guess I'll see you later then?"

"At school." Chris interjected immediately. Allison rolled her eyes and glared at her dad, when she move to step closer to Scott, Chris intervened again. "Eh, eh, you," He pointed to Scott. "On your bike. You," Chris pointed to Allison, "Inside."

"Oh, come on, Chris!" Kate chuckled . "Really? They were making out in the garage, not shooting ammature porn." She turned her head to Scott who looked uncomfortable. "You," She place her hand on his shoulder. "With the adorable brown eyes, drop your bike. You're staying for dinner."
Kate stated, causing a pleasantly surprised look to appear on Allison's face. Allison smiled at Scott, then followed her aunt into the house.

"You eat meat?" Chris asked Scott, who smiled nervously and nodded. Then cautiously climbed the porch steps.

"You don't mind?"

"Actually, no." Chris stated placing an arm around Scott. "It'll give us a chance to get to know each other." He smiled and lead Scott into the house.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen wolf-Sterek-

"Would you like something else to drink besides water, Scott?" Victoria offered politely.

"Uh, no, I-I'm good thanks." Scott declined politely.

"We could get you some beer." Chriss offered casually.

"N-no thanks."

"Shot of Tequila?" Chris offered

"Dad. Really?" Allison snapped in annoyance.

Chris just stared at Scott, "You don't drink, Scott?

"I'm not old enough to." Scott replied.

"That doesn't seem to stop many teenagers." Victoria commented.

"No, but it should."

"Good answer." Kate complimented, "Total lie, but well played, Scott. You may yet survive the night." She teased, sending Chris a pointed look.

"You ever smoke pot?" Chris asked quickly, drawing a laugh from Kate.

"Okay, changing the channel to something a little less conservative." Kate announced, holding up a hand to shush Chris, while everyone else looked uncomfortable. "So, Scott, uh- Allison tells us you're on the lacrosse team. I'm sorry. I don't know anything about that. How do you play?"

"Um, well, you know hockey? It's a lot like that, only, um, played on grass instead of ice."

"Hockey on grass, is called field hockey." Chris stated.

Scott squirmed slightly. "Oh. Yeah."

"So it's like field hockey," Allison informed Kate, sending a glare to her dad "Except the sticks have nets." She finished with a smile aimed at Scott.

"Exactly." Scott nodded, smiling at Allison in thanks.

"And can you slap check like in hockey?" Kate asked curiously.

"Um - Yeah. But it's only the, uh, the gloves and the sticks." He informed her, glad for the conversation change.
"Sounds violent." Kate commented before stage whispering "I like it."

Allison used that moment to compliment Scott. "Scott's amazing too. Dad came with me to the first game. Wasn't he good?"

"He was fine."

"He scored the last shot, the winning shot." Allison bragged with a smile.

"True, but he didn't score at all until the last few minutes." Chris pointed out, which annoyed Scott and Allison.

"His last shot ripped a hole through the goalie's net. It was incredible." Allison pointed out, turning to face Kate again.

"Well, I think the goalie was probably playing with a defective stick, so-" Allison slammed her glass down on the table. Her heart was racing, but only Scott could hear it, and her leg was shaking under the table. Scott subtly move his hand and placed it on Allisons.

"You know, on second thought, um, I think I'll take that shot of Tequila." Scott commented, only half joking. Earning him a grin from Allison and a chuckle from adults, including Chris.

"You were kidding, right?" Chris asked, still chuckling slightly.

"Yeah."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott excused himself to go to the bathroom, and called Stiles to check on Derek. "Hey man, how's it going?" Scott asked.

"Fine, he's resting right now, he needs it, dad want's to talk about everything."

"Oh, so he knows?"

"Yeah, and he freaked out a little." Stiles explained sadly.

"Well, I'm sure he'll come around man, I mean it's not like you can help being gay." Scott stated, unaware that Kate Argent was standing behind him.

"What? No dude, not that. Well, he knows about that but that's not what he's freaking out about." Stiles informed Scott.

"If not that, then what?" Scott asked confused.

"Well, you know that dad had to interview Derek when they found out that the dead girl was his sister, right?"

"Yeah," Scott stated with a small nod, even though Stiles couldn't see.

"Well as procedure, dad had to check up on if Derek was in town at the time of the murder." Scott was nodding along, even though Stiles couldn't see. "Well dad was pleased to find that since leaving six years ago, Derek hadn't set foot in a five mile radius of town until thirty minutes before Laura was found. Making it an hour and a half after she was killed." Stiles explained, but Scott was still confused.
"So what's the problem?"

"Don't you remember when Derek and I claimed to have met?"

Scott's eyebrows furrowed, "Mid summer break, right? What's that got to do with-" Scott stop short when realisation hit him. "Oh."

"Yeah..."

"So what happened?" Scott asked in intrigue and concern.

"We had to tell him the truth."

"You mean-?"

"Yup."

"No wonder he's freaked." Scott commented.

"Yup, but he's doing okay, he's calmed down after the initial shock. He's still not 100% but that's to be expected."

"When you say everything..."

"Sorry man."

"It's fine, at least that's one less person to lie to."

"True, good to look at the bright side." Scott was nodding, when he suddenly became aware of a presence behind him. Knowing better than to look, Scott simply continue with the conversation.

"Yeah, I hope everything goes alright man. Oh, Allison asked me to pass on that she hopes Derek gets over his food poisoning and feels better soon, and are you guys still on for tomorrow night?"

"Tell her thanks and yes, and ask if I'm staying over again, or will I need a way home?"

"Sure- Wait, staying over? Again?" Scott shrieked.

"Yes, after bowling Allison and Lydia invited me over for interrogation. We ended up losing track of time and I had to sleep on the couch!" Stiles explained, and Scott just knew that the younger boy was rolling his eyes.

"Right, sorry man, I know that even if you were straight, you wouldn't try anything like that. I just really like Allison, it might not work out, especially since her dad hates me, but I want to give it a try. I don't want to mess it up."

"Dude, don't take it personally, it's her dad's job to hate you!" Stiles stated. "This is his little girl, his only daughter, that you're dating. He has to be protective and try to scare you off. Just promise that you won't let him scare you away."

"I promise."

"Say it!"

"Fine, I promise that I won't let Allison's dad scare me away and the only thing that I'll allow stop me from being in a relationship with her is her saying she doesn't want to be with me." Scott
promised, knowing Stiles would approve of the extra bit.

"Good, now I gotta go, dad’ll be home soon and haven’t started dinner yet."

"Okay Stiles, good look man!"

"You too Scotty." A beep signalled the end of the call. Scott pocketed the phone, muttering.

"Right, bathroom, bathroom." His eyes fell on a door with an alarm, intrigued, he took a step closer, only to be stopped short by a voice.

"Does that look like a bathroom to you?" Kate asked him with a raised eyebrow.

"N-no" Scott stuttered, turning to face the woman.

"No," She chuckled, then pointed to another door. "You can use the one in the guest bedroom."

"Thanks."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

At the Stilinski household, two Stilinski's and a Hale, sat around the dinner table, silently eating their food. All remembering the disaster of the previous night.

*Flashback*

The wolves looked at each other and Derek nodded to Stiles. It was the only way. "Dad," Stiles said softly, looking at the elder Stilinski. "There's something you should know. As you've figured out, Derek and I haven't known each other as long as we've made out to you and our friends." Stiles pulled in a nervous breath and Derek gripped the boy's hand in comfort.

"We met a few weeks ago, the night Laura's body was found." Stiles rubbed his thumb over Derek's knuckles in condolence. "I eavesdropped on your phone call and decided it'd be cool to go out looking." Stiles said sheepishly, squirming under his dads glare. "So I went to Scott's and convinced him, then we headed out to the preserve. We didn't get very far though, because after a few minutes we noticed the search party and decided to head back to Roscoe and call it a night." The sheriff took on an expression of suspicion and concern, but didn't say anything.

"After about a minute of walking back, the flashlight died, so we had to try to retrace our steps. Needless to say, we quickly got lost. When we were trying to find our way back, a herd of deer came running out of no where, and Scott ended up dropping his inhaler. While we were looking for it, we found, L-Laura. Out of shock, we ended up rolling down this dirt hill. We were okay, but when we went to walk away, we heard a noise. There was this animal. It attacked us and bit both of us. We managed to escape and run out of the wood, only to nearly be run over. But as we were heading back to Roscoe, Derek pulled up and offered us help. At first we said no, but we were both bleeding and in pain, so we got in."

"Derek helped us clean and dress the wounds when we got back to Scott's and offered to pick us up in the morning and take us to Roscoe." The next day was when the weird stuff started happening."

The sheriff was looking increasingly confused, but remained quiet, allowing his son to tell his story.

"First, it started with the wounds not hurting, but I initially wrote it off to adrenaline or something. Then when I walked past Mrs. McCall's room, I heard her humming, which she always does
quietly! Then, when I checked my wound, it looked about a week old, not a night. Then when I was in class, I heard a phone call from the parking lot! Other stuff started happening, and I freaked out a little, so I went to Derek for help and he told me what was going on."

"Dad." Stiles took a deep breath and looked his father straight in the eyes. "I'm a werewolf."

The sheriff immediately took on an angry expression. "Really, Stiles? I was really concerned then and you jus-Woah!" Noah cut himself off with a fearful yelp, when his sons face transformed and his eye glowed amber.

"W-what? H-how?!

"he creature that attacked Scott and I, was a werewolf, a more powerful kind than me or Derek or Scott. It was an Alpha. The rest of us, we're Beta's. You can tell by the ey-"

"No." Noah interrupted, "Just, no, Stiles."

"W-what?" Stiles stuttered, tears welling in his eyes.

"I can't hear this. You being gay, I can handle. But this. You being this thing, this monster. No, I can't handle that Stiles, just go." Noah stated, turning his back on Stiles.

"D-dad, pl-please."

"Go, Stiles, just go." Noah muttered, before leaving the room, slamming the door behind him.

*End Flashback*

"L-look, I'm so sorry for how I reacted last night, I didn't mean what I said, I swear, I just need time to adjust." Noah apologised, a guilty expression on his face.

Derek shook his head. "There's no need to apologise Sheriff. Your reaction is completely understandable."

"I still hate myself for saying those things, Derek. Nothing will change that. The best that I can do is try to make up for it. So I'm ready to know."

Sheriff Noah Stilinski had never been more determined in his life. "Tell me all there is to know about werewolves and what I can do to help."

Chapter End Notes

So, this is now caught up with Fanfiction.net but don't panic, the next chapter is almost done.
Attacks and Sleepovers

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

The Stilinski's and Derek under one roof, the alpha attacks, Allison turns 17 and Stiles is attractive. Things will pick up next chapter, which will be up no later than next friday at 10pm London time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The Hale Pack: Attacks and Sleepovers

Sheriff Noah Stilinski had never been more determined in his life. "Tell me all there is to know about werewolves and what I can do to help."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Then she pulled a condom out of her pocket!" Scott informed Stiles over the phone.

"Wow, go Ally! How did her family react?" Stiles asked, while sat on the edge of his bed, pulling on his pajamas.

"Well, her aunt looked a mixture of embarrassed and impressed, her dad just had this murderous expression on his face... Again."

"Wow, you had an interesting night, dude." Stiles chuckled.

"Well, apparently, so did you. How did it go with your dad?"

"Well he apologised about a million times for how he reacted." Stiles informed Scott with an eyeroll. "But, uh, he took it quite well, he looked a bit- um- overwhelmed, but he's doing okay."

"Does he know about you and Derek, not just the relationship but, uh..."

"Yeah, he knows that we're mates." Stiles stated, then looked up to see his dad walking into his room.

"Good, so he's okay with it?"

"Yup, he's being really understanding." Stiles said, smiling at his dad.

"Great, uh, look man I gotta go, I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"Alright, g'night Scotty."

"Night Stiles."

Stiles hung up and place his phone on his nightstand. "Hey, dad." He greeted.
"Hey, so how's Scott doing?" The sheriff asked, sitting down on his sons bed, next to him.

"Well, one hands doing well, major sports star, got a girlfriend and he even had dinner with said girlfriends family tonight. On the other hand the family in question are werewolf hunters, and Scott is a werewolf. Oh, and one of the hunters, Allison's dad, shot him in the arm with a crossbow on the night of the full moon. Then there's fact that the werewolf that bit us, the alpha, is a psychotic murder that wants us to kill with him and if we don't, he'll probably kill us. So, he's as well as can be considered." Stiles stated with a nod.

"Right." Noah sighed.

"Sorry, it's just nice to be able to tell you these things." Stiles said sheepishly.

"It's fine, Stiles. I'm glad you can tell me. Besides, some of the stuff that has happened in this town makes a lot more sense now. Especially the Hale fire." Stiles nodded in agreement. "And, about what I said-"

"Dad, no. I know you didn't mean it, it's fine." Stiles assured but Noah just shook his head.

"It's not okay, you may have forgiven me, but I haven't. I promise I'll make up for it, son." The Sheriff stated firmly, Stiles just sighed and nodded, knowing he couldn't change his fathers mind.

"It's clear where I get my stubbornness from." Stiles grumbled, causing the Sheriff to chuckle and pull his son into a one armed hug.

"And don't you forget it, kid." After a few minutes, Noah release his son and stood up. "I'm going to bed, goodnight Stiles."

"G'night dad." Stiles smiled.

Noah turned to face his son's open window. "Goodnight Derek." Stiles' expression turned sheepish and Derek's head slowly poked through the window to see Noah looking at him with a raised eyebrow.

"Goodnight Sheriff," Derek said nervously. Noah flickered his eyes from Stiles to Derek several times before rolling his eyes.

"No funny business." Noah warned. Both of the younger males smiled at him as Derek climbed through the window.

"Love you, dad." Stiles beamed.

"Love you to kiddo." The sheriff stated and started to leave the room. "Oh and Derek?" He asked, turning to face the man, now frozen halfway between Stiles window and bed.

"Yeah?" Derek asked and Stiles could smell his mates nervousness flooding the room.

"Next time, ask." Derek nodded, but Noah wasn't finished talking. "Or, if you don't want to get caught, don't leave your jacket in plain sight. Goodnight boys." Noah smirked then walked out as the two wolves stared in shock at the leather jacket hung on the back of Stiles desk chair.

As Noah pulled the door shut behind him, he heard his son burst into hysterical laughter and just caught Derek's mumble of "Shush you." followed by the sound of bed springs groaning. The Sheriff rolled his eyes fondly, opting for a glass of whiskey before bed while he tried to make sense of everything he'd learnt that night.
The next day, Stiles woke up with the biggest smile on his face. His mate was sleeping behind him, arms wrapped around Stiles waist as they spooned, his dad knew and accepted Stiles for who, and what, he was and he had great friends. He chose to block all thoughts of the alpha and hunters and school and simply enjoy lying in bed with Derek for the next 5 minutes.

"Hmm- G'morning." Derek greeted sleepily, kissing the back of Stiles' neck. Stiles smiled and turned his head to look at Derek.

"Morning." He mumbled, and placed a soft kiss on Dereks lips, which the elder male deepened, regardless of morning breath. Stiles turned his body without breaking the kiss, so that he was fully facing his mate.

Dereks hands gripped Stiles' hips, while Stiles tangled his hands in Dereks soft black hair.

After a few minutes of making out, the pair pulled away reluctantly, gasping for breath. "I could get used to this." Stiles let out breathlessly and Derek hummed in response, burying his face in the crook of Stiles' neck, taking in his favourite scent. Their legs tangled together as they rested,taking advantage of the small moment of peace.

Stiles felt his eyes flutter shut, but couldn't bring himself to care at that moment, school be damned.

"Oh no you don't, you've got school, Stiles." Derek stated, pulling away from Stiles, leaving the boy without his personal heater.

Stiles let out a senseless mumble and fumbled to pull Derek back to him. "Aww, come on, 5 more minutes? Please? I just want to snuggle!" Stiles begged and his chances were looking good due to the look on Derek's face and the fact that he hadn't actually left the bed.

"If we do, 5 minutes will turn into 10, which will turn into an hour, which will turn into us falling asleep, which will mean you'll be late for school, or end up deciding to just not go." Derek began explaining to Stiles, both wolves unaware the Noah Stilinski was stood in the doorway. "That will damage your grades, attendance and annoy your dad, which will mean you'll be grounded, then you won't be able to see anyone outside of school, including me. And, because your dad knows about the supernatural, your window will probably end up laced with mountain ash and/or wolfsbane. So I won't be able to sneak in, and you won't be able to sneak out. Do you really want that?"

"No." Stiles mumbled and Derek leant forward and pecked Stiles on the forehead.

"Exactly." Derek stated and pulled the covers off of them revealing Stiles' Batman pajamas and Derek's bare torso and black sweatpants. "Now get dressed."

Stiles sighed but sat up and moved to get out of bed. The sheriff slowly backed out of the room, a soft smile on his face. As Noah walked towards the stairs, he heard Derek ask Stiles, "Hey, wasn't the door closed before?"

"Hey, Stiles!" Lydia greeted strutting over to the boy in the lunch line. No one dared call out the Queen B on cutting in line, so let it be. "How's Derek doing?"

"Hey Lyd, he's better, still not 100% but alright." Stiles informed her as they moved up the line with their trays. "How are you doing? Did you get everything for tonight?"
"You bet, it's gonna be amazing!" Lydia stated with a smirk, then shrugged "Which is a given seeing as I'm planning it."

Stiles let out a chuckle. "Damn right."

"Oh, before I forget, it's Allison's birthday the day after tomorrow! She's turning 17." Lydia informed him as the two walked over to an empty table.

"17? Oh, probably had to redo a year because of all the moving." Stiles said, mostly to himself.

"That's what I think, too." Lydia nodded as she sat down at the table, Stiles sitting opposite her.

"I wish she'd said something, then I'd be able to get her a better present. I mean, obviously, I haven't gotten her anything yet, but thankfully I'm a good listener." Stiles beamed proudly.

"Just don't get her the brown leather jacket she's been after, I already did. Oh, and don't get her anything in pastel, so not her colour!" Lydia demanded with a glare. Stiles nodded, mentally taking note of what she had said. "I'd offer to go with you and make sure that you don't mess up, but I'm spending tomorrow with Jackson."

Stiles nodded as Allison and Scott approached the table.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Hi sheriff, is everything okay?" Derek asked as he walked into the Stilinski household that evening.

"Call me Noah, Derek and everything's fine. I just thought that as Stiles is out and I have a few hours until work, it'd be a good opportunity for us to get to know each other." The sheriff stated, closing the front door and leading Derek to the living room.

"Okay," Derek agreed, sitting on the couch as Noah occupied the armchair.

"So..." Noah started awkwardly. "You like sports?"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Across town the next night, a worker was changing a bulb in a video rental store

Lydia pulled up outside the rental store, Jackson arguing from the passenger seat. "Hoosiers is not only the best basketball movie ever. It is the best sports movie ever made."

"No." Was Lydia's only reply.

"It's got Gene Hackman and Dennis Hopper." Jackson explained.

"No."

"Lydia, I swear to God you're gonna like it." Jackson promised angrily.

"No."

"I am not watching The Notebook again." Jackson growled while Lydia simply smirked.

"Can somebody help me find The Notebook?" Jackson called out minutes later, searching through the shelves. "Hello? Is anybody working here? You gotta be kidding me." Jackson sighed,
continuing around the store. His eyes soon fell on a pair of feet poking out of one of the isles.

Jackson cautiously grew closer, nerves growing with every step. Before too long, Jackson found himself staring down at the bloodied corpse of the video store clerk. Jackson gasped at the deep cuts on the victims neck. He stumbled backwards in shock.

"Oh my god." Jackson stumbled into the ladders behind he knocking them over. The lights in the store flickered as Jackson looked around in horror. Freezing at a growl, eyes fixed on the red eyed monster before him. The creature bound forward and Jackson hid in one of the rows, gasping for breath. After a moment of silence, he peered around to where he last saw the creature. Without warning, the creature shot across the isle and Jackson swung back so he wouldn't be seen. After a few more glimpse of the creature running, Jackson was starting to really worry. He heard a series of crashes, but only realised what was happening at the last second.

The creature had knocked over the shelves at the back of the store, starting a domino effect on the row that Jackson was hiding in. When he realised what was happening he dove away from the shelves, but was too slow. The shelf landed on Jackson legs, pinning the bottom half of his body in place. Jackson's heart sped up as the creature stalked over to him. It crouched down and sniffed him, while embedding it's claws into the back of his neck. After a moment, it pulled back, growling angrily before sprinting away. The creature smashed through the store window and ran passed Lydia's car, terrifying her. Lydia screamed and stared after the creature in shock and horror.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles was sat in the passenger seat of his dads police cruiser, both Stilinski’s munching on burgers. "Did they forget my curly fries?" The sheriff asked, turning to face Stiles.

"You're not supposed to eat fries, especially the curly ones!" Stiles explained, grabbing the drink.

"Well, I'm carrying a lethal weapon. If I want the curly fries, I will have the curly fries." Noah stated with an annoyed look.

"If you think getting rid of contractions in all your sentences makes your argument any more legitimate, you are wrong." Stiles retorted, earning him an annoyed look for Noah. Stiles smirked sipping his drink.

"Unit one, do you copy?"

Stiles reached for the radio, but was stopped by his father slapping his hand.

"Sorry," Stiles said unapologetically, leaning back. The Sheriff proceeded to reply to dispatch.

"Unit one copy."

"We've got a report of a possible 187." Stiles' head shot up, mouth now filled with curly fries.

"A murder?" Stiles gasped around the fries, losing several of them in the process.

Not long after, the Stilinski’s were pulling up next to an ambulance outside the video store.

"Stay here," Noah ordered, opening the car door. Stiles sighed, intending to go along with what his dad had said, when he noticed it.

Stiles' hand shot out and gripped his dad's arm. "Stil-"
"Not, dad, it's the Alpha, he was here, I can smell him." He took another whiff to be sure, then nodded to himself. "Yeah, yeah, it's definitely him, and it's strong too, he wasn't just passing through, he-"

"He's responsible for what happened." The sheriff finished for his son with a sigh. "Come on" Both men climbed out of the car and walked to the ambulance.

"Paul, let's get this area locked up!" The Sheriff announced, walking beside Stiles to the ambulance.

"Jackson? Lydia?" Stiles called out in concern, he smelt them the second his dad opened the door, but as he grew closer, he noticed the strength of Jackson's scent. He was, or had been, bleeding.

"Hey, what's up, are you okay? Obviously you're not okay, you're at a crime scene in an ambulance. How bad is it?" Stiles rambled.

"I'm fine, Stilinski," Jackson snapped, but Stiles could tell that Jackson wasn't annoyed, at least not at Stiles. The Jackson turned to Noah. "I don't see why I can't just go home?"

"I hear ya, but the EMT say's you hit your head pretty hard and you've got some deep cuts on the back of your neck there. They need to make sure that you don't have a concussion and that the wounds are clean." The sheriff explained calmly, but it did nothing to soothe Jackson.

"What part of 'I'm fine' do you not understand? I just wanna go home!"

"Dude, we understand that, but you can't yet, okay?" Stiles explained and Jackson started to protest, but Stiles continued. "Look, after everything, I don't blame you for wanting to go home and forget about it, but it'll be kinda difficult if you're confused! Even more so, if those wounds get infected, okay? Just let 'em do their jobs, chill with your girlfriend for a bit, who is still in shock, by the way." Stiles explained gesturing to Lydia who was sat in the ambulance, completely still and wrapped in a blanket. "Then when they give the all clear, you can go home and unwind. Right now, though, just let them help man."

Jackson glared at Stiles for a second but climbed into the ambulance, sitting next to Lydia and grabbed her hand.

"Woah, is that a dead body?" Stiles asked, hitting his dad's arm in order to change the subject.

"Alright, everybody back up, back up." Noah ordered the crowd of people gathering around the ambulance. Stiles looked up to the roof of the store and smiled to his mate and best friend.

"Starting to get it?" Stiles heard Derek ask Scott.

"I get that he's killing people, but I don't get why." Scott replied, looking to Derek. "I-I mean, this isn't standard practice, right? We don't go out in the middle of the night killing people, do we?"

"No, we're predators, we don't have to be killers." Derek explained, eye's fixed on his mate, not even glancing at Scott.

"Then why is he a killer?" Scott asked in confusion.

"That's what we're gonna find out." Derek stated, finally looking to Scott, and stepping away from the building's edge. The two wolves walked away, unaware of the spiral pattern lying directly beneath their feet.
"You know, I have a life too." Scott stated as Derek climbed the stairs at the old Hale house, looking for Stiles.

"No, you don't." Derek stated simply, eliciting a chuckle from Stiles, who was somewhere in the house.

"Yes, I do!" Scott argued, ignoring Stiles "I don't care what you say about him making me his pet or-"

"Part of his pack." Stiles and Derek corrected in unison. Stiles tone was chiding, while Derek's was annoyed.

"Whatever. I have homework to do. I have to go to a parent/teacher conference tomorrow because I'm failing chemistry."

"You wanna do homework?" Derek asked, inclining his head "Or do you wanna not die?" Scott sighed as Derek continued "You have less than a week until the full moon. You don't kill with him, he kills you."

"Okay, seriously, who made up these rules?" Scott asked in annoyance as Stiles called out.

"He's right man, it is sort of barbaric!"

Derek rolled his eyes and continued. "It's a rite of passage into his pack."

"You know what else is a rite of passage?" Scott asked, raising an eyebrow, "Graduating from high school." He yelled, "And you don't have to kill anyone to do it! Why can't you just find him yourself? Why can't you just sniff him out when he's a human?"

"Because his human scent could be entirely different." Derek informed him in annoyance "It has to be you. You have a connection with him, a link that you can't understand. If I can teach you to control your abilities, you can find him."

"So if I help you, you can stop him?" Scott asked, calmer now

"Not alone. We're stronger in numbers. A pack makes the individual more powerful." Derek explained, but this seemed to rile Scott up

"Right, pack! Why can't Stiles do it?" Scott asked.

"His connection to the alpha isn't as strong as yours." Derek stated simply.

"Why not?" Scott and Stiles asked in confusion.

"Because of me." Derek sighed. "We may not have completed the bond yet, but we've accepted each other as mates. That makes our connection to each other stronger than anything else. The second strongest is his connection to you because you were turned together and have known each other for so long, then his family and friends, the Alpha, then everyone else he knows." Derek stated.

"But you, Scott. Your connections go Stiles, friends and family, Alpha, me, everyone else. It's a small difference, but it's enough."

Scott sighed. "How am I supposed to help if I have no idea what I'm doing?"
"Because I'm gonna teach you." Derek stressed in exasperation. "Do you remember what happened that first night you were shot in the arm- Right after you were hit?"

"Yeah, I changed back." Scott stated with a nod.

Derek walked closer to Scott, "And when you were hit by his car, same thing, right?" Scott nodded. "What's the common denominator?" Scott shrugged and Derek grabbed his hand, squeezing it.

Scott cried out in pain and Stiles appeared at the top of the stairs. "What the hell are you doing?" Stiles demanded angrily as Scott fell to his knees in pain.

"It'll heal." Derek stated, releasing Scott's hand.

"It still hurt!" Scott yelled in a mix of anger and pain.

"And that's what keeps you human - Pain." Derek stated gesturing to Scott's hand, "Maybe you will survive." Derek looked to the top of the stairs, only to find that Stiles had disappeared again. "Stiles, what the hell are you doing?" Derek called out, following his boyfriend's scent, shortly followed by Scott.

"Packing your stuff." Was the casual reply.

"Why?" Derek asked walking to the room that used to be his childhood bedroom.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, you're moving in with me." Stiles stated, smiling up at his mate while neatly folding a black t-shirt and placing it in Derek's duffel bag.

Derek raised an eyebrow while Scott spoke up. "Does your dad know?"

"Yup." Stiles beamed, despite Derek's suspicious look. "In fact, it was his suggestion."

Both Derek and Scott gave him disbelieving looks.

"Okay it wasn't without prompting, but he said he enjoyed spending time with you last night and you seem like a good guy, then after I explained that you were living here, he agreed that you can stay with us. On the condition of 'No funny business' and after we find the alpha, you have to get a job. You don't have to pay rent or anything, but you can't just sit around doing nothing all day. His words not mine." Stiles explain, placing the last pair of jeans in the bag. "Is there anything else lying around, or is this everything here?" Stiles asked, zipping the bag and standing up.

There was a moment silence as Derek stared at Stiles. "There's some stuff downstairs. Everything else is either in my car or my storage locker."

"Storage locker?" Scott asked in confusion while Stiles walked over to them.

"I lived in New York for six years, do you really think I only have enough belongings to fill a duffel bag?" Derek asked irrediculously with a raised eyebrow.

"W-well, I-I- No." Scott stammered.

"Come on, Der-bear, leave Scotty alone, okay? Now, let's go home."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next morning, Kate walked into Allison's room as the girl got ready for school. "Hey. Listen,
you know I feel totally horrible about my behavior the other night, right?"

"Oh, totally forgotten." Allison assured with a smile.

"No, not forgotten by me. Come on. Call me a "horrid bitch" or something." Kate insisted

"You were just.. being protective." Allison shrugged

"I was being a protective horrid bitch." Kate stated. "Who is giving you your birthday present early so you'll forgive her. Kate smiled, pulling a small box from behind her back and handed it to Allison. "Forgiven?"

Allison gasped at the necklace lying inside the box. "Completely. I love it!

"It's a family heirloom." Kate informed Allison, who investigated the necklace further. "And you know me, I hate and loathe all sentimental crap, but that.. Well, look at the symbol in the middle of the pendant. See that? "

Allison nodded "Yeah."

"You ever wanna learn a little something about your family... Look it up."

"You're gonna make me work for it."

"Some mysteries" Kate grabbed the necklace and placed it around Allison's neck "Are worth the effort."

"Thanks."

"Bye."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

At school, Allison walked over to her locker happily. However, that happiness went away when she opened the locker and multiple balloons floated out. There were 'Happy Birthday' signs on the inside of the door, along with two cards and two presents, neatly wrapped and placed in the bottom of the locker. Allison fought to get the balloons back inside the locker. When she did so, she noticed the cards and presents.

Allison grabbed the cards first and read them, unaware of Scott walking up behind her. "Stiles and Lydia... Of course..." Allison muttered in annoyance after she'd seen who the cards were from.

"Is today your birthday?" Scott asked, making his presence known.

"No, no. Uh, no. I mean, yes. Please don't tell anybody. I don't even know how Lydia found out." Allison begged, grabbing the presents and trying to squish down the balloons.

"Why wouldn't you tell me?" Asked Scott, slightly hurt.

"Because I don't want people to know. Because... I'm 17." Allison whispered

"You're 17?" Scott repeated in shock.

"That's the reaction I'm trying to avoid." Allison said in annoyance

"Why? I mean, I-I totally get it. Uh, you had to repeat a year because of all the moving around,
"right?" Allison gave him a shocked look, followed by a soft kiss "What was that for?"

"For, literally, being the first person to ever make the correct assumption. Everybody's always like, 'What - Did you get held back?' 'Did you ride the short bus?' Uh, 'Did you have a baby?!"

"That's what you hear on your birthday?"

"Oh, yeah. All day long." Allison sighed

"Then - What if we got out of here?" Scott suggested.

"Skip class?" Allison asked uncertainly

"Yeah, the whole day."

"Well, you're asking someone who's never skipped one class to bail out the entire day, and I don't-"

"No, see, that's perfect. If you get caught, then they'll go easy on you." Scott assured.

"Well, what if you get caught?" She asked, clicking the lock back in place.

"Let's - try not to think about that." Scott said, leading her out of the school.

"Just a friendly reminder." Mr Harris announced at the beginning of chemistry. "Parent/teacher conferences are tonight. Students below a "C" average are required to attend. I won't name you, because the shame and self-disgust should be more than enough punishment. Has anyone seen Scott McCall?" He asked looking at Stiles, who was hunched over his text book with a highlighter. He was saved from answering when Jackson walked in the room, looking pale and sleep deprived.

Harris walked over to him as he sat at his desk. "Hey Jackson, if you need to leave early for any reason, you let me know." Jackson nodded and Harris headed to the front of the class. "Everyone, start reading chapter 9! Mr. Stilinski," Stiles head shot up. "Try putting the highlighter down between paragraphs. It's chemistry, not a colouring book!"

Stiles glared at the back of Harris' head before tilting his head back, shooting the highlighter cap from his mouth, into the air, then caught it easily. Stiles leaned forward to talk to Danny.

"Danny, can I ask you a question?" Stiles asked quietly.

"No." Was the reply.

"Well I'm going to anyway." He stated, causing Danny to roll his eyes. "Did Lydia show up in your homeroom today?"

"No." Danny sighed.

"Can I ask you another question?"

"Answers still no." Danny replied in annoyance.

"Why don't you like me?"

"I never said that I don't like you." Danny replied.
"Well it's pretty clear with the way you barely talk to me, get annoyed at me easily, and I know it's personal because you're like the nicest guy ever!" Danny turned to face Stiles.

"It's not- It's- It's not that I don't like you, it's because at first, I thought you thought of being gay as a joke, with the way you'd ask if you're attractive to gay guys." Danny huffed. "Then when I find out that you had a boyfriend, a hot one at that, I was annoyed at myself for not picking up on it." Danny explained.

Stiles nodded, "I understand what you're saying, but I was honestly just curious if other guy's found me attractive. I only specifically said gay guys so I could find out if I had a chance with anyone. Which, I now realise, was not a great method. But I do have to ask one more question.."

"Yes?" Danny sighed.

"Do you find me attractive? Just here me out. I'm not sure if Derek actually finds me attractive. I mean, I know that he loves me as much as I love him and he likes my personality, somehow. But am I attractive?" Stiles asked, leaning closer to hear Danny's answer.

"As long as your boyfriend isn't going to kill me for my answer.." Stiles nodded enthusiastically.

"You have my word. In fact, he won't even know that this conversation existed!" Stiles promised.

"Yes, you're attractive." Danny mumbled, cheeks turning red.

Stiles beamed and hugged Danny from behind. "So are you." He whispered in his ear as if it were a secret, then returned to his seat, a pleased smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.
**A Thing Called Jealousy**

Chapter by [Missmusiclover573](#)

Chapter Summary

Jealous Derek, drugged up Lydia, Scott and Allison ditch, Kate tries to cause trouble and Derek and Stiles get some alone time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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**The Hale Pack: A thing called jealousy.**

"So are you." *He whispered in his ear as if it were a secret, then returned to his seat, a pleased smile on his face.*

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Outside, in the car park, Scott and Allison were getting into Allison's car, but Allison was looking very nervous. "Uh, maybe this is a bad idea. And my dad would kill me if he found out.

"Do you always follow your dad's rules?" Scott asked with a knowing look on his face.

"Not lately." Allison grinned.

"Good. Start the car." Scott replied.

"Where are we going?" Allison asked, but was distracted by a car driving in behind them

"Uh, I don't know. Somewhere. Anywhere." Scott said nervously, eyes fixed on the rear view mirror, watching the car.

"Nowhere I can be seen, right? 'Cause I could get detention." Allison stated, looking unsure.

"Please start the car." Scott begged

"Or suspended."  

"Allison, car, start, now." Scott demanded and she did, pulling out of the school, blissfully unaware of the car.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

In the locker room, Jackson stood in front of the mirror, checking out the cuts on the back of his neck. Gasping in pain, his stepped away from the mirror and walked to his locker, as the seemingly last player.

After shutting his locker, Jackson noticed two dot's of glowing red through the steam. He slowly backed away and the lights moved towards him. His heart rate picked up as he flashed back to the previous night.
He kept backing away until the red exited the steam, revealing themselves to be lights on a set of headphones. The boy wearing them gave him an odd look, then walked away.

Jackson sighed in relief, but when he turned, he found himself facing Derek. He jumped slightly, surprised at the sight but, but quickly relaxed. "I-I don't know where Stiles is."

"I'm not here for Stiles. I'm here for you." Derek informed him.

"Wh-why me? I didn't do anything." Jackson told him defensively.

"No, but you saw something, didn't you?" Derek asked as creepy suspenseful music filled the room.

"No, I didn't- I didn't see anything."

"What was it, hmm? An animal? A mountain lion?" Derek asked mimicking the tone Jackson had used when questioning him about drugs.

"I didn't see anything. I swear. I'm-I'm not lying." Jackson insisted.

"Then calm down and say it again." Derek told him stepping closer to him.

"Say what? That I'm not lying?"

"Tell me that you didn't see anything. Slowly."

Jackson took a breath before repeating, "I didn't s-see anything. I'm not lying."

"One more thing." Derek said. "Where is that music coming from?"

"Sorry, my bad." I guy said, moving from the showers, to his locker. He opened it and took his phone out, answering a call. "Hey mum."

-Stiles was calling Scott while leaving class. "Finally! Have you been getting any of my texts?" He asked when Scott finally picked up.

"Yeah, like all 9 million of them." Scott hissed.

"Do you have any idea what's going on? Lydia is totally M.I.A., Jackson looks like he's got a time bomb inserted into his face, another random guy's dead, and you have to do something about it." Stiles exclaimed flailing his free arm around, nearly hitting a girl that was passing him.

"Like what?"

"Track the Alpha dumbass!" Stiles whisper yelled into the phone.

"Okay, I'll deal with it later." Scott said into the phone and hung up on Stiles. He looked up at Allison. "Left, left, left, left, left." He instructed, leaning forward and pointing.

Allison turned with one hand, slapping the other one to his chest, pushing him back into his seat. "Sorry, sorry. I just totally soccer-mum'd you. I'm sorry." Allison apologised with a giggle.

"That's all right. I'll just pick up my masculinity on the way back." Scott semi-joked, causing Allison to giggle.
Stiles was walking down the corridor during his 15 minute break between lessons. As he passed the janitors closet, a hand shot out and pulled him in, shutting the door behind him.

Stiles was about to attack when he caught the familiar scent. "Derek." He sighed in relief. "You scared the crap outta me, are you okay."

Derek's eyes flashed blue, cutting through the darkness. "No." He hissed angrily.

"What's wrong is it the alph-

"Do you find me attractive, Danny? I don't think Derek does, Danny. So are you, Danny!" Derek repeated darkly, stepping closer to Stiles with each sentence until he had Stiles pinned against the shelves.

Stiles' eyes widened in horror. "L-look I-I did-didn't mean it l-like that! I-I swear, I-I just-

"Just didn't think that I actually want you?" Derek growled "That the only reason I'm attracted to you is because we're mates? Not because of those amazing whiskey eyes?" He asked stroking Stiles cheek. "Or those full lips?" Derek pulled Stiles into a deep, passionate kiss, tugging the boy's bottom lip as they pulled away. "Or those damn mole that pepper your skin? The ones that I know can lead me directly to an amazing part of you?" He asked as Stiles shuddered. "Or your beautiful pale chest with muscles just begging to be licked?" Derek murmured, nipping and licking at Stiles' neck. "Not even that perfect, round ass of yours? You really think I don't notice any of that? That I only want you because you're my mate?"

"N-no. God no." Stiles gasped arching into Derek.

"No, that's just the icing on the cake. You're just lucky that you told Danny that you love me and I love you. Otherwise, Danny would be in hospital right now and Danny would probably be missing some body parts. We'll see how attractive Danny is then."

"Stop saying his fucking name." Stiles growled, grabbing Derek and kissing him forcefully.

"Good answer." Derek grinned as they pulled away. Slipping down to the floor, on his knees. "How much time do we have?" He asked, undoing Stiles' jeans.

"T-ten min-utes." Stiles replied.

"Not enough time, you're gonna be late to class."

"I'm okay with tha-oh, fu-

"You're still not okay with this, are you?" Scott asked as he and Allison walked through the woods, the girl in question checking her phone nervously.

Allison giggled slightly. "I just feel like I need an alibi."

"Well, if we get caught, I'll just say it was my fault." Scott said with a shrug.

"You don't need to take the blame for me. It was my choice too." Allison insisted.

"Oh, good!" Scott called out "'Cause if we get caught, I'm totally gonna blame you."
"Oh, really?" Asked in mock offence.

"Hell yeah! And they'd believe me. You know, totally hot girl asks you to skip the day with her. Like I'm gonna say no." Scott teased.

"So, throw me under the bus, just like that?"

"Throw, push, shove-" Scott shrugged as Allison jabbed him in the chest.

"And what if I decide to drag you down with me?" Allison asked.

"I'd just yell for help."

"Well, what if I did this?" Allison asked, kissing him softly

"I'd scream for help."

"And if I did this?" she asked, pulling him in for a passionate kiss.

"I'd beg for mercy." Scott muttered, resting his head against hers.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

After their experience in the janitors closet, Stiles and Derek decided to skip the rest of the day and check on Lydia, see if she saw anything the previous night.

"Hello." Natalie Martin greeted as she opened the door to them, but before anything else could be said, Lydia's slurred voice called out from upstairs.

"Mu-um" She drawled, "Is Ally here? Did she bring my Stiles?"

"What the hell is a "Stiles"?" Mrs Martin asked in confusion, causing the mates to chuckle.

"That would be me, Stiles Stilinski," Stiles introduce himself, holding his hand out for the woman to shake.

"Oh, of course, I'm so sorry! You're the sheriff's son, right?" The woman asked, shaking his hand.

"That's right, and this is my boyfriend, Derek." Stiles announced as she released his hand, and turned to shake Derek's.

"Pleasure to meet you, Mrs Martin." Derek said politely.

"Likewise, come on in, she's upstairs." Natalie said, gesturing for them to enter the house. "She took a little something to ease her nerves. So she might be a little out of it." She warned as they arrived at Lydia's bedroom door.

She knocked on the door softly while pushing it open. "Honey, Stiles is here to see you." Lydia turned and sat up.

"Stiles!" She exclaimed happily, "I need cuddles! Hi Der-Bear." She then flopped back into her previous position as if nothing had happened.

"You can go in." She said.

"Thanks." Stiles said as Natalie left the room, making a point of leaving the door open behind her.
"What are you doing there? I need cuddles!" She demanded, holding out her right arm, as her left one supported her head. "You to Der-rek" She slurred.

Stiles chuckled and sat on the edge of the bed. "We wanted to make sure you were okay."

"Why?"

"Because you're my partner in crime Lyd! How are you feeling?"

"I feel..." She slowly sat up and placed an arm around his shoulders, "Fantastic." She giggled. "Derek, get over here!"

Derek walked over and sat next to Stiles on the bed who. "Oh. What-?" Stiles leaned over to investigate the bottle of medication on Lydia's bedside desk "I bet you can't say, uh, "I saw Suzy sittin' in a shoeshine shop" ten times fast."

He challenged Lydia who rolled her eyes and tried to prove him wrong, while Derek rolled is eyes. "I saw Shuzy- I shaw-" Stiles replaced the bottle as Lydia got a look of recognition on her face. "I saw-" She muttered as she flopped onto her arms again.

"What? Lydia, what did you see?" Derek asked, moving so the he was knelt in front of the girl on the floor.

"Something." She whispered

"Something like- Like a mountain lion?" Stiles asked.

"A mountain lion." Lydia repeated.

"Are you sure you saw a mountain lion, or are you just saying that because that's what the police told you?" Derek asked urgently.

"A mountain lion."

Stiles pointed to the stuffed giraffe, which Derek proceeded to pick up and hold in front of Lydia. "What's this?"

"A mountain lion." She stated with a nod.

"Okay." Stiles announced, drawing Lydia's attention to him as Derek put the stuffed animal back in annoyance. "You're so drunk. Oh-" He said in surprise as she fell asleep with her head in his lap.

"Oh?" Derek growled, causing Stiles to roll his eyes.

"Not like that, I was surprised!" He insisted. "You're the only person that I want anywhere near my dick!" "He exclaimed quietly, so that Mrs Martin wouldn't overhear.

"Oh, really? You mean like earlier?" Derek asked huskily.

Stiles groaned softly, tilting his head back. "No! You're not allowed to give me these thoughts when somebody else's head is in my lap!" He announced, forcing himself to think of other, less pleasant things.

Stiles gently lifted her head from his lap, and moved it to her pillow.

"Okay," he said, standing from the bed and grabbing Derek's hand. "I think that we should get
going. We'll let you get back to your PTSD."

"No." Lydia protested drowsily, sitting up. "Stay."

"You want us to stay?" Derek asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, please stay." She begged reaching out a hand. "Please Jackson!" Then proceeded to collapse on to the bed, out cold.

"And, we're done here." Stiles said happily, leaning in to kiss Derek. Then Lydia's phone beeped signalling a text. "D'you want me to get that?" He asked the unconscious girl, while leaning to grab her phone.

"Really, Stiles?"

"It could be important!" Stiles insisted, "It's a text," He said, clicking the screen, which caused a video to play. "I don't know how to-Woah."

"What is it?" Derek asked moving to see the phone. Stiles paused the video on a picture of the Alpha.

"She saw him." Stiles muttered.

"Shit." Derek growled, snatching the phone from Stiles.

"W-what do we do? Should we delete it?" Stiles asked in a nervous whisper.

"No." Derek said firmly.

"W-What? Why not?"

"She could be useful." Derek said.

"How?" Stiles asked in confusion.

"Research, barriers, other things. You see those books?" Derek asked, gesturing to three old looking leather bound books on Lydia's bookshelf.

"Yeah?"

"My mother used to have a set identical to that, they're all in archaic Latin and have a lot of information about supernatural lore and history, It's completely accurate." He walked over to the shelf. "There's little to no dust here, meaning she reads them regularly." He pulled out the first book and opened it to the middle. "No cut out storage area." He replaced the book and walked back to Stiles, "You said it yourself, she's smart, basically a genius. And she's human, so she can help set traps, such as mountain ash barriers or make wolfsbane bullets for your dad."

Derek grabbed Stiles' hand softly. "She's safer knowing what we are so that we can protect her and teach her to defend herself, and she can help us stay alive." He took the phone from Stiles, and place it back on the desk. "Leave it be. Let's go home."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Meanwhile, in the woods, Kate Argent and two other hunters approached the wreckage of the Hale house.
"He wants us to wait." The older male hunter said while lowering his rifle.

"So I've been reminded," Kate said dryly, turning to the hunter. "To death."

"And that means we're not allowed to kill him." The other hunter said.

"But it doesn't mean we can't say hello." Kate said walking towards the house. Shortly after, the front door was kicked in.

"No one home." The elder male hunter said, but Kate chuckled.

"Oh, he's here. He's just not feeling particularly hospitable." She stated knowingly.

"Maybe he's out burying a bone in the backyard." The younger hunter joked.

"Really? A dog joke? We're going there, and that's the best you got?" Kate asked, rolling her eye's. "If you wanna provoke him, say something like, "Too bad your sister 'bit it' before she had her first litter." Too bad she howled like a bitch when we cut her in half!" She yelled the last part, attempting to draw Derek out. After a moment of waiting, they split up to search the house.

"Huh," Kate muttered as she rejoined the other two hunters by the front door five minutes later. "Looks like the mutt has relocated. Let's go, we'll find him soon."

-Stiles was angrily pacing his room, yelling into his phone, leaving Scott a message. "Hey, it's me again. Look, I found something, and I don't know what to do, okay? So if you could turn your phone on right now, that'd be great. Or else I'll kill you. Do you understand me? I'm gonna kill you. And I'm too upset to come up with a witty description about how exactly I'm gonna kill you, but I'm just gonna do it, okay? I'm gonna- ugh! Goodbye." Stiles angrily threw his phone on the bed as Derek watched in amusement from the doorway. Stiles Sighed and flopped onto his chair, resting his arms and head on the backrest.

The sheriff then joined Derek in the doorway, which startled Stiles. "Please tell me I'm gonna hear good news at this parent/teacher thing tonight." He said.

"Depends on how you define 'good news.'" Stiles replied.

"I define it as you getting straight A's with no behavioral issues."

"You might wanna rethink that definition." Stiles recommended with a guilty look on his face.

"'Nuff said." Noah sighed.

"Hey!" Stiles called out, standing from his chair defensively. "In my defense, I've had a lot going on lately! W-with becoming a werewolf, my best friend becoming a werewolf, trying to cope with all of the aggression and lack of control that comes with it. Then there's the Alpha who wants me to kill with him, or he's gonna kill me. While I'm trying to hide my identity from everyone in town, specifically the hunters. Hunters who just happen to be related to one of my best friends, who is dating my other, werewolf, best friend. Another of my best friends, was attacked by the Alpha, got a video of him on her phone and I don't know what to do. So I'm sorry if I don't have perfect grades or a perfect life or a freaking clue on how to get through each day! Okay?" Stiles yelled, flopping face first onto his bed.

Derek rushed over to the bed climbing next to Stiles and coaxed the boy into a hug wordlessly.
Noah cautiously took a step into the room. "L-look son, I'm sorry, I-I didn-"

"Dad, its fine." Stiles said, lifting his head from Derek's chest. "I know that you weren't being mean or anything, I just over reacted. I just get a little overwhelmed at times." Stiles confessed softly.

"I know son, I'm sorry. Hey, we'll talk tonight, I promise." Noah assured before pulling a set of pictures out of his pocket. "But-uh we got a situation."

"What is it?" Derek asked urgently, sitting up, shortly followed by Stiles.

"A camera from a different parking lot picked up a few frames of the alpha."Noah said setting out all three photo's, the final one showing the alpha walking on two legs, "The problem is, we had everyone believing that it was a mountain lion, but-"

"Mountain lions don't do that." Derek stated with a frown.

"And the others have all seen this, the deputy who found it showed everyone on the force, so they all know." The sheriff explained.

Stiles groaned and rolled his head onto Derek's shoulder, while closing his eyes tightly.

"Sorry kiddo, I gotta go right now, but we'll talk later." Noah promised, patting his son's shoulder.

"It's okay, dad, I understand. I love you." Stiles smiled, before lying back down, pulling Derek with him and nuzzling his head to Derek's chest.

"Love you too kiddo, see ya later Derek."

"See you soon sher- Noah." Derek corrected himself at the elder Stilinski's pointed look. They shared a smile, then the sheriff left. Leaving the two wolves alone in the house.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.

So, I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter! Please let me know. Also, should I add a separate little 'Story' with the smutty scenes that I cut out? Please let me know.
Training, sort of

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon. Here you go, after too long of a wait, the pack return.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They shared a smile, then the sheriff left. Leaving the two wolves alone in the house.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"So, Coach Cupcake is interesting." Sheriff Stilinski stated, sitting at the kitchen table, placing two large pizza boxes on said table.

"Coach cupcake?" Stiles asked with a chuckle, setting three plates on the table.

"That's what he likes to be called." The sheriff explained with an eye roll, serving up pizza onto the plates. "Derek, son, grab two beers and a coke from the fridge." Noah called out to Derek, who was washing his hands at the kitchen sink.

"Yes sir," Derek complied, drying his hands as Stiles rolled his eyes.

"Why can't I have one?" Stiles asked, in a too innocent voice. Batting his eyelashes and putting on a puppy dog face. Both the sheriff and Derek rolled their eyes at the boy.

"Because you're underage and I'm the Sheriff." Noah stated as Derek approached the table, placing the drinks down, before taking a seat. He sat next to both Stilinski's, who were directly opposite one another.

"Yeah, but, I can't get drunk, so why does it matter?" Stiles asked while claiming a slice of pizza and shoveling it into his mouth.

"It matters bacau- Wait." The sheriff cut himself off, raising his hand with a confused look on his face. "What do you mean you can't get drunk? How can you not get drunk?"

"Our metabolism." Derek began, pulling his plate closer to himself. "It works faster than that of a normal human. So we get hungrier than most, medications and other substances, such as alcohol, are digested too fast for them to affect us." He explained, finishing by tearing a bite from his pizza.

"Then why do want one so bad?" The sheriff asked Stiles, raising an eyebrow in confusion.

"Because of the principle behind it!"

"Well, at your age, it's still illegal, principle or not." Noah announced, taking a bite of his own pizza, finally.
"Not in dog years!" Stiles argued, a wide grin stretched across his face, while the two elder men looked at him with 'are you kidding me?' looks.

"Fine." The sheriff finally sighed after a few minutes of staring. Before Noah had finished the word, Stiles shot up from the table and made a beeline for the fridge. "How do you put up with him?" The sheriff asked Derek, half jokingly.

Derek shrugged, a grin tugging on his lips. "I guess, because some higher power out there decided that we have to share a soul, so I kinda have to."

"Gee, thanks, love you too!" Stiles drawled, making his way back to the table. Lengthening his claws and using them to remove the bottle cap.

"You know, we have a bottle opener, son." Noah stated, raising an eyebrow.

"This is more fun and efficient." The sheriff didn't reply, simply held out his bottle, pointing the neck towards Stiles, who removed the cap instantly. He then turned to Derek, holding his hand out in offering.

"No thanks." Derek smiled and lengthened his own claws. "I've got my own."

Stiles grinned and sipped his beer. "So how did the conference go?"

The sheriff hummed, taking a swig of his own beer, before replying. "Not too bad, could have been worse." Stiles nodded. "So," The sheriff started, placing his beer back on the table. "The, entire history of the male circumcision?"

Stiles cheeks burned red as both elder males raised their eyebrows at him.

"Hey, how about that mountain lion?" Stiles said trying to deflect the attention from him.

It didn't work.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles was startled a little after 10pm by his phone buzzing on the coffee table. He, Noah and Derek were watching some football game. Well, Derek and Noah were watching the game. Stiles was lying with his head in Derek's lap on the couch, enjoying their company as the sheriff sat in an armchair. He lazily reached over, grabbed his phone then answered it without bothering to check the caller ID.

"Hello?"

"Stiles?" A voice asked through the phone.

"Lydia? Are you okay?" Stiles asked in concern, sitting up on the couch, Derek and Noah looking to him in concern.

"No. I need to talk to you. You and Derek. I know it's late but can I come over? Please?" Her voice was level and smooth, but Stiles knew that she wasn't as collected as she made out.

"Yeah, yeah, of course. What's up?" Stiles asked, biting his lip nervously as Derek rubbed his back soothingly.

"I've found something." Lydia announced, "Something that I.. I can't really explain. But I have a feeling that you can."
"Okay, whatever it is, I'll try to help." Stiles promised, nodding to himself.

"Thanks, I'll be there in 10." She announced, then hung up the phone.

Stiles sighed softly, leaning into Derek. They had spoken about what to do when this situation arose. However, they didn't think that it would happen this quickly. Derek tugged Stiles so the his back was pressed against Derek's chest. Stiles quickly informed his father about what had happened earlier that day and about the picture Lydia had accidentally taken. The three sat in silence for just under 10 minutes. Soon they heard Lydia's car approaching and pull up outside their house. Stiles reluctantly left Derek's comforting arms and headed to the door to let Lydia in.

He got to the door as Lydia was about to knock. The girl blinked as the door suddenly swung open, but gave no other indication that she was startled.

"Stiles," She greeted in a confident tone. Stiles nodded and returned the greeting, then stepped back from the door, silently inviting her in. Lydia straightened her posture and held her head up as she walked into the house. Stiles shut and locked the door behind her, then went to the kitchen and grabbed three bottles of water and a beer from the fridge, before leading her to the living room.

They didn't speak on the way, because neither was sure what to say. Derek had and the sheriff had moved the armchairs so that they were closer to the coffee table and couch. Noah and Derek were each occupying an armchair, Stiles invited himself to sit in Derek's lap and gestured for Lydia to sit on the couch. Stiles distributed the drinks and the group sat in silence, trying to figure out how to start the conversation.

"So," Lydia began after a few moments of awkward silence. "What are you?" She asked confidently, looking calm and collected, but the two wolves could hear the girls heart pounding in her chest. "I know you two are not human." She announced to Stiles and Derek. "At least, not completely. It's apparent by Scott's sudden athletic skill," The redhead, nodded to Stiles "Your sudden change in... interest and," She nodded at Derek. "Your reappearance in town, right after your sister's untimely demise, and…" Lydia pulled her phone out of her pocket, unlocked it then held it up so that the two males could see the screen. "This." The screen displayed an image. The image that they had seen the earlier and allowed her to keep. The picture of the alpha. "That's not a mountain lion, or any other animal I've seen. I'm assuming you know about all of this Sheriff, or they probably would have found an excuse to talk alone."

"So." Lydia locked her phone and placed it in her pocket. "What is it and what the hell are you?"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

It was exactly 6 am and Derek and Lydia were asleep in Stiles bed, with said boy awake between them. Lydia had, understandably, been skeptical at first, but after being shown proof, she was simply curious. The teenage genius' thirst for knowledge could not be sated, as she fired question after question at the wolves. None of the males minded, however, Stiles was happy, not only to have a non-supernatural friend know about the supernatural aspect of his life, but a friend who actually wanted to learn about the supernatural world as much as he did. Sure his dad wanted to know some stuff specific to Stiles and others like him, but they had an unspoken 'If I don't need to know, don't tell me.' rule set in place. Scott wanted no part in it all, and Derek grew up with it. Lydia being in the know was refreshing. Now Stiles only hoped that if and/or when Allison finds out, the girl will have a similar reaction to the red head.

The other two were just happy that there was someone who could keep up with Stiles' conversations.
The three younger people in the house were a tangled mess of limbs above the covers on Stiles Stilinski's bed. Stiles was nestled in the middle, lying on his side, Derek, who was shirtless and only wearing sweat pants, was spooning him. One of Derek's arms was tossed over Stiles' waist and resting on Lydia's pale arm. Lydia was facing Stiles, her head nuzzled against his chest. Lydia had a leg tossed over the couple, her foot hooking around Derek's ankle. The girl was clad in an oversized t-shirt that belonged to Derek and a pair of Stiles' sweat pants. Stiles himself was wearing his Batman pajamas.

"Hey kiddo, Derek, time to-" The sheriff swung open Stiles and Derek's bedroom door, faltering when he noticed the teenage redhead lying on the couple's bed. "Wake up."

"Good morning dad." Stiles greeted softly, smiling brightly at his dad before gesturing to Lydia, who, along with Derek, was slowly waking. "She got lonely on the couch"

"Right." The sheriff sighed, unconvinced. "I'll go make breakfast."

"No! We don't want Lydia to be poisoned, I'll be down in a minute." Stiles insisted, despite knowing that that's what his dad wanted him to say. The sheriff nodded and turned to leave, but Stiles stopped him. "Wait. it's 6am on a Saturday. Why are you waking me up?"

"You and Derek are going to be training today, and if she'd like, Lydia can learn some basic self defence too." Noah said simply and left the room.

"O-kay." Stiles drawled, stretching out between his pack mates- wait. Pack mates? Where did that come from?- and sighing in content. "You guys up?"

"No." Lydia groaned, pressing her face further into Stiles' chest. Derek chuckled into Stiles' hair and used his thumb to trace shapes on Lydia's arm, specifically a triskele. Silently and discretely claiming her as a part of their makeshift pack.

"Come on Little miss genius, time to get up." Stiles whispered into the girls hair.

Lydia groaned, but pulled away from her best friend and yawned, stretching her body out. "Fine, I'm gonna need a good breakfast if we're gonna be working out all day."

"Yup, don't worry. I'm a great cook." Stiles announced confidently.

Lydia hummed, flipped her hair over her shoulder and left the room. She paused at the doorway and turned to look at Stiles. "Can we stop by my house before we start, I don't really feel like working out in heels and a skirt."

"Yeah, of course. No problem."

-An hour later, the sheriff, Stiles, Derek, Lydia and Scott (Whom the sheriff had invited over) were sat around in the kitchen, enjoying Stiles' homemade pancakes.

"So you actually got a picture of the alpha?" Scott asked Lydia in shock.

"Mmm hm" Lydia hummed and nodded her head slightly. "I already knew something was up, based on your 'oh so subtle' changes," Lydia drawled sarcastically, causing Scott to turn sheepish. "Then there were other clues that helped me figure out something out of the ordinary was going on. I'll admit, I didn't think it was anything supernatural, because I didn't believe in all of that." The redhead shrugged and shoveled a forkful of pancake into her mouth.
"Just how smart are you?" Scott asked incredulously. He had always thought that the Queen B wasn't very smart, just smart enough to pass her classes, and rather clueless. However, it appears that Stiles was right in his proclamations that the girl was a genius, or at least, a lot wiser than she let on.

Everyone else around the table chuckled, well, Stiles burst into hysteric laughter and almost choked on his food, but the others chuckled.

"I've been asked that question a lot lately." Lydia uttered, shaking her head. "I guess I played my role perfectly, huh?"

"Yeah, well, you don't have to pretend anymore. At least, not around us." Stiles assured with a soft smile.

Lydia hummed and continued eating her breakfast. "These are really good, Stiles" Lydia complimented as she mopped some syrup off of her plate with a pancake.

"I kn'w w'ight?" Scott agreed around a mouthful of chewed up pancakes.

"Gross," Lydia commented whilst cringing, pointing her fork at him. "Don't do that." The redhead demanded, taking a bite of her pancake, making a point of closing her mouth as she chewed. Scott just rolled his eyes at her.

"Oh, Lydia," The sheriff started after a moment, wiping his mouth with a napkin. "There's some clothes of the coffee table in the living room that you can wear for working out, they belonged to Stiles mother. They're clean and look to be about your size, if you'd like? And there's a pair of sneakers that she brought, a size too small by mistake, size 7?" He asked hopefully.

Lydia nodded in confirmation smiled gratefully at the sheriff. "Yeah, that's my size, that'd be great, thanks. It saves me having to go to my house." Truthfully, the teen didn't really have any 'working out' clothes. She had skirts and tank tops for warm weather and a couple of pairs of flats. Only one pair or shorts, but no sweatpants or sneakers. She was definitely going to invest in some, though. Lydia had been interested in fitness and working out more, but, in order to maintain her image, she spent the majority of her free time with 'friends' and Jackson. Now she had another option, she was taking it. It had always been drilled into her head that the only way to get people to like you is to always look beautiful, hang around with the 'right' people, date a hot, athletic guy and don't appear to be too smart. Her life was flooded with fashion magazines, shopping trips, fake friends and dieting. Through all of that time, Lydia wished for true friends who accepted her for who she really was, who could see though her perfectly painted mask and wanted to know the real Lydia Martin. Now, it looks like she has found them. Of course, she's not going to drop her guard completely, that would be foolish, but maybe, just maybe, she can start letting down some of her walls and stop pretending to be someone that she's not.

"So, I was thinking that we could go out to the preserve, it's still private property, so there shouldn't be anyone around. That way, the three of you don't have to worry about letting your supernatural sides slip out a little." Noah suggested whilst finishing off his pancakes. Yes, the sheriff was eating pancakes. Stiles had decided (Been convinced by Derek, Noah and Lydia) that there is no need to keep the sheriff on a constant rabbit diet, as he could hear his father's heartbeat. Stiles can hear it beating strong and rhythmically and would know instantly if something was wrong.

"Yeah, there's -um-" Derek began, placing his fork down on his empty plate. "There's this place, out in the preserve, well it's really just a field, but my mum had it warded by our emissary. We can go and train there and the wards ensure that we can't be seen or heard by any one passing by. The wards will also push people away whilst we're there. Not physically, it just sends out a wave of
energy that causes people to subconsciously avoid it, if they're not intentionally seeking it out." Derek explained, fondly remembering full moon nights spent running around the field with his siblings and other family members. Fully shifted into pure wolf form. It was a rare ability that he and both of his sisters inherited from their mother. A few of his cousins and one of his uncles also had the ability, but his brothers, father and other relatives couldn't as they hadn't mastered the ability prior to their deaths.

The sheriff nodded, unaware of Derek's thought. "That's perfect, are you sure the wards still work?"

"Yes, they need to be activated by the claws of a Hale, but they work."

"So only you can activate them?" Scott asked for confirmation, thankfully, without food in his mouth this time.

"Yes and no." Derek replied with a slight shrug. At the confused looks around him, Derek continued. "Hale just refers to a member of the Hale pack. For example, Stiles, you and I are a part of the same pack, as we are mates. However, you wouldn't be able to activate the wards for two reasons. 1) We haven't completed the bond yet. 2) The pack isn't complete without an Alpha, so we're technically Omega's, even if we have others whom we consider pack."

Stiles and Lydia both nodded in understanding, absorbing the information, whilst Scott and the Sheriff looked slightly confused.

"Right." The Sheriff drawled, standing up from the table. "Well you guys go get changed, I'll take care of the pots. Scott and Stiles can change in Stiles' room, then it's between Lydia and Derek over who uses my room and who uses the bathroom." Stiles looked like he was about to protest, but Noah cut him off. "No arguing, We're going as early as possible because I'm at work at 6, so we need to be as productive as possible. I don't trust you to not distract Derek as you change. However, I do trust you to keep Scott from lying down and going to sleep, now go." Stiles sighed and muttered something under his breath, then made his way upstairs, Scott trailing behind him.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Ten Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles groaned as he was tossed to the ground by Derek, Scott landing next to him a second later. Scott flipped up and charged at Derek immediately, only to be thrown down again. Stile flipped to his feet and charged at Derek, preparing to jump over the elder wolf. At the last second, a mere half a meter from Derek, Stiles dropped, hitting the ground and sliding through Derek's slightly parted legs. Stiles didn't hesitate once through, he swung around and kicked Derek in the back of his right knee. As Derek stumbled to the ground, Scott ran over to the pair and sent his elbow crashing down between Derek's shoulder blades, keeping the wolf down long enough for Lydia to arrive. Lydia started to approach the three, the second Stiles got the upper hand. Once Derek was subdued, Scott and Stiles stepped back and the redhead did her part.

Remembering what she had read and been told, Lydia allowed herself to visualise her intended result. Keeping her eyes firmly on Derek, the girl tightened her fist briefly and shot her hand into the air. She released a handful of mountain ash that looked like it would barely fill an ash tray. But she didn't allow herself to think that, simply kept envisioning that perfect circle that would protect her pack.

To her, only slight, surprise, it worked. Derek was trapped in the circle, unable to break free or harm anyone (In the case that he really was a bad guy.)

"Great job," The Sheriff complimented, accompanied by a clap of his hands. "Now, Lydia, we just
need to train you with some self defense because there won't always be one guy to face."

"And they won't always be subdued by mountain ash." Derek announced, his tone tense and posture stiff. "Speaking of which, can you get me out of here?" It was more of a demand than a question, but with how Derek was behaving, Lydia couldn't bring herself to care.

Scott was half tempted to make a joke about leaving Derek in there, but even he could see that something was up with Derek, so he bit his tongue. Something was wrong, but Scott was too afraid to ask.

Lydia quickly moved to break the circle and free Derek from his imprisonment. The second she did, Derek all but leapt out of the trap, all signs of discomfort rapidly draining from his body. "That's how they did it." Derek announced, eyes fixed on the ground as if it was the most interesting thing on the planet. He didn't really want to explain this to them yet, but he needed to get it over with before they start staring at him like a kicked puppy and bombarding him with questions. "The hunters, t- they- fuck." Derek sighed, still refusing to look up. "They trapped my family in the basement by surrounding all the exits with mountain ash. So that they couldn't escape as their own home burnt down around them."

No one knew what to say. There wasn't really anything that the could say that wouldn't sound cheesy or insincere or patronising. "Next time, someone else gets closed in by mountain ash." He mumbled before looking up with a face of stone. "Now, time to teach Lydia some self defense. You ready?" He asked the girl, not giving her chance to reply before starting his 'lesson'.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

8pm that evening, Scott was sat in an armchair, wearing a clean pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt. The other arm chair was occupied by Lydia's jacket, the girl in question was out of the room, originally getting changed, but the boys heard her phone ring, so she was taking a while. Stiles and Derek were snuggling on the couch, Stiles in his usual Batman pajamas and Derek in only a pair of sweats. Three large pizza boxes sat on the coffee table, two of which were empty, the other one wasn't far behind. Empty bottles of coke were scattered across the table in disarray, a random movie was playing on the TV, but no one was really paying attention to it. They were all exhausted, drained of energy by their hectic day.

Lydia shuffled into the room, her phone clenched in her hand. "So, Allison is close to finding out about werewolves." She announced, gathering the attention of the males in the room while snatching another slice of now lukewarm pizza. "She was just telling me about all this stuff she learnt about her family's history and an old legend that's related to them or something." Lydia paused, taking a large bite of pizza. Unlike Scott, she actually waited until her mouth was empty to continue. "She asked me about some stuff, thankfully it was all stuff that I could back up with a set of book that I own. Well, I could if Allison knew Archaic Latin." Lydia shrugged and finished her pizza. "Anyway, there was some other stuff but that can wait until the morning. I'm going to bed." Lydia announced, stifling a yawn before grabbing her jacket, leaving the room and heading upstairs.

"She's going to our room, isn't she?" Stiles asked Derek after a moment. "Yes." Was the grumbled reply. Stiles yawned and stretched out. "Guess we're in for another puppy pile tonight."

"Werewolves don't have puppy piles." Derek protested with a slight growl.

"Keep telling yourself that, Sourwolf." Stiles half teased as he stood up to go to bed. "C'mon Scotty, bedtime." Scott stood with a slight wobble and moved towards the stairs. Apparently too tired to fully register what was going on. Stiles and Derek made quick work of turning off the tv
and making sure the doors and windows were locked, before climbing the stairs and joining their makeshift pack in what totally was a puppy pile.

The group slept through the night, blissfully unaware of the pair of glowing red eyes, glaring at the house.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"I could feel his anger, like, actually feel it. Not directed at me, just, strong anger, especially when he drew the spiral." Scott babbled on Sunday night, relaying his experience with the alpha to Derek and Stiles who had been waiting for him when he got home. Scott had gone over to Allison's house to help her learn more about her family history, hoping that helping her find out about everything would make her lean more towards her friends than psychotic family.

Derek and Stiles tensed at the mention of the spiral, Derek more so. "Wait, what? What'd you just say?" He asked for confirmation.

"H-he drew this-spiral on the window of my car. In the condensation, you know? What? You have this look, like you know what it means." Scott stated.

"It means revenge."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next day at School, things were easier for most people. People who embraced the comfort of false security in believing that the animal behind the recent attacks, was dead. The same couldn't be said for Scott, Stiles and Lydia. Yet, they managed to keep pretending during the day and kept it together. The three were wearing matching leather jackets. All of which Stiles had 'borrowed' from Derek. "He has four more, he won't care."

"He has seven identical leather jackets?" Lydia asked incredulously and they joined Allison and Jackson at their lunch table.

"One for each day of the week." Stiles grinned.

"The what of who?" Jackson asked Allison incredulously as Lydia sat next to him.

"The Beast of Gévaudan," Allison repeated excitedly gesturing to the book in her hands.

"It's the historical name associated with the man-eating wolf, dog or wolf-dog hybrid" Lydia started, earning her a pleasantly surprised look from Allison and a confused look from Jackson. "which terrorised the former province of Gévaudan in the Margeride Mountains in south-central France between 1764 and 1767."

"That's right," Allison nodded with a smile "La Bête was estimated to have been behind 210 attacks; resulting in 113 deaths and 49 injuries; 98 of the victims killed were partly eaten. The beast became so infamous, that King Louis XV sent two professional wolf-hunters to Gévaudan. Over the next four months the pair hunted for Eurasian wolves believing them to be the beast. However, as the attacks continued, they were replaced in June 1765 by François Antoine, the king's harquebus bearer and Lieutenant of the Hunt."

"On September 20, 1765, Antoine had killed his third large grey wolf measuring 31 in high, 5 ft 7 in long, and weighing 130 lb. The wolf, which was named Le Loup de Chazes, was said to have been large for a wolf, like, really. They identified this wolf as the culprit by attack survivors who recognised the scars on its body, that they'd inflicted by defending themselves."
"The wolf was stuffed and sent to Versailles where Antoine was received as a hero, receiving a large sum of money as well as titles and awards." Lydia took over again, "However on December 2, 1765, another beast severely injured two men. A dozen more deaths are reported to have followed attacks by la Besseyre Saint Mary"

"Interesting, really," Jackson snarked and turned to Allison, "What does any of this have to do with your family?"

"It is believed that the actual La Bête was trapped and killed by a renowned hunter who claimed that his wife and four children were the first to fall prey to the creature. He shot the creature with a blessed silver bullet of his own manufacture and upon being opened, the animal's stomach was shown to contain human remains." Allison recited from the book then looked up at Jackson who was raising an eyebrow. "His name was Argent."

Jackson rolled his eyes and looked unimpressed, "Your ancestors killed a big wolf, so what?" He smirked, "My ancesto-" Allison cut him off whilst turning the page of her book.

"Not just a big wolf. Take a look at this picture." She demanded and held the open book up for him and the others to see. "What does that look like to you?" Lydia's breath caught in her throat and the two werewolves at the table could hear her heart speeding up as her eye's fixed on the red eyed monster in the picture. She vaguely heard Jackson say something about a big wolf. She could hear her name being called, but didn't register it until a familiar hand settled on her arm.

"Lydia?" Jackson's voice cut through her daze. All trace of asshole gone, this was the real Jackson, her Jackson was here, making sure that she was okay. Lydia looked up at him and felt comfort at the concern swimming in his eyes. "What's wrong."

"That picture," She said, glancing at Stiles who gave her a slight nod, understanding her unspoken question. "It looks," She fished her phone out of her pocket, finding the picture of the alpha and holding it next to the other picture. "Like this."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Okay, you ready?" Lydia asked, phone in hand with a grin on her face.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Scott asked nervously as his hands were taped together behind his back. Lydia had decided that she was going to make it her personal science project to understand and possibly control the shift. So, she had Stiles steal one of coach's heart monitors. She hooked said heart monitor to Scott first, as she and Stiles were out for a little revenge.

"Yes." Lydia said confidently, sharing a smirk with Stiles. "Besides, consider this payback." Scott's eyes widened so fast, Stiles wouldn't have been surprised if they had bulged out slightly, like in cartoons.

"For what?"

"For ditching school with Allison." Stiles stated calmly, picking up a Lacrosse stick.

"Preventing us from seeing out best friend on her birthday." Lydia smiled, handing Stiles the first ball, satisfied at Scott's petrified look. "Then getting caught, so now we can't see her outside of school."

"Ready?" Stiles asked, not giving Scott a chance to reply before hurtling the first ball, which hit Scott hard in the gut. Lydia laughed wholeheartedly as Stiles continuously hit Scott with Lacrosse balls, unaware of Jackson and Allison watching them.
After about five minutes, Scott's heart rate was dangerously high, his two best friends could tell that he was close to shifting as he fell to knees. "Scott?" Allison's voice call out in concern. Immediately, Scott's heart rate began to slow down. Stiles and Lydia shared a surprised, but knowing look as Ally jogged over to them, as Jackson sauntered behind her. "Are you alright?" She asked, shooting a wide eyed glance to her best friends.

"Yeah, I'm fine It's not what it looked like. They were helping me." Scott explained dazedly as he stumbled to his feet.

"Helping?"

"Yeah,"

Stile took over, trying to defend himself. "Scotty here, needs to increase his pain tolerance." Stiles flailed his arms around wildly, trying to justify their actions. "We were just helping him out so that during games, he can get through without collapsing in pain every thirty seconds."

"And, what if you hurt him too much?" Allison asked, folding her arms and raising an eyebrow.

"We wouldn't do that." Stiles insisted.

"Besides, we've got him hooked up to a heart monitor, we'd know if something was wrong." Lydia stated with a slight shrug, holding up her phone for Allison and Jackson, who had finally reached the group, to see.

"And, Scott's mum is a nurse and she made sure that Scott and I know basic first aid." Stiles stated and Scott nodded in agreement.

"It's true, she even test's us every three months to make sure that we remember everything." Scott went to move his hands, only to realise that he couldn't. Allison giggled and helped Scott dispose of the tape.

"Exactly," Stiles beamed, ignoring the tape on Scot's wrists, then gestured to Lydia. "Besides, I'm pretty sure that Lydia has probably learned how to help heart attack victims, just because she was bored."

Lydia smirked. "Nope, I wanted to learn about that, it was epileptics that I learnt about because I was bored. Although, I'm glad that I did because a week later, Erica Reyes had a seizure in class, it was actually rather terrifying. I was the only one who knew what to do. Not even the nurse was sure about how to help as we waited for the ambulance." Lydia ended with an annoyed glare at the ground. "After that, I tried to invite her to sit with me at lunch and during class, but she thought I was pitying her, so always said no."

"Don't take it personally, she acted the same way when Scott and I tried to befriend her during middle school." Stiles informed her, sadness and disappointment seeping into his voice.

"Well, I was gonna try to switch so I could work with Scott, but now I'm not so sure." Allison said shyly, and looked around at her friends, who looked slightly confused. "Erica is my lab partner."

In that moment, the group came to an unspoken unanimous decision. They would do everything in their power to befriend Erica Reyes and Allison was the perfect start to that goal.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"You think he's the alpha?!!"
"We're about to find out."

"What was that?"

Howl

"DEREK!"

"Stiles! Run!" Arms grabbing him.

Being dragged from his mate.

"Derek"

"Not dead."

"No.

"Derek."

"Lydia, I'm going alone."

"No, Allison. Something isn't right and Scott is my friend. I'm going, you and Jackson wait here."

Lydia insisted as she marched towards the school. She had gotten a text from Stiles earlier asking that she go to the school with some mountain ash, hoping to trap the Alpha. She had just changed into jeans, sneakers, a t-shirt and the leather jacket that she had 'borrowed' from Derek, when Jackson showed up, surprising her, planning on a date night.

At almost half past 8, the couple made their way to Allison's house after learning that Erica had
never shown up at Allison's to work on their project. Worried that the girl had been victim to another seizure, they planned to go check the girl was okay, only to be informed that Scott had requested that Allison meet him at the school.

Immediately, alarms sounded in Lydia's mind, but nothing she could say would convince the other two not to go. She couldn't exactly tell them that there was a psychotic murderous Alpha werewolf who's into team work out their killing people and trying to convince Scott and Stiles, who are teenage werewolves, to join his pack. At least, not without them driving her straight to Eichen House.

"Lydia, he asked me to meet him, I'm sure everything is okay. J-just, let me do this. Okay? He's my boyfriend and I'd really like to talk to him alone" Allison practically begged, giving Lydia her best puppy dog eye's.

Lydia smiled sympathetically and placed a comforting hand on Allison's arm. "I completely understand Ally," Allison returned a warm, grateful smile. "But no." The smile immediately disappeared and was replaced with a pissed off look.

Lydia removed her hand from Allison and began to stride towards the school again. Until Jackson called out. "Wait."

She sighed and turned towards him. "What?"

"Do you see that?"

"See what?" Allison asked in confusion. It was then that Lydia noticed that Jackson wasn't looking at them. "The hood on that piece of crap jeep looks crappier than usual." The three walked towards the Jeep and found that the hood was completely bent with claw marks all over. Jackson traced the claw marks the claw marks with his hands.

"What is that?" Allison asked. "I thought the mountain lion was dead."

"It's not a mountain lion." Lydia all but growled. "It never was." She moved to the passenger side door of the Jeep and opened the door. "He really should lock this thing." she muttered as she leaned into the vehicle. "But at least now I have more that just magic fairy dust.

"What are you doing?" Jackson asked his girlfriend incredulously, "Getting weapons." Was the reply Lydia gave as she retrieved a cloth covered box from the glove compartment. The box itself was made of mountain ash, the felt on the inside had been soaked in wolfsbane. The box contained a customised Nickel Taurus PT92 with a Mountain Ash grip. The gun held 18 9mm wolfsbane bullets. 17 in the clip, 1 in the chamber. The cloth around the box was specially designed to keep the wolfsbane and mountain ash from affecting Stiles as he drove. The gun itself was kept in the car as a backup for the Sheriff, if he ever needed it. Lydia was taught to use it as a precaution in the event she needed it desperately. She was sure that this was a justifiable reason.

"Woah." Allison and Jackson gasped in unison as they noticed the gun. Although, Allison's was more admiration than horror.

"Relax, I know what I'm doing." Lydia stated with an eye roll, making sure the safety was on before tucking the gun into the back of her jeans.

"Nickel Taurus PT92, right? Semi-Automatic. "Allison asked with intrigue, "It must be customised though, based on the grip. Can I take a look?" Lydia gave an impressed look and hand Allison the
"That's right. Mountain ash." Lydia informed her best friend before continuing to search through the glove box. "You know about guns?"

"Yeah, my dad's a firearms dealer, registered of course, he taught me a thing or two." Allison stated with a smirk.

"Perfect, that one's mine, but you can use this." Lydia handed Allison a second gun. "Beretta 92FS." Allison took the gun, giving Lydia her own back.

"Good weight." Allison commented, handling the gun. She checked the clip quickly. "15 bullets. 9mm." She returned the clip and continued inspecting the gun "Double action." She nodded to herself. "This'll do."

"Do I get anything?" Jackson asked defensively.

"Have you ever handled a gun?" Lydia asked incredulously, raising an eyebrow. Jackson started to say something but she interrupted. "A real gun?" Jackson grumbled. "This is not time for games or messing around. My friends are in trouble. If I have the chance to help them, I'm going for it."

"Are you sure that you know what you're doing?" Jackson pressed, in slight annoyance.

"The Sheriff, Stiles, Derek and even Scott have been helping me learn self defense and how to handle weapons, including guns. If I'm going to use that knowledge for anything, it will be to help them!"

"If you're so convinced that something is wrong, shouldn't we be calling the sheriff?" Jackson demanded.

"No. He's working. The only way that he'll be able to help is if he comes with others. That'll just make things worse. Trust me. Please Jacks, if you're ever gonna trust me, for once in your life, then trust me now." Lydia insisted. "You can stay here, or you can take this." She grabbed Stiles' wooden baseball bat from the back seat and handed it to Jackson. "And help us save our friends." She grabbed the spare flashlight, a leather pouch and two gun holsters from the glove compartment. "You got a belt?" Allison nodded. "Good, take this." Lydia demanded, handing the girl one of the holsters.

She wrapped the strap of the other holster around her right thigh and secured her gun. Lydia proceeded to attach the pouch to her belt, retrieve the plastic bag of mountain ash from her a bag and pour some of it into the pouch. To their credit, neither Jackson nor Allison questioned her this time, just stood back and watched. Lydia sealed the pouch and bag securely, placing the bag in her back pocket for back up. She placed her phone in the other back pocket, pulled a hair bobble from her bag, dumped her bag on the seat, tied her hair back, then shut the car door. "We've got work to do." She stated, turning on the flashlight and marching towards the school.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Scott?" Allison called out. But was immediately shushed by Lydia. That effort was proven pointless when Allison's phone rang. "Stiles?"

"No, it's me, where are you?" Scott asked urgently.

"At the school, why weren't you at my place?"
"Where are you right now?"

"On the first floor."

Lydia snatched the phone from Allison. "Scott, it's Lydia, we're near the science labs. Not far from the pools. Where is he?"

"I don't know, we trapped him, but he got out. Get to the lobby, we'll meet you there." Lydia quickly agreed and hung up the phone, heading to the arranged meeting place.

"Why did you come, what are you doing here?" Scott asked Allison the second he saw her.

"Because you asked me to."

"What?" Allison held up her phone, showing him the message. "Why do I get the feeling that you didn't send this text message?"

"Because I didn't."

"What' going on, if you didn't send this, then who did?" Jackson demanded angrily.

Lydia, Stiles and Scott shared a knowing look as creaking sounded above them. Scott grabbed Allison's hand and pulled her out of the way. "Run." The couple and Jackson took off in a sprint, unaware that Stiles and Lydia had stayed behind, until they heard a gunshot. They spun around to see Lydia aiming her gun and Stiles charging at a large beast with glowing red eyes.

The injured, packless Alpha was quickly overpowered by Stiles. Lydia was able to shoot the Alpha in the leg and stomach, causing the Alpha to collapse in pain, which is when Lydia moved in to create the mountain ash circle. Unfortunately, she got too close and the Alpha's clawed hand grabbed her ankle, and he pulled her to the floor.

"Lydia!" Several voices cried out and she heard footsteps rushing towards her. They weren't quick enough. Lydia cried out in pain as claws and teeth dug into her sides.

Furious howls flooded the school as the Alpha was torn off of her by Scott and Stiles. Despite her pain, Lydia staggered to her feet, and approached the fighting wolves. By the time she was close enough, the alpha had been rendered unconscious.

"Stand back" Lydia gasped out, hand clenched around a handful of mountain ash. Scott and Stiles did as they were told, just in time for a circle of mountain ash to fall around the beast.

"What happened? What is that?" Jackson asked in anger a fear.

"It's a werewolf. More specifically, an alpha" Stiles stated, standing up and turning to face his friends. "The same alpha that turned me." Stiles was fully wolfed out. Glowing eyes, claws, fangs, everything. Jackson jumped backwards in fear, and Allison stared in shock.

"And me." Scott announced nervously, Allison looked at him with a soft gasp. However, she didn't run away screaming like Scott had expected, instead, she stepped closer, until she was close enough to place a hand on his cheek, eye's drinking in every feature on her boyfriends face.

"So, that's how you beat me to my house, on your bike." She whispered, causing Scott to chuckle, his nerves melting away.

"Yeah, I guess that wasn't very subtle, was it?" Allison giggled and shook her head, giving her
boyfriend a chaste kiss. When she pulled away, Scott's face was normal again.

Stiles and Lydia chuckled at the exchange, whilst Jackson remained horrified and slightly catatonic. Stiles went to make a witty comment, but suddenly his head shot towards Lydia, who was swaying on her feet.

"Something's not right." She breathed out, before collapsing. Stiles lunged forward, catching the girl before she could hit the floor.

"Stiles?" A familiar voice called out. Gaining the attention of all of the conscious people in the room.

"Derek." Stiles sighed in relief as his mate staggered into view.

"What happened?" Eyes fixed on the bleeding Lydia, Derek approached them. He paused halfway there when a scent hit him. Derek's heart sped up, his eye's flashed blue and his breath caught in his throat. "You caught him."

"Yeah. But he got Lydia. She's been bitten. Sh-she passed out. The bite can either turn you, or kill you. Right? What does this mean? Is she going to die?" Derek ripped his eye's from his sister's killer and looked at the teenage genius he had already begun to care for.

"I don't know. If her body was rejecting the bite she would be throwing up black blood. If her body was accepting it, we'd be able to smell her scent changing by now." Derek's voice was soft as he knelt down, running his hand through the girls hair.

"W-what the hell is all of this? You're a part of this too? Is Lydia going to become what you are?" Jackson demanded in fear and anger. Before anyone could reply, a cold, dangerous voice spoke up.

"Well, well, well, isn't this interesting." Kate Argent stood in the opening to the room, heavily armed, flanked by Chris Argent and around ten other hunters. "Turns out that there's more mutt's than we thought Chris. And our little Ally is amongst them."

Chapter End Notes

I am SO SORRY for the HUGE delay!!! But from now on, unless stated otherwise. A new chapter will be up each week, between Friday 10am and Monday 1am, London time, that is.
This Is My Pack

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

"Well, well, well, isn't this interesting." Kate Argent stood in the opening to the room, heavily armed, flanked by Chris Argent and around ten other hunters. "Turns out that there's more mutt's than we thought Chris. And our little Ally is amongst them."

The Argents show up at the school and Allison Learns more about her family than she ever thought she would. Also, Erica get's to know the pack.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Well, well, well, isn't this interesting." Kate Argent stood in the opening to the room, heavily armed, flanked by Chris Argent and around ten other hunters. "Turns out that there's more mutt's than we thought Chris. And our little Ally is amongst them."

Allison took a cautious step closer to Scott. "Dad? Kate? What are you doing here?!!" Allison demanded in confusion and suspicion.

"I could ask you the same thing." Chris stated, aiming his gun at the Alpha. "You shouldn't be here Allison. You don't know what they are. What that is." He glared at Derek then the Alpha. "They're dangerous."

"You're the ones who seem dangerous from where I'm standing." Allison stated, gesturing to the weapons each hunter held. Some of which were being pointed at her and her friends. "I know full well what they are. No thanks to you." Kate made a move to speak, but Allison didn't let her. "I had no idea that the Alpha would be here. Lydia, Jackson and I were lured here. If it wasn't for Lydia, I would have just walked in here unarmed and probably died. Stiles and Lydia saved me," "And Lydia got bitten in the process." Kate snarled. "She's a monster now," Kate loaded her assault rifle and nodded to Derek and Stiles. "They already are. Now, they all need to be put down."

"No." Allison and Chris hollered in unison.

"We live be the code. They haven't hurt anybody. Nous chassons ceux qui nous chassent." Chris stated, and recognition flared in Allison's eyes.

"We hunt those who hunt us." Allison stated, wide eyed, discretely turning the safety off on her gun. "So, why are there guns aimed at my friends? None of them have hurt anyone!"

"That one has," Kate smirked at Derek. "He's the reason his family are dead."

"He's not the one who set the house on fire." Allison yelled without thinking, Kate's face contorted to a look of anger and betrayal.

"He told me everything I needed to know, actually believed I had feelings for him. It's his fault that
they're dead not mine." She hollered back at her niece.

Chris turned to Kate in anger "What did you do?"

"What you were too weak to!" Kate screamed, finally moving her gun from Lydia.

"The Hale's hadn't done anything wrong, they were a stable Pack that protected the town!" Chris exclaimed, disgust over his sister's actions was clear on his face. "Even if they had done something wrong, there were humans and children in that house Kate. You left two teenagers orphaned-"

"I should have made sure they were inside, too!" Kate yelled in anger, she point her weapon at Derek and laughed maniacally. "Poor little mutt, got tricked by a pretty face. Your family is dead and it's you faul-" Stiles let out an angry roar and attempted to attack Kate, only to be held back.

"Don't you dare talk about my mate like that you psychotic bitch! You are nothing more than a murder who took advantage of a minor. You could go to prison for that alone, seeing as you were definitely, what, 30 when it happened?" Stiles was held back by Scott and Derek as he yelled at the huntress. "You call us monsters, we're not the ones who burnt a family alive in the one place they're supposed to feel safest. And you used a minor to do it, knowing full well that he'd have to carry that guilt for the rest of his life. Even though we both know it wasn't his fault." Stiles shook his head in disgust, glaring at the woman. "You are the monster." He finally stopped struggling and sank into Derek's arms.

Kate scoffed, "This little twerp is who you're stuck with for all eternity? Wow Derek I almost feel sorry for you." It was Stiles' turn to hold Derek back. "Maybe if I hadn't done what I did, you wouldn't feel desperate enough to crawl to the arms of a child." Suddenly Kate laughed outright, as Chris and the other hunters watched in horror. "Oh, wow, you act like I am so disgusting, yet you're doing to him, exactly what I did to you."

"I am nothing like you!" Derek growled. "For one I'm not manipulating him, he is in this relationship because he wants to be. If he wasn't, the Sheriff, Scott, Allison and Lydia would make sure no one would ever find my body."

"I'd help," Jackson stated from where he was holding Lydia protectively. "he may be a hyperactive spaz, but I don't hate him."

Stiles smiled at that as Derek continued. "Second of all, I actually love him. I'm not using him for anything, or have an ulterior motive. I am in love with Stiles Stilinski." Derek pulled Stiles closer to his body and kept a glare on Kate. "The only thing you and I have in common is wanting to catch the alpha, which is done. So fuck off."

Kate laughed and turned to Chris. "Can you believe this?"

"No, I really can't." Kate stopped laughing at her brother's tone. "Stiles is right Kate, we're supposed to live by the code. We are supposed to be the ones protecting people." Chris spat at her. "Not killing them. You are not my sister. Not anymore." Chris nodded to the other hunters who approached Kate with restraints.

"How dare you?" Growled Kate, fighting off the hunters as they tried to subdue her. "How dare you Chris! You'll regret this!" She screamed as she struggled in the hold of two hunters. Unnoticed by everyone in the room, the alpha was startled awake. One of the hunters lost his grip on Kate's arm, allowing her to attack. Chris tried to help the other hunters, but Kate was already loose and armed with another hunter's pistol. However, surrounded by hunters and werewolves, Kate couldn't use either door to escape.
Kate raised her gun, directly at Scott's head. "Come any closer and I shoot and we both know how you are about spilling innocent blood, Chris." Kate taunted, a psychotic look on her face. The others faltered, unsure of what to do. Kate slowly backed towards the window, and consequently, towards the alpha. Hands ready to shoot, and eyes darting around the room, Kate was prepared to escape, even if it meant shooting her way out. She wasn't about to get locked up for doing her job, and definitely not for using some stupid mutt to do it.

Unfortunately, whilst she was concentrating on the group in front of her, she didn't notice her foot disturbing the mountain ash, knocking some of it out of place and breaking the circle. Not until several gasps rang out and Kate felt claws digging into her neck. She dropped her gun in shock and immediately tried to pry the hand away. Allison aimed her gun at the Alpha and the hunters followed her example with their own guns.

Suddenly, Lydia shot up, screaming her lungs out. Scott, Stiles and Derek immediately covered their ears, groaning in pain at the shrill sound. The alpha let out a pained howl and pressed his claws deeper into her neck.

"Lydia? Lydia?" Jackson asked urgently as the girl thrashed about on the floor, still screaming. "Lydia!" Jackson yelled, concern etched onto his face. He held out the 'a' until the girl finally stopped screaming, being brought back to reality by Jackson's voice.

"Jackson?" Lydia asked softly, looking up at him with tear filled eyes.

"Yeah, I'm here, Lyd, I'm here." He whispered reassuringly, pulling the redhead to his body in a tight hug and pressing his lips to the top of her head.

Lydia looked around her, at her pack, all of whom were looking at her in shock and concern. Her eyes locked on the image of Kate being held by the alpha. Lydia pulled away from Jackson, hands gripping her gun and her eyes turned glassy, her voice turning deep and sinister. "You're going to die." Kate's eyes widened and she continued to struggle in the beast's hold.

Her efforts were in vain, as the beast slashed her throat open. Everyone in the room froze in shock for a split second as the alpha dropped her corpse to the ground and leapt out of the window. At the first movement, the hunters, Lydia and Allison shot after him, but he was gone too quickly.

"I think I clipped him, but I can't be sure." Allison sighed, leaning back into Scott.

"What are the murderers doing here?" Lydia demanded, venom oozing from her voice.

"We're not murderers." Chris countered immediately. "Murder is taking the life of an innocent person. We only hunt those who have killed."

The pack, minus Allison who looked disappointed, scoffed at that. "What about Derek's family?" Lydia asked, raising an eyebrow.

"We had nothing to do with that. That was Kate, had I known, she would have been brought to justice for it a long time ago."

"Is there really any justice to such a heinous act?" Lydia countered, fixing the hunter with a glare.

"No, I guess there isn't."

After a few moments of awkward silence, no-one sure what to say or do, Chris spoke up. "Right, listen up, here's what happened. Kate lost it. She saw the five of you," he gestured to the teenagers. "Looking into the Hale fire as part of a school project. She started yelling, accusing you of
knowing too much, demanded to know how you found out. She pulled a gun on you, forced you to come here with her. How many cars did you bring?"

"3, Scott and I came in mine, Jackson brought the girls and Derek drove on his own" Stiles informed him and Chris nodded.

"Right, she had an accomplice, he wore a mask, didn't speak. He was in the backseat of your Jeep, he threatened you with something, something sharp and metallic, you think it was a knife, but you can't be sure, remember, don't be specific. Kate was in the back of Jackson's car with the gun. You said Derek is your mate?" Stiles nodded. "Derek came to the house to drop of a book of yours that you needed for the project. When he got there, he saw you all being forced into the car. He called me, I came with reinforcements. When we got here, Kate and her accomplices were arguing about something. They saw us, the accomplice freaked out, killed Kate and escaped. Understood?"

"I do." Lydia stated, "But there are a few loops in your story there, like, what's with all the bullet holes? Why didn't you call the police before? What happened to my side?" Lydia glared at the hunter.

"I'm a registered firearms dealer and security consultant, we are all legally registered to carry weapons. I was scared that my daughter could get hurt, so rushed into action. You got cut by Kate's accomplice while fighting to escape. It'll be a little harder to explain your weapons, however."

"We'll slip 'em in my car, or to my dad if need be." Stiles dismissed with a wave of his hand. Chris raised his eyebrow and Stile elaborated, a little. "Where do you think we got the guns? Besides, I can't hide them on myself, wolfsbane bullets, Lydia's has a mountain ash grip and there's no way in hell I'm handing them over to you." Stiles rolled his eye's.

"So, the sheriff knows about the supernatural." It was more of a statement than a question, but Stiles felt the need to reply anyway.

"Yes, has done since just after I was bitten." Stiles shrugged. "Plus telling him that Derek and I are mates was the only way to keep him from shooting Derek when he found out we were together."

Chris snorted in slight amusement as he position the gun in Kate's hand. "If I was your dad I would have shot him anyway out of principle. Especially knowing that he would heal fast enough that there'd be no proof I'd done anything." The teenagers, minus Scott, bit back chuckles, even Derek had a slight smirk tugging on his lips. Scott looked incredibly nervous, Chris noticed this and raised an eyebrow, then, his eye's narrowed. "You're one of them, aren't you?"

"Uhh..." Scott's eye's were wide with fear as his eyes rapidly flickered from Chris, to his gun, to Allison, and back.

Chris sighed. "Allison, you're no longer dating this boy."

"Yes, I am." Allison stated simply, rolling her eyes and grabbing Scott's hand.

"Excuse me?" Chris asked in surprise, giving his daughter a double take.

"Derek, how do you know when someone is your mate?" Allison asked, eye's fixed on Scott's, who was smiling dopily at her.

Derek smiled softly, and rested a loving gaze upon Stiles. "You just know. For a werewolf, it feels right, to both you and your wolf. You feel safe, relaxed, when you're with them. They feel-"

"Like home." Scott stated, smiling down at Allison.
"Exactly." Stiles smiled, gazing up at Derek.

"Oh, God. Kill me now." Chris groaned "Call the police," he demanded one of the hunters, who nodded and did as he was told. "Stiles, take Lydia and put away those weapons."

"I need to go too." Allison stated, finally looking away from Scott.

"And, why is that, exactly?"

"Because, I need someone to hold the mountain ash box whilst I wrap it in this cloth that prevents it from affecting Stiles, Derek and Scott." Lydia stated simply.

Chris sighed and shook his head. "Fine, go."

"Oh and dad, if any of our boyfriends are missing, injured or dead by the time we get back, there will be no where on this planet for you to hide." Allison stated with a cheery smile, before leaving with her friends.

"So, Scott," Chris started once his daughter was out of earshot, casually cocking his gun. "What are your intentions with my daughter?"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"You are so grounded! There's gonna be mountain ash on your window for so long, your grand pups will be stuck in that room! Oh wait, you're not gonna have grand pup's because Derek will be sleeping in the guest room! The only time you will see is him is when you stare longingly at each other through a window as you leave for school!" The sheriff yelled at Stiles, who was sheepishly curled up in a ball on an armchair, the rest of his pack, except for Lydia, were spread around the room, taking up most of the space, accompanied by Mr Argent. It was around 2 in the morning, Lydia had been patched up, but had to stay at the hospital. The pack was worried, she wasn't showing signs of accepting nor rejecting the bite. It was as though she was immune. But that's impossible. Right?

"But the alpha broke my Jeep. Scott and I need a way to school while it's getting repaired." Stiles informed him.

"Scott can take his bike."

"Yeah but what about me? I don't have a bike. Besides, what about when the weather is too bad for Scott to take his bike?" Stiles countered, hoping his dad would allow Derek to drive him to and from school. Unfortunately, Mr. Argent spoke up.

"Allison can drive you. She has room in her car and it's not that much of a detour." Chris smiled. "And on the bad weather day's, Jackson and Lydia can pick him up. If they absolutely can't, Allison can get Scott too." The fathers in the room shared triumphant grins.

Allison smiled apologetically at Stiles, who shrugged. It was a long shot, anyway. Allison was sat in the middle of the sofa, Scott to her right, Jackson to her left. Chris Argent was sat in the other armchair, keeping his eyes fixed on Scott. Derek was leaning against the wall behind his mate, keeping a passive look on his face in front of the hunter.

"Right, so. Now that that's over," The sheriff turned towards the older Argents. "What are we going to do about the Alpha? We have a little more leniency thanks to your cover story. The theory around the station is that this accomplice got squeamish when Laura came back to town, worried that she'd figure out that the fire wasn't an accident, so he killed her. We've also found that all of the
victims so far have been involved in the Hale fire, in some way or another, which helps support the theory. Then Kate came into town, trying to make sure that the accomplice didn't give her away, but things went awry, resulting in tonight's events."

Chris nodded, a stoic look on his face. "We should use that as our own angle in searching for him. I doubt that it was a coincidence that all of the victims have that connection. Derek, did anyone else make it out of the fire?"

Derek shook his head, not making eye contact with the hunter. "No, just Laura, Peter and I, Laura's now dead and Peter is comatose." He stated bitterly.

"Are you sure about that?" Allison asked suddenly, drawing everybody's attention to her. "I mean, think about it, it makes sense, the Alpha being Peter or another member of the original Hale pack that survived. The fact of the matter is, you only get that worked up over family. Biological or otherwise. Being driven by revenge is a powerful thing."

"She has a point." Jackson agreed. "If I was comatose for six years after losing my entire family, I doubt that I'd be thinking clearly. First night awake, I find someone with power, a power that can help me get revenge on those who took everything from me." Jackson had a distant look in his eyes, as did the Sheriff.

"Losing family, is the worst thing in the world." Noah stated.

"It's different. Losing pack. It's like losing a piece of yourself." Derek sighed, his voice void of emotion, but Scott and Stiles could feel the pain and grief rolling off of him in waves. "It's worse than losing family or friends. With pack, you develop a sort psychic connection, not to the point of hearing each others thoughts or anything, it's more like, knowing when they're hurt or upset. Even when they're miles away." Derek took a deep breath, barely noticing as Stiles and Scott walked over to him, pulling him towards the sofa. "When they die, it's like that part of you dies with them, there's this emptiness where they were. Going from a huge pack, just there, happy and healthy, to just one other person, who's grieving as much as you are.. It's worse than dying." By the time he had finished speaking, Scott and Stiles had pulled Derek over to the couch.

Allison shifted to where Scott was previously sat, so that they could put Derek in the middle. Derek didn't put up much of a fight as he was sat down, Stiles curled up so that he was half on top of both Derek and Jackson. Allison was lifted slightly as Scott slipped onto the couch, Allison curling so that she was mirroring Stiles' position, only on Scott instead of Jackson. "Lydia is gonna be pissed that she missed out on this puppy pile." Stiles chuckled, curling into his mate's embrace, tangling his legs with Jackson's.

"Werewolves don't have puppy piles, Stiles." Derek muttered, drifting to sleep.

"They totally do." Stiles replied with a grin, following his mate into slumber, the rest of his pack quickly behind.

The two adults looked on in shock "Did that really just happen?" Noah asked in slight shock.

"Yes it did... Do you have any beer?" Noah nodded and led Chris to the kitchen.

'Victoria is not going to be happy about this.' Chris thought as he followed Noah.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"What were you thinking Allison?! You are never seeing any of them again. Do you hear me? How could you let this happen Chris?!!' Victoria Argent screeched at her daughter and husband the
next day. "I can't believe we've had, not one, but two monsters in our house."

"Mum, they are my friends, my pack, Scott is my mate. There is nothing that you can say or do that will keep me from them." Allison announced, crossing her arms defiantly. "And they're not monsters. The real monsters in the town are the Alpha and Kate. Kate's gone, soon the alpha will be to. You might not like it but that's the way it is."

Allison kept eye contact with her mother, silently daring her to argue. Nothing was going to keep Allison from her pack.

"Allison, you will not see those monsters again. If you do, you are no daughter of mine and you will not stay in this house." Victoria announced with a steely glare. Allison and Chris looked at the woman in shock for a second, before Allison nodded.

"Fine." Allison stated and Victoria grinned triumphantly.

"Good gir-"

"I'll go pack my things." Victoria's grin disappeared and Chris looked horrified.

"What?" Chris asked in shock.

"They are my pack, Scott is my mate. I am not giving them up, besides, if this is the way this family really is. I don't want any part of it." Allison stated, shaking her head in shame. Before walking up stairs, leaving her shell shocked parents behind her.

Once in the privacy in her bedroom, Allison closed her bedroom door and leant against it, trying to force back tears. She tried to swallow the lump in her throat. "Come on, Allison, pull it together." She muttered as tears pooled in her eyes. "You're stronger than this." Tears rolled down her face as she continued to mutter. "You are stronger than this." A quiet sob escaped her lips. "You are strong." She let the tears fall as she slid down the door until she was sitting. Allison pulled her knees up to her chest, trying to muffle her sobs. After around ten minutes, she stopped crying, looked up and nodded to herself. "I am strong." She stated with determination and pushed herself to her feet.

She marched to her closet, and started pulling out her clothes, throwing them to her bed, she then grabbed a suitcase from the bottom left corner. Within fifteen minutes Allison had all of her essential and most prized possessions packed into her suitcase and school bag. She now held her phone to her ear as she waited for her friend to pick up. Unaware that her parents were stood in her now open doorway.

"Stiles? Hey, um I need your help." Allison felt the tears return and her voice wavered. "I-I can't stay here anymore. I was given a choice, give up on pack or leave this house. I-I didn't really have a choice, I couldn't just walk away from you guy's and I can't stay in a house with liars and killers." Tears of anger and sorrow streaked her face, as she spoke to her best friend. "Th-they call you mutts and monsters but they don't seem to realise that not all monsters do monstrous things. So, what-what I'm trying to ask is can I stay with you for a while? Thanks, I'll see you soon." Allison hung up and turned around, finally noticing her parents. Her dad made a move to speak, but Allison raised her hand in a signal to stop and shook her head.

Allison picked up her bags and walked passed her parents, and left the house without looking back.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"So, I was thinking, me and some friends are off out to a diner later, then we're going to nerd
around at a comic book store." Allison informed Erica as they sat on the blonde girls bed on Thursday afternoon, working on the last part of their chemistry project. School had been out since the incident with the alpha and wouldn't be back until Monday. Now that Lydia was allowed out of the hospital, the pack were going to be taking advantage of it.

"O-oh, I'm sorry, you can go when y-you need, I'll finish up." Erica stuttered nervously, causing Allison's eyes to widen.

"No, no, no. I was going to ask if you want to come with us?" Allison corrected quickly. "I've really enjoyed hanging out with you, and you have awesome taste in, like, everything." Allison grinned, gesturing around to room to her posters and book shelves. "I didn't know that anyone other than Stiles had so many comic books. Although, I think he has a couple more, sorry"

"Well, I'll have to fix that," Erica giggled without thinking and Allison beamed happily.

"So you'll come? Yay that's great." The brunette babbled happily. "So it'll be you, me, Scott, Stiles, his boyfriend Derek, Lydia and Jackson. Oh, Lydia will be in a wheelchair, though. It's the only way they'll let her out of the hospital." Erica had a slightly dazed expression on her face, which caused Allison to chuckle. "Sorry, I've been spending too much time with Stiles."

Erica giggled. "So Stiles has a boyfriend? I thought he was straight?" Erica tried to keep her face neutral, but Allison could tell that the girl was disappointed.

"No, not straight, but to be honest, I don't think that he's totally gay, either. All that I know for sure is how in love he and Derek are. You can see it by the way they look at each other." Erica couldn't help smiling at the thought. Being so in love with someone that you can't think straight, knowing that they're the one for you. To have them feel the same way must be incredible.

"What should I wear?" Erica asked softly, sending Allison a shy smile.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Erica!" Stiles greeted happily, bounding over to hug the girl. "Everybody, Erica's here!" He called happily, pulling the blonde into a hug.

"What am I, chopped liver?" Allison teased as Scott walked over, "Hey Scott." Allison greeted, giving her boyfriend a peck on the lips.

"Hi." Scott smiled, then turned to the epileptic. "Stiles, stop hogging Erica, I know you used to have a crush on her but you're with Derek now." Scott teased, prying Stiles away, only to take his place.

"Uh, crush?" A tall dark haired guy, who Erica assumed was Derek, asked with a raised eyebrow. "I thought it was Lydia I had to glare at constantly."

"I- uh, Scott, that was a secret!" Stiles whined, Scott chuckled and released Erica, leading her to their booth. "It was the comic books and the doctor who obsession and the high intelligence and the sweet smile and the-"

"Okay, we get it." Derek snapped half-heartedly, walking up behind Stiles and wrapping his arms around his waist. "Enough flirting. C'mon" Derek pulled Stiles back to the booth.

"Hey, Erica." Lydia greeted with a grin, waving from her wheelchair, stationed at the end of the table. "Get over here and give me a hug." She demanded.
Erica shuffled over to the booth, Scott and Allison behind her. Erica was nervous as she leant down to hug the popular girl, being cautious of the girl's injuries. Lydia didn't seem bothered as she gave the girl a tight hug. "Sit, sit." She demanded waving towards the space next to Derek. Erica hesitated, looking nervous.

Derek noticed this and smiled at the girl. "Don't worry, I was kidding about the glaring, unless you try to steal my Stiles." He joked. Erica chuckled and slipped into the booth. There was a bit of shuffling so that everyone was sat where they wanted to be.

By the time everybody was settled, Erica was sat by the window, Stiles next to her then Derek at the end. On the other side of the table, Allison was opposite Erica, Scott, next to her and Jackson at the end. Lydia at the head of the table in her wheelchair.

"So- u-um, h-how long do you have to use that?" Erica asked Lydia nervously, trying to start a conversation.

"Just a week, two at the most. I can walk perfectly fine, but the doctors don't want me to accidentally pull my stitches." Lydia explained, finishing by rolling her eyes. "I'm just glad to be out of that damn hospital."

Erica and Scott nodded in understanding and agreement. "Tell me about it." Scott muttered. "The amount of times I had to go in for an asthma attack." Scott sighed. "I swear, that place just gets more depressing every time I go in. There are some good nurses, but a lot of them are so condescending and mean!"

"Definitely," Erica agreed immediately, nodding along. "My regular nurse is one of the mean ones, she isn't comforting like nurses are supposed to be. Although, there is this one nurse that I get to see every now and again. She is so nice, I don't know her surname, but her first name is Melissa, and she is definitely the best. When ever she takes my blood, she distracts me and makes me smile, so I barely even feel it. She treats me like a person rather than just a patient. Which is more than I can say for the other one. Jennifer."

"I don't know Jennifer, but I know Melissa and she is the sweetest woman ever. Unless you break something of hers then she's like the hulk." Scott joked as he looked at the menu.

"Oh, is she your nurse?"

"My nurse, my cook, my chauffeur, my maid." Scott joked. "She's my mum."

"Seriously?"

"Yup, Melissa McCall" Scott nodded as Stiles showed Erica a picture on his phone, which caused her to giggle. "What did you show her?" Scott demanded as Stiles showed the picture to Derek. "Stiles?" Scott's eyes went wide as Derek also chuckled. Allison saw the picture next and she burst into hysterical laughter, Scott craned his neck to see, but Stiles moved the phone away, showing the picture to Jackson and Lydia, both of whom found it hilarious.

"Stiles, seriously?" Scott cried when Stiles finally showed him the photo. It was a lovely shot of a naked, mud covered 4 year old Scott McCall. Scott was stood in his back garden being hosed down by his pissed-off looking mum. Scott had his hands covering his private area, face contorted into a look of embarrassment. At the edge of the photo, a young Stiles could be seen, also covered in mud, but actually clothed, doubled over with laughter.

"Aw, Scott, you were so cute." Allison cooed with a teasing grin.
"Shush, it's emb- wait, what do you mean 'were'"? Scott asked the girl, raising an eyebrow at her.

"Hello Stiles, it's nice to see you again." A kind voice greeted. "And you've brought friends." The group turned to see a woman around 50 years old. Her hair was a rich brown in colour and tied back in a high bun. Her face was creased with laughter lines, her deep brown eyes were a sharp contrast to her pale skin. Freckles peppered her skin. She wore a simple uniform and a creme coloured apron. "Who are these lovely folks?"

"Hey Janie, this is Erica, Allison, Scott, Jackson, Lydia, and my boyfriend Derek. Everybody, this is Janie, my personal chief" Stiles introduced with a grin, at which Janie rolled her eye's.

"Such a lovely group, are you ready to order?" Janie asked, pulling out a notebook and pen from her pockets. "I'm assuming you'll be having your usual, Stiles?" Janie had a knowing look on her face.

"Yup, but double size it and could you throw in some wings?" Stiles asked hopefully, batting his eyelashes.

"Sure thing sugar, BBQ or regular?"

"BBQ please."

Janie smiled, jotting down the order. "Next?"

Scott was the next to choose. "Uh, yeah, could I have the curly fries, double-"

"Double bacon cheeseburger, extra onion rings, Large double chocolate shake, side of sausage?" Janie asked knowingly.

"Yeah- How'd you-?" Scott asked in confusion.

"It's Stiles' usual. Do you want double sized and wings too?"

"Yes please, but regular wings, if that's okay?" Scott asked.

"No problem honey." She wrote down the order. "next?"

"I'll the same as Stiles, but banana shake, please." Derek requested politely.

"I'll have what Stiles is having too, thanks." Jackson stated.

"I'll have the same as Scott, but with salad instead of sausage, please." Allison requested with a friendly smile on her face.

"I'll have fries, bacon cheese burger, extra onion rings, medium strawberry shake and a side salad, please." Lydia stated, closing her menu, smiling up at Janie.

"Absolutely," Janie nodded, noting down the orders, then looked at Erica. "And you, sugar?"

"C-can I have the same as A-Allison, but w-with BBQ wings, p-please?" Erica requested softly.

"Of course, sweetie, coming right up." Janie smiled, before walking to the counter.

"So you come here a lot?" Allison asked Stiles curiously, leaning against the table.

"Yeah, after my mum died, dad and I came here a lot because he can't cook without burning half
the kitchen down and he didn't want me cooking all of the time. Given that I was, ya know, 9 at the
time." Stiles explained with a shrug.

"So, Erica," Jackson stated, "How's the writing going? Allison mentioned that you're a writer." It
was slightly forced, but Jackson could see how uncomfortable the girl was and knew the Lydia
really wanted to befriend this girl. So, he'd do what he could to make his girlfriend happy.

"Um, I-I wouldn't call myself a writer, b-but I do dabble a little bit." Erica smiled softly "It's mainly
fanfiction though.. i-it's stupid."

"Hey, fanfiction is not stupid!" Stiles protested immediately. "I read a lot of fanfiction and sure,
there are some pretty bad ones written by people who think using text speak is a great way to write
a story, but there are some truly amazing stories out there. In fact one that I found yesterday called
'Time Warped' by The tru-"

"The-true-companion95?"

"Yeah, you've read it?"

"I wrote it." Stiles' eyes widened in amazement.

"Seriously?!!" Erica nodded, a blush appearing on her cheeks. "Oh my go- that's amazing. You are
an incredible writer! Seriously. I was gripped, I read the first sixteen chapters until Derek told me
off and forced me to go to sleep." Stiles sent a small glare to Derek for that. "I read another four
this morning then I've got the next eight to catch up on. You're still writing right?"

"Yeah," Erica smiled. "I've almost finished the new chapter, it should be done by tomorrow."

"That's great! I should be caught up by then." Stiles grinned but there was no skip in his heartbeat.
He was serious.

"We're not going to have that movie night, are we?" Derek asked knowingly. Stiles and Erica
smiled sheepishly.

"We can, I just won't be paying much attention to the movie." Under other circumstance, Derek
wouldn't mind that, but he knew that it wasn't him that Stiles would be paying attention to.

"Sorry," Erica smiled, but there was a small jump in her heart beat. She wasn't sorry at all. A
conversation was picked up easily after that and everyone was chatting comfortably when the
drinks arrived. Well, almost everyone.

"No, no that is so not true. You are completely wrong Jacks," Stiles protested, as Lydia and Erica
nodded in agreement with him. "Janie, who's cooler, Batman or Superman?"

Janie scoffed "Batman, of course." She stated , placing the drinks down. Stiles allowed a smug
expression to take over his face and held out both of his hands, which Erica and Lydia high fived,
shortly followed by Janie and Allison.

"No," Jackson disagreed leaning forward. "Superman has powers, he can fly for crying out loud!
Batman relies on his gadgets."

"Superman relies on his powers. Batman can fight hand-to-hand. If his weapons were taken or
disabled in the middle of a fight, he'd be able to handle himself. If Superman lost his powers in the
middle of a fight, he'd be screwed. Plus, he has such a lame disguise. All he does is slouch, wear
glasses and clothes two sizes too big and raises his voice an octave."
The argument continued throughout the meal, turning into a group debate, even when they got to
the comic book store, other heroes being added to the mix. The argument was so heated that
nobody noticed that Derek had paid the entire food bill, and had slipped out of the store ten
minutes before. At least until he re appeared with multiple Hot Topic bags.

"No, that's not ev- Derek? What's that?" Stiles asked in confusion, effectively ending the argument.

"Well I got sick of you, Scott and Lydia stealing my Jackets, I thought that I should get you all
your own." Derek stated, holding up the bags.

"That's a lot of bag for three jackets." Lydia commented knowingly, raising an eyebrow at them.

"That's because I didn't buy three Jackets. I brought six." Derek informed her simply. "Along with
some other stuff. You guy's got everything you need?"

"Yeah, we just gotta pay." Scott informed him, holding up a pile of comic books.

"I got it, don't worry about it," Derek promised, walking towards the counter.

"What? No." The group, minus Jackson, protested immediately. "Wait, you sly dick, you paid the
entire food bill!" Allison realised and glared at Derek.

"Yeah, bu-"

"Nope, you're not getting out of this. Now go outside and think about what you did." Stiles
demanded, pointing towards the door. "Go."

-Erica walked home happily, wearing her new leather jacket, she had a great day. All of her life,
Erica had been cautious, she had to be. People either pretended to be her friend so that they could
make fun of her. Or were just pitying her.

But today, with the group was just easy. She felt like she fitted in with them. They all seemed so
cool. Sure, Scott and Stiles had only just joined the 'popular crowd' but they were still down to
earth and a bit goofy. Lydia was completely different to what she expected. The queen B was a lot
smarter than Erica originally assumed, she was also kinder, funnier and a lot geekier. Allison was
the sweetest person ever and Erica was so happy that she had let the girl talk her into going out.
Jackson was pretty much the same old Jackson, it just turns out he was also kind of a geek. Derek
was pretty cool too. Apart from the fact that he's dating Stiles and had a thing about paying for
everything, Erica couldn't really find a fault with him.

Of course, all good things must come to an end. Erica froze in fear when a growl sounded from
behind her. The girl's heart beat sped up, as she slowly turned to see who was following her. She
couldn't breathe when she saw a pair of glowing red eye's staring at her. The man before he stepped
closer until she could see burns on his face along with features that weren't human. Razor sharp
teeth were gleaming at her through a creepy grin.

"Well, you smell just like my dear nephew." The man stated, growing closer as Erica backed away.
Fear taking over her as the stranger's red eye's assessed her every movement.

"W-who a-are you?"

"It doesn't matter, what does is what I can offer you." The burned man stated. "You're ill, I can
smell it. What's your killer?"
"I'm epileptic." The man nodded in understanding.

"What if I told you, that it can all go away? The seizures. The medication. You can throw away the thing that is single handedly destroying your life. Not only that, but everything else will be improved. Speed, strength, vision. Everything." The man promised, placing his hand on her arm. "You can be powerful. Like me."

"I can?" Erica asked hopefully, looking up at the man, who smiled at her.

"All you have to do." The man grabbed her wrist and pulled it to his mouth. "Is say yes."

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.
Please let me know what you think, I hope you like it x
Chapter Summary

The Alpha reveals his face and targets poor Erica, her pack isn’t happy with that. "You can be powerful. Like me."
"I can?" Erica asked hopefully, looking up at the man, who smiled at her.
"All you have to do." The man grabbed her wrist and pulled it to his mouth. "Is say yes."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Get away from her!" Stiles called out in anger, charging towards Erica and the man.

"Peter?"

"Erica, run!"

"C'mon, Erica."

"Help."

"She's bleeding!"

"Please, help her!"

"Stiles!"

"Stiles, we gotta go!!"
"Stiles, it's too late."

-  

"There's nothing we can do."

-  

"Stiles!!"

-  

Stiles shot up in bed gasping for breath. "Derek. Derek, where are you?"

Stiles stumbled out of bed. "Derek?" Stiles couldn't seem to catch his breath, his heart pounded in his chest. Stiles used anything he could find as support, trying to get out of the room and find Derek. "Derek? Derek!" Stiles made it to the top of the stairs before collapsing to his knees. "Derek" Stiles gasped one last time before losing to his panic attack. Stiles gripped the carpet as he tried to force air into his lungs.

"Stiles?" Derek's voice called out, "Are you home?" There was a shuffling sound then he heard his mate's voice again. "Hey Sti- Stiles?" Stiles heard Derek rushing up the stairs.

"Stiles? Baby, what's wrong?" Derek asked in concern. "Is-is this a panic attack? Baby look at me." Stiles met Derek's eyes.

"I can't- I can't- breathe. I-I can't- Der- I-" Stiles gasped, voice flooded with fear,  

"Shh, shh, baby, look at me okay. You just need to focus, okay? Focus on my voice." Derek's efforts seemed to be in vain as Stiles continued to hyperventilate.

"But she's, Derek, she's-" Derek cut Stiles off by placing a passionate kiss to his lips. The mates got lost in the kiss and by the time they pulled away, Stiles' panic attack had stopped.

"Hey, C'mere" Derek whispered, holding Stiles tight in a hug. "It's okay, you're okay."

"Am I? Derek, I didn't get there in time, she's-" Stiles sobbed into Derek's shoulder.

"Hey, hey, hey, that's not your fault, you hear me? None of it is your fault!" Derek reassured, rubbing Stiles' back comfortingly. "Come on, let's go back to bed."

"Hey, where were you? When I woke up-"

"I was at the hospital. I was checking on her. She's stable, but it was touch and go for a while." Derek informed Stiles sadly whilst helping him up and leading him to their room.

"Is this really the time to sleep? Derek, she's in the hospital, we now know who the alpha is, we should be out there, stopping him before he hurts anybody else!!" Stiles protested, pulling out of Derek's arms. Derek reached out and grabbed Stiles arm, halting the younger wolves movements.

"Stiles, believe me when I tell you that there is nothing than I want more, than to stop Peter and get justice for my sister. But right now, at this moment in time, I more concerned about making sure that the love of my life, my mate, is well rested and healthy. I love you, Stiles, more than anything in this world. You are my main priority." Derek assured, pulling his mate closer to him, until they were pressed together. "Nothing will change that." Stiles wrapped his arms around Derek's neck, and pulled his mate into a searing kiss.
Derek pinned Stiles against a wall as the younger male wrapped his legs around Derek's waist. Stiles groaned as Derek kissed and nipped down his neck. "Fu- I love you to Der, so much." Stiles began to grind his hips against his mate, then demanded. "Bedroom. Now."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"So, Peter has 'vanished' from the hospital." Allison announced as she marched into the Stilinski household the next afternoon, followed by Scott. "So has his nurse, Jennifer." She sighed, dropping her bag by the coffee and flopping onto the couch.

"Jennifer? As in, Erica's nurse Jennifer?" Stiles asked walking over with two steaming mugs of coffee.

"One and the same." Allison nodded, gratefully accepting the mug offered to her. "Thanks. There's more."

"How much more?" Derek asked, handing a mug of hot chocolate to Scott, who sat next to Allison on the couch. Derek sat on one of the armchairs and, at Derek's pointed look, Stiles took the other one.

"The cops searched her locker, found a bunch of stolen medication. Pills, injections, other stuff, most notably epinephrine." Allison stated, causing Stiles' eyes to widen in shock.

"Seriously?" Allison nodded, sipping her coffee. "Wow, that's... insane."

Scott looked between the two in confusion, unsure as to what was going on. "What's eperni- epinf-"

"Epinephrine." Stiles informed him, placing his, now half empty, mug on the coffee table. "It's an untraceable heart stimulate. It's used to treat cardiac arrest. However, in high enough doses, it can actually cause it."

"Yeah, and after looking through the records, they've found that 75% of heart attack victims, died while she was on call. Even patients who don't have a history of heart problems, like Garrison Meyers."

"It makes sense that she's in on it." Derek stated thoughtfully. "She's taken on an angel of death persona, and the chances are, she probably tried to kill Peter, given that he has spent six years in a coma, she'd see him as the perfect target. But his body would get rid of the drug before it could take effect. And she had to have noticed him missing from his room at some point." Stiles nodded in agreement, then a thought occurred to him.

"She's probably the one who used the computer."

"What computer?" Allison and Scott asked in unison.

"When Danny came over to work on our project earlier, I convinced him to trace the text, the one that lured you guys to the school." Stiles started, leaning forwards slightly and making a lot of hand gestures as he explained. "Turns out it was sent from a computer at the hospital. Melissa's computer."

Scott's head shot up, his eye's wide in shock. "My mum? No, m-my mum wouldn't do that." He stated, shaking his head in denial. Allison set a hand on his arm, trying to calm her boyfriend.

"Dude, calm down, we never thought that, not even for a second." Stiles insisted. Scott let out a sigh of relief and relaxed visibly. "Even if we did, she wasn't working that night. At first we thought that it was Peter, but we couldn't figure out how he did it without anyone seeing him. It all
makes sense now that we know his nurse is helping him."

"Quick question," Allison said, a thoughtful expression on her face. "How did you convince Danny to trace the text?" Derek immediately glared at Stiles, who looked like a kid who just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

"Yes, Stiles. How did you do that?" Derek asked mockingly.

"Let's just say.." Stiles began nervously, unsure of how to get himself out of this mess. "I'd make a great pimp."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"How did Stilinski manage that?" Jackson asked Allison in the hospital waiting room later that day.

"He 'accidentally' spilt a drink down Derek's shirt, so Derek took off his shirt, planning to get a clean one. Only to find that the closet door was mysteriously jammed. He went to the draws, only to find that none of his shirts were in there. He was able to find one of Stiles' that fit, only to be told that it 'wasn't his colour' by Danny. So he basically just sat there shirtless the entire time." Allison explained with a giggle.

"Wow, I don't know whether to punch Stilinski for manipulating my best friend, or applaud him." Jackson shook his head with a chuckle. "How is everyone? Have they found Peter yet?" Jackson asked as Scott and Stiles approached with a tray of drinks and food.

"Not yet, but we're still looking. His nurse is involved, she was killing her patients with an untraceable drug. We think she tried to do the same to Peter, but she couldn't because of, y'know." She said as a doctor walked past. Scott sat down next to Allison and started dispersing food.

"How's she doing?" Scott asked, gesturing towards a room door.

"She's still unconscious. They, uh, they can't find the cause of it." Allison quickly swiped at her eyes and sniffled slightly.

"So they don't know how to fix it." Jackson's tone was bitter and annoyed.

"Hey, look, we'll figure this out." Scott assured them both immediately. "Trust me, if there's anything you can count on, it's that Stiles always has a plan." Allison nodded in agreement.

"When did either of you last get some sleep?" Stiles asked in concern, taking a bite of a pre-made sandwich, grimacing at the bland, tasteless substance.

"I got a couple hours earlier." Allison informed them, taking a swig of coffee. "One of the nurses promised to let me know if there's any news, but so far, nothing."

At that moment, a nurse walked out of the room Scott had gestured to. She did a double take at the group, before a soft smile appeared on her face. "She's still unconscious, but you're welcome to go in and see her, if you'd like." The group agreed and thanked the nurse and made their way into the room.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles and Allison, were intently staring at the arsenal on Stiles coffee table, less than an hour later. They were assessing their inventory as their respective boyfriends looked on in concern.

"Okay let's go over what we've got one last time." Stiles stated firmly, trying to think of anything
they'd forgotten.

"Okay, lethal weapon wise," Allison began and pointed to each weapon a she said it's name. "we've got Nickel Taurus PT92, Beretta 92FS, M1911A1 Colt, Smith And Wesson 5906, Winchester Model 1887 shotgun, Chinese ring daggers, crossbow, compound bow, arrows and self igniting Molotov cocktails."

"Self igniting what?" The sheriff asked in shock as he walked into the room, flanked by two teenagers.

"Molotov cocktails," Stiles stated as if it was the most normal thing in the world, "Lydia made them to use against the alpha." The sheriff just shook his head in disbelief. "Are we forgetting something?"

The two friends shared a thoughtful look before speaking in unison. "Katana."

"We can pick it up on the way. Now, defensive and capture."

"Right, we've got flash bolts, ultrasonic emitters- Also know as the ear murders." Stiles glared at the devices. "Mountain ash, tasers and silver chains."

"Oh, there's something else." Allison stated, picking up her purse and pulling out a canister.

"Pepper spray?" Stiles asked, incredulously.

"Almost, it's basically the same, except Lydia modified it. It's infused with three types of wolfsbane and tiny particles of mountain ash. She just finished it earlier, she got Jackson to pick up the work when he picked up the other supplies. Best part is, because it's got the basic ingredients of regular pepper spray, we can use it on humans too. Rather than starting a fight and risk tarnishing my record." Allison smiled, admiring the object in her hand. She had this smirk on her face that practically screamed 'I can kick the crap out of any fucker in this town without breaking a sweat.' and Stiles felt his admiration for the girl grow. Scott better marry Allison, or Stiles will adopt her. Either way, she's a part of the pack now.

"Well, that explains the smell of her room and why I felt ill and light headed when we went to pick up the cocktails." Stiles shrugged. "Um, yeah, holsters, and ammo." He looked up at Allison "Give 'em hell attitude?"

"Absolutely." Allison grinned, picking up an empty duffel bag from the couch.

"Okay, we need to be very specific about the placement of the weapons." Stiles reminded, picking up the crossbow.

"I know." Allison took the weapon from him and placed it carefully in the bag. "Pass me the Winchester?" Stiles did as she asked.

"Uh, where did you get all of this?" Noah asked nervously, unsure if he really wanted to know the answer.

"Some from you, some from Lydia, some from my dad's house." Allison shrugged passively as she and Stiles continued packing. "Speaking of which, they'll be back soon, so we need to get the Katana as soon as possible."

"Do you really need a Katana?" Derek asked incredulously.
“Do you really need all of this?” Jackson asked in the same tone

"Yes." Stiles and Allison stated in unison, wearing matching grins on their faces.

"Don't worry, I know what I'm doing." Allison assured, grinning and walking toward the group, allowing Stiles to take the bag.

"Hurry up Stiles." Scott ordered, nerves taking over.

"I'm going as fast as I can bitch." Stiles replied with an eye roll, knowing his friend wasn't trying to be hostile.

"Sure you are, jerk."

"Quit arguing ya idjits and let's go." Allison grinned, causing Scott and Stiles to double take at her.

"You watc-"

"I have the best girlfriend in the world!" Scott announced happily, then grabbed Allison and kissing her happily. Allison giggled into the kiss and in that moment, they felt like normal people without the threat of the supernatural hanging over their heads.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Okay, just through here," Allison directed her friends through her parent's house to the weapons room. "I can't believe that I actually bought that bullshit story about firearms dealing. When it came to the guns sure, why not? But the compound bows, daggers, knives, swords, katana's. God, I am so stupid."

"Hey, no you're not." Scott assured immediately. "You grew up with all of this, but never knowing the full story. That cover was drilled into your head all your life, who would actually think werewolves?" Scott asked rhetorically. "Except for crazy people. And Stiles."

"I'm not sure those two categories are mutually exclusive, but thanks Scott." Allison smiled lovingly, ignoring Stiles' mock-offended 'hey!' "Although, I will admit that when I was about 13, I was certain that my family was secretly Mafia or something."

"How long is this going to take?" Jackson bitched. "And why do five of us need to go get one sword?"

"We might end up getting more than just the katana." Allison glared at Jackson. "Such as a weapon you can actually handle."

"Wait, your family have BB guns?" Stiles asked in faux amazement. "Woah. Are the little plastic 'bullets' laced with wolfsbane?" He faltered slightly as smelt wolfsbane, making his skin prickle. He glanced at Scott, who had the same reaction.

"Very funny Stilinski." Jackson sneered as Allison taped on key pad then opened a door, neither noticing the wolves reactions. Behind the door was a room, approximately 5 squared meters big, filled with various weapons. The right wall was dedicated to archery. Multiple bows, varying in shape and size hung on the wall. Some were simple and sleek, others looked to be military grade. The same went for the arrows. Slightly lower down, crossbows were shown in a display case, along with an assortment of arrowheads, each with the Argent crest engraved into them. There was a large mountain ash chest next to the cabinet. The chest was lock shut with three padlocks.
Stiles couldn't focus on much more though, as the strong scent of wolfsbane hit him. The scent was thick in the air, it was hard to tell if the chest contained all of the wolfsbane laced weapons, or if they were spread around the room. Either way, there was so much wolfsbane in the room and flowing into the hall, that Scott and Stiles were choking on it. Literally.

Scott and Stiles were both doubled over in coughing fits, gagging on the poison. "Scott? Stiles? What's wrong?" Allison asked urgently, stepping closer to the wolves, faltering when she noticed both of them starting to shift. The best friends gestured towards the room with clawed hands. Stiles forced himself to look up at the panicked girl.

"Wol-fs-ba-ne." He forced out, and Jackson sprung into action, slamming the door shut. He took his jacket off and rolled it up, then using it the cover the gap under the door, he rushed to kneel in front of the two wolves, who were now collapsed on the floor. Allison was still unsure as the other girl crouched down before her friends and pulled Scott's old inhaler from her bag. Scott immediately took a hit from it then handed it to Stiles, both of them stopped coughing almost immediately.

Jackson and Allison looked at the girl in slight confusion. "I thought it might come in handy as a placebo or something after you told me about the night of the party."

"Good thinking," Allison complimented as she also knelt, looking at her friends in concern, as they were still trying to force air into their lungs. After a couple of minutes, the scent had mostly gone and Stiles and Scott were able to breathe easily again.

"Well, that was intense." Stiles breathed out, causing the others to chuckle. Well, Jackson only smirked, but still.

"Yeah, I think we should wait outside while you get what you need." Scott stated, a slight hitch in his breath. "That reminded me a little too much of an asthma attack. I don't really want to repeat it." He stumbled to his feet, shortly followed by Stiles. Allison went to say something but Stiles held his hand up.

"Allison, if you're about to suggest leaving without what we came for, I swear I will punch Scott in the face. There's no way in hell we're suffering through that for nothing, give us three minutes to get out, then get what you need and meet us back at the Jeep." Stiles stated. It wasn't really an order, but it wasn't a request either.

"I'll go with them, whilst you get what you need." Allison nodded at the suggestion.

"Great. See you then." Stiles stated before grabbing the other two and making his way out of the house.

Jackson and Allison waited the allotted time, before moving to go back into the room. "Well, that was very heroic of you." Allison teased as Jackson picked up his jacket.

Jackson scoffed and rolled his eye. "I only did it so that I didn't have to watch those two losers die." He stated, his douchebag mask reappearing, but Allison didn't need supernatural senses to know that he was lying.

"Right, that's why you knelt beside them and made sure that they were okay," Allison nodded, sarcasm dripping from her voice. "Totally makes sense." She smiled as she pushed the door open.

"You've been spending too much time with Stilinski." Jackson stated, but there was not heat or malice behind his words and his tone was almost teasing.
"And loving every second." Allison grinned. "He's so funny!"

"He talks too much."

"Just feed him Reese's and curly fries." Allison stated dismissively with a wave of her hand. "Works like a charm." She walked over to the left wall, where the swords hung.

"Really?" Jackson asked incredulously.

"Yup. He told me himself." Allison said, fondly remembering the night of the party, her first date with Scott. "The night of Lydia's party was a full moon. Scott mustn't have been in complete control back then as he started to shift and had to leave. Although, I didn't know he was shifting back then, but it makes sense now.

Anyway, Stiles ended driving me home while Derek helped Scott. We talked about stuff and that came up." Allison explained, well aware that Jackson was hanging on her every word. As she spoke, she grabbed the Katana, then moved to the front wall and grabbed a smoke grenade. "He is great friend, Scott is too, but I only witness that, seeing as I went for the boyfriend package." Jackson rolled his eyes with a soft smile as Allison giggled and turned to face him. "Once you get past the grumpy, broody-ness, Derek is a good friend too, he's very protective, as you've already witnessed. He can also be rather funny, when he's relaxed." Allison grabbed a quiver, then made her way to the door. "Erica is a sweetheart and, despite being shy, she's very funny and caring. Of course, you already know how awesome Lydia is." She stated, walking past Jackson.

"I do." Jackson agreed. "But why are you telling me all of this?" He suspected the reason, but wanted to be sure.

"Because," Allison started as she stepped out of the room. "We all see right past the douche facade. We want to be your friends, but we're not going to be friends with the character you play, that guy sucks. If you must, you can keep it up at school, but with us, you don't have to pretend." Jackson looked at the girl thoughtfully before nodding slightly.

Allison reset the alarm, then they made their way out of the Argent house. Noah and Derek were waiting to the police cruiser as Stiles leant against his jeep, the other two teens obviously already inside. When he noticed the pair, Stiles moved and opened the boot (A/N: Trunk) for Allison, who carefully place the weapons in,

"We've got work to do." Stiles stated, then shut the boot.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

They followed the alpha's scent to the old Hale house, although Stiles wasn't too surprised. This was where it all began. Stiles, Derek and Scott set up the first line as the others collected their weapons. As they did so, three figures left the ruins of the house, walking towards them. Peter was now burn free, eye's glowing red as he held Jennifer in front of him, his claws digging into her neck, much as they done to Kate. Beside him, Lydia stood, eyes blank as she stared ahead. She wore only a hospital gown, she looked far worse than before, her hair was damaged and greasy, her skin was paler than usual, it looked to be almost transparent. Her eyes were sunken and surrounded by dark circles. Her heart rate was slow and her breathing laboured. It was as though the life was being drained out of her.

"Lydia!" Jackson gasped when he saw his girlfriend, he moved towards her, but was held back by Erica and Allison.
"Jacks, it's not her. Physically, yes, but that's not the Lydia we know. It's a trap." Stiles rushed to explain. Jackson looked broken at the words, but he stopped struggling, knowing that it was true.

"Well, had I known you were going to give up so easily, I wouldn't have bothered." Peter drawled, causing the other wolves to growl. Peter, focused on the males in front of him, didn't notice Allison loading and aiming her bow or the sheriff aiming his gun.

"Let Lydia go. Break whatever trance it is you have her under, and let her go. Or spend the last five minutes of your life with an arrow in your eye." Allison threatened, leveling the alpha wolf with an impressive glare. Erica stepped beside her, aiming a crossbow.

"Aren't you going to bargain for her too?" Peter asked curiously, nodding his head towards his nurse.

"She's a murder." Stiles stated, allowing himself to shift. "She isn't our priority. She killed without mercy, without caring. We won't kill her, that's not us, but Lydia is our priority."

"You act all humble, but you will kill, Stiles. We're werewolves, predators, there's no escaping it." Peter growled, pressing his claws deeper into Jennifer's neck, causing small droplets of blood to roll down her neck. The woman gasped in pain.

"You're wrong, Peter." Derek stated, glaring at his uncle. His only living family member had turned his back on everything their family stood for. "We may be predators, but we don't have to be killers. What you're doing is wrong. The Peter that I know, the Peter that I care about would never do this. The Peter I know isn't a monster." Derek reminded him, hoping to reach some part of the old Peter, hoping to spark some humanity in the shell of a man before him.

"I miss him too Derek," The Alpha stated, a stray tear rolling his cheek. "That Peter would always put his family first, he'd spend all of his free time with his pack and family, he'd make sure that his wife and children were safe every chance he got. He'd spend time with his siblings, nieces and nephews and he'd never hurt anyone unless it was to protect his family, he would definitely not be the one to kill them. I miss that Peter so much, but he died in that house, with everyone else." Without warning, Lydia let out a high pitched scream as Peters claws slashed across Jennifer's throat. His eye turned red first, then he let out a terrifying roar as he shifted into a terrifying beast. The beast that had killed so many people. This wasn't his uncle Peter anymore, which made it easier for Derek to accept what he had to do.

Allison let an arrow fly as Jennifer's body fell to the floor. Peter easily caught the arrow, unaware that a flash bolt was attached. Allison grabbed a new arrow from the quiver as the bolt went off, startling the Alpha, who's sensitive eyes were damaged by the blinding light. Knowing that the distraction wouldn't last long, the sheriff shot three wolfsbane bullets at the Alpha. The other wolves and Jackson ran forward, Jackson immediately grabbed Lydia, who still looked haunted and moved her towards the Jeep, only to have a sharp pain shoot through his leg. He screamed in pain and let go of Lydia as he looked down to find the alpha biting his leg. Stiles ran over and dug his claws into the back of Peters neck, forcing him to release Jackson, "Bad doggy." Stiles taunted as he threw Peter through the remains of one of the walls of the 'house'. Derek and Scott immediate followed the Alpha into the building as Stiles checked on the others. He helped Jackson over to the cruiser.

"Dad, I need you to get Jackson and Lydia to the hospital, then call the station, say that the accomplice is dead and at the old Hale house. Okay? Go." Stiles pleaded, glancing back to the old house, where growls and crashes were sounding.

"No, I'm not leaving without you."
"Dad, I need you to trust me, I'll be fine, but they won't. Please." The sheriff reluctantly nodded, then helped the two teens into the car. He gave his son a bone crushing hug, then left in the cruiser.

Once the cruiser was out of sight, Stiles turned to the two human girls before him. "They only reason that I'm not forcing you to go is that I need you to throw the Molotov's when we get him outside. Okay?"

The girls nodded and Stiles sprinted towards the house. Allison moved back to the Jeep and picked up the Katana. "I'm not going through all the effort to get this, to simply not use it." Allison explained, earning an understanding nod from Erica.

"Fair enough" Erica smiled and picked up an item that looked like a cattle prod. "This is basically a really powerful taser, right?" Allison nodded. "Perfect, let's go."

They got to the scene of the fight just in time to see Scott and Derek crash into opposite walls and the alpha loom over Stiles, clawed hand raised high, as his other hand held the boy down.

"Get away from him!" Erica yelled, when Peter turned to her, she shocked him, causing him to howl in pain. Allison then slashed him across the chest with the katana.

"Catch us if you can." The girls taunted in unison, then sprinted out of the wreckage. They heard an angry howl and for half a second, they were worried that he wouldn't follow, then they heard the pounding footsteps. They were about 2 meters from the Jeep, the alpha directly behind them, his claws no more than a centimeter from Erica's back, when Derek appeared, wofled out and slashed at the back of the alpha's neck.

Scott and Stiles appeared, also transformed and helped Derek subdue Peter as the girls reached the Jeep. "Move!" Allison screamed, causing her pack to jump away from the Alpha, who was too injured to flee. With her friends in the clear, Allison threw the first Molotov at Peter, shortly followed by Erica. There were more pain filled howls as the Alpha tried to shake off the familiar flames. They soon died down, but it didn't matter, the alpha wouldn't survive much longer. As Derek knelt before the burnt, now human form, of his uncle, the man spoke taunting words to him. The conversation was cut short when Derek slashed his claws across the man's throat, finally ending his life.

The teens watched in shock, unsure of what to say or do when Derek turned to them with glowing red eyes.

"I'm the alpha now."

Chapter End Notes

I hope that this was okay. I'm going to include the dance in the next chapter, seeing as I've altered the timeline, so it hasn't happened yet. I am going to turn Erica, Isaac and Boyd, and at least one of the boys will show up in the next chapter. Should I bring in the Kanima?
Dance With Me Now

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

Derek is now the Alpha, the pack grows, Erica gets a date, Scott and Allison discuss their relationship and the pack go to the dance.
Also, for this story, Boyd is the same age as the rest of the pack, I might be mistaken but I think he's older than them in canon

The teens watched in shock, unsure of what to say or do when Derek turned to them with glowing red eyes.
"I'm the alpha now."

"Seriously?" Stiles asked in annoyance, startling the other teens, but Derek seemed unaffected.
"You're really gonna do the whole power-hungry, wolf man thing? Really?" Derek continued staring. It was as if he didn't hear Stiles' words, but he did notice when Stiles stomped towards him, if his threatening growl was anything to go by. "Oh, cut it Sourwolf."

Stiles rolled his eyes as Derek stood up, turned to face Stiles fully and growled. When Stiles was close enough Derek grabbed him roughly and pulled him in, and pressed his open mouth to Stiles' neck, fangs ready to bite in. Erica, Scott and Allison were freaking out, worried for Stiles' life and began to rush forward.

"Stop." Stiles said, loud enough for them all to hear, but not loud enough to startle Derek. "Wait." It was then that other teens noticed that Derek had froze, his nose twitched as if he was smelling Stiles. After moment, Derek receded his fangs, closed his mouth and nuzzled his face into Stiles neck.

"Uhh, guys?" Scott called out. "As much as I hate to interrupt all of this, I can hear sirens." Derek pulled away from Stiles and flashed his eyes at Scott, then walked over to the group. He reached for Stiles hand, but Stiles rushed past him, towards the Jeep.

"Stiles?"

"I got a plan." Stiles yelled as he leaned into the boot, searching through the weapons. When he pulled back, he had four Chinese ring daggers, a lighter, a cloth and a Molotov in his hands. He jogged over to Jennifer's corpse, kneeling beside her. He placed the lighter and cloth in his pocket and the Molotov on the floor, then wore one dagger on each finger. He wore them like knuckles, gripping them tight as he lined each blade up with the claw marks in her neck. After a pause of hesitation, he pushed the blades into her neck, tracing and deepening the wounds with a back handed motion. Once he'd done, he removed the cap from the Molotov, splashing some of the liquid on the woman's hands and clothes. He recapped the bottle and gently placed it back on the ground.

"Can one of you put that back in the Jeep, please?" He asked as he ran back to Peter's body. He repeated the process with the ring daggers, but when he was done, he wiped the handles and rings
down with the cloth, then placed them on Peter's fingers. He grimaced as he pulled the lighter out of his pocket, and lit it, holding it under the dagger on his index finger. The metal heated and caused the, already burnt, flesh around it to melt and stick to the metal. He repeated this with the others, then rushed back to the jeep, throwing the tools in and shutting the boot as the sirens grew closer.

When the police and ambulances got there, the group were huddled on the ground by the jeep, looking shocked and horrified. Derek and Scott were inches apart from each other, leaning against the Jeep. Stiles was cradled between Derek's legs and against his chest as he held hands with Erica. Erica had her head resting on Allison's right shoulder and her feet tangled with Derek's. Allison sat in Scott's lap, one hand resting on Erica's knee, the other over the girls shoulders, just touching Stiles' left shoulder.

The sheriff was the first out of the car, rushing over to the pack. "What happened? Are you okay? Are you injured?" Before any of them could answer, a deputy called out.

"Sheriff, we've got two dead bodies over here, one is is the nurse, Jennifer Hodgins, the other is burnt, but I think it's Peter Hale."

The Sheriff sighed. "Okay, who was it?" Derek flashed his eyes. "Right."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"You really don't remember anything?" Allison asked Lydia the next day. The pack gathered in Lydia's hospital room, including Jackson who was in a wheelchair for appearances. Jackson had managed to convince his dad to get him a 'private doctor' so that he could stay on the lacrosse team. Which is basically the Whittemore way of saying 'I want to stay a popular athlete so I need you to pay someone with a medical license to say they're keeping an eye on me so I can keep the actual doctors away.' Which meant no one outside of the pack knew that his ankle was fully healed because the bite had been successful.

"They called it a fugue state, which is basically a way of saying 'We have no idea why you can't remember escaping your hospital room without being seen, after being attacked by a psychotic killer for the second time that week, running through the woods and ending up next to said psychotic alpha whilst wearing nothing but a hospital gown.' But personally, I don't care. I lost nine pounds." She grinned holding out her arms. "And no one I care about died."

The pack chuckled at that, even Derek. Erica stopped suddenly, looking guilty and sombre.

"Lydia, I'm sorry, if it wasn't for me y-"

"Stop right there sweetheart." Lydia demanded, holding up a hand. "This," She gestured to herself and the room. "Isn't your fault. This is because of a psychotic, murderous, feral, alpha werewolf who was into teamwork. It's not your fault that he targeted you and none of us would have blamed you if you had said yes."

*Flashback*

"I'm epileptic." The man nodded in understanding.

"What if I told you, that it can all go away? The seizures. The medication. You can throw away the thing that is single handedly destroying your life. Not only that, but everything else will be
improved. Speed, strength, vision. Everything." The man promised, placing his hand on her arm. "You can be powerful. Like me."

"I can?" Erica asked hopefully, looking up at the man, who smiled at her.

"All you have to do." The man grabbed her wrist and pulled it to his mouth. "Is say yes."

Erica hesitated for a second, unsure if she was willing to take a chance on someone who could simply be insane. She was saved from having to choose when she heard a familiar voice.

"Get away from her!" Stiles called out in anger, charging towards Erica and the man. As Stiles approached, the man's face transformed. Fangs grew from his mouth, his eyes turned red, his eyebrows disappeared, replaced with ridges.

"Peter?" Derek asked in shock and horror, but the man ignored him, instead proceeding to draw Erica's wrist closer.

"No." Erica yelled, trying to pull her wrist back as the pack grew closer. "No. I don't want it."
"You're lying." Peter snarled, yanking her arm closer.

"Stop!" He was close to sinking his teeth into her flesh, when an arrow pierced his shoulder and he shot back, howling in pain. Erica looked to see Allison holding a crossbow and the rest of the pack running towards her, Stiles in front.

"Erica, run!" Stiles screamed as his face contorted into beta form as he tackled the bleeding alpha. Derek and Scott helped subdue Peter as Lydia, who had abandoned her wheelchair, grabbed Erica's arms, pulling her away from the fight.

"C'mon, Erica." She tugged on the girls arm as Scott was sent flying into a wall, shortly followed by Stiles.

Derek was tossed and ended up crashing into the two girls, sending the group to the ground. Lydia groaned at the weight, but that soon turned to a scream as she was dragged out by her ankles.

Peter crawled up her body, digging his claws into her sides, causing the bite wound to start bleeding again.

"Help," She gasped as she swung her elbow back. She was satisfied to hear a crunch as she hit Peters nose, unfortunately, it didn't get the alpha to let go.

Allison shot off another arrow, that hit Peter in his right shoulder blade. Less than a second later, Scott and Stiles were pulling on the alpha's arms, trying to pry them from Lydia's flesh. Derek had his arms around Peters neck and once Scott and Stiles had released Lydia, Derek jumped backwards, pulling Peter away from Lydia.

"She's bleeding!" Erica gaped in shock, pressing her hands to the red head's sides. After a few seconds, Jackson arrived and Erica asked him to take over applying pressure to the wounds.

"What, why? Where are you going?" He demanded as he did as she asked. "Please, help her!"

"I am, okay." She stated whilst removing her belt. "I'm making a tourniquet. But I'm gonna need your belt too. mines not thick enough." She stated, staring to work on wrapping the belt around her
new friend, trying to block out the sounds of the Alpha.

"You have a choice, help her and let me go. Or keep me and let her die. You can't call an ambulance whilst I'm here without revealing the supernatural to the world. It's up to you."

"Go." Stiles stated with a glare. "But remember, I will find you and you will pay for hurting my pack."

Peter chuckled, "I made a good choice with you Stiles, it's a shame you won't join me yet."

"I'll never join you." Stiles stated firmly.

"You say that now, but you'll change your mind. I know you will." Then Peter was gone and the pack was gathered around Lydia as Scott called an ambulance.

"You're gonna be okay Lyd, you're gonna be okay." It wasn't long until the ambulance got there, Jackson was able to bribe convince the paramedics to let him go with Lydia, leaving the rest of the pack stood in the street.

*End Flashback*

"I was going to." Erica stated softly, only just loud enough for the humans in the room to hear, eyes downcast as if she was ashamed. "Before I saw you all, I was going to take the chance, but then I saw how scared you were and I realised it probably wasn't a good thing."

"The Bite itself isn't that bad." Stiles told her, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. "I mean it hurts, and it doesn't always take. But if it doesn't kill you, it can be a gift. We were scared because we didn't want you with Peter. As you've learnt, Peter wasn't a good guy. He would have manipulated you and used his power over you to turn you into a killer. You deserve better." Erica smiled weakly, glancing up at Stiles, before returning her gaze to the floor. Derek shared a look with each member of the pack in turn, each giving him a soft nod.

"Erica, look at me." He requested softly and the blonde did as he asked. "If you were given the same offer by someone else, someone who would treat you like pack, not like a tool. What would you say?"

The girl looked unsure for a second. "I'd say yes, but what does it matter? Pe-"

"Peter was the only one in town the could turn someone, yes. But that's not because of him. It's because of the Alpha power he held. When he died, that power went to me." Erica's eyes widened in realisation.

"So that means-?"

"Yes, I could turn you, but like I said, it's not a 100% guarantee. It could kill you." He reminded her in a soft but firm tone.

The girl nodded seriously. "I know the risks. I've been thinking about it since that night. I don't want to spend the rest of my life trapped by this illness. My seizures have been getting worse and more frequent, the next seizure could kill me, and I-I can't stand the thought of dying before I have a chance to live but with this, I can't completely live. My parents are scared to take me anywhere, scared to let me do anything and I hate it. I want a chance to stay out all night with friends, do
stupid things, travel. I-I want my parents to be able to go out on a date without worrying about me. I want to live." Erica paused suddenly, her eyes filling with tears. "So, yes, if you're willing, I want you to turn me. Please."

Derek nodded. "Okay."

-One week later, on Sunday night, Erica, Lydia and Allison were in Erica's room, picking out clothes for school the next day. Everyone else had gone back the week before, but after the traumatic experiences they had been through, the teenage members of the pack had been excused from class, the sheriff himself had spoken to the principle for them. Now the girls of the pack were sorting out outfits for the next day, and arranging Erica's new clothes. Derek had decided to spoil his pack, buying all of them a whole new wardrobe, complete with plenty of black and leather. They had all protested, Jackson and Lydia insisting to help with the bill, but Derek refused. Explaining that, as an alpha, he needed to care for his pack, buying them things that they want and need made him feel like he was doing his job. After a few grumbles, the teens stopped arguing and, to be honest, Erica was so happy that they did.

"I know this sounds vain, but, I look good." Erica said happily as she looked at her new, rather tight, blue top in the mirror. "I've never been pretty before, I like it." She smiled.

"You've always been beautiful, Erica." Lydia smiled, "You were just unfortunate to have an illness that hid it." Holding up one of the girls new dresses. "How about this with your leather jacket?"

"Which one?" Allison asked with a chuckle as she hung up some of the clothes. Derek hadn't just gotten them the same jacket multiple times, like he had. Nope, he brought them so many different styled jackets, some snug fitting, some that stopped at the waist, some in colour, some with badges, some with hoods, Erica could confidently say that she had a leather jacket for everything.

"Hmm, this one." Lydia announced, holding up a jacket, then handed it to the blonde, along with the dress "I'll find you some shoes." Erica smiled gratefully, accepting the items and setting them on her desk, then began removing her clothes.

"So," Allison started with a smile, placing some accessories next to the dress. "Let's talk boys. Anyone you've got your eye on?" Allison grinned, while moving to help Lydia.

"Well, there is this guy in a few of my classes, he's really good looking and nice. One time after I had a seizure, he brought me flowers and came to see me at the hospital. I've always wanted to get to know him, but I was too nervous." She informed her friends as she pulled on the dress. "Maybe now that will change."

"What's his name?" Allison asked excitedly.

"Vernon Boyd." Erica sighed happily, as Allison and Lydia shared a look. "What?"

"He's one of the options." Lydia informed the girl. "Like we told you before, Derek needs to establish a pack relatively quickly. He needs a minimum of three Betas. Yes, he currently has four, but one is his mate and only you were turned by him, so it'll take long to build a pack connection. Also, Derek grew up in a large pack, so he subconsciously pines for a large pack again." She paused to allow Erica to take in the information, then continued. "Boyd and another boy named
Isaac Lahey are the current options. They were chosen because we have determined that they would be most likely to accept and successfully turn. Teenagers have a higher chance of survival than other age groups and Boyd, apparently, reeks of loneliness and misery, we believe that the chance to not only have friends, but pack and family, would appeal to him greatly, enough to say yes. The improved senses and strength will probably just be a bonus to him. Isaac, is a bit more complicated. He is being abused by his father. We know that he's not being bullied in school, but Scott and Stiles have smelt blood on him multiple times, they've picked up on his pain a lot too. All of us have notice how he flinches at loud noises or when someone gets too close. Jackson has gone to the Sheriff, but so far Lahey has denied the allegations, so they have to wait for a warrant. Jackson's testimony alone isn't enough as a court would question why he didn't come forward sooner."

"Why didn't he?" Erica asked curiously.

"Because, before he realised that he does in fact have a soul, he was a self centred dick." Lydia stated simply. "Now, try these." She demanded, handing Erica a pair of shoes.

"These are nice, but I'm going to wear my TARDIS shoes." Erica decided.

"They're blue, that dress is red. No way. And that dress is so beautiful, the design is so you." Lydia stated, crossing her arms, taking stand against the girls choice. "You need to make a statement on your first day back after the change."

"So you want me to wear the dress because of the design, that's the only reason?" Erica asked, smirking as Lydia nodded suspiciously. "Great, I've got the same dress in blue." Erica grinned, then practically tore her current dress off. Allison giggled and held out the aforementioned dress, which the blonde quickly put on, along with the shoes and jacket. Lydia looked from the dress, to the shoes, to Erica and back, then hummed.

"Fine, you could do worse. We'll work on your fashion sense later." Lydia sighed, then grinned "Now, take that off, and get into your pajamas, we can sort out accessories in the morning. For now, let's put all of this away, get as much junk food as we can carry and binge watch Stargate."

"SG-1, right?" Allison asked hopefully.

"Of course."

"Good, that's the best one." Allison grinned, pulling her own pajamas out of her bag. The girls changed and put away the last of Erica's clothes, and a few outfits of Lydia and Allison's, which they decided to leave in case of an impromptu sleepover. Within twenty minutes, they were wedged into Erica's bed, buried under piles of junk food.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"You ready for this?" Stiles asked Erica as the pack, stood by the Jeep before school. Stiles had picked up Scott and the three girls before school. Jackson, and surprisingly Derek, met them at the school.

"Hell yeah." Erica stated, grinning confidently at him.

The group all wore their new clothes, drawing looks from other students and making Derek's wolf yip with pride. Derek looked at each member of his pack with a soft smile on his face. "Right." He
began, drawing the attention of his Beta's and mate. "You've all got everything thing that you need?" The teens nodded. "Okay, remember, no fighting, unless provoked, no shifting, unless you're alone, no weapons, unless absolutely necessary, no skipping class, unless it's an unimportant, boring lesson, and no alcohol, it won't help." Lydia went to speak, but Derek cut her off. "None for you two, because it's not fair to the others."

"Do you want us to start trying to befriend Isaac and Boyd today?" Allison asked curiously.

"If the opportunity presents itself, but if not, just have fun today and let people realise the no one is going to fuck with any of you ever again."

"Damn right." Stiles grinned and gave Derek a kiss, ignoring the groans from the pack.

The first bell sounded, and Derek pulled away reluctantly "Okay, try to not be miserable. Oh and don't kill anyone. Understood?"

"Yes alpha." The pack chorused, causing Derek to smile.

"Good, now get to class, I'll see you all after school for training." The pack exchanged farewells with their alpha, then made their way into school.

Lydia laughed at something Scott said as the pack glided into the cafeteria. They turned more than a few heads and ignore each one of them, striding over to Lydia and Jackson's usual table in the centre of the room. The girls took their places at the table as the boys sat down their bags and left to get the food.

The cafeteria was shocked silent around them, most likely at Scott, Stiles and Erica more than anything. The girls knew full well that even if the whispered, half of the room would hear them, so they spoke normally.

"So, when are you gonna ask him to the dance?" Allison asked Erica excitedly. "And no, you can't back out now. You've had a crush on him forever!"

"Geez, thanks Ally, just let everybody know." Erica scolded teasingly.

"It's not like like she said his name, Erica." Lydia rolled her eyes. "Anyway, you have to ask him by tomorrow at the latest. The dance is Friday and we have to make sure he has a suitable outfit to match your radiance."

"Damn right, you've only just realised your own beauty, we don't need some guy showing you up with a uncoordinated outfit." Allison agreed with a nod.

"On behalf of my gender I say 'Hey!' From a neutral standpoint I understand and approve, we don't
need anyone showing up Erica." Stiles stated as he approached the table with a tray in either hand. He sat down opposite Erica and kept the other for himself. Scott and Jackson did the same, handing their second tray's to their respective girlfriends.

"So Stiles, have you convinced Derek to go with you yet?" Erica asked, trying to get the topic away from her, but this only regained the interest of the people listening on. Stilinski bringing a guy?

"Not yet, he said, and I quote,'I am not putting on a monkey suit and going to a stupid, meaningless high school dance. Prom, fine, but not this.' So, I'm going to need you all to pester him tonight. This is the first school dance that I've had a relationship during, I'll be damned if I don't take my boyfriend. Dad knows about him and approves, you guy's are fine with it, so I don't give a fuck about what anyone thinks." Stiles stated firmly, ending his rant by shoving a handful of chips (Fries) in his mouth.

"Just say Danny asked you to go with him, that'll get him riled up and he won't refuse." Jackson suggested with a grin.

"I heard my name, what's going on?" Danny asked as he walked over to the table, sitting at the end somewhat hesitantly.

"Hey Danny," Lydia greeted happily. "Derek is refusing to go to the dance with Stiles. So, we were thinking that Stiles could say that you offered to go with him, which would get him jealous and make him agree to go."

"Okay, that's cool, I'm in. I'm going stag anyway, if he still refuses to go, I'll reserve a dance for you." Danny joked with a wink.

"Thanks Dannyboy." Stiles grinned.

"Since when are you Jack O'Neill?" Erica teased

"Since always!! I have the sarcasm, the humor, the good looks." Stiles grinned failing his arms. almost hitting Scott multiple times.

"Actually, I'd say you're more Xander." Scott informed him.

"Yeah, but a Xander/Willow mix," Lydia corrected thoughtfully. "Scott's kind of Clark Kent, I think, the Smallville version."

"You're definitely Cordelia." Allison inform the red head. "But like, in Angel, when she's more bad-ass."

"Damn right." Lydia grinned. "Now, we can sort out everybody else's roles later, for now, back to Erica."

"Ugh, screw it." Erica growled as she stood up and marched to a table in the corner of the room. She sat down opposite Boyd who looked up at her in shock.

"Hey Boyd." She greeted with a grin.

"Hey Erica, you look.. Different."
"I'll take that as a compliment." She grinned. To the outside world, she was the perfect image of confidence, but the male members of her pack could hear her heart racing. "so, I was wondering if you would like to go to the dance with me on Friday?"

"Don't take this the wrong way, but with your change in look and attitude, you could have any guy in this room, why are you asking me?" He asked curiously, raising an eyebrow at her.

"Because none of them ever glanced twice at me unless I was having a seizure, never came to visit me at the hospital afterwards or brought me flowers. And most importantly," She leant across the table and picked up his apple."none of them are the human embodiment of Teal'c" She grinned and took a bite of the apple. Hoots of laughter came from her pack, but she ignored them as Boyd chuckled.

"You picked up on that?" It was more of a statement than a question, but Erica answered anyway.

"Absolutely." she grinned and Boyd smiled slightly back at her. His smile quickly disappeared and he opened his mouth to say something, but Erica quickly spun around as she heard a shift in the air as something flew towards her. She caught a paper aeroplane as it was an inch from her head.

"Dammit." Stiles laughed as Erica flipped him off and turned back to Boyd who had his eyebrow raised at her. She simply grinned as she unfolded the note, giggling at what was written.

She slid the paper over to Boyd. "Here's my number, let me know what you decide." With that she stood and walked back to her friends, giving Stiles a head slap before sitting down.

Shortly after, the noise in the cafeteria picked up again, and the group could talk in private. Just before the end of lunch, Erica's phone buzzed from a text.

From: Unknown (12:56)
Message: I'm in, what colour tie do I need? -Boyd

Erica smiled happily, making eye contact with Boyd from across the room.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Erica heard Jackson groan as he landed next to her on the grass. Out of the corner of her eye, Erica could see Allison and Lydia sparring hand to hand as the sheriff supervised, dropping in tips here and there. Scott and Stiles were behind her somewhere, practicing with throwing knives in the case that hand to hand and close quarter contact would be a bad idea. Derek walked over to her and Jackson and helped them up.

"You need to think out of the box. Surprise me and yourselves with what you do. If you get predictable you will die." Derek stated as he pulled them to their feet then walked away. "Go again." Erica was relieved that Derek had allowed them to change clothes before hand. Werewolf or not, she would not have been able to handle this in leather.

Jackson moved to charge at Derek's back, but Erica grabbed his arm and shook her head then pulled him to the left.

She made a few hand gestures, that Jackson seemed to understand as he made a few back at her. After a few seconds they had a plan. Derek turned and looked at them, waiting for them to make a move and almost rolled his eye's as they started charging at him. Erica was in front of Jackson,
when she was a metre away from Derek, she dropped to the ground. Derek sighed and was ready to jump over her, only to realise that she was crouched, hands firmly planted on the ground and making no move to sweep his legs out. Then a foot landed on her back. Derek looked up to see Jackson flying through the air, feet aiming for his face. He caught the foot just in time, only for the other one to hit his stomach, whilst a leg swept out his feet. He let go off Jackson's foot as he fell to the floor. His hands were restrained above his head by Erica, one of her hands at his throat, his legs were restrained by Jackson, who had a clawed hand positioned directly over the Alpha's heart.

"Well done. Good communication with the hand gestures." Noah called out in a proud voice. Derek looked pleasantly surprised that they had taken the time to make a plan. Even if it was only a few seconds.

"Good thinking, you did well. Just remember that you won't always be able to do that, you will have to just rely on your instinct, but well done. You worked as a unit, that's important in a pack, I'm proud of you." The Beta's preened at their alpha's praise as they let him go. Jackson was especially pleased at the approval. Despite all of his efforts, he could never seem to earn the approval of his adopted parents, this was new for him.

"Right, everyone." He called out, raising his voice for the humans to hear. "Take a couple of laps around the field, then I'm going to teach the wolves something new. How to shift. Fully." Derek got a few odd looks as he smirked and shifted. There were collected gasps as the pack ran over to the the black wolf, stood where Derek was just seconds before. Not the weird monster wolf that Peter turned into, but a full furred wolf.

Stiles grouched in front of the creature in amazement. "Der?" Derek flashed his eyes in return. Stiles chuckled in awe and went to pet the wolf, only to be playfully growled at. The wolf nudged his head towards the edge of the clearing. "You want us to do those laps now?" Derek nodded and Stiles sighed. "Fine. Let's go guys." The pack started their laps, glancing back at their wolfed out alpha. Derek was able to communicate with the Sheriff enough to let him know that clothes he wore were now destroyed. The sheriff had kindly put a jacket over Derek so that when he shifted back he didn't flash the pack. He wore only a pair of joggers when the pack finished their laps.

"Okay, so take off anything you don't want to destroy, because anything you're wearing will get shredded." Derek informed them.

"I got it in my head that once he was potty trained and able to change himself, I would have to see my son naked again, and I'd like to stick with that." Noah said. "So I'm gonna head back to the house, I'll get dinner ready, let me know when you're on your way back." With a few agreements, mainly from Stiles, Noah left the clearing.

"Do you girls want to stay? Are you all okay with them staying?" There was a chorus of yes' and of course, Lydia had to take it a step further.

"I don't mind, Ally and I have seen Stiles naked, I've seen Jackson naked, Scott and Stiles have probably seen each other naked, Ally, Erica and I have seen each other naked, Ally and Scott have seen each other naked, Erica and I will probably see Scott naked eventually, might as well get it over with in a less pressured setting." Lydia shrugged, but Derek was glaring.

"When did you see Stiles naked?" He demanded. Derek didn't mean to be so angry, but this was his mate, no one was allowed to see him naked but him. Scott was understandable as they grew up
together and if that picture Stiles showed them was anything to go off, they had probably had to see each other naked at some point in order to get clean. But Allison and Lydia? That had to be recent.

"The night he stayed at my parents house and Lydia spilt nail polish all down his clothes." Allison chuckled.

"I still say it was on purpose." Stiles glared. "But I don't know how you managed to get it on my underwear. I'm just so glad I had changed before Mrs Argent walked in." Stiles shuddered, causing the pack to laugh.

"So don't worry alpha, it wasn't sexual and we weren't trying to steal your mate." Lydia assured with a grin. "Now, are you guy's gonna get naked or not?" Within minute, the beta's were stripped down to their underwear, deciding not to get completely naked. Erica took her bra off too, just wearing panties, which turned out to be batman designs, the same a Stiles’ boxers.

"So could everyone in your family do this?" Scott asked curiously.

"Yes and no. Every werewolf, bitten or born, has the potential to do it, but only some could do it naturally, others have to be taught. Peter never fully learnt how to do it, which is why he turned into the monster like wolf. He couldn't get past the halfway point between werewolf and wolf."

He spent the next half hour talking them through how to shift. Erica was the first to successfully do so. This didn't surprise Derek as it was easier for girls to learn. Her wolf was a pale blonde colour, not as large as Derek's form, but still larger than an average wolf.

Stiles was next, then Scott, then Jackson. Stiles' wolf was reddish brown and slightly smaller than Derek's, but larger than Erica. Scott's was a rich brown, the same colour as his eyes and the same size as Stiles. Jackson's was a dirty blonde colour, slightly larger than the other beta's but, again, smaller than Derek.

There was something freeing about being in wolf form, a peaceful escape from the chaos of humanity. Just being one with nature and pack was an incredible feeling. In this form, they could feel the pack bonds. Like threads tying them together.

The stayed like this for hours, Derek shifting with them. Lydia and Allison taking turns to pet them, the wolves play wrestling and yipping, until the almost full moon rose high in the sky.

A little after ten, they arrived back at the Stilinski household, where they told the sheriff everything, ate pizza and fell asleep in a pile in the living room floor. Reveling in the warmth and safety of pack.

Wednesday morning, Erica woke with a groan, she want to rub her eye's, only to find that she couldn't. With a start, she opened her eyes and looked around. She was in a basement, her hands chained to a wall. She looked around to see Stiles, Scott and Jackson also chained up in some way or another. Then slowly, memories started coming back to her. Monday, back to school, asking out Boyd, training, fully shifting, pack. Tuesday, irritable, angry, full moon. With a groan, she hit her head against the wall.

"Who was the asshole driving the truck that hit me?" Stiles groaned from across the room. Scott and Jackson soon woke up with similar groans. A few seconds later, the door to the basement
opened and Derek walked down the steps. "Good morning. Sleep well?" irritated groans were his response.

"That was worse than the first time." Stiles groaned as Derek started undoing Erica's chains. "Isn't it supposed to get easier?"

"It is and it will. Last night was difficult for me too and I'm afraid that it was my fault." He admitted as he moved on to realise Jackson.

"How was it your fault?" Scott asked suspiciously.

"Do you remember that I sent Lydia and Allison home?"

"Yeah, to keep them safe from us." Jackson nodded as Derek moved to Stiles next.

"Well, that was a mistake on my part, I didn't realise the bonds were so strong already. It wasn't until Lydia called to check on how you were doing, and everyone, myself included, calmed at her voice. So I asked her and Allison and come over. Once they were in the house and you could hear their heartbeats and smell their scents, the night was a lot easier."

"Pack keeps you grounded." Erica said knowingly. "And when they weren't here-"

"The pack was incomplete." Jackson finished as Scott was freed.

"Exactly, so from now on, they'll be around during full moons, not in the room though, at least not until you're all in control." They nodded in agreement. "Now come on, Ally made breakfast."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Hey Boyd, come sit with us." Erica demanded as she tugged the boy to their table. Well, tables. Yesterday, the pack had gotten so much food they need a second table. The wolves blame the full moon, the humans blame the wolves, saying they were trying to make it less weird. Despite the full moon being over, the wolves were still starving, so they pushed tables together again. To save the cafeteria staff, and themselves, they brought their own food. A lot of it. Scott and Allison had also managed to convince Isaac to sit with them. The poor boy looked so nervous.

"So," Danny started, with a curious look at the food. "Last night, people claimed that they heard wolves howling."

"Really? That's interesting, but impossible. There are no wolves in California." Lydia informed him matter of factly, while the rest of the pack tried to stifle laughs, not that Danny noticed, but Boyd and Isaac did.

"I know, but so many people complained about it, there were calls to the sheriff station about it and everything." Danny said excitedly.

"M-my dad h-heard it." Isaac stuttered, unsure if was allowed to speak or not. "H-he was annoyed because it was so loud th-that he couldn't h-hear the TV."

"See," Danny gestured, not noticing Isaacs flinch or the way that the boy rubbed his side. "Now I don't know if it was a prank or something, but people definitely heard it."
"Yeah, definitely." Stiles agreed distractedly.

Isaac sat in the Stilinski living room, shocked silent as he took in the appearance of the two males in front of him, his mind reeling from the information he'd just learnt. Derek sat patiently, eye's glowing red as he looked at the abused boy in front of him.

Stiles had taken him to the cemetery where Isaac worked so that he could talk to the teen, only to find the boy trapped in an open grave by an overturned backhoe. They helped him out and took him back to the Stilinski residence. Where they told him about everything and offered him the bite.

"Yes." Isaac stated certainly and braced himself as Derek walked forward.

Scott and Allison nervously at across from each other in Lydia's guest room, where Allison was currently living. Both wanting to say something, but unsure how. The pair had spent the day with Isaac, trying to get to know him and get him to open up.

Although it had only been a day, Allison felt herself drawn to the boy, the way she had been to Scott. Scott made sense because they were mates, but you can't have two mates. Can you?

"I have feelings for Isaac!" Allison blurted out, at the same time as Scott said the exact same thing.

"Really?" They asked in unison.

"Yeah." Scott spoke first. "It's weird, because I've never been into guy's before. There's just something- I'm drawn to him the same way that I'm drawn to you." He admitted, rubbing the back of his head.

"I was thinking the same thing." She paused for a second."Is it possible to have more than one mate?"

"Yup." Lydia announced, barging into the room, startling couple. "A werewolf can have two mates, but those mates are always also mate to each other. So, if Isaac is your third mate, then he will feel the same way towards you."

She flopped onto the bed, smiling at the couple. "The bite took, by the way. Derek bit him a few hours ago and he's already starting to show signs of turning and there's no black blood, so it's looking optimistic. Now, tell me all about the crush you have on our new pup."

Isaac walked into school the next day, more confident than ever, Erica by his side. He wore a new leather jacket, black skinny jeans and a black button up shirt. He grinned as he turned a few heads walking to lesson. He'd been given his first 'mission' already, stick by Erica and make sure Boyd is worthy of taking her to the dance. Although, the blonde girl was unaware of this.

They walked into history, side by side, and immediately started walking towards Boyd, who sat at the desk in the back right corner of the classroom. Erica at at the desk next to him, Isaac at the desk in front. "Hey Boyd." Isaac grinned and Boyd was startled to see such a drastic change in the
shy boy from the day before.

"Hi Isaac, Erica." He greeted.

"We still on for the mall tonight? To pick out our stuff for the dance?" Erica asked, looking passive, rather than showing how hopeful she really was.

"Definetly." Boyd smiled, earning him a pleased grin from Erica.

"So Boyd. What are your plans for the future? What do you do for a living? What are your intentions with Erica?"

"Isaac!" Erica hissed, but Boyd took it in stride.

"I work at the local Ice Rink, I drive the zamboni. I plan to take Erica to the dance, and if she decides that he had a good time, I hope to take her on a real date. As for the future, I plan to go to college, I'm not sure what I want to major in yet, but I have two years to figure it out." He stated, smiling at Isaac who studied him for a second before nodding.

"Good answer," He smirked, then turned to face the front of the class.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"So Stiles, did Danny ask you yet?" Lydia asked curiously as the pack walked through the mall.

"Yup, but I don't know if I'm going to say yes or not." Stiles said honestly, he didn't know if Derek was going to change his mind or not, so he didn't know if he'd take Danny up on his offer of saving a dance. Of course, he knew Derek wouldn't be thinking 'dance' but 'date'.

"Yes you do, you're saying yes, because there is no way you're going stag and no way you're not going," Lydia protested. Derek wrapped his arms around Stiles' waist and pulled Stiles to him.

"None of those options are happening, because he's going with me." Derek glared.

"I thought you didn't want to go." Lydia raised an eyebrow.

"I changed my mind." Lydia rolled her eyes.

"Fine, I'll help you pick out a suit too."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Friday came around quickly. Scott and Allison grew closer to Isaac and were able to convince him to go to the dance with them, not that it took much convincing. What did take some convincing was getting the teachers to allow Scott to redo some tests so that he could get a good enough grade so he could go to the dance. It was worth it, the pack was having fun, well most of the pack was.

"Derek, c'mon just dance with me!" Stiles all but growled at his mate and alpha.

"No."

"Please?"
"No."

"Derek. Get off your cute little ass and dance with me now." Derek just raised his eyebrows as Stiles sighed "If you're not going to dance, why did you agree to come?" He demanded, even though he already knew the answer.

"So that you wouldn't come with Danny." Was the reply. Stiles was about to sigh again, then he remember something that Danny had promised.

"Fine," He smirked and walked away from Derek, right up to Danny. "Hey Danny." Stiles greeted with a grin.

"Hey Stiles, looking good." Danny complimented, then glanced over to Derek, who was glaring at him. "And Derek's here too."

"Yup, but he's being grouchy and refusing to dance with me." Stiles pouted causing Danny to laugh and Derek's glare to intensify. "But, I seem to recall you promising me a dance."

Danny chuckled as Stiles patted his eyelashes. "So I did." Danny placed his drink down on a near by table. "C'mon." He grabbed Stiles arm a lead him to the dance floor. They made small talk as they danced, they made it through three songs, when a slow song started playing. Denny smirked as he pulled Stiles closer to his body. They danced chest to chest for approximately three seconds before Danny was roughly pulled off of Stiles, drawing worried looks from other dancers as Derek pulled Stiles against his own body.

"Danny? Are you okay?" Stiles asked in concern.

"Yeah I'm fine," Danny assured, leaning in to whisper to the couple. "Next time just ask me to get off your mate, no need to use werewolf strength on me."

All the wolves in the pack looked at Danny in shock. "Y-you know?!" Stiles asked in shock.

"Dude, it's Beacon Hills." Danny rolled his eye's. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to find someone who doesn't have a jealous boyfriend to dance with." And with that, Danny disappeared into the crowd. The pack switched dance partners every couple of songs and had a great night. Derek had been more than willing to claim Stiles for the final dance, ending it by giving his mate a passionate kiss, right there in the middle of the dance floor, for everyone to see.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

That night Stiles and Derek stumble through the front door of the Stilinski household, lips locked together. They were thankfully alone. The Sheriff would be at the station all night, Erica was telling Boyd about the pack and offering him the bite, they would come round in the morning if he chose to accept it. Allison, Scott and Isaac had gone to Scott's house to 'talk' as apparently Isaac had been feeling the pull towards them. Lydia and Jackson were finding out how much Danny knew and making sure he'd keep it a secret, then go back to Lydia's. So Stiles and Derek had the whole night.

They managed to make their way upstairs without breaking anything, although the banister now sported a hand shaped dent from Derek gripping it too hard.
Derek kissed down Stiles' neck, drawing delicious moans from the teen. "So beautiful. Gonna claim you. Make you mine. Let everyone know."

"Wait, d-do you mean?"

"Yeah, if you want, I want to claim you. Mark you, let everyone know you mind. I wanna complete the bond Stiles." Derek purred into Stiles' skin.

"A-are you sure, I mean I want to, I really want to, but are you sure this isn't just jealousy talking. I mean the rule-"

"The rule is stupid." Derek growled as he started undressing Stiles. "I made it so that I wouldn't be like Kate. That night in the school I realised that even if we completed the bond earlier, I wouldn't be like her, because I love you, Stiles. Maybe it is jealousy that prompted me to act tonight, but that doesn't mean that I don't want it, and I definitely won't regret it. But if you want to wait, I understand and I'll wait until you decide you're ready. Before or after your 18th." Derek promised, looking down at his now naked mate.

"I want to." Stiles said certainly. "I want you Derek."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Ugh, it stinks in here." Jackson complained, wrinkling his nose in disgust the next morning, Erica, Scott and Isaac were doing the same.

"You already knew that it would, so quit whining." Lydia ordered as she set the shopping bags on the Stilinski's kitchen counter.

"You already knew that it would, so quit whining." Lydia ordered as she set the shopping bags on the Stilinski's kitchen counter.

"Are we seriously making them a 'congratulations for getting laid' breakfast?" Isaac incredulously.

"Well, we were gonna call it 'Thank you for securing the pack bond and giving us all mad power head rushes' but that works too." Erica shrugged as she searched through the cupboards for pans. "Besides, you're just grouchy because you didn't get laid. Don't bother denying it." Isaac opened his mouth to reply, but Lydia cut in.

"Now, now, children let's not argue or you'll wake mummy and daddy." She teased. The pack worked as a unit making breakfast for their alpha and his mate. Boyd found himself picking up on small things, like how the pack, even the human members, always seemed to know when someone needed something. Erica got a grater from the draw and held it out, just in time for Lydia to turn and grab it. As he chopped some vegetables, Boyd noticed himself picking up another knife and holding out for Isaac to grab. It was subconscious and a little freaky, but he kind of liked it. He has decided to take the bite. He knows the risks and he also knows that he doesn't need to turn in order to be a part of the pack, but he want to. He wants the confidence that the others have gained from it, he wants to feel this bond that the others do. He's already feeling it a little, as are Lydia and Allison, but the way Erica described it sounded incredible, and she claimed she wasn't describing it well enough.

Erica. She was beautiful, even before she turned, no one else seemed to see it, but he did. The way her face would light up when she read a comic book, or that small grin that was always on her face the morning after a new Doctor Who episode. It's always the little things that Boyd notices, but it's the little things that make up the big things.
The teenagers turned in unison as the front door opened, a few seconds later, the exhausted looking sheriff appeared in the kitchen.

"Good morning Sheriff." The girls of the pack greeted in unison.

"Mornin'' He looked at Boyd and Isaac. "Boyd and Isaac, right?"

"Yes sir." Boyd nodded. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"You too son." Noah shook his hand, then Isaac's. "So you both said yes?" He asked, pouring himself a cup of coffee.

"I have, he hasn't yet." Isaac stated as he helped serve up the food.

"But I'm going to."

"Y'know you don't have to, right? You can still be pack and stay human."

"I know sir, but I want to." Boyd stated firmly and the Sheriff nodded.

"Fair enough, so are those two still in bed?" The teens all nodded, suddenly looking unsure and slightly nervous and a switch flicked in Noah's mind. "Oh god, they did it, didn't they? They completed the bond." At the collected nods, he groaned. "Dammit, why?"

"Uh, sheriff, I thought you liked Derek?" Scot asked, half confused, half nervous.

"I do, that's the problem!" Noah sighed, earning him confused looks. "From a father's stand point, I should shoot and arrest him for having sex with my underage son. But because I like Derek, I don't want to."

"Then please don't." Stiles said from the doorway, Derek stood behind him, looking nervous.

"Ugh, get in here and eat, I'm too tired to get my gun right now." Noah sighed, seemingly forgetting that his gun was still in the holster on his hip. He sent Lydia a grateful smile when she set a large plate of food down in front of him.

The pack devoured the mountain of food easily and once the Sheriff went to bed, prepared to turn Boyd.

"Are you sure? You know the risks?" Derek asked the boy, "This isn't something you step into lightly. You can stay human and still be a part of the pack"

"I know. And I know that it could kill me, I know about the hunter, Erica told me everything. I've thought about it. If you want, you can ask me again in a week, but my answer will be the same. I want this."

Derek nodded. "Okay. Brace yourself."
I'm not coming back

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

It's time for Kate's funeral, Derek gets a job and Gerard comes to town.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"With all due respect sheriff, this is my daughter and you can't keep her from me." Chris Argent's voice carried upstairs at the Stilinski house two weeks later, on a Wednesday.

"I can't, but she can choose to stay away and file for emancipation Mr Argent." Noah rebuked.

"She can't be emancipated, there are no grounds for it!"

"Actually, she fits the criteria. She's financially self-sufficient, due to having a job, which she started two days ago. She is currently living apart from you and has made alternative living arrangements. She is definitely sufficiently mature enough to make decisions and to function as an adult, and she is well on track to receive a high school diploma."

"But she is my daughter, it's my job to take care of her!" Allison sighed and stood from Stiles' bed.

"This is ridiculous." She muttered, then made her way downstairs, Stiles, Lydia, Erica and Boyd following behind her.

"Dad, enough!" She snapped, once the sheriff and the hunter were in view, drawing their attention to her. "What is this about?" She demanded, crossing her arms over her chest. The hunter looked older than the last time they had seen him, his stubble had grown out to a small beard, he had dark circles under his eyes.

"This is about you coming home." Chris had a pained expression on his face as he took a deep breath, forcing himself to calm down. "Allison, I'm sorry. Your mother and I talked things over and have come to an agreement. We won't try to pressure or force you into leaving the pack. As long as none of you hurt anyone, we will make sure that nobody hurts you. I swear. We just want you home sweetie. Please. Just come back home. If after a month, you aren't happy with the way things are and you don't think we're being fair, then you can move out and we won't fight it." He sighed and looked down as the pack nodded to Allison, the hunter was being truthful "I promise that we will support you and try to accept the pack."

The hunter looked up and tried to win her over. "I can help you learn self defence, being a part of a pack attracts enemies, I can train you and the rest of the pack, if you'd like." His eyes glanced at each member of the pack "It's one thing to learn how to fight like a wolf and other to fight against a wolf. I can help you all with how to fight with weapons for when you're unable to shift. I can show you how a hunter thinks, so that if any outsiders who think like Kate come to town, you'll be able to anticipate their moves. I can help you. All I ask for in return, is a second chance to prove myself,
Allison, prove that I will be a good and supportive father."

"You are a good father." Allison insisted, stepping closer to the hunter. "You're just stubborn and overprotective." Chris chuckled. "I don't know if I'm ready to move back in yet, but I do miss you and mum." She admitted softly.

"Why don't you and your wife join us for dinner on friday night?" Stiles offered. "Call it a trial run. You can spend time with your daughter and get to know us. An easy atmosphere, no pressure . We understand that from a young age, you've been taught to hate us, so if you find it too much, then you don't have to talk to us. As long as you don't call us mutt's or insult us, we'll be fine." Everyone looked pleased with the suggestion and Chris nodded.

"Yeah, that's a good idea. We'll bring dessert."

"Ooh, mum's special apple pie?" Allison asked hopefully and Chris chuckled.

"Sure sweetie."

"What was that about pie?" Stiles asked excitedly

"Does your mum sacrifice people to the scarecrow god to grow amazing apples?" Erica teased leaning against Boyd with a grin.

"I hope your apple pie was frickin' worth it!" Lydia proclaimed in a deep voice.

"Love me some pie" Allison grinned.

"I do not understand that reference." Boyd stated in a deep voice, causing the teens to pause and stare at him for a moment, before bursting into hysterical laughter.

"You - totally - did that - on - purpose!" Lydia gasped out between laughs.

"Indeed."

"Uh, what's going on?" Chris asked Noah as he gestured to the teenagers in front of him.

"I have no idea." Noah admitted as the front door opened.

"Supernatural." Derek stated as he walked into the house, causing the two fathers to look at him. He was flanked by Scott, Jackson and Isaac and all four of them were holding shopping bags filled with groceries. The most noticeable thing, however, was Scott hair. Gone was the floppy mop, not replaced with a short tamed style. "It's a tv show. There was a stargate reference in there too. Stiles, Scott and the girls forced us to watch them. Along with some other shows. Although, Boyd immediately handed over season 1 of SG-1 when Stiles said we should watch it. It was just there in his bag, ready"

"I like to be prepared" Boyd stated with a small grin on his lips. "Do you need help with the groceries?"

"Yes please, there are more bag's in the car." Derek informed him as he made his way to the kitchen. "That means you two as well." The men just heard him say, but Erica and Stiles heard it clearly, and stifled their laughs as they moved towards the front door.

"Where are you going?" Lydia asked as she stifled her own laughter.

"Groceries." The two said in unison.
'I'll help.' Allison stated.

'I'll go help put away and tell Derek about friday.' Lydia said and went to the kitchen. Minutes later, the pack as bustling about the kitchen, working as a well oiled unit to put things away.

'Are you staying for lunch mr Argent?' Derek asked politely as he turned on the oven.

'Call me Chris, and no, thank you, I have to finish the arrangements for Kate's funeral tomorrow.' He said, a bitter undertone to his voice.

'Oh, I won't be going.' Allison informed him without looking up as she chopped up potatoes.

'I wish I could say the same.' Chris sighed. 'But Gerard, my father, is coming so I have to.'

'You're father?' Noah asked warily. 'Is he a hunter?'

'Yes, a ruthless one at that. So try to lay low. I'll bring a photo of him to dinner and when he's in town I'll try to get something with his scent.' Chris informed them, earning a grateful nod from Derek. 'Alright, I've gotta go, but enjoy your meal and unless we run into each other, I'll see you Friday, what time?'

'7.' The sheriff informed him, 'And at some point you and I will need to have a professional talk about boundaries and terms in relation to the Hale pack and it's land.'

'Understood, we can arrange a time at dinner, and in the mean time, I'll keep my hunters away from the preserve.'

'Thank you.' The sheriff said, shaking the hunter's hand. Allison gave her father a hug and then the man was gone.

'Was there really a need to bring up emancipation, dad?' Stiles asked once the sheriff had locked the front door. The man just shrugged in return.

'Probably not, but just so you know, I think he thinks Allison has been turned.' Noah said as he made his way to the living room.

'for when you're unable to shift.' Allison repeated, then shrugged. 'Oh well.'

'Aren't you gonna correct him?' Isaac asked in amusement as the girl continued chopping vegetables.

'Nah, that way, he can be confused if I ever have the need to hit him over the head with a baseball bat made of mountain ash.' She smirked as Stiles raised his eyebrows at her.

'You have a mountain ash baseball bat?'

'I will in 4-6 business days. So will Lydia, the sheriff, and mrs McCall' The redhead nodded in agreement as Scott looked up.

'My mum?'

'Yeah, Stiles mentioned that it was her go-to weapon, it'd be a good idea for her to have a mountain ash one to fend off supernatural creatures.' Allison explained.

'That'll work until she finds out.' Derek agreed with a nod.
"You mean that I can tell her?" Scott asked, half hopeful, half nervous.

"Yes, she'll find out eventually, it's better off coming from you in a controlled atmosphere." Derek stated as he placed a tray of homemade burgers in the oven. "Same goes for all of you, except Isaac." The curly haired boy looked up in confusion. "If your father finds out, I will have to kill him. Sorry." His heart skipped over the 'sorry', not that it surprised anyone.

"I'll help." Stiles informed them and the rest of the pack agreed eagerly.

"That won't be necessary." Isaac shook his head and walked to the living room, stopping directly in front of the sheriff. "Sheriff, I know that you're off duty, but I need to report something."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

It was the day of Kate's funeral and everybody at school was talking about it. People had the nasty habit of pointing at Allison and whispering things. So, the pack decided to show people what happened when you upset one of their own.

"I say we kill them." Isaac suggested casually at lunch.

"I'm in." Erica announced, raising her hand.

"We can't kill everyone!" Scott protested with an eyeroll.

"Well, we could, but it would take a while." Jackson chimed in.

"But if we kill them all, then we'll just have hunters after us." Lydia reminded them.

"We can kill them too." Erica stated.

"Then we'll be just as bad as Peter and even Kate." Stiles reminded them as he munched on doritos.

"And I doubt that even the Sheriff could help you if commit mass murder." Danny chuckled, shaking his head at them.

"You mean 'help us' your in this, too." Jackson corrected, flicking a sour patch kid at his best friend. Danny chuckled, tossing a couple of grapes at Jackson.

"I'm gonna end up hacking the FBI to get you all out of trouble, aren't I?"

"Probably." Scott nodded.

"Hey Allison." Tammy, a friend of Scott and Stiles' greeted as she walked over to the pack. "How are you doing?" She asked in a sympathetic tone, but the wolves knew that she was anything but sincere.

"I'm fine thanks, how are you?" She asked happily, earning her a raised eyebrow from the girl.

"You're asking me? My aunt's not the psychotic bitch that killed people." She stated bluntly.

"And I can't choose who I'm related to." Was Allison's reply. Her pack looked ready to attack Tammy, but Allison held up her hand. "You're right, she did kill people and the second that I found out, I turned my back on her. I want nothing to do with her. We may have been related, but she is not my family."
"What ever happened to 'blood is thicker than water'?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"That's a misconception." Lydia announced whilst rolling her eyes at the girl. "The original saying is: The blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb. Which basically means: That blood shed in battle, bonds soldiers more strongly than simple genetics. Although we commonly use it to suggest the strength of family ties, it doesn't refer to family at all."

Tammy nodded, somewhat surprised and moved to sit down. "I get it, it mus-"

"No." Lydia stated, stopping Tammy in her tracks. "No, you don't get it and you can't sit with us."

"I can't sit with you because I don't have a serial killer as a relative?"

"You can't sit with us because you're a bitch." Erica growled.

"And your treating Allison's misfortune as nothing more than gossip." Stiles glared at the girl. "I thought you were better than that Tammy, unfortunately not. Please leave us alone and if you go whispering about Allison or any of her relatives, we will know."

"Really Stiles? You join the popular clique and suddenly you're better than everyone?" Tammy sneered, which really riled the pack up.

"We're not a clique," Isaac snapped, trying to force back his wolf.

"We're family." Boyd stated, the perfect image of calm and collected, but the pack didn't need super senses to know that he was also close to shifting.

"We are all better than you because we don't belittle people for their misfortunes." Jackson sneered, Lydia gently placed her hand on his as she spoke.

"If I were you I'd walk away. We are very protective of our family and if you say or do anything to upset our family, we will get revenge."

"A month ago you didn't give any of them a second glance." Tammy stated, gesturing to Scott, Stiles, Isaac, Erica and Boyd. "Now all of a sudden they're family? What a load of bull. And I remember that Jackson wouldn't think twice about belittling anyone, now you above it?"

"I changed." Jackson growled, ready to attack the girl the second he had the chance.

"Sure." Tammy drawled sarcastically. "You said soldiers in your little english lesson, right Lydia? Well none of you are soldiers or fought together, unless your little 'family' is actually a gang."

The pack looked at the girl like she had a second head. "Are you forgetting that we were abducted, injured and almost killed by Kate and Peter? We spent time in the hospital!" Jackson sneered. "Even if we hadn't, we're still family. We all care and look out for each other, despite all the shit from the past."

"And that has nothing to do with Scott's sudden athletic stardom or Erica's slutty attire?"

"Slutty?! You stupid bitch, I will rip your throat out with my teeth!" Erica screamed, now on her feet, leaning over the table to reach the girl, but was held back by Isaac and Boyd. Tammy opened her mouth to say something else, but was stopped as a loud smack sounded, shocking the cafeteria into silence. Her head snapped to the side as a red mark appeared on her cheek. She slowly turned her head to look at Allison in shock.
The brunettes hand was still raised. Her usual friendly smile was long gone, replaced by an angry scowl, when she spoke, her voice was low and dangerous. "You listen to me, bitch. You can say what you about Kate, and how fucked up she was, I don't care, in fact I agree, but if you dare you anything about my family, I will end you. We may not have been close for long, but that doesn't change a thing. Forget everything you thought you knew about them. Jackson, Lydia, Scott, all of them, you do not know them, you do not know me. We are not who you think we are. Erica is not dressed like a slut. In fact, there's not such thing as a slut or a prude, those are insults created by bigoted guys to make girls feel bad. Are you a virgin Tammy?"

"Y-yes."

"Then by that standard, you are a prude."

"I'm not a prude!" The girl protested immediately, "I'm just not a slut!"

"So, someone who's had sex is a slut?" Tammy nodded. "So your parents are sluts? Your grandparents?"

"That's different!"

"How?"

Tammy froze in shock, trying to think of a reason. After a moment she said "Because they're married and adults!"

Stiles barked out a laugh. "Tammy, your parents were sixteen and still in high school when you were conceived! They didn't get married until you were eight! Scott and I were at the wedding."

"B-but I-L-"

"Lay off it sweetheart." Lydia advised, inspecting her nails. "You're trying to sound smart, but you're just being stupid and hypocritical."

"Walk away." Danny told her. "Before you embarrass yourself further, just walk away."

The girl, went to say something, before thinking better off it and stomping out of the cafeteria. Everyone stared at the pack for a moment, before a glare from Jackson had them turning away and whispering about what just happened.

"Well that was an eye opener." Scott commented as he lifted a fork full of cafeteria 'food' to his mouth.

"Can we kill her?" Isaac asked, semi-hopefully.

"No, no one is killing anyone." Stiles stated firmly, pausing for a second before adding. "Yet."

After that, it was easy for the pack to regain a steady flow of conversation.

“How’s Derek’s first day at work going?” Danny asked Stiles as the boy locked his phone.

“Pretty good, although he’s complaining about being stuck with paperwork. I’m glad though, I’d rather he be bored at work than be shot at. Even if he’d be okay.”

“How’d he get the job so fast?” Scott asked in confusion. “Don’t you need to go to police academy’s and stuff?”
“He did in New York.” Stiles explained, a proud smile on his face. “He was just about to join the
NYPD when Laura went missing and he dropped everything to come here.”

“That’s kind of sad.” Allison commented. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m so happy that Derek came
back to Beacon Hills. Everything would have been so different if he hadn’t, but it’s a shame that he
had to give up everything he worked to build.”

“I get what you’re saying, Ally, I do.” Jackson said with a nod. “But I think that it really is for best.
I mean, just look at how happy he is. Sure he might have been content in his old life, but this town
is where he belongs. Despite all of the tragedy that has taken place here, despite what is yet to
come, he has built a new family. In doing that, he’s given all of us something incredible. I thought
that Danny and Lydia were the only people that I could count on. The only people I’d ever be able
to count on, but now I’ve got all of you. Yes, I hate that we all had to go through shit to get here,
but, for me, it just makes me appreciate all of you even more. It is upsetting that Derek had to give
up everything, Ally, but I don’t call it a shame. I call it a blessing.”

-Dinner with the Argents was going rather well, despite the initial, expected, tension. "So
Allison." Chris started, wiping at his mouth with a napkin. "I just realised that I haven't asked yet,
how are you liking living with the Sheriff?"

"It was great, but I don't live here anymore, I moved out a couple of days after everything with the
Alpha." She explained with a smile, surprising her parents.

"Oh?" Victoria asked, glancing to Scott suspiciously. "Where are you staying now?"

"With Lydia." Allison informed her, taking another bite of her steak. "She offered me her guest
room when she got out of the hospital. I accepted because there's only so many times I can deal
with putting the toilet seat down before I snap." She teased, sending Stiles a mocking glare.

"Hey, it's better that going into bathroom and drowning in beauty products!" Stiles teased back.
"And there is no way you need all of that stuff!"

"Yes, we do." The girls chorused in unison.

"Stiles, no matter how many products she has, it is no where as bad as the amount of deodorant
you spray." The sheriff reminded him.

"Hey that was before! I have learned the error of my ways."

"Yeah, you just replaced it with leaving the toilet seat up." Allison giggled and Stiles stuck his
tongue out at her.

"Anyway." Allison giggled, looking at her parents again. "Where was I? Oh, yeah, I'm staying with
Lydia now, and I pay rent and everything."

"Although she doesn't have to." Lydia cut in, sending Allison a pointed look.

"If I don't, I feel like a moocher."

"You didn't pay the sheriff!"

"Because when the sheriff tells you not to pay rent, you listen!"
"But not to your best friend?"

"Nope."

"Ugh, bitch."

"Jerk."

"Language!" Derek stated, half teasingly.

"Sorry alpha." The pair apologised in unison, earning an annoyed glare from Mrs Argent.

Victoria cleared her throat. "Allison, although I should be relieved that you aren't living with boys, I'll admit that I took comfort in knowing that one of them was the sheriff, who has knowledge of the supernatural."

"I did too," Chris admitted. "Also knowing that the other two were mates, even if they haven't completed the bond-"

"They have." Noah told him, with a gleam in his eyes. "They completed it a few weeks ago, on the night of the dance. The Hale Pack is now established and secured, and has human members to balance them."

"Danny, right? You said members? Plural. I remember seeing Lydia get bitten, so who else is human?" Chris asked, looking at Boyd and Isaac.

"We have three human members, dad, the sheriff is human." Allison stated, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "And by the way, Lydia isn't a wolf."

"Then what is she?" Chris asked, eying the red head warily.

"A banshee." Danny said simply, as he reached for his bag. "At least, I think so. I've been doing research, I was going to mention it later, but what the heck?" He pulled an old leather bound book from his bag. "And based on what you told me, the scream, the knowing Kate was going to die, I'd say she's a Banshee. Her abilities were likely suppressed, brought forth by the bite." He opened the book to a page about Banshee's and set it on the table for everyone to see.

"What do you think?" Derek as Lydia, whose eyes were fixed on the page.

"Banshee." She said slowly, then nodded. "It feels, right? I guess. Thank you Danny, I think you got it." Danny smiled at his friend, before putting the book away.

"You can read it yourself later, but it says that the powers of a Banshee are genetically passed, so if I were you, I'd talk to your mum."

"Allison, I don't know how I feel about you living with a Banshee, if that's even what she is." Victoria protested. "She could be dangerous."

"Kate was dangerous, but you were okay for me to live with her."

"That's different, had she tried something, we could have protected you."

"I can protect myself." Allison stated, raising her head. "I grew up, discretely being trained by hunters, now I train with wolves. I sleep with a knife under my pillow and a gun under my mattress. I carry Chinese ring daggers, a folding crossbow and other things in my bag on a daily basis. I have a 9 million volt stun baton in my car. I have four compound bows, one in my car, one in Stiles..."
Jeep, one here and one at Lydia's. I have a chest filled with weapons in my closet!" The look on her parents faces was priceless, but Allison forced herself not to laugh. "I'm more than prepared and if I face something or someone that I can't handle alone, I have my pack to help me."

Chris nodded, but Victoria still looked unconvinced. "Okay, but I'd still like to help train you. All of you."

"Thank you Chris, we can arrange a time to meet up." Derek nodded gratefully.

"Great." Chris smiled, then looked around at everyone's, except Victoria's which had over half left, empty plates. Knowing that his wife wasn't going to finish the food. "How about, I take these to the kitchen, the we can have dessert?"

"I'll help." Stiles offered and started stacking plates.

“So, Derek, how do you plan to support yourself and the others?” Victoria asked tensely, purposely avoiding the word ‘pack’ in relation to her daughter.

“I have a job a job at the sheriff’s station as an assistant deputy.” Seeing the accusing look on Victoria’s face, Derek continued. “Back in New York I had enrolled at the Police Academy, I just graduated a week before Laura’s death. I didn’t apply here immediately as I wanted to take care of the alpha first, and before Stiles, I planned to come here, get rid of the alpha and go back. But there’s far more reason’s for me to stay than there are to leave.”

Despite some hostility from Victoria, the rest of the evening went well. Noah and Chris were able to arrange an informal agreement in relation to territory and hunting. There would be a formal treaty that would be written out, signed and sent to the hunters council.

"There's actually a hunters council?" Scott asked in disbelief.

"Yes, they've been around for several hundred years. Not as long as the werewolf council but-"

"There's a werewolf council?!"

"...No."

"You're mean."

"So I've been told."

Stiles chose that moment to interrupt. "Children, children, enough of that. Scott, go help Jackson with the dishes."

"Bu-"

"Now." Scott grumbled as he walked to the kitchen sink.

"You're good at this." Derek whispered into Stiles' ear as he hugged his mate from behind.

"Good at what?" Stiles looked over his shoulder at Derek.

"Being pack mum." He whispered at a volume only Stiles would hear.

"What? I'm so not p-"

"You totally are." Derek chuckled, placing a soft kiss to Stiles' shoulder.
"Nope."

"Stiles! Isaac stole the remote, but it's my turn to pick the movie!!" Erica's voice called as she ran towards the couple. Followed by Isaac,

"She's lying! It's my turn." Stiles pulled out his phone and tapped on the screen a couple of times. "Actually, according to this schedule, it's Boyds turn."

"Dammit." They whined in unison.

"Yup, Erica is tomorrow, then Isaac on Sunday." He informed them, showing them the schedule on his phone.

Erica sighed, then a thought occurred to her and she smirked. "No!" Stiles and Derek said in unison. The blonde batted her eyelids innocently.

"Whatever do you mean?"

"You will not convince Boyd to select your choice!" Stiles said firmly. "You hear me Boyd? Don't let her influence you, okay?"

"Okay." Was the reply.

Allison came to the kitchen, her parents behind her. "Hey, Stiles, I'm going to pick up some stuff from my parents house, could you drive me?"

"Yeah, of course, shall we do the thing on the way back?"

"You read my mind." Allison grinned.

"What thing?" Derek asked curiously.

"Nothing." They yelled in unison.

"I'll go get my key's, put a jacket on." Stiles told Allison, then ran up the stairs. Derek look at Allison with a raised eyebrow.

"My lips are sealed." She grinned as she move to the coat rack in the hall, which was currently overflowing with leather. She was somehow able to find the one that belonged to her and tugged it on just in time for Stiles to come bounding down the stairs. She grabbed a second jacket from the rack and held it out for the male.

"Thanks." He smiled, tugging on the jacket.

"Uh, Stiles?" Derek asked, causing his mate to look at him. "That's my jacket."

"I know. So did Allison." The Argent nodded with a grin on her face.

"Of course." Derek sighed.

"I love you." Stiles whispered and leant up to kiss Derek softly.

"I love you too." Derek replied once they pulled away. "Be safe"

"I will, don't let the pups kill each other."
"I Won't." Derek promised, giving Stiles another kiss.

"We'll be back in about an hour, feel free to start the movie without us."

"Please, even if I wanted to, there's no way that the others would let me." Derek chuckled.

"Fair enough, I'll see you soon. Love you."

"Love you." Derek replied and gave Stiles another kiss. Allison giggled and grabbed Stiles' arm, pulling him away from Derek.

"Come on, lover boy." She teased, pulling him away from his mate.

"Okay, okay, I'm coming."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Come on in Stiles," Chris invited, despite Victoria's glare

"Thank you, Mr Argent." Stiles smiled as he stepped into the house.

"Allison, all of your stuff is where you left it, but uh- not all of ours is?" He raised an eyebrow in amusement.

"Uh, it was to fight against the alpha!" Allison defended quickly.

"You really needed that against the alpha?"

"Look, I'm sorry, but the Katana is just so cool and -" The elder Agent's eyes widened.

"Katana? I was talking about the smoke grenade! When did you get the katana? How did you get into that room? What else did you take?!!" Chris asked urgently.


"Not much, just a M1911A1 Colt, some chinese ring daggers, a few extra arrows, a tactical compound bow, a quiver, a couple flash bolts, ultrasonic emitters, tasers, silver chains and wolfsbane bullets." She listed thoughtfully.

"And the Winchester shotgun!" Stiles reminded her.

"Oh, so not much?" Chris drawled sarcastically.

Allison turned red from embarrassment "We'll return what we still have first thing tom-"

"Don't worry about is." Chris assured. "We can get plenty more easily, I'm glad the you took the initiative to think ahead and stay prepared. I'm proud of you. But, next time, ask me first. Okay? Either of you."

"Okay dad."

"Okay, mr Argent."

"Great, now, go get your things, your pack are waiting on you and you've still got that mystery task."

"Thanks dad." Allison smiled gratefully, before heading to her old room, Stiles directly behind her.
"Okay, so, the top and middle draw, the chest in my closet, the stuff in the vent and the box under my bed." Allison stated, pointing to the places in question.

"On it." Stiles grinned, heading for the closet first, he went to pick up the chest, but froze, then stepped back. "Uh, Ally?"

"Yeah?"

"That's mountain ash."

"Oh, right, I'm so sorry! Uh, it's too heavy for me alone... DAD!" She yelled out, half a minute later, the hunter was walking into the room.

"Yes, Allison?"

"Can you help me with the chest? It's-"

"Mountain ash, right. Yeah, I got it." He moved to pick it up, only to find he could only lift it about three inches high. "What the hell do you have in this thing?" He groaned as he set it on the ground.

"Books and weapons, mostly." Allison shrugged as she grabbed a thick blanket from a draw. "Okay, if you could lift it again and I'll set this under it so you don't have to carry it alone."

"What other weapons could you possibly have in there?" Stiles asked incredulously, pulling a box out from under the bed.

"Throwing knives, Nunchaku's, butterfly knives, a Cobra Self Cocking Tactical Crossbow Pistol 80-lb and a couple kubatons." Allison shrugged as she and her father started to lift the chest. Stiles walked over and supported the middle, helping the Argent's move the chest.

"She went through a big self defense phase. I think it's the only phase that I was upset that she grew out of." He chuckled.

"Well, it's back now." Allison stated with a slight shrug. They were able to get everything moved quickly, and within twenty minutes, the pair were almost ready to leave.

"Chris!" A male voice called out as Stiles put the last item in the Jeep.

"Gerard." Chris greeted tensely.

"This must be Allison, hello sweetheart." The man greeted in an overly friendly voice. "And who's this young man? Dare I say boyfriend?"

Despite knowing that he wasn't a good man, the two couldn't help but laugh.

"God no. Not that there's anything wrong with Ally, but I'm seeing someone else, and my best friend is her boyfriend." Stiles informed the man. "I'm Stiles Stilinski."

"Stilinski? where have I heard that name before?" Gerard asked.

"My dad's the sheriff."

"Ahh yes, well it's a pleasure to meet you Stiles, may I say, that's an unusual name." He said, holding out his hand for Stiles to shake.

"It's just a nickname." Stiles explained, shaking the man's hand. "My real name is polish and
impossible to pronounce."

"I see." Gerard nodded pleasantly. "I'm Gerard. Chris and Kate's father. Well, I was Kate's father. I trust you heard about her untimely death?"

"Yes."

"It's quite a tragedy. I was sad that I didn't see you at the funeral, Allison." Allison snorted at that, earning her a fiery look from Gerard. "Something you'd like to say?"

"I wouldn't say tragedy, so much as karma. She killed an entire family!" Allison stated angrily.

"That's merely speculation." Gerard retorted, a glare set in place.

"She admitted it to me, right before she tried to kill me!"

Gerard's look turned suspicious. "And why exactly would she do that?"

"Because she's psychotic and realised that I was on to what she'd done."

"Now, with that attitude I'm not sure I want to give this to you." He lied as he pulled something out of his pocket, Stiles could smell Wolfsbane.

Allison took it whilst rolling her eye's, not risking glancing at Stiles, who was fighting to keep his features neutral.

"Whatever it is, I'm not interested, thanks. I'll see you around, dad. Come on Stiles, I'll drive."

Allison took it whilst rolling her eye's, not risking glancing at Stiles, who was fighting to keep his features neutral.

"When's your curfew?" Gerard asked, no doubt hoping to 'talk' to her when she returns.

"She doesn't have one." Chris informed him.

"I don't live here anymore." Allison said and climbed into the driver's seat of the jeep. "See you around. Love you dad." With that she shut the door as Chris returned the 'love you' and then the girl drove off.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

When Stiles and Allison got back, just over an hour later, the pack were waiting in the Stilinski living room. The sofa and arm chairs had been pushed to the side of the room, and the pack was sprawled out over the floor, on top of cushions and blankets, chatting idly. A clear space was left between Derek and Erica, a smaller space between Scott and Isaac.

"So we met Chris' father, Gerard." Stiles announced as he made his way to Derek. "When we getting the stuff from the Argent's house, he was there. Tried to be all gentlemanly, called Kate's death a tragedy, Ally told him otherwise, which pissed him off." He nestled into Derek and pulled Erica closer to him.

"He knew what Kate had done, before it came out. I could tell by the way he reacted when I brought it up." Allison announced as she snuggled up to her mates. "I think he might have been involved, at least with the planning. I don't know why, it's just a feeling, but I'm convinced."

"Okay, we'll start looking into it, tomorrow, for now, let's just enjoy our friday night and not worry about all of that." The pack agreed eagerly, Jackson, Scott and Stiles getting up to grab snacks.
"Boyd, what are we watching?"

"Serenity."

"I love you!" Was called out by multiple pack members, namely Stiles, Scott, Allison, Erica, Lydia and Danny.

Then, of course, someone, Jackson, had to ask "What's Serenity?"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Isaac and Stiles sat at the Sheriff's station, waiting on Derek and Noah. The two men were meeting with a lawyer, sorting out the paperwork so that Derek could become Isaac's legal guardian. The two were also there so that Isaac would be safe if anything went wrong with coach Lahey's transport to the county prison to await trial. Scott and Allison were both working. Allison couldn't skip because she'd only recently started. Scott couldn't because Stiles and Derek still didn't trust Deaton and wanted Scott to gather as much information as he could.

Erica couldn't be there because her parents had questions about her sudden cure, so Boyd was with her as moral support whilst she explained everything to them. Danny couldn't go because it was his sister's birthday. Lydia and Jackson offered to be there, but Isaac declined when he discovered that it was there two year anniversary.

The two sat side by side as Stiles helped Isaac with his maths homework.

"So, how long have you been..ya'know?" Isaac asked, glancing up at the deputy just meters away.

"Bi or the other thing?" Stiles asked without looking up.

"The other thing."

"Almost three months, since the night Derek's sister died."

"Really?" Isaac asked, eye's widening in surprise. "I thought it'd had been longer. What about Scott?"

"The same amount of time. Although, he fought it at first, he's only recently started to embrace it and focus on controlling it rather than suppressing it." Stiles explained to the blonde, who nodded.

"That explains it, I thought you had gone through it before him because you seem to have an easier time."

"I don't have an easier time, per se. It's always difficult, especially when you get angry or scared, but you learn to focus on other things, the things that keep you, you."


"Yeah."

"What's yours?"

"Well, mine's a combination of things. My dad, Derek, Scott, Melissa, the pack, even you. I don't want to hurt anyone that I care about, and I know that if I lose control, I could. But it doesn't have to be that for everybody. Derek's is anger, Scott's is Allison, and probably you now, but you'd have
to ask him.” Isaac nodded, but before he could say anything else, all of the phones in the station started ringing.

Deputies rushed around to answer the phones, everyone was talking at the same time and the shrill ringing hurt the wolves ears, so they were unable to make out what was going on.

The sheriff rushed out of his office, followed by Derek and the lawyer. "What the hell is going on?" He demanded.

"Sir, we have a problem." Tara told the sheriff in a hushed voice, glancing at Isaac in concern, unaware that he could hear everything that she said. "As the prisoner was being transferred, the van was attacked, no one saw by who, but by the amount of damage, it seemed to have been a wild animal."

"Were there any casualties?" Noah asked, sending Isaac his own worried glance.

"Two deputies and a state trooper were severely injured, they're being transported to the hospital as we speak. And the prisoner.. Lahey, he's..."

"Yes, deputy?"

"He's dead sir."

With that, Derek shot to Isaac's side, he and Stiles trying to console the curly haired boy. Isaac was frozen in shock as tears pooled in his eyes.

Isaac's father was dead. The man who had abused Isaac for years was dead. Isaac thought he should be relieved, but all he felt was grief.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry that this chapter is kinda short, but I will make up for it, promise xx
Chapter Summary

A/N: Isaac tries to move past the death of his father, Gerard stirs trouble, there's a new threat in town and Isaac and Boyd deal with their first full moon.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sheriff turned to the lawyer. "I know that you wanted to speak with him, but as you can see, now's not a good time."

"I understand, with you and Mr Hale both working in law enforcement, you have the clearance to take care of him. I will have to continue looking for other family, especially now, but I'll postpone any other claims for guardianship until I've had a chance to speak with Isaac. You have my number, sheriff, call me when he's ready." She moved to leave the station, pausing as she passed Isaac. "My condolences, Isaac."

"Tara, I know that this is bad timing, with everything that's going on, but could you-"

"I'll take care of it, sheriff, you make sure that Isaac is taken care of." Tara assured and demanded simultaneously.

"Thank you, I'll see you tomorrow."

At 11 o'clock that night, the pack were curled together in Stiles and Derek's bed. Isaac tried to insist that he was fine, and that they didn't need to come over and cancel their plans but the pack had none of it. For that, Isaac was grateful.

"It's too quiet." Isaac mumbled, knowing that his pack was no closer to sleep than he was. "Someone talk about something."

"Ohh, how about some funny childhood moments between Scott and I?" Stiles offered with an excited grin.

"I want to hear em." Allison smiled.

"Me too." Danny chimed in.

"Well, we weren't instant friends when we met, despite popular belief. It was the second week of pre-school. And I had this little hide out, on the school grounds, for napping. I went there on tuesday, and found a goofy looking kid sleeping in there. I wake him up, cause I'm annoyed and tell him that it's my place. He say's: I'm guessing you don't want anyone else to know about it, let me nap here and I won't say a word." There was a chorus of chuckles from the pack.

"That was just the beginning." Scott announced. "We didn't really get along or know each other, we just tolerated each other for the hide out. A couple of weeks later, it was raining, and we had an
argument over who got the sit on the blanket in the hideout. One thing lead to another and we ending up wrestling, and, well that picture say's it all really."

"After that, we didn't talk much, until the first grade." Stiles continues "First day, I get on the bus and there are no empty seats, except for one next to Scott. I was hesitant due to our fall out. But, I gather my nerves and walk over and say 'All the seats on the bus are taken so I'm going to sit next to you, and hope you don't hate me'. And Scotty here looks at me and goes 'Who the hell are you?'" There was a chorus of laughter from the pack.

"After that, it was me that approached Stiles, hoping to make up for forgetting him." Scott grinned. "So after class one day, I go over to him and say: 'Your in almost all my classes, and we always end up sitting next to each other this seems like the perfect opportunity for friendship, want to play pokemon?' And he, of course agrees."

"Damn right." Stiles shook his head. "But, there was other events, like me helping him through an asthma attack. Then there's the time in 7th grade, when I forgot my umbrella and Scott offered to walk me home in the rain. See, I thought that it would be the beginning of a cute love story as I was just starting to suspect that I'm bi, but no, he's really shit at it. Seriously, never let Scott carry an umbrella for you. Oh my god, my shoulder was so wet. Seriously, it's like hold the damn thing properly what the hell man!" Stiles sighed then grinned. "But I got my revenge."

"No kidding." Scott grumbled. "I was biking home from school a couple of weeks later, and stopped about half way, to take a break. I'm just standing around when Stiles suddenly runs by, picks up my bike and takes off." Scott exclaims and the pack is laughing again.

"From there Scott chases after me yelling, 'AT LEAST RIDE IT YOU ASSHOLE!'' Stiles finishes and Erica almost falls off of the bed from laughing so much.

"After that, there was the case of 'I'm sorry I tried to open your locker I thought it was mine, this must look really suspicious' and other things, but thing that really solidified our friendship, was losing a parent." Stiles told them. "At first, it was just understanding how it felt, going from one parent to two, but then it happened." Stiles stated dramatically.

"After about a year and a few talks, Stiles and I realised that we are totally shipping our parents, and have been devising a way to get them together ever since."

"Nothing has worked so far, though." Stiles pouted.

"Oh, they would make such a cute couple!" Allison gushed.

"We'll help." Lydia grinned, "Erica, you in?"

"Why not? Could be fun."

"I'm in too." Danny volunteered.

"Great, operation McLinski 2.0 begins." Stiles grinned.

-The Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The first thing stopping them from getting the sheriff and Melissa together was an Omega that came to town.

"I'm telling you, that guy in the parking lot was a werewolf! I could smell it!" Jackson insisted in a hushed voiced during english class.
"C'mon, don't you think Derek would know if there was another werewolf in town?" Isaac challenged, raising an eyebrow at the other wolf.

"Maybe he hasn't caught the scent yet!"

As if on cue, their phones pinged. The teacher didn't seem to notice fortunately.

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Alpha*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Erica*
*Message: What should we do if we find it?*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Alpha*
*Message: If you find it Do not engage . Understood?*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Lydia*
*Message: Are you sure? I've got mountain ash in my bag. We could go for a capture.*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Alpha*
*Message: I'm sure. The Argents are already after it, do not risk getting in their way.*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Ally*
*Message: But my dad said he'll keep the hunters away?*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Alpha*
*Message: Chris is on our side, but the others won't hesitate to attack. They'll use the Omega as an excuse.*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Scott*
*Message: so we're not gonna 2 do anything? Cant we try 2 help him/her/them.*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Jackson*
*Message: There's only 1 Scott and it's a he.*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Stiles*
*Message: 'He' may identify 2 another gender, Jackson!*

*Group Message: Pack*
*From: Alpha*
*Message: How do you know that it's a he, Jackson?*
Group Message: Pack
From: Jackson
Message: 'He' was in the school parking lot this morning, going through the trash. He tried to talk to me, but I smelt what he was and walked away. I was gonna text you after class and let you no.

Group Message: Pack
From: Alpha
Message: Alright, thank you. Good job for not engaging, you did well to walk away. I'll let Chris know where he is. I'm sorry Scott, but there's nothing that we can do.

Group Message: Pack
From: Isaac
Message: Is there anything that we can do in the meantime?

Group Message: Pack
From: Alpha
Message: Just stay safe. My break's over, so I've gotta go, but we'll have an impromptu training tonight, go to the clearing after school.

Group Message: Pack
From: Stiles
Message: u stay safe too, don't get shot or anything. Promise?

Group Message: Pack
From: Alpha
Message: I can promise to try not getting shot, how's that?

Group Message: Pack
From: Lydia
Message: Please don't get shot. Sure, you'll be fine, but we can't say the same for whoever shoots you. I don't know about the others, but I don't want to go on the run yet.

Group Message: Pack
From: Erica
Message: She's right, if you get hurt, some bitch is gonna die.

Group Message: Pack
From: Alpha
Message: Language, Erica.

Group Message: Pack
From: Stiles
Message: It's true though, if anything happens to you, no force on this earth will be able to stop us.

Group Message: Pack
From: Alpha
Message: Fine, I promise not to get shot or injured in any way. Just don't kill anybody!
Jackson put his phone away, then turned to Isaac, smirking at the curly haired beta.

"Shut up."

Jackson held his hands up in a mock defensive action. "I didn't say a word." Isaac grumbled.

Scott and Stiles ran to the lunch table with wide eyes. "Guys, we have a huge problem!" Scott gasped.

"What? Is it Derek? Is he hurt? Is it the omega?" Allison asked urgently, the rest of the pack looking just as nervous.

"No, we have a new principle!" Stiles informed them with wide eyes.

Everyone looked annoyed and Jackson bitched. "You had us worried then Stilinski-"

"It's Gerard!" Stiles pressed, and the pack mirrored his horrified expression.

"Tell me you're joking!" Derek sighed through the phone.

"Unfortunately not." Stiles frowned, "So can you and dad start looking for a way to get him fired?"

"I'll do what I can." Derek promised. "Please try to stay out of trouble, you're dad and I have a meeting with the lawyer in 5 minutes, so I'm going to go let him know now."

Stiles nodded, even though Derek couldn't see him. "Okay, good idea. I'll see you after school. I love you."

"I love you too."

That night, things had been going rather well, Isaac and Boyd had learnt how to fully shift and had picked up self defense relatively easily.

But, of course, something had to go wrong.

"Did you hear that?" Scott asked after suddenly shifting back to human form.

"Scott, don't." Derek warned. "Leave it to the Argents."

"I can help him!" Scott announced and ran towards his clothes. He tugged on a pair of sweats then sprinted out of the clearing

"Scott! shit." Derek followed, doing the same as Scott.

The entire pack ended up chasing Scott through the woods, some members opting to go naked. They caught up to him when Scott tripped a trip wire and ended up hanging upside down.
"I say we leave him there." Jackson suggested with a grin.

"I agree," Isaac hummed. "He disobeyed Derek."

"Isaac!" Scott whined. "You're my mate, you're supposed to defend me!"

"I am?" Isaac asked in surprise. "Allison, did you know that we're supposed to defend him?"

"Nope, I had no idea. Here I thought that we could make fun of him whenever we wanted." Allison sighed.

"You mean, we can't?!"

"Haha, very funny." Scott drawled. "Just, let me down, please?" The pair moved to do so, but Isaac froze and grabbed Allison arm.

"Someones coming, hide. We'll get you down soon Scott, just wait a minute, okay?" Derek assured, then the pack scattered into hiding.

"Scott." Chris greeted, crouching in front of the wolf.

"Mr Argent."

"How are you doing?" He asked pleasantly.

"Good, just hanging out." Scot said looking down, or up, at his foot. "Is this one of yours? It's good. Nice design, very constricting." He commented.

"What are you doing out here, Scott?"

"Like I said, just hanging."

"With Isaac? I've been informed that the two of you have been getting rather.. close lately."

"We have." Scott nodded without thinking. "He's my mate."

Chris looked a mix of confused and relieved. "I thought Allison was your mate." He said, clearly hoping Scott would say that they were wrong, but he didn't.

"She is. She's also Isaac's mate." Scott said, then his eye's widened as he realised what he'd just admitted.

"What?" Chris demanded, voice low and threatening.

"Uhh-"

"Dad!" Allison called. "Dad, stop!"

"Is it true, Allison?"

"Yes. Yes, it's true." Allison informed her father confidently."They're mine and I am theirs. I love both of them, dad."

"I can't handle this." Chris sighed, rubbing his hands over his face. "Just, stay out of the woods." Chris sighed then walked away.

"Well that was fun." Scott drawled as the pack emerged from their hiding places. Scott soon set
himself free. "Are we going to help him or not?"

"We can't!" Derek insisted, the pack heard another trap being sprung. "But, You all need to see something. C'mon" The pack followed Derek to an area near the lake, where the saw the omega, hung by his hands, being interrogated by Chris Argent. The omega assure that he hadn't killed anyone and was only there looking for the alpha.

"Gentlemen, take a look at a rare sight." Gerard announced, looking around at the hunters.

"An omega." Chris stated.

"The lone Wolf. Probably kicked out of his own pack, or the survivor of a pack that had been hunted down." Gerard explained. "Maybe even murdered. Possibly, alone by his own choice. Certainly, not a wise choice." Gerard chuckled, pulling out a broad sword. "Because, as I am about to demonstrate, an omega rarely survives on his own." Gerard swung the sword at full force and cut the omega in half.

Derek covered Scott's mouth with his hand, Erica hid her face in Boyds shoulder, Allison and Lydia huddled together, Isaac winced and curled up to Stiles, who hid his face in the beta's hair, Jackson and Danny both winced and looked away and Boyd and Derek closed their eyes.

"Now do you see Scott, why I couldn't let you help? Do you see what they do? Had I let you go, they would have caught you and done the same to you, even Chris wouldn't be able to stop them. Maybe, given more time, we could have helped him, but I will not risk the lives of my own for an outsider. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I won't" Derek whispered.

"What are they doing?" Scott asked in shock.

"Declaring war."

"We have a code!" Chris reminded Gerard. "There is a treaty with Hale pack that has been approved by the council! We have to leave them alone."

The hunter said. "Not when they murder my daughter." He stabbed the sword into the ground and turned to face the hunters. "No code! No treaty! Not anymore. From now on, these things are just bodies wanting to be cut in half. Are you listening? Because I don't care if they're wounded and weak, or seemingly harmless begging for their life with the promise that they will never, ever hurt anyone, or some desperate lost soul with no idea what they're getting into, or even a blood relative." He looked to Chris, whose eye's widened in horror. "We find them, we kill them, we kill them all."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Three nights later, it was a full moon.

It was easier than the last for some, thanks to the entire pack being there, but there were... complications.

Snarls and growls filled the Stilinski house. Stiles and Scott were finding themselves struggling slightly, mainly due to the upset of their pack mates. The pair had glowing eyes, but the others, minus Derek, were in all out beta shift.

"Calm yourselves!" Derek growled, flashing his eyes at the newer wolves. "Try to focus. pack, family, mates, whatever it takes! Repeat after me: Alpha, Beta, Omega! Say it!"

At their alpha's command, all the wolves repeated the mantra. "Alpha, beta, omega."
"Good, as you say it, you're getting calmer, okay? Again!"

"Alpha, beta, omega!" Isaac was visibly calming and stopped snarling, which helped Scott and Stiles.

"Again."

"Alpha, beta, omega." Although it worked for him, it had the opposite effect on Jackson, Erica and Boyd.

"Alpha," Erica snarled, "Beta," She struggled against her chains, "Omega!" with a particularly strong tug, she broke free from her chains and tackled the alpha. This enraged Stiles and he lost all control as he began to thrash. Boyd escaped his chains next and ran for the stairs. Stiles snarled and struggled, soon breaking free from his own restraints, immediately shoving Erica off of Derek, which angered Boyd, who turned and snarled at Stiles. Scott, Jackson and Isaac broke free then and chaos ensued. There was a flurry of flashing eyes and claws as the beta's thrashed and clawed at each other, their alpha struggling to gain control.

Derek bounded into action when he saw Isaac and Stiles slam Erica into a wall, only to halt when he realised that Isaac was chaining her back up as Stiles held her in place. Turning, he saw Scott doing the same to Boyd, but he was having more trouble, so he moved to help. They soon had the teen chained up, but he still struggled, more so when a thud sounded behind them and Erica wasn't struggling anymore. Derek wasn't sure who, but either Stiles or Isaac had knocked her out.

Derek glared at them, but they just shrugged. "That's not-" He froze and looked around the basement. "Jackson?! JACKSON?!"

The door to the basement opened and Lydia came rushing downstairs. "He's gone, we tried to stop him, but he got out. I'm sor-

"Are any of you hurt?" Derek demanded.

"No, but-

"Then that's all that matters. We'll find him, before he hurts anyone" Derek promised the Banshee. "Get Danny to set up a barrier of mountain ash around Boyd and Erica and tell Allison to gather as many non lethal weapons as she can." The girl ran off to do so, and Derek turned to his beta's "Isaac, I know you've found an anchor, but you have less training and experience. So, I need you to stay down here, make sure Danny is safe and able to set them free if something goes wrong. Scott, Stiles, with me." Derek was up the stairs in seconds, he bounded into the living room, Stiles and Scott close behind, along the way, the passed Danny, the Hawaiian wishing them luck and promising to make sure nothing happens to the others.

In the living room, tasers, ultrasonic emitters, wolfsbane mace, mountain ash, flash bolts and other things were being packed up.

"I said non lethal." Derek growled, gesturing to arrowheads and chinese ring daggers.

"These aren't for Jackson." Allison promised. "They're for if we need to slow down hunters."

"Fine."

"Alright," Lydia announced, her voice filled with conviction, tugging her gun into a hip holster. "Let's go save my mate."
No one was surprised to see Gerard during their search, but what surprising was that Victoria was there and Chris wasn't. Accompanying them were three other hunters.

"Well, Derek, I see you've been busy. Is it seven beta's you have now? Or have you made more? Victoria tells me that three of them are here with you, and there are four more, boy's?"

"Three boys and a girl." Derek stated, a hint of pride in his voice. He knew that Gerard knew everything that Victoria knew about his pack, so there was no point lying about it. However, there's no need to correct them about Allison, She didn't want them to know so he wouldn't say anything.

"Two, well, including the banshee, three girls and six boys, including yourself and the human? Isn't that a little unfair."

Derek hummed thoughtfully. "Actually, we have two human males, the sheriff is pack too. Though, you're right, I should recruit some more boy's, give them a fighting chance against these three," He chuckled whilst the girls grinned triumphantly, Lydia walking over to Allison.

"Nah, they're fine for now." Lydia stated, hip checking Allison when she reached her. "And actually, Alpha, it's three girls and boy against the six of you. Right Stiles?"

"Yup, sorry Der. You're my mate and I love you, but we have plans to take over the world." Stiles grinned.

"Now, this is all touching, really, but I'm afraid that we're going to have to cut this short, Derek." Gerard informed him, raising a gun. "I'm guessing one of yours got out tonight, we need to put it down."

"You're not going to harm any of my pack." Derek said confidently.

"And why's that?" Gerard demanded.

"Multiple reasons." Derek stated, stepping closer to the hunter. "One, you'd have the entire Sheriff's department after you for killing one of their own, the sheriff's son, and all of his friends." He took another step towards the group, ignoring the weapons aimed at him. "Two, if you kill any of them, the hunters council will cut down your family in a heartbeat for violating the treaty." Gerard's look darkened, if possible. "Three, I've distracted you long enough for the girls to arm their weapons." The hunters all looked to where the girls were, finding Allison aiming an arrow at Gerard. Lydia had gone for a gun.

"Try anything and you'll be ripped apart with arrows, claws and bullets." Derek announced, "Now lower your weapons and go home."

Victoria glared at Stiles and Scott, who were stood by Allison. "Very impressive, Derek." Gerard complimented. "I see you've got your dog's trained." Derek snarled at the hunter. "Now, now, no need for that, Derek. Let's be civil here."

"Civil? You come to my private property, threaten my pack, call us dogs, and now you want to be civil?" Derek asked incredulously.

One of the hunters adjusted his aim fixed on Derek's head, his finger slowly pressed down on the trigger, when a whistling noise sounded, and he keeled over in pain, dropping the gun. He looked to find an arrow embedded in his thigh. He cried out in pain and Victoria snapped, and she charged.
She shoved Stiles into a tree and grabbed Scott. She held a gun to Scott's head, about to pull the trigger, when shot sounded, followed by a sharp pain shot through her arm. Hunters yelled in anger and another gun went off behind her, another arrow flew through the air and another hunter cried out.

Looking down, Victoria saw blood oozing down her left arm, dripping onto the ground. Lydia still had the gun fixed on Victoria, only this time it was aimed at her head. "Consider that a warning shot." Lydia growled, quite impressively, glaring at the woman.

"You don't have the guts!" Victoria sneered, preparing to pull the trigger again, only to keel over and drop her gun, when Lydia shot her in the knee.

"That's two. The strikes and you're out." Lydia glared.

Victoria was livid. "No, I won't stand for this!" She screamed, letting go of Scott and pulled something out of her pocket. Then she turned and shoved it in Allison's face. Nothing happened.

"W-what? But it should have-" Victoria's eyes widened in realisation. "You're still…"

"Yes I am." Allison stated, to wiping the remnants of the purple flower away with the back of her hand. "And now, I have to go make sure that I don't have Aconite poisoning. But first, I want you to leave. Now.

"Enough!" Stiles called out. "This is your last chance Gerard. Leave. I've contacted a friend who can get a hold of the council in five seconds flat." Stiles warned, eyes glowing yellow. "I want you to leave. Now. Or else, I'll let the council deal with you."

"Well played. We'll go." Gerard conceded with a nod. "But I must warn you, if we find the other one before you do, we will put it down."

Gerard supported Victoria and ordered the other hunters to retreat. One hunter was helping the one with an arrow in his thigh, the other was clutching his arm, which also had an arrow embedded.

Once the hunters were gone, Stiles spoke up. "Um, g-guys?" He stutter, drawing everyone's attention to him, it was then that Derek noticed the scent of blood, that didn't belong to hunters. Stiles had a hand pressed to his left shoulder, blood flowing down his arm and over his hand. "Can we hurry up with finding Jackson? My shoulder kind of hurts."

"Shit." Derek gasping, rushing over to his injured mate. A pained howl sounded through the trees as a figure charged towards them. "He can smell your blood." Derek explained, reluctantly moving so that the beta formed Jackson, could see his pack mates wound. The wolf whined at the sight, moving to nuzzle the injury, but a flash of red eye's had him stepping back.

"Jackson." Lydia called in a comforting voice. Her mate rushed over to her, burying his face in her hair. "C'mon, let's go home."

"Lydia, get the first aid kit, Allison, a bullet and a lighter." Derek ordered as the walk through the door. "Scott, get Jackson locked up and tell Isaac and Danny what happened."

The three scattered to do as they were told, Scott tugging Jackson along, Derek picked up Stiles and carried him to the couch, gently setting him down.

"Derek, like you said I'm gonna be fine. You didn't have to carry me, you know." Stiles reminded him gently.
"I didn't even notice, Stiles!" Derek growled, although Stiles knew that the anger behind it wasn't directed at him. "Before you said, I didn't notice."

"It's a graze, Derek, you had more importa-"

"Nothing is more important to me than you!" Derek pressed, eye glowing red as Allison approached. "I love the pack and they are close second, but you, Stiles will always come first."

"Same here, Der bear. Sorry Ally." Stiles grinned as the girl prepared the wolfsbane.

"Don't worry about it, it's the same for me when it comes to Scott and Isaac. I really hope that neither of them are injured at the same time, because I wouldn't be able to choose who to go to. I'd probably just end up curling in a ball on the floor and sobbing." There was no skip in her heart beat as she set the wolfsbane on fire.

"I'm the same for Jackson. Thankfully, I don't have to choose between boyfriends." Lydia announced, walking over and crouching by Stiles, and started to clean the wound.

"Why are you cleaning it? It'll heal once I get the wolfsbane."

"No exit wound." Was Lydia's explanation. "I need to clean it, so it's easier to find the bullet and pull it out." She set down the wipe, and picked up a pair of tweezers. "Derek, hold him still."

"Oh crap."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Are you sure that you want to do this?" Derek asked Isaac as they stood outside the boy's old house. "I can go get whatever you need."

"No, I need to do this." Isaac said firmly, taking a deep breath, then walked towards the house.

They went to Isaac's bedroom first, gathering up books, photo's and other personal items. Isaac didn't bother getting any of his own clothes, due to having more than enough thanks to Derek. He did, however, grab one of his father's sweatshirts. They went to the basement next and Derek could smell, old, stale blood. Isaac's blood.

"I didn't think I'd still be able to smell it." Isaac commented, "I came to get some of my mother's stuff, but I might as well show you, or I'm guessing you'll come back later to find out, right?"

"Yes." Isaac set the stuff he was carrying down on the floor.

"The first time it happened, was just after my mum died." Isaac explained, leading his alpha through the basement. "I was eight years old, Cam had gone off to a friend's house and dad was drunk and angry. But the school had noticed my injuries, so he couldn't beat me. Instead, he dragged me down here." Derek looked down, noticing scratch marks along the floor, the scratches came in sets of five and lead to a white chest freezer. Derek's eyes widened in horror as realisation hit him. "I remember not really knowing what happening the first time. One second I was being dragged across the floor, the next I was being shoved inside there. He locked it and left me in there all night. At first it was like every other month, for a night at the most. Then it happened more frequently. Sometimes a couple of nights a week, other times, like the week before I turned, I spent whole weekends in there. He'd come down and throw in a bottle of water each night, then leave. Usually beating me before I went in and after I came out."

"I-Isaac-"
"I want you tell the pack for me." The blonde stated, turning to look at Derek. "We've got a bit of a prank war going on and the other day Jackson locked Scott in a closet. I uh- I kinda have a thing about small spaces, so I want them to know, because once they know, they'll never do that to me. Just knowing that I don't like small spaces won't be enough to stop Jackson, but the reason will. I'd tell them myself, but I don't want to go through it again, and I thought you should know first."

"Don't worry, I'll take care of it." Derek gently pulled Isaac away from the freezer. "Come on, let's go get your things."

Isaac grabbed photo's of his mother, some of things, such as books and jewelry, and one of her black scarves. "Okay, that's everything." Isaac said looking around the living room, although his eyes lingered on several pieces of furniture.

"Are you sure? We can come back another day for any furniture, if you'd like?" Derek offered.

"Where would we keep it? There's not enough room at the house." Isaac asked with an adorable confused expression on his face.

"I have a storage locker, there's enough room for whatever you need." Derek explained and Isaac's eyes brightened. "Whether you use it or not in the future doesn't matter, but at least you know that it's there." Isaac nodded and smiled gratefully, Derek gave the pup a bright smile of his own.

Then, both wolves froze. Isaac went to speak, but Derek covered his mouth, looking behind the beta. Isaac slowly turned his head to look at who, or what was behind him.

It was like nothing he'd ever seen before. The creature, partially concealed by shadows, had glowing yellow eyes, but not like his own. It's eyes were a darker shade and slit, like a reptile's eyes. It's skin looked a dark green. And it had a long prehensile tail, it looked to be about three feet long. There creature snarled at them, baring long sharp teeth at them. Isaac flinched as Derek grabbed his arm.

"Come on." He ordered as the creature prepared to leap at them. "Isaac, come on!" With that the two rushed to get out of the house, only to have the creature climb across the ceiling then land in front of them. In the better lighting, Isaac could see scales covering the creature, and the long claws. Derek stepped in front of Isaac defensively, and let out a loud howl.

The creature, smashed through the front door and disappeared into the night.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Stiles, I'm not sur-"

"Derek, we all need to have some fun!" Stiles insisted pulling his mate towards the bleachers.

"After what we saw the other night and the hunters-"

"We all need a break from the supernatural. Quit arguing and put on your skates!"

"This is great baby!" Erica grinned, pressing her body against Boyd's "Thank you." She gave him a hungry kiss.

"Hey, some of us are here to have fun, not watch you two do it on the ice." Jackson snarked as he and Lydia walked past. He laughed as Erica flipped him off. Lydia sat next to Stiles to put on her skates, shivering slightly.
"Could it be any colder in here?"

Stiles reached into his bag and pulled out an orange jumper. "Here."

"I'm wearing blue." Lydia said with a 'seriously?' look. "Orange and blue, not a good combination."

Stiles looked at her with an offended look on his face. "But it's the colors of the Mets." At Lydia's look, he conceded "Okay, um, maybe orange and blue is not the best. Right, you know, um, sometimes there's other things you wouldn't think would be a good combination end up turning out to be, like, a perfect combination, you know, like two people together... Who nobody ever thought would be together... ever."

"No, I can see that." Lydia smiled. "You guys are cute together." Stiles chuckled and looked at Derek with a smile.

"Yeah, we are."

"Adorable." Jackson rolled his eyes. "You wanna know another perfect combination?" Stiles pulled out multiple packs of Reeses. "Exactly. Gimme one." He reached for a pack, only to have Stiles pull it back. "Please?" Jackson sighed and Stiles handed him a pack with a grin. Lydia and Derek grabbed a pack each.

"Can have one?" Erica called over, she and Boyd already on the rink.

"Yeah, I brought enough for everyone. Who else wants some?" The entire pack wanted them. "Alright, you can come over and get em from my bag when you're ready. If you want any of the other snacks, ask first." He ordered and made his way to the ice, carrying Reeses for Erica. "Think fast!" He yelled and threw the pack at the girl. Erica made a graceful leap, catching the snack mid air, landing on one leg and immediately moving into a spin. When she stopped spinning, she grinned at Stiles.

"Thanks."

Stiles rolled his eyes and started skating, Jackson skating alongside him as they raced around the rink.

Lydia was pulling off eccentric twirls and spins. Danny was helping Erica try to teach Boyd some moves, Allison, Scott and Isaac had yet to get on the ice, and Derek lazily skated around, watching his pack.

"Since you neither of you have ever skated before, maybe I should give you a few pointers?" Allison offered her mates.

The two shared a look and a chuckle "Allison. Not that this is news to you or anything, but you remember the werewolf thing?" Scott grinned confidently.

"Super speed, strength and reflexes." Isaac reminded her.

Allison raised an eyebrow. "Since you neither of you have ever skated before, maybe I should give you a few pointers?"

The two shared a look and a chuckle "Allison. Not that this is news to you or anything, but you remember the werewolf thing?" Scott grinned confidently.

"Super speed, strength and reflexes." Isaac reminded her.

Allison raised an eyebrow. "So a little ice skating should be no problem."

"Yeah." Scott stepped onto the ice "See? It's no problem." He went to move and immediately fell down. "ugh! Maybe." His mates giggled.

"Really Scott?" Isaac asked, also stepping onto the ice. "How hard can it be to- Woah!" Isaac followed his mates misfortune, and face planted the ice. Allison tried to suppress her giggles as she
stepped onto the ice, carefully skating around her mates.

"No problem huh?" She asked as she helped them up. Derek skated over, "Mind helping me teach these two how to skate." She asked with a grin.

"Sure," Derek smiled, "I taught my younger sister and two of my cousins… When they were five." He chuckled. "Come on."

It didn't take long for Isaac to get it and start skating around with Danny. Scott took longer, hitting the glass and ice multiple times.

"Come on." Isaac said skating over to his mates happily. "Let's take a break. There's a photo booth over there," He and Allison helped Scott to the side as Derek called out.

"You might want to keep your eyes closed boy's, or the flash will trigger them!"

"Oh." Scott sounded slightly disappointed.

"It doesn't matter." Allison smiled. "We can make it look natural."

The first picture consisted of all three squeezing their eyes shut, huge, cheesy grins plastered on their faces. The second had them all making 'roar' face at the camera, only Allison had her eyes open. In the third, Scott and Isaac were kissing as Allison mimed gagging behind them. The fourth had Scott and Isaac kissing Allisons cheeks as she made a shocked face.

When the pictures came out, the trio was very happy with them. They made their way back to the ice, wanting to show their pack the pictures. When they got their, familiar music started playing from the speakers. Roar. The Katy Perry song.

"I used to bite my tongue and hold my breath, scared to rock the boat and make a mess. So I sat quietly, agree politely." Lydia sang, skating with her hands behind her bag and a sway to her hips.

"I guess that I forgot I had a choice." Erica took over, grabbing Lydia's hands and skating backwards. "I let you push me past the breaking point, I stood for nothing, so I fell for everything"

"You held me down, but I got up, already brushing off the dust." Allison sang out, stepping onto the ice again. "You hear my voice, you hear that sound. Like thunder gonna shake the ground"

"You held me down, but I got up," Danny took over with a grin. "Get ready 'cause I've had enough."

"I see it all, I see it now." Erica flashed her eyes.

"I got the eye of the tiger," Stiles sang loudly "A fighter, dancing through the fire, 'Cause I am a champion and you're gonna hear me roar!"

"Louder, louder than a lion, 'Cause I am a champion and you're gonna hear me roar!" They sang out together, skating around gleefully. By the second chorus, Jackson, Isaac and Scott had joined in. Boyd and Derek opted to watch from the side of the rink.

"Our pack is insane." Boyd chuckled softly.

"Yes they are." Derek agreed with a smile. "But I wouldn't have them any other way."

"Me neither."
"Okay, so- wait no- uh- oh, yeah- no, that's no good- um- uh-"

"Scott!" Melissa yelled. "I think you already know what you're trying to tell me." She said, gesturing towards Allison and Isaac.

"What? No! I-I mean, yes that is a thing, we are all together, but that's not what I'm trying to tell you now!" Melissa frowned, turning worried.

"What is it sweetie?"

"Melissa, you might want to sit down." Noah advised, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Oh, god, please tell me, Allison isn't pregnant!"

"No, mum"

"Melissa." Noah said softly. The woman nodded, sitting down on the couch.

"Okay, please don't freak out! Well, you probably will, but that's why the sheriff is here. He's been through it, so he can help you." Scott took a deep breath, looked his mother in the eyes, said "Mum, I'm a werewolf." then shifted.

Melissa gasped recoiling slightly. "W-what- h-how?"

"A few months." Scott mumbled, shifting back. "The night Laura Hale's body was found. Stiles and I were out in the woods when we were attacked and bitten. The creature that bit us was a werewolf, an alpha. Peter Hale. Laura was the Alpha, when Peter killed her, he gained the power."

"Months?! Sweetheart why didn't you tell me?" Melissa demanded.

"I was scared of how you'd react." Scott admitted sadly and Melissa walked over, hugging her son.

"Oh honey. I'm shocked and honestly a little frightened, but not of you. There's this whole world that I didn't know about! I- I'm just surprised, Scott, it'll take me a while to wrap my head around this. It may take a while, but no matter how long it takes, I will still love you. Always."

"Thanks mum."

"My son is a werewolf." Melissa said out loud to herself later that evening. "My son is a werewolf. A real life, actual werewolf."

"Welcome to the club." Noah chuckled, handing the woman a bear and gesturing for her to sit on the couch.

"Thanks." She took a large gulp of the beverage before sitting on the couch. Scott had opted to spend the night at Erica's house, to give his mother time to process things without having to worry about him picking up on her emotional state. Erica's parents wanted to meet the pack, and thank Derek for gifting their daughter with freedom from her illness. Most of the pack would be going home after, except Lydia and Allison, so it made sense that Scott stay as well. Scott would sleep on the couch and the girls would stay in Erica's room.

"It's just so much to take in!" Melissa sighed. "A part of me wants to go running for the hills."
"Well, at least you react better than I did!" Noah shook his head at the memory, ashamed at himself for saying those things to his son. "I said some horrible things to Stiles, things that I'll never be able to take back. He's forgiven me, but I just can't forgive myself."

"So who else is in the group?" Melissa asked, trying to get the conversation away from the sore subject.

"Pack." The sheriff corrected. "There's ten, well twelve including you and I. Derek, the Alpha, Stiles, the Alpha's mate and Beta, Scott, Jackson, Erica, Isaac and Boyd, all Betas, Lydia, Banshee, Allison and Danny, human."

"Banshee?"

"Apparently, according to Danny, the ability is genetically passed, but her powers were suppressed until she got bitten by Pete whilst trying to trap him in a circle of mountain ash."

"What's mountain ash?"

"Some wood that acts as a barrier against all supernatural creatures, though you can get it in actual 'ash' form, which is what Lydia, Allison and Danny carry around in their bag's daily."

"Where can I get some?" Melissa asked thoughtfully.

"Lydia, Allison and Danny have already had the house fitted with mountain ash baseboards. See that urn over there?" Noah asked, pointing at the urn in question. "It's filled with mountain ash. Mountain ash is only effective if it's a complete 'circuit' if you will. If you're ever in supernatural trouble, take a handful of mountain ash and throw at the door, or just smash the urn."

"And that'll work?" Melissa walked over to the urn and tilted it to look inside.

"Only if you believe it will." Melissa hummed, taking a handful of mountain ash and walking to the door. She took a deep breath, then threw the ash at the door. She was pleasantly surprised when it landed in a smooth line.

"Nice." She grinned, turning to high five Noah, who chuckled at her.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Hey, mum I'm-" Scott froze as he realised he couldn't get inside the next morning. "Um, I-I'm sorry, I'll just.." He turned to leave, thinking his mother didn't want him around.

"Hey sweetie, wait, where are you going? Come in!" Scott turned to look at his mother nervously as she walked down the stairs.

"I can't." He gestured to the mountain ash by the door, that Melissa had forgotten to remove.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry sweetheart, Noah just told me about mountain ash and you securing the house last night. I was just testing it out, making sure it worked." She said hurriedly. "Uh, how do I let you in?"

"You have to break the line." Scott informed her with a relieved smile on his face.

"Really? That's it? Couldn't someone just kick it out of place or a gust of wind move it, then?" She asked incredulously as she knelt to break the line.

"No, it has to be done by a human and on purpose. Well maybe not only humans, because Lydia
can do it.” He explained as his mother stepped back and he was able to get into the house.

"Interesting." Melissa commented, about to close the door, when she noticed three cars parked outside her house, faces watching from each window. "Uh, Scott?"

"Yeah?" He followed Melissa's look to where his pack were. "Oh, they uh, they came to make sure I didn't get scared and back out of coming home, and also to comfort me if you freaked out."

"Ah," Melissa nodded. "Okay, well, invited them in for breakfast." The second the words left her mouth, the car doors were opening.

"They heard." Scott grinned.

"Of course they did" Melissa sighed, then began walking towards the kitchen. "The is gonna take some getting used to."

"Good Morning Mrs McCall." Allison greeted politely, "Would you like some help with breakfast?"

"Allison, please, there's no need to be so formal, call me Melissa, that goes for all of you except Scott." She said, giving her son a pointed look.

"Trust me, I've learnt my lesson." Scott assured, remember the last time he called his mum by her first name. Not fun.

"And, there's no need, I've got my helper already, right Stiles?" She asked, turning to the boy, who was already tying an apron behind his back.

"Of course." Stiles smiled, walking to the fridge. "What's on the menu today, Mrs M?"

"I was thinking, McLinski Breakfast Buffet." She grinned, causing Scott and Stiles to whoop.

"Nice, you guys are gonna love it." Scott promised the pack with a grin. "Do you want me to call the Sheriff?"

Melissa raised an eyebrow as she turned on the oven. "I thought you werewolves had super senses? Or at least good observational skills." At her son's confused look, and the packs chuckles, she stated. "He's asleep on the couch."

"Oh."

"Now, be useful and make some coffee." She teased as she cracked an egg into a bowl.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

It was around nine pm when the pack started to disband to go to their respective homes.

"Hey, Jacks, can give me a ride to the garage on your way home? Dad and Derek have the early shift tomorrow, so.." Stiles asked as Jackson, Lydia and Danny walked to the Porsche.

"Yeah, no problem, hop in."

"Thanks." He looked over his shoulder to see Allison, Boyd and Erica climbing into Allison Toyota and waved goodbye to them. He then looked to see his dad, Derek and Isaac getting into the Camaro. "See ya at home." He called before wedging himself into the backseat beside Danny.
"So how much did it cost to repair? I mean, it's been damaged a lot recently." Jackson commented.

"I actually just need him to replace the starter, the things been off ever since Peter ripped it out of my car. Then he mentioned something about my exhaust system and estimated $1200 parts and labour, the jackass." Stiles sighed. "I think I might have to resort to threatening him a little, or knocking him out and driving away."

"That sucks." Jackson commented, sharing a look with Lydia, then Danny.

"Tell me about it." Stiles sighed.

Jackson dropped Danny off at home first, then minutes later pulled up to the garage. "Hey, is there a bathroom in there?" Jackson asked Stiles.

"Yeah, I'll show ya."

"Thanks I'll be back in a minute Lyd." Jackson promised, he and Stiles getting out of the car. Stiles pointed Jackson in the direction of the bathroom as he went to talk to the mechanic.

Jackson didn't go to the bathroom, instead, he hid and listen to the guy talking to Stiles.

"It's looking more like $1500." Lie.

"Why do I get the feeling you're over estimating the damage?" Stiles asked in annoyance.

"You know what, I actually thinks it's more like $1700." The mechanic lied again.

Stiles sighed, practically oozing anger. "Whatever, just finish! I'll be back here," He turned and walked away muttering. "Seething with impotent rage."

Stiles made a disgusted noise at something on the door handle, and Jackson took the opportunity to approach the mechanic.

"I think you're overestimating the charge." He stated casually.

The mechanic looked down at Jackson then scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Who are you? His boyfriend?"

Jackson grinned at the mechanic. "No, I'm his friend, Jackson Whittemore. You may have heard of my father, David Whittemore." He smirked as the mechanic paled. "He's a very successful lawyer and I think he'd agree that you're over charging my friend here."

The mechanic audibly gulped, then looked up at the Jeep. "Y-y'know, I actually think that I'll be able to get some discounts. Yeah." He nodded. "It'll probably come to $1200."

"Really?" Jackson asked looking up at the jeep. "Cause I know a thing or two about cars and I think it'll be about $500."

"I can't do that." The mechanic glared. "A grand."

Jackson glared. "You're not getting more than $800." The mechanic looked ready to argue, but changed his mind.

"$800." He grumbled before continuing his work on the Jeep.

"Sounds fair to me." Jackson smiled, walking over to where Stiles was. "Oh, and my father will be
having some check you've done it correctly, so no short cuts." He opened the door, grimacing at a slimy substance. "Gross." He muttered, walking through, wiping his hand on his jeans.

"J-Jackson." Stiles whimpered, Jackson then noticed that Stiles was on the floor. "I-I can't move." He gasped out, a sob following his words. "I c-can'- I can'-"

"Hey, hey, calm down, okay. I'll get you out of here and we'll figure this out." Jackson promised, forcing himself to stay calm, but internally, he was freaking out. He leant down and grabbed Stiles' arm. He was able to get Stiles in front of the door when his hands went numb.

"What the hell?" he muttered, standing up straight and tried to regain feeling in his hands. His efforts were in vain as the feeling only spread.

"Jackson, there's something on the Jeep!" Stiles gasped out. Jackson caught a glimpse of a creature cutting the back of the mechanics neck. As Jackson fell to the floor, he saw the mechanic do the same. What ever was happening to him and Stiles, was happening to the mechanic too, only a lot faster.

Jackson used the last of his strength to dial 911 as he and Stiles watch as the creature slashed a pipe, effectively disabling the hydraulic car lift. The wolves fought to regain control over their bodies as the seconds ticked by, listening to the mechanic scream out for help, before the Jeep reached the ground.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott walked into the animal clinic the next day, to see an unexpected patient on the metal table.

"They're coming back, so we don't have much time to talk." Doctor Deaton's voice spoke up from behind Scott, startling him.

"What?" Scott's eyes were wide and his movements frantic. "Wh-who's coming back? Why is there a dead body on the table?"

"Hunters, the Argents." Deaton stated "Someone killed one of their own and they know that it wasn't Derek or any of you."

"Okay, how do you know all this? Actually, how... How do you know anything?" Scott demanded, Derek and Stiles were right. There is something up with Deaton, but Scott had no idea what.

"It's a longer story. What I can tell you, is that I know about your kind. Your kind? I can help. This." He gestured to the body on the table "This is something different."

"Well, do you know what did it?" Scott asked, semi-hopefully. On one hand, he wanted to know so that they could stop it. On the other hand, he wasn't sure that he was quite ready to learn about more that just werewolves and Banshees.

"No. But the Argents will. And this is the crucial part, they'll have a record or book. It'll have descriptions, histories, notations, of all the things that they've discovered." Deaton explained and Scott had the sinking feeling that he wanted Scott to get the book.

"All the things? How many different things are there?"

Before the vet could answered, the Argents arrived and Scott rushed into hiding and Deaton continued his autopsy.
"I'm starting to think I need to buy a more prominent 'closed' sign." The vet stated dryly, turning to face the hunters. Freezing in surprise when he saw Gerard.

"Hello, Alan. It's been a while. The last I heard, you had retired." The elder Argent greeted

"Last I heard you followed a code of conduct."

"If you hadn't noticed, this body is one of ours." Chris pointed out with a glare.

"I did, I also noticed the gunpowder residue on his fingertips and the wound on his thigh. Which, I'd say, is from an arrow, you families weapon of choice. So don't assume I will be swayed by your philosophy just 'cause I'll answer a few questions.

"He was only 24." Chris retorted, growing frustrated with the man

"Killers come in all ages." Was the reply.

"All ages, sizes, shapes. It's the last one that concerns us." Gerard informed the vet, showing that he wanted to get to business.

"How about you tell us what you found?" Chris requested, although it was more of a demand.

Deaton turned the corpse's head, resulting in a sickening cracking sound. "See this cut? Precise. Almost surgical. This isn't the wound that killed him. This had a more interesting purpose."

"Relating to the spine." Gerard said knowingly.

"That's right. Whatever made this cut, it's laced with a paralytic toxin, potent enough to disable all motor functions. These are the cause of death. Notice the patterns on each side."

"Five for each finger." Chris observed

"Each claw."

"As you can see, it dug in, slashed upward, eviscerating the lungs and slicing through the bone of the rib cage with ease." Deaton made an example of the movement with his hands.

"Have you ever seen anything like this before?"

"No."

"Any idea at all what killed him?" Chris asked with an eyebrow raised.

"No." Deaton admitted, "But I can tell you it's fast, remarkably strong, and has the capacity to render its victims essentially helpless within seconds."

"If you're saying we should be cautious? We get it." Chris scoffed

"I'm saying you should be afraid. Be very afraid. Because in the natural world, predators with paralytic toxins use them to catch and eat their prey. This prey wasn't eaten. That means whatever killed him only wanted to kill him. In fact, killing may be its only purpose." Scott's heart was beating rapidly in his chest. That explains what happened to Stiles and Jackson, whatever that goo was that they mention must have been from the creature. It paralyzed them, that's why they couldn't move. He needed to tell Derek. Now.

-Ten Wolf-Sterek-Ten Wolf-Sterek-
"Okay, never go anywhere alone. Understood? After training tonight, you will all work out a
schedule for school. If someone has a class alone, two people will walk them their and meet them.
I don't care that this thing has only attacked at night so far, that could change at anytime, so be
cautious." Derek informed the pack firmly as they sat in the Stilinski living room. He held up a vial
of a gooey, clear substance. "This is the paralytic agent that took down the victims, and Stiles and
Jackson. The creature can apparently administer it through a cut, but also leave it lying around. It
set in in less than a minute for Stiles and Jackson, but works a lot quick via cut. If you get cut
inexplicably, or touch something slimy or gooey, get out of sight, contact the pack and wait it out."

"I'm not sure if it's because we got it on our hands, but Stiles and both lost feeling in our hands
first." Jackson informed the pack.

"Yeah, it was like a numb feeling, then it spread until I-we couldn't move at all from the neck
down." Stiles shuddered at the memory, hating every second of it.

"This thing is dangerous," Derek stated. "It doesn't seem to have any purpose other than killing,
making it unpredictable and pretty terrifying." He set the vial down on the table carefully before
picking up a piece of paper. "Lydia made a sketch based off of Stiles and Jackson's descriptions.
Take a good look." He handed the sketch to Allison, who took a good look before passing it to
Erica. "Any questions?"

Scott raised his hand slightly. "Yeah, I have one." Derek nodded at him in a 'go ahead' gesture.
"Why is my boss tied up in the corner?"

"Because we need him to answer a few questions." Derek stated simply.

"Why not just ask?" Scott demanded. "Why kidnap him? He could fire me!"

"He won't" Derek said confidently, giving the vet a heated look.

"Well, he could take away my raise!"

"He gave you a raise?" Derek looked at the vet again. "How much?"

"$2.50 an hour."

Derek nodded and hummed. "Not bad," He admitted, then looked at Deaton "Do you want more?"

"What? No! Derek!"

The rest of the pack couldn't help chuckling at the exchange. "Are we gonna torture him." Erica
asked, smiling evilly at the vet.

"No!" Scott yelled out.

"Maybe." Stiles countered.

"It depends on how easily he gives us information." Derek stated, walking over to the vet and
removing the gag. "So. Tell us what you know."

"Sure, although Scott is right, you really didn't have to result to these measures." Deaton stated
with a raised eyebrow. "I take it you don't remember me, Derek?" This caught everyone's attention.
"I understand that we haven't been in the same room longer than 5 minutes since you were eight
years old, but I would have thought you'd at least recognise my scent."
Realisation hit Derek like a train and his eyes widened. "You were my mother's emissary."

"I was." It wasn't long until Deaton was set free and telling them what he'd learnt about the creature they were dealing with.

"As far as I can tell, Gerard knows what we're dealing with, but for some reason, he hasn't told the other hunters, at least not Chris." Deaton finished telling the pack. "I'd say the best way of finding out what we're dealing with is to get our hands on that book."

"You want us to steal a book from the Argents?" Isaac asked incredulously. "Sure, let's just walk right into a house full of hunters and pray that we don't die!"

"I can do it." Allison suggested. "Now that they know I'm still human, I have an in. Dad want's me back anyway. We can stage a fall out or something, I'll go back and get the book."

"No." Derek protested immediately. "I admire your determination, Ally but I'm not going to let you walk back into a house of killers for a book. If you really want to go back, I can't stop you, but I'm not letting you do that."

"I can protect myself." Allison informed him defiantly, crossing her arms over her chest

"I know that you can, I've never doubted that for a second, but you are pack. I won't risk you getting hurt over something so small. Your father won't try anything, but Gerard will. The other night, your mother shoved wolfsbane in your face because she thought you were a werewolf. No, we'll find another way to get the book."

Allison wanted to protest, but she understood where Derek was coming from, so she didn't. "Okay, then what can we do?"

"I have an idea." Lydia spoke up. "It's a little crazy, but I think it'll work."

Monday morning, Allison was wide awake, feeling refreshed and ready to go to school and set the plan into motion. Lydia on the other hand... Well, Lydia was still in bed. Although it was new for the girl, Allison wasn't really surprised, as when she had gone to bed at eleven the night before, Lydia was still on the phone to Stiles, fine tuning the details of the plan.

"Good morning Mrs Martin." Allison greeted the older woman in the kitchen as she prepared breakfast. "Omelette?"

"Ohh, that smell wonderful, but I'm afraid I'm on a diet." The woman kept eying the pan, so Allison insisted.

"Come on, you don't need to diet, you're gorgeous. But if it makes you feel better, they're egg white." Allison grinned.

"Oh, go on then." The woman conceded after a few seconds. "Would you like some help?"

"No thank you, but Lydia is still in bed, so you might wanna wake her up." Allison giggled. "I think it's her way of protesting therapy today." Mrs Martin sighed, before making her way upstairs to get Lydia out of bed.

Less than a minute later, Allison heard a horrified gasp from upstairs. /she quickly turned the stove off, before rushing up. When she reached her best friends room, she saw Lydia's sheet's covered in
blood and Lydia's mother inspect the girls bloodied hand. 

"Oh my god, Lydia! What happened?" Allison rushed into the room.

"Lydia, sweetheart, what did you do? What did you do to yourself."

"I-I don't- I-I" Lydia's eyes froze on her mirror, the object smashed, bloodied in the center,

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"How long has this been going on?" Derek asked in concern as he inspected Lydia's hand after school that day.

"S-since the night he died." Lydia admitted softly. "I didn't say anything because I thought it was just PTSD mixing with this new Banshee stuff. Now I'm.. not so sure."

"It's okay, we'll figure it out." Derek promised smiling at the girl in reassurance. Lydia smiled back sadly. "But I'm going to need you to tell me, or any of the pack, when something happens and when. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Good, so, how about, we get you cleaned up, then go reserve the best seats to watch our pack kick ass during the game?"

Lydia laughed at that. "Sounds good to me. Thanks Derek, you make a great alpha."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Allison, thank you for coming to see me." Gerard smiled as he left his office, to see the brunette waiting for him. "To be honest, I'm kind of surprised, after the other night."

"That's kind of why I'm here." She lied with a soft smile on her face. "I wanted to thank you for calling the others off. It could have gotten really out of control if you hadn't." That was true, she was scared to think just how badly it could have gone.

"Ah, well, I think my men were the only ones injured, along with your mother." Gerard smiled, locking the office door.

"Stiles was shot." Allison informed him. "The bullet was embedded into his shoulder blade, we made a mess getting it out. Fortunately, the scent of a packmates blood, drew our missing friend back to us. He was so concerned that we had to knock him out so that he wouldn't wake the entire town." Allison chuckled at the memory.

"That sounds entertaining." Gerard chuckled. "More so than this Lacrosse game."

"Oh, I don't know, Lacrosse is pretty good." Allison smiled. "A little violent, but definitely entertaining."

"Oh, are you off to the game tonight?" Gerard asked in faux surprise.

"Yeah, five of my packmates are on the team, so.."

"Ah, of course. I'll admit, when I found out what they were, I was tempted to take them off of the team, but 1) They were all on the team before turning and 2) That and the swim team are the only competition winning teams in the school, even before gaining werewolves. Tell your friends that as
long as they keep their grades up, keep winning and don't kill anybody, they can stay on the team as long as they want. Even after they graduate."

Allison laughed. "Yeah, I will." She wasn't stupid, she knew that he had something up his sleeve and was only being nice and trying to get close to her for his plan. Whatever it was.

"Now, I understand if you want to sit with your friends and not be seen all buddy-buddy with the principle, but I'd really appreciate someone talking me through what's going on."

"Yeah, of course." Allison smiled.

"Great, but you're going to have to be patient with me, I'm going to have a lot of questions."

-Dark-Wolf-Sterek-Dark-Wolf-Sterek-

During the game, Allison managed to get her grandfather's coat, and give the office key's to Erica.

"How many fingers am I holding up?" Coach asked Danny, who was holding a cloth to his head.

"Four?"

"Two, say two," Coach stated.

"Two?"

"Perfect, get back out there!" He patted Danny on the back and sent him on the field.

"You're still short one player coach." The ref informed him.

"Stilinski, get out there!"

"Yes coach." Stiles excitedly ran out onto the pitch. This was his first time playing since being turned and he was going to make the most of it.

"Great. Let's go!"

The whistle sounded and the match went on, only for Beacon Hills to lose another player. Coach frantically looked around, then pointed at Boyd. "You! Do you play Lacrosse?!"

Boyd looked to Derek, who said. "If you're sure you can stay in control, I don't mind. But the second you feel like you're losing it, I want you off of the field, understood."

"Yeah, thanks." Boyd grinned, then stood and removed his jacket.

"Yeah- oh, oh ho, oh oh, ohhh, we got ourselves a player!" Coach yelled excitedly when he saw Boyd's muscles.

Derek's phone pinged with a text.

From: Erica
Message: Nothing here.

He sighed, and continued watching the game as he waited for his Beta to get back.

On the field, Boyd took out 'The Abomination.' Gaining excited cheers from the Beacon Hills crowd.
"The bigger they are! The. Bigger. They. Are." Coach yelled, Derek turned to Lydia with a raised eyebrow.

"It's coach." Was the girls explanation.

Scott scored the next goal, only to be slammed into by another player from the other team. As he hit the ground, there was a sickening crunch of bone.

Isaac and Stiles got to him first, shortly followed by Allison, Jackson and Danny. Boyd however walked over to Derek with glowing yellow eyes.

"Erica," Boyd gasped "Something's wrong with Erica."

Derek took off in a sprint. He saw Erica running past the pool towards him. "Erica, what's-" Then he saw what was chasing her. The creature.

"Shit," he started running towards her as, but the creature beat him there, cutting the back of her neck. "Erica!" The blonde swayed on her feet before falling into the pool. The creature snarled at him, aiming for him next, but Derek didn't care as he drove into the pool to save his Beta. She was lying at the bottom, motionless, bubbles of air escaping her lips. Seeing the girl so helpless terrified him as he swam to save her.

He quickly pulled her up, relieved when she immediately gasped for air. "It's okay, it's okay, I've got you." He assured.

"What's it doing?" She gasped as the creature circled the pool, but made no attempt to attack them.

"I don't know."

"Hey assbutt!" a voice called out, followed by a knife embedding itself into the creature's chest.

Derek looked towards the voice to see Lydia holding multiple throwing knives, flanked by Jackson. Derek used the distraction to move to the opposite end of the pool, when he got there, he and Erica were suddenly yanked out. Stiles was holding him, Boyd holding Erica.

"Boyd, get her out of here, we'll hold it off!" Derek whispered. "Go!"

Boyd and Erica left, then Stiles and Derek sprung into action. The fight was brief, ending when the creature saw it's reflection and became confused, before running off.

"I know what it is." Derek announced. "It's called a Kanima."

"Uhh, that's great, but I have a question." Lydia spoke up, touching the back of her neck. "It cut me on the back of my neck." She stated, looking at the blood on her gloves. "So why am I not paralysed on the floor right now?"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Chris and Victoria were in the kitchen, cooking dinner and drinking wine when the front door opened.

"Oh good you're back, dinner's almost ready." Victoria called out as she limped to the kitchen door.

"Great." Gerard smiled. "Do we have room for two more?" He asked as Scott and Allison hesitantly came into view.
"Hi." Scott greeted sheepishly. Chris immediately hugged Allison whilst sending Scott a glare.

"Allison." Victoria greet tensely whilst rubbing her injured shoulder.

"Hey mum, how are your.. uh… injuries?"

"They're fine."

Dinner was tense, for the most part.

"Okay, why is everyone so quiet?" Gerard asked, looking around the dinner table. He and Chris were at opposite ends of the table, Scott and Allison were next to each other on one side of the table, Victoria on the other.

"Is it that uncomfortable that they're dating?"

"No," Victoria stated. "What's uncomfortable is that there is a werewolf in my house." Chris eye's widened, obviously he didn't know that Victoria had told Gerard everything.

"Now, now Victoria, no need to be so harsh. I've come to.. an agreement with the pack, haven't I Allison?" Gerard asked, ignoring Victoria's angry look at the news.

"Yup." She smiled. "Everything is okay. But, uh, can Scott and I be excused to grab some of my things from my room?"

"Yes, of course."

The two were able to break into the safe, only to find a cookbook inside. Then Allison realised something.

"I know where it is."

They quickly made an excuse to leave, Allison 'accidently' grabbing her grandfather's coat on the way out.

"I don't get it." Gerard smiled at the door. "What's not to like?"

-Iteen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"I've found something." Lydia announced. "It says here that the Kanima seeks a master."

"So whoever it is." Scott started, "Not only do they not know who, or what, they are-"

"They don't know what they're doing." Stiles continued. "Someones controlling them."

"Do you realise how much worse this is?" Derek asked with a frustrated sigh. "Before we were dealing with a random serial killing monster. Now, we're dealing with pre meditated murders, committed by a monster, controlled by someone with an agenda that we have no idea about."

"How fun." Lydia sighed. "I'll try to find out what I can."

Chapter End Notes
Thanks for reading, I hope enjoy this chapter. The next one might be a little late as I'll be taking a few days off writing to celebrate my birthday! *Party poppers sound* I made opening credits for the series a while ago, but forgot to post the link, but here it is: http://bit.ly/1ItYZ9c
Chapter Summary

The Kanima and Kanima master are revealed, Stiles and Derek go on a date and Lydia is forced to deal with her Banshee abilities.

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“How fun.” Lydia sighed. “I’ll try to find out what I can.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Did you see them?” Allison asked with a sigh of annoyance as she sat between Scott and Isaac in class.

“If you’re referring to the security camera’s all around school, then yes.” Isaac informed the brunette “If you’re referring to Derek and Stiles making out in the parking lot, yes again.”

“I was talking about the camera’s, but really?” Allison giggled.

“Yeah, see for yourself” Isaac gestured to the window and sure enough, Derek had Stiles pinned against the Camaro in plain sight, as the two made out.

“Isn’t that, like, the fourth time this week?”

“Fifth.”

“And it's only Wednesday.” Scott grumbled.

“Awww.” Isaac teased, leaning onto Allison’s desk, “Are you jealous? Would you rather it was you making out with one of us?”

“No!!” Scott protested immediately, without thinking, cheeks turning red.

Isaac and Allison shared a look. “Well that’s disappointing.” Isaac sighed.

“Very.”

“Wait- no- that’s not what I-”

“Maybe you and I should just make out, seeing as Scott doesn’t want to.” Isaac suggested.

“Hmm, sounds promising.” Allison nodded thoughtfully. “Okay, but I will miss that thing that he does with his tongue.”

“Yeah, me too.” Isaac sighed, then grinned wickedly, “But I’m sure we can find a way to compensate.”

Allison looked intrigued as Scott looked worried, eyes darting between his mates. “What did you
have in mind?”

Isaac leant in to whisper in Allison ear, so that only she and Scott could hear the filthy things he said.

It didn’t take long for Scott to say. “O-okay, I-I’ve changed m-my mind, I definitely want to!” Isaac and Allison shared a triumphant look, one which immediately vanished when their teacher walked in. This wasn’t their usual teacher.

“I’m afraid your teacher was feeling ill today” Victoria Argent stated as she walked down the centre of the classroom with a slight limp. “and had to leave early.” She leant on her desk and smiled at the class. “So unfortunately, you’re stuck with me as a substitute. Can anyone catch me up to speed on where we are? Mr McCall, how about you?”

Well this was going to be a bad lesson.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“So on another note,” Lydia stated after the trio told the pack of their encounter with Mrs Argent. “The reservations have been made.”

“Oooh, date night?” Stiles asked with a smile. He was happy that his pups were making time to have fun, but still being alert of any threats. Wait, pups? Where did that come from.

“Yup, but not ours.” Jackson grinned, Stiles looked around the table in confusion, to find all of his pack mates grinning at him.

“Then who’s??”

“Yours.” Erica stated simply.

“What?”

“We’ve notice that you and Derek have been devoting all of your spare time to the pack and the Kanima and the Argents,” Allison informed him, not even blinking when she said ‘The Argents’ as if she had no connection to them. “You both deserve to have some fun and quality couple time.” She smiled.

“But clearly you weren’t going to sort it for yourselves, so we stepped up.” Lydia grinned. “Your date is on friday. Tomorrow night, Danny and Allison are taking Derek shopping, Erica and I will be taking you.”

“I’m not getting out of this am I?” Lydia raised her eyebrows at him, causing Stiles to sigh. “Alright but you have to tell Derek.”

“Your dad is going to tell him today.” Allison grinned.

“Of course he is.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

After school, Stiles couldn’t wait to rush over to Derek, who was waiting for him by the Camaro. The first thing he did was wrap his arms around Derek’s neck and kiss him deeply.

“Hmm,” Stiles half sighed, half moaned when they pulled away. “That never gets old.”
"I hope not" Derek mumbled, pressing his face into Stiles' neck. "How else will I keep you by my side?"

"Just keep being you, I love you Derek. Your kisses, your body, everything else, is just a bonus." He whispered into Derek's hair, as his mate breathed in his scent. "You'll never have to worry about me walking away. But," He pulled away slightly to look Derek in the eyes. "If you ever hurt one of my pups, I will end you."

"Isn’t that my line?" Derek chuckled, pulling away to open the passenger side door.

"Nope." Stiles grinned, sliding into the car. "I acknowledge and accept my fate." He sighed in faux defeat. "I am totally pack mum."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

‘Fake left, swing right, arms up, block, duck, don’t charge in, have your opponent follow your lead. This is a dance. You must be the one to write the choreography. Don’t be predictable, surprise yourself with you moves. Be graceful, yet fierce. Be a goddess of beauty, wisdom and war. Be everything you never thought that you could. Be a warrior, a survivor, you can do this.’

These we the thoughts racing through Erica’s head as she trained, facing off against Jackson. She was pulling off stunts that she never thought she’d be able to do, she was flipping, gliding and twirling out of Jackson’s reach.

Erica studied her fellow beta closely, hands held up to protect her face, one eye analysing Jackson, the other scanning her surroundings. Her senses were all focused. Focusing on a change in his heartbeat, a shift in the wind, any scent change that would indicate what was to come. She focused and prepared.

She crouched low to the ground, causing Isaac to trip over her, rather than tackled her. She grabbed the curly haired beta’s leg before standing. Erica spun Isaac around, full force, before releasing his legs and sending him crashing into Jackson. Before they were even of the floor, she was running towards them. She pulled Isaac off of Jackson before slamming him into the ground, pressing her claws into both of their necks. She retracted said claws then mimed slashing their throats.

"Excellent work Erica!" Derek compliment with a proud smile. "I could tell that you were focusing all of your sense, working off of instinct. I’m proud of you." He smiled as he helped the girl up.

"Now boys, can you tell me what you did wrong?"

Isaac spoke first as he struggled to his feet. “I was focusing on attacking her, rather than anticipating what she would do.”

“That’s right. Jackson?”

“I did the same, but I also allowed myself to get distracted when she fought Isaac.” Jackson shook his head at himself. “It was stupid.”

“No, not stupid.” Derek denied immediately, pulling Jackson to his feet. “It was a beginners mistake, don’t berate yourself over it.” He looked between both betas. “You’re new to this, it takes a while to get a hang of all of your new senses. I don’t know why, but it’s easier for girls, both bitten and born.” Derek told them with a shrug. “Maybe it’s because girls are better at multitasking, I don’t know.” Derek suggested as the girls grinned in approval. “What I do know is that this is training. This is so you can figure out what you’re doing wrong and fix it, or make up for it in real life situations. No one can get it perfectly. I bet even Erica, who ‘won’, is thinking of parts of the
fight that she could have improved."

“It’s true,” Erica nodded. “For example, when I tripped Isaac, that could have gone wrong. You could have easily have gotten the upper hand whilst I was crouched.”

“Exactly.” Derek agreed, “But you realised that, without any prompting or hints. You know what was sloppy, what could do with improving. That’s good. Better to realise it now than out there.” He smiled at all three happily. “Now, you two, go rest and heal, if anything needs setting, ask Melissa to do it. Then, when you’re ready, weapons training with Chris. Erica it’s up to you what you do. Weapons with Allison or hand to hand with Noah. Next up, Scott and Boyd. Let’s go.”

“Wait!!” Danny called out from where he sat with his laptop, wide eye’s fixed on the screen. “I found it! The connection between all of the victims!” The pack and Chris were by his side in seconds. “Swim team! They were all on it the same year. Isaac’s dad was the coach.”

“Why would someone be going after one specific swim team?”

“Because they almost killed someone” Isaac said, wide eyed. “Well, they technically did. They had just won some big thing, dad and Cam had brought them back to the house to celebrate, they had been drinking. He came round to do a comic book exchange. Th-the team, they thought it’d be funny to throw him in the pool, but he couldn’t swim. He just kept sinking, no one helped. I couldn’t do anything. I was locked in my room, but I could see from the window. My dad pulled him out and revived him. Then he ordered him not to tell anyone. He told him that it was his fault for not being able to swim.”

“Who, Isaac? Who is he? Who’s the Kanima’s master?” Derek asked urgently

“Matt. Matt Daehler.”

“I knew there was something about him that I didn’t like!” Stiles proclaimed, drawing unimpressed looks from the pack. “What? It’s true. I’ve always thought that he’s a shady little shit, right Scott?”

Scott nodded in agreement. “It’s true.”

“Okay, well Ally, Lydia and I have to go do a thing, we’ll be back soon.” (A/N: For those of you who don’t remember, the ‘thing’ was originally mentioned in chapter 19 after dinner with the Argents, when Allison and Stiles went to pick up Allison’s things.)

“What? What ‘thing’? And I thought Allison was your only partner in crime for whatever it is?” Derek asked in confusion.

“There’s multiple people in on the thing, Der, but Lyd and Ally are the ones I need right now.”

Derek looked around at the pack. “Who exactly is in on it?” Lydia, Allison, Danny and Jackson immediately raised their hands, shortly followed by the Sheriff. “Seriously? What the Hell are you planning?”

“You’ll find out when it’s done.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"No." Lydia stated as she searched through various shirts."Boyd and Jackson are watching Matt's house, Danny has hacked his phones GPS, Mr Argent has hunters patrolling for the kanima and your dad has access to every camera in town. We've got this covered, you are not canceling your date!"
"but-"

"No."

"Try these on." Erica ordered, handing stiles a pile of clothes, which Lydia then topped with half a dozen shirts.

"Fine." Stiles grumbled, shuffling to the changing rooms. He came out five minutes later, dressed nicely in a pair of black skinny jeans, black and white flannel shirt with the top two buttons undone. "How's this?"

Lydia quickly snapped a picture of him, "That'll work. Erica?"

"I approve."

Lydia's phone buzzed and she showed Erica something. "Huh, that's perfect."

Stiles moved to look at the phone. "What is?" he asked as Lydia pulled the phone away.

"They already found something for Derek that goes perfectly." Lydia informed him whilst putting her phone away. "That you'll see tomorrow night. Now go get changed and then we'll find you some shoes."

An hour later, the three were sat at a booth in the dinner, eating their regular meals and waiting for Derek, Allison and Danny. They were allowed to put their shopping bags in the staff changing room, which they were grateful for, because Erica and Lydia had decided to buy themselves a few extra outfits. They were halfway through their meals when the others showed up. Danny walked over to the booth as Allison and Derek went to put the shopping bags in the back room.

"Sorry we’re late, Allison and I got into an argument with Derek, because he wanted to wear all black. Remember that shirt we showed you?" Lydia nodded as Derek and Allison walked over. "They had it in black too, so Derek wanted that one."

"Please tell me you didn’t get it!" Lydia glared at Derek.

"No," Allison stated, sitting down. "We argued for almost an hour, when Danny noticed that they didn’t have the black one in his size."

"Actually," Danny started to correct. "They did, until someone came along well you were arguing and took the last one. I didn’t say anything because Derek would have chased down the guy, until he found him and got the shirt."

"We ordered your usuals." Stiles announced before Derek could say anything. "Janie should be bringing them out soon. We told her that we didn’t know how long you’d be, so she said that she’d get the preparation done then actually cook it when you get here."

"That’s great, thanks." Allison smiled, then started to stand. "I’m just gonna go check next week’s schedule and see when I’m in. I’ll be right back."

"So, are you going to tell us where we’re going on our date?" Derek asked Lydia whilst stealing a chip from Stiles’ plate. Ignoring Stiles’ ‘hey’

"Of course!" Lydia stated like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "At 6:30 tomorrow."

"Which will give you just enough time to get there for your 7 o’clock reservation." Erica grinned.
Derek sighed, then went to grab another chip.

“Stop, that’s mine!” Stiles protested, slapping Derek’s hand.

“ Seriously? Come on Stiles I’m starving!”

“You should’ve thought about that before wasting time arguing over a shirt!”

“But you love it when I wear black.”

“True, but I also like it when you wear other colours too!”

“Like what?”

“Grey, you know I love those grey henleys that you wear! And blue! Like that dark blue shirt you wore to meet my dad!”

“You like him in grey, huh?” Danny asked giving Derek a look.

“Shut up, I didn’t know.” Derek mumbled.

"Hey Ally, Stiles loves Derek in grey!" Danny announced when he saw the girl approaching with three milkshakes.

"Are you serious?" Allison asked as she glared at the Alpha.

“Oops?”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next night found Stiles pacing in his room, stopping to look in the mirror every few seconds. “I don’t know why you’re so nervous, you’re off on a date with your boyfriend, not a total stranger.” Erica reminded Stiles, inspecting her nails casually.

“Because, I only just realised that this is our first proper date!” Stiles flailed his arms around whilst pacing, not stopping to glance at the girls.

“What? No it isn’t!” Allison rolled her eyes.

“It kind of is.” Stiles finally stopped pacing and ran his hand over his hair. “That night at Lydia’s party, we weren’t actually dating, it was a cover story, bowling was a group date, I’m not sure if the dance counts, and any meals we have are usually with pack, or my dad at the end of the table.”

“In that case, he better bring flowers.” Lydia stated. “Now come here and let me sort your shirt.”

Lucky for Derek, he did bring flowers. White lillies, Stiles’ mother’s favourite flower. “You remembered.” Stiles smiled as Derek stood in the doorway, grinning like a loon.

“Of course,” Derek grinned, leaning in to kiss his mate. “What kind of a boyfriend would I be if I didn’t?”

"Me. I don't know your mother's favourite flower." Stiles frowned as he made his way to the kitchen.

"That’s because I haven't told you." Derek reminded him with a chuckle as Stiles found a vase.
"True. So what was it?"

"Believe it or not, wolfsbane." Stiles eyebrows shot up at that, causing Derek to chuckle. "I know, I thought the same thing when she told me. She obviously didn’t keep it in vases around the house, but she said that she liked it because as much as hunters can use it to poison us, we can use it to cure ourselves."

"That is actually pretty cool." Stiles smiled, placing the vase of lilies on the table. "Well, I’m sorry, but I won’t be buying you any bouquets of wolfsbane."

"Good." Derek grinned, wrapping his arm around Stiles waist. "You ready to go?"

"Yup, as soon as we find out where we’re going."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Their reservation turned out to be at a nice restaurant in the centre of town. It was small and well lit, but not overly so. It was fancy enough to require better clothes than jeans and t-shirts, but not too fancy that you needed a tie. Plus, Stiles was able to understand the menu. The pack chose the perfect place for them.

"So, Mr. Hale," Stiles grinned, leaning forward slightly. "tell me about yourself." Derek looked confused, so Stiles continued. "Well, this our first official date, so.."

"So it is." Derek chuckled. "Wow, over three months and this is our first actual date with just the two of us." Derek shook his head. "How did that happen?"

"I don’t know." Stiles laughed. "But you still haven’t answered my question."

"Right, well, my name is Derek Hale, I am 22 years old and I work as an assistant deputy at the BHPD. I live with my boyfriend, who is the most caring, thoughtful, loving, devious, hyperactive spaz in the world, and I love him more than anything." Derek smiled at his mate, who had turned red. "How about you?"

"My name is Stiles Stilinski, before you ask, Stiles is just a nickname but my first name is impossible to pronounce. I am 16 years old and attend Beacon Hills High School. I live with my father, my boyfriend and my bestfriend’s boyfriend. My boyfriend is incredibly hot! And I mean hot like burning! He’s a couple of years older than me, but we don’t let it get between us. He loves to wear black, all of the time. His hobbies include running, lurking, brooding whenever I’m not around, stalking high schoolers and making me insanely happy."

"I do not stalk high schoolers." Derek protested immediately. "If anything, they stalk me!" He argued, as the waitress set down their drinks. "I come home and find a group of teenagers in my living room, or sometimes in my bed."

"Puppy piles, Der Bear." Stiles grinned and the waitress chuckled.

"You two are so cute together." She complemented with a smile.

"Thanks, Heather. I haven't seen you in a while." Stiles smiled at his childhood friend.

"I know, it's been too long, Stiles, I heard you had a hot, older boyfriend, but I didn’t think it was true.” The girl, Heather chuckled. “It’s nice to meet you, Derek was it?” She asked, holding out her hand for him to shake, which he took.
“Yeah, nice to meet you Heather. So how do the two of you know each other?” Derek asked politely.

“Our mums were best friends.” Stiles explained before taking a sip of his drink.

“Yeah, we were really close, too.” Heather smiled. “We used take bubble baths together. It’s crazy to think back on, huh?”

“Absolutely. So, are you seeing anyone at the moment?”

“Nah.” Heather shrugged. “I haven’t really met anyone that caught my attention and it seems that whenever I do, they’re taken or not interested.” She sighed and Stiles nodded sympathetically.

“It was the same for me, until I met Derek. But don’t worry, you’ll find your perfect someone someday.”

“Thanks Stiles,” Heather grinned. “Although, I may need a little help finding him.”

“When I find him, I will bring him to you in a heartbeat.” Stiles smiled, remembering the promise they made at the age of seven. “Because friends help you find your prince charming.”

Heather giggled. “I wish I could return the favour, but you found yours before I did.” She pulled out a notebook and pen. “Anyway’s, you ready to order?”

“I like her.” Derek announced after they had ordered and Heather walked away

“Yeah, me too. It’s a shame we grew apart, but something tells me that our friendship could easily be rekindled.”

“Yeah, I think so too.” Derek smiled at his mate. “Now,, back to us, this is our night, after all.”

“So it is.” Stiles smiled. “Right, uh, so I beat Erica at wall climbing in P.E. today.”

“Really?”

“Don’t sound so surprised!” Stiles laughed, softly kicking Derek under the table.

“No, no, it’s just because it’s Erica, she the fastest in the pack.” Derek defended himself with a chuckled.

“True, but I have longer limbs.” Stiles reminded him. “Oh, Allison beat Scott.” Derek laughed outright.

“Really? I mean Allison is great, I’m not denying that, but Scott is…”

“I know, Allison was ahead of him, so she paused to let him catch up, he used ‘admiring the view’ as an excuse so she climbed again, telling him to ‘admire from afar’ then he used his abilities to pass her, so she kicked his foot, causing him to fall off the wall.”

Derek laughed again. “That’s hilarious, I’m proud.”

“Me too.” Stiles grinned. The rest of their evening was pleasant, they enjoyed their meal and time together. Although,there was a small argument over who would pay, until Heather informed them that the food was already paid for by a ‘Mr. J Whittemore’.

“So, I was thinking-” Derek began as they walked to the car, only to be cut off by Stiles.
“Uh, oh.”

“Haha,” Derek rolled his eyes. “Nevermind.”

“Wait, no, tell me, tell me, please!” Stiles rushed out, turning to face Derek.

“I don’t know.” Derek teased as he unlocked the car. Stiles cupped his face and turned it towards him. He pressed a soft kiss to Derek’s lips. Eye’s half lidded, voice husky a low, he breathed out “Please?”

“I was going to suggest that, since your dad is home tonight, we could rent a hotel room.” Derek suggested, causing Stiles’ eyes to light up.”Just the two of us, all night.”

“Hell yeah.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“Life’s too short for shitty sex and bad relationships. So go in there and find someone who fucks you right and treats you how you deserve to be treated.” Erica smirked, patting Danny on the back. The pack, minus Noah and Melissa, were stood outside of The Jungle. Derek was reluctant about being there, but was persuaded by Stiles. Danny had just broken up with his cheating boyfriend, so the pack took him out to cheer him up.

“Okay, but if he is here, one of you better punch him for me.” Danny stated, not the pack needed asking to do that.

“Uh, guys?” Scott spoke up, staring at the building. “We have a problem.” The pack followed the beta’s look to see a scaly tail disappearing through a window.

“Shit, was that-?”

“The Kanima.”

“There goes our fun night.” Lydia sighed.

“Not necessarily” Stiles said thoughtfully. “I mean, we can’t exactly run in all claws and fangs, and we can’t say ‘hey, there’s a homicidal lizard monster running around, so we need you all to leave so we can find him’. I say our best bet is going in, keeping an eye out, dancing a little, acting normal and keep it from killing anyone.”

Derek thought for a moment, weighing his options, before decided that Stiles was right. “Okay, but no one will be standing alone.”

Twenty minutes later, the pack was in the club. Danny was dancing with a cute guy and ignoring his ex, Isaac and Scott dancing close by. Allison, Erica and Lydia were grinding against each other, having a lot of fun as Stiles and Jackson watched on from the bar in amusement. Boyd and Derek were by the exit, watching the crowd carefully.

“That one’s paid for.” The bartender informed Stiles, pointing to a gentleman a little older than him at the other end of the bar. The guy in question smiled at Stiles and raised his drink and Stiles repeated the gesture.

“Won’t your boyfriend get jealous?” Jackson asked with a smirk as he sipped his drink. “First you get swarmed a by drag queens and given their numbers, now you’ve got people buying you drinks.”
“Absolutely,” Stiles grinned wickedly. “when he’s jealous, he doesn’t hold back.” Stiles winked at Derek from across the club, who looked a mix of embarrassed and annoyed, the wolf members of the pack looked grossed out.

“Can you not?” Jackson practically begged with a grimace. “Ugh, it’s like hearing my parents talk about sex.”

“That’s cause I’m totally pack mum.” Stiles grinned, sipping his drink.

“Huh. Yeah, I guess you are.” Jackson agreed thoughtfully. “Just don’t expect me to start calling you ‘mum’ anytime soon.”

“Lighting beams.” Allison’s voice cut through the background noise of the club. Stiles looked up to see the kanima crawling across the beams, glaring down at the crowd. The pack sprung into action, trying to bring down the creature. Unfortunately, it was able to paralyse multiple people, including Danny, before escaping.

“Jackson, Lydia, stay with Danny!” Derek ordered as he raced out of the club. In the alley, hunters were waiting, shooting at the kanima relentlessly.

After multiple bullets and claws cutting through it, the Kanima went down. Of course, the hunters, minus Chris, decided to turn their weapons to the pack next.

“Don’t!” Chris yelled. “We have a treaty!”

“Who cares about some stupid treaty? They’re animals! They need to be put down.” One of the hunters stated, pointing a gun at Allison.

“Actually.” Allison piped up. “I’m human. Just ask your friends, I recognise some faces from the night my own mother shoved wolfsbane in my face.”

“You may be human,” Another hunter spoke up, Allison recognised him as one of the ones she shot that night. “but you run with wolves! And you shot me with an arrow!”

“You were threatening my pack.” The brunette shrugged. “The hunters council signed the treaty and agreed to peace with our pack, you’re the one’s who violated it. Our actions were merely self defense.” During the exchange, no one notice the kanima crawl away. No one except Erica. The blonde tugged on Stiles’ arm and gestured to where the creature previously lied.

Stiles slowly pulled the girl away from the pack, whilst everyone was distracted, following a blood trail to the parking lot. When gunfire started up, they ran. The found the kanima lying in between two cars, except it wasn’t the kanima anymore.

“Isn’t that-?” Erica gasped in shock.

“Yeah, that’s her.” Stiles sighed. “That’s Tammy.”

-Stiles’ phone rang loudly as he and Erica stood in the woods around midnight.

“Hey Der-”

“Where are you?!” Derek demanded, worry and anger clear in his voice. “Is Erica with you? Where did you go? Are you injured?”
“Derek, calm down. We’re both fine. We’re in the preserve, near the cliff. Just before the hunters started shooting, Erica noticed that the kanima was gone, so we followed the blood trail and found her. Rather than deliver her to hunters, we took her and have locked her up.”

“Her? You know who it is?!?” Before Stiles could reply, his dad’s voice came over the speaker.

“Stiles, please tell me that you have nothing to do with the stolen prisoner transfer bus.”

“Uhh…” Stiles scratched the back of his head nervously. “Do you want me to answer honestly?”

“Ah Crap.” Stiles could imagine his dad running his hands over his face then looking up with a ‘why me?’ expression on his face. “Alright, I’ll put it down to misfiled paperwork. But you better have a damn good story for kidnapping someone!”

“Who exactly have you kidnapped?” Lydia asked. “Who is it.”


-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“How’s Danny?” Stiles asked Lydia the next day as he sent a text to Tammy’s parents from her phone.

“He’s fine, no longer paralysed. He said that the only thing that made it bearable was the fact that his ex was paralysed too.” The redhead chuckled.

Before Stiles could say anything, a grumble sounded from inside the van. “Ah, our little lizard is awake.” The two climbed into the van to see the girl struggling against the handcuffs. When she saw them, her expression turned from scared to annoyed.

“Seriously? Is this some sort of joke?!” She yelled at them, trying to lunge forward. “Fine, I get it, I won’t say anything about you or your friends, okay? Now let me go.”

“This isn’t about what you said,” Lydia explained, sitting opposite the girl. “This is about what you are.”

“Seriously? You’re friends with Boyd, who, incase you haven’t noticed, is the same colour as me!”

“This isn’t about about the colour of your skin, Tammy.” Stiles sighed. “This isn’t about your race, it’s about your species.”

“What? Are you high? I’m human! Like you!”

“Are you sure about that?” Lydia raised an eyebrow at the girl. “So nothing has happened recently? So you haven’t been bitten recently?”

Tanny’s eye’s widened. “Y-yeah. That night that you were attacked, the second time. Just before he died. That psycho Peter Hale came running out of nowhere, covered in blood, and bit me.” She shook her head stubbornly. “But what does that have to do with you kidnapping me?!”

“Everything.” Stiles said, ”You see, that bite, it changed you. Peter wasn't human, now, you aren't either.”

"Oh really?" Tammy drawled. "Then what am I?"

"A Kanima."
"And what's that?"

"Well, according to legends, it's a werejaguar from south America." Lydia explained, ignoring the girls scepticism. "But your form is reptilian, like a giant lizard."

"Oh really? Like scales, a tail, all that?"

"Yup." Stiles announced, popping the p casually. "You also have this paralytic substance that's released from your claws."

"Interesting, really," Tammy rolled her eyes. "Now, if you've had your fun, can I go now?"

"You think this is fun for us?" Lydia asked incredulously. "We found you naked, I put those clothes on you, sweetheart, one item at a time, okay? Being up close and personal with your lady parts wasn't exactly the highlight of my day."

Tammy's head shot up. "Why the hell was I naked?"

"We're guessing that your clothes were shredded when you transformed." Stiles shrugged, "Right, of course."

"God, you still don't believe us." Stiles sighed, “This is serious, alright? You’re killing people! To death! Okay?” Tammy just rolled her eyes, so Stiles flashed his eyes at her, causing the girl to recoil in horror.

“W-what are you?"

"Me? I'm a werewolf." Tammy started hyperventilating, eyes darting back and forth.

"You're remembering, aren't you?" Lydia urged. "What is it? What do you remember?"

"I- I oh God, I, I killed people! I- n-no, no, I couldn't have, this is some sort of sick trick! Y-you did something to me, I, I couldn't, I couldn't!" The girl burst into hysterical sobs. "Oh God, what did I do? What did I do?!"

Lydia immediately moved to sit next to the girl and wrapped her arms around her, temporarily forgetting the things that the girl had said about her pack. "It wasn't you." Lydia whispered to the girl, who began sobbing into her shoulder. "You were being controlled, it wasn't you."

Tammy was cooperative after that, advising Stiles what to write in texts to her parents. She spoke to the sheriff when he arrived, and told him what she remembered. Unfortunately, she never saw Matt’s face, so she couldn’t identify him. All she ever saw was a hand at a car window and the faces of people that she was instructed to attack.

When Stiles and Derek arrived the next night to take over from Allison, Scott and Isaac, they were horrified to see the doors to the van open, hand cuffs snapped and no Tammy in sight.

They found their pups asleep in the back of Allison's car, naked. Stiles banged on the window in annoyance, startling the trio awake. “You better come see this” he snapped as they moved to cover themselves.

They apologised profusely, but Stiles was too annoyed to accept it just yet. Tammy was out there, unable to control herself while being forced to do unspeakable things. They needed to get her back and stop Matt.
“Matt invited me to a rave on Friday.” Allison mumbled bitterly as she sat at a table in the library with Scott, Stiles, Erica and Jackson. The five of them, along with Matt and Tammy had gotten detention. As Allison and Erica were changing after gym, Tammy, but not really Tammy, attacked them. Stiles, Scott and Jackson heard the commotion and came rushing in. The locker room was mostly destroyed. A sink was ripped off of the wall by Erica, multiple lockers were knocked over, the door was completely destroyed and at least half of the floor tiles were cracked. Matt was ‘passing by’ when Mr Harris was handing out detentions, and wound up being dragged down with them.

In the time that she was ‘missing’ Tammy, but not really Tammy, had killed two more people, a couple. The woman was pregnant, but the baby was thankfully saved. Although, the ordeal triggered Jackson into having a panic attack. Stiles talked him out of it, using methods that helped him. Afterwards, Jackson explained to the pack what happened to his birth parents, including how he had to be taken out of his mother’s lifeless body via C-section.

“What did you say?” Scott asked nervously.

“I told him that I am in a committed relationship and very much in love.” Allison assured with a soft smile. “Then he insisted that it would just be as friends, so I told him that I’ll think about it.”

“It could be a good idea.” Jackson said. “We can all be there to make sure that nothing happens, and maybe we can trap him.”

“That’s actually a good idea.” Erica hummed, then her phone pinged.

“What is it?” Scott asked urgently.

“Danny,” She informed them. “A member of the old swim team is going to be at the rave, she’s the DJ.”

“Looks like I’ll be going with him after all.” Allison sighed. “Can I shoot him?”

“Not in public” Stiles grinned. Any conversation was stopped when Tammy shot up from her seat looking pale and ill, before rushing out, followed by Harris, who ordered everyone to stay in their seats.

Once he was gone, Allison stood and walked over to Matt with a smile. “Hey.” She greeted, sitting down opposite him, “So, I was thinking about your offer for Friday, and I’d love to, but just friends right?”

“Right” Matt smiled, “Are your boyfriends okay with that?”

“Yeah, it’s cool.” Allison smiled forcefully. “Anyway, how much do I owe you for the ticket?”

“Oh, no, don’t worry about it.” Matt insisted, once over his shock, but the wolves could sense his annoyance and jealousy. “I’m dragging you away from your boyfriends for a night, what kind of friend would I be if I made you pay too?”

Allison giggled. “Fair enough, but, uh, Erica wants to take Boyd, so..”

“Ah, okay, well they’re $75.”

“Hey, Ally!” Stiles called out. “Get your butt over here, you’re good at history and we all suck!”
That was a lie, Erica was great at history, but it was a good excuse to get away from Matt.

“Alright, I’ll be right there.” Allison called before looking at Matt again. “Sorry, but I gotta go back, otherwise, they start fighting. Believe me, when they fight, history's greatest wars look like child’s play.”

“Ah, I get it. Besides, I have calculus homework to do.”

“Damn, that sucks. We turn to Lydia with all of our maths related problems, so we’re saving that for after detention.”

“Ally!”

“You better go,” Matt chuckled, showing no signs of the anger rolling off of him in waves. “Before your friends go all monstrous on us.”

Allison returned to her seat, just before Tammy and Mr Harris walked in.

“I don’t like him.” Jackson whispered. “Let’s kill him.”

“I’m in.” Erica agreed.

“No, we’re not killing him.” Scott protested.

“Possibly not.”

“Stiles!”

“Probably not.”

“Dude!”

“I’m just being realistic!”

“Well try to be optimistic!”

“Nah, that’s your job.”

“Are you two done?” Jackson snapped. “Cause you’re giving me a headache.” Then, two hands smacked him around the head.

“Better?” Scott and Stiles asked in unison then laughed as Jackson flipped them off.

“Am I the only one who picked up on it?” Erica asked raising an eyebrow. “He said ‘boyfriends’, plural. He actually said it twice, so he clearly knows. Tammy must have seen the three of you doing it in the back of the car, so Matt would have seen it though the link or whatever.” Scott and Allisons eye’s widened in horror at the thought of Matt seeing them like that. “I still say we kill him. Or at least kidnap him” Erica suggested as she casually inspected her claws.

“Erica!” Stiles hissed, pushing her hand down.

“Relax, Harris isn’t looking!” The blonde rolled her eyes.

“No, but the camera’s are.” It was then the recognition hit the girl and she immediately retracted her claws.
“That’s right, you wanna play Catwoman? I’ll be your Batman.”

“What about Derek and Boyd?” Erica teased as she leaned forward on the table.

“They don’t have to know.” Stiles winked as Allison and Jackson rolled their eyes at them, Scott just looked disturbed.

“That’s not very ‘pack mum’ of you, Stiles.” Allison teasingly scolded him. “I expected more from you.”

Stiles scoffed “It’s me Ally, you really shouldn’t set the bar too high.”

The pack frowned at Stiles’ self-defaming tone. Jackson was about to say something when Harris got up to leave. Everyone started to do the same, when the teacher laughed and rudely informed them that they wouldn’t be leaving yet. The teens begrudgingly started the reshelving, then, all hell broke loose.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“The girls locker room and the library?! Are you completely insane!!” The sheriff yelled.

“Hey, that totally wasn’t our fault! It was Matt!” Erica defended, holding her still injured arm, but it didn’t diffuse the situation.

“Matt wasn’t present during the changing room incident! And he was unconscious during most of the library destruction!”

“Yeah, but he’s controlling Tammy!” Stiles argued. “He made her do those things!”

“Why would he make her knock him out?”

“To throw suspicion off of himself.” Stiles flailed “He must know that we know it’s him!”

“Are you sure that it’s him?” Noah demanded. “There’s no proof! Tammy never saw his face, we don’t know for sure.”

“I know dad, it’s him!”

“How do you know?”

“I just know!” Stiles yelled. “Trust me on this! It’s him!”

“I’m sorry Stiles, but evidence trumps instinct. Every time.” Noah yelled. “You can’t just make up the law, Stiles! There are procedures that I have to follow! I can’t just arrest some kid because you think he’s suspicious!”

“Can’t you just trust me this once?!” Stiles screamed. “Come on, the guy has motive and means! People are dying, dad, he-”

“You think I don’t know that?!” Noah screamed, face red in anger. “You think I don’t notice people in my town dropping like flies because of an endless list of supernatural creatures?!” The sheriff took a deep breath, trying to force himself to calm down. “Just let it go Stiles. This isn’t your fight.” Noah stated, turning away from his son.

“Are you kidding me?!” Stiles yelled, all self control lost. His eyes were glowing against his will as he screamed at his father. “This is entirely my fight! I can’t just sit back and do nothing when this
“Is all my fault!”

“What are you talking about?” Noah demanded, tone slightly softer.

“If I hadn’t dragged Scott out into the woods that night, he would have never have been bitten! Then he wouldn’t have hunters on his ass! Allison wouldn’t have had to leave home because her family were out to kill her boyfriends! Lydia never would have been attacked and now have to deal with Peter’s ghost or whatever the hell it is! Peter wouldn’t have attacked Erica and bitten Tammy out of revenge! There would have been no Kanima, Isaac’s father would have been locked away, rather than killed. All of those people would be alive! My pack wouldn’t be in the middle of a life or death situation, and would be able to enjoy the change! And you wouldn’t be ashamed of me! So no, I can’t let it go! I have to fix this!” When he finally stopped screaming, no one said anything. The pack were staring at him in shock as he stood, red faced, with tears flowing down his cheeks. Stiles was visibly shaking, he slid down to the floor and curled into a ball, not caring if he looked pathetic.

“Are you serious?” Jackson asked, finally breaking the silence. “Are you serious right now? That is the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard!”

“Jackson!” Derek snapped.

“No, it’s true. You’ve got it all wrong, Stiles.” Boyd agreed, crouching down in front of the boy. “It’s true that Scott wouldn’t have gotten bitten that night, but someone else would have. Someone who might have joined Peter! Or someone without a best friend like you to help them through it! And with Scott still human, with asthma and no heightened reflexes, he would have sucked at Lacrosse, kept his low self esteem and probably never asked Allison out. If Allison hadn’t dated Scott, She, Lydia, Jackson and Danny would have never sat with you two at lunch, gone on a group date and become friends with you! Peter would have still been out killing people, Lydia wouldn’t have had anyone to turn to when she saw that picture, Jackson would have continued to be a douche and Allison would have been manipulated by Kate! We all know that that’s what Kate was trying to do when she started to show Allison things about the Argents. Can you imagine it? Our Ally, being trained by Kate, manipulated into thinking all werewolves are monsters? Our sweet, strong, independant Allison, being turned into a miniature Kate?” Everyone looked horrified at the thought and Allison realised that it could have happened. She doubted that she’d have had the strength to leave the Argents, without a pack to lean on.

“He’s right.” Erica agreed, joining Boyd on the floor. “Maybe Peter wouldn’t have attacked me, but had Allison and Scott never dated, I wouldn’t have become friends with you all, because there wouldn’t have been a pack day out without a pack. I would have been lonely, insecure and wary of everyone. I’d either be human and crippled by my epilepsy, or lying in a coffin six feet underground, or a very bitchy werewolf.”

“My dad wouldn’t be in jail, Stiles.” Isaac informed him next. “I would never have had the guts to admit what he’d done to me. Even if I had still been turned.” He glanced to his mates, before looking back to Stiles. “I wouldn’t be with Scott and Allison. I would have continued to be beaten every night, spending each morning trying to cover as many injuries as I could. I was so terrified of him, I dreamt of the day that I got away. I never thought that I could be so happy, and that’s because of you and the pack.”

“I’d still be pretending to be someone I’m not.” Lydia piped up. “I’d be surrounded by fake friends, hiding my intellect and feeling miserable, counting down the days until I graduate, so I can get out of this town and go off to a great college. Now I’m so much better than who I was and so much more than who I could ever hope to be.” Lydia bit her lip and smiled. “I never thought I’d be
worried about going to college, because I never thought I’d have to worry about leaving behind so many people that I love. If it wasn’t for you I’d still be that shell.”

“I’d still be the ‘grumpy asshole’ that I was when we met.” Derek finally spoke. “Without you I-I’d still be living in the burnt out shell of my old home. I wouldn’t be a deputy, I wouldn’t be an alpha, or if I was, I’d be a hell of a lot worse. Remember that I tried teaching you and Scott about using pain to control the shift? I’d still be doing that. I wouldn’t have thought of the better methods that you did. I’d be breaking bones as a lesson, using fear as a method of control. I’d be awful.” Derek knelt down, directly in front of Stiles and looked into his tear filled eyes. “I would still be miserable. Blaming myself for my families deaths, hating everything and everyone. I never thought that I could be happy again, Stiles.” Derek wiped a tear from Stiles’ cheek. “I’d have no family, no home and no hope without you. Maybe a couple of bad things have happened since the night you were bitten, but so many more amazing things have happened too. Without you, we wouldn’t have our pack. Maybe you were content with how things were before, but given the choice between that life and this one, which would you pick?”

“This one.” Stiles admitted softly, “But tha-”

“What about the rest of you? Be honest and raise your hand if you’d rather live that other life. The one without pack, without Stiles.” Unsurprisingly, no one raised their hands. “You see? No one here, not even Scott, wants to go back to the way things were before.”

“I don’t blame you Stiles, I could have held my ground and said no. Yes, at first, I hated it. I thought that the bite was a curse rather than a gift, but now, now that I’ve gotten used to it, it’s one of the best things that has ever happened to me.” Scott told his best friend firmly. “I have everything that I’ve wanted and more. I always thought that I’d never find someone who loves me as more than a friend. I thought that it’d be just you and me forever, that we’d go off to college together, live together, right up to old manhood. Side by side in a nursing home cheating at bingo together. And you know what? I still see most of that, but rather than just us, the entire pack. I can’t thank you enough, Stiles. It was a stupid decision to go out that night, but it was the best mistake we ever made. And I wouldn’t change it. Ever.”

“What would I do without you guys?” Stiles asked, wiping away his tears and standing.

"Crash and burn." Erica teased, causing the pack to look at her wide eyed.

"Erica, no! Dammit, now you have to be in the middle of the puppy pile to make sure that you don't end up on the ceiling." Allison sighed.

"What on earth are you talking about?" The sheriff asked in confusion before shaking his head. "You know what? I don't want to know. And another 'puppy pile'? Really?"

"I need my pack tonight, dad."

"Right, of course. Sorry. But you and I will be having a talk tomorrow, Stiles. I don't like knowing that you're having these negative thoughts about yourself. Okay?" Noah looked apologetic. “And Derek needs to go to work in an hour.”

"Okay, dad. Thanks." Stiles said with a soft frown. “Fine, but I’ll be waiting up.”

“We all will.” Scott promised.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

It was five pm on friday night. The girls of the pack were in Allisons room, the boys and Mrs.
McCall were at the animal clinic, getting supplies from Deaton.

“I can’t believe I’m going to the rave with Matt!” Allison groaned, flopping backwards onto her bed. “If I was going with Isaac and Scott, I’d know exactly what to wear. But with Matt, I don’t want to wear something that’s seems flirty, but I want to dress right for a rave, but I also need something that I can fight in. I’m supposed to pick him up in two hours! Please help.” She begged as she ran her hands over her face.

“Sit up.” Lydia demanded, “Erica, start on her hair, just wash it and comb through it for now, whilst I look through her wardrobe.”

Erica grinned and pulled Allison to her feet, then lead her to the bathroom. “Have you picked out what you’re wearing Erica?”

“Yup!” Erica replied. “Although, I could use a little advice on what makeup to wear with it. It could go with either bold or subtle, so once I’m dressed, could you give me your opinion?”

“Of course.” Lydia grinned, pulling a dress from Allison’s wardrobe to inspect it ruther. “I’ll need you guys to help with my hair, though. The style I want is not a one woman job.”

Lydia picked out a nice grey dress for Allison to wear. She took it to the bathroom to show her. “This.” She stated, causing Allison to open her eyes and sit up slightly and squint, trying to avoid getting water in her eyes.

“Nice,” Erica commented, one hand combing her fingers through Allisons hair, trying to remove the last of the shampoo, the other hand holding the shower hose. “It’ll go nice with a leather jacket. I’d go with the black one with zip up pockets.”

“Ooh, yeah.” Lydia grinned, a thought occurred to her. “You can also wear black leather boots. Flat ones though, ‘cause we’ll probably have to fight tonight.”

“Yeah, that’s all fine, except, what about weapons? All of my holsters are too bulky to be concealed by that.” Allison commented as Erica started to condition her hair.

“That’s right, I haven’t shown you yet, have I?” Lydia asked then ran out of the room.

“Shown me what?” Allison called out, but the redhead didn’t reply. Allison risked glancing up at Erica, who simply shrugged in response.

A few minutes later, Lydia returned with something in her hands. “Is that a garter?” Erica asked in amusement.

“Technically.” Lydia grinned. “It’s also a gun holster. That’s why I chose that dress, it’s long enough to conceal this.” She walked over to the pair, to show them the garter/holster.

“It’s a shame that I’m wearing jeans tonight.” Erica commented.

“It is, because this is literally perfect for our handguns. Concealed thigh carry for up to 2 firearms and 1 magazine or it can be used to carry pepper spray, tasers, knives, money or lipstick. You can use right hand, left hand or cross-draw, the gun pockets feature magnetic weapon retention, to stop the gun from falling out while you’re fighting. The garter itself has silicone “Tactical-Grip” edging, meaning that you don’t need a garter belt. There’s a 3-row hook & eye closure for a comfortable, perfect fit and 5” military-grade elastic that conforms to your body!” She proclaimed happily. “Plus, it looks good. They’re all black, with different laces. There’s black, blue, pink and purple. I got three of each, so there’s no need to worry about colour co-ordination.”
“Nice.” Allison whistled in appreciation. “Where did you get it?”

“A self defence website.” Lydia informed her. “I got other stuff too. Other concealed holsters, lock pick sets, knives, knife sharpeners, gun cleaning sets, regular ammo. Stuff like that. I got a set of tank tops, sports bras and female boxer briefs that have concealed holsters sewn into them, so you can use one of those, Erica.”

“Cool, but I got distracted by ‘lock pick’ and I suddenly want to learn how to pick locks.”

Allison grinned, then offered "I can teach you, my dad taught me how to do it when I was eleven, but then he confiscated my old lock pick set after I used it to break into his office, steal his car keys and meet up with friends when I was fifteen."

Her two best friends burst out laughing. "Are you serious?” Erica gasped out as she turned of the shower.

"Yup, I wanted to go to the cinema to see the new Harry Potter movie, but he didn't want me out late” Allison explained as Erica drained her hair. "and it was the midnight premier. I did what I had to do. Funny thing is, he didn't realise I was gone until after the movie. He and mum were out on a date night and took her car. They came home early when they got a call saying I wasn’t home, and ended up pulling into the drive at the same time I did."

“Okay, we need to hear the full story, now.” Erica demanded as she wrapped Allisons hair in a towel. The three made their way to Allisons room again, to get dressed as Allison told the story.

“Alright, so, we’d been in town around two months and I had made sort-of-friends with a group of people in my English class. We hung out a few times and all agreed to go see the midnight showing together. I told my dad that I’d be going out. I didn’t tell him what movie or which cinema, but because it was a midnight showing, he said no, but I had been waiting to see that movie since I read the book, I’d be damned if I was missing out! The thing is, whenever they go out on a night I want to go out, my dad has ‘colleagues’ watch the house. There are four at a time. Every two hours, they take it in turn for breaks. One will go on a break for fifteen minutes, and another will take over watching both ‘sections’. When the first person came back from break, they’d take over the next person’s section. Then they’d take over the next and so on. It was very routine. After my parents left, I waited an hour before getting the keys, just in case they came back for something. Once I had them, I had to wait for an opportunity to sneak out. My window was at the front of the house, so I waited til that guy went on break, climbed out of my window and hid in the car. I waited until the first guy came back and took over for guy two. I kept the headlights off and drove away to meet my friends at a cafe before guy four came to check on things. Apparently he didn’t realise that the car had been there, because no one knew I was gone until guy one went to the front again and freaked out over the missing car.” Lydia and Erica were cracking up over Allisons story.

“What happened next?”

“One of them calls my dad and tells him that I’m not home, then he calls me, just as I get in the car after the film, and demands to know where I am. I go ‘Where do you think?’ then hang up. I then drive back as fast as I can without breaking any laws, well except driving without a licence. Anyway, so, I’m driving down the street and I see my mum’s car, driving towards me and I know that they see me and the house is like halfway between us. However, I don’t want them to corner me on the driveway, so I speed up, now over the limit and they start to speed up too. We’re getting closer together, it feels like we’re gonna crash, then I make a sharp turn onto the drive, so fast I get slammed into the door and almost hit my head on the window! I slam down on the breaks and only just avoid hitting the garage door. I’m in the driveway, the hunters are stood outside the house looking at me in a mix of anger and shock. I quickly get out of the car and toss the keys to guy one,
then my parents pull up. When they get out of the car, before they say anything, I go: ‘Dad, you were right, the food at that cafe is great! But- uh- your colleagues aren’t, getting past them was child’s play, but then again, so was picking your office lock.’ then I just walk inside and hear my dad yelling at the guys, demanding to know how I snuck past them.”

Lydia placed a hand on Allison’s shoulder, looked the brunette in the eyes and said "Allison, you are my hero."

“‘I’ll just add lockpicking to the list of things you need to teach me.” Erica grinned at the brunette, tugging on the boxer briefs/holster.

“Wormhole theory, motorcycle riding and lock-picking. I’ve got this.” Allison grinned, as Erica threw her head back and let out a full bodied laugh.

“You’ve been spending too much time with Stiles.” Lydia commented and rolled her eyes.

“You’re one to talk.” Allison giggled. “Don’t think I haven’t noticed you flailing and wearing plaid lately.”

“Only plaid skirts!” Lydia defended

“Still plaid.”

“Oh god, he’s literally contagious.” Erica gasped, widening her eyes in mock horror. “We’re all doomed.”

“Stop talking like Jackson and get your butt over here so we can do your makeup!”

An hour later, all three girls were dressed with their hair and makeup done. “So, Lyd, how come Stiles is your date to the rave and not Jackson?” Erica asked curiously as she holstered her gun.

“Jackson is still having trouble with his sensitive hearing, but we all agreed to go everywhere in pairs, and I am not sitting out tonight.” Lydia explained as she picked up a stun baton. “Besides, we have business to discuss.”

“Have either of you seen my stun baton?” Allison ask as she place her crossbow in her bag. “The collapsible one?”

“Which voltage?” Lydia asked. “950 thousand, two million, five million or ten million?”

“I was hoping for the one million?”

“It’s not here”

“That’s because it’s broken.” Erica informed them casually. “Remember when the two of you and Stiles left training early to sort out that ‘thing’? Well, whilst you were gone, there was a pain tolerance test and Scott ended up snapping it in half.”

“Ugh, dammit, fine, I’ll take the two mil.”

“Good, ‘cause I’ve already claimed the five.” Lydia grinned as she handed Allison the baton.

“Are you ever going to tell us about this ‘thing’. You guys have been secretive for weeks!” Erica groaned in annoyance. “It’s driving me crazy.”

Lydia and Allison exchanged a look, then Allison nodded. “Okay, we’ll tell you, if you promise not
to say anything, not even to Boyd!”

Erica looked unsure, so Allison continued, “You’ll be able to talk about it to me, Lydia, Stiles, Jackson, Danny and the Sheriff, but that’s it. Deal?”

“Deal.”

Allison beamed. “Okay, so here’s the thing—”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Allison walked into the rave with Matt by her side. The boy kept checking her out in the car and tried to hold her hand, she already knew that it was going to be a long night. Lydia was already there with Stiles, Scott and Isaac were also there. Boyd and Erica had left just after Allison, so they should be here soon. Jackson and Derek were patrolling the building, watching for hunters and waiting for the signal for Mrs. McCall and Danny to set up the mountain ash barrier. The sheriff was on duty and anxiously waiting by the phone in his office for news.

Allison faked a smile as she danced with Matt, forced a laugh when he told a bad joke and when she danced with him, she sent exasperated looks to Erica and Lydia, and longing looks to Isaac and Scott. But she knew that she needed to get through this, so she pushed thoughts of who she’d rather be with aside, and focused on distracting Matt, so that they could save Tammy.

“Hey, you want a drink?” Matt asked, raising his voice to be heard over the music.

“Yeah! Thanks!” Allison replied, giving him a real smile this time.

“Okay, I’ll be right back!” With that, he started to walk away, unaware of Boyd following him. Once Matt and Boyd were out of sight, the other pack members rushed over.

“Please kill me!” Allison begged as her mates wrapped her in their arms around her. The two began scent marking her, trying to get rid of as much as Matt’s scent as possible.

“Sorry, Ally, but we’d miss you too much.” Lydia smiled sympathetically and patted the girl’s arm.

“How are things going on your end?” Allison asked, glancing around the room for Tammy. “Is she here yet?”

“Yeah,” Erica confirmed. “She arrived about five minutes after you did. Jackson came inside to keep an eye on her. Mrs. McCall and Danny set up the barrier, Derek tested it, it definitely works.” The was a soft frown on her face and her eyes were downcast.

“Hey, don’t worry.” Allison assured. “We’ve got this, don’t worry. When is it time for Ketamine?”

“Soon, Isaac, are you ready?” Lydia asked the boy who was still nuzzling his cheek to Allison’s neck.

“Yup.”

“Remember, find a vein.” Lydia reminded him. “The neck will be the easiest, so find the vein, press the needle in, then pull back on the trigger.” Isaac nodded, then Stiles’ phone buzzed. “Oh crap.” he gasped as she read the text message, then informed the pack. “Derek just texted me, the hunters are here. Gerard, Chris and a bunch of others.”

“Okay, uh, I’ll go, see if I can help.” Scott announced. “Maybe my mum has enough mountain ash
to let me out then reseal it.” He turned to his mates. “Be careful, both of you.”

“We will.” Allison promised, giving Scott a soft kiss, Isaac did the same, before Scott rushed off.

Stiles turned to Isaac “Okay, Isaac, go find Jackson and wait for the signal, I’ll go keep an eye on the DJ and let you know if anything happens.” The pack nodded in agreement.

“Be careful!” Allison told Isaac before he and Stiles took off to complete their tasks.

“Don’t worry, I doubt I’ll even slightly hurt her.” Isaac promised.

“I’m talking about you.” Allison rolled her eyes. “I love you, I don’t want you getting hurt.”

“I’ll be fine I promise.” Isaac gave his mate a soft kiss before walking away.

Lydia looked at her two best friends “Right, I’ve been putting on a brave face all night, but it’s just us, so I’m gonna say it.” She announced. “I’m terrified.” Allison and Erica sighed in relief, both admitting that they were too.

“God, this is insane.” Allison laughed humorlessly. “We’re just a bunch of teenagers, how are we supposed to handle this?”

“By sticking together.” Erica told her firmly. “If we were regular teenagers, we’d lose it. But we’re more that that. We’re pack.” She grabbed each girls hand. “We’re family, in all of the right ways. We can do this.”

“Yeah we can.” Lydia agreed with a brilliant smile, linking her free hand with Allison’s.

“You’re right.” Allison nodded. “We’ve got this. Let’s kick ass.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles walked into the room that Tammy was being held in. “Woah, it’s just me!” He yelled when Erica move to attack. “Are you guys okay?” He asked his pup’s in concern. “Where are Boyd and Lydia?”

“Boyd is with Derek.” Erica said hesitantly. “Looking for Scott and Lydia.”

“What?!”

“No one can find them.” Jackson informed him in a pained voice. “Scott never arrived to help Derek, so Boyd and Lydia went to help find him. Lydia resealed the mountain ash whilst Boyd went to Derek, then she just disappeared.”

“What about Danny and Mrs. McCall?” Stiles asked urgently.

“Danny took Mrs McCall home, he called when they got there and told us that the mountain ash barrier was set up, they’re both fine.” Isaac informed him, eyes downcast.

“Okay, Uh… How about her?” Stiles asked gesturing to Tammy.

“Well, let’s find out.” Isaac stepped forward, lengthening his claws and going to slash at Tammy, only to be stopped by the girl’s hand shooting up and grabbing his wrist. Isaac gasped in pain as he fell to his knees. Tammy twisted the beta’s wrist back, Stiles made a move to help, but Tammy then let go and Isaac immediately scurried away.
“Okay, no one does anything like that again, Okay?” Stiles ordered and the three nodded in agreement. Stiles turned to Isaac. “Here let me see.” The curly haired beta held his wrist out for Stiles to inspect.

“I thought the ketamine was supposed to put her out?” Isaac groaned, glaring at the girl.

“Well apparently, this is all we’re gonna get.” Stiles shrugged. “It’s not broken, but it might be fractured. You’ll be okay, it won’t take long to heal. Just try to keep your wrist straight and as still as possible. Okay?” Isaac nodded as Stiles released his wrist. “Okay. Now, let’s just hope that whoever’s controlling her decided to turn up tonight.” Stiles announced, although he was convinced that it’s Matt, they needed him to think he was in the clear. If he feels secure in anonymity, he’ll get confident, when criminals get confident, they get sloppy and make a mistake. They always make a mistake.

Apparently the ruse worked as Tammy’s eyes flew open and her head jerked. “I’m here.” She announced, but it didn’t sound like her. He voice was deeper and had a slight echo to it, like two people were talking at once. “I’m right here with you.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“I think I’ve stopped healing.” Boyd gasped, pressing his hand to his stomach in pain.

“Bullets, they’re laced with wolfsbane.” Derek informed him with a pain filled his. “You gotta go, take the car. Get to Mrs. McCall, she can help.” Derek ordered.

“What about you?” Boyd asked. “I’m not leaving you here alone.”

“Don’t worry about me. Okay? I need to find Scott and Lydia, I can’t go yet. Besides, I heal faster than you do, I’ll be okay. I promise.”

“Don’t make promises that you can’t keep.”

“I can keep this one. Do you really think I’d leave you all without an Alpha? No way. I’ll be fine, just go. Go!” Boyd hesitated for a second before rushing off, leaving Derek alone.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Matt recoiled in pain, hand flying up to his bleeding nose. “What the fuck, Matt?” Allison screeched angrily. “I’m in a committed relationship! I should never have agreed to this! Stay the fuck away from me, asshole.” Allison stomped away and out of the warehouse. How dare he kiss her? What a swine! Allison was pissed off and need to blow off some steam, she started to make her way to the room Tammy was being kept in, when Derek’s car pulled up beside her.

“Allison!” Boyd gasped, rolling down a window.

“Boyd? Oh my god what happened?” Allison could see dark pools on his shirt, blood. “Where are the others?”

“Derek’s back there, he’s alone against the hunters. He told me to go to Mrs. McCall. Scott, he- Scott and Lydia are missing. We were looking for them. Isaac, Erica, Jackson and Stiles are with Tammy. Where is Matt?”

“Allison kissed me! And- wait, did you say missing?!”

“Yeah, I’m sorry.”
“No, don’t it’s not your fault.”

“I left Lydia alone! I went to help Derek and I left her alone to close the mountain ash circle!” Boyd protested, practically radiating guilt. “I left her alone and vulnerable!”

“First of all, You couldn’t have known, Okay?” Allison assured. “Second of all, a woman is only vulnerable when her nail polish is drying, and even then she can still pull a trigger.” Boyd chuckled and nodded, vulnerable definitely wasn’t a word to describe Lydia, or any of the girls in his life. “Now, was there any blood or signs of struggle where you last saw her.”

“No.” Boyd frowned suddenly confused, if Lydia had been taken, there’s no way she would have gone down without a fight. There would be some indication of it. So what happened?

“Maybe something Banshee related happened.” Allison suggested. “It’s Scott I’m worried about. Lydia is armed and willing to fight, but we all know that Scott would try to avoid hurting someone, even if it meant getting hurt himself.” Allison sighed, then her eye’s widened and she noticed that Boyd’s injuries weren’t showing any signs of healing, and the blood was getting darker, almost black. “Oh god, you’re getting worse. Shit. Do you need me to drive you?”

“No, I’ll be okay, just go help Derek and find Scott.” The look on his face showed no room for argument.

“I will.” Allison nodded, reaching out and squeezing Boyd hand, smiling at him softly before rushing away to help her Alpha.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles, Erica, Jackson and Isaac stood opposite Allison and Derek, a line of mountain ash separating them. “So, uh we kind of lost Tammy inside, but uh-” Stiles started, but stopped when he heard a pained howl, a too familiar pained howl.

“Scott.” The wolves gasped in unison. “Allison, break it!” Derek demanded, gesturing to the mountain ash as Isaac ran off.

“What? But Tammy-”

“Scott’s dying! Break it!” He yelled, and Allison didn’t hesitate in dropping to the ground and breaking the line, then followed Derek and Isaac, running to Scott. “Look for Lydia!” Derek ordered Jackson, Erica and Stiles over his shoulder.

Isaac got to Scott first, only to be stabbed in the back by Allison mother. Derek arrived next and shoved the woman away from his beta. When Allison arrived and saw her mother, she was devastated, but she wasn’t shocked. She ignored the fight, and rushed over to Scott, she used all of her strength to pull Scott to his feet and started pulling him out of the room. Isaac soon rushed over and helped her, once they were out, she released Scott to Isaac completely then rushed back inside, gun raised, just in time to see Derek’s teeth pierce her mother's flesh.

“No!” Victoria cried, trying to pull her arm away, but she knew that it was too late. Derek let go and stepped back, looking at Allison worried. Not that she was physically hurt, but to see if she hated him. There was no hatred in her eye’s, only grief and hurt. “Allison.” Victoria gasped. “How can you stay with them? He’s just killed me.”

Allison shook her head. “Hunting killed you. My alpha was defending my mate. If your body rejects the bite, that’s not his fault. If you change, and take your own life because of some barbaric tradition, that’s not his fault either. I love you mum, I always will, but I won’t turn my back on my
pack because of you. You promised to try to accept them, instead you try to kill them. I will mourn you, but I won’t make you into a martyr. Now, if this is who you’re going to be, then get the fuck out of my life.” Allison grabbed Derek’s arm. “Scott needs help.” She reminded him, then they left the room, leaving the bleeding woman behind.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Lydia was completely still as she sat in Beacon Hills Cemetery, next to an unmarked grave with a dead man whispering in her ear.

“I am so sorry Lydia, all of this must be terribly confusing. You're a strong girl, personally I think you're gonna pull through this with a minimal amount of post traumatic stress and maybe a few years of profoundly disturbing nightmares.” Lydia stayed silent and turned her head away as Peter continued talking, going on about some plan that he had and how she was his backup.

“Okay, this is all very interesting, are you done? Cause I want to go check on my pack.” The girl snarked, hoping that her voice didn’t give away any of her fear.

“Oh, please, they’re not your pack. They’ll never be your pack, Lydia. You see, Banshee’s don’t have packs. You need to stop deluding yourself into thinking that you can truly fit in with them.” Peter’s tone was casual, as if he were talking about the weather.

“You’re wrong.” Lydia replied, without a single drop of doubt, looking at the burnt man again. “I may not have claws or glowing eyes or super senses, but I am pack. Nothing you say will make me doubt that. Ever.” She expected him to make a witty remark or something, instead he screamed. Her mind went blank and it was like she wasn’t her anymore. Like someone else was in charge of her body. She became aware of the fact that she was holding something, so she parted her hands, revealing a purple flower.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.
I wanted to write more, but it’s 4.30am and I’m tired. Sorry that this chapter is late, but I got distracted watching all of the DVD’s that I got for my birthday. Sorry.
The pack set a plan into motion, Allison talks to her mother and Lydia celebrates her birthday.

“What do you remember?” Derek asked Lydia softly. Jackson, Stiles and Erica had followed Lydia’s scent to the cemetery, whilst Derek was dealing with Victoria. They found her sat next to Peter’s grave, staring a wolfsbane flower. It took ten minutes to get her out of her, for lack of a better word, trance, and bring her back. The pack was at the McCall residence, so that Melissa could help with their injuries.

“I remember going with Boyd to help you find Scott and sealing the mountain ash barrier, then the next thing I know, I’m in the cemetery, holding wolfsbane.” Lydia replied. “It must be something Banshee related, since I wound up next to Peter’s grave.” She shuddered involuntarily at the thought of the man. “But I don’t remember seeing him or hearing his voice.”

“Okay, if you remember anything, you’ll let me know?”

“I promise.” Lydia smiled. “But, I need to steal Stiles, Erica and Allison tomorrow.” She grinned. “Shopping for outfits to wear at my birthday party.”

“Ah, that. Uh.. Are you having it on the night of your birthday?” He asked hesitantly.

“Of course.”

“Well, then, Jackson, Erica, Boyd and I won’t be able to go.” He informed her sadly.

“Why not?” Lydia demanded, rising to her feet. “I mean, I know it’s a full moon, but they’ve all gotten way better at self control!”

“True, on regular days but not on a full moon.” Derek reminded her. “I’ll tell you what, if they can stay under control and not shift for two hours, they can come by for an hour.”

Lydia looked like she wanted to protest, but the look in Derek’s eyes showed that it was the best offer she was going to get. “Fine.” She huffed, “But I’m still bringing Erica shopping, if she has to miss my party, she should at least get a hot new outfit.”

Derek sighed and pulled out his wallet. “Here’s five hundred, get something intimidating.”

Lydia smirked at him and took the money. “As you command, oh, Alpha mine.”

“Be careful, okay?” Derek urged, tone serious again.
"It's just shopping, Derek." Lydia grinned teasingly.

"You know what I mean, Lydia. We don't know what he's planning, we don't what your abilities can do or what influence he has over them and you." Derek set his hand on Lydia's shoulder and looked the girl in the eyes. "You are pack. Family. If anything happens to you-

"Nothing will." Lydia assured, "I'll be fine, I don't really understand any of it, but nothing bad has happened to me so far, I haven't been physically hurt. I don't think he can do anything except bug me and sometimes, make me feel like I'm losing my mind." She admitted softly. "But I know, that no matter what, I have my pack to turn to. You don't have to worry about me."

"Yes I do." Derek smiled. "It's my job to worry about all of you."

"Fair enough, but you don't have to worry about me any more than the rest of the pack. Okay?"

"Okay, I'll try."

"Really? C'mon, isn't Stiles the one you're supposed to be worrying about the most?" Lydia asked in exasperation.

"Stiles isn't being haunted by the ghost of a psychopath." Derek gently reminded her.

"True."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The pack were sat in the Stilinski living room, watching a movie and waiting for the pizza to arrive. About halfway through the movie, the doorbell rang. Allison stood and began walking towards the door. "I'll get it." She heard the pack call out for her to wait but by then she had already opened the door, and came face to face with her parents.

"Allison." The woman greeted with a soft smile. "May we come in? We are unarmed, you may check if you'd like."

"Come on in Mr and Mrs Argent." Derek's voice called from behind her. The couple stepped into the house and Allison lead them to the living room. The couch had been cleared and the pack was scattered around the room. Once her parents were seated, Allison stood next to Derek, her mates right behind her.

"I know that I have no right to come here after what I did." Was Victoria's opening line. "I know that what I did was horrible. I wasn't thinking clearly, which is no excuse, I was convinced that if I got rid of her Mate, Allison wouldn't want to be a part of the pack anymore. I was hoping that I'd be able to hide what I'd done so that Allison would come home. I should have known better, even before finding out about Isaac. The reality of what I'd done and tried to do didn't set in until afterwards, when I told Chris what had happened. That's when I realised how wrong I was, how I was slowly turning into a monster. I'd just tried to kill an innocent teenage boy, and end a peace treaty. I realised that all the things I thought, were wrong. I wholeheartedly believed humans were good and the supernatural was bad, but every one of you have more humanity in your little fingers than most hunters, myself include, have in our whole bodies. I see that now. I know that doesn't even begin to make up for what I've done, but I'm sorry."

There was a moment of silence around the room as everyone took in what Victoria had said.

"You're right," Stiles began, with a slight nod. "It doesn't make up for it, but what you said is a start. I'm glad that you're seeing the truth and trying to change, for Ally's sake. We will help you..."
with shifting and controlling your abilities, but if it's a pack you're looking for, it's going to take a lot more than words."

Victoria shook her head. "I could never ask to join your pack after everything. However I would like to take you up on helping me control it, and ask if you could help lock me up on the full moon. We obviously have containment units available, but I fear that Gerard or the others will try something. Gerard already tried to talk me into killing myself, and I would have, had I not come to my realisation. He is under the impression that on the night, I will be taking my life, but I won't."

"Of course." Derek agreed almost instantly. "But you must know that you'll be joined by Jackson, Boyd and Erica, for at least two hours. Maybe the whole night." Victoria agreed and thanked him, as did Chris.

"I'm glad that you're not going to." Allison whispered with tears in her eyes. She meant every word that she had said at the rave, but the thought of her mother actually committing suicide didn't really occur to her until just then. Victoria was immediately on her feet, and wrapping Allison into a hug. The hug lasted a few minutes before they parted, and Allison wiped her cheeks. "Something needs to be done about Gerard."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"So, you think that Gerard is here to force Derek to give him the bite so he can be cured of cancer?" Doctor Deaton asked Scott in the Animal clinic the next day.

"Yes." Scott nodded as he cleaned out a cat cage. "Mr and Mrs Argent have picked up on things. Like, when Gerard was trying to convince mrs Argent to kill herself, she said her new enhanced hearing kicked in and his heart was beating like crazy when he said that it was 'the right thing to do' and 'all hunters should do it'. Indicating that he doesn't believe that." Scott explained to the doctor as he stood up. "And even if we're wrong, we got a hold of his medical files, and Lydia says that his cancer is so severe that the pills he's taking probably won't do a thing. So what we're planning won't make a difference, at least not unless he get's the bite."

"And what exactly are you planning?"

"Swapping out his pills for mountain ash. Stiles' idea."

Deaton nodded, and looked slightly impressed for a second, before his expression turned neutral again. "That's smart, and miss Martin is right, those pills won't be helping him in any way. But I fail to see why you need my help, when you have everything figured out." Scott turned slightly nervous.

"Uh, the thing is, we have everything sorted in theory, but we don't have the means to pull it off. So we were hoping that you'd be able to supply us with mountain ash, lots of it. We would ask mr Argent, but we don't want to risk one of the other hunters noticing it missing and catching on and Gerard finding out, so it's best that they don't know just yet."

"Alright." Deaton nodded. "I'll have it all ready for you by the end of your shift."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Later that day, Allison, Lydia and Stiles were in the Argent house, in Gerard's bathroom. Allison opened the medicine cabinet and pulled out several bottles. Lydia took a bottle from her and glanced at the label. "I was right." The redhead stated. "Gerard is past chemotherapy. These supplements really don't do much of anything."
“And yet, he downs them like M&Ms.” Allison commented as she emptied the medicine cabinet of everything but aspirin and ibuprofen.

“How long do we have?” Lydia asked as she opened one of the bottles.

“At least two hours.” Allison stated as Lydia poured the pills into a pile on the counter. She screwed open one of the capsules and emptied it into a Ziploc bag, then filled it with mountain ash. Lydia was holding the bottom half of the capsule still as Allison carefully filled it with mountain ash, then Stiles would place the cap on and hand Lydia the next capsule, whilst listening out for anyone entering the house. It was painstaking work, and they moved slowly.

They had filled half of the capsules from the fifth bottle, when the front door opened. "It's just your parents." Stiles assured.

"Oh good." Allison smiled, then called out. "Hi mum, hi dad!"

"Allison?” Chris called, and the three heard footsteps coming up the stairs. Stiles heard Victoria tell Chris where they are, within seconds, the couple was standing in the doorway. "What are you doing?"

"Poisoning Gerard." Allison told him casually as she continued filling the capsule.

Chris blinked at her, then he blinked at Lydia, then at Stiles. He looked at the pile of pills then he looked at Allison again, "Okay." Chris nodded. "Need any help?"

"Nah, we're good, but we could use a little extra mountain ash?" She asked holding up the almost empty bag.

"Allison, if that was full, you would have at least a kilogram." Chris stated with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah, but we've replaced half of his medicine cabinet!"

"Really? Well done. Wait, how long have you been here?"

"Around three hours." Allison stated as she place all of the full capsules into a tub.

"Actually, it's closer to four now." Lydia corrected, looking at her watch.

Chris gave the group a calculating look, then shook his head and left the room, but Victoria stayed.

"So the full moon is tomorrow," Allison commented. "How are you feeling?"

"A little on edge." Victoria admitted after a moment's hesitation. "Like there's an unbearable itch that I can't scratch."

"I get that too." Stiles told her. "It'll be worse tomorrow, but it does get easier." He promised with a soft smile. "Especially when you find you anchor."

"I've heard of anchors, but I've never fully understood what it means." Victoria told him, "Could you explain it to me?"

"Yeah, of course, uh. An anchor is what keeps you human." Stiles explained as Chris walked in with more mountain ash. "For me, I think about, my dad, Derek, pack, all of the people that I care about, I think about how it would feel to lose them. How much it'd hurt if I lost control and did something to them. I think about my mum, watching over me. I think about how disappointed she'd be if I lost control and hurt someone." He explained softly. "And that gives me incentive to stay in
control, to not let the wolf win."

"I think I have something."

"Remember, it won't give you complete, immediate control, but it will make it easier." Victoria nodded and thanked Stiles.

"If you'd like, Stiles," Chris started. "I can take over with the pills, and you can teach Victoria some self control techniques?"

"I'm fine with that." Stiles agreed. "How about you?"

"I'd like that very much, thank you."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Later that night, Stiles was home alone. The hunters were searching for the Kanima that night, so the pack decided to stay out of their way. His Dad, Allison, Melissa and Derek were at work, Lydia was helping Scott with homework, Danny and Jackson were doing something, and Isaac was spending time with Erica and Boyd. Stiles didn't really mind though, it gave him time to sort through things.

He'd just gotten off of the phone with Jackson's adopted father, and was pleased with the progress that he had made. He sat at the kitchen table with papers spread all over, his laptop in the middle, and his phone next to it. Being sat like that made Stiles feel nostalgic. Although he had never done something as big and elaborate as this, he had finalised many plans and schemes at that table over the years. Sitting there then, he missed his glasses. He missed the inconvenience of having to push them up every few minutes. He missed being able to slam his hand on the table in frustration, without having to worry about breaking it. He missed a lot of things, truth be told. He missed poking himself in the eye every single morning, trying to get his contacts in. He missed the simplicity of his life before, when all he had to worry about was school, Harris, his dad, Scott, Melissa, and making Lydia fall in love with him. He missed all of it. He missed being overly focus because he'd taken too much adderall. He missed waking up at his computer desk after a late night studying. He missed all of the tiny little things that used to bug the hell out of him.

But he wouldn't give up his pack for it.

Looking back, he can't remember how he got by without them. His life before turning feels like a dream. Like he wasn’t really living, just going through the motions, taking all of the right steps to get to this point.

He can't imagine not having sarcasm battles with Isaac, not planning to take over the world with Lydia, or nerding out with Boyd, making fun of the pack with Erica, talking computers and play flirting with Danny, discussing weapons and battle strategies with Allison, arguing with Jackson in a teasing, friendly manner. It's hard to picture a life without them. He can't even contemplate life without Derek.

He sighed and shuffled his papers into a pile, knowing that he wasn't going to be able to focus anymore. He placed all the A4 sheets into a manila folder, then rolled up the larger sheets, securing them with a rubber band.

Stiles then opened the music folder on his laptop, set it to shuffle and started preparing some food. He had just gotten all of the ingredients together and was about to start the preparation, when it started playing.
"Ugh! This is useless!" Scott groaned, slamming his head on Lydia's desk. "I suck!"

"No, you don't suck." Lydia assured. "You're just having a hard time focusing. Hey, I have an idea, come on." Before Scott could say a word, Lydia grabbed his hand and pulled him from his seat.

"What? Where are we going?"

"To see Stiles! He know's how to keep you focused."

Ten minutes later, the pair pulled up outside the Stilinski household "Do you hear music?" Lydia asked as they walked into the house, to hear singing coming from the kitchen. When they reached the doorway, they were greeted with the sight of Stiles dancing around the kitchen, pausing every now and again to drum on the side with wooden spoons, and singing at the top of his lungs. Lydia immediately pulled her phone out and started recording.

"-not the same boy you knew back then!" He sang, whilst drumming on the side rapidly, but in time to the song. "Cause I can break down these walls, I built around myself! I wanna fall so in love with you, and no one else, could ever mean half as much to me as you do now!" He lifted one of the spoons and used it as a microphone. "Together we'll move on, just don't turn around! Let the walls break- I can't breathe, my body's shaking!" He drummed in time to the song as he sang out the bridge, it was when he got to the chorus again that he noticed them. "Oh, shi-" He dropped the spoons, and tried to look as nonchalant as possible. "Uh- h-hey- hey guys uh h-how long have you been there?"

"Since the end of the second verse." Lydia grinned as she pocketed her phone. "Of all the All Time Low songs you could have picked, you chose the cheesy love song? Really Stiles?" The genius chuckled.

"Hey! 1) I didn't chose it, shuffle did! 2) In my opinion, that's the regular love song, the cheesy love song is 'My Only One' and 3) I didn't know you know of All Time Low!"

"Yup, but now's not the time, I need your help keeping Scott focused."

"I've got this." He grinned. "Just let me finish making food first, you guys want anything?" He asked, and the pair immediately said yes, so Stiles made enough for three. Well, in normal settings, it'd be enough for ten, but who cares. Half way through preparation, Stiles froze, a panicked look on his face and he looked at Lydia. "You're, uh- Y-you're going to delete that video. Right?"

"Ha, no way!" Lydia laughed as Scott chuckled. "Now I have something to blackmail you with!"

"Lydia! Come on!"

"Hey dude," Scott began, changing the subject. "We haven’t jammed in a while, once all of this craziness is done with, we should have a jam session again!"

"You guys play? What instruments?" Lydia asked with a grin.

"I play drums, Scotty here plays guitar and sings." Stiles grinned with pride.

"Nice." Lydia hummed "I play piano and keyboard."

"Aren't piano and keyboard the same thing?" Scott asked with a raised eyebrow.
"No." Lydia stated immediately, sending Scott a firm glare. "Once everything is sorted, I will tell you the exact difference, but for now, you need to learn algebra. Let's eat, then we'll get to work."

The next day was Lydia’s birthday and it had gone on without incident, well at least without anything Kanima related. Jackson, Erica and Boyd were remorseful about having to miss a part, possibly all, of Lydia’s party, Jackson most of all.

"Jackson, it's one birthday party. It doesn't matter." Lydia assured. "You have spent all day with me and gave me three amazing presents, you have nothing to be sorry about."

"I promise that I'll try to make it."

"Me too," Erica announced, from where she was perched on Boyd's lap in the Martin living room. "I'm feeling a lot more in control this time, I'm so glad I had my period last week."

Scott, Jackson and Isaac made disgusted noises, whilst Derek, Boyd, Danny and Stiles looked uncomfortable. "Oh grow up!" Lydia rolled her eyes at them. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go get dressed."

"I'll help with your make up." Erica offered, standing up. "It's the least I can do."

"Okay, Ally, come on."

"Alright, the rest of you can go get ready for Lydia's party, but stay alert. Matt and/or Tammy may show up. Lydia, Allison, I want you armed with non lethal weapons. Non lethal. Got it?" Derek instructed.

"Got it." Allison smiled, "Although I doubt Matt will show up with a black eye." She smirked.

"I wonder who did it." Isaac commented with a smirk. "What I wouldn't give to congratulate them."

"Go ahead." Boyd grinned and gestured to Allison. "She's right there."

"Really?" Derek glared. "Why? I mean I know what he's done but we can't let him know we're on-"

"He doesn't know, okay? I had a completely separate, valid reason for punching him." Allison defended. causing the pack to look at her curiously.

"And that would be?"

Allison hesitated for a second, sending a worried look to Scott and Isaac. "He kissed me!" She finally announced. "We were sat talking at the rave, everything was fine, then he just turned and kissed me, knowing full well that I'm in a happy, committed relationship. So I shoved him off, punched him, then stormed out and came to find you. Then I saw Boyd, and he told me what was going on, so I forgot all about it. Kind of." Isaac and Scott were silent, but you didn't need super senses to know that they were livid.

"Can we kill him?" Isaac growled out and Scott didn't protest this time. Allison walked over to them and wrapped her arms around them.

"No, he's not worth it. I think a broken nose got the message across, if not, I'll let you at him. Okay?"

They begrudgingly agreed, “That goes for everyone else, too.” Derek announced, causing the
others to groan in annoyance. “We all want to hurt him, but we can’t take the risk right now. Although Scott and Isaac are welcome to threaten him a little bit, as long as there’s no eye flashing, claws, growling or mention of anything supernatural involved.”

A wicked smirk appeared on Isaac’s lips. “I can work with that.”

“You do that, I’m gonna go get ready.” Allison smiled, moving to her tiptoes to kiss both of her mates then jogged upstairs with Lydia and Erica. Scott, Isaac, Danny, and Stiles, also went to get changed. All of them had returned just over than twenty minutes later.

"Alright," Derek spoke to the pack. "We" He gestured to himself, Jackson, Erica and Boyd, "Need to go home and get ready for the full moon. Have a good night and don't kill anyone, we'll try to come by later. Alright?” He smiled apologetically, that smile disappeared a few seconds later. "Allison, give me all of your weapons” He instructed Allison, a firm glare fixed on her.

“But you said-”

“I said non-lethal.” Allison went to argue, then sighed and pulled out a crossbow, a handgun, a dozen chinese ring daggers, and a hatchet from her bag.

“I said ALL of them, Allison” The brunette girl proceeded to pull a pistol from her ankle holster, that was concealed by her boot. Along with three butterfly knives, all in a different place on her body, and her belt buckle, which concealed a knife. She place them all on the living room table, but Derek wasn’t satisfied, and gave her a stern look. Allison rolled her eye’s and pulled her favourite gun from the holster on her thigh, slammed it on the table and glared at Derek. “Stiles, could you you please go grab the compound bow, arrows, rifle and katana from her car and put them in the Jeep, please? Danny, please go lock up the chest in her closet.”

“Where’s the trust?” Allison snapped as Stiles and Danny walked past her.

“I trust you Allison. I trust that you’d do anything to protect pack, but if you use lethal weapons tonight, and Matt dies, you have dozens of witnesses who know nothing if the supernatural. They’ll probably think that the Kanima was a prank and you killed Matt in cold blood. If that happens, not even Noah or Mr Whittemore could protect you. I can’t let that happen. I cannot lose another pack member. I can’t.”

“Okay.” Allison nodded. “No lethal weapons, I promise.”

-Lydia handed each pack member a glass of punch with a smile. The party had started out a little thin, due to all the recent deaths, and the fact that the pack had often been found in the middle of it all. But then, Scott used his co-captain status to get the lacrosse team there, and Stiles called the drag queens he had met at the jungle not long before. The team had brought other people from school, and the queens had brought their own friends and the party was soon alive.

"Mmm, this is good." Stiles complimented as he sipped the drink. "Did you make this?"

"Yup, my very own secret recipe." She informed him with a proud smirk on her face. She stood in the right position to keep them from seeing the bowl, and the wolfsbane flowers floating in it. "Now, who wants to dance?"

"I do" Danny started, looking away from the group. "But Matt and Tammy just walked in."

"We'll keep an eye on them." Stiles announced, "But they're probably just here to taunt us. not one
here is on the list. Let's stay alert and have fun."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Isaac was weaving through the crowd to get more punch, when he froze in shock.

"Isaac." Mr Lahey yelled. "I didn't give you permission to be here!"

"I'm sorry, I just-"

"You just thought you could do whatever you want and get away with it?" Lahey yelled, grabbing Isaac's arm firmly. "Not on my watch!" He dragged Isaac away from the crowd. The next thing Isaac knew, he was in the basement. "Get in the freezer!"

"N-no, I don't w-want to!"

"I said, get in the freezer!!" Lahey screamed and shoved Isaac, causing him to stumble backwards. Lahey shoved him again, and Isaac fell into the freezer, the lid was shut seconds later.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott and Allison were dancing, but not as carefree as they were a minute before. "Isaac should be back by now." Allison commented with a frown.

"You're right." Scott agreed and grabbed Allisons hand and led her towards the house. "I'll search upstairs, you look down here. Okay?"

"Yeah."

With that, Scott gave Allison a soft kiss before walking away to find Isaac. Allison wandered through the house, search for Isaac, when she noticed a woman in a black hoodie, walking with a crossbow.

"No, no, not here. Scott! Isaac!"

Allison doubled over in pain as an arrow pierced her stomach, and the woman walked over. The woman lifted her head, and Allison felt like she was looking into a mirror.

"Look at you, calling for help." Allisons own voice taunted. "Always yelling for help. It's pathetic, Allison. You have no idea how much I've been looking forward to this!"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles walked around the party aimlessly until he heard his father's voice. "Why am I wearing black? What are you, any idiot? I just came from a funeral, people wear black at funerals!"

"Dude chill! It was jus-"

"Chill? Get out of my face!" The sheriff yelled and shoved the kid that he was talking to. He then turned and noticed Stiles and raised his hand to point a bottle of whiskey at his son. "It's you." He stated. "It's all you. You know everyday I saw her in that hospital, slowly dying. I thought 'how the hell am I supposed to raise this stupid kid on my own?' This hyperactive little bastard who keeps ruining my life!" Stiles tried to fight back tears, but it was useless. Everyone around stared at him, but he couldn't bring himself to care. Not whilst his father was saying the things he had always feared. "It's you Stiles. You killed your mother. You hear me? You killed her! And now you're killing me." The Sheriff threw the bottle at Stiles' head, and the boy immediately ducked and
covered his face with his arms.

As Scott got to the bottom of the stairs, he felt light headed. He paused and leant against the wall, when he heard a noise. He looked up to see Isaac lying on top of Allison as they made out. "Oh, you found him. I thought you were looking downstairs."

Allison sighed and turned her head to look at him. "And we thought you'd figure it out by now."

"Figure what out?"

"That we don't want you, Scott." Isaac sneered causing Scott to flinch back as though he'd been physically hit. "God, I don't even like boys. I tried, because we're mates, but I just can't stand you."

"And why would I want you when I have Isaac?" Allison laughed. "I mean, he's better looking, he's never lied to me, and he's much more.. adventurous. At least I don't have to worry about him in a fight, but you're too much of a wuss to fight back. So afraid of hurting people. I had to save you from my mother for crying out loud!"

"Just go Scott, we don't need you."

Derek had gotten everyone settled in the basement and made his way to the living room, where Chris was pulling on his jacket.

"Everything okay down there?" The hunter asked.

"Yeah, they're all fine. Your wife is doing well, but she still has a long way to go." Derek informed him. "Going somewhere?"

"Gerard called, demanding to know where Victoria is." He explained. "So I'm going over there to let him know that Victoria and I will be having nothing to do with them anymore. And that once the Kanima situation is over, he and his hunters better leave town." Chris went to leave before pausing and turning to Derek. "If he's still alive that is."

"I can't imagine him leaving town before forcing me to bite him, he's gone through too much effort and planning to just give up."

"I agree." Chris nodded. "But that only makes things worse. Gerard is dangerous enough, but now that he's dying."

"He has nothing left to lose." Derek stated knowingly, and Chris nodded. They spoke about the plan a little more, then exchanged farewells and Chris left to face his father. Derek was sat alone for ten minutes before the door opened, and Lydia walked in.

"Hey, is everything okay? Why aren't you at your party?" Lydia didn't say a word as Derek stood and walked over to her. "Lydia?" She still didn't say a word, simply lifted her hand, opened it and blew purple dust in the alpha's face.

Scott ran through the house, almost crashing into Allison. "Hey did you find him?" Allison asked immediately.
"No, but we have something else to worry about." He informed her.

"I'd say so." Isaac agreed walking over to the pair. "I just found myself in the bathtub, thinking I was in the freezer in my dad's basement."

"I just thought I'd been shot in the stomach with an arrow." Allison told them.

"I saw something too." Scott stated, "and I think it's because of Lydia. We need to find her."

They made their way outside, and saw the wolfsbane in the punch. They then found Stiles sat against a wall, next to the pool and Scott tried to sober his best fried up.

"Stiles, look at me. Drink the water." Stiles grumbled, still out of it. "Stiles, drink it! Something's happening and I need you to sober up right now!"

A girl from school, Danielle, walked over. "What do you think you're doing? If you want to sober him up fast, that's not the way to do it." She stated.

"You can do better?" Isaac asked incredulously.

"I can do best." Danielle grinned, then grabbed Stiles' arm and shoved his head under the water for a few seconds. "How do you feel?" She asked once Stiles was sat up straight again.

"I think I might have to revisit my policy on hitting a girl."

"Yup, he's sober."

"Tell Heather that all of her friends are insane!" Stiles glared.

"You're her friend too."

"I'm aware of that."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"I can't find her, and guys, anyone who drank that crap, they're freaking out!" Stiles announced when he met up with the trio again, this time with Danny.

"We can see that." Isaac snarked.

"I can't swim!" They heard Matt call out as two guy's carried him towards the pool. "No, no, no, don't I can't swim! I can't swim!" The guys ignored him and threw him in the pool anyway, apparently thinking he was lying. Matt fought to get to the surface, calling out each time he did, but he soon sank. Everyone was too shocked or drunken to help. Well, almost everyone.

Tammy reached out and pulled Matt from the pool. "What are you staring at?" Matt demanded before storming away. He stopped to glare at the pack, before leaving, Tammy right behind him. Then, sirens sounded.

"Cops are here, party over!" Danny yelled and everyone scattered. The pack also made their way out front, following Matt. When they got there, Matt was stood in the middle of the road, glaring at them. Tammy was in Kanima form by his feet, her tail wrapped around him protectively. Danny quickly snapped a picture to show the sheriff. Then a crowd of people ran by and when they cleared, Matt and Tammy were gone.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-
Derek woke up as Lydia dragged him over grass. "Lydia." He called out weakly. "Lydia. Lydia stop." She stopped once Derek way Lying next to Peter's dug up grave. She dropped Derek's arm and got to work. "You don't know what you're doing." Derek gasped as Lydia placed his wrist in Peter's cold hand. Lydia stood and positioned a mirror against a gravestone. The moonlight hit the mirror and bounced to multiple others that were already in position. It didn't take long for Peter's eye's to snap open, and his claws to dig into Derek's flesh. Soon, Peter was rising from the grave.

"I heard there was a party." He grinned. "But don't worry." He smirked at Lydia. "I invited myself."

"Sucks for you." Stiles growled from a few feet away. "Because that party has a 'no zombies allowed' rule." He sneered, then pounced.

-Derek Stiles Lydia Peter-

Derek was practically carried through the front door by Stiles and Lydia. "I'm so sorry, I-"

"Lydia, stop apologizing." Derek insisted. "You were being controlled. I don't blame you."

“What happened?” Allison asked, rushing over to them. “Oh, god, you're hurt. What happened?!”

“We found out what Peter wanted.” Lydia all but growled as she helped carried Derek to the couch. “He used me to bring himself back to life, and I had to use Derek to do it.”

“It’s not your fault, Lydia!” Derek insisted as he was placed on the couch.

The entire pack was there, watching with wide eyes. Chris was with them and only Victoria remained in the basement, seemingly unconscious. “Well I was the one who poisoned everybody with wolfsbane, dug up Peter’s body and took you to him, nearly getting you killed!” Lydia argued. “So it feels like it’s my fault.”

“So, he’s back?” Scott asked with wide eyes.

“Yeah,” Stiles frowned. “I followed Lydia and Derek’s scents to the cemetery while you guys got my dad and mrs. McCall, but by the time I got there it was too late. I fought Peter off, injured him a little, then grabbed Derek and Lydia and got the hell out of there.”

“Great.” Isaac sighed sarcastically. “Like we didn’t have enough problems!”

“But none of us blame you Lydia.” Allison assured her best friend as Jackson hugged the girl. “Like Derek said, you were being controlled.”

“But it was still me!”

“And it was still Tammy who killed people.” Stiles stated with a shrug.

“That’s different!”

“How?”

“She didn’t have a choice!”

“And you did? You chose to poison everyone? You chose to bring Peter back to life?”

“No but-"
“Then how is it different?” Lydia froze, at a loss for words. “Exactly. This isn’t your fault. We’ll deal with Peter later and when we do, you can throw the first punch.” Lydia nodded, then decided to change the subject.

“Okay, so what happened after I left?”

Isaac then explained what happened, from the hallucinations to seeing Matt with Kanima Tammy. Then Danny showed everyone the photo, starting with the Sheriff.

"Okay, but we still need to find more proof. We take this into the station and everyone thinks we’re nuts or it’s a prank.” Noah stated, then turned to Stiles. “I’m sorry that I doubted you.”

“It’s okay dad.” Stiles promised, then hugged his dad.

“So what did you all see?” Danny asked. “In your hallucinations? I didn’t drink any punch, so I didn’t have one.”

“My father.” Isaac informed him. “He was yelling at me, then he locked me in the freezer. Well, I thought he did, but I was actually in the bathtub.”

“I saw myself.” Allison frowned. “In hunter gear with a crossbow. I thought that she, I, shot me with an arrow. It felt so real.”

“I don’t want to talk about it.” Scott muttered when everyone looked at him next.

“Me neither.” Stiles stated, eyes downcast. The pack looked at them in concern, knowing that whatever they saw really got to them.

"Wait, this is the kid who's controlling the Kanima?” Melissa asked with wide eyes as Danny showed her the picture.

"Yeah, why?" Scott asked.

"Because I saw him the day that the pregnant woman, Jessica, died. I stopped him to tell him that he was tracking mud through the halls." She informed them, causing Noah's eyes to widen.

"We have footprints outside the couple's trailer. If we can get the footage and compare the prints, we can tie it back to him! If we can't get a clear picture of his face, are you willing to come forth as a witness?" The Sheriff asked hopefully.

"Hell yes."

"So that puts him at the scene of three murders, the hospital, the trailer and the rave!” Stiles announced triumphantly.

"Actually four." His dad corrected. "When we first found out that it could be him, I checked the evidence. There's a credit card receipt for an oil change, signed by Matt, at the garage where the mechanic was killed."

"When?"

"Just a few hours before you got there."

"Okay, dad, if one's an incident, two's a coincidence and three's a pattern, then what's four?"

"Four's enough for a warrant."
"It's two in the morning!" The deputy commented with a raised eyebrow as the Sheriff, Melissa, Stiles, and Scott walked into the station.

"Believe me, I wouldn't be here if it wasn't extremely important." Noah sighed as he walked past her, towards his office. "Alright, do you remember what time you stopped him?" He asked Melissa as he started his computer.

"Around ten thirty." Within minutes, they found the footage, and were able to get a good shot of the foot prints. Noah printed the picture off and handed it to Stiles, along with a photo of the prints from outside of the trailer.

"Take this to the front desk, tell her to send it off for analysis as soon as possible. Scott, call Allison, ask her to come in and give her an official statement about that night at the rave, if she parted with Matt before the death, he doesn't have an alibi." Scott immediately pulled out his phone and Scott left the office. He went to the front desk, only to no longer see the deputy.

"Hello?" He called out as he looked around, and heard a muffled voice call out for help. He found the deputy, lying on the floor, completely still, and her gun was missing. Her eyes showed absolute terror as she looked at Stiles. Stiles turned to go back to the office for help, only to come face to face with a gun, which was held by Matt.

"She's on her way in." Scott told the elder Stilinski, but the man was looking behind Scott. "Sheriff?" He then turned to see Stiles walking into the room with Matt behind him, pressing a gun to his back. Matt pushed Stiles forward then lowered the gun to his side.

"Matt." Noah started cautiously. "It's Matt, right? Now whatever's going on, I can guarantee there's a solution that doesn't involve a gun."

"You know, it's funny you say that, because I don't think you're aware of just how right you are!" Matt chuckled.

"Fine, a solution that doesn't involve a gun or a Kanima." Stilinski corrected himself. "I know you don't want to hurt people."

"Actually, I want to hurt a lot of people." Matt corrected. "You four weren't on my list, but I could be persuaded. And one way is to try dialing somebody on your cell phone like McCall is doing." Scott immediately froze and took his hand out of his pocket as Matt chuckled. "That- that could definitely get someone hurt. Everyone." He gestured around with the gun. "Now!" They all took out their cell phones and placed them on the desk.

A car pulled up outside. "Sounds like your girlfriend is here, McCall."

"Matt, please don't do this!" Scott begged, but Matt just rolled his eyes. "I'll tell her to go home, say that we didn't find anything!"

"If you don't move, I'm going to kill your mum first, then the Sheriff, then Stiles, then Allison." Matt threatened. "You do as I say, and I won't hurt any of them."

When Scott opened the door, Allison wasn't there, but Derek was. Scott felt a second of relief before the Alpha was thrown to the floor, revealing Tammy standing behind him. Scale covering half of her face, reptilian eyes, and claws on display.
"This is the one controlling her? This kid?"

"Well Derek, not everyone's lucky enough to be a big bad werewolf." Matt sneered. "Oh yeah, that's right, I've learnt a few thing lately." He chuckled. "Werewolves, hunters, banshees, kanimas, it's like a friggin Halloween party every full moon. Except for you, Stiles." He taunted. "What do you turn into?"

“Abominable snowman.” Stiles smirked and gave him a look, as Scott, Melissa and Noah looked confused. Matt rolled his eyes.

"I know that you're the alpha's mate, but as far as I've seen, you're just human." He taunted.

“What?” Stiles laughed outright. "I guess Tammy has figured out how to keep certain things from you." Stiles shifted and glared at Matt. "I'm a werewolf. And Tammy know's that."

"What?!” Matt demanded and looked to Tammy in shock. It was then that he noticed the pained look in the girls eyes, the slight twitch in her fingers as she fought for control. Matt gave the girl a fiery glare and her hand suddenly shot up and Stiles fell on top of Derek.

"Get him off of me." Derek demanded.

"Oh, I don't know Derek, I think you two make a pretty good pair." Matt chuckled, then his tone turned dark. "It must suck though, to have all of that power taken away from you with just a little cut to the back of the neck. I bet you're not used to feeling this helpless."

"I've still got some teeth." Derek stated. "Why don't you come a little closer, huh? See how helpless I am."

"Yeah, bitch!"

Before Matt replied, a car pulled up outside. "Is that her?" He asked, and Scott, Melissa and Noah had worried looks on their faces. "Do what I tell you to and I won't hurt her." Matt promised. "I won't even let Tammy near her."

"Scott, don't trust him." Stiles yelled, angering Matt. Matt reached down and roughly pulled Stiles off of Derek, then stepped on Stiles' throat.

"This work better for you?"

"Get off of him!" Derek growled out.

"Get off of my son!" Noah yelled.

"Stop!" Scott demanded.

"Then do what I tell you to!"

"Okay! Alright! Just stop!" Matt took his foot off of Stiles' throat.

"You," He gestured to Tammy. "Keep an-eye on them." He pointed to Scott next. "You. With me." It wasn't long until Allison walked through the front door. "Allison." Scott called out hesitantly.

"Oh, hey, you scared me." She grinned, turning to face him. "Where is every-" The smile vanished from her face when she saw Matt aiming a gun at Scott's head.
"Ally, just do what he say's, he promised he wouldn't hurt you." Scott assured the girl, but it didn't make her feel any better.

"He's right." Matt stated, causing Scott to turn to look at him. When he did, he shot Scott in the stomach, and Allison screamed in horror.

"Scott!? Allison!?" Melissa called out, fear evident in her voice. "What happened?!

"But I didn't say I wouldn't hurt you."

Minutes later, Melissa was in a holding cell and Noah was handcuffed to a wall. Scott was leant against a wall, applying pressure to his wound, and Allison was forced to stand next to Matt, her hands cuffed behind her back and a gun pressed between her shoulder blades. Tammy was watching over Derek and Stiles in Noah's office.

"Look, the evidence is gone now, why don't you just go?" Scott asked with a pained hiss.

"You think the evidence is that important?" Matt scoffed. "No, I want the book!"

"What book?" The sheriff asked, drawing Matt's attention from Scott.

"The bestiary!" Matt announced as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. "And not just a couple of pages, I want the whole thing!"

"I don't have it." Scott told him immediately.

"Neither do I!" Allison announced, glaring at the boy. Matt chuckled and dug the gun harder into Allison's back.

"Now, now, Allison, didn't your father teach you don't speak unless you're spoken to!" Allison scoffed, angering Matt. "Allison, behave." He leant in close, pressing his face in to her neck. Scott growled and Allison tried to pull away. "Do make me hurt you Allison. You see, I want you, Allison. I want you to be mine. And if I can't have you..." He started kissing her neck as she squirmed to escape, but Matt grabbed her chin and moved so that their lips were inches apart, resulting in the gun being moved away from her back. "No one can." He announced and leant in to kiss her.

Suddenly, the gun was out of his hand and pressed to his head. He looked to see Stiles, grinning. "psych."

Allison headbutted Matt in his moment of distraction, feeling satisfied at the sickening crack of bone, and the blood running down his face. As he stumbled backwards, she kicked the gun out of his hands, towards the holding cell. She immediately kneed him between the legs, followed by a roundhouse kick to Matt's head. The boy fell to the ground, unconscious.

"Stiles, grab the keys!"

Soon, Matt was the one in the holding cell, Tammy was in human form and the sheriff, Melissa and Allison were set free.

"Wait!!" Melissa called out as the sheriff was about to lock the holding cell door. "I saw something." She announced, and cautiously stepped into the cell. She crouched next to Matt, and after a moment's hesitation, lifter his shirt. His right side was scaley, the same colour and texture of the Kanima’s skin.
“So that’s why he wants the book.” Scott commented. “He wants answers to that.”

"The books not going to help," Derek told them. "you can't just break the rules, not like this."

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked in confusion.

"The universe balances things out. Always does."

"Is it because he's using Tammy to kill people who don't deserve it?" Stiles asked, catching on to what Derek was saying.

"And killing people himself."

"So, Matt breaks the rules of the Kanima, he becomes the Kanima."

"Balance."

"Okay, so that's all interesting," Noah spoke up as he locked the cell door. "How do we fix it?"

"I'm not sure that we can." Derek admitted with a frown.

"Then what do we do?!” Scott demanded.

“I don’t know.”

"What about me?" Tammy asked with a shaky voice. "I don't mean to sound narcissistic, but I don't want to be like this forever!"

"We'll do everything that we can to help you, Tammy." Stiles assured. "I promise! There's no cure for the supernatural, but there are ways to control it. I'll admit that it'll be different for you, but we won't give up. I swear."

Tammy nodded, a grateful smile on her face. "I believe you." Suddenly, Tammy doubled over in pain. A harsh laugh sounded from the holding cell, alerting them that Matt was awake.

"Tammy?" Derek called out in concern. "Tammy what's wrong? Tammy look at me!" When she did as the alpha asked, her eyes were reptilian and scales were starting to appear on her face.

"I- I c-can't stop it!" She gasped. "I'm trying, but I can't! Please help me! I don't want to hurt anyone else! P-p-pl-please help me!" Derek tried to step closer, but the Kanima snarled at him and raised it's claws.

Tammy fought against the creature trying to control her body. It was confusing and looked insane. Then everything froze. It took a second for anyone to realise what happened, to notice Tammy's own claws digging into her stomach. It took a moment to register the blood pooling around her hands and dripping onto the floor. When it struck, they all rushed towards Tammy as the girl fell to the ground.

"Someone give me a belt!" Melissa yelled as she knelt beside the bleeding girl. She removed her own jacket and presses it to Tammy's wound. The second someone placed a belt in her hand, she started wrapping it around the girl, trying to keep as much pressure on her injury as possible. "It's okay, sweetheart, you'll be okay." Melissa assured gently, stroking the girls hair.

"I can't- I can't take your pain." Derek told her in confusion as he held her hand.

"That's because it doesn't hurt." Tammy told him softly. "It doesn't hurt. It should hurt. After
everything I've done, it should hurt. I should be in agony, like they were. I should hurt."

"Tammy, that wasn't your fault, none of it was your fault. It wasn't you."

"It doesn't matter. People are still dead. Killed by my hands." A tear rolled down Tammy's cheek as she stared at the ceiling. "I've still said horrible things to people, I'm not a good person. This is for the best. Better me than someone else."

"Tammy, just hang in there, okay? You'll be alright, ju-" Stiles tried to assure, but Tammy cut him off.

"Tell my parents that I'm sorry and to think of me when they're lonely." More tears rolled down her face as she turned to look at her classmate. "Tell them that it was quick. That it didn't hurt, and I wasn't scared." She gasped out and her heart rate slowed "But I don't want to go. Tell them that I didn't want to leave them. That I wanted to stay." She let out a heartbreaking sob. "I want to stay. Please Stiles, why- can't I- stay?"

She let out a final breath, then her heart stopped and her hand slipped from Derek's grip, hitting the ground with a dull thud.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

It was almost four in the morning when the pack got home. Matt was being held at the station, and Noah and Melissa took Tammy's body to Deaton's office. The girl was still covered in scales, so it wouldn't be wise to leave her for the coroner to find. It was a very chaotic day and Scott was relieved to be in his bed, wrapped around his mates.

But something was wrong. He tried to ignore it, tried to push the feeling down, but it was in vain. Allison sighed next to him and sat up, Scott opened his eyes to see Isaac turning on the lamp and Allison staring down at him intensely. "Scott, we need to talk." The girl stated firmly.

Scott shot up so fast that he felt dizzy. Those simple words had his heart pounding in his chest, his mind replaying the horrible hallucination from earlier, in full detail.

"Hey, hey relax!" Isaac soothed, sharing a worried look with Allison. "Scott, you're shaking."

"I'm fine." Scott insisted, but the words sounded false to his own ears.

"Scott, please don't shut us out." Allison all but begged, running a hand over his arm.

"What was it?" Isaac asked softly. "Your hallucination. What was it?"

Scott wanted to insist that it wasn't important, that he barely even remembered it, but with their concerned looks fixed on him, and the worry hitting him in waves, he told them. He told them every detail and how it made him feel, how he was scared that they might feel that way. By the end, tears were rolling down his face as Allison and Isaac looked at him in shock.

"That's insane, Scott." Isaac finally blurted. "If I didn't have romantic feelings for you, I wouldn't lead you on. I wouldn't tell you that I love you and I definitely wouldn't have completed the bond. I love you and I love Allison. Equally. If one or both of you said that you didn't feel the same way, it would hurt like hell, but I would fight to keep you in my life, even if it's just as friends! I would never turn my back on you Scott. Ever!"

"Neither would I!" Allison insisted. "When I moved to Beacon Hills, I set a rule for myself, no boyfriends until I graduate because I move too much. Then we met, and I knew that I was going to
fall in love with you. Then when I found out about the supernatural, I was shocked but I wasn't angry at you for keeping it from me, I understood why. Once Peter was gone, I thought that everything was perfect, I had a great boyfriend, great friends and no more lies, then we met Isaac. At first it scared me, I never thought I'd feel the way I did about anyone else, and I never thought that I'd fall for two people at the same time, but I did. I was terrified that I'd have to choose between the two of you, because even now, I wouldn't be able to pick. Then, you told me you had feelings for him too, and Lydia told us about having more than one mate- words can't even describe how happy I was. Even if he only fell for you, I knew that I wouldn't have to lose you." She smiled at the memory, a gentle tone in her voice as she turned to Isaac. "Then, he fell for both of us. I would never give this up, Scott. Never." She finished firmly, looking the crooked jawed boy in the eyes. "Okay?"

Scott looked at Allison, then Isaac. "I love you both so much."

Peter stood in the preserve, waiting. It wasn't long until he was surrounded by hunters and face to face with Gerard Argent. "It was very foolish of you to come out here." Gerard stated as he glared at the wolf. "Foolish, or intentional?"

"If it's intentional, then you're an idiot. Do you really think that I am to let you just walk away, after you murdered my daughter?"

"Yes, I do." Peter said confidently. "Because you and I both want something, and we need each other to get it."

"Oh, really?" Gerard asked with a sneer. "And what exactly do I need you for?"

"A cure for terminal cancer." Peter grinned. "But my nephew would never give it to you. However, you help me capture my nephew so that I can kill him, and I will do it."

Gerard looked thoughtful, whilst the other hunters either looked confused or shocked. "Do we have a deal?" Peter asked with a grin.

"Deal."

Chapter End Notes

I hope that you have enjoyed this chapter, please let me know what you think!
Chapter Summary

The BHPD are told the truth about Beacon Hills, the Pack gain unlikely allies, and Stiles shares a secret.
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Gerard looked thoughtful, whilst the other hunters either looked confused or shocked.
"Do we have a deal?" Peter asked with a grin.
"Deal."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

-Derek stood quietly in the animal clinic, it was difficult to be in there, while Tammy's parents sobbed over her lifeless body. They had been confused and angry when Derek told them about the supernatural and what Tammy was. He didn't tell them that she was the one killing people, they figured it out when he mentioned that Tammy was being controlled. They had noticed that Tammy wasn't herself, but they wrote it off to teenage drama. Derek knew that they'd regret that for the rest of their lives.

Derek stared at the ground, trying to block out the loving words Tammy's mother was whispering. 
"-and I love you sweetie. Never forget that." A loud gasp sounded, followed by a high pitched scream. Derek looked up and saw Tammy sat up on the table, gasping for breath. Gone were the scales and reptilian eyes, now replaced with werewolf ridges and glowing blue eyes.

"T-tammy? Sweetie?" Tammy's father called out and the girl shifted back to human and scampered off of the metal table, away from the couple.

"D-dad? Mum?" Tammy whimpered, "N-no you can't be here, you can't be!" She cried out with a sob. "You can't be here, you can't know. You can't know what I've done!"

"Sweetheart. That wasn't your fault!" Her mother assured, stepping closer to her daughter.

"But I did it! I killed people! I couldn't stop it! I tried and tried, but I couldn't. I-if you knew what I've done, you wouldn- If you could see what he made of me!" Tammy broke down, her body shook as she sobbed. Her knees gave in from under her and she fell to the floor. Her parents didn't hesitate to rush over and wrap her up in their arms. Whispering reassurance.

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"So what's going to happen to her?" Scott asked once Derek had finished explaining what happened to Tammy. "Is she joining the pack?"

"No. I offered, but her parents, understandably, want to get her away from Beacon Hills and
everything that happened." Derek explained, to the packs disappointment. "But they understand that she needs a pack, so once the school year is over, they'll be moving her to south America. There's a pack there that I know and trust. Once they're settled I'm, I'll go down and introduce them, and explain to the pack why her eyes are blue, and why it’s not her fault."

“Why are her eyes blue?” Eric asked curiously. “I mean, I know that yours used to be, but I thought that it was because you were born a wolf, but Tammy wasn’t.”

“No, I’ll tell you why, but I need all of you to let me explain before you react. Okay?” The teenagers immediately agreed, and Derek took a deep breath. “Okay, for werewolves, blue eyes are the sign of a killer. That’s why Tammy’s eyes are blue, because she killed innocent people, even though she wasn’t in control, they died at her hands. When I was younger, my eyes were the same as yours, but when I was fifteen, I met a girl. Her name was Paige and I fell for her. We dated for a while, but I was worried about having to tell her what I am, and how she’d react. I spoke to Peter about it and he convinced me that the only way I could stay with her, was if she was like us. I was young and stupid and I believed him. He contacted an alpha named Ennis and convinced him to turn Paige. At the last second, I changed my mind, and I tried to stop him, but it was too late, Ennis had bitten her.” Derek’s eyes were clenched shut, his hands balled into fists, and pain evident in his voice. “But she didn’t turn, her body rejected the bite. She was in so much pain, I-I couldn’t stop it. And she begged me to. She begged me to make it stop. I-I had to. So I told her that I’m sorry, and I’ll never forget her. Then I kissed her. Then I killed her. She was an innocent, and I killed her, so my eyes turned blue.” Derek refused to look up at his pack, afraid that he’d see hatred in their eyes. Within seconds, a pair of arms wrapped around him, followed by another pair, and another, and another. Derek opened his eyes to find his pack embracing him, some with tears rolling down their cheeks.

"Wai- what?"

Lydia scoffed, the sound muffled due to her head being pressed to Derek's shoulder. "What? Did you think we'd hate you or something?"

"If you’d killed her in cold blood, then we'd be wary of you," Erica stated softly. "But you didn't, I don’t need super senses to know that."

“I don’t know what I’d do without you guys.”

“Well, don’t worry, cause you’ll never have to find out.” Stiles assured.

-The Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next day was rather hectic. Everyone who worked at the station had a lot of questions about what exactly happened, rightly so. As the event was too big to cover up, the Sheriff called a staff meeting and informed everyone of the supernatural. After being shown proof, courtesy of the Hale Pack, the police of Beacon Hills accepted it. Of course, they were shocked and slightly scared, but they didn’t find it that hard to believe, as they had all seen impossible things in that town.

Noah was glad that his deputies were aware of the supernatural, so that they could properly defend themselves and the citizens of their town. Chris had volunteered to give them all specialist training, supply suitable weaponry and supplied Noah with the numbers of people who specialised in anti-supernatural weaponry.

They had all been informed that the Hale Pack was strictly off limits, and there were no complaints against that. There were a few questions about Tammy, as multiple deputies had seen her face that night, but after Derek stepped forward and explained why it wasn’t her fault, and why it shouldn’t
be held against her, they understood. Well, kind of.

“That’s terrible!” Tara stated in outrage. “This Matt kid forced her to kill these people against her will! And now she’s forced to live out the rest of her life remembering all of it? That poor girl will probably blame herself and have nightmares for years! Juvie is too good for Matt!”

“I agree, Tara, but unfortunately we can’t do anything about it.” Stilinski sighed, running a hand over his face. “The only thing we can do, is not say anything about her. If we bring it up that Matt didn’t physically kill anyone except Jessica, his lawyer will try to get him out in a couple of years, and lock Tammy away. We keep our mouths shut, kids in juvie till he’s 18, then jail for life. If anyone has a problem with that, speak up now.”

“No way!” A male deputy called out. “It wasn’t her fault, the way I see it, she was just the weapon, Daehler is the one who pulled the trigger. You don’t blame the gun, you blame the person aiming it.” There was a chorus of agreement and Noah smiled, he chose the right people for this job.

“Right, starting tomorrow, your new training will begin. Mr Argent,” The sheriff gestured to Chris who stood stoically. “Is a professional supernatural hunter. He will be teaching everyone how to fight against different supernatural creatures. You will then practice fighting against the pack.”

Noah gestured to Allison next. “Allison here will be teaching you all how to shoot a bow and arrow. Now you’re probably thinking ‘Why do we need to learn that when we have guns?’ Well, many supernatural creatures have advance healing, and can heal from many injuries in seconds. But, with an arrow, they can’t heal until it’s taken out.” He made a ‘come here’ gesture to Stiles and Lydia, who moved to stand next to him. “Lydia will be showing you how to use mountain ash.” Lydia opened her hand to reveal a small pile of mountain ash. “Now, mountain ash blocks supernatural energy, no supernatural creature can escape it. However, you have to believe that it will work, and it has to be a complete circle, trapping the creature. All you need, is a handful, and you can protect a whole building if you wanted to, or just trap one creature. Lydia, if you could demonstrate.” Lydia threw the ash into the air, and the deputies were all surprised when it landed in a perfect circle around Stiles. They were even more surprised when Stiles pressed his hand against the air and a blue shield appeared. When he pulled his hand back, it disappeared.

“As you can see, I’m completely trapped.” Stiles stated, “I cannot get out of this circle. The only way I can get out is if the line is broken. Now, it can’t be broken by a gust of wind of anything that simple, it needs to be broken by someone human.” Lydia knelt and made a single line in the ash. “Thats all it takes,” Stiles stated, stepping out of the circle. “A single break in the line.”

“Although, in contrast to what Stiles just said, it doesn’t have to be a human to set and break the mountain ash.” Lydia stated, sending the lanky boy a pointed look. “See, I’m what’s known as a banshee, and I was able to handle it just fine. Where as other supernatural creatures can’t even touch the stuff. Not even in human form.”

“But that’s because banshee’s are omens of death!” Stiles argued. “They don’t actually hurt anyone. Before you, I doubt anyone has needed protection from a banshee.” He then turned to face the deputies. “I’m serious, do not threaten or say anything bad about our pack in front of her! She will kick your ass, then call Allison and Erica to do the same. Once they’re done, you’ll be terrified to every open your mouth again, and they won’t have even broken a nail.”

“Okay Stiles, enough scaring the deputies.” Derek rolled his eyes, walking forward.

“I was just being honest.” Stiles chuckled, walking back to the rest of the pack, pausing to give Derek a peck on the lips.

“Okay, so, back to werewolves.” Derek announced, ignoring the shocked looks, flickering from
him to Stiles. “Unlike the rest of my pack, I was born a werewolf. Almost all of my family were werewolves. The rest were bitten. Now apart from better control in most bron wolves, it’s difficult to tell the difference. But, you can tell what rank they are, by their eyes.” Derek closed his eyes for a moment and when he opened them, they were glowing red. “My eye’s are red, because I’m an alpha, meaning I am the leader of this pack.” He gestured to the pack, all of his beta’s had their eye’s glowing. “Their eyes are amber because they are beta’s, but omega’s also have amber eyes. An omega is a lone wolf, you can recognise them as being rabid. In human form, they often look homeless and unkempt. They are dangerous, driven to insanity without a pack.” He blinked and his eyes were normal again. “Blue eyes are what you need to look out for. A werewolf with blue eyes is a killer, however, we have learnt that it’s not always as straight forward as that. Tammy has blue eyes, she might not have been in control, but she has killed people. Even though it wasn’t her fault. So if you come across a werewolf, of any eye colour, I ask that you try to trap it, rather than kill.”

“So, they were all bitten? Did one turn then bite the others, or..?”

“No. Only an Alpha can turn people.” Derek stated. “However, I didn’t turn them all. I turned Erica, Isaac and Boyd, after telling them everything and asking their permission.” Derek explained. “An alpha doesn’t have to ask permission to turn someone, but most prefer to. The bite is dangerous, it can either turn or kill. Teenagers are more likely to survive. Which is why Peter, the previous alpha, targeted Scott and Stiles the night that my sister died. Peter bit Jackson before he died. He turned all three of them against their will.” The deputies all looked horrified, Tara especially. “Most in this situation, try to fight the change, making it more difficult for them to control it. This means that they are more likely to become out of control.” Derek stepped back and the sheriff took over again.

“I trust that all of you know of Peter Hale, whom Derek was referring to?” when everyone nodded, he continued. “There’s no easy way to say this, so I’m just going to say it: He is alive again.” All of the deputies started talking at once and Stilinski held his hand up to silence them. “I understand that you are all upset, I am too, but this is no time to argue. Peter Hale is dangerous, he was able to bring himself back to life, for crying out loud! He is too dangerous to live, but if we kill him again, he’ll probably just bring himself back. Our best option is to capture him, keep him confined until we can find a way to keep him from coming back. Now, we’re not sure how to do this yet, so any suggestion would be greatly appreciated. So tonight, I’d like you all to put some thought into it.”

“We have another issue.” Chris spoke up, moving to stand next to Noah. “Gerard Argent. He’s a ruthless hunter, unlike myself, he doesn’t follow any code of conduct, he will not hesitate to kill any supernatural creature he comes across. The only reason he hasn’t killed any of the pack, is because he know’s that if he does, Derek won’t give him what he wants.”

“And what does he want?” A deputy asked.

“To become a werewolf.” Noah stated. “Gerard is dying of cancer. Terminal, and he’s not ready to die just yet.”

“You’re right.” A voice called from the back of the entrance to the station. Everyone looked to see around fifteen men stood, dressed in all black. “And he’s teamed up with Peter Hale to get what he wants.” The man at the front spoke again.

“How do you know this, Merrick?” Chris demanded.

“Because I was there when they made the deal.” The hunter, Merrick, told Chris, a hint of shame in his voice. “So were Barakat, Dawson and Gaskarth. The others just agreed with our decision.”

“And what decision would that be?” Noah asked suspiciously.
“To stop working for Gerard, we thought that he knew best, but he was just manipulating us.”
Another hunter stated. “None of us are ready to just join ranks with werewolves, like Chris is, but we’re willing to fight alongside them, to stop Gerard. We swear that we won’t harm any of them.”

“We’ll tell you everything that we know. All we ask for in return is to be allowed to leave when it’s over. Not just town, but the Argents. You’ll never hear from us again, and you’ll never hear of us killing innocent creatures.” The first hunter spoke again.

“Alright.” Noah agreed. “But if you give us false information, or break your promise, there’s no where on earth that you’ll be able to hide. Understood?”

“Completely.”

“Great.” Noah smiled. “Why don’t you come up here and tell us what you know.”

“What a day!” Stiles groaned as he flopped onto his bed that night. Derek chuckled as he removed his shirt.

“Tired?”

“So tired!” Stiles grumbled, holding his arms out. “Come cuddle me!” Derek chuckled again and walked over to the bed. “You're moving too slow!” Stiles had barely finished his sentence, when he was manouvered onto his side, a pair of strong, familiar arms wrapped around his waist, and familiar chest pressed against his back.

“Better?” Derek teased in a hushed tone, lips brushing the back of Stiles’ neck.

“Much.” Stiles grinning, turning his head to face Derek, and gave his mate a soft kiss. They pulled away a few seconds later, and Stiles let out a content hum. “So, how does it feel to have all of the deputies fighting over who get’s to be your partner?”

“Scary, I really thought that Posey was gonna shoot O'brien for a second.”

Stiles laughed. “No way, their bromance is too strong!” Stiles shook his head. “O'brien might have shot Sharman, though.”

“Probably.” Derek agreed. “Your hair's getting longer.”

“Yup, I’m growing it out.”

“Do you want to? Or is it just because I asked?”

“I want to, Der. Don’t worry.”

Derek smiled and peppered kisses across Stiles’ neck. “Alright then.” He paused when he reached the faded bite mark on Stiles left shoulder. Derek had a similar mark on his own shoulder. The pair had created the marks when completing the mating bond, and they haven’t faded completely, but if the lore Derek heard growing up is true, they never will. Derek pressed a soft kiss to Stiles’ mark, smiling as his mate let out a soft moan. “Is it sensitive?”

“Only when you touch it.” Stiles smiled. “But you already knew that.” Derek didn’t say anything, instead, he placed another kiss to Stiles’ mark, then nipped at it lightly. “Fuckin’ tease.”

“What did you see?” Derek asked softly, and Stiles' immediately turned tense. "In your
hallucination, what did you see?"

"It doesn't matter."

"It does to me."

“Derek.” Stiles growled. “Drop it.” He clenched his eyes shut, trying to force away the memory that was trying to claw it’s way to the surface.

*Flashback*

Ten year old Stiles Stilinski carefully walked across the roof of Beacon Hills hospital, towards the brunette woman in a hospital gown, who was stood on the edge of the building. “Mummy?”

“Don’t call me that!” The woman sneered, spinning around to face him. “You don’t deserve to call me that you monster! You’re trying to kill me!!” Claudia Stilinski screamed, her hair hung in ropes, deep circles were set under her eyes, her cheeks hollow and bruised. Her limbs were deathly pale and looked like bones.

“I’m not mummy, I promise!” Stiles cried, tears rolling down his face.

“Yes you are! You come to see me every day just to taunt me! Prove that you’re winning! And when you’re done with me you’ll go after my husband!” She scream, taking a step backwards, so that the heals of her feet were hanging off of the edge. “How is he supposed to deal with you on his own? How is he supposed to handle this hyperactive little bastard, who keeps ruining our lives?!?!’’ Stiles’ little body shook as tears poured down his face. “Don’t even pretend to care! You’ve won! You’ve killed me, Stiles, now you’ll kill him.” With that, Claudia leant backwards and disappeared from Stiles’ sight, the boy screaming as he fell to his knees.

*End Flashback*

Stiles was crying in Derek’s arms when Noah ran in. “What happened?” He demanded, climbing onto the bed.

“I-I don’t know. I asked him about his hallucination and he just broke down.”

“It-it wasn’t just a hallucination, it w-w-was based off of a mem-ry.” Stiles sobbed, then explained his hallucination, then told them the memory that triggered it. Noah and Derek listened in horror, tears flooding both of their eyes. “I-I killed mum!” Stiles cried, finishing his story.

“No, you didn’t!” Noah insisted immediately, he grabbed his son’s chin and for him to look him in the eye. “You. Did. Not. Kill. Claudia. You hear me? She had a disease!” Noah insisted with tears spilling from his eyes. “What that disease made her say and do isn’t your fault!” Noah pulled his son to his chest, whispering “It’s not your fault.” Over and over again as Derek quietly stood and slipped out of the room.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Sunday was devoted to training. Derek wanted his pack prepared for the next attack, especially now that they knew that Peter and Gerard were working together. So the hunters that weren’t working for Gerard were helping out and learning to fight with the pack, rather than against them. Although Derek and Stiles were apprehensive about allowing the hunters to know where they trained. Once they knew where it was. They'd be able to find it whenever they wanted to.

"Then blindfold us." One hunter, Barakat, suggested.
"Hunters are trained to memorise routes." Derek stated with his arms folded over his chest. "Even if they can't see the way, you're taught to remember turns, distances, land textures and elevations."

"Then fuckin' carry us if you have to." Gaskarth sighed in annoyance. "I don't see any other options here! You, understandably, don’t want to train at any of our facilities, but we need to train together if we want to stand a chance."

“You don't trust us. Fine. We don't trust you either, but we all trust Chris.” Dawson spoke up next. "And we all want Gerard and Peter gone. There’s twelve of you, not counting Chris and his wife. Four are human and one is a Banshee without any supernatural strength, healing or reflexes. There are fifteen of us. Gerard has thirty men in town, Lord knows how many more he can bring in. We need each other in this. So it’s up to you, we can train where you usually do, and you can use whatever means you want to get us there, or we can train somewhere else, of your choosing, or not work together at all. What’s it gonna be?"

Derek and Stiles shared a look, then Stiles nodded and they both turned to face the hunters. "Gather your men into cars then follow us." Derek stated, then turned away and worked to tha camaro.

"Alright," Stiles began, glaring at the hunters. "We're trusting Chris' judgement on this, but I swear to God, whether it's tomorrow or in twenty years, if you ever hurt anyone of them, I will find and I will pay you back for everything that you did, with interest. Be it my dad, Derek, Melissa, any one of my pups- actually, anyone in this town. Unless they have been killing, at their own free will, with evidence. If that happens, you must contact us before you come to town or make any move to harm them. Otherwise, you won't live long enough to brag to your buddies over a beer. Understood?"

The hunters visibly gulped at the fire in Stiles eyes and the venom in his voice, "Got it." Merrick agreed with a nod.

Then Dawson spoke up. "Damn kid, you're scarier than my mum."

Stiles simply smirked. "That's because I'm pack mum. Now, I believe my mate asked you to gather your colleagues. We'll be waiting in the car."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Allison smirked as she aimed her bow at a hunter, her foot on another one's throat. Lydia was just behind her, with a gun in each hand, aiming at two other hunters. A shot rang out and Allison's bow was broken. As the hunter she was aiming at moved forward, Allison threw the broken bow at him, used her right arm to grab a gun from her hip holster and aimed it at him. As she did that, she used her other hand to reach over her shoulder, put the arrow back in it's quiver, then pulled the Katana from its sheath and hold it out to her left, just in time for the hunter that shot at her to freeze and narrowly avoids running into it.

Allison glanced around and made a mental calculation. Five with her and Lydia, three with Erica and Isaac, two with Boyd, and Stiles, Scott and Jackson had one each. That's thirteen, but no more hunters in sight. "There's two missing!" Allison called out urgently.

Immediately, Stiles subdued the hunter he held captive and dragged him over to Allison and Lydia, the others quickly followed his lead. Within minutes, the hunters were disarmed and in pairs, face to face, arms handcuffed behind their backs and their feet tied together.

"Alright, teams of two." Stiles ordered quietly, so that the hunters couldn't overhear. "Fast and
strong. Alright? So: Scott and Boyd, Isaac and Jackson, Allison and Erica, Lydia, you're with me. Lydia and I will call my dad and Derek, and watch over the hunters until they arrive. Scott, Boyd, the two of you will search the grounds of the north sector, Okay?" The pair nodded in agreement.

"Alright, Isaac, Jackson, south sector, grounds. Erica, Allison, I need the two of you to find a high vantage point and long range weapons, alright? Keep an eye on everything and if you see anything, howl! Or in your case Allison, tell Erica and get her to howl. Okay?"

"Quick question." Jackson stated. "What do we do if we're overpowered and they're forcing us to howl to set a trap?"

"Good thinking, Jacks." Stiles paused for a second, thoughtful. "Right, Howl twice, three seconds each. If any of you are hurt, howl as long and loud as you can. Lydia, Allison, if Erica or I are hurt and can't howl, scream. Understood?" It was a unanimous agreement and shortly after, everyone had gathered up weapons and engaged in their tasks.

Stiles pulled his phone out and dialed and number. After two rings, the phone was answered. "Hey, we've got two missing hunters, the rest are all captive." He paused as the other person spoke. "Great, thanks, see you later." He hung up the phone and rang a second number. "Hey, Der, we have two missing hunters, so we need back up." He paused as Derek replied "Great, see you in a minute. Love you, bye."

"Everything sorted?"

"Yeah, don't worry about it." Stiles smiled reassuringly, then glance around for any sign of the other two hunters. “Dad and Derek are on their way and the text should be coming through an min-” Stiles’ phone cut him off, signalling a text. “now."

Lydia immediately moved to look at the screen, “oh.”

“Alright everyone, come back.” Stiles called out

“Why are you calling them back?” A hunter asked. “There’s no way you’ve found our men yet.”

“Actually, we have.” Stiles smirked. “You see, our resident techie, Danny, got his hands on these tracking devices, extremely tiny, and very difficult to see. During the fight, you each had one attached to you. Which is how we know that your men are hiding under Derek and Jacksons cars.” Scott and Jackson walked into the clearing, shortly followed by Boyd and Isaac, then Erica and Allison, Derek and Noah arrived a few minutes later.

“Why are they face to face?” Noah asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Why are their feet tied together?” Derek asked, unintentionally mimicking the sheriff’s expression.

“They’re face to face so that they can’t undo each others handcuffs, and their feet are tied together so that if they try to stand, one of them will break the others feet.” Stiles explained with a grin. “And before you ask, the last guy is hog tied because there’s an uneven number of them.”

“Right.” Noah sighed. “Just, untie them.”

“Do we have to?” Erica grinned, “Can’t we draw on them first or something?”

“Ooh, in permanent marker!” Isaac agreed with an excited smile.

“I think that one would look good with a unibrow.” Allison giggled, pointing to the hunter that shot
her bow. “He owes me a new bow anyway.”

“I want to give someone cat whiskers.” Lydia stated, sending Merrick an evil smile.

“I wanna write ‘assbutt’ in big block letters on someone's forehead.” Jackson smirked.

“Ooh, yes, I’ll write ‘Jerk’ on another.” Scott grinned.

“He looks like Sam.” Boyd pointed out, pointing to a hunter with shoulder length hair.

“He can be ‘bitch’ then.” Erica decided.

“No.” Stiles stated. “There will be no drawing on any of the hunters faces.” He ordered, fixing his pups with a glare. “We need their help against Peter, Gerard and the others. I doubt that they’ll want to go in public with any of those things on their faces, let alone help us. If they try to double cross us, or don’t hold up their end of the deal, then you can draw on them. Until then, it’s best behaviour. Understood?”

There were grumbles of agreement and Stiles smiled. “Thank you, now, if you’ll all kindly untie these gentlemen, I’ll go home and get dinner ready, we have guests tonight.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Come on in." Stiles invited politely, stepping to the side so that the man could walk in.

"Thank you, mr Stilinski." Doctor Deaton walked into the Stilinski household with a polite nod. "Although, I am unsure as to why I've been invited over for dinner."

"To discuss territory and your knowledge of the supernatural." Stiles explained as he shut the door. "And also to determine your value, whether you're worth considering to be our emissary. You may have been loyal and valuable to Talia, but you might not be to her son, we need to find out."

Deaton nodded, looking mildly impressed. "That's very wise. I can see why you are pack mother, rather than just simply the alpha's mate."

"I'm also pack mum because I won't let anything or anyone harm my pups and get away with it." Stiles stated, flashing his eyes at the doctor for good measure. Deaton didn't even blink.

"I can see that, you, Stiles, are the right kind of pack mum. I believe that had you not been turned or not been Derek's mate, you'd still have taken over this role."

"I think so too." Stiles smiled at the doctor. "Now, if you'd follow me to the kitchen, dinner's almost ready."

In the kitchen, the pack worked as a well oiled unit, all of the teens helping out. Scott and Jackson were setting up the table, being passed plates and cutlery by Erica as she used her other hand to stir something in a pot on the stove. Next to her, Boyd was slicing a large joint of meat, occasionally reaching out to steady the pan for his mate. Close by, Lydia and Allison were serving various steamed vegetables into bowls as Derek took something out of the oven. Danny was putting boiled potatoes into bowls, and Isaac was mashing said potatoes.

"If you'd like to talk to my dad, Melissa, and Mr and mrs Argent, they're in the living room, I need to help my pack." Stiles informed the doctor, and listened to Chris complain about having to stay in the same house as Gerard, before walking over to the oven, where Derek was.
“Hey.” Stiles smiled, as he picked up a pair of tongs. “No! You can’t just stab them with a fork! They’ll deflate!”

“They’re just popovers, Stiles.” Derek rolled his eyes and Stiles gasped in outrage, then hit Derek with the tongs. “Ow! Stiles! What was that for?!”

“They are not popovers, you heathen! They are yorkshire puddings!” Stiles announced, pinching Derek’s arm with the tongs for good measure.

“What’s the difference?!” Derek glared in annoyance as Stiles gestured for him to move the pan to the table.

“Yorkshire puddings are softer, and are made with hot fat dripping from roasted meat! You pour it into the center of the batter, like I did earlier, then bake them. They’re made to go with roast beef and gravy! Popovers use butter and are crispier. Yorkshire puddings have fluffier centers, to help the absorb the juices!” Stiles explained heatedly as he carefully transferred the food from the pan to the plates.

“Wow, you really know your food.” Allison commented with a soft smile.

“Yup, I take it very seriously.” Stiles grinned, sending a small glare to Derek. “How’s that gravy coming, Erica?” He asked once he’d emptied the pan.

“Smooth, but I’m not sure if it’s too watery.” The blonde commented, staring at the pot with a soft frown.

“Let me see.” Stiles requested, walking over to her. Erica stepped to the side, allowing Stiles to look into the pot. He stirred the gravy, then scooped some of it up with the spoon, and tasted it. “That’s pretty good.” He hummed with a hard to read expression on his face. “But you’re right, it’s slightly too watery. Could you hand me flour, beef stock, and salt, please?” The blonde did as he asked and within two minutes, Stiles was smiling at the pot. “Here, try this.” He held the spoon up to Erica’s lips.

“Oh my god, that’s perfect!” She smiled happily.

“You did great!” Stiles told her, voiced filled with pride.

“No, you did. You fixed it.”

“You can’t fix what was never broken, it just wasn’t finished yet. Give yourself the credit you deserve.” Stiles smiled. “Alright, is everything else ready?”

Ten minutes later, the pack and their guests sat around the table, enjoying their meal. “This is delicious.” Chris complimented with an amazed look on his face. “You all made this from scratch?”

“Yup,” Stiles announced proudly. “All of the ingredients are fresh from the farmers market this morning. We had to go pretty early to get the beef too, because it took eight hours to cook.”

"But didn't you have training today at nine?" Victoria asked curiously.

"Yes, but I did all of the preparation before hand, and had my glamorous assistant, Danny, put it in the oven at exactly nine o'clock, and gave him detailed instructions on what to do."

"When he say's detailed, he means detailed!” Danny announced. "There were four things to do, and
he took up six pages describing each and every step! With diagrams!"

"Hey, don't mock me!" Stiles cried indignantly, flicking a fork full of peas at the teen. "Take a bite of that beef, and tell me it wasn't worth it." Stiles defended waving his fork at him.

"I can't." Danny admitted in faux defeat, wiping a pea from his shoulder.

"Exactly."

"It amazes me how you can go from completely serious and mature pack mum, to immature, carefree teenager in two seconds flat." Melissa chuckled, with a fond shake of her head.

“It’s a gift.” Stiles beamed at the woman. “As is the ability to cook beef so well.

“Alright, enough about the beef.” Noah chuckled with an eye roll. "Although, it is good. I was worried that it'd be too raw.”

“Haha!” Stiles drawled.

“Anyway,” Noah turned to Deaton. “we have business to discus.”

"Of course." Deaton nodded. "What would you like to know?"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

They didn’t hear anything about or from Gerard for a couple of days, but the pack didn’t let their guards down. Especially with the Lacrosse game the next night, which the entire pack would be at, as would Gerard.

Erica and Boyd were running through the woods, they’d just been on a date, and had ended up arguing over who was the faster runner. So, after dinner, they skipped the movie and opted to go straight to the car, change into the spare clothes that they kept in there and had a race through the woods. “Hurry up slow coach!” Erica laughed over her shoulder as she weaved through tree’s letting out a joy filled laugh.

The sun was starting to set and the air was nicely chilled. Erica prefered running in weather like this, she found it more relaxing. But that relaxed feeling soon went away. The blonde let out a shriek as strong and familiar arms wrapped around her waist and lifted her off of her feet. “Boyd!” She squealed. “Put me down!” She demanded with a giggle, trying to pry her mate’s arms away.

“Nope.” Boyd grinned. “You may be faster but I’m stronger, so I think I’m just going to carry you all night.”

“No! Put me down!” Erica laughed, trying to wriggle out of Boyd's grasp. Then they heard something and they both froze, and Boyd immediately put Erica down.

“Do you hear-” Boyd was cut off by the sound of a wolf howling.

“We have to tell Derek!” Erica announced, grabbing Boyd’s hand. “Come on.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“There might not be any wolves at all.” Chris stated. “Hunters sometimes use recordings of wolves howling to lure in omegas, or wolves who are unhappy with their current pack.”

“Thats awful!” Allison muttered in disgust.
“It is.” Derek agreed. “But now we know that we aren’t alone in the woods. So no going out there alone, alright?” The pack members nodded. “Alright, unless anyone has anything to add, that’s all for tonight, so you can all go home and rest up for the big game tomorrow.”

-Melissa cautiously walked into the boys locker room, to wish her son and his pack good luck before the Lacrosse game.

“Good morning,” Coach Finstocks voice boomed out over through a speaker. “In less than an hour, aircraft from here will join others from around the world. And you will be launching the largest aerial battle in the history of mankind.”

Melissa looked around the room in confusion. “What?” She asked out loud in disbelief, but none of the players seemed fazed. She noticed Stiles and walked over to him.

“Mankind.’ That word should have new meaning for all of us today. We can't be-’”

Melissa hit Stiles on the shoulder, gaining his attention “What the hell is he talking about?” She asked as coach continued the speech.

“He does this every year.” Stiles sighed, shaking his head slightly.

“Seriously?”

“Yeah.”

“-We are fighting for our right to live.” The rest of the team burst into cheers.

“Wait.” Melissa began, realisation dawning on her, “Is this-?”

“Yeah, it’s the speech from Independence Day.” Stiles confirmed.

“-but as the day the world declared in one voice:-”

“It’s coach’s favourite movie.” Stiles explained.

“‘We will not go quietly into the night!’”

“He doesn’t know any sports speeches?”

“I don’t think he cares.”

“Today we celebrate our Independence Day!” Melissa shook her head as the team burst into cheers and applause. But it quickly died down when Gerard stepped into view.

“Well spoken coach. I might have chosen something with a little more historical value, but there’s no denying your passion.” Boyd, Isaac and Danny crept closer to Stiles as Gerard spoke “And while I haven’t been here long, there’s no denying my pride in having a winning team for this school. I know you’ll all be brilliant tonight, even with only one co-captain leading you.” Over on a bench, Scott’s head shot up and he stared at Gerard in shock and suspicion. “Now, I am your principal, but I am also a fan, so don’t think I’ll just be content for you to merely beat this team. Get out there and murder them!”

“You heard the man!” Coach yelled as Gerard walked away. “Asses on the field!”
"Coach!" Scott yelled, running over to the man. “Are you benching me?”

“It’s not my decision.” Coach stated solemnly.

“But I have to play!”

"McCall, you're failing three classes and you haven’t made them up, like you did for the dance. Academics come first." Coach Finstock stated with a frown. “Principal's orders.”

“Coach. You don’t get it, you have to let me play!”

“McCall, not tonight.” Coach shook his head sadly. “Tonight, you’re on the bench.”

Scott sighed and turned to see his mum and pack mates were the only ones left in the room, looking at him sadly.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“Stilinski, put on your helmet and get out there!” Coach demanded, walking over to Stiles, who was sat on the bench. “You’re in for Greenberg.”

“What? What happened to Greenberg?” Stiles asked, looking around.

“What happened to Greenberg?” Coach laughed. “He sucks, you suck slightly less.”

“I’m playing?” Stiles asked in shock and excitement. Yes, he’d been on the field once before, but he never actually got the ball, hopefully this time it would be different. “On the field? With the team?”

“Yes.” Coach laughed. “Unless you’d rather play with yourself.”

“I don’t need to, I’ve got my boyfriend for that.”

“Get the hell out there!” Coach demanded and Stiles fumbled for his equipment, then ran out onto the field.

Over on the bleachers, Noah sighed when he saw Stiles run onto the field. “Oh no, why is my son on the field?”

“Because he’s on the team.” Melissa reminded him in amusement.

“He is.” Noah stated, eye’s widening slightly. “He’s on the team, he’s on the field.” He said, standing up, then yelled “My son is on the field!” excitedly, with a smile.

“Oh dear god.” Stiles whispered, looking over to the bleachers to see his pack hold homemade signs. One for Isaac, held by Allison, as she sent a sympathetic glance to Scott. A sign for Jackson was held by Lydia, one for Boyd, held by Erica, one for Danny was held by Melissa, Derek wasn't there yet as he was still working, but Lydia promised that Derek would be hold a sign for Stiles.

“Scott, can you hear me?” Gerard asking in a low voice. Glanding to his best friend, Stiles saw Scott’s head shoot up. “Ah, you can. Good. Now, listen closely, because the game is about to get interesting.” Looking around, Stiles could tell that all of the wolves were listening. “Let’s put a real clock on this game, Scott. I’ll give you until the last thirty seconds. When that scoreboard clock begins counting down from thirty, if you haven't given me Derek, then one of my men is gonna kill someone. So, tell me Scott. Who's gonna die tonight? Should it be your mother, who so bravely came out to support you? Or the sheriff, your best friends father? Or how about the pretty little
redhead, who managed to survive the bite of an alpha? Or maybe one of these innocent teenagers, with their whole life ahead of them?"

"Oh god." Stiles repeated, sensing the anger and worry rolling off every wolf, which was just adding to his own.

"Or should I do everyone a favour and kill that ridiculous coach? It's up to you Scott, but you are going to help me take Derek down." Gerard stated confidently. "Because if you don't, I'll have my hunter cut someone's head off, right in the middle of the field, and drench everyone you love or care about in blood." The whistle sounded, making Stiles wince, then pour all of his focus into the game. Stiles was immediately passed the ball, only to be tackled.

The game continued to go pretty badly, as Stiles refused to use his enhanced abilities. People were booing him, and Derek, his dad, Melissa and the rest of the pack looked so ashamed. At some point, Scott disappeared from the bench, But then, it turned around. Stiles got the ball. Everyone else was at the other end of the field, and started to run towards him, but he ran towards the goal. He froze about a meter from it, and turned to look at the herd of players running towards him. He heard everyone yelling at him to shoot, but it wasn't until Derek's calm and soothing voice broke through the noise, gently telling him to shoot, did he do so. So he stepped back then flung the ball forward, at full force, sending it past the goalie, into the net. And the crowd burst into cheers.

"I scored a goal!" He yelled excitedly. "I scored a goal!!" Then he scored again, and again, and again, until the scores were tied. Then, as the clock ticked down and he scored the winning goal, just as the timer hit thirty. The seconds ticked away as Scott pushed through the crowd to get to the field, seemingly the only one to notice the man, fully dressed in black, stepping on to the field.

The buzzer hit zero and the whistle sounded, but nothing happened. At least, not at first.

One by one, the lights went off, leaving the field in darkness, then someone screamed. The lights soon came back on, and Scott saw a group of people, gathered around a body. He ran over, to see who it was. The hunter.

Noah ran over to see the hunter dead, he felt a moment of relief when he knew that it wasn't his son, but that relief went away when he realised that he couldn't see Stiles anywhere.

"Stiles? Where's Stiles? Where is my son? Where the hell is my son?!!"

"Wait, you're saying that this hunter killed himself?" Lydia asked incredulously.

"It looks that way." Melissa told her as she, Allison and Erica waited by the bleachers for the male members of the pack to return. "There was a stab wound in his stomach and a bloodied knife in his hand."

"Why would Gerard have one of his hunters kill themselves in the middle of the lacrosse field?" Erica asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Gerard had his hunter kill himself as a diversion." Noah all but growled, walking over to them, "So that he could get Stiles." Derek growled. Eyes flashing red.

"Is that everyone?" Scott asked Isaac once coach had left the locker room.
"Yeah, I think so." Isaac stated, not even flinching when Scott ripped the door off of Stiles locker, and pulled out a shirt. "You're gonna find him by scent?"

"Yeah." Scott nodded, then gestured to Boyd and Jackson. "All of us are. Except for you Danny."

"Of course." Danny nodded. "I'll try to trace his cell, but chances are it's turned off. If he even has it with him."

"How come you get his shirt and I get his shoe?" Isaac asked in annoyance, but Scott was distracted. By Peter.

"We need to talk."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles woke up in a basement, hanging from the ceiling, wires tied to his wrists, electrocuting him. He tried to shift, but couldn't.

Soon, Gerard came down the stairs. "There's no use trying to struggle, Stiles. The electricity keeps you from shifting."

"What are you doing with me?"

"At the moment, just keeping you comfortable. There's no point torturing you, you won't give Derek up. The instinct to protect your alpha and mate is too strong. But that urge goes both ways. He will come find you, and when he does, I'll get what I want."

"No." Stiles shook his head. "You won't."

"Yes, I will, mr Stilinski." Gerard assured. "Because, for every day he doesn't come for you, I will take another of your pack. Starting with the pretty little redhead."

"Actually, she's strawberry blonde." Stiles corrected with gritted teeth.

"Is that so?" Gerard chuckled, walking over to what looked like a control panel. "What else do you know?"

"That you're going to regret messing with my pack."

"I have to disagree with you there," Gerard chuckled, then turned a dial. Stiles hissed in pain, thrashing against the restraints. "I said that there's no point torturing you Stiles, but that doesn't mean it won't be fun."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Jackson surged forward and grabbed Peter by his shirt collar, slamming him against a locker.

"Danny, get Derek." Scott ordered, and the Hawaiian rushed away to do so.

By the time the others arrived, Peter had blood all over the bottom half of his face, and a quickly fading black eye.

"You." Lydia sneered, pulling a gun from her bag and aiming it at the man.

"Hello, Lydia, I know that the last time we saw each other was stressful for everyone, but there's really no need for the gun." Peter stated coolly.
“Are you serious?! ‘No need for a gun’? You made me bring you back to life, poisoning my friends and hurting my alpha in the process! You made me feel like I was going crazy.” Lydia seethed, stepping closer to the wolf, aiming the gun at Peters head. 

“Lydia. Calm down.” Derek soothed, placing a hand on the redhead's arm. “Let’s not do something that we could get arrested for.”

“Trust me, we won’t get arrested because there will be no evidence.” Lydia stated with a dark glare.

“But there are plenty of witnesses.” The sheriff gently reminded her. “And we need him alive. He’s working with Gerard, so he can help us get Stiles back.”

“I am not actually working with him.” Peter insisted “I am pretending to do so, in order to get close to him and find out what he wants, so that I can tell you what I know.”

“Oh, so that’s why you asked for his help capturing me, so that you could kill me and become the alpha?” Derek asked with a disbelieving look on his face.

“I only said that so that he would trust me.” Peter stated. “Do you really think that I want to become alpha again? The last time ended in my death, I am in no hurry to repeat that.”

“Well, I am.” Jacks stated, flashing his eyes.

“Jackson.” Derek sighed. “Let him go.”

“But-”

“Now.” Jackson sighed, and reluctantly let go off Petter, stepping back and wrapping an arm around Lydia, who finally lowered the gun. Derek then glared at Peter. “Where is Stiles?”

“I don’t know.” Peter stated, straightening his clothes.

“Wrong answer.” Derek growled, the next thing anyone knew, Peter was being hurled through the air, and sent flying into a wall. “Let’s try that again.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Just under an hour after the match, Scott got a phonecall from Gerard. “He said that if we ever want to see Stiles again, I have to take Derek to a warehouse, he texted me the address.” Scott explained. “He also said to go alone.”

“No way.” Noah stated, “you’re not going alone.”

“I have an idea.” Lydia stated, drawing everyone’s attention to her. “But it does involve some people sitting out.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Chris had just finished threatening a hunter, telling him to stay the hell away from his wife, when he got the text. The text telling him that Gerard had kidnapped Stiles. Chris told Victoria, then the lights flickered and he knew. A few minutes later, Victoria told him that she could smell Stiles’ blood. It took every ounce of self control either of them had, not to run down there and let Stiles go. But they knew that they had to wait. Wait until Gerard was gone.

It was almost an hour later that Gerard finally left the house, taking all of the hunters with him.
Alright, I’ll go get Stiles, listen out for if they come back.

In the basement, Stiles struggled to keep his eyes open. Sweat dripped down his forehead and it to his eyes. Gerard had turned the electricity back down, but Stiles still couldn’t shift. He also wasn’t healing as fast as usual. Gerard had decided that throwing knives would be fun to use. They really weren’t. Neither was the baseball bat.

Stiles forced his eyes shut when the door to the basement opened, trying to appear unconscious.

“Oh my god.” A familiar voice gasped in horror, and Stiles opened his eyes.

“Chris.” He sighed in relief. “Thank god.” The man rushed over to the control panel, and Stiles felt the electricity stop. Within five minutes, Stiles was set free and being practically carried up the stairs by Chris. “Thank you.” Stiles whispered. When they got to the top of the stairs, Victoria was there and started helping support him. “Thank you.” He repeated, then felt his eyes slip shut.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott lead Derek into the warehouse with a guilty expression on his face. “What are we doing here Scott?” Derek growled for appearances. “I don’t smell Stiles’ scent!”

“That’s because he was never here.” Gerard chuckled as hunters left the shadows and surrounded the two wolves. “Thank you Scott, your assistance is greatly appreciated.”

“You’ve been helping him?!” Derek demanded, glaring at the beta with red eyes.

“I didn’t have a choice!” Scott defended. “He threatened my mum and Isaac and Allison. What was I supposed to do?!”

“You were supposed to trust me!” Derek yelled.

“Now, now, Derek, no need to get angry.” Gerard stated.

“Where’s Stiles?” Scott demanded. “I’ve given you Derek, now give me Stiles back!”

“I will, Scott, don’t worry.” Gerard assured. “After I get what I want.”

“What you want?”

Gerard rolled up his sleeve and held out his arm. “The bite.”

“No way.” Derek growled immediately.

“Ah, Derek you don’t have a choice.” Gerard chuckled. “Scott, if you want Stiles back, I need the bite.”

Scott hesitated for a moment then grabbed Derek by the back of the neck. “Scott, don’t!” Derek yelled as Scott forced him to walk towards Gerard. “Scott!” Scott forced the Alpha’s mouth to Gerard’s arm, letting go when Gerard hissed in pain.

“Thank you, Scott.” Gerard smiled, once Derek let go and fell to the floor. Gerard smirked at the Alpha by his feet, then spoke to his hunters. “Kill them.” Before any of them could move, however, there was a whistling sound, then an arrow was embedded into a hunter's shoulder. Gerard looked up at the support beams to see Allison shooting another arrow, hitting a second
hunter. He saw the brunette smirked at something opposite her, and he turned to see Boyd and Isaac flip off of another beam and start fight hunters. Gerard then noticed that Derek was no longer on the floor, and he and Scott were fighting hunters, side by side. Then the doors open and fifteen of his own men ran in, but rather than fighting the werewolves, they attacked the other hunters.

Suddenly, in the middle of all the fighting, Gerard felt light headed. He look at his arm to see that the the blood had turned black. Realisation dawned on him, and he pulled his pill bottle from his pocket. He took a pill out and crushed it in his hand. “Mountain ash!” He cried in anger, glaring at Derek, who simply smirked at him.

It didn’t take long for the pack and their allies to knock out the hunters. With the chaos cleared, Gerard could see that Allison had come down from the support beams, and at some point, the sheriff and Lydia had arrived.

“Where’s my son?” Noah demanded, putting a fresh ammo clip in his gun.

“I’ll make you a deal, sheriff.” Gerard coughed. “You keep me out of prison and I’ll tell you. Otherwise, you’ll never find him.” Noah began to raise his gun, but a shot sounded and Gerard swayed on his feet for a second, before falling to the floor. Everyone turned to see Chris lowering his gun.

“Stiles is at your house, Sheriff. Being patched up by Melissa. He is hurt, but it shouldn’t take too long to heal.” Chris informed him, stepping forward. “Do you need to arrest me?”

“For what? Self defense and saving my son” Noah asked with a raised eyebrow, then turned to the pack. “The lot of you, get home, make sure Stiles is okay. You can give your statements tomorrow.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

When they got home, Stiles was asleep on the sofa, shirtless, and covered in bruises and cuts. Melissa, Jackson, Erica, Danny, and Victoria were stood around him. Derek immediately ran to his mate’s side and dropped to his knees, gripping Stiles’ hand tightly.

“He’s healing slower than usual, but he is healing.” Melissa assured gently. “I’d say he’ll be fully healed in two days at the most.”

Derek nodded and thanked her, eyes never leaving Stiles.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.
A/N: I hope that you’ve all enjoyed this chapter and are happy with the outcome! Virtual cookies are available for anyone who can figure out why I’m moving Tammy to south America.
Stiles gets good news from coach, the big plan is revealed, and Derek reunites with someone he never thought he'd see again.

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“He’s healing slower than usual, but he is healing.” Melissa assured gently. “I’d say he’ll be fully healed in two days at the most.”

Derek nodded and thanked her, eyes never leaving Stiles.

"Derek, I'm fine!" Stiles insisted as his mate carried his school bag to the car for him. Again. "I can carry my own bag!"

"Stiles, you were tortured!" Derek reminded him in a pained voice. "You need to take it easy! Speaking of which, are you sure this early morning practice is a good idea?"

"I've been taking it easy for two weeks, Der! I'm completely healed, and I want to play! I finally got a chance to play, and I was good! Without using my abilities! But if I keep missing practice, coach won't put me on first line. I want to be on first line, Der. I promise you that I'm okay, sure there's some emotional trauma, but nothing I can't handle, with you by my side." Stiles stated softly. "But it's hard to move on when you're treating me like a breakable little doll."

Derek sighed and pressed his forehead to Stiles' "You're right, I'm sorry. I just hate that I wasn't there for you, that I didn't protect you."

"Derek, it's not your job to protect me and it wasn't your fault!" Stiles insisted, placing a hand on Derek's cheek "Sure, you could blame yourself for not stopping it, my dad could also blame himself, I could blame myself for not being alert, or, we could all grow up and place the blame where it belongs: On Gerard."

Derek nodded, and repeated. "You're right."

"Of course I'm right!" Stiles grinned. "Now give me a kiss, and give me my bag, I've got to go to school."

"But-"
"Nuh uh, I've finally got Roscoe back, I am driving him today!" Stiles announced, with a determined look on his face and Derek chuckled.

"Fair enough." Stiles grinned triumphantly, then leant in to kiss his mate goodbye. Derek grabbed Stiles' hips, intending on deepening the kiss, only to be interrupted when the horn from the Jeep sounded. "Mum! We're gonna be late!" Isaac called from the passenger seat.

"I'll be right there pup!" Stiles replied, the gave Derek one last kiss and grabbed his bag. "I love you."

"I love you too." Derek smiled, then looked to Isaac as Stiles jogged to the jeep. "Love you, pup."

"Love you too, dad!" Derek smiled and waved goodbye as the pair drove away.

The mum and dad thing was fairly recent. Although everyone had accept those two roles a while ago, it wasn't until Stiles woke up the day after being tortured that it was first said. Isaac had hugged Stiles and, in an emotional state, said: "I was so worried mum!" No one really noticed that he said it at first. It wasn't until the sheriff came home and asked why the pack were calling Stiles and Derek, mum and dad, did it register. They didn't mind, in fact they both liked it, but some of the pups, such as Allison and Scott, found it weird, so never called them it consciously. Others, like Isaac and Jackson, were more than happy to refer to the pair by those titles.

Derek was happy either way, as long as his pack was happy, so was he.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Stilinski! Get over here!" Coach ordered during Lacrosse practice. Stiles sent a hopeful look to Scott, who simply grinned at him, as he jogged over to coach, he noticed that most of the team were grinning at him.

"Hey coach, what's up."

"First, I have to ask, you're alright, right? I know that you beat up by a bunch of sore losers, but you're fine now, right?"

"Yes coach." Stiles nodded, hope taking over.

"Good, that's good. Cause after your performance the other night, I want you on first line." Coach grinned and a huge smile took over Stiles' face.

"A-are you serious?!"

"As long as you carry on playing like that and keep your grades up, of course." Coach promised with a grin. "What do you say?"

"Yes!" Stiles agreed immediately, barely containing his excitement. "Thank you, coach!"

"Thank me grabbing your gear and showing me what you’ve got!" Coach ordered and clapped Stiles on the shoulder, "Alright everyone, line up!"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“So, Hale,” Deputy Posey greeted, sitting on the alpha’s desk. “What’s up with you and the sheriff’s kid?” He asked with a grin as the other deputies, not so subtly, turned to listen.

“He’s my mate.” Derek told him simply, the sheriff knew and was fine with it, so there was no
point lying. “Like regular wolves, werewolves mate for life. Most wolves only have one mate, like Stiles and I, but others can have two. Those mates are also mated to each other.” Derek explained. He’d heard the others whispering about Scott, Isaac and Allison, and the trio gave him permission to tell the deputies, if it was ever brought up.

“Ah, so is that what’s going on between McCall, Lahey and Argent?”

“Yes.”

“What about the others?” Tara asked curiously. “Are any of them mates as well?”

“Boyd and Erica are, as are Jackson and Lydia.” Derek explained, feeling like he was back in high school, dishing out gossip.

“Is it weird? Dating a teenager?” Sharman asked with a raised eyebrow.

“At first, yes. But once the sheriff knew and accepted it, it was less so.” Derek said thoughtfully, then paused before adding. “And it doesn’t really feel like I’m dating a teenager. He may have his immature moments, but those aren’t very often. He’s more focused on pack, and protecting the people he cares about.” A fond smile appeared on Derek’s face and he momentarily forgot where he was as he spoke about his mate. “He’s the most stubborn person that I’ve ever met, but it’s not necessarily a bad thing. When I was convinced that pain and anger were the only things that could control the shift, he showed me another way. When I thought I could never love again, he proved that I could. When we all felt defeated and thought we couldn’t stop Gerard, he came up with a plan. He is brave, and smart, and loyal, and determined. He made me realise that I wasn’t at fault for my family’s deaths. Something that my sister couldn’t accomplish in six years, he did in two months. He is the best thing that’s ever happened to me, I just hope I can make him at least half as happy as he makes me.”

The deputies stood and stared at Derek in shock. “Wow.” Posey spoke up. “Can I date him?” Derek’s eyes turned red and he growled at the man. “Woah, woah, I was only kidding!” Posey defended immediately, stepping backwards, hands raised in defense, and Derek’s eyes went back to normal, and he smiled sheepishly.

“Sorry.”

-Dread Wolf-Sterek-Dread Wolf-Sterek-

During lunch, the pack ate lunch, Scott was bragging over how well Stiles did at lacrosse practice.

“You should have seen it! He scored four goals in a row and dodged every tackle!” Scott told the girls with a proud smile.

“Okay, Scott, you can stop now.” Stiles muttered, red faced.

"No, I can't! They all got to see you kick ass at the game, and brag about it. I was busy trying to find Gerards hunter, so I missed it! It's my turn to brag." Scott defended, then continued bragging like nothing had happened.

'I have taught him well' Stiles thought with a fond smile.

"So, when's the next pack night?" Lydia asked Stiles, blocking out Scott's rant.

"Saturday, dad said no for tonight, and Derek's working night shifts for most of the week, but his has Saturday off." Stiles explained, with a slightly sad look on his face. "But on the bright side, it
means I have more time to finish working on the thing."

"True," Lydia nodded in agreement, then a thought occurred to her. "Oh, Erica knows now."

This caught the rest of the packs attention. "What? Erica knows? Why does Erica get to know, but I
don't?" Scott whined in annoyance.

"Because your a blabber mouth." Stiles stated simply, taking a bite of food. "And, besides, it's good
that Erica knows." He stated, then looked at the girl in question. "What night are you free next? I
need your help with something."

"Well, my parents are both home tonight, so we're having a family night, and Boyd and I have a
date tomorrow, so how about wednesday?"

"Sounds good, oh, hey. Isn't tomorrow your one month anniversary?" Stiles asked with a smile, and
the couple linked hands and nodded. "Congratulations!"

"Congratulations! Right, so Wednesday?" Lydia began. "Great, we can make a night out of it.
Planning, make up, movies. It'll be great."

"Ooh, yeah!" Allison agreed excitedly. "We can finally watch the new Iron Man!"

Stiles chuckled, as the other male members of the pack looked either amused or annoyed. "Who
say's you're invited?"

"Yeah Ally, maybe me and Batman just want some alone time." Erica grinned wickedly, winking
suggestively at Stiles. She knew that Boyd wouldn't be worried. She always made it clear that he
was the only person that she wanted to be with.

"We're inviting ourselves." Lydia stated. "And we're bringing food."

"Fine." Stiles jokingly conceded with a sigh. "But only because you're bringing food."

-Time Wolf-Sterek-Time Wolf-Sterek-

After lunch, Stiles was excused from his fourth period class to see the guidance counselor, miss
Morrell. He didn't want to, but apparently, once you've been kidnapped and tortured by a psychotic
geriatric, therapy wasn't optional. At least, not when you have a sheriff for a dad, and an
overprotective alpha werewolf for a boyfriend. Plus, Lydia had given the french teacher her stamp
of approval, so that was something. Deaton had also informed the pack that Morrell was his
younger sister, and also a druid, meaning Stiles didn't have to hide any supernatural related details
from her.

To be honest, Stiles was actually glad that he'd been forced into it. He'd never admit it though,
because that would mean admitting that he wasn't as over what happened as he made out.

"You know, when you're drowning, you don't actually inhale until right before you blackout." Stiles
explained, threading his lacrosse stick. "It’s called voluntary apnea. It’s like no matter how
much you’re freaking out, the instinct to not let any water in is so strong that you won’t open your
mouth until you feel like your head’s exploding. Then when you finally do let it in, that’s when it
stops hurting. It’s not scary anymore, it’s... it’s actually kind of peaceful."

"Did they do that to you?" Morrell asked calmly. "The ones who kidnapped you. Did they drown
you?"
Stiles hesitated for a moment before answering. "Yeah." He admitted without her eye. "Yeah, he did."

"He?"

"Yeah, uh, you probably already figured this out, but it wasn’t angry lacrosse players who kidnapped me." Stiles stated, fiddling with the lacrosse stick.

"Then who was it?"

"Gerard Argent."

“Because of what you are?”

“Partially.” Stiles stated, hesitating for a second before continuing. “Partially to anger Scott and Derek.” Stiles sighed, not meeting the woman's eyes. “Things have been kinda tense since then. Scott told us that Gerard had threatened his mum and mates and forced Scott to work for him, we knew the second it happened, because Scott came home and told us. It’s just—” Stiles sighed, becoming more aggressive as he threaded the lacrosse stick. “Derek always had a problem with it. Not so much Scott pretending to work with Gerard, because he told us and only fed him information that we wanted Gerard to know, to lead him on.”

“Then what was the problem?” Morrell asked politely with a raised eyebrow.

“It’s the fact that Scott felt that he had no other choice but to help Gerard. Or, at least pretend to help him.” Stiles explained sadly, hating the problems within his pack. “Derek feels like Scott doesn’t trust him. At least not enough to count on him to protect his mum and mates, and that hurts Derek.”

“Do you think that Scott really feels this way?” Stiles’ eye widened at that question.

“God, no!” Stiles protested immediately, leaning forward and almost dropping the lacrosse stick. “Not at all. Scott’s not good with being subtle or hiding his feelings. If he didn’t trust Derek, or doubted him, we would all know.” Stiles told her confidently, no a single trace of doubt in his mind. “He’s also not very good at picking up on other people's emotions, so he probably has know idea that Derek is worried about Scott’s trust. I want to give Scott a hint and talk to him about it, but Derek would figure out that it was me and be upset, thinking that Scott was only saying things to make him happy. Even when he can hear that Scott isn’t lying, and I can’t ask anybody else from the pack to talk to Scott about it for the same reasons.”

“So what you need is for Scott to know, but without interference from anyone in the pack?” Morrell asked vaguely, and Stiles could tell that the woman had an idea, and wasn’t going to let him in on it.

“Yeah.”

“Okay then.” Morrell nodded, the changed the subject. “How about we get back to you.” Stiles looked down at that, avoiding the councilors gaze. “Stiles?”

“I’m fine.” He insisted, looking up at the woman, but the look on her face showed that she wasn’t buying it, and wasn’t going to let it go. “Yeah, aside from the not sleeping, the jumpiness,” Stiles ranted. To be honest, he was tired of keeping things in. Tired of having to pretend that he was okay when he really wasn’t. Sure, he’d spoken to the pack and his dad when everything built up too much, but this was different. He told them those things because he couldn’t bottle it in any more and he couldn’t stand the worried looks. Talking to Morrell was easier, she was the guidance
counselor, it was her job to listen and not judge. Well, she had to judge a little in order to get an accurate read on his emotional and mental state, so he could except that. But pack… The pack worry about him, they might even question his ability as pack mum. No, they could never know how he felt about this. If he kept talking to Morrell, he could let out all of the things that were bothering him, then he wouldn’t break down in front of the pack. “the constant, overwhelming fear that something terrible’s about to happen.”

“It’s called hyper vigilance. The persistent feeling of being under threat.” Morrell informed him, no tone of judgement or pity in her voice.

“Maybe it’s not just a feeling though, it’s…” Stiles explained, knowing the horrid feeling from experience. “It’s more than that, like with all of the supernatural mixed in. It’s like I’m not even myself anymore, like I’ve completely changed. On one hand, I like it, I like the more mature person that I’ve become. I love having my pack, my mate but…”

“But?”

“But I feel like, sometimes, they’d be better off without me. I’m the reason that all of this has happened. I dragged Scott out into the woods that night, I got all of my friends dragged into all of the supernatural craziness. More than that, I’ve dragged the only remaining parent I have into it, because of me, he’s in far more danger now than he was as just a sheriff. I hate the thought that one day, I could watch him die because of a supernatural creature, or because of someone like Matt. A kid who went off the handle and found the supernatural through chance.” He let it all go, every deep dark thought and feeling that had snuck into his head over the last few months. “It’s like it’s a panic attack. Y’know, like I can’t even breathe.”

To her credit, Morrell didn’t bring up what he’d just said about the supernatural, which Stiles was happy about because he really didn’t want to talk anymore about that. Instead, she focused on the panic attack comment. “Like you’re drowning.” It wasn’t really a question, more of a statement, but Stiles felt the need to answer anyway.

“Yeah.”

“So, if you’re drowning, and you’re trying to keep your mouth closed until that very last moment… what if you choose to not open your mouth? To not let the water hit?”

“Y-You do anyway, it’s a reflex.”

“But… if you hold off, until that reflex kicks in, you have more time, right?”

“Not much time.” Stiles shrugged, not really getting what the woman was trying to say.

“But more time to fight your way to the surface” Morrell stated.

“I guess.”

“More time to be rescued.”

“More time to be in agonizing pain. Did you forget about the part where you feel like your head’s exploding?” He exclaimed, anger slipping into his voice. Stiles could never be rescued, not from this. “That’s the difference between Tammy and I, or even between myself Isaac, or Boyd, or Erica. There is no escaping what holds me under.”

“And what makes you so sure of that?” Morrell asked, not a single hint of curiosity in her voice, like she was only asking for the sake of asking.
“I have felt like he was drowning since my mum died, since my dad started drinking himself into a grave right beside her, since my own dad was scared of me because of what I am. Since I was paralysed and helpless, watching an innocent man die right in front of me. Since the pressure of the world, both human and supernatural, started to crush me because I can’t handle the pressure. The pressure to be a good student, a good friend, a good mum, a good player, a good werewolf, one who doesn’t randomly kill people. And since I first realised how little I care about myself in comparison to others. Since I realised how insignificant I am.”

“Insufficient?” Morrell asked. “You see yourself as insignificant? I don’t. Can I tell you what I see when I look at you, Stiles?” Stiles shrugged and the woman took it as a yes. “I see a young man with so much potential and far too much pressure. I see a young man who, even before learning about a whole other side of the world, is loyal, determined, courageous and independent. I see a young man who could turned out much worse. A lot of people who have been through what you have, at any age, often take a different route, allowing their depression and anger at the world to take them over.”

“You think I’m depressed?”

“No, I don’t want it to progress that far.” Morrell informed him calmly. “What I do want to do, is see you regularly. Once a week would be preferable.”

“Fine.”

“Fine?”

“Yeah, I know I’m not really showing it right now, but talking about all of this is help.” Stiles admitted, trying to push back his frustration.

“That’s why I believe in you Stiles, so many in your situation wouldn’t admit that they want help. So scared of seeming helpless, not realising that the feeling will only grow if they continue to hold themselves under. Continue to let themselves drown.”

“It’s just that I don’t know how much longer I can handle this.” Stiles stated, “The ‘not letting the water in’. There’s just so much agony.”

“If it’s about surviving, isn’t a little agony worth it?”

“Maybe not.” Stiles wanted to agree to make her happy, but he knew that Morrell would just see right through it, so instead he asked, “I mean, what if it just gets worse? What if it’s agony now and… then it’s just hell later on.”

“Then think about something Winston Churchill once said:” Morrell replied, as if she’d anticipated the question. “If you’re going through hell, keep going.” Stiles didn’t speak as he processed the words. In a way, they reflected Stiles own way of coping, way of living. He’s going through hell,
he can’t breathe, he wants nothing more than to open his mouth and let the pain go away. To have peace, but he refuses. Instead, he lives with the pain, because other people need him to survive. His dad, Derek, his pups, Melissa. No matter how worthless and insignificant he feels, they don’t view him the same way. In fact, they feel the opposite. Stiles doesn’t know why, but he know’s that it’s true.

So Stiles is willing to deal with agony and the hell, because he cares about those he loves more than he cares about himself. He’ll live in hell if it means everyone he cares about gets to live. He will carry on, and maybe, just maybe, he’ll be able to make it to the surface. Maybe he’ll get out of the water and be able to be the person he really wants to be, the person the pack see’s him as. Maybe he’ll be able to breath again.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“Hello Scott.” Miss Morrell smiled at the crooked jawed boy, who shuffled uncomfortably.

“Uh, hi?”

“I’m sure that you’re wondering why you’re here.” Morrell stated, either not noticing the boy’s uncomfortableness, or just not caring. “I’ve called you here because of something that Stiles said in our session.”

“Isn’t that supposed to be confidential?” Scott asked, annoyed that the woman was betraying his best friend’s trust.

“Usually, yes. However, Stiles expressed wanting someone wanting to talk to you about this, but knew that it wouldn’t be a good idea for you to hear it from someone in the pack.”

Scott was worried now. Was he being kicked out of the pack? “W-what?”

“Concerns that only you can put to rest.” Before he could ask anything else, the woman explained what Stiles had told her, assured him that Stiles didn’t agree with any of Derek’s fears and informed Scott that the only reason that Stiles hadn’t told Scott himself, was because Derek wouldn’t believe any assurance Scott gave if he had learnt Derek’s fears from pack.

“So you’re telling me so that I, and the pack, have plausible deniability when I tell Derek that all of his fears are completely wrong?” Scott asked for confirmation.

“If you choose to talk to him, I wouldn’t phrase it that particular way, but yes.” She stated, a hint of amusement in her voice.

“Thank you.” Scott smiled slightly at her, standing up and grabbing his bag. “Any chance you can get me the rest of last period off, so that I can think over what I’m going to say?” He asked hopefully, giving the woman his best puppy dog look.

“Allright, but just this once.”

“Thank you.” Scott repeated, then rushed out of the room.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Once he had thoroughly thought over what he wanted to say, Scott texted Derek, asking the alpha to come over to his house to talk in private. Halfway through practicing in the mirror, for the third time, Scott heard Derek’s car approaching. He took a deep breath, then walked downstairs to let the man in.
“Scott. Is everything okay?” Derek asked in concern when the beta let him into the house.

“Yes.” Scott lied. “Actually no, we need to talk.” Scott stated then nervously gestured to the coach for Derek to sit down. Once the alpha did, Scott sat opposite him, everything he had thought through and planned had gone from his brain and the two sat in uncomfortable silence for a few minutes.

“Scott?”

“Do you trust me?” Scott finally blurted, throwing the alpha for a few seconds.

“Yes.” Derek said honestly. “Absolutely.”

“Do you trust me when I say that I trust you?”

“Did Stiles talk to you?” Derek asked with a sigh.

“No.” Scott stated honestly, and Derek listened again. “He hasn’t said a word, but this isn’t about Stiles, or any of the pack, really. This is about you and me. I need you to know that I trust you. With my life, my mum’s life, even my mate’s lives. I didn’t agree to work, or pretend to work, for Gerard because I didn’t trust you, I agreed because I trusted you. I trusted that you could use it to your advantage. I trusted that you would be able to use that inside access to end what happened with Gerard and you did.” Scott insisted, maintaining eye contact and being completely honest with his alpha, knowing that Derek was listening to both his words and his heartbeat. “At first, I thought that you were just acting, when we were in the warehouse and you were angry at me for working with Gerard. I thought that you were just saying those things to make it more believable for Gerard. I never thought for a second that you actually meant them, that you actually thought that I trusted Gerards word more than I trusted you. Then I thought about it over and over again, and I realised that there was no skip in your heartbeat and that I could smell the sadness and betrayal coming off of you. I hate that, I hate that I’ve given you reason to think those things and I promise that I will do everything that I can to prove to you that I trust you. Please, Derek, give me a chance to prove myself.” Scott finished, tears in both his own and Derek’s eyes.

The older wolf, simply stood up, walked over to Scott, tugged the boy to his feet then pulled him into a reassuring hug, and Scott knew. He knew that his alpha didn’t hate him, his alpha believed in him. But Scott still planned to prove himself. He had no intention on giving his alpha reason to doubt him again.

-Derek crawled into the bed he shared his mate later that night, feeling more content than he had in years. Stiles was already curled up, but not sleeping.

“Hey.” Stiles whispered, looking over his shoulder at his mate, rolling to see him fully.

“Hi.” Derek grinned and leaned forward to give him a soft kiss. “How was your session with Morrell?”

“Good, it helped.” Stiles admitted softly causing Derek to smile.

“That’s good.” Derek smiled happily. “I’m glad. Are you going to see her again?”

“Yeah, she wants to make it a weekly appointment.” Stiles admitted semi-nervously. Worried that it might make Derek think less of him, or worry about his mental state, but Derek just smiled.
"I didn't want to say anything, but I think it's good that you're talking to someone about all of this. Especially someone who knows about the supernatural." Derek admitted, burying his nose in Stiles' hair. "It's not good to bottle things up, I've learnt that the hard way."

"so have I." Stiles whispered. "Are you going to talk to anyone."

"I do, sort of... I talk to dad a lot. At first it was a little weird, because he's your dad and my boss, but it really does help." Derek informed him, and could Stiles grinned against him. "What?"

"You called him dad." Stiles smiled, pulling back to look up at Derek, who had turned bright red. "About damn time, too. He's wanted you to since the night the two of you hung out when I was with Ally and Lydia."

Derek looked surprised at that. "Really?"

"Dude, he liked you so much, that he invited you to live with us the next night!" Stiles exclaimed. "And not just in the guest room, he let us share a room. Do you really think he'd do that if he didn't trust you or see you as family?"

Derek stammered for a few seconds, before finally speaking. "Don't call me dude." Stiles burst into laughter, burying his head in Derek's chest.

"You're such an idiot." Stiles stated, shaking his head. "Now kiss me, dumbass."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

After school the next day, Noah, Chris, Allison and Lydia were helping Victoria and Tammy with self control and teaching them how to fight. Well, mainly teaching Tammy how to fight, and helping Victoria with her technique. Derek wasn't there as he had to get ready for work, and the rest of the boys, except Boyd, had lacrosse practice. Boyd had convince coach to excuse him from practice for his anniversary. He had to lie and say it was one year rather than one month, but it still worked.

"Why do they still have practice if the season is over?" Tammy asked curiously, taking a swig of water.

"It's coach." Lydia reminded her in explanation.

"True." Tammy shrugged, setting down her drink. "Okay, I'm ready."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"How are they doing?" Derek asked Noah when the man walked into the station later on.

"They're doing good." Stilinski told him with a smile. "Of course, we'll have to see how they do on the next full moon, but they've both pretty much mastered everyday control."

"That's good." Derek agreed with a nod. "How are you?"

"I've got my self control mastered. Mostly."

"You know what I meant." Derek chuckled.

"I'm good, son." The sheriff assured him. "A little stressed about the Daehler trial, next week."

"Is this the one where they determine what's going to happen to him after Juvie?"
"Yeah." Noah sighed, rubbing his forehead. "In theory, it could run smoothly. But it could also go badly." Derek raised an eyebrow in question. "He could say that Tammy did it all, thanks to Danny there's no evidence to support that, but if he mentions a Kanima-"

"They could plead insanity and get him institutionalised." Derek stated in realisation.

"Not that that's necessarily better, but depending on where he goes, he could have a better chance of escaping." Noah explained. "Or he could convince people in an institute of the supernatural, making them a hell of alot worse."

"Or there could be someone who knows of the supernatural on the jury, and they could contact hunters and send them after Tammy." Derek stated worriedly and Noah sighed once again.

"I didn't even think of that."

Derek started to speak, only to be interrupted by Deputy McDougall, who was currently working with dispatch. “Sheriff, we have a robbery in progress.”

“Thanks Jenna.” Noah replied as Derek stood up and grabbed his gun and badge. “We’ll talk at home.”

“Of course, dad.” Derek nodded, then walked past the shell shocked sheriff.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Really? Again?" Stiles sighed as Allison walked over to him with nail polish. "That stuff stinks, and I just pick it off every morning, so your efforts are in vain." He argued, shuffling backwards on Lydia’s bed to put some distance between himself and the brunette.

“It’s still fun.” Lydia grinned. “And you won’t be picking it off tomorrow because you’ll be with one of us in every class, and we will stop you.”

“Oh, come on!” Stiles groaned, but the grins on each of the girls faces showed that he wasn’t going to get out of this. “Can you at least make it more manly this time then? So no pink!”

“Alright.” Allison agreed. “We can work with that.”

“So, Erica, how did the date go yesterday?” Stiles asked, trying to distract himself from the thought of having his nails painted.

Half an hour later, Erica had just finished telling them about the date, and Stiles was halfway through painting Allison’s nails, doing quite well, if he did say so himself. Allison had painted his nails whilst Lydia painted Erica’s. Now Erica was painting Lydia’s, Stiles prefered this to being tag teamed by two girls, then having to help paint both of their nails, so he wasn’t going to complain… More.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“If you see my dad or Derek, tell them I’ll be home late after school.” Stiles sighed as he opened his locker.

“Why?” Boyd asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Harris gave me detention and confiscated my phone.”

“What for this time?” Jackson smirked, expecting an answer like ‘talking back’ or ‘texting in class’
or something.

“For ‘highlighting too much’ apparently.” Stiles grumbled, shoving books into his locker and pulling out his maths textbook.

“What?” Boyd growled, “That’s ridiculous.”

“Tell me about it.”

Jackson opened his mouth to threaten Harris, only to pause then ask. “Are you wearing nail polish?” He laughed and Boyd’s lips tugged upwards, Stiles simply blushed.

“Blame your girlfriend!” He muttered, then looked at Boyd. “Yours too.”

Stiles shuffled into his house a little after five o’clock, to find Scott in his living room. “Hey man, what’s up?”

“Nothing, I just felt like hanging out, is all.” Scott shrugged. “Your home late.”

“I know.” Stiles sighed, dropping his bag on the floor and flopping onto the sofa next to his best friend. “Blame Harris. That asshole really hates me.”

Scott chuckled at his best friend. “Well I think I can cheer you up. I brought over some video games, movies and snacks, I also ordered pizza like half an hour ago, so it should be here any minute now. My treat.” Scott promised with a grin.

“Aww Scotty, that’s so sweet!” Stiles teasingly gushed. “Y’know, this new found chivalry is making me very attracted to you. You wanna try making out for a second?” He asked jokingly as a knock sounded at the door. “Just to see how it feels!” He called as Scott stood and walked to the front door, chuckling slightly.

He returned a few minutes later to see Stiles searching through the DVD’s. “You got Star Wars!” Stiles grinned, looking over his shoulder at Scott who shrugged.

“I got sick of you going on at me about it.” Scott stated. “Did I get the right one? Cause, I remember you saying that ‘A New Hope’ is the first one, but it says number four… So..”

“Yeah, it’s the right one buddy.” Stiles assured as he set up the DVD.

“Then why does it say four?”

“The numbering didn’t show up until The Empire Strikes Back and then was added retroactively to A New Hope. The reason ‘A New Hope’ became number four, was because the other three were prequels, so in the Star Wars universe they, technically, came first.” Stiles explained, looking at Scott, who nodded, but still looked slightly confused. “The numerology isn’t important, just the fact that these are amazing movies.” He stood and walked over to the coach. “So sit back and relax, while you still can, because these movies will have you on the edge of your seat!”

“Okay, sur- Dude why are your nail blue?”

“Blame your girlfriend.”

“Oh… My… God.” Scott whispered two hours later, staring at the screen in shock as the ending credit began to roll. “That was…”
“I know, right?!” Stiles beamed.

“Dude, I wish I had gotten the second one!”

“I have it.” Stiles told him immediately, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. Which it kinda was. “It’s in my room. Want me to go get it?”

“Yes!” Scott agreed immediately, a huge grin on his face.

“Alright, I’ll go get it, you grab us some snacks and drinks.” Stiles half heartedly ordered, chuckling as his friend nodded enthusiastically.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Isaac and Allison shared and exasperated, yet fond, look as Scott rambled on about how amazing Star Wars is. He was literally running off of adrenalin as he and Stiles had been up all night watching all of the movies. According to Derek, he and the Sheriff had arrived home a little after six am to find the best friend’s sat on the couch, watching ‘Revenge of the Sith’, surrounded by empty pizza boxes and junk food wrappers, staring at the tv screen as if their lives depended on it.

“How are you even still awake?” Isaac asked incredulously, cutting off Scott’s rant.

“I have no idea.” The crooked jawed boy admitted with a shrug, his eyes wide as they walked into the cafeteria. “Although, I did start to fall asleep in Economics, but then coach blew the whistle in my ear, and I was fine, apart from my ears ringing. I got over it though and-”

Isaac shook his head and shared a smile with Allison as the trio made their way over to their table.

Stiles and Lydia were already sat at the table, talking animately about something, fading off when they noticed the others approaching.

“Hey.” Stiles greeted with a grin once his pack mates sat down. “So are you smiling to try to trick your body into thinking that you want to be awake, too?”

“Absolutely.” Scott nodded. “I usually enjoy this new metabolism, but I hate that it makes coffee useless.”

“Me too.” Stiles agreed with a slight groan. “I could really do with a red eye right now.”

“That’s what you get for not sleeping.” Lydia smirked, munching on a piece of cafeteria chicken. “It’s really bad for your health to not sleep.”

“Lyd, it’s not just us.” Stiles rolled his eyes. “Everyone’s experienced the fatigue, short temper and lack of focus that often follow a poor night’s sleep, or lack thereof.”

“An occasional night without sleep makes you feel tired and irritable the next day, but it won’t harm your health.” Lydia agreed as Jackson and Danny walked over. “However, after several sleepless nights, the mental effects become more serious. Your brain will fog, making it difficult to concentrate and make decisions. You’ll start to feel down, and may fall asleep during the day. Your risk of injury and accidents at home, work and on the road also increases. If it continues, lack of sleep can affect your overall health and make you prone to serious medical conditions, such as obesity, heart disease, high blood pressure and diabetes.” By the time she had finished, Erica and Boyd had joined them, and Scott was looking at her with wide eye.

“Okay, so no more late nights watching Star Wars.” Stiles stated with a nod and Jackson groaned.
“Really? Star Wars. What’s the big deal about those movies?”

“Dude! They’re amazing.” Scott insisted immediately.

“They sound lame.”

“Sound?” Stiles asked with an unreadable expression. “You haven’t seen them either?”

“No, and I don’t plan to.”

“The only people in the universe who have never seen Star Wars are the characters in Star Wars and that’s cause they lived them, Jacks, that’s cause they lived the Star Wars.” Stiles announced, flailing his arms wildly. “Yesterday I would have forgiven you, but even Scott has seen it now, you will be the next!” He looked around at the rest of the pack “Who else hasn’t seen it?” He demanded and Danny raised his hand.

“In my defence, I wanted to, but my parents hate Sci Fi and Jackson wouldn’t watch it with me. By the time I could make my own decisions, I had other priorities, such as getting laid.” Danny semi joked with a grin.

“Okay, you’re forgiven for your crimes.” Stiles jokingly sighed. “The same can’t be said for your best friend.”

“Well, I guess we know what the movie will be on pack night.” Erica told Stiles with a chuckle.

“Oh, yeah. It’s my turn to choose.” Stiles remembered with a grin, and Jackson groaned again, hitting his head against the table.

-Danny sighed as he and Stiles walked to Maths together, the slightly shorter boy ranting the entire way. “Are you nearly done?”

“No! That guy was-”

“Hitting on me, so what?”

“Well, A) You can do so much better than him, and B) He was talking to you like you were a piece of meat! If anyone had spoken to any of us like that, you would have yelled at them and told them to show some respect!” Stiles all but growled as they walked. “Why is it different when it’s you?”

“Because I like dominant guys.”

“There’s a difference between being dominant and being a douche.” Stiles stated knowingly. “For example, Derek is dominant. That guy was a douche.”

“I guess you’re right.” Danny admitted, besides, the rest of the pack didn’t like him either, all of them glaring at him the entire time he stood by their table made that clear. So that guy would not be getting a date with him. “Alright, I won’t go out with him. If you agree to tell me exactly how dominant Derek is.” He bargained as they arrived at the classroom.

“Deal.”

-The weeks flew by to summer break. It was exactly two months since the showdown with Gerard-

-The weeks flew by to summer break. It was exactly two months since the showdown with Gerard-
and now the town was almost completely cleared of hunters. The ones that were still around respected the treaty and left the pack alone. The pack had enjoyed the downtime and spent a lot of time together, but now it was time to say goodbye to Tammy. They hadn’t gotten to see her much apart from classes and training. Her parents made her come home for lunch everyday, and tried to spend every waking moment with her. They still felt guilty over what had happened, like if they had paid more attention, they could have stopped Matt somehow. Derek tried to explain that had they figured out what was going on, Matt would have just forced Tammy to kill them, then sped up the time between kills, ending a lot more lives. Unfortunately, this did nothing to ease their guilt.

Matt’s trial came and went without any mention of the supernatural or Tammy, and Matt had been sentenced to Juvie until he was 18, then life imprisonment. The pack was very happy with that outcome.

“Okay, if you don’t like the new pack, you’re more than welcome to come back here.” Derek reminded the family, again.

“We know, Derek, thank you, but I really think we could do with some space from Beacon Hills.” Tammy’s father told him politely, as the pack helped put the last few boxes into the moving van.

“Of course.” Derek smiled. “But if you have any problems, please don’t hesitate to call me.” The elder man nodded at Derek’s request, and sent him a grateful smile. “Alright, uuh, I’ll be down in a few days, once you’ve settled in, and I’ll introduce you to the pack.”

“Thank you.” Tammy’s mother smiled, walking over to the pair, having heard what Derek said. “So, just as a refresher, when we get there, Tammy needs to leave something with her scent on it, slightly buried behind the town’s welcome sign?”

Derek nodded. “Yes, I know it sounds weird, but it’s so that the pack can start to familiarise themselves with her scent. Also so that if an Omega comes through before you are introduced to them, they know not to attack Tammy.” The couple nodded in understanding.

“Okay, I think that’s everything.” Tammy’s mother said with a sad smile as the final box was placed in the van. “Let’s go.”

-Stiles was cuddled up with Derek as the pack sat in the Stilinski living room, watching The Notebook, when his phone rang. Stiles untangled himself from his mate and went outside before answering the call. “Hello?”

“Hello.” A deep voice came through the speaker. “I’m calling for… uh… Mr Stilinski?”

“Speaking.”

“Hi, I’m Jake Hardy from PCL, I’m calling to let you know that the work has been completed.”

Stiles’ face lit up in an excited smile. “Thank you that’s wonderful. I will come round tomorrow for inspection and payment. I understand that you and your men will be tired, so what time is best for you?”

“Is noon alright for you?” The man asked with a chuckle.

“Great. Thank you. See you then Mr Hardy, Have a good night.”

“You too, Mr Stilinski.”
Stiles smiled, then hung up the phone. “Yes!” He cheered, pumping a fist into the air, before heading back inside. When he got back to the living room, he found that the pack had paused the movie and staring at him.

“What was that about?” Derek asked curiously.

“Uh, the first part of the thing is finished.” Was his reply, causing Danny to cheer. Allison and Erica following suit, as Lydia laughed at the three of them, and Jackson rolled his eyes.

“This is great!” Allison smiled. “I am so coming with you to check it out!”

“So am I’ Lydia stated, and Erica did the same.

“Alright,” Stiles smiled, but the others just looked annoyed that they didn’t know what was going on.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Two days before Derek was scheduled to travel down to South America, Stiles called a pack meeting. Scott, Boyd, Isaac, Derek, Melissa, Jackson and Erica were sat listening. Stiles was stood, Allison and Danny to his left, Lydia and his father to his right.

“Okay.” Stiles started, he tried to appear confident, but you didn’t need super senses to know that he was nerve racked. “So, uh, I know that you’re all curious as to what it is we’ve been hiding from you, and why I’ve told some about the plans, but not others.” As he spoke Lydia and Allison collected some papers and held them out to Stiles. “We’ve been planning this for a while, and I hope that you all like it and don’t hate me.” He took one of the rolls of papers from Allison and set them on the table, spreading them out for the pack to see.

"These are the blueprints for the official records."

"Blueprints?” Derek asked in slight shock

"For the new and improved Hale house.” Stiles announced nervously

"You have spoken about rebuilding it, so the pack can have a place to hang out and relax." Allison continued happily.

"And you, Isaac, my dad and I can move in straight away, I told dad when I first thought of it and he understood that we would want to live together, but he doesn't want to live away from me yet, and I don't either, so... yeah. The others will all have there own room, for staying over and things. Or if any of them want to move in permanently."

The Alpha hummed as he flicked through the well drawn plans. "Did you hire somebody to make these?"

"No." Stiles informed him, pride clear in his voice. "Lydia made them. She did a great job" The redhead preened at the praise

"Jackson's dad got us the planning permission and things. Allison and I worked on the design, Stiles thought of the layout and structure and the sheriff was in charge of making sure no one outside of the pack and working crew know about it, so that it could stay a surprise. Of course, we had to be wary with the construction crew, but thankfully gave us this magic herb mixture to slip into their drinks-“
“Please tell me that you didn’t kill them.” Derek all but begged, causing the girl to roll her eyes at him.

“No, the herbs just made sure that they can’t tell anyone. If they ever try to, they will become disoriented and forget what they were going to say, instead their minds will jump to the official plans, without the secret tunnels. The same thing will happen if they ever come back to the house, it’s irreversible.” Lydia explained and Derek nodded, impressed at how thought out it all was. "Danny has been working the security angle and Erica has been running interference whenever you guys are on your runs, keeping you from seeing it before it was ready, she also helped with the design a little, mostly with Boyd’s room."

"You've done a good job." Derek stated. "I can’t see where these tunnels are meant to be, though. What I do is that there are a lot of large rooms here, especially in the basement. Maybe we could make a panic room of sorts?"

Stiles and Lydia looked to each other, "Like we said, those are the official blueprints," Lydia stated and handed Derek the second roll. "These are the actual blueprints."

Derek nodded, looking through the plans. There were no more too large rooms, but discrete tunnels running through the house. In the basement, there were two rooms in the space Derek had thought of for the panic room, one of which was written as being made of mountain ash. The most noticeable thing was the extra page.

"Two basements?" Scott asked, speaking for the first time.

"Yes, the second one will be a panic floor, connected to twelve tunnels, but six have been filled in from the inside. They’re still there, and the exits to the sealed tunnels are in easy to find places. That way, people can think that they've found a way in, only, when they get close to the house, they will be met with several layers of dirt, stone, mountain ash, concrete and titanium. The six that aren't filled in, require a member of the pack to use their claws to access it. The members without claws will be given an alternative."

"What kind of alternative?" Derek asked raising an eyebrow.

"Well, we've been discussing it with Deaton, and he recommends artificial claws, infused with pack DNA and magically altered to only work for those who are actually pack. So if they ever get stolen by hunters or something, they won't work." Allison explained with a smile.

“As each of us, except Danny, are mated with someone, our blood will allow them access.” Stiles explained, all trace of nervousness gone, replaced with with excitement and confidence. “So, my blood will give Derek, and my dad access to the tunnels. Allison’s gives Scott, Isaac, Chris and Victoria access, we got some of Scott’s blood, so Melissa has access too. Although, the family thing gave us a little trouble, as we had to find away to exclude Peter and any other Argents who get turned, but we got that sorted.” Stiles stated, a glare appearing on his face at the thought of the man and the family.

“Wait hold up.” Scott jumped in. “How the hell did you get my blood?"

“Remember that time that Derek accidently cut you during training, and I helped clean the wound before it healed?” Allison asked sheepishly and Scott nodded, realisation dawning. “Yeah, then.”
“I set up an electronic security system.” Danny spoke up before Scott could, a proud grin on his face. “It runs on my own private network and has a direct, secure line to the sheriff’s station. Motion sensors, camera’s, all of that. Dr Deaton did give me a little magical help, so that the motion sensors trigger a silent alarm and send an alert to the station and each of our phones, the second someone who isn’t pack steps onto our land.”

“Wow, that’s great.” Derek praised, pride clear in his voice. “When will it be ready?”

“Now.” Stiles said sheepishly, and Derek’s eyes widened. “The construction was completely finished on Saturday, Danny, Deaton and I have been going in for the last two days to set up the security. The girls have started up the decorating in, that still needs completing once everyone decides what they want, and furniture needs to be put in, but the kitchens and living rooms are finished.”

“Rooms? Plural?” Isaac asked curiously, trying to hide his excitement of have a home. His father’s house hadn’t felt like home since the abuse started. The Stilinski house was close to home, and he loved it there, but something just didn’t really feel right. He hadn’t even seen the new house yet, and it already felt like home.

“Yeah, the second basement will be kind of be like a bungalow, ish, mixed with a panic room.” Stiles stated an edge of uncertainty in his voice. “Sorry I can’t think of any other way to describe it.”

“I think that’s probably the best we’re going to come up with.” Allison stated with a shrug. “It’s split into multiple rooms.” She pointed to two identically sized rooms in the center of the basement. “The one on the left will be a changing room. The one on the right will be the sleeping quarters, we all talked it over and decided that because we will only ever sleep there in case of emergency, we’d all be better off in the same room.”

“That’s probably a good idea.” Scott hummed in appreciation. “What about the rest of these rooms? I get that one is gonna be a bathroom and another is gonna be a kitchen, but what is there? There’s a lot of rooms.”

“Weapons rooms, living room, library, a pantry, a theater room, a closet room and a laundry room.” Stiles listed thoughtfully, trying to remember if he had left anything out. Lydia answered that for him.

“And a game room. For, you know, if we get bored.” The redhead shrugged. “Depending on the threat, it might not be wise wise to leave the property, so we’re better off having everything we could need.”

“What if they cut the electricity?” Isaac asked.

“I’m glad you asked!” Danny grinned. “The second basement runs off of it’s own generator and has a private phone line.”

“Where will this generator be?” Derek asked, looking intently at the plans, counting the rooms. He realised then, that they had listed ten rooms, and there were eleven.

“Here.” Stiles said, pointing to the smallest room in the north west corner. “A generator and a boiler will be in here. The boiler has a direct pipeline to the lake. The pipeline was already there, from the old house, except it previously went upwards and supplied the entire house. Now, where it used to go up, it’s split into two pipes. one for the basement, one leading up to the whole house.”
“When can we see it?” Isaac asked.

“Now, if you’d all like to.”

The first thing Derek thought when he saw the house, was that it was big. Way bigger than the house he grew up in. Not that he minded, growing up with such a big pack, they had always been short on space. He doubted that they’d run into that problem again. The house was three stories tall, the walls to the house were made of stone rather than wood, and painted a nice white colour. There were two curved staircase, leading from the ground to balconies on the first floor. There were two more balconies on the second floor, but they weren’t accessible by stairs. There were a lot of windows, which concerned Derek slightly until Stiles spoke up. “Bulletproof glass has been used for all of the windows, double glazed.”

The second thing he thought was 'of course they put in a pool' between the entrance to the clearing and the house, was a large pool, already filled with clear blue water, protected by a clear plastic covering. Comfortable looking lounge chairs were set around the pool in an organise fashion.

“A pool?” Isaac and Scott asked excitedly in unison.

“Yup,” Stiles grinned, leading the pack around said pool, towards the house. “It was Lydia’s idea. Summer is coming up and a lot of people go to the public pool or the lake, by having our own pool, we can keep cool and let our supernatural sides out, without having to worry about other people seeing us.”

Jackson peered over the edge, into the pool.

“How deep is it?” The boy asked, this was the first he’d heard about the pool, so he wanted to know if it was deep enough to practice for swimming competitions. After all, as the team captain, he needed to stay in shape.

"ten feet at the deepest end, three feet at the shallowest." Lydia stated, pointing to the side of the pool they were walking past. "That's the shallow end, and you can see steps at the bottom. Those steps bring you down to five feet, the there's a black line represent the start of the slope that gradually brings the pool to ten feet." She had moved her hand so that she was now pointing towards the deep end. "As you can see, we have a diving board over there, Ally’s idea.”

“Alright, enough about the pool.” Derek snapped playfully. “Can we see inside the house now?”

"Yeah, of course." Stiles grinned. "Follow me." When they reached the double glass doors, Stiles pulled out his keys, and searched through them, before stopping on a silver key, with the letter 'H' embroidered into it. As Stiles unlocked the door, Derek found himself excitedly looking through the glass, at his new home. Stiles put his keys back in his pocket, and set a hand on either handle, looking over his shoulder at the pack with an excited smile. "Welcome, to the Hale house."

Back in Stiles and Derek's bedroom at the Stilinski house, three hours later, Stiles closed the bedroom door, then turned around only to be shoved against said door by Derek.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Derek all but growled, eyes glowing red.

"B-because I-I I wanted it to be a surprise." 

"Stiles." Derek let out, in a sort of growl/sigh combination. "I wish you had told me before you'd done it.”
"I'm sorry." Stiles whispered, trying to fight back tears, he thought Derek was happy about what he'd done. He'd sure played it well.

"God Stiles, I know I said I wanted a new home, and I'm happy with what you've done, but I wish that you hadn't blown your money on it, it must have cost a fortune!" Stiles' eyes widened as realisation hit him.

"No! I-I mean yes, it did cost a lot, but it wasn't my money, not all of it at least." Stiles defended immediately, hoping to calm Derek down.

“What do you mean?” Derek asked, eyes fading back to their normal colour.

“Well, dad and I paid for the paint and flooring, Jackson and Lydia both contributed towards part of the construction cost and bought some furniture, but most of it was uh..”

“Yes?”

“Most of it was your money.” Stiles blurted nervously, looking horribly guilty. “Hear me out, I’m sorry, okay, but you said that I could use it for anything, and you’ve still got loads left and—” Derek cut the boy off with a kiss, and Stiles eyes went wide, before fluttering closed as her melted into this kiss. “You’re not mad?” Stiles asked in confusion when they pulled apart for air.

“No.” Derek chuckled, shaking his head. “Although, I wish you had only used my money, rather than your own, and Lydia’s and Jackson’s” Stiles looked confused, so Derek explained. “As alpha, it’s my job to look after the pack, that includes providing them with shelter. I know how you and dad struggle for money, so I didn’t want you putting yourselves out, just to do something that I should do.” He explained, still pining Stiles to the door. “And like you said, I’ve got plenty of money, and a job.”

“If you’re not mad, why am I still pinned to the door?” Stiles asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Because it’s fun.” Derek grinned, and kissed the boy once again.

-Ten Wolf-Sterek-Ten Wolf-Sterek-

Two days later, Derek was driving into a small town in South America, following the directions to Tammy’s family’s new house. A familiar scent was drifting in through the open car window. It wasn’t Tammy or her parents, Mr and Mrs Harley, it was someone else, but it was faded and overpowered by other scents for him to place it. It was driving him crazy.

Within twenty minutes of arriving, he had met up with the Harleys, and was now pulling into the grounds belonging to the Jardine pack. As they got further into the grounds, the familiar scent got stronger. Derek forced himself to push it to the back of his mind and focus on the task at hand. He pulled over when he saw a proud brunette woman standing, flanked by four male werewolves. Once the car had come to a stop, he looked to the family and gestured for them to get out of the car, before doing so himself.

“Alpha Jardine.” He greeted with a pleasant smile, once he was close enough, he held out his hand and bared his neck for the alpha. “It’s a pleasure to see you.” He stated, then stayed still as the woman shook his hand and sniffed his neck. It felt wrong to bare his neck, as an alpha, but this wasn’t his territory, so he needed to be respectful.

“Alpha Hale.” The woman greeted, then let go of his hand and stepped back.

“So this is her?” She asked, gesturing to Tammy.
“Yes.” Derek nodded. “I understand that you may be hesitant to take her, especially giving the
colour of her eyes, but as I said over the phone, that was not her fault. She is a good kid and
deserves a good pack.”

“You don’t have to worry, alpha Hale.” Jardine assured with a smile. “I know of the situation and,
no offense to you, did some research to find the full extent of the situation. Therefore, I understand
that this girl shouldn’t be held responsible for what happened, at least that’s how I see it.” Derek
smiled at her gratefully. “I’ll admit that I was surprised to hear from you, I believed that you had
perished in the fire, like most of your family.”

Derek shook his head, then paused. “Most? Who are you referring to?”

“Your sister.” The alpha said cautiously “Are you aware that she is alive?”

“I’m sorry but she’s not.” Derek told the alpha sadly, and the woman looked at him with an
unreadable expression. “Laura and I lived together in New York for six years, but she passed away
six months ago.” The alpha opened her mouth to say something, but a fresh wave of the familiar
scent hit Derek, and a switch flipped in his mind. “Cora?” He gasped, his head snapping to the side
to look at the girl.

“D-Derek?” A brunette girl, who looked to be about sixteen called out in shock. “Is it really you?”
She asked, cautiously walking over to him.

“It’s me, Cor.” The girl squealed excitedly and ran over to her brother, wrapping him into a hug.
“Wow, I think this is the first time you’re willingly hugged me.” Derek teased as tears flooded his
eyes.

“Don’t get used to it.” Cora teased, but Derek knew that she was crying too.

“I thought you were dead.” He told her, breathing in her scent like his life depended on it.

“I thought you were.” The girl replied, taking a deep breath as a single tear rolled down her cheek.
“Did anyone else make it out.”

“That’s a long story, I’ll tell you all about it later.” Derek promised. They continued hugging for a
few minutes before alpha Jardine spoke up.

“I assume this will now be an exchange, rather than a drop off?” The alpha asked, a hint of
amusement in her voice, rather than the anger that Derek had expected.

“Wait.” Cora gasped, pulling out of the hug to look up at Derek, realisation hinting her. “You’re the
new alpha? The up and coming alpha in Beacon Hills?” Derek nodded and flashed his eyes at his
baby sister. Cora gasped, a huge grin appearing on her face. She then looked at the female alpha
with a semi-nervous, hopeful look on her face. “Tay?”

“If you wish to go with him, you may. I won’t keep you from your family.” Cora’s smile grew
wider, if possible as she turned to look at her brother.

“How long will it take you to pack?” Derek asked, a grin taking over his own face.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“Wow, seriously?” Stiles asked in shock. His phone was on speaker on the floor of the main hall in
the new Hale house. The entire pack, except Derek, were there, painting the walls.
“Yeah, I couldn’t believe it either, but she’s here, she’s alive.” Derek’s joy filled voice came through the phone.

“That’s incredible. I’m so happy for you.” Allison called out, a big smile on her paint splattered face.

“We all are.” Lydia stated.

“Thank you.”

“Wait, we’re not moving to South America, are we?” Jackson asked cautiously, causing Derek to chuckle.

“No, but Cora will be coming back to Beacon Hills with me, if you’re all okay with that?” Everyone made a sound of agreement, and Stiles stated. “As long as she’s nothing like Peter, we’re all cool with it.”

“Alright.” Derek chuckled, then there was a sound of shuffling. “Okay, I- uh I’m gonna go and catch up with Cora and help her pack her things. I may be here a little longer, but I love you all, stay safe, and don’t do anything stupid. Okay?”

The pack agreed and said their goodbye’s before the call cut out.

“What do you think she’ll be like?” Scott asked, wiping the back of his hand across his brow, spreading more paint there.

“Like a female Derek.” Jackson chuckled.

“Hopefully less grouchy than Derek was when we met him, though.” Stiles commented with a fond eye roll.

“I hope she has a better fashion sense than him.” Lydia stated, a thoughtful look on her face. “Sure, his look works for the ‘I don’t give a damn’ bad boy thing, but it’s not that great, especially when it’s the only thing he wears.” She rolled her eyes. “Let’s hope that Cora has a wider range of colours.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

It turned out, that Cora had the exact same fashion sense as her brother. That was clear when the two Hales showed up at the new Hale house, four days later, wearing near identical outfits. Both Hales were wearing black jeans, but Cora’s were skinny jeans. The pair wore black leather jackets, trainers and grey tops. Derek wearing a henley and Cora wearing a tank top.

“Derek, you’re home early.” Stiles beamed as he weaved past Stiles and Isaac who were carrying a king size mattress towards the stairs. “You must be Cora, I’m Stiles.” He grinned, holding out his hand for the girl, who gave him a firm handshake.

“Yeah, you’re Derek’s mate, right?” Cora asked, taking a wiff of his scent, probably catching the still rather strong scent of Derek on him. “I’ve heard a lot about you. All of you.” She informed them, glancing around the room, where the pack had now began to gather.

“Yeah, that’s me.” Stiles grinned. “Whatever you’ve heard, it’s all lies.”

“Oh, really?” She asked, raising an eyebrow, and boy did her eyebrow game rival derek’s. Stiles
could imagine having conversations with her eyebrows, like he did with Derek. “So, you never went out in the woods to look for my sister’s body, and got bitten by my psychotic uncle in the process?”

“Uh..”

“-Or help Derek track down said uncle and get justice for Laura?”

“Well-”

“-Or give my brother a home when he was living in the burnt out shell of our old house?”

“Um-“

“Or help him open up, let go of his man pain, and finally stop blaming himself for things that weren’t his fault?”

“I-”

“Or-”

“Okay, so he may have been telling the truth, sheesh, woman!” Stiles exclaimed, flailing his arms at Cora. “And I thought I could ramble!”

“I heard about that too.” The girl smirked. “I just wanted to prove that I can out ramble the rambler. Don’t get used to it.” She said with a soft glare.

“Wow, you are so Derek’s sister.” Stiles chuckled, shook his head, then gestured around the room. “We’re obviously not finished yet, but would you like a tour?”

“Sure.”

“Great, oh Derek, here.” Stiles called out then tossed his mate his keys. “Could you take Isaac to your storage locker to pick up some stuff? There’s a trailer attached to my jeep that you can use.”

“Sure thing.” Derek smiled, and turned to Isaac, “Are you ready, pup?”

“Yeah dad.” Isaac smiled and started walking towards the door.

“Wait.” Lydia called out, stopping him in his tracks. “On your way back, can you swing by the Locksmiths? The extra keys are ready.”

“Yeah, no problem.” Derek smiled, then walked over to Stiles and gave him a soft kiss goodbye. “Love you all.”

There was a chorus of ‘Love you’s’ before Derek and Isaac left, and everyone’s attention returned to Cora.

“Okay, so who would you like to show you around?” Stiles asked politely. “Batman, Clark Kent, Banshee Queen, Sassy Katniss, Catwoman, Teal’c, Daredevil or Dannyboy?”

Cora gave him the second greatest bitch face he has ever seen, only losing to Jackson. He sighed and shook his head and explained. “I am Batman, Scott is Clark Kent, Lydia is Banshee Queen, Allison is Sassy Katniss, Erica is Catwoman, Boyd is Teal’c, Jackson is Daredevil and Danny is Dannyboy, obviously. So who would you like to give you the tour, whilst everyone else continues working?”
Cora hummed as she looked around at the pack thoughtfully. “I’m gonna have to go with you, Batman, I want to get to know my brother’s mate.”

“Fair enough, follow me.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

By one o’clock the next morning, the ground, first and second floors were almost completely furnished, only the kitchen and Cora’s bedroom needed completing. Cora’s bedroom had been painted already by Allison and Lydia, once Cora told them what colour she wanted. The second coat of paint would be put on the next morning then hopefully the carpet could be put down in the afternoon, then they’d move her furniture and personal effects in.

For now, the pack, including Cora, were huddled together in a puppy pile, the air con on full blast whilst they watched Avengers Assemble. The buzz of the machinery was slightly irritating the wolves, but that was the price they had to pay for bulletproof glass.

“How are they all talking to each other?” Cora asked with a raised eyebrow.

“That is the question that the directors hoped would never be asked.” Stiles stated, eyes fixed on the screen, a content smile on his face.

“I guess,” Cora stated, trying to shrug whilst being wedged between Derek and Erica. “It’s stupid though. You would think that with the budget they had for this movie, they’d be able to afford some small pieces of plastic to pose as ear pieces.”

“Shush! We’re trying to watch the movie!” Jackson whispered in annoyance, flick popcorn at the pair, some of which landed on Derek, who was sandwiched between them.

Derek let out a sigh of annoyance. “Children.” He muttered and seconds later, was met with a rain of popcorn.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, I hope that you’ve enjoyed this chapter! xx
Bruised And Bloodied

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

Lot’s of dates, the pack is attack, Melissa learns a new skill and Lydia talks to her mother.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Derek let out a sigh of annoyance. “Children.” He muttered and seconds later, was met with a rain of popcorn.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

It had been two weeks since Cora and Derek returned to Beacon Hills and things were going well. The Hale house was completely furnished, including the second basement. Cora, Isaac, Stiles, Derek, the Sheriff, Boyd, and Jackson had all moved into the house. Allison had moved back in with her parents, and Scott, Lydia, Danny and Erica chose to stay with their parent(s). Although, Melissa and Scott were talking about moving, but that was still undecided.

But it didn’t really matter, as the members who didn’t live there, still spent the majority of their time there. At that moment in time, the pack, minus Danny, who was on vacation with his family, were cooling down from the hot weather, most of them in the pool.

“Jackson!” Erica shrieked from the boy’s arms. “Put me down!” She demanded, but her packmate just took her further from the deck chair and sun umbrella. “Jackson! I said. Put. Me. Down!!”

“Alright, as you wish blondie.” Jackson stated with a smirk, before dropping his friend into the pool. He let out a loud laugh as the blonde hit the water, sending water all around. Jackson then ran and cannonballed into the water, just in time to splash Erica as she resurfaced.

“Jackson!” Erica seethed, flashing her eyes at her fellow beta. “You’re gonna pay for that!” She growled, then pounced, rather impressively seeing as she was in water, at Jackson and dunked his head under the water.

"Catwoman!" Stiles scolded from his position at the opposite end of the pool, beside Scott.

"He started it!"

"That does not mean that you're allowed to drown him." Erica sighed and released Jackson, and the boy immediately shot up and began gasping for breath, then growled and flashed his eyes at the girl. Erica rolled her eyes and swam over to Boyd and Cora, who were floating a few meters away.

"It's amazing that reminding people not to kill each other has become a regular part of our day." Scott chuckled, shaking his head slightly.

"All part of being in a werewolf pack, Scotty." Stiles grinned as Allison and Lydia drifted past on
floats, both with sunglasses on, and splatters of water decorating their bodies. "How did you not fall off with all of the splashing about?"

"Practice from spending summers at hotel resorts, Stiles." Lydia stated, without looking at him. "The amount of annoying kids there, who try to knock you into the water without touching you, is outstanding."

"Eight years gymnastic, Stiles, I'm pretty good at balancing." Allison stated, a small smirk tugging at her lips, but like Lydia, she didn’t look at him, just kept lounging. Until Isaac ran from the house to the pool, jumped over Scott and Stiles, landing in a cannonball between the two girls, flipping their floats. Both girls gasped for breath, looking murderously at Isaac. “Isaac!” Allison seethed, taking off her sunglasses to give her mate a real glare. “Why did you do that?”

“Because it’s funny.” Isaac grinned, then swam away, over to Scott and Stiles. “Hey.” He smiled, ignoring Lydia and Allison’s angry cursing behind him as he kissed Scott.

"Hey," Scott greeted with a goofy smile. "You realise that she and Lydia are probably going to get revenge, right?"

"Yes, but it's worth it."

"I don't know."

Stiles chuckled at the pair, looking around at the pack, when he noticed Derek walking over. Wearing joggers rather than swim shorts. "Der, I know that you're new to the whole 'fun' thing, but swimming is usually done in a swimsuit, not joggers."

Derek rolled his eyes at Stiles. "I'm not going to swim, I'm off out." He announced and the pack went quiet, wondering where their alpha was going.

"Where are you going?"

"Hunting for deer to leave for you on the porch." Derek stated casually as he walked past the pool, towards the woods.

"Okay coo- wait, what?" Stiles demanded with wide eyes

"Just kidding, I'm going for a run." Derek grinned proudly, and everyone stared in shock for few seconds, then Stiles burst out laughing, shortly followed by Scott, then Cora, then everyone else. "I'll be back soon." Derek promised.

-Ten Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

When Derek returned to the house, things had gone to hell. "What happened?" He demanded, looking around at his injured pack.

"Uhh," Stiles winced as Boyd helped him to his feet. "Would you believe us if we said pixies did it?"

-Ten Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Stiles, Erica, Lydia, Jackson and Isaac were being supported, or full out carried, by the pack to the hospital. Melissa was with them, as the pack had called her to help set their injuries. However, after an hour, and no signs of them healing, Melissa insisted that they go to the hospital. Derek had protested, saying that they could heal at any time, and cause a lot of questions. Then Melissa
reminded him that the entire police department knew, so the hospital staff should too, so, in cases like this, the pack, or any of their supernatural allies, could go and get medical help that they need without having to worry. After a call to Stiles' dad and another half hour of no healing, Derek agreed and took his pack to the hospital.

"You know, when you offered to carry me, this isn't what I had in mind." Stiles huffed from where he was slung over Derek's shoulder.

"What's wrong with this? I'm carrying you aren't I?" Derek retorted as they walked through the front door, to see the Sheriff and four deputies, talking to the head doctors, all of whom looked shocked and disbelieving. "You told them?"

"Yup," Noah stated, looking worriedly at his son and the other injured pack members. "But they're having trouble believing, so..."

Derek sighed then shifted, the uninjured beta's did the same. "That enough proof for you?" When the doctors nodded, Derek continued. "Good, now, fix my pack."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Really? Pixies?" Stilinski asked in exasperation, as he and Melissa joined the pack for dinner. They had invited Allison's parents, but they were having a date night. They had offered to help with the pixies though, but Derek assured that their help wasn't necessary yet.

"Yes, dad, pixies!" Stiles exclaimed, waving his fork around. "But don't say that in front of them, that's what Catwoman did, and they got angry!"

"Pixies aren't friendly." Cora stated, as she picked at the last of her food. "Our mother dealt with some when I was nine, they damn near tore down the preserve."

"They also nearly tore off your arm!" Derek reminded her, glaring at his empty plate, like it had personally offended him. "and now they've tried to do it again!"

"Derek, I'm fine." Cora told him with an exaggerated eye roll. "They failed, just like last time."

"Any chance these are the same pixies that attacked you last time?" Isaac asked curiously, subconsciously rubbing his now healed shoulder.

"No." Derek and Cora stated in unison.

"Those pixies are dead." Derek told them confidently.

"Are you sure?"

"Yup." Cora grinned. "The one who injured me was the first to go. My very first kill." She smiled proudly.

"Wait if you've killed, then why aren't your eye's blue?" Scott asked, giving the girl a half curious, half suspicious look.

"Because those things are far from innocent, and your eyes only turn blue if you kill an innocent." Derek reminded him, and the crooked jawed boy nodded in understanding. "Now, back to the pixies."

"Yeah, the pixies." Jackson jumped in, angry at the creatures that hurt his mate. Lydia was still
injured, due to not having supernatural healing. Luckily, her wounds weren't that bad, but she
wouldn't be able to fight for a few days, at least. "How do we kill them? They may be small, but they
kicked our asses earlier dad."

"Because you underestimated them." Derek told them, taking a second to look each of member of
his pack in the eyes. "Now you know better, and I will teach you how to fight them."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next day, Melissa and the Sheriff were having coffee at midnight in the Hale house, cell
phones and a first aid kit in front of them on the table. They were waiting for their kids to call them
back, because neither boys are answering and they just hope to god that the pack can battle a pixie
army and come back in one piece.

"Grounding?" Melissa suggested, the pair were trying to come up with an appropriate punishment
for their son's. Not for fighting, that couldn't be avoided, but for not answering their phones. Sure,
both parents knew that it wasn't the boy's faults, it's difficult to find time to answer your phone in
the middle of a battle, but they were worried. Talking about this helped distract them from thinking
the worst. "We could put mountain ash on their windows, I'll lock Scott in his room, you can lock
Stiles in a guest room."

"They'd just get Allison or Lydia to let them out." Noah reminded her, a slight frown on his face.

"True."

"Oh, we could block their phones." He suggested with a shrug. "Make it so that they can only call
or text us and the station."

"Yeah, but now that school's out, they all see each other everyday." Melissa stated, before taking
another swig of coffee.

"Damn you're right." Noah sighed, then his head shot up. "Oh, how about-" Noah was cut off by
the sound of the front door opening, followed by the sound of shuffling feet. The pair looked up to
see their son's walk in, followed by the pack. Every one of them was covered in a smelly purple
goo.

"Oh my god, what the hell is that?" Melissa gagged and used her fingers to pinch her nose, trying to
block out the stench.

"Pixie blood." Scott grumbled, looking disgusted. "I'm gonna go shower."

"Me too." Allison stated, turning to go upstairs.

"Me too." Isaac announced, and the trio made their way upstairs.

"Is Scott okay?" Melissa asked in concern, eyes staring at the stairs her son had disappeared up.

"He just feels guilty." Stiles assured her. "He tried to simply fight them off, but he had no choice
but to kill one."

"He'll be fine mrs McCall." Derek assured the woman, "He's strong, he'll get through it." Melissa
smiled gratefully. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to go get this junk off of me."

"I'll join you." Stiles stated, and soon, the two parent were alone in the kitchen again, the sound of
multiple showers running became background noise. No one noticed that Boyd and Erica had gone
Erica sighed as she flopped, face first, onto her bed, ignoring the sound of her parents calling her name.

"Erica, sweetie, I know that you can hear me." Her mother stated from the doorway. "With those super senses of yours, you'd be able to hear me if I was in the back garden, whispering. So, please talk to me."

"Boyd and I had a fight." She grumbled, rolling onto her back then sitting up to see both of her parents.

"What about?" Her mother asked cautiously, moving to sit next to Erica.

"Do you want me to shoot him?" Mr Reyes offered.

"Jake!"

"What? Hayley, this boy hurt our little girl! Besides, he'll heal!"

Erica giggled, wiping the tears from her face. "You don't have to shoot him dad, I'm hoping we'll be able to get past this. We are mates after all."

"So what happened, sweetie?" Hayley Reyes asked in concern, trying to look her daughter in the eyes. "What did you argue about?"

"Cora."

"Cora?" Jake asked in confusion. "That's your alpha's sister, right?"

"Yeah." Erica nodded, wiping more stray tears from her cheek.

"Did he flirt with her or something?"

"No, I did." The girl stated, at her parents shocked looks, she continued. "I felt drawn to her, the way that I am to Boyd. I spoke to him about it, and he is too. So we asked Isaac, Allison and Scott, and they explained what a triad mate bond feels like and we knew. Cora is our mate. I wanted to flirt with her, try to figure out if she could feel the same towards us, to make sure, y'know?" Hayley nodded, trying to shake off her shock and focus on helping Erica. "But Boyd didn't want to 'cause he was worried about how Derek would react. I said that he wouldn't mind as long as all three of us are happy, but he still refused. But I really wanted to, so while we were in the pool, I flirted with Cora. She started to reciprocate, but then those damn pixies attacked. Afterwards Boyd wouldn't talk to me. I finally got him to and he said that I shouldn't have flirted with Cora. I tried to explain that I did it because I want to be the kind of person who goes after what I want. I want him and I want Cora. So I will go after both. Then-" A sob escaped her lips, and a fresh wave of tears rolled down her cheeks. "Then he said that I must want Cora more, if I'm willing to do something he's not comfortable with to get her." Erica broke down in tears, leaning against her mum as her body shook.

"Oh honey." Jake sighed, walking over and wrapping his arms around her. "We all know that your mum is better at comforting than me, so how about, I go out and buy you ice cream, chocolate, popcorn, tissues and anything else you want, whilst your mum does the actual parenting?" Erica and
Hayley giggled, and Erica nodded.

"Okay." Erica offered her father a watery smile. "Thanks dad."

"No problem, honey. I'll be right back."

Once the man was gone, Hayley spoke to Erica in a conspiratory whisper, "If you want a new phone, now is the time to ask." Causing her daughter to burst into laughter. Once she calmed down, her mum spoke again. "Are you going to text him, at least say that you want to try to make things work?"

“No,” Erica shook her head firmly. “No, a part of me wants to, but I’m scared that if I do, I’ll go back to being who I was.”

“What do you mean, sweetie?” Hayley asked in concern.

“The girl I was before I became friends with the pack. The shell of a girl who was too afraid to defend herself.” Erica explained, with a frown on her face and determination in her voice. “I don’t want to be the girl who chases people anymore. I’ve learnt that I’m here, and I’m important. I’m not going to run after people to prove that I matter anymore. No matter how much I love them.”

“That’s good sweetie, and I’m proud of you”

“But?”

“But sometimes, that’s not the best thing. I mean, what if someone you hold close and dearly have the same mindset? Who will be the one to make the first step, if you’re both too proud to do so. Chasing people who are important to you isn't weak. It's one of the bravest things you can do.”

“You’re right.” Erica smiled. “But I’m gonna be proud for one more night. I’ll text him in the morning.”

Twenty minutes later, Erica was curled up on the sofa in between her parents. She felt like she was five years old again, and she loved every second of it. They were watching one of the many movies Erica had wanted to watch when she was growing up, but couldn’t as they could trigger her epilepsy. Now, that wasn’t an issue.

They were half way through the movie when her head shot up, and she looked in the direction of the front door with a huge smile on her face. “It’s Boyd!” She announced happily, just as a knock sounded on the door. “He’s here.” She stood from the couch and tried to rush to the door, only to be stopped by her father.

“Uh, uh. No. I’ll be answering the door. This boy hurt you, now he has to deal with me.” Jake stated, then marched over to the door.

He swung the door open a fixed a glare on Boyd. The wolf was stood with a bouquet made up of Erica’s favourite flowers, dry tear streaks stained his cheeks, and a remorseful and heartbroken look was etched on his face.

“What do you want?” Jake asked in an angry tone, though it became a lot less genuine when he saw how upset the boy was.

“Please, I-I need to talk to Erica.” Boyd all but begged. He absolutely hated showing weakness, he loathed it. But he was willing to swallow his pride and let it all out to get Erica back. “I made a huge mistake! I love your daughter, more than words can say, and I don’t want some stupid fight to
ruin everything.” Boyd exclaimed, looking the man in the eye to show his sincerity. “I will do anything to prove how much I love her. I will do anything to get her back.”

Jake Reyes opened his mouth to say something, only for Erica to push past him and press her body against Boyds. Erica kissed Boyd, startling him for a second, before he grinned, then kissed her back.

“Hey, hey, you two stop that!” Jake ordered, an edge of disgust to his voice. Boyd tried to pull away, only to have Erica wrap her arms around his neck, preventing him from doing so. “I said stop it!” Erica simply jumped slightly and wrapped her legs around Boyd’s waist. “Aw, c’mon! I don’t wanna see that!” Jake whined, and turned to see his wife leaning against a wall, awing at the couple. “Hayley! Make them stop!”

“Nah, I think it’s cute.” The woman smirked. “Alright you too, at least take it to the bedroom, and stop scarring my husband.”

“What, no, you are not going upstairs!” Jake protested angrily, “Nuh uh, no way.” He shook his head firmly as he wife pulled him into the living room.

“We’ll be leaving for a hotel in ten minutes.” Hayley informed the couple, who pulled apart to look at the woman. Hayley smiled at them despite her husband's protesting “Use protection!”

“What?!"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Allison spent the next day teaching Melissa how to shoot a crossbow, "Okay, no, don't squint. Yeah, that’s good, alright. Focus, breath, and… Shoot!” Melissa pulled the trigger, shooting the arrow at the target. The woman was pleasantly surprised when the arrow actually hit the target, hitting the inner blue ring.

“Yes!” Melissa cheered, and Allison giggled happily, holding up her hand to Melissa, who gave her a high five.

“Great job! Are you sure this is the first time you’ve done this?” Allison semi-teased, handing the woman another arrow.

“Yeah, this is actually my first time with a weapon that’s not a baseball bat.”

“Well, you’re a natural.” Allison complimented, then looked over her shoulder at Scott, who was sat watching a few metres away. “Right Scott?”


“You okay sweetie?” Melissa asked in concern.

“Yeah, it’s just this.” Scott stated, gesturing between them wildly. “You learning to use a crossbow. It’s both awesome and terrifying.” The two women chuckled sharing an exasperated look.

"Anyway," Allison chuckled "Speaking of baseball bats, has Lydia given you the mountain ash one yet?"

"Yeah, I keep by my bed, in my car or in my locker at work so I'm never without it."

"That's good thinking." Allison smiled, happy that her kind-of-mother-in-law was being cautious.
"Do you carry anything else? Like regular mountain ash, or wolfsbane?"

"Yes to both." Melissa told her with a smile, then aimed the crossbow at the target again. "Although, the wolfsbane is mainly for if one of the wolves are injured and I need to treat it." The woman explained, then focus on the target before pulling the trigger. This time, the arrow landed in the outer red ring.

"You're getting better!" Allison stated excitedly, handing the woman another arrow. "Is the hospital going to start stocking wolfsbane?" She asked as Melissa shot the target again, the third arrow landing right beside the second one.

"Yes, they're also fitting the place with mountain ash baseboards and keeping bags of mountain ash next to each fire alarm." Melissa informed Allison, whilst loading the crossbow again. "There's also an abandoned ward in the basement, which they're talking about renovating specifically for supernatural patients. The dangerous ones, at least."

"Really?" Scott asked in surprise. "That's a good idea, but won't it cost a lot?"

"It would, but Chris and Alan have volunteered to used their connections to help get what we need. Making it a lot cheaper and easier than it would have been."

"Wait, Alan?" Scott asked with wide eyes, looking at his mother in shock. "You're on a first name basisst with my boss?!

"Well, yeah, Scott, he's my friend." Melissa informed the werewolf, shaking her head fondly.

"But what if you guys fall out? He could fire me!"

Allison rolled her eyes at her boyfriend. "Scott, he didn’t fire you after Derek kidnapped and interrogated him, so I highly doubt he’d fire you over a fight with your mum."

"Derek did what?"

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

"Hey Cor," Derek greeted his sister as she walked into his study. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, but I need to talk to you about something." Cora stated, causing her brothers brow to furrow in worry. "I've come to the realisation that I have two mates." She stated simply, and Derek's eyes widened slightly before he closed the book he was reading and set it down on his desk.

"Let me guess, one female with blonde hair, one male with dark skin, both werewolves."

"Yes. To see if they felt the same way towards me, I flirted with both of them and she reciprocated. Before I could act further, the pixies arrived. After we killed the pixies, I went to talk to them again, only to hear them arguing. She wanted to talk to me about being their mate, but Boyd didn't because he was worried about how you'd react. So, I need you to tell them that you give your blessing so that I can be with them."

Derek stared at her for a second, before sighing and grabbing his phone and dialed a number, after a few seconds, Erica picked up. "Hey, is Boyd with you?" He paused as the girl replied, then spoke again. "Good, I need the two of you to come to the house, it's nothing bad, I just need to talk to you. Okay, come straight to my study when you get here, see you soon." After he hung up, the two Hales silently stared at each other as they waited for Erica and Boyd to arrive.
"Uh, hey." Erica greeted cautiously as she and Boyd walked into the room ten minutes later. "Is everything okay?"

Derek finally tore his stare from Cora to look at the pair. "Cora tells me that she believes the three of you are mates." Derek stated simply, causing Erica to beam and Boyd to look nervous. "I don't care how you go about this, as long as no one gets their heart broken. Got it?"

"Wait." Boyd stated in confusion. "You don't mind us dating your sister?"

"No, as long as all three of you are happy, and I don't have to see or hear anything, I'll be fine." Derek informed him with a shrug. "Now, if that's all that you wanted, I'd like to get back to my book."

"Of course." Cora grinned, before marching over to her mates. "We'll see you later Der." She grabbed their hands and led them to her room. Once there, she sat on her bed, and gestured for the other two do the same. Once they did, she looked Erica in the eyes. "Okay, before we start anything, I need to ask you something." Erica nodded slightly nervously, wondering what the question could be. "We've been friends for a few weeks now, but I forgot your name the first time we met and I keep hoping that one of the pack will say it while you're around but they all just call you weird nicknames, like Catwoman and Blondie, so seriously who are you?"

Erica stared at the brunette for a few seconds, before bursting into laughter. Seeing that the girl wouldn't be answering any time soon, Boyd chuckled and stated. "Her name is Erica."

-Stiles groaned as he hit the ground, then quickly rolled away from the claws swiping at him. He tried to crawl away, but glowing red eyes surrounded him. He was outnumbered, four to one. Four alpha's to one beta. Seriously? Why the hell were four alpha's traveling together? One of them appeared to be blind, he didn't think that that was possible for werewolves, but apparently it was. The blind one chuckled as the weird monster wolf grabbed his ankle and dragged him backwards. He was flipped onto his back, then a fist met his face. Then it happened again. And again. And again. It only stopped when the monster wolf moved back and separated into two bodies, so that the woman could grab Stiles by the throat, pull him from the ground and hold him in the air, cutting off his oxygen.

"Now, now, Stiles. There's no point in running. Each one of us is faster and stronger than you." The blind alpha stated, how the hell did he know Stiles' name? "Besides, we're not going to kill you. We just want to send your alpha a message."

Stiles tried to scream as claws cut into his back, but the female alpha just squeezed his throat harder. He tried to reach up to pull her arm away, only to find himself incapable of doing so. He looked as best as he could to find the two that separated from the monster wolf holding one of his arms each. Behind the woman, the blind alpha stood smiling. Which meant that the other male alpha was the one tearing open his back.

After a few minutes, the claws left his back, only for two sets of claws to slash at his sides, then he was dropped to the floor. He didn't dare howl or call out for help, afraid of what they would do. So he just laid there. Completely still. After what felt like eternity, he heard a voice, but his ears were ringing too much to make out who it was or what they were saying. He felt himself being lifted from the ground and carried somewhere, but he couldn't open his eyes. He couldn't move a muscle. He opened his mouth to say something, ask who was holding him and where they were taking him, but a garbled noise was all that came out. It was then that he noticed the metallic taste on his tongue and the warm, sticky liquid pouring out of his mouth, down his cheek. He felt like he was
choking on the blood, like it was suffocating him. His chest tightened and he felt a familiar sensation, one that only comes at the start of a panic attack. The person carrying him seemed to notice, as they started to move faster. Stiles felt more blood running down his face and it became more and more difficult to breathe. The ringing in his ears got louder, the person carrying him said something, but he couldn't make it out, the more time that passed the farther he drifted from reality. The pain was too much, the ringing was too loud. Then it all went away, it all went quiet.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“Hey.” Cora greeted gently as she sat opposite her brother in the hospital waiting room. “Have you heard anything yet?”

“The- uh- the wounds on his side have started to heal, but the cut on his back hasn’t yet.” Derek told her as the rest of the pack, minus Scott and Allison who were already sat with him, walked over. “I told them that it was caused by alpha’s, and wounds from alpha’s take long to heal. So, they think that it’ll take an hour or so, based on how long it took the other cuts to heal.”

“How do you know that it was caused by an alpha?” Isaac asked, trying not to show how scared he was for his pack mum.

“Because of what they carved on his back.” Derek stated bitterly, then nodded to Allison. The girl pulled out her phone and showed them the picture she had taken of Stiles’ back. It was partially obscured by the nurse who cleaning it, but you could still make out what it was. “It’s their symbol. It means they’re coming.”

“Alpha’s?” Jackson asked worriedly. “Plural?”

“A pack of them. We don’t know how many there are, but they’re dangerous. Each one of them killed their old packs. It’s a part of their sick ‘initiation’.” Derek growled, and the pack, minus Cora, looked confused. “Deucalion, the leader of the alpha pack, was the first to do it, now, he travels, searching for other alpha’s to join his pack. He makes them all kill their old pack before he let’s them join him. Rumor has it, he doesn’t take rejection well, and tries to force the alpha to join them.”

“Why?” Lydia asked with a raised eyebrow, trying to hide her discomfort. The redhead hated hospital, but as much as she hated being a patient, she hated being a visitor even more. “If he wanted to run off and make a new, stronger pack he could’ve just left the old one; he didn't need to kill them, nor does he have to make other alpha’s kill their packs, so he must have a reason.”

Cora nodded at the Banshee. "There's a rumour, although even it's not spoken of very often, I only know about it because I overheard Deucalion tell alpha Jardine about it when he tried to convince her to join him, six months ago. Deucalion said that he discovered something, that extra power that can be gained by killing one of your own." There was silence as that sunk in.

"Jesus," Jackson eventually said. "No wonder they keep that quiet. No need to give your Alpha ideas."

"An Alpha shouldn't care," Derek hissed out angrily. "You don't hurt your pack. Ever." Scott laid a hand on his alpha’s shoulder in an attempt to comfort him.

“We know that you’d never hurt any of us Derek.” Scott assured, trying to get Derek to meet his eye. “We know that you’ll never join them.”

“Now we just to make them realise that.” Erica stated determinedly. Before anything else was said,
Noah arrived at the same time that Melissa walked out of Stiles room.

“He’s awake.”

Lydia pinned her sketches the the walls in the sheriff’s station, as Derek gathered the rest of the staff working their. They were warning everyone who knew about the supernatural of the alpha pack. Unfortunately Stiles hadn’t gotten a good look at the separate faces of the monster wolf, as the only time he actually saw their faces, was when he was being strangled and cut. He knew that they were males, because of their bodies, but that was all. Fortunately, he remembered all of the others.

While they were telling the station about the alpha pack, Melissa and Jackson were telling the hospital staff, showing them photocopies of Lydia’s drawings. Noah was staying with Stiles. Derek wanted to, but he had a shift at the station, sure he could switch with someone, but Lydia needed someone to help her talk to the deputies, and it would be better to have someone on the force helping. And as much as Derek wanted to be with Stiles, he couldn’t ask a father to leave his injured son.

The rest of the pack were scattered around town. Scott, Boyd and Allison were all at work, Scott was also consulting with Deaton, finding out what he knows and finding out if the druid could do anything to help. Erica and Isaac were having a video call with Danny, to warn him, and ask if he had a way to run or create a facial recognition software that would be able to bypass the glare of werewolf eyes. Cora was talking to her old alpha, as the woman had had first hand experience with the alpha pack, and her pack had lived to know about it.

Everyone had a role to play. Most (all) of the teenagers had initially protested, wanting to instead hunt down the alpha’s who had hurt Stiles, but Derek had reminded them that the pack was stronger, faster and far more ruthless than any of them. He reminded them that the alpha's wouldn't hesitate to do to them what they did to Stiles, possibly worse given that none of the were Derek's mate. Scott pointed out that the alpha's should have realised that hurting Stiles would only anger Derek, and make him less likely to join them. To which Derek replied that they probably hoped it would make him angry enough to lose his temper and lash out at the pack. Maybe even hurt one of them.

Lydia turned to face the gathered deputies. She tried to force the memory of Stiles, pale, bruised and bloodied from her mind. She and Jackson were the ones to find him. They were on their way back to the house when Derek sent out a group text announcing that something was wrong with Stiles. But he didn’t need to, Lydia knew. She didn’t know how she knew, she just did. Jackson tried to lead her the faster way to the house, but her body wouldn’t listen, she took a long, winding route, a route that lead them to Stiles.

It had to have been a banshee thing. Stiles’ scent was already all over the woods, as was the rest of the pack’s, which made it difficult to track each other by scent. But Lydia found him. Without even thinking about it, she found him bloodied and beaten on the ground. Too scared to call out for help. When was finally ready to, he choked on his own blood. It was a horrible and terrifying sound. Lydia had never been that scared before. Not when she fought Peter, not when she knew something was wrong in her head, when Peter was manipulating her, not when they were attacked by pixies, not even during her numerous visits to the hospital as a patient in the past few months, nor the whispering voices she heard directing her to Stiles. Nothing had scared her as much as the thought of losing Stiles. One of her best friends, her pack mate, the person who helped her accept who she was. Lydia clenched her eyes shut, trying to shake away those thoughts. He was alive, he was fine.
Lydia jumped slightly as a hand gently grabbed her shoulder, her eyes flew open to see Derek looking at her in concern. “I’m fine.” She immediately assured. “I’m just worried about him.”

“Me too.”

The next afternoon, Stiles was completely healed and the pack, Melissa, Noah and the Argents were searching the woods. Not for the alphas, but for Stiles phone. Stiles had apparently dropped it the day before, and went to go get it. However, none of the pack wanted him out of their sight, so it turned into a group expedition.

“Dad, can you call it?” Stiles asked, his eyes fixed on the ground as he walked. “I hope the battery isn’t dead.”

“I’ll call it.” Lydia stated, and hit number 4 on her speed dial. Stiles tried to protest, but it was too late. His phone had already started ringing.

“And all those things I didn’t say, were wrecking balls inside my brain, I will scream ‘em loud tonight, can you hear my voice this time? This is my fight song! Take back my life song! Prove I’m alright song! My power’s-” Before the song could play anymore, Stiles had lunged forward, grabbed Lydia’s phone, and disconnected the call.

“That’s your ringtone?” Allison asked with a chuckle, pulling out her own phone. “Oh, I’ve gotta hear that again!”

To the pack, minus Melissa, Noah and Scott’s, surprise the ringtone was different. “I am a woman on a mission whoa, Nothing can stop me, I’m stronger than ever, I’m gonna see this through. I am a woman on a mission whoa, whatever it takes I will do what I gotta do.” Allison hung up the phone, looked at Stiles, blinked, then said “I approve.”

“So ‘Fight Song’ is specifically my ringtone?” Lydia asked with a raised eyebrow. When Stiles nodded, she grinned. “Good.” Lydia called his phone again, and the pack followed the sound, to find his phone a few meters away from where Jackson and Lydia found Stiles. “Banshee Queen? That’s what you saved me as?”

“Yeah, it used to be red queen.” Stiles stated with a shrug and the girl rolled her eyes.

“Of course it was.” (A/N: Everyone else’s names and ringtones can be found here) Lydia sighed and shook her head.

“What’s mine?” Scott asked, however, before Stiles could reply, a familiar, but unwelcome voice interrupted.

“My, my, are my eyes deceiving me, or is that Cora?” Peter asked, approaching the pack casually. The wolves all growled at him, The Sheriff, Chris and Lydia pulled their guns, whilst Allison armed the compound bow she had brought with her and Melissa raised her mountain ash bat. Peter raised his hands defensively. “There’s really no need for that. I get that last time I saw any of you, weren’t the best circumstances, but I’m better now, and simply ask for a chance to redeem myself.”

“No way.” Allison seethed angrily. “If you had only killed Kate, then maybe, but all of those other people were innocents, who were manipulated into helping. They should have gone to jail, not the morgue! Then you used Lydia to bring yourself back to life, nearly killing Derek in the process.”
“Not my finest moments.” Peter agreed with a nod, looking apologetically at Lydia. “I regret putting you through that, Lydia. However, you must understand that I wasn’t myself then. I had been in a coma for six years. Do you have any idea what that’s like for one of us? It’s not a peaceful sleep, you are completely conscious in a body that you cannot move or control. All that you can do is listen to your own thoughts driving you deeper and deeper into insanity.”

“That still doesn’t excuse what you did.” Derek argued, “You could have reached out for help. You were sane enough to fake a comatose state when I came to visit you. You were sane enough to target specific people.”

“You were sane enough to kill my sister!” Cora growled, flashing her eye’s at the man.

“And I regret that deeply.” Peter stated “But-” He didn’t get the chance to finish, as Cora lunged at him, and punched him square in the face. Peter’s hands flew up to his bloodied nose, only to double over when Cora punched him in the gut. She then kicked him in the face, and Peter fell to the floor. Cora immediately climbed on top of him and kept punching. “You - killed - Laura! -You Killed - my- sister - you - bastard!” She screamed in between punches. After staring in shock for a few more second, Derek ran forward and pried Cora off of their uncle.

“Cora, Cora stop!”

“He deserves it, he killed her!” Cora screamed, glaring at Peter. “He killed Laura! I could have seen her again! The three of us could have been together again! I could have my sister back if it wasn’t for him! I could- we could- she-” Cora broke down in tears as Derek pulled her close to him.

“Go.” He growled at Peter, flashing his eye. “Or I’ll kill you myself. Again.”

-A week later, there had been no signs of the alpha pack or Peter, and Danny was returning home from vacation. The pack was very happy to see Danny. What they weren’t happy about the fact the he didn’t smell like them anymore. Which is how Danny ended up buried beneath the rest of the pack in the puppy pile, completely unable to see anything other than Lydia’s hair. He didn’t really mind though. He missed his pack as much as they missed him. “How was vacation?” Stiles asked, his voice muffled by the layers of people between them.

“Not bad, hooked up with some guys, but I couldn’t enjoy as much as usual because I missed you losers too much.” Danny replied honestly, ending up with strands of red hair stuck to his tongue.

“Good.” Derek stated, and Danny could hear the smirk in his voice. “You’re not allowed to have too much fun without us. If you do, you might never come back.”

“Please,” Danny scoffed and rolled his eyes, no longer caring about the hair in his mouth. “Like I’d ever want leave you guys. My life would be so boring.”

-Of course, all good things must come to an end. The next day, alerts were sent to each of their phones, notifying them that the silent alarms have been triggered by someone approaching the house. Danny immediately accessed the security camera’s, so that the pack could see who it was. Peter. Derek ran outside and growled at his uncle. “Get out of here.” He ordered, flashing his eye’s at the man.

“This is my house too, Derek.”
“No it isn’t. The land went to me after Laura died, and this house was built by my pack for my pack.” Derek informed him, barely keeping himself from attacking Peter. “You have no claim over it.”

“On the contrary, I have sentimental claim.” Peter stated calmly, completely unfazed by Derek’s anger, or the many eyes glaring at him from the various windows of the house.

“You have no sentiment.”

“That’s hurtful Derek.” Peter said in mock offence, placing a hand over his heart. “I understand that you will be wary of me after what I’d done, but we’re family, I had hoped you’d be able to find it in your heart to let me redeem myself.”

Derek stared at the man for a few seconds, then turned his head to look towards the house, had a silent conversation with the pack, then turned back to Peter. “We don’t like you.”

“Fair enough.” Peter stated with a shrug, then turned to walk away.

“However,” Peter paused, and turned to face Derek again. “you’re on a two months probation.” Derek stated, causing Peter to smile. “You can’t live here yet, but that will be reviewed after the two months.” He informed the man, with a heavy stare. “If you prove to be useful, and sane, we’ll discuss you possibly moving in, if you want to. Until then, no coming here unless invited by myself or the pack. You are never to be closer than five feet from Lydia, or Jackson. For your safety, only. If you get closer than that, don’t be surprised if you are maimed or killed. Understood?”

“Does that mean I can’t use the pool?” Derek simply glared and Peter rolled his eye’s

“Understood. Thank you.” Derek nodded, then turned and walked back to the pack, knowing that Peter wouldn’t try anything. At least, not with the pack glaring at him the way that they were. If looks could kill, Peter would be back in his grave.

Once he reached the house, the pack surrounded him. “Thanks.” Lydia smiled gratefully. “I’m all about second chances, but I’m glad you told him not to come near me. I appreciate it.”

“I hate to pry.” Cora lied, cutting into the conversation. “But you never really told me the full story about what he did to you.” She informed Lydia and the girl tensed slightly. “I can tell that it was more than just having you bring him back, It’s not hard to see that there’s a bigger back story. Do you mind telling me?”

“Yeah, of course.” Lydia agreed, with a nod of her head. Cora was not only pack, but her alpha’s family, the girl deserved to know everything that they did. Especially when it came to Peter.

“Alright.” Stiles spoke up. “You guys do that, I’ll get started on dinner. Isaac, be my helper?” Isaac grinned and nodded enthusiastically. “Alright, the rest of you, do what you want, I’ll let you know when the table needs setting.”

“Who’s turn is it to pick the movie?” Erica asked hopefully.

“Uh…” Stiles pulled out his phone and checked the schedule. “Cora.”

“I thought it was your turn.” Jackson stated with slight frown. “I thought Danny had the last go, and we circled back around to you, and go through the schedule again.”

“That was before Cora moved in.” Stiles explained calmly, “She’s pack, so she should get to pick a movie too.” Jackson nodded at that and Cora smiled gratefully, then the pack separated to get on
“Okay, pup,” Stiles began, tying an apron behind his back. “What do you feel like cooking today?”

“Umm, how about Hunter’s Chicken.” Isaac suggested with a hopeful smile. “My mum had a really good recipe and she taught it to me before she died.” He explained sheepishly. “I have it written down.”

“That sounds great,” Stiles assured with a grin. “How about you go get the recipe and wash your hands, and I’ll get out the basic ingredients, then you can tell me what else we need, okay?”

“Okay.” Isaac agreed, before running off to get the recipe from his room.

Two nights later, Stiles and Derek were on a date, without any prompting from the pack. They went for a picnic by the lake, and sat beneath the almost full moon, looking up at the stars. Derek had picked this for their date because it was romantic, and they were still close to pack.

“This is perfect.” Stiles announced softly, eyes not leaving the sky.

“Yeah it is.” Derek agreed, and Stiles threw his head back and let out a full bodied laugh.

“Oh, thank God!”

“What?”

“The second I said that, I became terrified that you were gonna go all cheesy on me and say ‘yes, you are’ or something like that.” Derek shook his head at his mate, resisting the urge to roll his eyes.

“Yeah right, like I’d ever say something cheesy.” Stiles immediately stopped laughing and looked at Derek with wide eyes.

“You always say cheesy stuff!”

“Like what?!”

“Just last night, you said: ‘your lips look lonely, would they like to meet mine?’ And you’re saying that isn’t cheesy?” Stiles asked incredulously.

“That doesn’t count.”

“Why not?”

“Because you asked me to tell you the cheesiest pickup line I know!” Derek reminded him, causing Stiles to roll his eyes.

“Fine, I’ll let you off that one, but there’s still loads more!” Stiles stated, picking up a fork, then used it to stab a piece of chicken. “Such as last week, when you asked me ‘did you sit in a pile of sugar? Cause you’ve got a pretty sweet ass.’ Very cheesy and it kinda killed the mood. Oh and at the library the other day, when Lydia was looking for something, you said to me: ‘I haven’t got a library card, but do you mind if I check you out?’ Oh, and on the way here, you said: ‘your hand looks heavy, let me hold it for you.’ Remember?”

“Those were jokes!” Derek insisted, his cheeks turning red. “Besides, you are way more cheesy
than I am! Remember when you asked me ‘Do you have a bandaid? Because I just scraped my knee falling for you.’ and if you wanna talk about killing the mood, I specifically remember you telling me that I’m hotter than the bottom of your laptop! Do you remember that?”

“Yes I do, but the difference between you and I, is that I admit to my cheesiness.” Stiles pointed out with a grin. “You don’t.”

“Because I’m not cheesy!” Derek insisted. “Anyone who says otherwise will get hurt.”

“Oh really? And what would you do, big guy, huh? Punch them in the face?” Stiles asked sarcastically, with a mocking growl.

“I’m thinking about punching you in the face.” Derek retorted with a blank expression, looking Stiles dead in the eye.

The lanky boy gasped in mock outrage. He knew that Derek would never hurt him, but it’d be fun to play along. He stood up and folded his arms across his chest. “Well then.” He huffed with a pout. “I think I should leave.” He took two steps before strong, familiar arms wrapped around his waist.

“Uh, uh.” Derek murmured, a soft, commanding growl underlining his voice. “You’re not going anywhere.”

“And why not?”

“Because I’m your alpha, and as your alpha, I demand that you stay.” Derek ordered playfully, not putting any alpha command into it.

“Alright then.” Stiles sighed in resignation. “I guess I have to stay, then.” He turned his head to look at Derek, biting his lip semi-flirtatiously. “Can I at least get a reward for being a good beta?”

“That depends,” Derek hummed, maneuvering Stiles so that they were chest to chest. “What kind of reward do you have in mind?”

“Why don’t I show you?”

-Teen Wolf Sterek-Teen Wolf Sterek-

“Okay,” Derek grinned as the couple walked back to the house a few hours later. “I agree with your rewards, but I think that they should be exclusive to you.”

“Oh, good!” Stiles exclaimed with a huge grin. "Because if you did that with any of them, our relationship wouldn’t go so well.”

“Well, don’t have to worry about that.”

“Neither do you.”

-Teen Wolf Sterek-Teen Wolf Sterek-

“Hey, how was the d- oh my god. Go shower!” Was what Cora said when they arrived home.

“Hi, Cora, nice to see you too.” Stiles greeted teasingly with a grin. “The date was great, thanks. How was your evening?”

“Ugh, it was fine, please go take a shower.” She all but begged, pinching her nose, trying to block
out the smell.

“Fine.” Stiles sighed, dragging out the ‘i’ and grabbing Derek’s hand. “Come on Der. Let’s go shower.”

“Separately!” Cora yelled after them.

“Nuh uh, that wasn’t part of the deal.”

-The Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next day, Peter came for a visit, having been invited by Derek, much to the pack’s dismay. “Hello.” The older wolf greeted with a smirk. “What a lovely house you have here.”

“My pack designed it.” Derek bragged with a proud smile, leading Peter to the living room, where Cora, Erica and Boyd were sat. “You know Cora, but I don’t think you’ve been formally introduced to the rest of my pack. This is Erica and Boyd.” Derek introduced with a smile. He wasn’t smiling because his pack was meeting Peter, no. He was smiling because he got the chance to show off his pack. “They’re Cora’s mates.”

“Interesting.” Peter hummed. “So you have two triad’s in your pack?”

“Yes.”

“Lucky you.” Peter commented, then smiled at Cora. “Hello Cora.”

“Go away.”

“Oh, come on, Cora, it’s me. Uncle Peter.”

“Uncle Peter who killed sister Laura.” Cora pointed out with a heavy glare.

“Look, I am deeply sorry for that. You’ve already beat me and yelled at me, can we try to move past it?”

“No.”

Before more could be said, Lydia walked into the room with a gun in her hand. “Hey.” She smiled at Derek and the triad casually, walking over to the couch. Remembering Derek’s warning, Peter stepped backwards, keeping the required distance from the girl, who smirked at his actions. Lydia didn’t say anything else though, simply walked and sat on Erica’s lap. No one blinked at that, Erica merely chuckled and shifted slightly so the redhead could get comfortable.

“You know, there’s plenty of space.” Cora pointed out. “Why do you always insist on sitting in one of our laps?”

“Wolves are warm and comfortable.” Lydia explained with a grin, casually loading the gun.

“Then come sit on my lap.” Jackson said as he walked into the room with Danny, sending a dark glare to Peter. He sat next to Erica, and patted his lap, but Lydia just snuggled into Erica more, as Danny sat next to Cora, Boyd was wedged between the two girls.

“But I’m comfy!” Jackson just rolled his eyes and pulled Lydia away for the blonde girl, setting his mate down on his lap. “That’s just mean.” Lydia stated, casually inspecting her gun.

“I am mean.”
“No loaded guns in the living room.” Stile announced as he walked through from the kitchen. “If he tries anything, everyone will hold him off for the two seconds it takes you to load.”

“Fine.” Lydia sighed, taking the clip out of her gun.

“The one from the chamber, too, Lydia.” Stiles demanded with a pointed look. “But if it makes you feel better, you can take out your throwing knife. Y’know, the one in the holster on your thigh.”

Lydia grinned at him, “You know me so well.”

“Can I hold on to my crossbow?” Allison asked politely, walking in with Scott and Isaac. Her two mates sat next to Danny, thigh to thigh, Allison sat on Scott’s lap sideways, resting her legs on Isaac, Danny and partially on Cora.

“As long as it’s not loaded.” Stiles informed her, “But you’re more than welcome to keep the arrows close by.”

“Can’t I get a little bit of trust?” Peter asked with a slight chuckle.

“Sure.” Stiles smiled. “When you earn it. Will you be joining us for dinner?”

“Sure, I’d love to get to know you all.”

“Great.” Danny grinned, standing from the couch, casually lifting Allison’s legs and ducking under them. and walking over to Stiles. “We’re having lasagna.” He announced with a grin, causing smiles to appear on their pack’s faces.

“Danny and I both have great family recipes for lasagna.” Stiles explained, trying to push the thoughts of what Peter had done to the back of his mind for now. “So we’re kind of doing an experiment. We’re going to try to combine that best parts of each of our recipes to make the ultimate lasagna. It’ll either turn out amazing—”

“Or fail miserably.” Danny finished with a smile. “But, I have faith in us, so I’m voting incredible.”

“So am I.” Stiles grinned. “So what does everyone want to go with it?”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Things were going well for the pack. They were enjoying their summer, and Peter was proving himself to be useful. They were still looking for the alpha pack, but there were no signs yet.

At that moment in time, Derek and part of his pack were stood in the McCall basement, watching and listening in awe. Before their eyes, four of their pack mates played their instruments. Scott sang and played guitar, Boyd also played guitar, Stiles played drums and Erica played bass.

The group was covering the song ‘What’s my age again’ by blink 182. Very well, if Derek did say so himself. Of course, he didn’t actually know the song, save for when he’d overheard Stiles listening to it. Regardless, his pack did a good job of covering it. When they finished, Lydia walked over to a keyboard, and she immediately launched into a new song, one that Derek didn’t recognise at all. It was just the keyboard at first, then Scott started to sing. “When I was a young boy, my father took me into the city, to see a marching band—”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-
“Where are you going dressed all fancy?” Stiles grinned, looking at his father with his arms crossed over his chest. Noah looked like a deer caught in headlights, his eyes darting between his son and the front door. “Did you really think you’d be able to sneak out of a house full of werewolves.”

“I was hoping.” Stilinski admitted uncomfortably, tugging on his tie. “But if you must know, I have a date.”

“A date?” Scott demanded, swinging the front door open, bounding into the house excitedly. “My mum has a date tonight, too!”

Stiles’ eyes widened and his grin turned to a huge smile. “You and Melissa?!”

“Yes” Noah admitted after an uncertain pause.

“Finally!”

"Now Stiles, hear me ou- wait, what?"

“Finally! Scott and I have been trying to get the two of you together for years!” the lanky boy exclaimed excitedly. " Seriously, do you really think I only forgot my pillow when sleeping at Scott’s the nights Melissa wasn't working?"

"And do you really think I'd constantly forget my pajamas when I come over?" Scott asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Or that I always accidentally made too much food whenever Melissa dropped Scott off? C'mon dad, you're the Sheriff, you should know better." Stiles chuckled and shook his head. "Wow, dad."

"Well, in my defence, i-"

"No," Scott jumped in, raising his hands in defence. "No time for excuses, you have a date with my mum." The Sheriff nodded and straightened his tie again

"How do I look?"

"Absolutely dashing." Lydia grinned as she jogged down the stairs, a bouquet of flowers in her hands. "Here, I ordered these for my mum's birthday tomorrow, but they sent the wrong kind. They're going to send the right ones for free, so I was going to throw these out, but you can have them."

Noah smiled gratefully, and sighed in relief. "Thank you Lydia, I didn't have time to pick any up earlier."

"You're welcome, now go! Don't keep the woman waiting."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

A few days later, Danny sat alone in the public library, flicking through an old book. It was so old that the pages were yellowed and slightly torn at the edges. It was one of the few accurate books on the supernatural, not just werewolves, but hundreds of other creatures. He had read this book several times before, but this time he was memorising it. With more threats coming after him and
his pack, learning about them and their weaknesses is a good idea. Unfortunately, due to the age of
the book, he could check it out. So, he had to settle for sitting in the library for a couple of hours
every day. But the knowledge he got out of it made it worth it.

"So you like the supernatural, huh?" a low voice chuckled, causing Danny to look up. Towering
over him, was an attractive, teenaged blonde boy.

"You could say that." He smirked, switching into flirt mode. "I'm Danny."

"Ethan." He introduced, holding out his hand for the Hawaiian to shake. "Pleasure to meet you."

"You too." Danny nodded, then gestured to the seat opposite him. "Care to sit?"

"Sure." Once the boy sat down, Danny leant forward slightly, and asked in a quiet tone, "So.." He
looked directly into Ethan's eyes, pausing for a second to be sure, then asked: "Got any plans for
tomorrow night?"

Lydia grinned as she ran. Weaving through the trees of the preserve, her earphones were blaring
music. The wind was beating against her skin, dirt splattered against her legs with every step she
took, her heart was pounding in her chest but she didn't care and willed her body to run faster.

Lydia had lost track of how long she'd been running, the sun had started to set and it became
increasingly difficult to see. She ignored it all, and kept her pace. At some point, she decided to
change her course and started to head back to the house. Mind set on a hot shower. Ten minutes
later, she came to a stop. She leant forward, setting her hands on her knees, gasping for breath,
opting to take a moment, before starting her cool down exercises. However, when she stood up
straight, she was surprised to find that she wasn't outside of the house. Instead, Lydia found herself
looking out at the lake. More specifically, the lifeless body floating in it.

Gasping in shock, she took a step back, and, against her own will, let out a high pitched scream
Less than twenty minutes later, Stiles, Jackson, the police and the medical examiner were there.

"I was running through the woods, and started to head back to the house, then suddenly found
myself here." Lydia explained in exasperation. "I don't know how, but I'm guessing it's a banshee
thing." Stiles placed a hand on her shoulder comfortingly.

"We'll figure this out." Stiles promised with a reassuring smile.

"We will." Noah agreed with a nod as Jack gave Lydia his jacket. "Well, I think that's enough for
tonight, but I will need you to give an official statement tomorrow, if that's alright?" Lydia nodded,
brow furrowed, and narrowed eyes staring into the distance, a thoughtful expression on her face.

After Noah walked away, Derek rushed over. "How are you feeling?" the alpha asked urgently, his
eyes wide as he looked over Lydia, trying to get a read on her emotional state.

"I'm fine, just a little freaked. I'll be fine, though." The redhead assured with a weak smile. "But,
uh, I won't be staying at the house tonight. It's about time that I finally talk to my mum about all of
this."

"I'll go with you." Jackson offered, booking at his girlfriend determinedly. "Moral support, or
evidence if she doesn't know anything."
"Are you sure you're up to this?" Stiles asked with a raised eyebrow. "Maybe you should postpone that talk, for tonight at least. You've been through a lot."

"I've been postponing it ever since I found out what I am." Lydia explained, shaking her head. "No, I need to do this. Tonight."

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-

“Oh my goodness.” Lydia’s mother gasped, looking at Jackson, who was in beta shift. “I’m a terrible person, your poor grandmother.”

“Grandma? What are you talking about.” Lydia all but demanded, as her mother tried to wrap her head around things. It took a few minutes, but the woman eventually answered.

“As you know, your grandmother passed away in eichen house, but what you don’t know is how she got there.” Natalie stated, taking a deep breath. “You may want to sit down.”

Natalie then informed the teens about Lydia’s grandmother, how she had predicted the death of the woman she loved, how she spent the rest of her life trying to get another prediction, even went as far as finding someone like her. Meredith Walker. Lydia listened, completely submerged in the story. She could almost hear the words the her grandmother had said, the rain, the voice. All of it. When her mother stopped talking, Lydia took a second to think, before asking to see the room. The soundproof room at the lakehouse meant for Banshee’s.

That room is where Lydia spent the rest of her night. Watching the record spin, listening to the voices. Whispering to her, telling her things. Names. Lydia whispered, hoping Jackson could hear her, requesting a pen and a piece of paper.

Thankfully, he did hear. Once she had the items, Lydia closed her eyes, listened to the voices, and allowed her hand to glide over the paper.

It felt like an eternity before she opened her eye’s, and looked down at the paper. It was a list. She had written a list, consisting of five names:

Deucalion Emery
Kali Terrell
Ennis Wade
Ethan Carver
and Aiden Carver

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“Are you sure that you don’t want one of us to tag along and keep an eye on this guy?” Derek asked Danny, as the Hawaiian walked towards the living room door.

“I’m sure, Derek! I’m going on a date, not swimming with jellyfish.”

"I think you mean ‘swimming with sharks’” Scott corrected with a raised eyebrow and slight chuckle.

“Yep, I’ve been swimming with sharks I’d rather do that than swim with jellyfish.”
“Okay?”

“So what’s his name?” Allison asked with a grin, from the doorway.

“Ethan. Ethan Carver”

Stiles and Isaac shared a large bowl of popcorn in the living room. “You know, after this, we should work out a little, with the alpha pack, and lord knows what else, we need to stay in shape and prepare for the next attack.” Stiles suggested, before shoving another handful of popcorn into his mouth.

“Okay.” Isaac agreed. “That’s a good idea.” The pair was alone because Danny had a date, Erica, Boyd and Cora were on a date, Lydia and Jackson were talking to Lydia’s mum, and everybody else was working. “Oh, did you hear that the diner is going to double as a coffee house soon? Officially, I mean.”

“Huh, no I didn’t know that.” Stiles hummed, tilting his head slightly. “it makes sense though, they make the best coffee in town, but I know that a lot of people don't try it, because they think it'd just be bad diner coffee.”

“Yeah.” Isaac agreed. “I’ll admit, I used to think that too. Which is why I used to always go out of my way, to get coffee from the Chamber after practice. Even though it was more expensive.”

Boyd, Cora and Erica were walking through the woods after their date, when suddenly, Cora froze.“Do you smell-?”

“Werewolves. The alpha pack.” Erica whispered. “We have to go, now.” Boyd nodded and the turn turned to leave, only to come face to face with a large male alpha, who had his eye's glowing red and a dark grin on his face. They looked around to see more alpha’s closing in on them. They were completely surrounded.

“What we have here,” The leader, Deucalion spoke up, stepping into view. “is not simply three beta’s, no, no they’re much more than that. They’re leverage.”

“Where are they??” Derek roared the next day, pacing around the living room.

“I don’t know.” Lydia admitted with a worried frown on her face. “I really don’t know.”

“What are we going to do?” Isaac demanded, “The longer we wait, the more likely they are to kill them!” Isaac yelled angrily.

“They won’t kill them!” Derek growled, “They’ll try to use them as leverage, or weapons to make me join them. We will get them back before that happens!”

“How are we supposed to do that by sitting around? Huh?!” Isaac screamed. “And just because they won’t kill them, doesn’t mean that they won’t hurt them! Boyd and Erica and Cora could be being tortured right now, and you are doing nothing!!”

“Isaac—”
“Why won’t you help them? You claim to love us like family, but you don’t even care enough to-”

“You think I don’t care?!?!?” Derek roared, spinning to face Isaac. “You think that this is easy for me?! To just sit back while three of my own are being held by psychopaths? Psychopaths who want me to kill everyone I care about!” Isaac stepped backwards, away from the alpha, guilt clearly written on his face. “They are my beta’s! I promised to take care of them, and I failed! There’s nothing I want more than to run out right now, find them and bring them home, but I have no idea where they are! I have no way to track them or any leverage over the alphas to get them back safely. If I make one wrong move, they’ll kill them. Just to piss me off. I wait, they’ll make a move, then we can get them back.”

“I’m sorry.” Isaac whimpered and Derek’s eyes softened, then he pulled the pup into a hug.

“No, I’m sorry pup, I shouldn’t have lost my temper like that. We’ll get them back, I promise.”

“So what are we going to do?” Jackson asked cautiously from the doorway, reminding the pair of the rest of the pack’s presence.

“We plan.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Three weeks. It had been three weeks and nothing. The only lead they had were the names from Lydia, which lead nowhere. Of course, Danny was shocked to see the name of the guy he liked, even more surprised when said guy called and asked him out on a date. He had agreed, much to the pack’s protests. Danny wasn’t doing it because he liked Ethan though, no. He did it because this was an opportunity. An opportunity for them to learn more about the alpha pack. Yes, he was using Ethan, but Ethan was using him too. He’d picked up on Ethan, very subtly, fishing for information on the pack. Danny doubted that he would have noticed, had he not been doing the same.

Nevertheless, it wasn’t all bad. Sure Ethan was a psychopathic, murderous alpha werewolf, who could merge with his, apparently twin, brother to form a weird monster alpha werewolf. And sure, he was working with other murderous alpha’s, who were planning to get Derek to kill Danny and the rest of the pack, but at least he made for a good booty call.

Plus, Ethan had let small details slip about where he was staying. Enough so that the pack were able to find it, and send Chris in set up surveillance. They chose Chris because he is, officially, a security consultant, therefore had a valid reason for setting up the camera’s, had he gotten caught.

That was two weeks ago. The footage had been pretty mundane, the microphones picking up pointless conversations, nothing of value. Until just minutes earlier, when the word ‘Vault’ was brought up. It wasn’t long until it all came together. The symbol Danny had noticed sketched in Ethan's notebook, wasn’t a symbol at all, but a logo.

“Beacon Hills First National Bank.” Noah stated the seconds laid eyes on the sketch, via a picture Danny had taken. “It shut down a while back due to a robbery.”

“It’s the perfect place to keep them.” Jackson sneered, every ounce of anger and hatred towards the alpha’s rose to the surface. The very thought of the pack made his blood boil.

“Gather any weapons you need then we're going.” Derek ordered, and the rest of the pack agreed, except for Stiles.

"Woah, woah, woah, we can’t just rush in there without a plan." Stiles stated, stopping his mate and pups in their tracks. "They’re my pups and I want them back too, but if we don't think this
through, someone else could get hurt.”

"It doesn't matter, we can help them," Isaac stated determinedly.

"He's right," Scott agreed, "They're pack, we can't just sit back and do nothing."

"It's worth the risk." Allison stated,

"No one get's left behind," Lydia agreed,

"My life for theirs." Derek stated. The pack looked at Stiles with confidence and determination, thinking he'd be proud, but he stared back at them, disbelieving.

“You see, that’s the problem. You don’t care about getting hurt. But do you know how I’ll feel? I’ll be devastated, and if any one of you die, I will literally go out of my freakin’ mind.” Stiles took a breath and clenched his teeth as his mind drifted to his mother. “You see, death doesn’t happen to you, it happens to everyone around you, okay? To all the people left standing at your funeral, trying to figure out how to live the rest of their lives without you in it!”

He was yelling now, arms waving wildly as the pack looked shocked. "I mean come on, We all love Erica and Boyd and Cora, but I wouldn't trade one of your lives for theirs. I'm not giving up, I will make sure we get them back, but I'm not sacrificing anyone to do it! Imagine what it would do to them, huh? Get out of a vault after three weeks, reuniting with their pack, only to learn that someone they love and care for unnecessarily gave up their life for it? How do you think that would feel?" Derek opened his mouth to say something, but Stiles kept talking "What if I went out right now, stormed the vault, set them free, but died in the process, how would you feel? You've got Erica, Boyd and Cora back so that's all that matters, right?"

"Stiles, that's different, you're my mate and pack mum, if you died-"

"If I die, the pack would still have an alpha, and there's no wolf in this room who isn't mated. Literally everyone has completed the mate bond, yet you're all willing to die and leave your mate, or mates, behind. Allow your mate to suffer the agony and heartbreak, allow them to blame Erica and Boyd and Cora for your death, allow the three of them to blame themselves, allow the pack to grieve and mourn." Stiles scoffed and shook his head. "No, actually, you know what, you're right, no need to waste time coming up with a plan and make sure we all survive, let's go." He walked past the pack, heading for the front door. "What are you waiting for? Come on let's go get ourselves killed unnecessarily.” The pack had the decency to look ashamed and upset as Stiles’ words sank in, then Scott spoke up

"So, anyone have any ideas?"

“You mentioned the vault? If that’s where they're being kept, we won't need to go through the front door to get to them.” The Sheriff stated, then went on to explain how the robbers broke in, and how it could benefit them. As he did, Lydia and Danny sat side by side, each typing avidly on their laptop's. Danny was searching through live security camera footage, just because they had a way into the vault, doesn’t mean they should take any chance with the alpha pack catching them. Lydia, however, was learning everything that she could about the vault itself.

Once Noah had finished explaining the break in, Lydia gained everyone’s attention. “Hey, I found something.” Within seconds, the pack were gathered around the redhead “According to this, the walls of the vault are made out of Hecatolite, also known as Moonstone.” Lydia announced, eyes wide in shock and realisation.
The others just looked confused. “And that means?” Scott asked, his eyebrows furrowed together.

“The stone has been blocking the natural moonlight from reaching them, keeping them from transforming for these past three weeks!” The girl exclaimed urgently, and the pack started to understand. “With this information, and lack of appearances from the alpha’s, I’m guessing that they didn’t want us to find them yet.” Derek nodded thoughtfully, it made sense. Why else would the alpha pack go silent for weeks when they had leverage? “Think of it like starving lions in the coliseum. So deprived of what they thrive on that they are far more vicious and bloodthirsty. I’m thinking that they planned to keep them a lot longer. Possibly as long as a few months. The pent up energy from all those missed transformations would mean Boyd, Erica and Cora would lose all control when the moonlight reached them.”

“It wouldn’t take much either.” Stiles stated, standing up straight and looking at the pack. “From what I’ve heard, Hecatolite is very reflective. All it’d take is a single beam of moonlight, and it would bound from wall to wall, until the entire room was lit up.”

“Meaning they’d lose control instantly, attack anyone who got in their way.” Allison stated, a look of horror on her face as she thought about how bad that would be.

“Including us.” Jackson stated, voice barely above a whisper. Had there been any other noise in the room, the human members of the pack wouldn’t have heard him.

“Yes, but it hasn’t been months.” Derek reminded them, trying to assure both his pack and himself. “Although, this is the longest any of them have gone without shifting, so we should be careful. But we have an advantage, we know what to expect. We know that it’ll be more difficult than we thought. We also know that they are our pack, and we won’t let them do anything they’ll regret, there are three of them, we can handle it.”

“Alright,” Scott jumped in, clapping his hands together. “So how are we doing this? I think we’ll need at least four of us going in, and of course we’ll need at least two people staying here, to organise things. As much as I hate to say it, we’re going to have to restrain them.”

“You’re right.” Derek nodded in agreement, a proud smile tugging at his lips. “Danny, Lydia, Allison, I want the three of you staying here. Before you girls protest, let me explain. The two of you need to set up everything for when we return. Danny needs to watch the security camera’s, to warn us if the alpha’s come back. If they do start to head our way, we’ll need some interference. The two of you are more adequate with long range weapons, meaning you can distract and hurt them, without getting too close. I will admit, you’re lack of supernatural healing does influence my decision.” Lydia and Allison exchanged a look, before sighing in defeat and agreeing. “I’ll be getting Peter along the way, I’ll need all of the help I can get. Stiles, Isaac, Scott, Jackson, are any of you willing to come with me to the vault?” Jackson gave the alpha his best bitch face.

“What do you think?”

“You really don’t need to ask.” Isaac stated with a soft smile.

“We know what we signed up for, Derek, and we’re all in.” Scott stated and Stiles nodded in agreement, then Stiles turned to his father.

“Dad, any chance you can get some deputies to wait outside of the bank with prisoner transfer vans? Preferably three, but two would probably work,” Stiles asked hopefully, and Noah sighed.

“I’ll head down to the station, round up some back up.”
“Once you’re outside, I’ll call you.” Danny promised, typing furiously on his laptop. “I’ll guide you through the bank and warn you of the alpha’s.”

“Thank you.” Derek nodded, “Allison, call Erica’s parents, tell them what’s going on and warn the about what state Erica will be in.” Derek ordered, looking more determined than the pack had ever seen him. “Now, let’s go save our pack.” With that, everyone sprang into action. Of course Stiles had to ruin the dramatic moment, by nudging Derek’s shoulder and teasing, “Aren’t you glad you listened to me?”

“Shut up.”

They did it. They freed Cora, Erica and Boyd. Without running into the alpha pack! Sure, the three of them lost control a little and there was a little property damage along the way, but still. They did it. That should count for something, right?

“Three broken windshields, five lampposts knocked down, a hole in the side of a prisoner transport van, arrows and bullets are embedded in at least thirteen cars, and dozen calls to the station about three monstrous dog people running down the streets of beacon hills, one of them naked! What do you have to say for yourself?!” Noah demanded, looking his son in the eyes, in front of everyone at the station.

Stiles cringed, shrugged his shoulders slightly, then replied: “Oops?” Noah turned red in the face, but before he could yell, Tara spoke up.

“Why was Erica naked?”

“Well, the three of them are mates.” Stiles began awkwardly. “They needed some way to keep themselves occupied. Erica just hadn’t put her clothes back on before we went in to rescue them.” He then turned to his dad, and said. “I’ll pay for the damages.”

“You mean, Derek will pay for the damages?” Noah retorted with a knowing look. “Nuh uh, you have to get a job.”

“But I’ve already declared myself a stay-at-home mum!” Stiles protested, and his father just glared

“Fine.” the boy sighed, hanging his head in defeat.

The next day was spent at the house, everybody coddling Boyd, Erica and Cora. The trio knew that they wouldn’t get any time alone for a while. To be honest though, they didn’t really care. They had all missed their pack, so much. The only thing that made the last three weeks bearable was having each other, and the knowledge that the pack would find them.

“I was so worried sweetie!” Erica’s mother sobbed into her daughter’s hair. “I missed you so much!! You’re father did too! We understand that your pack will want to spend time with you, but we don’t want you out of our sights! We have each booked time off of work and will be staying here for a couple of days! Derek gave us the guest room closest to your room!” Hayley babbled, still not releasing Erica as Jake made his way down the stairs and towards his family, quickly joining in on the hug.

“Our belongings are in the room.” He stated, before placing a kiss to the top of Erica’s head. “It’s a great room, I think we should move in, Hayley! This place is incredible!”
“Don’t tempt me!” Hayley chuckled. “All it took was one look at the pool and I wanted to live here.”

Erica giggled at the conversation, shaking her head slightly. “Seriously sweetheart.” Jake exclaimed with confused look on his face. “Why are you still living with us when you could live here?”

“Because I love you both too much to leave.”

“Okay, it’s settled, we’re moving in. Hayley, pack the photo albums, I’ll get the waffle iron.” Jake announced, pulling out from the hug as Stiles walked into the room.

“We have a waffle iron, y’know?”

“Ah, but does it imprint my name into the waffle?” Jake asked, pointing an accusing finger at Stiles, who chuckled and shook his head.

“No, I’m afraid it doesn’t”

“Then, I will be retrieving mine.” He announced, then turn back to his wife a daughter. “Okay, Hayley, c’mon. We’ll be back soon Erica.” Hayley finally released Erica, and set her hand on her hips, raising an eyebrow at her husband.

“Wait, are you being serious?” Jake nodded and Hayley glared. “No. We raised Erica in that house, I am not moving.”

“But honey!!!” Jake whined, giving his wife puppy dog eyes. “A pool!!!”

“No.”

“C’mon, you know that Erica wants to live here with her pack! But she won’t do that unless we come with her!” Jake argued.

“Yes, but if we move in, Erica won’t get her own room, she’ll just stay with Cora and Boyd. They’ll share a bed. In a soundproof room. All night. Every night.” She taunted, taking a step closer to her horrified husband with each sentence. Erica and Stiles tried to suppress their laughter at Mr Reyes expression but failed miserably. Either way, Erica’s father changed his mind about wanting to move in.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Then next time Danny saw Ethan, he expected him to be upset, or tense, or angry, but he was the opposite. Ethan seemed lighter, like a huge weight had been lifted off of his shoulders.

“Hey.” Danny greeted with his winning smile, giving the wolf a hug, before sitting down. The pair were at a restaurant, a nice, rather expensive, restaurant in the centre of town. “You seem happy.”

“Yeah.” Ethan agreed, sitting opposite the hacker, a large grin on his face. “Not only do I get to see you, but some people I know just got out of a bad situation.” Ethan explained vaguely, but Danny knew that he was referring to Erica, Cora and Boyd. “The person behind getting them there wasn’t happy, but I am. I hate what he’s doing, I wish I could get away.” Ethan confessed, looking down at the table. Danny frowned, glancing over to Jackson and Lydia who were sat a few tables away, keeping an eye on him. Jackson nodded slightly, looking confused. Ethan was being honest. Danny leant forward and set his hand on top of Ethan’s comfortingly.
“Why don’t you?”

“My brother.” Ethan said, looking up at Danny. “He believes Deucalion's promises, and unlike me he doesn’t have a reason to leave.” Ethan took a breath, then stated. “I know. I know that you know what I am and who I’m working with, but I swear, I don’t want to!” Ethan swore, looking Danny in the eye’s, hopeful that the Hawaiian believed him. “That’s why I told you as much as I did. I knew you’d find where I was staying. I knew you’d see the sketch of the logo. I knew you’d free them. I need your help Danny. I need you to talk to your alpha. I need you to tell him that I want us to work together. I’ll help you against the alpha’s if you help me save my brother.” Ethan promised, sitting up, looking serious and determined. Over his shoulder, Danny noticed Jackson on the phone, probably talking to Derek. “So, will you help me?”

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Teen Wolf or any of it's characters. If I did, Sterek would be canon.
A/N: I hope you guys are happy with this chapter! I am so sorry for the delay, but I’ve had a few personal issues. (My cousin recently passed away, my younger sister is ill and I’m having trouble at college!) But I’m back, and already working on the next chapter! xx
The pack go back to school, the Darach appears and makes a daring move and causes problems in the pack, and the twins train with the pack. *Trigger Warning* This chapter covers the events of Motel California, therefore suicidal thoughts, suicide attempts and self harm are mentioned. It is stated when the events start and finish, so if you are uncomfortable with it, you can easily skip those events.

“I'll help you against the alpha’s if you help me save my brother.” Ethan promised, sitting up, looking serious and determined. Over his shoulder, Danny noticed Jackson on the phone, probably talking to Derek. “So, will you help me?”

“How do we know that we can trust you?” Derek demanded the second Ethan set foot on the Hale premises.

“I don't expect you to trust me, yet. I know I'll need to prove myself. But I need you to trust that I'll do anything to save my brother and that I don't break my promises’ ever.” Ethan stated before baring his neck for Derek.

Derek cautiously moved forward a sniffed Ethan's neck before stepping back and nodding. “What about your previous pack? The one you killed?”

“I promised I'd get revenge.” Ethan stated with a shrug. “Aiden and I weren't the alpha's of them. We were Beta’s. Our ability to merge didn’t sit well with the others, and they never let us forget it. They literally tortured us for the sake of it. I'm not saying that they deserved to die, I never wanted to kill them. I swear. But when Deucalion showed up, we saw an opportunity. Aiden and I were convinced that it was the only chance we'd get to escape them. So we killed them. I regret killing them, I do, but I don't mourn them. Out of the Beta’s, every one of the guys and two of the girls had blue eyes, the other three girls didn't, but they weren’t exactly innocent either. They were all monsters.” Ethan explained honestly. Looking the alpha dead in the eyes as the rest of the pack listened. “I don't regret becoming an alpha. I don't regret leaving that pack. What I do regret is becoming a killer. I thought Aiden did too, but the others are getting to him, changing him. Convincing him that he is a monster, and that being a monster is a good thing. I don't want that for him. For us. But I can't save him alone.”

Derek looked around at his pack, some of them giving him a small nod. “We’ll help you.” Ethan sighed in relief, but before he could say anything, Derek spoke again. “However, if Aiden makes a move on us, tries to hurt or kill one of us, we will fight back. And we won't go easy on him.”

Ethan nodded in agreement. “I wouldn't expect anything less. He won't though, once he see's that I've chosen to work with you, he'll join me. I can't tell him but he’ll know something’s up, but he won’t confront me in front of them. Whenever we're together, one of the other's are always listening in. They'll try to kill us the second they find out, Aiden wouldn’t risk my life like that.”
“You're scared of them.” Jackson stated in slight surprise.

“If you aren't, you're stupid.” Ethan replied immediately. “They’re all ruthless killers. They enjoy
the kill. Yes Aiden and I used to go hunting, but we hunted animals. They prefer to kill people.”

“They must have weaknesses though.” Scott pointed out knowingly. Causing Ethan to nod in
agreement.

“Kali and Ennis are each other’s weaknesses. They're not mates, but they're in love. Deucalion’s
weakness is a physical weakness. He isn't always blind.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The days had passed easily, Ethan had the alpha’s convinced that he had gained the trust of the
Hale Pack. As far as they knew, he had told the pack was an omega werewolf, previously a Beta
who’s last pack had died. As he had actually told the Hale pack that, the alpha’s appeared to
believe him. Except Aiden. Aiden knew him well enough to know that something was off.

True to Ethan’s prediction, Aiden didn’t confront him in front of the other alpha’s. Instead, he
waited for Ethan to go out on his ‘date’ with Danny, told the others he was going for a run, and
promptly followed his brother. He watched, from just outside of the clearing as Ethan walked up to
the front door of a large, white stone house and knocked on the door. He wasn’t really surprised
when Derek answered the door, but he was surprised when Derek immediately asked what new
information Ethan had on the alpha pack, he felt betrayed when his twin started telling Derek of the
newest installation of Deucalion’s plan, as he walked through the door.

He waited until the door closed, and their silhouettes faded away before standing and stealthily
making his way over to the house. Aiden had made his way to the bushes to the right of the pool
when the front door swung open. He immediately ducked, only to feel like an idiot when Ethan
poked his head out the door and called out “Aiden? Are you coming in or not?”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“I don’t need saving.” Aiden protested, glaring at his brother.

“Yes you do!” Ethan argued immediately. “We both do! We never should have joined them in the
first place. You know we don’t belong there, Aiden.”

“And, what we belonged with our old pack?”

“No, far from it, but we shouldn’t have killed them. I said this to the Hale pack, now I’ll say it to
you. I don’t feel bad that they’re dead, but I feel guilty that I killed them. I’m not a killer, Aiden.
That’s not who I want to be. I know that that’s not who you want to be either.” Ethan stated,
looking his brother in the eyes, searching for the person he grew up with. The person who would
stand by his side no matter what. The person who he could trust to have his back. The person he
would kill for. The brother he’d die for. He searched for any flicker of that person, and he wasn’t
disappointed.

“I don’t” Aiden admitted, his eyes glistening with shame and regret. Had they been alone, Aiden
would have admitted everything he felt to his brother, but with the Hale pack in the next room, he
bit his tongue. “I don’t want to be a killer, Ethan. I hate what we did. I always swore to myself that
we’d never sink to their level, but we did. We killed them. All of them. For a pack we didn’t really
want to join, with people who’d happily kill us if it meant getting more power.” Aiden couldn’t
stop his eyes from glowing. “I want out.”
“So do I.” The brothers shared a hug, before leaving the room and reuniting with the Hale pack.

“Thank you.” Was the first thing Aiden said when he came face to face with Derek. Despite his instincts, he bared his neck for the man. Once the basic introductions were done, Aiden was informed of the full details of the deal Ethan had made with the pack.

Unfortunately for the twins, they couldn’t just up and leave the alpha pack. They had to wait. The Hale pack was kind enough to offer them a place to stay when they left the alpha pack. Although, Derek warned them that if the twins did anything to hurt any of his pack, or prove themselves untrustworthy, the kindness ends, and they’re on their own. Once that was done with, Aiden was given a tour of the house, excluding the secret tunnels and second basement of course, and he was shown the room he would be given, as long as he keeps up his end of the deal.

The twins stayed for dinner, and as much as Aiden didn’t want to admit it, he had a great time. He didn’t feel comfortable enough to call them ‘pack’ but this is the closest he had felt to anyone that wasn’t his brother. The Hales were kind, but made it clear that they wouldn’t completely trust the brothers without being given indisputable reason to.

Aiden had surprised himself by wholeheartedly apologising to Stiles, without prompting from his brother. When he brought it up and apologised, Lydia launched into a play by play, fully detailed account of how she found Stiles, the blood, the fear, the fact that Stiles started choking on his own blood. All of it. Aiden had lived with guilt for a while, but nothing hit him as hard as that. Seeing Stiles in front of him, alive and well, gave him such relief and such guilt. The guilt of causing someone so much pain and leaving them to live with it. Forcing his pack, his family, to deal with seeing him like that. The twin’s previous pack was killed quickly. None of them had any connections outside of the pack. No one to miss or mourn them. The didn’t suffer long, no one suffered with missing them. But this was different. They say murder was the worst thing that you could do. If that was the case, why did this make Aiden feel so much worse?

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

With more and more dangers coming to town, Boyd had decided to warn his parents. Which included telling them about what he was. He still spoke to them, and he still contributed towards the bills, and stopped by every week to fill up the kitchen. Thanks to Derek’s need to pay for everything, Boyd no longer needed to supply himself with lunch money or college savings or anything like that, so the entirety of his paycheck went to his parents. Not that they were happy about it. They appreciated his help, but felt guilty that he had to do it. They wished that they could support their son, they wished he could enjoy his youth rather than have to worry about losing his house.

Thinking about it, Boyd wasn’t sure that they realised he had moved out. With their busy schedules, they probably assumed he was out with friends, or working extra shifts. Regardless, they were about to find out.

With the extra income from Boyd, his parents felt secure enough to take a day off, after a little prompting from Boyd, so he took the opportunity to sit them down and tell them everything. “So, I have something to tell you.” Boyd stated, handing his parents a cup of coffee each. His mother took a sip, before putting her hand up and stated.

“We think we know what you’re about to say, Vernon.” The woman stated. “We’ve noticed how little you’ve been around, how much of your stuff is missing, how many new clothes you have. We’ve not idiots, sweetheart, we just hope that whatever you’re doing is legal.”

Boyd couldn’t help the chuckle that escaped his lips. “I haven’t got a new job or anything mum,
“You see, a few months ago, the night of the homecoming dance, I learnt about something. Something I didn’t think was real or possible. The girl that I went to the dance with, Erica, she used to be epileptic, severely. Then one night, she was cured and she changed. The night of the dance, she told me how she changed. And what she became. She was bitten by an alpha werewolf, turning her into one. Then, the day after the dance, the same alpha bit me.” Boyd stated, then shifted. He expected his parents to gasp, or recoil in horror, or something.

What he didn’t expect was his father to turn to his mother and say “I told you so.”

“What?”

“Dammit, Vernon, now I owe your father $20.” His mother huffed, folding her arms over her chest.

“What?”

“Oh, come on honey, you’re the one related to druids! Two of them live in town.” His father chuckled, rolling his eyes. “You should really know better.”

“Well, I’m not a druid, so excuse me for not knowing!”

“What?!” Boyd exclaimed, looking at his parents in shock.

“What?” His mother blinked. “You think we’d live here without knowing about all of the threats?”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I dunno.” His father shrugged. “It never came up.”

“So, sweetie.” His mother stated, setting her cup down on the table. “Tell us about your pack.”

A few hours later, Boyd was leading his parents up to the Hale house, smiling at the look of awe on their faces. The thing that stood out the most, was the new decoration. A huge banner reading ‘Welcome Mr and Mrs Boyd’ in large, multi coloured letters, was hanging from the first floor balcony. “I'm guessing Stiles or Isaac are responsible for the banner...but yeah, here we are. Prepare for the insanity that is my pack” Boyd chuckled, leading his parents past the pool and into the house. The second they stepped inside, Erica bounded over, dragging Cora with her. “Mum, dad, this is Erica and Cora. My mates.” Boyd introduced with a proud smile on his face.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr and Mrs Boyd.” Erica greeted with a grin, holding out her hand. Boyd’s mother took it first.

“Please, sweetheart, call me Sheila.” The woman insisted, a friendly smile on her face, then withdrew her hand and held it to Cora. “You too, Erica.” Cora chuckled and corrected the woman.

“I’m Cora, she’s Erica.”

“Mum.” Boyd sighed, running a hand over his face.

“Really, Sheila?” Her husband laughed. “We went over this. Erica’s the blonde, Cora’s the brunette.”
“We did not go over it, sweetheart. The closest thing we got was that Cora is the alpha’s sister. How am I supposed to tell who the alpha’s sister is, if I’ve never met the alpha?”

“Still, you should have asked their names!”

“If I asked, I’d feel bad. My way I had a 50/50 chance of getting it right!”

“But you got it wrong.” Boyd’s dad stated, then turned to the girls. “I’m Richard by the way.” He smiled, shaking Cora’s hand first. “It’s a pleasure to meet you Cora.” He said pointedly, then turned to shake Erica’s hand. “You too, Erica.”

“Okay, we get it Dick.” Sheila smirked and Erica couldn’t hide her giggles whilst Richard looked annoyed.

“I asked you not to call me that!”

“And I asked you not to show me up.”

“You showed yourself up.”

“You little-”

“Hello Mr and Mrs Boyd.” Derek interrupted as he walked into the room, a grin tugging at his lips. “I’m Derek Hale, your son’s Alpha.”

“It’s wonderful to meet you Derek.” Sheila beamed, she started to raised her hand, then suddenly stopped and bared her neck instead. Derek smiled before going through standard procedure. When he had finished, he looked at Richard, who seemed unsure and wary.

“It’s merely a sign of respect, and a way for me to familiarise myself with your scent. It’s basically just a way of showing that you respect my role of alpha and that you won’t threaten me or my pack” He explained casually. “Although, we can stick to a handshake, if you’d prefer.” The man hesitated for a moment, then bared his neck. Once it was done with, Derek led the couple through to the living room, where the rest of his pack were waiting and stated making the introductions.

“Mr and Mrs Boyd, this is my pack. This is Danny,” He introduced first, pointing to the boy in question. “Human, and a computer genius and a straight A student. No pun intended.” The pack chuckled at that, as Boyd informed his parents of Danny’s sexual orientation. “This is Jackson, one of my beta’s, co-captain of the Lacrosse team and captain of the swim team. Next is Lydia, Jackson mate, a Banshee, all out genius and a wonderful artist. Next we have Allison. Expert marksman, fluent in french, and incredible with a bow and arrow. Scott, one of Allison’s mates, another beta, the other co-captain of the Lacrosse team, probably the most morally inclined person I’ve ever met and he’s a wonderful singer and guitarist. Isaac, beta, Scott and Allison’s mate, a wonderful tracker, kind, caring and an incredible runner. Melissa McCall, a wonderful nurse, and a great friend, she was really understanding when she found out about all of this. “Noah is like a father to me,” Derek smiled at the older man, who wore a bright smile proudly. “He’s also a great friend and damn good sheriff. Erica, beta, confident, cunning, she’s great at coming up with plans and schemes. Don’t be surprised if she, Lydia and Stiles take over the world one day.” The three grinned at that, Erica sent the pair a wink. “Cora, my sister, beta and as you know, Boyd and Erica’s mate. Brave, strong, independent and one hell of a fighter. Obviously, I don’t need to introduce Boyd, and this-” He grinned, walking and wrapping an arm around Stiles. “is Stiles, my mate and beta. He’s brave, loyal, stubborn, devious and completely insane.”

“Hey, that’s no- yeah, actually, that’s pretty accurate, but I wouldn’t say completely insane.” Stiles
sighed scratching the back of his head. The looks his friends gave made him defensive. “No, really! Yes, I’m a stalker, I’m crazy and totally paranoid, but I still wouldn’t say completely insane!” The pack just kept giving him that look. “I’m gonna go make dinner.”

-Theen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next day, Sheila and Richard met Hayley and Jake. The two couples were sat in the Reyes’ kitchen, Sheila and Hayley quickly built up a friendship, the two woman finding a lot in common, other than just having a werewolf child. Amongst conversation topics, was the pack. Specifically, their children wanting to live with their pack, but not wanting to leave home yet. Yes, Boyd had, technically, moved in, but he still spent a lot of time at his parents house, so much so that they hadn’t even realised that he had moved out.

“My only issue is Erica sharing a room with Boyd and Cora.” Jake pointed out with a disgusted frown. “It’s nothing against your son, it’s just.”

“I get it.” Richard jumped in, face void of emotion. “None of us want grandchildren yet.”

“Absolutely not.”

“Even so,” Hayley began looking around at her kitchen fondly. “We raised Erica in this house, we have so many memories here. I do want her to live with her pack, but I don’t want to move house.”

“That’s it!” Sheila blurted happily, an excited smile on her face. “Move the house!”

“She just said we don’t want to-” Jake stated in frustration, only for Hayley to cut him off, realising what the other woman was suggesting.

“No, no, she’s not suggesting that we move house, she’s suggesting that we move the house.”

“Like, move the house?! The entire house?! Just pick it up and move it to the Hale property?” Jake asked with wide eyes, a grin tugging at his lips, Richard was looking thoughtful.

“Yeah, you two can do it as well.” Hayley suggested happily, clapping her hands together, then she noticed the other couples worried looks. “It may cost a bit, but we have plenty of money now that Erica doesn’t need medication anymore. Even if we didn’t, Derek will happily give us the rest of the money, you don’t have to worry about a thing. Just focus on selling the land that the house is built on.”

“We can’t ask you to do that.” Richard protested immediately. “We don’t need charity, we’ll figure something out.”

“It’s not charity.” Jake stated, a wide grin on his face. “It’s purely selfish, you see, if we only moved our house, Erica would be upset when she finds out that it was your idea. So, by helping you, Boyd is happy, and if Boyd is happy, Cora will be happy, and if Boyd and Cora are happy, Erica will be happy. Then, she’ll be ecstatic that she get’s to live with her pack, but not have to leave her childhood home. We get to live with our daughter, you get to live with your son, they get to live close to their pack without sharing a room. It’s a win win!”

Richard and Sheila share a look, apparently coming to an agreement. “Thank you, we’ll find a way to pay you back.” Sheila insisted with a grateful smile.

“No, no. There’s no need.” Hayley assured, holding up a hand in a ‘stop’ motion. “We’re friends now, more than that, our children are pack. From what I know about pack, you do whatever it takes to help each other.”
“I understand that, but I don’t like feeling like I’m in debt to someone, and if I don’t pay you back, I will feel that way. So please, allow us to make it up to you.” Sheila explained, and Richard nodded in agreement.

“If you feel so inclined,” Jake began, a wide smile on his face and Hayley looked at him worriedly. “Boyd mentioned something about red velvet cupcakes?” Hayley rolled her eyes at Jake’s childlike excitement.

“Yes.” Sheila chuckled, “I used to make them every week, Vernon loved them.”

“Okay, did Derek invite you to Sunday meals with the pack each week, too?” Jake asked and the couple nodded, seeing where he was going. “So, you bring those infamous red velvet cupcakes, each time you come over, and we’ll call it even?”

“Fair enough. You’ve got yourself a deal.”

-The Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The Boyd’s and the Reyes approached Derek the next day about their idea. Expecting him to be pleased or thoughtful about the idea, they were, kind of, but not really, surprised when his entire face lit up in a brilliant smile. None of the had super senses, but they knew that Derek’s heart was beating rapidly in excitement.

“That’s a wonderful idea!” He exclaimed, mind working a mile a minute. Boyd and Erica would be so happy, which would make Cora happy. With their pack mates happy, the rest of the pack would be happy, which would make Derek happy. “I’ll make some calls, feel free to take a look around, see if there’s anywhere in particular that you want your houses, and which direction you want them facing.”

“Do you guys hear this?” Jackson chuckled as he and the rest of the pack jogged towards the house from the woods. “Derek is babbling!”

“Stiles is really rubbing off on you, huh Derek?” Allison chuckled, as she and the others slowed down, soon coming to a stop.

“You have no idea, Ally.” Stiles chuckled, sending Derek a flirtatious wink. “So, what’s going on?”

-The Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Two weeks had passed, and the Reyes and Boyd’s had moved their houses to the Hale property. Sheila and Richard felt guilty about using the Reyes’ and some of the Hales money to help move their house, but in the end, they couldn’t be happier. Derek was two steps closer to having the pack together permanently. There was still the issue of Lydia, Scott, Melissa, Danny and Allison not living there, and Allison and her parents had recently moved to a new place, making them less likely to move again, the family sold their house during the summer to escape the memories of bad events there and moved into a large apartment, but at least it was closer than before. Scott and Melissa were seriously considering moving, they were just unsure whether to move their house, like the other families had, or just move to the Hale house.

It was Sunday, and the Hale dining table was completely covered with food. The twins, Peter, Lydia’s mum, Scott’s mum, the Reyes, Boyds and Argents had all come over to join the pack for dinner. Derek was sat at the head of the table. To Derek’s right, sat Stiles, next to him was Scott, then Isaac, Allison, Lydia, Ethan, Aiden, Victoria, Chris, Melissa, then Noah. To Derek’s left was
Peter, next to him was Cora, then Boyd, Erica, Jackson, Danny, Jake, Natalie, Hayley, Sheila, then Richard. There was a stack of five chairs in the corner. Chairs that were usually around the huge table, but they had been taken away so that everyone could spread out and have a little more room.

The meal was going well, the twins and Peter were behaving themselves, and made for good company. All of the parents were getting along and sharing stories, both of their children and their working life. The pack was cracking jokes, arguing over superheroes and movies. Ethan occasionally joined in, and Aiden would teasingly make fun of him and call him a nerd. Peter spoke to the other adults and Cora a lot, the girl finally starting to warm up to him. Derek joined in conversations here in there, but mostly savoured the food his pack had made, and watched over them fondly.

He had spent the previous six years in isolation, allowing himself to drown in guilt and loneliness. He thought that he deserved it. When he went to college, it wasn't for himself, it was to make Laura happy. When he joined the police academy, it was for others, to keep them safe, something he couldn't do for his family. Every time he felt content, he bury himself in paperwork or some other task that made him miserable. Because he didn't think he deserved to be happy. Then he met Stiles. The second his eyes fell on the boy, he knew. He knew that Stiles was his mate. Had Scott been alone, Derek would have probably kept driving. But he couldn't. He couldn't resist the urge to talk to Stiles. To breathe in his scent. So he pulled over and offered his help. When he went home that night after burying his sister's body, he swore that he wouldn't start anything. He swore that he'd help Scott and Stiles, he'd take down the alpha, then he'd leave. The night of the full moon, he told Scott that they were brothers now, and the scent of Stiles’ disappointment made his chest ache. Derek couldn't stay away from him. He'd park outside of the school for hours, listening to Stiles’ voice and heartbeat. He told himself that it was to make sure the boy didn't lose control, but he knew that it was more than that.

The night Derek stayed with Stiles, in his bed, watching movies and eating junk food, Derek knew he was too far gone. He couldn't leave now. Not after knowing Stiles, after holding him in his arms. He couldn't let go. Then Stiles said the word. Mate. He claimed Derek as his. Derek could never walk away. He wouldn't. Then Stiles told Derek that he loved him. Derek’s heart stopped. First in pure happiness, then in worry. Worry that he didn't mean it, but he did. Oh, he really did. He saw his mate take on protecting the pack, caring for them, loving them, unconditionally. The best part was that Stiles didn’t give himself up to do it. He grew, but still remained himself. Remained passionate, loyal, sarcastic, and stubborn. Some of those traits frustrated Derek, but he couldn't imagine Stiles any other way.

Then came the group date, and Derek met people who would later become a part of his pack. Derek didn’t really like Jackson back then, the arrogant, rich boy who was used to getting everything he wanted, but he understands now. The teen was just protecting himself, the mask of self confidence, the rich douchebag facade, it was to protect himself from being hurt. Derek worried for Lydia when she started to show her true self. He worried that Jackson would break her heart, the he’d leave the genius because he wanted the shallow, idiot girl. Derek learnt the truth though, he saw the way Jackson would look at Lydia, the love in his eyes, pure love. He watched Jackson let down his mask, show the pack the real him. The good sides and the bad. Derek watched as Jackson slowly, piece by piece, took off his mask. Became himself, and let himself love the pack, and accepted the love that they felt for him. Jackson, his beta. The determined, driven, cunning and loyal boy, finally free from the people trying to buy his love. Finally at home with his family, free from disguises.

He wasn’t the only one who used to wear a mask, though. Lydia did too. Her mask was the most intricate of all, Jackson’s hid almost all of himself, Lydia’s only covered parts of her. She showed the fashionable, independant, leader side of herself. She hid the genius, caring, passionate side,
with a vain, stupid, uncaring mask. She fooled so many people, even her parents and Jackson, but not Stiles or Allison. They knew. They saw the light inside of her. The humanity that she fought to cover. Derek didn't see it at first, and allowed himself to worry that Stiles still had feelings for the girl. Then came the day after Lydia and Jackson were attacked by Peter. The books, her attitude towards them, Stiles was right. There was more to the girl. So much more. Derek saw her determination to learn how to defend herself. He saw her thirst for knowledge. Her loyalty towards the pack, even after her ties to them got her injured. Multiple times. He saw her efforts and caution every time someone new joined the pack. He saw her relief when she finally found out what she was. He saw the worry on her face when Chris asked what she was. He saw the guilt in her eyes after bringing Peter back to life. He saw her worried glances whenever the man was near. He saw that worry ease when the man did nothing. He saw her clutch the necklace that Allison gave her for her birthday. She’d clutch it whenever she was nervous or worried, and just smile.

Allison was a sweetheart from the beginning, she still is, now she’s just more prepared to defend herself, and others. Derek watched her grow into that role. She took learning about the supernatural in stride. She had only known about it for barely five minutes when she stood up to her father. When she defended them. She chose pack over family when her own mother threatened to kick her out. She embraced the pack, and didn’t let it change her. She still remained friendly and kind, yet gained a hidden darker side. The side reserved for defending her pack. And her mates.

Scott. Scott has probably grown the most. From the floppy haired boy who refused to believe what was happening to him. His stubbornness and determination to have a normal life is what made the change so difficult for him in the beginning. The person he became amazes Derek and fills him with pride. This confident, outgoing person. So brave and loyal to pack. Yet like the others, he didn’t lose himself. He’s still moral and completely against hurting people, but Derek knows that if it came down to it, Scott would defend the pack with his life.

Soon after the start of the pack was established, Erica came along. The insecure, epilepsy ridden girl. So scared to live, to trust. Convinced that she’d never find friends who accepted her for who she was. He remembered he nervousness and unsurity at the start of their pack day out, her worry that was all an act. Then, over time, Derek watched her grow more comfortable and at home with the pack. He watched her fight alongside the pack, when she was still human. He saw the guilt in her eyes in Lydia’s hospital room, he saw the hope when he told her that he could turn her. He saw her determination when she explained why she wanted to turn. Why she needed to turn. He never regretted turning her. Not for a second. She was so much happier now. Far more confident and daring. During pack nights, the girl would often babble about all of the things that she wanted to do. All of the places that she wanted to go. And Derek couldn't wait to take her, and the rest of the pack, there. Watch them do everything they had ever dreamed of doing.

Isaac was the next to turn. The broken, abused boy, with a big heart. He didn’t deserve what he’d been through. None of them did. But Isaac... Isaac had literally been tortured. Left in a freezer for days at a time, beaten almost daily, he didn’t deserve it, yet he’s still suffering from it. He can’t handle small spaces. Which is part of the reason why he has the largest space out of all of them, the largest bedroom, bathroom, and second largest walk in wardrobe. Other than the claustrophobia, he had done well to overcome what his father had put him through. He was seeing Morrell for any lingering PTSD, which Derek was grateful for. He didn’t want any of his pack to lock inside their emotions, like he had. He didn’t want them suffering. Isaac is probably the most determined person in the pack. Determined to better himself, to defend his pack, to move past everything that’s happened to him.

Boyd was the one Derek was unsure about turning. Derek wanted Boyd in his pack, but the boy didn’t need to turn. He just needed friendship. A family. Which Derek was more than happy to give him. But the boy had been determined to turn, so Derek did. And he hasn’t regretted it at all.
Yes, Boyd had a little trouble on the full moon, but he was a great wolf. His speed, his strength, his senses. All of it. Derek watched as Boyd fell in love with Erica, then Cora. He watched the boy come out of his shell, little by little. He was still the quietest of the pack, but the others took that in their stride, and didn't let him sit out of activities. He watched the boy become at ease with the pack, relax more, and start to call the pack his family.

Danny. Derek didn’t like Danny at first. Sure, it was mainly jealousy, but still. Then Danny revealed that he knew what they were, worrying Derek slightly, but the hacker soon proved himself trustworthy to the pack. He proved that he was on the pack's side. On Derek's side. Since then, the boy had become part of the pack.

Derek was incredibly happy, thinking he had everything he’d ever need. Then he found Cora. Cora, his sister. He had mourned her, there was a gravestone with her name on it in Beacon Hills Cemetery. Well, there was, until Derek had it ripped out and recrafted into a lovely birdbath. Cora had been alive, all that time. Living with another pack. Mourning him. He had missed six years of her life. He missed her growing up into a strong, smart, independent young woman. Their mother and Laura would have been so proud. What he did get to witness, was her falling in love. Joining the pack, making friends, and kicking the crap out of Peter.

Peter was still a flight risk in Derek’s eyes. A killer. A monster. But Derek decided, after consulting his pack, to give the man another chance. This was his uncle after all. One of his two remaining biological family members. It pained him to look at his sister’s killer, but as much as he hated it, he understood the man. The grief at losing everyone he loved. Losing himself. None of them are the same people they were before, not even Cora. Laura hadn’t been either. Losing pack changed them, but he and Cora were given the chance to reinvent themselves back in Beacon Hills, with a new pack. It was only fair that Peter be given that same chance.

As did the twins. Derek still didn’t trust them. He trusted their words, and their promises, but he didn’t trust them. Not after what they did to Stiles. Derek kept a close eye on them. He saw Aiden’s hesitancy to join in conversations, the guilty looks he sent Stiles. Good, Derek thought, he should feel guilty. He should be kept awake at night by his guilt, but he also deserves a chance to make it right. As did Ethan. Ethan, who was clearly head over heals for Danny. Who Danny clearly had feelings for. Even if the twins did prove themselves, Derek doubted he’d ever truly forgive them for hurting Stiles, but maybe he could learn to accept them. Maybe even trust them.

Just like he came to trust Chris and Victoria. Hunters. Yes, Victoria was a werewolf now, but she had been raised as a hunter. Raised to hate what they are. She even kicked her own daughter out of the house for being in the pack. Derek remembers that night. He remembers hearing Allison call Stiles, asking to spend the night. He remembers her standing on the doorstep, crying her eyes out, apologising over and over again for ‘being an inconvenience’. That was the night he came to truly hate the Argents. Yes, he hated Kate and what she stood for, but he didn’t blame the entire family, not completely at least. But that night, seeing the girl so heartbroken and vulnerable, made Derek hate Victoria. He warmed up to Chris though. Chris proved himself to Derek. First when helping them cover up Kate’s death, then when he showed up, begging for a second chance to be a good father.

When Victoria turned, Derek was dubious about helping her. She had tried to kill Allison, mistaking her for a werewolf. She told Gerard all about the pack, and tried to kill them multiple times. However, it seemed that being bitten was the eye opener the woman needed. Turning made Victoria a better mother to Allison, a better wife to Chris and a good friend to Derek, Melissa and Noah. She wasn’t quite pack, her own guilt preventing her completely forming bonds with them, but it was enough and she was happy.
Melissa, Scott's mum, a nurse. In all honesty, the only reason Derek wanted Scott to tell Melissa about the supernatural, was so that the woman could help the pack out when they were injured. He didn't expect to consider the woman a friend, much less, pack. The woman was funny, caring and made for good company. Plus, she made Noah happy.

Noah, Stiles’ dad. The man had become a father figure to Derek too. Sure, sometimes it was awkward, seeing as the man was also his boss, but Derek didn't care. He was pack to Derek.

Pack. Derek’s pack. Derek had been convinced he’d never have a pack again. Never have a real home again. Never fall in love again. Never be loved again. He was sure that he’d never stop blaming himself. Derek was pleasantly surprised to be proven wrong.

He can’t even fathom life without his new pack. Yes, he loved and missed family, but he no longer let the mourning take over his life. He allowed himself to live, not just exist.

His pack made it possible.

“No!”

“It isn’t optional, Cora. You’re going!”

“But Derek!”

“Don’t ‘but Derek’ me! You don’t have a choice, you won’t change my mind.”

“I am not going.”

“Yes, you are.”

“No!”

“This isn’t an argument, Cora. You’re going, and that’s that.”

“What’s going on?” Scott asked Stiles, as he and his mates walked into the house. “What’s Derek making her do?”

“Go to school.” Stiles chuckled, watching the siblings argue. “Cora’s upset ‘cause she was home schooled in South America, but Derek wants her going to lowly public school with the rest of us.”

“Oh,”

Isaac laughed, earning him a glare from Cora. “Come on, Cor, it’s not that bad.”

“Yeah,” Allison agreed with a nod and reassuring smile. “Besides, this way you can spend all day with Boyd and Erica. Plus, we get to threaten anyone who says something bad about our pack.”

Cora went to protest, but Derek’s firm glare, and the hopeful look from Allison made her change her mind. “Fine.” She sighed, folding her arms over her chest. “But if I have so much as one class without another pack member in it, I’m dropping out.”

“Fair enough.”
Erica modeled a pair of skintight, distressed, black jeans for Allison, Cora, Lydia and Stiles. The five were picking out outfits for the first day of Junior Year, the next week. Well, Allison, Erica and Lydia were, Cora and Stiles were just roped in. “What d’ya think?”

“I think you might wanna put a shirt on if you plan to wear those in public.” Stiles stated, gesturing to the blondes red lacy bra.

“I agree.” Cora stated with a slight shrug. “I personally love it, but I’m going to have to fight people to keep them away from you. It’ll be be hard enough as it is, so I’m gonna have to vote shirt.”

“Hey, at least you’ve got Boyd to help you fight.” Lydia pointed out, searching through a pile of clothes. “Anyway, Erica, yes to the jeans.”

“Thank you.” Erica smiled, rolling her eyes at Cora and Stiles, beginning her hunt for a top. “Besides, Cor, It’s Boyd and I who will have to fight people over you. You’re new, gorgeous and just dangerous enough to be the attractive kind of scary.”

“It’s true.” Allison smiled, removing her own shirt. “However, you’re starting at the beginning of the year, so you shouldn’t attract too much attention.”

“You’re just happy that you’re not the ‘new girl’ any more.” Stiles smirked knowingly.

“Very true. Oh, Cora, try this.” Allison all but demanded, tossing a tank top to the girl.

“Why am I even here?” Stiles asked, flopping down onto Cora’s bed. “Why aren’t I in Jackson’s room, with the others?”

“Because, we’re going to sort out your hair.” Lydia stated with a distasteful look on her face. “The good news is, now that it’s longer, you don’t look twelve anymore. The bad news is, you need to style it now. So we’re going to pick a look for you, then teach you how to do it.”

Stiles groaned in annoyance, and the girls simply smirked at him.

-A few nights later, it was the full moon. Thankfully, that one went without complications. With everyone in control, Derek decided to take everyone outside, now that the police force new about the supernatural, Derek was free to have every full moon off of work without question.

The pack were running around the training clearing, all of the wolves in full shift. Melissa, Chris, Jake, Hayley and Sheila were sat on a fallen log, in the corner of the clearing, watching and chatting idly. Noah and Richard couldn’t be there as they both had to work. Allison, Lydia and Danny were running around with the wolves, seemingly playing tag. Peter was amongst the wolves, but the twins weren’t. They had been invited, unfortunately the alpha pack wanted to discuss their progress with the pack, and work on their plan.

Danny clearly missed Ethan, but he knew that it was better for the pack. They need allies against the alpha pack, who better than insiders?

After a while, an auburn furred wolf broke free of the group, and trotted over to the adults. Chris immediately recognised his wife and smiled. The wolf grew closer, and once she reached the trio, she sat lied down, resting her head in her husband’s lap. The man chuckled, and began petting her head.
Hearing a loud laugh, Chris looked up to see his daughter on wolf Isaac’s back, her arms wrapped around the wolf’s neck as he ran, the wolf Chris recognised as Scott running next to them. Victoria let out a strange bark, that Chris assumed was a laugh. Next to him, Melissa called out for them to be careful. Lydia and Danny seemed to think it looked fun, as they quickly climbed on a wolf each. Lydia went to Jackson, and Danny went to Boyd. A few meters away, Cora play tackled Derek, and the siblings started wrestling.

Suddenly, Victoria sat up and gave Chris a look, that could only be described as mischievous. She ran off, and before Chris could react, her head was nudging at his back. “No.” The hunter chuckled. “No, Victoria.” She didn’t quit though, and minutes later, Chris was on the wolf’s back, moving at an incredible speed. Not long after, Isaac was running beside them, Allison on his back.

“Race ya!” Allison yelled, and Isaac sped ahead, Victoria immediately sped up to overtake him.

Victoria won the race, though it was a close call. Shortly after, Allison switched to Scott’s back, challenging her parents to another race, which Scott won.

“Where are they going?” Chris asked as he and his daughter walked to the tree stump half an hour later. He gestured over his shoulder to the wolves who were trotting off into the woods.

“Hunting.” Allison stated casually, internally giggling at the look of shock on her father’s face.

Two large tables had been pushed together in the diner. The pack were devouring the mountain of food, starving after the energetic night of running under the full moon. Stiles wouldn’t be surprised in the diner staff now hated them, but it was worth it.

“Hey blondie, pass the salt!” Jackson called across the table.

“I’ll trade you for the ketchup, Jackass.” Erica replied, holding up the salt in offering. Her mother wrinkled her nose.

“Ketchup on breakfast?” She asked, and Erica just shrugged as Jackson spoke.

“Deal.”

“Wait, I want ketchup.” Danny protested, and Jackson looked torn, not noticing the smile playing on his best friend’s lips.

“Your choice Whittemore.” Erica smirked, shaking the salt slightly. “How badly do you want the salt?”

“Sorry Danny.” Jackson stated, handing the ketchup to Erica, who slid over the salt.

“Y’know, I wouldn’t have minded waiting, if Danny used it first.” Erica told him honestly, ignoring Jackson’s glare in favour of drowning her food in ketchup. Stiles chuckled as Danny mockingly berated Jackson. Stiles looked to his dad, Melissa, Chris, Victoria and Peter. The adults were all getting along rather well, despite the glares between Peter and the Argents, though that was expected.

“Hey, dude!” Scott called out, gaining Stiles’ attention. “What’s for dinner tonight?”

“You haven’t even finished this meal, and you’re asking about dinner?” Melissa asked incredulously.
Actually, I’d like to know too.” Isaac admitted sheepishly. Jackson was the next to agree, then Erica.

“Well, most of us will be eating the Deer that we caught last night.” Stiles stated casually, heart rate even. “Who ever doesn’t want that can order pizza.”

“You’re eating raw deer that’s been left outside all night?” Noah asked in a hushed, disgusted voice, causing the wolves to laugh.

“Of course not, we skinned and prepared them when we got in last night, they’ve been stewing in slow cookers all night.” Derek explained, an excited smile on his face. “I haven’t had Deer in a long time.”

Cora grinned in agreement. “I had some about a year ago, in south America, but the Deer here was always so much better.” She licked her lips, then stuffed a forkful of fries into her mouth. “The one Boyd got last night looked pretty good.”

“That one had the most meat.” Stiles agreed, enjoying the fact that all of the wolves were hanging on their every word, all over deer. “Took the longest to prepare, but something tells me that it’ll be worth it.”

“Will you be joining us for dinner tonight, Victoria?” Derek asked politely, and the woman readily agreed.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“I love Deer.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Hand to hand was Jackson’s favourite way to fight. It just felt right to him. Fair. Anything that included distance or long ranged weapons felt wrong to Jackson. Fighting is personal. Up close.

That’s why he was very pissed off when he was shot in the arm with a wolfsbane laced arrow. Then in the back. Then twice again in the arm. The hunter who had shot him was at least half a kilometer away. Jackson did his best to avoid the incoming arrows, but he was continuously nicked and cut. With each shot the hunter stepped closer to Jackson. With each shot, Jackson found himself growing weaker. The hunter was less than a meter away, aiming an arrow at Jackson. The wolf fell to his knees, eyes glowing amber. He glared up at the hunter defiantly, then let out the loudest howl that he could muster. He held it as long as he could, before a foot smashed down on his nose.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Blue eyes. Jackson now had blue eyes. The wolf curled up against Lydia, his mate, his everything, finding comfort in her embrace.

He didn’t have a choice. The hunter was one of Gerard’s men, he had escaped from prison mere hours before attacking Jackson. He took Jackson to one of Argents old warehouses. It didn’t take long for the pack to find him, unfortunately, the hunter had planned ahead. He wasn’t working alone. The second his pack stepped foot in the building, they were swarmed by hunters. They had defended themselves, and freed Jackson, but the hunters weren’t giving up. They attacked, again and again. Then, in the blink of an eye, everything froze.

Jackson was face to face with the hunter that had attacked him. The hunter in question had Lydia
captive. His gun pressed to back of her skull, if anyone made a move, he could pull the trigger. He could kill Lydia.

No.

Not her.

Not Lydia.

Jackson’s vision turned red, but he held himself back. Until Derek lengthened his claws. Seeing the look on his alpha’s face, Jackson knew. They couldn’t get Lydia back. Not without killing the hunter. Derek planned to do it. To keep his beta’s from having to carry that burden, but Jackson couldn’t just stand back and let someone threaten his mate. He couldn’t. So he launched himself forwards at the hunters back. He didn’t hesitate to grab the hunters wrist, and as the man’s finger began to press down on the trigger, Jackson slashed his other hand over the man’s throat. Jackson ripped the gun from his hand and tossed the body away from Lydia. Things seemed to freeze around him as he embraced Lydia, and breathed in her scent as the body hit the ground with a thud.

After that, there was another fight, a couple more hunters died, but not a Jackson’s hands. Derek and Chris killed the others. The remainder agreed to abide by the treaty, mainly because they only just found out that it existed.

Apparently Gerard neglected to tell them about it. Now that they know, they agreed to abide by it. Obviously, they weren’t going to stop hunting, but Jackson surprisingly unfazed by that. He felt bad for people like him out there that were being killed and tortured, but he was glad that it wasn’t any of his pack.

He knew that it was cruel and selfish, that those people had their whole lives ahead of them, but that’s just the way it was.

He couldn’t stand the thought of losing his pack. His family. It would destroy him. Jackson clenched his eyes shut, trying to force back the tears that were forming.

“Hey.” Lydia’s tired, but comforting, voice spoke up and her hand started running through his soft, unstyled hair. “It’s okay, Jacks. I’m here. You’re okay. We’re okay.”

“I’m a killer, Lydia.” Jackson all but sobbed, and looked up at Lydia, with glowing blue eyes. Lydia was looking at him with tear filled eyes. “He’d never killed anybody Lyd. I killed him without hesitating! I’m a monster. Scott hates me.” Jackson tried to hide his face again, but Lydia stopped him. She grabbed his face and forced him to sit up and look at her. When they were sat, facing each other, Lydia spoke.

“You are not a monster, Jackson.” Lydia stated firmly, she still had tears rolling down her face, but she also looked a little angry. “You had to do it, Jackson. I would have died if you hadn’t. Scott was just feeling overly moral. He’ll think it over, realise he was wrong, and apologise tomorrow. The fact that you feel guilty, just proves that you are still you! And maybe the hunter hadn’t killed anybody yet, but he was about to kill me, Jackson. Would you rather have yellow eyes and a dead mate, or blue eyes, and me alive, spending my entire life with you, getting married, starting a family.”

“I’ll always pick you.” Jackson stated as more tears fell. “I want to spend my life with you. I want to marry you, have children with you, grow old with you. But that doesn’t change what I am.”

“What you are, is a werewolf, and my mate.” Lydia said calmly, her hands were still holding his
face and she pulled him closer. “Scott will get over himself and things will be normal again. You and I will continue going strong. We’ll face whatever comes our way, we’ll graduate, go to college, get married, maybe build our own house on the property, have children.” She stopped suddenly and shook her head. “We’ll have half werewolf, half banshee babies.” Lydia commented with a chuckle.

“The tantrums will be fun.” Jackson stated sarcastically, leaning forward and pressing his forehead to Lydia’s. “But we’ll handle it.”

“Yes we will.” She smiled. “Together.”

When they went downstairs for breakfast the next morning, Derek immediately wrapped his arms around Jackson in a comforting hug. “I never wanted any of you to carry that burden.” He muttered in the beta’s ear, breathing in the boy’s scent.

“I saw that you were going to do it.” Jackson admitted softly, just loud enough for the humans to hear. “I knew you would have, but Lydia is my mate, mine to protect. I didn’t want to, but I knew that I had to.”

“I know.” Derek assured, “You did the right thing.”

“You did.” Scott agreed, before hugging Jackson from behind. “I’m sorry I was a dick last night.” The night before, Scott wouldn’t look at Jackson, or talk to him, but the disgust was clear. Thankfully, the next day, the scent was completely gone. “I was being horrible, and probably just made you feel worse. Honestly, if he had been threatening Allison or Isaac, I would have done the same thing.” Jackson nodded, glad that his pack mate didn’t hate him.

“Thank you, Scott.”

-Tattoo’s. Of course it had to be tattoo’s. Stiles bit back a groan at the thought. He hated needles, but he did want one. Unfortunately, it wouldn’t be just needles for the wolves, Derek told them that it would heal, so they needed to do something else to make it permanent. They had to burn it onto themselves. With flamethrowers! Fun.

Although, Scott had it the worst, as he had opted to get two tattoo’s. A pair of bands wrapped around his left bicep and a triskele on his back, in the same place as Derek’s. The adults of the pack hadn’t gotten any, but all of the teenagers did, even the humans. All triskele’s, to represent their pack. Some had gotten it in the same place as Derek, but not all of them. Erica, for example, had gotten hers on her left wrist, as had Lydia and Cora. Allison got hers on the back of her neck, Danny got his on his right shoulder blade. Stiles got his on his right wrist, yes, wrist tattoo’s were very painful, but he wanted it in a place that everyone could see. He wanted to show off his pack mark.

“Pin him down.” Derek ordered to Boyd and Jackson, sending Stiles an apologetic look. “This’ll hurt.” He warned his mate. Stiles was the first to undergo flamethrower treatment, as he had volunteered, wanting to get it over and done with. Stiles grimaced as Derek lit the tool and carefully approached him.

Fuck.

-Junior year, first day. Erica wasn’t nervous at all this time. Derek’s little pep talk/speech was pretty
much the same as the last time, just varied slightly for the newer members of the pack. A lot of freshmen were staring at the group. To be fair to their fellow students, the pack did look like they were a part of a gang or something.

They were all wearing leather jackets, most black, but Allison’s was brown and Erica’s was red. Allison had her hair tied up, making her tattoo visible. Cora and Erica had their sleeves rolled up to their elbows, showing off their tattoos as well. There were whispers from their classmates, some about the tattoo’s, some about Cora and some about the pack in general. Erica’s favourite rumour being spread was that they were mafia, getting weapons and things from Chris and being protected by the sheriff. That everything with Kate and Peter was all a part of mafia warfare, the pack had wanted to take over, but the others didn’t want that, so they divided and were now rivals.

Some people had also heard about the renovations in the hospital and believe that the pack bought it for private medical emergencies, and that they had a private doctor, one who can cure asthma and epilepsy. Erica personally found it hilarious. Hearing rumors about herself and not being self conscious about them was new for her, but she really did not care about what random people thought about her anymore. Sure, if they said anything really nasty and defaming about her, she’d threaten them on principal, but it didn’t keep her up at night anymore.

“-And no alcohol, it won’t help.” Derek ordered half heartedly. “Got it?”

“Yes alpha.” Was chorused, drawing more looks from the people walking past.

“And no stealing my Reeses!” Stiles added with a half hearted glare, causing the pack to chuckle. “I’m serious, okay?”

“Okay mum.” Was called, without a single hint of sarcasm, a freshman walking by stopped suddenly and did a double take at Stiles.

Stiles glared at the boy and called out “Yeah they call me mum. Problem?!” Derek chuckled as the kid shook his head rapidly and scurried away.

“Alright, don’t kill anyone and try to have fun.” Derek smiled, then stole a kiss from Stiles before the pack made their way into the school, calling goodbyes over their shoulders.

Their first class was English, one of the classes that the entire pack had together, the poor teacher was screwed.

On the way to class, they pass the principals offices and notice the former principal in there. “Better than Gerard.” Lydia commented absentmindedly and the others nodded. The man in question was discussing the applications for the new ‘Career Adviser’ with Victoria and saying that whatever happened to the library while he was gone needed to be fixed. He was searching through the desk when he suddenly held up a long sword and demanded to know: “What the hell is this!?” Victoria’s eyes widened and she glanced over to the pack and gestured for the pack to walk away. Which they did, not staying to hear the excuse she would give.

The pack made steady conversation on their way to class, only to stop suddenly when they walked in the room.

In the front row, sat next to each other, grinning at the pack, were the twins.

“What are you doing here?” Stiles demanded in a hushed voice, taking the desk next to Aiden whilst glancing around at the other students who were filling the room.

“Deucalion made us.” Ethan stated quietly, sending Danny a soft smile.
“He thinks it’ll help us gain your trust.” Aiden continued, rolling his eyes in annoyance. “Don’t worry, we won’t do anything.”

“We were sent here to monitor you, that’s all.”

Stiles frowned at them for a second, before sighing. “Alright, it makes sense, I guess. But you should have told us. Even if was just texting Danny ‘I’m gonna be going to school with you this year, smiley face, two kisses’ Alright? This alliance isn’t going to work if you keep things from us.”

“We know, we’re sorry.” Aiden nodded seriously. “It won’t happen again.”

The pack took their seats and waited for the teacher to arrive. It wasn’t long until every phone in the class went off. The text was a passage from ‘Heart of Darkness’, sent by their new English teacher, Jennifer Blake. Things were going fine, at least at first.

Before the end of class, a flock of birds attacks the classroom. At first it was just a single bird flying into the window, dying on impact and startling the class. Then another one met the same fate. Soon, hundreds of birds were colliding with the glass, applying too much force for it to withstand. It wasn’t long before Stiles noticed cracks appearing. “Everybody get down!” He yelled, just as the window shattered.

Glass rained over everybody as the birds filled the room. All of the wolves, the twins included, used themselves as shields over as many humans as they could. Their efforts caused them several cuts and scratches, but nothing too serious. After a few minutes, everything went still. After a moment’s hesitation, everyone cautiously stood and looked around at the damage.

Black feathers and bird blood and corpses splattered the room. Desks had been pushed over or out of place. Paper was skewed and shredded everywhere. Some people, mainly the wolves, had torn clothing. Thankfully though, no one was seriously hurt, but most people, the teacher included, were freaking out. Stiles tried to comfort the woman, but couldn’t quite focus for two reasons. One, he wondered what caused the birds to act like that. Two, the woman didn’t smell right. Her chemosignals were telling him a different story to the way she was acting, and her scent in general wasn’t quite… right. She smelt human, but with something else thrown in. Something familiar, but he couldn’t place it.

He shook his head slightly as the principal burst into the room, looking around in shock. It wasn’t long before his father and his mate arrived to investigate, and the class was sent to their next lesson, being called out one by one to see Morrell.

“Close the door and take a seat Stiles.” Morrell ordered as the lanky boy walked into her office. Stiles gave her a ‘seriously?’ look, but did it anyway. “What can you tell me about the incident.”

Stiles immediately nodded and launched into detail about what he’d learnt so far. “Well, first of all, this isn’t the first strange incident involving animal behaviour this month. A few day ago, we were all driving home from getting tattoo’s. Lydia, Allison and Danny were in Lydia’s car, Scott, Erica, Cora and I were in my Jeep, and Derek, Jackson, Boyd and Isaac were in Derek’s car. We’d just stopped at a red light, and as we moved forward again, Erica and Scott started argument over who, out of the two of them, had the hottest mates. The argument turned into a full on fight. Scott, who was in the passenger seat, was being hit repeatedly by Erica, who was in the seat behind me, with the heel of her six inch stiletto. So I do the responsible thing and stop the car. Derek stops behind us. Lydia continues driving for a few second before realising we'd stopped. They’re a little bit
further up the road from us, and so distracted by looking back at us that they don’t notice the deer running up to them until it smashed the windshield!”

Morrell looked intrigued for a second, before she returned to her stoic state. “And have you researched it? Found out if it’s common?”

“Yeah, I looked it up this morning.” Stiles nodded, neglecting to mention the fact that he had mainly been researching it as a final, half assed, attempt to get out of school. “It’s definitely not common. Yes, there have been a few Deer related car accidents in the area over the past few years, but nothing like this. They’re all side of the road, or Deer running into the road incidents. Not one of them have the Deer running down the middle of the road towards the car.”

“What else have you learnt?”

“The-uh, th-the birds.” Stiles started, pulling his laptop out of his bag and opening it. “My dad said it seemed familiar, so he looked through his old cases- hang on.” He paused as he found what he was after. “Here.” He turned the screen towards Morrell. “Six years ago there was an incident involving birds at the hospital. This woman, sh-she was found in the woods, her face sliced. They took her into surgery and tried to save her. During the treatment a couple hundred birds flew into the window or the room. I-it’s like they were-”

“Sacrificing themselves for her.” Morrell finished knowingly. “This woman, what was her name?”

“Uh-, Julia B-”

“Julia Baccari.”

“Yeah.”

“She was a druid, Alpha Kali’s emissary.” The woman stated, a thoughtful expression on her face. “Is there anything else?”

Stiles nodded, and told her his bad feeling about Jennifer Blake. Once that was done, he finally got to talk about himself, finally let out all of the dark thoughts that had crept into his head.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

That night, the twins joined the pack for training. They had discussed theories about what, or who, caused the incident earlier that day. However, they all drew blanks, so they got on with training, with Danny typing away on his laptop in a corner.

Unfortunately, the pack ‘forgot’ to inform the twins of the wards that prevented the finding them with malicious intent, or leading the alpha pack there. It’s not that they distrusted or were suspicious of the twins, it was that they knew that, if forced to make the decision, the brothers would choose each other over the pack. Which the pack completely understood, as they’d all do the same. So, the pack kept their passages and escape routes secret, and the twins did the same. No questions asked, no lies told.

The twins were good battle opponents for the pack, showing the new strategy and defense methods they hadn’t witnessed or learnt of. The pack did the same for them. Both sides silently hoped to never have to seriously fight one another.

As well as being worthy opponents, they made excellent teammates. Not only in their joined form, but individually, on opposing teams. When they were separated, they actually preferred being on opposing sides. Derek noticed that they primarily fought each other. Derek supposed that it was for
one of three reasons: 1) They could make sure the other didn’t get seriously hurt, 2) They liked to fight and challenge each other for fun, or 3) It was a way to get rid of any tension or disagreements between them. Derek could understand number three. He and Laura did that a lot in New York. Derek had no doubt in his mind that he and Cora would too, someday.

After a few hours of training, Derek called an end to the session and announced that the wolves were now permitted to fully shift, which made the twins take on confused expressions.

Their confusion and surprise only grew when the wolves of the pack started stripping right in front of them. They then knew how others felt when they strip off to merge. Ethan gasped and Aiden’s eyes shot wide as one by one, the Hale pack started shifting into real wolves. Soon all the werewolves, except Derek and the twins, had shifted and the Hale pack alpha smirked at the twins.

“Do you want to learn how to do this?” He asked and the brothers nodded quickly.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“They’re hiding something!” Kali sneered at Deucalion, whom was looking bored with the conversation. “We can’t trust them!”

“I agree with Kali,” Ennis informed the blind alpha. “Something is going on, and I don’t think we can count on them anymore.”

“You’re right, we can’t trust them. We can, however, still use them...” Deucalion stated in a calm voice that irked the other two alphas, then turned towards Kali and all-but growled. “To clean up your mess.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

A few nights later, Derek and the teenaged members of his pack attended a house party, to celebrate Heather’s birthday. There was a fair amount of people were already there when the pack arrived, most of them from Heather’s school, but there were a few familiar faces from BHHS. Such as Danielle, who was apparently Heather's best friend. The pair were chatting animately, until Heather noticed the new arrivals. “Stiles!” She greeted cheerfully, bounding over and hugging the boy.

“Hey! There’s the birthday girl!” He beamed, as she approached and embraced her in a bear hug.

“I’m so glad that you could make it!”

“Of course.” Stiles grinned as they pulled away, then gestured to his boyfriend. “You remember Derek, right?”

“Of course, it’s good to see you again, thank you for coming.” She babbled and held out her hand. Derek shook it, sending the girl a soft smile and a small nod. Stiles then went on to introduce the rest of his pack.

Once the introductions were done, Heather politely asked if Stiles could help her pick out a bottle of wine, and he had agreed. Once they were in the cellar, with the door firmly shut behind them, Heather spoke up.

“I need to ask you something.”

“Yeah?”
“Well, as you know, I just turned seventeen today.” She began nervously, staring at the ground as if it were the most interesting thing in the world. “And, the thing I want more than anything, to be blunt, is to not be a virgin anymore.”

Stiles’ face jumped to an expression of surprise. “Oh.”

“Yeah, and I was originally going to ask you to do it with me, but, obviously, you’re in a relationship. So now I’m asking, as a friend, if you could help me find someone. All the guys at my school would call me a slut and tell everyone. I also don’t want to go out and do some random guy who won’t bother trying to make sure that it’s as pleasant for me as possible. So, I decided to ask you to help me find someone who will be patient, understanding and won’t make me feel uncomfortable. You’re a great judge of character, so..”

“Yeah, I’ll look. Do you mind if I tell Derek, though?” Stiles asked hopefully. “I don’t want him to see me talking to cute guys and get the wrong idea.”

“Yeah, of course, I don’t want to cause any trouble for the two of you.” Heather assured quickly, then paused thoughtfully before adding. “You can also tell Danny, if you’d like. He’s got to know a few nice guys who are bi or straight.”

Stiles chuckled and nodded. “Probably.” He agreed as Heather turned and pulled a bottle of wine off of the shelf.

“Here, could you take this upstairs for me? I’ll be up in a minute.” Heather asked, holding out the bottle, which Stiles took from her.

“Sure, is everything okay?”

“Yeah, it’s just that my feet are killing me.” Heather assured the wolf honestly. “I just want to take a moment to get out of these killer heels.” The blonde giggled, causing Stiles to smile at her.

“Do you want me to wait down here with you?” He asked, but the girl shook her head.

“No, go dance with your boyfriend and deliver the wine, I won’t be long.”

“Alright,” Stiles smiled, taking a step backwards towards the stairs. “I’ll see you in a minute.”

“See you in a minute.” Heather replied with a smile. She waited until Stiles had gone upstairs to kick her shoes off. She sunk to the floor and inspected the newly formed blisters. She groaned in slight pain, as she accidentally pressed down on one of them. “This is why I don’t wear heels.” She groaned to herself, massaging her foot, not that it helped.

The girl froze when she heard a noise, then began looking around the room. “Hello?” She called out nervously. “Who’s there?” She rose to her feet and backed towards the nearest wall. Suddenly, a bottle of wine shot off of the shelf, smashing to shards right by her feet. Heather shrieked in fear, taking a step backwards. Another bottle flew out and smashed, so Heather took another step back. Then it happened again, and again, and again.

Soon enough, Heather was standing below a window, her back pressed to the wall, and she had shards of glass stuck in her feet. Her heart was racing at a mile a minute. The window above her smashed and Heather felt something wrap around her neck, cutting off her air supply.

Heather struggled to break free, to breath, then she was hit over the head. She felt her world going dark, and right before she blacked out, she heard a familiar voice call out her name.
Two nights later, Stiles collapsed in exhaustion on Lydia’s bedroom floor.

“Are you okay?” Lydia asked, a hint of amusement seeping into her voice as she flopped onto her bed.

“Yeah, just tired.” Stiles sighed, allowing his eyes to rest for a moment. “How about you, though? You’re the one who found that guy.” He pointed out, forcing himself to sit up, so that he could properly look at the redhead.

“I’m okay.” She smiled slightly. “I didn’t fight the pull this time.” She admitted, a pleased smile on her face. “I let the voices guide me, and I got there in time. I saw that… thing. It was strangling him, and it was about to slit his throat.” The girl shuddered at the memory before her smile returned. “But then I shot it, and it ran off, I saved him. If I had arrived just a few minutes later, it’d be too late.” She looked Stiles in the eyes, unable to contain her smile. “I didn’t fight it, and I got there in time. I helped save his life!” Stiles grinned back at the girl, feeling his heart warming at the look of pure happiness on her face. “And it feels… so good.”

“Yeah, it does.” Stiles grinned, wrapping the girl in a hug. They weren’t sure how long they stayed like that, but they broke apart when Jackson jumped in through the window. The pair greeted the beta, who smiled at them.

“He’s stabilized.” Was the first thing he said, walking over and greeting Lydia with a kiss. “You did good tonight.”

“Well.” Stiles corrected without thinking, causing Jackson to look at him in slight annoyance and confusion.

“Well… What?”

“It’s ‘did well’ not good.” Stiles pointed out, earning him a giggle from Lydia and a glare from Jackson. “I’m gonna go.” He stated after an awkward pause, gesturing towards the window. “I’ll see you guys tomorrow.” He waved goodbye, then jumped out of the window.

He landed in an easy crouch, right in front of mrs Martin. The woman in question shrieked and jumped backwards, her heart racing in fright. “Stiles!” She gasped with a glare. “First Jackson, now you?”

“Sorry Mrs. Martin.” Stiles apologised sheepishly, standing up straight.

“How many times do I have to tell you? Call me Natalie.” The woman insisted kindly.

“Alright Mrs- Natalie.” Stiles smiled at the woman, then noticed the shopping bags in the woman's hands. “Oh, do you need help carrying anything?”

“That would be great thanks, there are more bags in the car.” He helped the woman with the bags before leaving the property, and making his way to the sheriff's station.

Okay, so the girl and the lifeguard. Both strangled, hit over the head and almost had their throats slit. What’s the connection?” Sheriff Stilinski thought aloud in the station, as he pinned their pictures to the investigation board. There was a moment of silence as everyone thought, some people typing away.
“They’re different genders, ages, go to different schools, and live in different areas of the town. It seems random, but the cause of death is too precise. Too personal. The actions are close contact, meaning the killer wanted them to suffer. That’s too personal to be random.” Derek stated, a thoughtful and confused expression on his face. He was leaning against his desk, as Stiles occupied the chair, scribbling furiously in a notepad.

Theories were bounced around, some people would say what they were doing, search wise, while typing on their computers. This went on for a few minutes, but so far nothing had come up.

Suddenly, Stiles’ head shot up and he all but yelled. “I’ve got it!” Around him, all conversation stopped, and all eyes shot to him. “They’re both virgins!” He scrambled to his feet, sending the chair rolling backwards as he rushed to the board. “The lifeguard, uh, Kieran, he had a purity ring on! And I know that Heather’s a virgin! She told me herself, but you can’t tell her that I told you that. Anyway, it all makes sense now!”

Stiles was grinning wildly, but everybody else looked confused. “How exactly does it all make sense?” Tara asked curiously, leaning forward slightly.

“They were supposed to be sacrifices! The method the, uh, the thing tried to used, had they succeeded, would have been a threefold death. I read about it a while ago!” Stiles babbled as the employee’s in the station hung on his every word, or the ones that they could make out at least. “But this sort of thing would require experience, deep, deep knowledge of magic and things. Like-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a.”

“A druid.” Derek stated knowingly and Stiles nodded.

“Yeah, you totally just stole my thunder, but yes. Kinda.” Stiles stated turning back to the board, pointing to the ? “This person started off as a druid, but now with the sacrifices and general badness, they’ve gone dark. Deaton told me that ‘Druid’ in Gaelic means ‘Wise Oak’ and Morrell told me today that a a druid gone dark, is known as ‘dark oak’ and the Gaelic have a word for that as well…” He stated and picked up the board pen and wrote: “D-A-R-A-C-H-” He then underlined the word and turned to face the group of people, hanging on his every word. “Darach.”

“Okay, that’s all great,” Deputy Posey spoke up gesturing to the board. “But how do we find this Darach thingy? I mean, they’re human right? So how are we supposed to pick them out of a crowd.”

“I actually have a theory about who it could be.” He stated. “Six years ago this woman, Julia Baccari, was the emissary for Alpha Kali’s pack. When Deucalion came along, Kali chose to kill her entire pack, including her Emissary. Rumour has it, though, that Kali and Julia were very close. Deaton, Morrell and I have theorised, via text, that perhaps Kali couldn’t bring herself to deliver that final blow. Instead, she left her for dead. Julia, probably using magic, was able to stay alive long enough for help to get there.” Stiles stated, then gestured wildly to his father. “The sheriff, then deputy, was the first one on scene.”

“I was the one to find her, actually.” Noah corrected, a hard to read expression on his face. “I was searching through the woods, looking for any clues in the Hale case, when I heard this… cry, kind of. It was strange, garbled. So I follow where it came from and I found her. She was leant against this huge tree stump. Her face was bloodied and cut us, part of her mouth was missing too. She barely even look human. I called for an ambulance and back-up, and the woman, Julia was taken into surgery. It was during that surgery that things got strange.” He stated, ignoring a deputies remark of ‘the chopped up face wasn’t strange?’ and continued. “Julia was dying, the doctors couldn’t get her stabalised. Then suddenly, birds started flying into the windows, the more birds that flew into the window, the better Julia got. It makes sense now They were sacrificing
“So, the birds at the school, those were sacrifices too?” Deputy Deeks asked, as he wrote in a notebook.

“Yeah.”

“So who was in the classroom?” The deputy asked thoughtfully, and Stiles picked up on what the man was thinking.

“The teenaged members of the Hale Pack, the twins, a dozen students and the teacher.” Noah stated, purposely say ‘the twins’ rather than ‘the alpha twins’. The staff obviously knew all about the twins, but the other alpha’s might be listening. And they needed the alpha’s convinced that the twins were actually undercover as omega’s with the pack.

“So, it could be a warning to the pack and/or the twins, or the darach was in the room.” The deputy suggested, and Stiles nodded in agreement.

“That makes sense.” Stiles stated. “Julia is probably powerful enough to glamour herself. We should do background checks on everyone in that room. I’d focus on anyone who came to town in the past six years, mainly caucasian females, but not exclusively. She could have made herself appear any age, gender, colour, anything.”

Noah nodded in agreement and added, “Also, look for any similarities in their lives. Anything, birthdays, parents names, mother’s maiden name-”

“Initials?” Derek cut in suddenly, and Noah nodded, so he asked. “Stiles, what did you say your english teacher’s name was?”

Stiles’ eyes widened in realisation. “Jennifer Blake. I knew there was something off about her.”

“Alright, get me everything we got on Jennifer Blake!” Noah Stilinski ordered and all of his employer scurried to work. Stiles also moved to set up his laptop, but his dad pulled him back using the collar of his shirt. “Not you!”

-Cora was sat in maths class, bored out of her mind. Why couldn’t Derek let her be homeschooled? Maths was her least favourite class for multiple reasons. 1) She really didn’t understand it. 2) Neither of her mates were there with her, and 3) The teacher was a bitch. Sure, Cora had a habit of provoking the woman, and annoying her class, except for Lydia. Lydia was the only other member of the Hale pack in that class. It was an advanced class, and Cora was only in there because she refused to be in a class without a pack member, and all of the other classes were full. So Derek had pulled some strings to get her in there.

Cora wasn’t exactly pleased about that, but she dealt with it. She glanced over to the teacher, who was writing on the board and babbling on about something, then to Lydia, who was rapidly scribbling down her notes.

Thank goodness for Lydia’s notes. Cora didn’t want to think about how many classes she’d be failing if it wasn’t for Lydia and her notes.

Cora smiled slightly, then glanced to the clock on the wall. The girl bit back a groan when she noticed that she still had over half an hour of lesson left, she gritted her teeth and tried to distract herself. Cora casually started drumming her pencil against the desk, she could sense the annoyance themselves for her.”
of the teacher and several of her classmates at the action, but she carried on anyway.

“Miss Hale.” The teacher snapped after almost five minutes, glaring at the girl.

“Yeah?”

“It’s your turn to solve the equation on the board.” The woman smirked, Cora wasn’t the best at maths, but even she could tell that it was an advanced problem. Something that they hadn’t even begun to cover yet.

Cora didn’t allow her nerves to show, however. She simply sent Lydia a look that girl would understand as a request for help.

“Don’t worry.” Lydia whispered at a tone so low that Cora barely heard her. “I’ll talk you through it.” With Lydia’s guidance, Cora was done in less than two minutes. The brunette set down the chalk, clapped the dust off of her hands, and smirked at the seething teacher, then strutted back to her seat.

Cora sent a grateful look, and a playful wink to Lydia, who was trying to hide her smile and amused expression.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“So, you cheated?” Derek glared at his sister, once the girl had shamelessly recounted the events to him.

“I prefer to think of it as teamwork.” Cora smiled, which just caused Derek’s glare to intensify. “After, all, isn’t that what pack is all about?”

“Cora!” Derek growled, but before he could say anything else, Allison poked her head into the room.

“Sorry to interrupt, but Cora, it’s time for studying.” Cora grinned at the huntress and quickly left the room.

Group study sessions were a new thing for the pack. At the end of the previous school year, according to Stiles, they had avoided them, thinking that it’d be pointless as everyone would get distracted. They were all proven wrong when a pack night turned into a rapid study fest for an english surprise quiz the next day.

They had found out about it when Danny had found a file in Jennifer/Julia’s cloud storage, containing questions about the book they were reading for class. It turned out to be their most productive study session up until that point.

They should have guessed it would work out like that. Lydia, Stiles, Allison, Erica and Danny were usually the tutors, but they all had trouble keeping some members of the pack focused.

For example, Allison was the go-to girl for French, but she had a difficult time getting Erica, Jackson and Stiles to focus. Boyd, Danny and Scott were able to help keep them focused, and Isaac made sure Scott was still paying attention. Lydia made notes and little prompt/reference guides for extra support, and Stiles provided snacks.

All in all, it was so much easier studying together.

That night, they were working on economics homework, which they found boring, but they
managed to get through it thanks to each other and by remembering Coach’s antics. Cora thought Coach was hilarious, she didn’t quite believe the Pack’s definition of the man before meeting him. She honestly couldn’t believe that someone could be like that, but she was proven wrong.

Her first economics lesson was actually the only class she had enjoyed on her first day, meeting Coach wasn’t even a funny situation, but had that been the only thing that happened in the lesson, she would have given him the ‘best teacher’ crown anyway.

She had just sat down when Coach had noticed her. The man squinted at her a few times, then loudly asked. “Who are you?”

“Cora Hale, I’m new” She explained and Coach rolled his eyes.

“Obviously.” Then he frowned. “Hale? Like Stilinski’s boyfriend?” He asked whilst sending a curious glance to said male, who nodded slightly.

“Yeah, Derek is my older brother.” Cora confirmed with a nod. Coach smiled for a second before his eyes widened slightly and his face dropped. Then, a sympathetic look took over his face, as he walked over to Cora’s desk and crouched down, drawing curious looks from other students walking in.

“You’re the Cora Hale.” He said softly. “I was under the impression that you had passed away.”

“Everyone did, and I thought Derek had. I’ve been staying with family friends in South America for the past six years.” She explained carefully, but Coach just looked sad for her, not pitying. “It was only about a month ago that Derek and I found each other again.”

Coach smiled sympathetically at her, “Well, welcome home.” He smiled brightly this time. “I know it was a while ago, but it’s a big thing, so if you ever need anyone to talk to, you can come to me.” He assured kindly. “Or, if you’re not comfortable talking to me, I can make sure you can talk to the guidance councilor, just say the word.”

“Thank you, Coach.” Cora stated genuinely, and Coach gave her one last smile, before standing and turning to face the rest of the class.

“Alright, you morons, sit down, summers over!” He then went on to start the lesson, occasionally cracking jokes and yelling at the class, mainly the athletes. Some guy called ‘Greenberg’ getting the most of it.

So, yes, Coach was definitely her favourite teacher. Mr Harris was her least favourite. Without a doubt, even beating out miss. Blake, who is in fact an evil druid who goes around sacrificing people, or trying to, at least. Anyway, Harris is still her most hated teacher. Everytime he opens his mouth, Cora has the overwhelming urge to punch him, especially when he speaks to one of her Pack mates. Especially Stiles. She also got a bad vibe from him. Not just the regular ‘you’re-a-douchebag’ vibes, either, but full on ‘you-seem-like-an-evil-megalomanic-who-might-hurt-my-pack’ vibes. Therefore, she really didn’t like Mr. Harris. At all.

Cora was drawn out of her musings by Erica kissing her cheek, bringing her back to reality. “Focus, Cor.” She whispered softly with a small smile, which Cora returned before giving her attention to Lydia, who was explaining the economics homework to them.

Two hours later, they were done and preparing to go train. This time, however, they weren’t going to the clearing. Instead, they would be using their private training room in the second basement.

Partially because they could do anything without being seen, but also because there was a storm
outside, and they’d rather not risk the human members of the pack falling ill because of training.

They had a lot of equipment, and it was a large room, with air conditioning and padding. They also had a changing room with showers next to it, which they all planned to use, to save having to go all the way through the house to get clean after training.

They were very rarely down there, except for the occasional night in the games room, so they mostly only had the air conditioning, fridges and freezers on, to keep everything the right temperature and to keep it from getting to dusty. Almost weekly someone would go down, either for extra cooking when the pack was having an especially big meal, to run the taps and showers to keep them from clogging up, or when all of the upstairs washing machines were full, but they almost never went down all at once. So this was a nice change for them.

They all started their warm ups and stretches, waiting for Derek to tell them what to do. Even Danny was joining in this session. He refused to fight, being strongly against violence, but he would stay in shape and train with defensive tools and learn evasive maneuvers. For his own safety and to keep the pack at ease.

“Danny, what distance equals to five laps around the clearing?” Derek called out as he powered up the treadmills.

“Roughly… One point three miles.”

“Okay, everyone, you heard him. One point three miles on the treadmills, let’s go.” He ordered, claiming a treadmill for himself. Everyone moved to the treadmills without complaint, and started the run, some started at high speeds, and set it to uphill. Derek didn’t say anything about those who started off at low speeds, they all knew their limits and what worked well for them, and he also knew that they wouldn’t slack off. They all knew the importance of staying in shape, especially given what’s going on in town.

One by one, the stepped off the treadmills, flittering around the room and engaging in other training activities, awaiting their next orders from Derek.

-A Teen Wolf-Sterek-A Teen Wolf-Sterek-

A month later, Derek finally met Jennifer officially. He managed to remain civil and act like he didn’t know who and what she really was. It was especially hard given that she had eventually managed to kill three virgins and abduct three warriors, one of whom had been found dead. Mr Harris had been abducted, he was the only one Derek didn’t lose sleep over.

He had gone to the school to pick up his pack on a friday. The twins warned them that the alpha’s were gearing up for an attack, so he had gone to the school so that he could make sure they all got to the clearing okay. It wasn’t unusual for him to meet them after school, so it wouldn’t raise any flags. Unfortunately, as Derek was waiting Jennifer/Julia came to the car park, apparently to get something from her car.

When she noticed him, she smiled flirtatiously and walked over to him, apparently to make sure ‘he wasn’t a threat to the students’ which Derek didn’t need super hearing to know was a total lie. Either way, he smiled and played nice. Dropping comments about Stiles and the pack, though obviously he didn’t say pack to her.

Soon enough the bell was to signal the end of the day rang out, and the woman scurried off to excused her class.
When Stiles walked over to him and kissed him, Derek returned it easily, but something was off. It didn’t feel right, and Derek couldn’t get Jennifer out of his mind.

Something wasn’t right. He didn’t feel it anymore, the bond with Stiles. Their mate connection. It had seemed to have just vanished.

“What d-do you mean?” Stiles asked shakily, tears pooled in his eyes as he stared intently at Derek, who avoided his eyes stubbornly.

“I mean, I don’t love you anymore.” Derek stated casually. His wolf screamed at him, hell, his heart screamed at him, telling him to take it back, that it wasn’t true, that he love Stiles, but he couldn’t bring himself to muster up any emotions. “I don’t feel the mate bonds or anything. I feel nothing for you.” He looked at Stiles, expecting to feel guilt at the heartbroken expression on the boy’s face, but still, there was nothing. “I’ll be staying at the loft in a building I own. Don’t come looking for me, if I want to see you, I will” He stated simply, and stood, moving to grab some clothes, but Stiles jumped up, and grabbed Derek’s arm, stopping him in his tracks.

“I-I don’t understand.”

“Get off of me!” Derek roared and flash his eyes, causing Stiles to whimper, and back away from Derek until he was cowering on their- his- bed.

“Derek, please…” Stiles all but begged as the door opened and the pack cautiously listened on, shocked at what they saw and heard. “I love you.”

“I don’t.” Stiles went to say something, only for Derek to cut him off “God, just shut up!” He sneered as the pack scrambled over to the bed to comfort Stiles, every one of them looking confused and hurt. “Do you have any idea how annoying you are? You never shut up, it’s irritating and-” A circle of mountain ash surrounded him, he looked to see Lydia’s hand still raised. “Lydia!” He growled. “Let me out!”

She ignored him and turned to Stiles. “So, what could override a mate bond?” And it clicked for Stiles. Derek was under some… spell or something. It didn’t erase the pain of the words Derek had said, but it helped him calm down and get his rational, research state of mind on.

Stiles sniffled, and attempted to wipe his tears away, only to find both of arms pinned down by the pack. He rolled his eyes fondly, then finally answered Lydia. “It’d take a pretty powerful love spell.” He said, to the pack, all of whom were ignoring Derek’s angry growls and demands to be released. “But it has to be more than that, the pack bonds are too strong for him to just leave, yet he’s pretty intent on moving out. Also, he’s changed his views on me, so whatever it is, it’s powerful. Which means whoever’s behind this is powerful.”

“It has to be the Darach, right?” Noah asked, trying to ignore his instincts to shoot Derek for making his son cry. “She wants Derek for something.”

“Probably.” Stiles agreed, nodding slightly. “The real question is, why? Why does she need Derek separate from us? What does she need him for?”

“And why does she think we’re stupid enough to believe Derek would suddenly have a complete personality switch?” Erica added. “Sure, at first, we’d all be too upset to question it, except Lydia, as she’s the rational one, but Jennifer had to have known we’d figure it out eventually.”

“Maybe she hoped to have leverage over us before then.” Scott suggested thoughtfully. “I mean,
with Derek by her side, she’d definitely have us in the palm of her hands. None of us would ever hurt him.”

“And she’d have an alpha.” Jackson added from somewhere behind Stiles. “At least it’d be an even playing field against one of the other alphas.”

“So, how do we undo this… spell or whatever?” Cora asked, a growl clear in her voice as she spoke. Some bitch messed with her brother, and that bitch had to pay.

“I’ll call Deaton.” Scott announced, digging out his phone.

“I’ll call my dad.” Allison stated, doing the same.

Danny stood and headed towards the door, “I’ll grab my laptop, see if I can find anything useful online.” Stiles untangled himself from the pack and stated.

“I’ll go grab some books from our library, there has to be something useful.” Lydia stood with Stiles and announced that she’d join him, to translate anything in archaic Latin, or another language that she knew and he didn’t.

The made their way to the ground floor of the house, and to the library side by side, both trying to block out Derek’s angry yells that echoed down the stairs. Stiles winced as Derek screamed something about him being pathetic.

“How are you doing?” Lydia asked sympathetically once they were settled in the, thankfully soundproof, library. “This can’t be easy for you.”

“It’s not.” Stiles admitted sadly, running a hand through his hair with a sigh. “But now that I know it’s not really him saying these things, it’s a little easier. I’m just worried about Derek once this is over.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, you were there, at the beginning. You saw how guilty he was, blaming himself for everything. This—” He gestured around upwards to indicate the bedroom, where they knew Derek was still yelling. “—is just going to set him back. He’ll feel guilty about this for so long, and I won’t be able to fix it.”

“You’re right.” Lydia nodded in agreement, setting the book in her hands to the side and moved towards Stiles. “But you won’t be alone in helping him heal. We will all work together as pack, as a family to make sure he’s okay.” Lydia assured placing a comforting hand on his shoulder, but it did little to help Stiles’ mood.

“But what if we can’t.” Stiles sighed, running a hand over his face before continuing. “What if we can’t beat this, the Darach. She’s already killed at least four people, Lydia. Yes, we were able to save some people, but we can’t save everyone. What if we can’t stop her before she’s killed how ever many it is that she needs to. What if we can’t break whatever the hell she hit Derek with.” A tear escaped and rolled down Stiles’ cheek against his will as he looked up at the girl who has become one of his best friends. “You all call me ‘Pack Mum’ and with Derek out for the count, I have to make the big decisions, the hard decisions. But I don’t know what to do, I don’t know how to handle this. I’m barely holding myself together, so how the hell am I supposed to hold the pack together? How am I supposed to handle it?”

Lydia wanted to say that it wasn’t all on him, that the others would understand, but it’d be a huge lie. Although they would understand, their instincts tell them to turn to Stiles. Hell, Lydia’s
instincts tell her to turn to Stiles. With Derek effectively unfit to run the pack, Stiles is the closest to an alpha that they have, pack bond wise.

Even when the ‘spell’ breaks, Derek will be withdrawn, guilty, so Stiles will be in charge for a while. Already, the pressure was weighing down on him. Not knowing what else to do, Lydia hugged him. “We’ll get through this.” She whispered. “We have to.”

They hugged for a few minutes, before Stiles pulled back and said. “Thanks, but we need to research.”

Later that night, Derek was rendered unconscious by a stun baton and sent to one of the ‘holding cells’ for supernatural creatures in the second basement, so that Stiles could spend the night in his own bed without being sneered at. He had opted to spend the night alone, because though a puppy pile would’ve been comforting, he knew that in the morning, it’d hurt more to wake surrounded by others and realise that his mate wasn’t there.

Stiles curled up on his ‘side’ of the bed, and held one of Derek’s shirts close, inhaling the scent as he tried to remind himself of happier memories. But the sneers were were seared into his mind, the memory of Derek telling him that he didn’t love him, that everything he felt for him was gone, it was killing him. One of his biggest fears came true. How would he cope with it? How would Derek cope with it? The aftermath will last alot longer than the event itself. Stiles knew that.

He feared that it would cause a rift between him and his mate, which would cause rifts in the entire pack. He didn’t want that. He need to find a way to get through it. Fast.

School was hard to get through. Realising that they couldn’t keep Derek locked up forever, they let him out for work, and he refused to come back. They really didn’t want to lock him up again, so they let him be.

‘Letting him be’ proved to be more difficult than they expected, especially when they’d be at the school, and spot him somewhere, kissing Jennifer.

It made more sense now. She didn’t remove Derek’s connections to the pack, she just, in basic terms, ‘tricked his mind into thinking he felt that for her’, as Jackson put it. Just seeing Jennifer in the day was difficult, but seeing Derek there, with her? It broke them a little bit more every time.

It was two weeks before anything big happened, aside from a few more sacrifices that they were unable to stop. It was the day before a big track meet that most of the pack had. Allison and Isaac were at the Argent apartment, and Scott was heading there to meet them for a meal with Allison’s parents. In the elevator, he met Deucalion, and things just went downhill from there.

Derek was dying. He had followed Scott and the pack to the bank where Deucalion wanted to meet, and tried to attack the alpha’s. A battle broke out, despite the fact that they outnumbered the Alpha’s, the Hales were losing. Things took a bad turn when Kali caught Erica, and was about to kill her. When the twins noticed what was about to happen, they stopped ‘fighting’ the pack and turned on Kali instead, saving Erica’s life. The pack then got their groove back, without having to worry about ‘fighting’ the twins, and easily held their own. Then Derek and Ennis started fighting, and during the struggle, the two fell off a ledge and fell several stories. Stiles lost it.

He let out a pained howl and charged at Deucalion, eyes glowing as he ran, he leapt into the air once
he was a few metres from the alpha, and shifted into full wolf form, surprising Kali, who quickly
called out a warning to Deucalion, but it wasn’t enough.

As he wasn’t expecting an actual wolf, Deucalion wasn’t prepared to fight Stiles, and quickly went
down, as did Kali once she was alone against the pack and the twins. They didn’t kill the pair, just
subdued them long enough to take them to the new supernatural holding cells at the station. Whilst
half of the pack did this, the others and the twins took Derek and Ennis to the hospital, both of
them were close to death and not looking good.

On the bus to the track meet the next day, Stiles was checking his phone every few seconds,
waiting for updates on his mate.

“Dude, relax, he’s gonna be fine.” Scott assured quietly, sending worried glances to Stiles’ torso.
“You’re still not healing though.”

“It’s from alpha claws, Scott, they take longer to heal.” Stiles reminded him with a wince, not
looking at his best friend.

“The rest of us are fine.” Scott pointed out, gesturing to the other pack members on the bus, all of
whom kept looking to Stiles in concern. Jackson, Danny, Isaac and Boyd were there, as all
LaCrosse players were forced to join the team. Erica and Ethan were there too, as they had joined
the track team. Allison and Lydia were following them in a car, and Aiden, Cora and Peter were
with the adults of the pack, keeping an eye on things.

“Yeah, well, just give it time.”

“Stiles.” Scott sighed, sending his friend a pleading look.

“I’m fine.” Stiles snapped, finally looking at Scott, who now had the expression of a kicked puppy.
“I’m sorry, I’m just worried about Derek.”

“I know, we all are, but he’ll be okay.” Scott stated, without a single drop of doubt in his mind.
“He’ll heal, we’ll break the spell, or whatever it is that he’s under, and we’ll help him move past
whatever guilt he has. Then we’ll be pack again.” Stiles smiled slightly.

“Ever the optimist, Scotty.”

“Well one us has to be.”

The journey continued on and, rather than healing, Stiles got worse. His blood was turning black,
as though he had been poisoned with wolfsbane. The pack desperately tried to get the coach to stop
at a rest stop, but the man refused.

Stiles finally accepted that he wasn’t healing, and decided to call Lydia and Allison.

“What can they do?” Isaac asked incredulously as he and the other pack members crowded around
Stiles, all of them looking confused and concerned.

“Yeah, they’re back in Beacon Hills with Cora.” Erica stated, trying to hide her fear as Stiles rolled
his eyes, and turned to look out the back window.

“No they’re not, they’ve been following us for hours.” He stated, dialing Lydia on the phone and
put the phone on speaker, so that the others could hear, others being Danny, the only one without
super hearing. After a few seconds, Lydia picked up. “Hey, Stiles, can’t really talk, we’re just
about to walk into a movie, y’know, popcorn and all that-”
“I know you guys are right behind us, put me on speaker.”

“I-a-uh-no- yeah, okay.”

Stiles waited a few seconds then spoke again. “I’m still hurt, and we need your help.”

“Still?” Allison asked in concern. “You still haven’t healed from last night.”

“No, he hasn’t.” Scott spoke up. “In fact, he’s getting worse.”

“Yeah, the bloods turning a black colour.” Jackson added, voice trembling slightly at the thought of Stiles being seriously hurt. What if he never heals from this? What if he has some sort of infection that will kill him? How would any of them cope with losing him? Jackson was drawn out of his dark thoughts by Lydia’s voice.

“That shouldn’t be happening unless he’s been in contact with wolfsbane.” Lydia stated, a thoughtful edge to her voice. “Or it’s psychological.”

“You mean, like in his head?” Allison asked in confusion, and before Stile could protest, the redhead spoke again.

“Yes, tell me about his chemo signals.” Lydia all but demanded.

“He’s in pain, worried, there’s some guilt as well.” Scott said, sniffing at Stiles.

“Guilt?” Lydia asked. “Stiles, why do you feel guilty?”

“I don’t.” Stiles tried to protest, but the others clearly didn’t believe him.

“He definitely does.” Isaac told the girls. “Scott’s right, there’s definitely guilt there, along with some anxiety.”

“He’s really pale, too.” Danny observed “A lot paler than usual.”

“Okay, I have my first aid kit with me, get coach to pull over, do whatever it takes.” Lydia ordered, then hung up the phone, undid her seatbelt and crawled over to the back seat.

“What are you doing?” Allison asked, looking back at her best friend, who was pulling down one of the back seats,

“My first aid kit is in the trunk, I need to get it. And I’d rather get it now and have everything prepared for when we pull over, rather than have to search and keep Stiles waiting even longer.” Lydia explained as she rummaged.

“Okay, when did you put your first aid kit in my trunk?” Allison asked with a raised eyebrow.

“A couple of months ago, Well, one of them. I’ve put one in every pack members trunk, or bag, and my main one is usually in my bag, but I left it with Cora this morning, some of her wounds hadn’t quite healed.”

“Have they healed now?” Allison asked immediately, turning to look at Lydia, or rather, Lydia’s back.

“Yeah, they finished healing over two hours ago, and hers never went black. I only gave her the kit so that she could cover the wounds, to stop anything from getting into them.” Lydia explained, and Allison couldn’t help but smile at the fact that Cora was well, but then she felt guilty, because
neither Derek nor Stiles were.

“Right, can you hand me the duffle bag?”

“You mean the duffle bag with all the weapons in it?”

“Yeah, I know we’re not in any danger right now, but- I don’t know, I just- I have a bad feeling.”

There was slight pause before Lydia admitted: “Me too.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, it’s like, I feel like I’m constantly on edge of fight or flight, like there’s someone watching me, waiting to make a move, like—”

“You’re never alone.” Allison finished knowingly. “Even when there’s no one in sight, you can just feel that someone is there, watching your every move.”

“Yeah.” Lydia admitted softly. A few seconds later, Lydia pulled back out of the trunk, and handed the duffle bag to Allison and gave her a soft smile, then retrieved her first aid kit. Lydia pushed the seat back into place, before resting in the seat, sorting out the things she’d need, then began sterilizing a needle. As she did this, Allison set the duffle bag down on the passenger side seat, and began pulling out various weapons, whilst occasionally glancing up to see if the traffic was moving yet. Both girls remained silent.

Back on the bus, Jackson was arguing with coach to pull over into a rest stop, but the man stubbornly refused. Ten minutes later, the pair were still arguing and coach continuously blew his whistle in the werewolf’s face. The rest stop was in sight, so they needed to convince him quickly, before they passed it, but it was clear that the argument was going no where.

Stiles sighed audibly, then began hauling himself to his feet, despite the pack’s protest. Stiles buttoned his plaid shirt, to hide the blood that was staining the t-shirt beneath, “I have to do everything myself.” He sighed half heartedly and began making his way up the bus. He soon took the the seat next to their classmate, Jared, who was looking just as pale as Stiles was, but for different reasons. “Hey Jared,” He greeted kindly, a the boy looked at him warily. “How you doing?” He asked with an evil smile.

Minutes later, the bus pulled into the rest stop, and everyone scrambled off as coach sprayed air freshner and yelled out the window. “Jared, you suck!!” He then went on about a mop and a new bus, but the pack weren’t paying attention. Scott and Jackson were supporting Stiles, and practically carrying him to the restrooms. As they did, Allison and Lydia pulled in behind the bus and ran over to them. Lydia glanced over Stiles and had to contain her gasp of horror.

“Scott, Allison, you two are coming with me to patch up Stiles. Isaac, get Stiles’ bag and find him a clean shirt. Erica, call the sheriff, tell him what’s going on. Danny, check on Cora, see if there are any updates on Derek. Jackson, Boyd, get Ethan, the three of you have the hardest job of all: Distracting coach.” She said, slipping into her natural leader role. There was a unanimous agreement with her plan, then she, Allison and Scott carried Stiles to the restroom to try to heal him.

“Do you think he’ll be okay?” Erica asked out loud to the pack.

“I think” Danny began, drawing all attention to him. “that Stiles is far too stubborn to leave us just yet.”
“But without Derek, what’s his motivation to keep fighting?” Isaac asked sadly without thinking.

“Us.” Boyd answered, sending a soft, reassuring smile to his pack mate. “He know’s we’d all probably kill each other without him. He’s not going anywhere.”

The others chuckled, and Isaac allowed a small, genuine smile to grace his face. “Good point. Now, come on, we all have orders to follow.”

Half an hour later, Stiles walked out of the rest room, flanked by Allison, Scott and Lydia. He was wearing a new, clean shirt and had gained some colour in his face. The pack and Ethan immediately surrounded him and talked over each other, trying to ask Stiles questions about how he felt.

“Guys, calm down, I’m fine now, I promise.” Stiles assured, but the pack remained close to him anyway.

“Where did you two come from?” Coach’s voice boomed, and the pack looked to see him looking at Allison and Lydia in confusion. “You’re not on the track team.”

“No, we’re not.” Allison agreed. “But our friends left some important revision material at home, y’know, maths, english, economics and some other stuff, so we followed and waited until you guys pulled over so that we could give it to them.” She lied easily, after sorting out what they needed, she and Lydia came up with an excuse to tell coach.

“You must really care about your education.” Coach commented “So where is it?”

Lydia opened her bag and pulled out several textbooks. She had brought them for a little light reading, and they really came in handy. “Coach, we were hoping that you have two spare seats? The car is out of gas. We called Allison’s father, and he said he’d pick up the car on his way home from a business trip, but until then we-”

“Yeah, sure, just get on the bus, we gotta go.” Coach cut her off then turned to yell at the rest of the team. “Everybody on the bus! We are not missing this meet! Move!”

-The Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

*Start of Motel California*

The group ended up staying at a motel for the night, a motel that gave Lydia a really bad feeling. To make things worse, the pack had to separate into pairs for the night. Well, the girls convinced coach to let the three of them share a room, so no one had to stay alone. It was same sex pairings only, otherwise they would have stayed with their mates. Scott and Stiles shared a room, as Scott didn’t want Stiles out his sight, which Isaac understood. Isaac ended up sharing a room with Boyd and Jackson, as Danny was with and Ethan. Things were fine at first, then things started getting strange. The wolves were all Hallucinating.

It happened to Jackson first. He was lying on the bed he was sharing with Isaac, when he heard a noise. Isaac was in the shower and Boyd was out getting snacks, so he cautiously stood and went to investigate. What he found was a man and a woman, both without face, claiming that they were his parents. He backed away from them and ended up passing a mirror. The reflection caught his eye, and he turned to see himself without a face. He scrambled away in fear, he soon made his way to the closet, and sat, curled up in the corner, the door closed as he started rocking back and forth.

Next, Erica was effected. She, Lydia and Allison were sat talking when all of a sudden, she started
seizing. Lydia immediately went through all of the procedures that she knew, and yelled at Allison to call Melissa for help. After a few minutes, there was no sign of the seizure stopping, and Erica started begging her friends to make it stop. They told her that they were trying, and Melissa, over the phone, tried to calm her down, but when nothing worked, Erica lengthened her claws, went to stab them into her chest. The girls stopped her, but she kept trying to hurt herself. It wasn’t until she burnt her hand on the radiator, that she snapped out of it.

Within ten minutes, the blonde was asleep on the bed, and Allison left the room to talk outside. “What the hell just happened?” Lydia asked in shock as Stiles approached them.

“Somethings up with Boyd, he just put his fist through the vending machine!”

“Erica just started seizing and tried to kill herself.” Allison told him, and Stiles immediately tried to go into the room. “She’s fine now, she’s sleeping, but something’s definitely going on.” Stiles went to say something, but Lydia spoke before he could. “Do you hear that?” She asked, staring at the door to the room next to theirs.

“Hear what?” Stiles asked in concern, as he and Allison exchanged a look. Lydia gasped in horror, as she jumped backwards suddenly.

“Gunshots. A-a couple committed suicide in there.” Stiles wrapped his arms around her as she sobbed, then a buzzing sound started. “I hear something else, like a ha-”

“A handsaw?” Allison asked, staring at the door. “I hear it too.” Without hesitating, Stiles kicked the door open, revealing Ethan, about to push a handsaw into his stomach. The trio quickly got it off of him, but he kept lunging for it again, until he was burnt by a space heater.

When they were sure he was himself again, they allowed him to return to his room, and Stiles informed Danny of what happened, and instructed him to keep an eye on the wolf.

“So that’s twice now, and both of them were brought back by being burnt.” Allison commented thoughtfully from where she sat on the free bed in their room, as Stiles paced and Lydia looked around, allowing her instincts to guide her.

“Maybe it’s a sacrifice thing?” Stiles suggested, with a shrug. “Like, first three virgins, then three warriors, now three werewolves?” Allison hummed and agreed that it was a possibility, they exchanged a few theories before Lydia spoke up. She showed them the bible, and all of the articles in it, articles of all the suicides that had taken place in that room.

They then went down to the front desk to question the woman who worked there, when Lydia pointed out that the counter, the read the number of guest suicides, had gone up by three.

Allison rushed off to check on Scott, Isaac, Boyd and Jackson, as Lydia and Stiles walked into the car park, Lydia was shaking her head in denial at something Stiles had said.

“Lydia, think about it. This has happened before, at your birthday party!”

“I didn’t do this!”

“How do you know that?”

“I just do!”

“You were being controlled by Peter, and you had no clue. It’s possible that the Darach cou-”
“No it’s not!” Lydia seethed, spinning around to face him. “The reason he was able to get into my head was because he knew more about my abilities than I did, and I was fighting them. I’m in control now. It’s not just something in my head anymore, I am the banshee. I know what I’m capable of, I know how to control my abilities, and nobody can control me anymore!” She stated, glaring at Stiles, who simply nodded. He went to say something, but she held up her hand to stop him. “I hear something.” She whispered, and closed her eyes, listening to the words. Her eyes shot open as realisation hit her. “Someone’s drowning!”

Boyd. They found him in his bathtub, a safe weighing down on his chest. Stiles immediately pulled the safe off of him, and pulled the boy out of the water and shoved him into the radiator. Boyd roared in pain, but soon came back to himself. As Stiles comforted Boyd, Lydia found Isaac under a bed and Jackson in the closet, both looking terrified. Stiles tried to lure them both out, but they were too afraid, and dragging them to the radiator would probably freak them out even more. Eventually Lydia managed to get Jackson out and to the radiator, but Isaac didn’t move. They considered calling Allison, but Scott was missing and they needed to find him, and Isaac was safe, at least for the time being. If they couldn’t think of a solution before he started freaking out and trying to hurt himself, then they’d call her, until then, they decided to deal with it on their own.

Then Lydia came up with the idea of using the flares that were on the bus, and soon Isaac was fine, and they were meeting up with Allison to look for Scott. When they found him, he was holding on of the two remaining flares -Stiles had the other- and covered, head to toe, in gasoline.

“There’s no hope.” Scott stated when he noticed them.

“What do you mean Scott? There’s always hope.” Allison tried to convince him, forcing a smile onto her face, despite her tears.

“Not for me.” He said, then looked Stiles in the eyes. “Not for you. Not for Derek.”

“What’s happening to Derek isn’t your fault.” Allison insisted. “You know it’s not your fault!”

“Every time I try to fight back, it just keeps getting worse.” Scott stated bitterly, as more tears rolled down his cheeks. “People keep getting hurt. People keep getting killed.”

“Derek isn’t dead!” Lydia reminded him, taking a cautious step closer to Scott.

“He might as well be. He’s not himself anymore.” Scott argued.

“And neither are you.” Stiles argued, hoping that he could get through to Scott. “This is the Darach inside your head, telling you to do this.”

“What if it’s not, though, what if this is just me? What if doing this is actually the best thing that I could do for everyone else?” Stiles couldn’t stop his own tears as he watched Scott break down. “It all started that night, the night we got bitten. Do you remember how it was before that? You and me?” Stiles nodded slightly, taking cautious step closer to his best friend. “We- we were nothing! We weren’t popular, we weren’t good at LaCrosse, we weren’t important. We were no one. Maybe I should just be no one again. No one at all.” He raised the flare, but Stiles spoke before he could do anything else.

“Scott, just listen to me, okay?” Stiles insisted, stepping closer to his best friend. “You’re not no one, okay? You’re someone… Scott you’re my best friend. Okay? And I need you! Scott, you’re my brother.” All four of them were crying as Stiles stepped closer to Scott, and Lydia and Allison looked terrified, unsure of what to do. “Alright, so,” Stiles stepped into the puddle of gasoline and reached out for the flare. “So if you’re going to do this, then…” He wrapped his hand around the
flare. “I think you’re just gonna have to take me with you, then.” After a few seconds, Scott released the flare to Stiles, who threw it away. They all stood in silence for a few seconds, until Lydia heard a whisper and noticed the wind knock the flare, sending it back towards the puddle of gasoline.

“No!” She cried out as she ran forward and pushed them both out of the way. As they hit the ground, she felt the heat of the fire against her back, she turned and looked at the flames, or rather, the creature within them. The darach, in her true form, pale flesh and sliced up face.

Lydia kept watching until the creature disappeared, then pushed herself off of Stiles, so that he and Scott could get up. She turned to make sure Allison was okay, but before she could say anything, the girl was rushing over, and checking on Stiles and Lydia, before pulling Scott into a bone crushing hug, and sobbing into his shoulder.

Just under an hour later, the pack and Ethan were all sat on the bus, as none of them wanted to stay in the motel. Scott had taken a shower, to wash away all traces of the gasoline, and change his clothes, and was now cuddling with his mates on the back row. All of the other couples were cuddling together, whilst keeping a close eye on Stiles.

He was the only one who hadn’t tried anything. It was strange, and though they probably should be relieved that he hadn’t, it was disconcerting. What made him.. immune?

Stiles wondered that himself. He sat there, staring at nothing as his mind wandered. He didn’t feel any different. He didn’t feel the urge to end his life. That’s a lie. A voice sneered in his head. You want it all to end, you want the pain gone. It was true, Stiles thought to himself, he did want the pain gone, he wanted to harsh words Derek said to be erased forever. He didn’t want to get out of bed each morning, he didn’t want to wake up, ever again. But none of that was new. He had been feeling like that since the night everything fell apart. He never did anything, though. He couldn’t leave his pack behind, suffering. He couldn’t leave his dad all alone, sure he had Melissa, but that’s not the same. So he held on. Yes, he wanted the pain gone, but he didn’t want to pass it on to someone else.

With a start he realised that he probably had been effected, but he was so used to those feelings that he barely noticed. Glancing around, he saw the pack watching him carefully, obviously the wolves heard his heart rate increase. Lydia, however, was looking at him calculatingly. Shit. She’ll figure it out. She’ll figure out whatever caused this, and then somehow realise that Stiles had been infected too. He had to have been. He couldn’t have them finding out the truth, about how he really felt about everything that had happened.

Making up his mind, Stiles lengthened his claws in preparation. He allowed himself to drift off in his mind, and soon he inevitably thought of that night. Stiles gritted his teeth, squeezed his eyes shut, and balled his hands into fists, digging his claws into his palms. The wolves immediately smelt the blood and rushed over, Jackson lit a flare along the way. Stiles immediately snarled and tried to get away. He wasn’t himself anymore. The pain triggered something, and all his reasons for hanging on went out of the window. After a short struggle, Stiles was pinned down in the bus aisle, by Boyd, Scott, Jackson and Isaac, whilst Erica pressed the flame to his cheek, as it was the only part of his skin that she could get to. Stiles roared in pain, but, somehow, he felt calmer, and he stopped struggling, and let his pack take care of him.

He soon drifted off to sleep, hearing Derek’s voice whisper apologetic and loving things to him.

*End of Motel California* (Well the possible trigger parts at least)

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-
The next morning, Coach and the rest of the track team filled onto the bus, some of the team kept glancing back at the scorch marks on the ground nearby. “I don’t wanna know” Coach stated as he looked at the pack and Ethan, who were slowly starting to wake up. “I really don’t wanna know, but in case you missed the announcement, the meet’s canceled, so we’re going home. Pack it in. Pack it in!!” He yelled, before walking off the bus again to talk to the other students. The pack rearranged themselves, so that there was more room for everyone else and made idle small talk as they did so.

When coach walked down the bus, Lydia’s eyes fell on his whistle, and she leant forward, drawn to it. “Hey coach, can I see your whistle for a second?” She asked as she took it from around his neck.

“Hey! I’m going to need that back!” Coach stated before walking down the bus.

“What is it?” Jackson asked curiously as Lydia covered part of the whistle, then blew into it. When she pulled her hand away, it was coated in purple dust.

“Wolfsbane.” She said, showing her hand to the pack.

“Wait, if the wolfsbane was in the whistle,” Erica started as realisation dawned on her. “Then, each time coach blew the whistle-”

“The wolfsbane went into the air-” Jackson continued, in slight shock.

“-and we all inhaled it.” Scott finished, looking around his pack mates in shock.

“You were all poisoned by it.” Allison added, biting her lip as she looked at her mates. She could have lost them last night. Both of them.

“That’s how the Darach got in our heads.” Stiles stated, “That’s how she did it.” He then leant forward and grabbed the whistle from Lydia, then turned and leant over Scott, then threw it out of the window, just as the bus started moving.

“Stilinski!”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

A few hours later, back in Beacon Hills, Ennis and Derek were both fully healed, and Ennis had been transferred to the supernatural cells in the Sheriff’s station.

At some point during the night before, Derek -still unconscious- started lashing out in his sleep, and dug his claws into his palms at some point. No sedatives worked on him, not even when mixed with wolfsbane. Though, thankfully, after a few minutes, he stopped struggling, but not before crying out in pain. He spent the next hour whispering things, at a volume too low for any human to make out. After the whispering stopped, his supernatural healing finally kicked in, and by the morning, he was completely fine.

It was mid afternoon when The pack returned, and Stiles went to the hospital to see Derek.

“He’s still asleep.” Melissa told Stiles as she lead him to Derek’s room.

“That’s probably for the best.” Stiles muttered, he hoped Derek stayed asleep while he was there. He really didn’t want to be sneered at, but he had to see that Derek was okay. Physically, at least.

Once Stiles had settled in a seat beside Derek, Melissa left the room. Stiles let out the breath he didn’t know he’d been holding as his eyes roamed over Derek’s body. There wasn’t so much as a
bruise marring his skin. Stiles bit his lip before setting his hand on top of Derek’s. The second they touched, Derek’s eyes shot open.

-Kali was pissed off in her cell, until they brought Ennis in, and put him in the cell next to her. “He’s alive.” She gasped, looking up at Sheriff Stilinski in awe. “Thank you.”

“Thank me by leaving the Hale pack and their associates alone.” Stilinski replied immediately.

“Okay.” Kali replied honestly, much to the surprise of the station staff and Deucalion.

“Kali?” Deucalion growled angrily.

“This has gotten way out of hand.” Kali growled back, turning to glare at the blind alpha. “Julia is my problem, I will clean it up, then I’m done.” She then turned to look at the Sheriff. “Ennis will come with me, we have been thinking about leaving ever since we realised that Alpha Hale would never join us. I will take care of Julia, but I will need help. If the Hale pack are willing.”

Noah nodded as Deucalion yelled profanities and called Kali a traitor. “I will discuss it with them, if you are being genuine.”

“I am.” Kali swore. “I want out. Once Julia is dealt with, Ennis and I will leave, and we will never bother any of you ever again. We will leave this town and never come back.”

Noah nodded in agreement. “I’ll have to hear Ennis agree the same, and myself, and the pack will have to believe you. But if you so much as make one move against the pack, it’s over and you will be stuck in a cell for the rest of your life.”

“Of course.” Deucalion began trying to break through the cell to get to her, anger radiating from him. Noah rolled his eye, pulled out his stun batton, slid it through the mountain ash bars, and electrocuted the man, who then fell to floor, screaming and writhing in pain.

“Great, I’ll talk to the pack tonight and I’ll hopefully have an answer for you tomorrow.” Noah smiled kindly, then turned and left the room, heading to his office to call his son.
Come Back Home

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

The Pack get their groove back, plans are made and the Darach makes a move.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Great, I’ll talk to the pack tonight and I’ll hopefully have an answer for you tomorrow.” Noah smiled kindly, then turned and left the room, heading to his office to call his son.

Once in his office, Noah sighed, and decided to call Melissa first, after a few rings, she picked up.

“Hey.”

“Hey.” Noah smiled at the sound of her voice. “How’s work?”

“Rather uneventful at the moment, but that could change at any second.” Noah hummed in agreement at Melissa’s words. “How about you?”

“Well, I just came back from talking to Kali. Apparently she and Ennis want to leave the Alpha Pack. They’re willing to help us with the Darach, then she swears they’ll leave and never come back. I just need to talk to the pack about it and make sure Ennis is actually willing to do as she says.”

“Wow, first the twins want to leave, now Kali and possibly Ennis, it’s not much of pack, is it?” Melissa commented. “Do you believe her?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“Okay, then I’m sure that the others will all agree.”

“I hope so” Noah muttered. “Anyway, the main reason I called is because I sorted out the reservations for our date on Wednesday.” He grinned, feeling proud of himself, he had managed to get them reservations at one of the fanciest places in town. Scott had told him that Melissa had wanted to go there for a long time, but hadn’t had the time or money.

“Are you going to tell me where we’re going?” Melissa asked in exasperation, causing the Sheriff to chuckle. “You know that I hate surprises.”

“I’m sorry, but you’re just going to have to wait and see.” Noah grinned at Melissa’s sigh. “I will tell you, though, that it’s pretty fancy.”

“So jeans and a t-shirt aren’t going to cut it?” Melissa asked with a chuckle.

“No, I’m afraid not.” Noah stated, the looked at the clock. “I’m sorry, but I have to go, I need to call Stiles and talk to him about Kali.”
“Okay but he won’t answer.” Melissa stated. “He’s here, visiting Derek, so his phone is off.”

“Right.” Noah sighed, running his hand over his face. “Can you let him know that I need to talk to him as soon as possible, and ask him to call me when he can?”

“Of course.”

“Thanks, I’ll talk to you later.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Back at the Hale house, the pack, the Argents, Peter and the twins were sat around, waiting for news from Stiles about Derek. Chris was telling everyone about a ‘spell’ he had found, that was likely the ‘spell’ that Jennifer cast on Derek.

“According to what I’ve found, we can’t break the spell, Derek has to be the one to trigger it, but once it’s broken, she can’t cast it on him again.”

“Is there anyway we can help him break the spell?” Allison asked hopefully.

“Remind Derek of who he really is, remind him of how he really feels about you.” Chris told her with a reassuring smile. “That’s really the only thing you can do.”

“That’ll be difficult.” Cora muttered bitterly. “Last night, when he started freaking out, his eyes opened and it was like he didn’t even know who I was.”

“He was freaking out?” Isaac asked in surprise.

“Yeah, he started digging his claws into his palms and thrashing about, then he just stopped, it was weird, he got this-”

“Burn?” Erica jumped in with wide eyes. “On his cheek?” Cora nodded as the members of the pack who were at the motel looked to each other in shock.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The night before, Alan Deaton had been stood in the animal clinic, muttering words in a language that definitely wasn’t English. In front of him, on the metal table, were many herbs and trinkettes, along with lit candles, an old, leather-bound book and a large black bowl, with smoke floating from it. He continued reciting foreign words as he picked up a handful of mistletoe, Jennifer’s weapon of choice, and dropped it into the bowl as he yelled the final words. Almost instantly, the mistletoe went up in sparks and the flames on the candles doubled in size. In the bowl, all but two of the ingredients were completely burnt. The two unharmed ingredients rose to the top, the crimson a stark contrast to the dark ashes. Two drops of blood, on belonging to Stiles, the other, Derek. As the flames on the candles shrunk down, the drops moved closer together, and when they finally collided, the flames went out and darkness enveloped the room.

Meanwhile, Derek was lying in the hospital, trying to fight his injuries. His head told him to go to Jennifer, that she could help, but his body refused to move. Besides, it wasn’t Jennifer’s voice he kept hearing. It was Cora, Noah and Melissa, and even Peter. They all kept saying Stiles’ name.

Stiles.

His face flashed in Derek’s mind.
He saw Stiles on the side of the road, outside the school, in the Jeep, in his arms, in their bed, in their home. He saw Stiles cooking for their pack, he saw Stiles cleaning their pup’s wounds, comforting them.

He saw the pain in his mate’s eyes when Derek told him that he didn’t love him.

He saw Stiles, stood in a carpark, crying, light dancing off of his face. He then saw Scott, soaked head to toe, an empty canister of gasoline by his feet and a lit flare in his hands. He heard Scott’s anguish, as the boy blamed himself for Derek being hurt. He felt Stiles’ fear as they watched Scott break down.

Derek couldn’t move as Stiles started to talk Scott down, his heart started racing when Stiles stepped forward into the puddle, and told Scott that he was going to have to take Stiles with him.

He felt the heat from the fire, and the weight of Lydia on Stiles’ back. He felt the relief when Stiles realised that his pack was safe.

Derek was mostly calm after that, watching the events unfold, then Stiles began freaking out. Stiles dug his claws into his palms, and Derek did the same. Stiles thrashed around, trying to escape those surrounding him, and Derek did the same. Stiles stopped trying to hurt himself after being burnt on the cheek, and Derek did the same. Stiles drifted off to sleep, hearing loving whispers, and Derek was the one whispering to him. Things were rather quiet in Derek’s mind after that as his body healed. The most noticeable thing was that he no longer felt the urge to seek out Jennifer, but he did feel the need to find Stiles.

Derek remained in a state of restless sleep for hours, unable to force his eyes open. Until Stiles arrived. He began returning to consciousness when the scent hit him, his fingers twitched when he heard his mate’s voice, and when their hands touched, his eyes shot open.

He immediately looked at Stiles, who’s eyes were wide in shock. He went to pull his hand away, but Derek grabbed it firmly, but not hard enough to hurt Stiles. “I’m so sorry.” He croaked, just then noticing how dry his throat was, but he didn’t care. “I’m so, so sorry!”

“Derek?” Stiles gasped, gazing into his mate’s eyes finding relief in the guilt and love he saw there.

“I’m sorry.” He said again and a huge, watery smile spread across Stiles’ face as he lunged forward and hugged Derek. Derek pulled Stiles so that he was fully on top of Derek, and buried his nose in the boy’s hair, breathing in the familiar scent. “I love you, I’m so sorry.”

“It’s not your fault.” Stiles replied immediately, trying to take in as much of Derek’s scent as physically possible. “I love you. We’ll be okay.” He assured honestly, he refused to say that it was okay, because it wasn’t, but in that moment, in Derek’s arms, he knew that Scott and Lydia were right, they’d get through this. It may take some time, but they would get through it, together.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

An hour later, Derek was allowed to go home. Stiles had called his dad and learnt about Kali’s offer, then he called the pack and told them about it and that Derek was himself again, and they told him that Jennifer wouldn’t be able to do it again. The amount of joy and relief in that phone call was immeasurable. The Argents, the Twins and Peter had left to give them some privacy and the pack was anxiously waiting in the living room, wanting -no, needing- needing to see for themselves that Derek was himself again. They wanted to go to the hospital to see him, but the Sheriff argued that Derek would be happier at home. So they stayed, tidied up around the house,
freshened up Stiles and Derek’s room, trying to get rid of the strong scent of loneliness and hurt. By the time they had finished, the scent was barely there, and Stiles and Derek were pulling up to the house. They all ran to various windows of the house, watching as the pair climbed out of the car. Derek’s eyes fell on his pack smiling at him, and his face lit up.

They heard Stiles say “I told you so.” As Derek all but ran to the house. The pack rushed to meet him at the door and tackled him into a hug. Derek immediately began breathing in their scents, and scent marking them.

“I’m sorry.” He whispered.

“Stop that right now.” Cora ordered immediately, attempting to glare at her brother through Erica’s hair. “This is not your fault.”

“But the things I said and did, I-”

“Don’t.” Jackson whispered, pressing his face into Derek’s shoulder. “Please don’t.”

*Flashback*

The pack was at school, and walked into their English classroom, and froze in shock at what they saw. Jennifer was leaning against her desk and Derek was pressed against her, kissing her as if his life depended on it.

A fresh wave of hurt and grief rolled off of Stiles, drawing Derek’s attention to them. He groaned, and pulled away from Jennifer, but still kept her pressed against the desk. “What are you doing here?”

“We have class.” Jackson growled, glaring at the alpha, but there was no anger towards Derek in his scent, only sadness. The pack and the twins proceeded to take their seats, trying to ignore the ‘couple’ in front of them.

It was mostly fine as the rest of the class trickled in, then Jennifer announced that Derek would be ‘observing’ the lesson. There were curious glances from Stiles to Derek, and whispers of “Isn’t that Stilinski’s boyfriend?”

The pack knew that Jennifer was doing it to mess with them, so they tried to not let it get under their skin. That didn’t work out too well.

Halfway through the lesson, Jennifer brought up the subject of Romeo and Juliet, and how it could be seen in many different ways.

“Most people see it as a tragic love story, or a story about two people who were destined to be together, but the world didn’t have a place for them.” She explained casually, walking around the classroom, slowing her pace tauntingly when she passed Stiles’ desk. Letting him catch a good whiff of Derek’s scent on her. “I see it differently.” She stated once she reached her desk again, and fixed her eyes on Stiles. “I view it as a story of an impossible relationship. The pair of them should have known it would never work out, and when it all fell apart, they should have let it go, rather than chase a fantasy.”

“I disagree.” Lydia spoke up calmly, causing Jennifer to look at her, with a fake smile on her face.

“Pardon, Lydia?”

“I said that I disagree with your views.” Lydia stated, locking eyes with the woman. “I don’t think
it was an impossible love, in fact, I believe it was a destined love. It was other people getting in the way and trying to take what wasn’t theirs that messed everything up.” Jennifer went to say something, but Scott spoke up before she could.

“I agree with Lydia. It was the meddling of others that turned the love story into a tragedy.” The crooked jawed boy began, surprising some of their classmates. “Take Paris for example, I understand that in those times, marriage was about status and not love, but he claimed Juliet as his own without any second thought. Had she not faked her death, then actually died, she would have been forced to marry him, despite loving Romeo. She had no choice in the matter. She and Romeo could have had a wonderful, happy life together, but the meddling of others lead to their downfall, lead to their deaths.”

“Those are interesting views, Miss Martin, Mr McCall, but I didn’t ask for a debate.” Jennifer replied, a fake smile still plastered on her face.

“Then why bring it up at all if you don’t want us the think about it and come up with our own ideas?” Jackson asked incredulously, with his best bitch face on, and most of the class made some gesture or noise of agreement.

“Isn’t the whole point of school to learn?” Danny spoke up with a raised eyebrow. “How are we supposed to learn without hearing other ideas and interpretations? If you stick to one view, that’s all you’ll ever see. You need other opinions, other perspectives to be able to see the bigger picture, the other meanings. Without them, the world is going to become pretty boring, pretty fast.”

“I think you’re all being rude.” Derek glared at the pack. “She is your teacher, you should respect her.”

“We didn’t say or do anything to disrespect her, Derek.” Cora argued, glaring at her brother defiantly.

“I think questioning her teaching methods counts as disrespecting her.” Cora rolled her eyes, as did several other pack members.

“Right, sure.”

“If questioning something means disrespect,” Allison began, with a faux confused expression. “Does that mean scientists disrespect gravity? That people disrespect life? The earth? As human beings, we question everything, that doesn’t mean that we disrespect it. It just means that we want to understand it.”

Erica nodded in agreement with Allison as she kept a glare fixed on Jennifer. “As a teacher you’re here to educate us, Miss Blake. I would have thought you’d be happy that we want to learn, and have proved that we have an understanding of the material.” Jennifer was struggling to keep the smile on her face, but then Derek spoke.

“Jen, may I take some of your students outside for a word?” Derek asked the Darach kindly, and she nodded in agreement. “Stiles, Scott, Lydia, Allison, Jackson, Isaac, Danny, Erica, Boyd, and Cora, come with me.” He ordered, using the last thread of Alpha control he had over them to force them to go with him. They all stood from their seats and grabbed their bags and books, then followed Derek into the corridor. Once the classroom door was closed behind them, Derek spoke to the pack. “Leave her alone.” Derek all but growled at them.

“That’s kinda hard to do considering she’s our teacher.” Jackson drawled easily. There was a part of him that still told him to bare his neck and obey his alpha, but he knew that this wasn’t truly
Derek anymore, his wolf knew it too, which made it easier for Jackson to treat Derek like he would any other person who was opposing their pack.

“Stop showing her up, stop disrespecting her, stop-”

“We weren’t doing any of those things.” Lydia stated, folding her arms over her chest. “We were sharing our opinions on the material that she presented. We did not say that her views were invalid or of lesser value than ours. The most we did was question something we didn’t understand, the way we have always been taught to, therefore we neither showed her up nor disrespected her.”

“Alright Lydia, you can shut up now, nobody likes a know it all.” Derek sneered at her, angering the pack. “Oh, give it a rest, like any of you stand a chance against me.” Derek rolled his eyes and spoke to the pack one by one, starting with Scott. “Scott, you’re so afraid of hurting me, that you’ll go down without a struggle. Allison, you may come from a big bad hunter family, but you knew nothing about it less than a year ago, your little arrows won’t be able to save you. Isaac, all I need to do is lock you in a closet and you’ll be crying like a baby. Danny, you’re a wuss, the worst you could do is send me an angry email. I know you’re already a murderer, Jackson, but the way you cried afterwards really shows that you wouldn’t be able to bring yourself to kill me. Lydia, you’d probably freak out if you broke a nail. You’d just mess up, Erica, and leave yourself exposed. Boyd, you’re far too slow to even compete with me. Cora, you don’t even stand a chance, your time in South America really degraded your fighting skills. And Stiles, you’re nothing more than a hyperactive spaz, you really need to move on and accept that I don’t love you. Hell, I don’t even like you.” Derek’s eyes were fixed on Stiles, who was fighting back tears. “There you go again, crying. It’s pathetic, Stiles. Pack mum? Yeah right, you don’t have what it takes. You can barely keep yourself together, how do you expect to do it for the pack? Huh?” Stiles turned his head away from Derek, who was stepping closer to him, despite the warning growls from the pack. “Look at me when I’m talking to you!” He growled. “You worthless little-”

Derek’s words were cut off as a loud smack sounded and his head shot to the side. Scott still had his fist raised when Derek looked at him again. “Fuck off.” He ordered darkly, glaring at the older wolf. "If you talk to any of them like that again, especially Stiles, we will end you, despite what you may think. Nobody talks badly about my brother, my pack, my family. Not even you.” Derek growled, eyes flashing red as he wrapped a single hand around Scott's throat and lifted the wolf off of his feet. Barely a second had passed before Derek was attacked from all sides. He released his grip and Scott fell to the floor, gasping for oxygen. Isaac and Allison immediately rushed to help their mate to his feet, as the others eyed Derek cautiously, ready to defend themselves.

Erica tore her eyes from the alpha, and looked around to see if anyone had seen anything, there were no people around, but a security camera was pointing straight at them. She panicked for a second before her phone pinged. It was a message from Victoria regarding the footage, saying that she'd 'take care of it'.

When she looked at the pack again, Jackson was in front of Derek. "You better stay away from us." Jackson warned before he turned and walked away, most of the pack followed, but Stiles stayed behind.

“Tell your Darach friend that we won’t be in for the rest of the day.” Stiles managed to say, looking directly at Derek with a stony expression. “When this.. spell, or whatever, breaks, you can come straight home and we will welcome you, the real you, with open arms. But until then, stay away from us. You may be stronger than us individually, but when we work as a team, it’s you who doesn’t stand a chance. The real you knows that.”

Stiles then turned and marched towards his pack, not letting Derek see the broken look reappear
on his face.

*End Flashback*

“You’re back.” Allison mumbled. “That’s all that matters.”

“Thank you.” Derek replied, he wanted to argue, to say that they should be angry at him for the things that he had said and done, but he knew there was no point. “I didn’t mean any of it.”

“We know.” Isaac replied softly. “Your heart rate would always change whenever you were forced to say something nasty to us.” He stated, surprising Derek.

“Really?”

“Yeah.” Boyd confirmed. “It was kinda weird. Other than your heart rate, and the fact that we all know you, there was nothing to indicate that you didn’t believe what you were saying.” Derek was torn between frowning and smiling at that, but before he could decide, Boyd continued. “But we could tell, honestly I think it’s one of the few things that kept us going.” There were noises of agreement from his pack as Derek processed the words.

“I wish I could take it all back, but I don’t know how. I remember saying those things, doing things,” He shuddered at the memories of himself and Jennifer, doing thing he should have only ever done with Stiles. “But it was never really me. There was my wolf and a small echo of myself there, in the back of my mind, but I couldn’t— I couldn’t—” Arms tightened around him as the pack, somehow, grew closer together. Derek knew that he didn’t need to explain himself to them, that they all knew. Maybe not the specifics, but they knew enough to know that he wasn’t to blame. He knew that he wasn’t to blame, but Derek still felt guilty, and felt like he owed them an explanation. They deserved an explanation. “I tried, but I couldn’t gain control. I know that this isn’t my fault, I know that she is to blame, but I still feel the need to make up for it. I’m going to try, you can’t convince me otherwise. So, I need to ask you all to allow me to make it up to you.”

“You don’t need to.” Scott replied immediately. “But if it’s what you need to help you move past this, then fine. As long as it doesn’t include me getting my nails painted or anything, I’ll accept it.” There was a pause, before Derek let out a chuckle. That chuckle turned into a laugh, and soon, they were all laughing. It wasn’t even over what Scott said, not completely. It was more the fact that with Derek back in his rightful place and mind, a weight had been lifted, and they could laugh again.

Nothing else was said after that for a while. About ten minutes later, the humans were getting tired of standing and were cramping up slightly from lack of movement, so they broke the group hug.

“So, what are we doing now?” Erica asked, not speaking to anyone in particular. “I mean, we still have Jennifer to take care of.” She sent a cautious glance to Derek, who flinched at the woman’s name.

“We won’t have long until she figures out that her spell has worn off, if she doesn’t already know.” Derek told them quietly, but they all heard him easily. “But she won’t try anything yet, she wants to take out the alpha pack, so once she knows that the majority of them are in prison, she’ll try to figure out a way to get to them and that’ll take a few days at least.” He commented, finding it easier to talk the more he went on, which relieved the pack. “So, if you all want to, I was hoping that we could have a pack night tonight, start repairing the bonds. Then tomorrow, continue our training?”

“That sounds perfect.” Stiles smiled happily, and the rest of the pack eagerly agreed to Derek’s
plan. They all knew that they should probably focus on Jennifer, on taking her down before she could make a move, but they all knew, even without Derek telling them, that she wouldn’t make a move that night. She wasn’t stupid and had to know that anything she may have planned to do that night would just anger the pack, and likely result in her death at the hands of Derek.

Stiles, Isaac, Erica, Lydia and Danny went to the kitchen to start making a meal for them all as the rest of the pack accompanied Derek as he scent marked the house, finally making it smell completely like home again. As Isaac and Erica were setting the table, the adults of the pack returned, along with the Sheriff. They all ate their meals as the Sheriff informed them of the details of his conversation with Kali, and it was a unanimous agreement to give her the benefit of the doubt. After the meal, the Argents and Peter left and the twins joined the pack for a movie, before leaving too. The pack relocated to Stiles and Derek’s bedroom, and piled onto the huge bed.

“I’ve missed this.” Derek told them softly, finding comfort in the scent of pack, the ease of being home, finally.

“So have we.” Jackson informed him quietly, trying not to wake Danny, who had fallen asleep the second he closed his eyes. “We tried it a couple of time while you were away, but it just wasn’t the same.”

“Is it bad if I say I’m glad?” Derek asked cautiously. It’s not that he was glad that they didn’t enjoy those puppy piles as much, it was that he was happy that prefered it with him there. It made him feel less… replaceable.

“Not at all.” Lydia assured, a sleepy slur edging her voice. “If I missed out on a puppy pile, I’d want to know that I was missed.”

“Of course you would be.” Stiles chuckled. “We’re pack, when one of us is missing, we all feel it, and things don’t feel right until they’re back.”

“Yeah, just think about when Danny went away during the summer.” Scott reminded them, before letting out a big yawn. Within minutes, he was asleep. Half an hour later, everyone except Stiles and Derek were asleep. The mates were curled together, Stiles had his head resting against Derek’s chest, an arm tossed over his waist and a leg tossed over him (His other leg was being used as Cora’s pillow.) and Derek had an arm wrapped around him protectively.

“Do you think we can get past this?” Derek asked in a tone so soft, Stiles barely heard him.

“Yeah. I have no doubt that we’ll be okay. It might take a while, but we’ll be okay.” Stiles replied softly. “I believe that.”

“Me too.” Derek admitted, and there was a small pause before he spoke again. “What is it?”

“What’s what?”

“The thing you want to ask me.”

“I don’t-”

“Stiles.”

“Did you-” Stiles swallowed around the lump in his throat before asking. “Did you sleep with her?”

“No.” Derek told him immediately. It was true, he hadn’t, thankfully. It was bad enough that he’d
kissed her, but if he’d done that, he’d never be able to forgive himself.

“Good,” Stiles sighed in relief. “I’m glad you don’t have to go through that again.” He commented, surprising Derek. That’s what Stiles was worried about? Not that Derek had slept with someone else, but that he’d done it against his will? Stiles had always been upset about what happened with Kate, Derek knew that, but somehow he didn’t consider that Stiles was mainly upset about the Jennifer situation for the same reason. Derek went to say something, but stopped when he realised that Stiles had fallen asleep.

Derek sighed softly, and took a deep breath and listened to his pack’s overlapping heartbeats. He allowed his eyes to drift shut, and joined his pack in a restful slumber.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next day, the pack decided to talk Kali before training. They took the twins and Chris with them, for backup and further assessment of Kali’s honesty. Along with Ennis’ now that he had come to. Deucalion had been rendered unconscious to prevent him from influencing the others in any way.

Noah had just finished explaining Kali’s offer to Ennis. “I’m in.” Ennis agreed without hesitation. “This whole situation is a little too messy for me, if I continue to work with Deucalion, I’m just risking my own life for nothing. I’ll join Kali in helping you with the Darach, then we’ll leave.”

“And you don’t want anything?” Noah asked with a raised eyebrow. “You’re not going to try to bargain for anything?”

“No, you saved my life, I owe you and I’m still asking for my freedom once this all over. You have every right to arrest me for the crimes I’ve committed here, as well as the others I’ve committed elsewhere. Yet, you’re willing to let me, and Kali, go because you’re an honorable man, Sheriff, so I’m not going to bargain. I’m not going to try and get anything else from you, I promise.” Ennis looked Noah in the eyes the entire time he spoke, assuring the man of his honesty. Noah turned to look at the pack and their associates, all of the wolves and Chris nodded at him, so he turned to look at Ennis again.

“Alright.” Noah said as he pulled a set of keys from his pocket. “But if anyone of us gets so much as a suspicion that you or Kali are planning to turn on us, the arrangement is off, and you are straight back in a cell beside Deucalion.” Ennis nodded in agreement and Noah undid the specially made handcuffs. “You’re free to leave the station now. Kali will be released within half an hour, then you and she need to be at the Hale property tonight at seven to discuss planning. Understood?”

“Understood. You won’t regret this, Sheriff.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Derek hit the ground hard, letting out a pained noise as he did so. He looked up at Lydia in shock, who was turning towards Jackson, who was charging at her. She let out a scream and pushed her hands out, and Jackson went flying. Derek watched in awe as Lydia took down her Pack mates with ease, using a mix of fighting and her voice. She was using her voice as a weapon, something Derek didn’t even know was possible. Soon, Lydia was the only one standing. “How did-” Derek began, but Lydia cut his off.

“Danny read about it.” She told him with a grin. “It took me a few days to learn how to do it, but now that I’ve found my way, it’s so easy, I can’t believe I haven’t been doing it forever.”
Derek just nodded at her, unsure of how to respond.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Kali and Ennis arrived at the property at exactly seven and were surprised to find, not one, but three houses there, along with a pool.

“This place is huge.” Ennis commented as they walked up the drive. “Which house do you think it is?”

“This one.” Ethan’s voice called out from the porch of the largest house. The pair of Alpha’s turned to see both of the twins stood looking at them.

“This is the Pack house, the others belong to two of the pack member’s parents.” Aiden explained, as he had been given permission to tell them that.

“You’re just in time, dinner is just being served.” Ethan said as he turned to walk into the house, confusing the couple.

“Dinner?” Kali asked in surprise as she and Ennis climbed the steps to the porch. “I thought this was a meeting to plan what we’re going to do about Julia.”

“It is.” Aiden confirmed with a nod. “But no one wants to plan on an empty stomach.”

“Come on.” Ethan urged from inside the house. “Stiles made steak, it’s his specialty.”

“And his homemade curly fries are incredible.” Aiden told them with a grin, before turning and walking into the house. The couple shared a look before following.

The inside of the house was just as impressive as the outside, if not more so. Kali closed the door behind her and followed the twins to the dining room, admiring the house as she did so.

“Alpha Kali, Alpha Ennis, we’re glad you could make it.” Melissa greeted with a smile. “I’m Melissa McCall, I’m Scott’s mother.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Ennis smiled genuinely. “Though I have heard your name before. You’re the doctor who saved my life.”

“Well, technically, I’m the nurse who helped.” Melissa corrected with a soft smile. “I’m glad to see you’re okay.” Kali bowed her head to Melissa for a second, then looked her in the eyes whilst grabbing Ennis’ hand.

“Thank you.”

“There’s really no need.” Melissa assured with a smile. “Now, please take a seat, dinner’s ready.”

An hour later they had all finished eating the wonderful meal, and relocated the the living room. Kali told them about how, when she was her Emissary, Julia/Jennifer liked to draw on Telluric currents for more power. As it turned out, Danny had been searching said currents for a school project, so he brought out his research to help them out. They discovered that the abduction and body dump sites all ran on Telluric currents.

“So, what does this mean, exactly?” Scott asked aloud. “I get that these enhance her power or whatever, but what’s her endgame? She has to be building up to something!”

“The Nemeton.” Chris stated and Deaton nodded in agreement.
“The what?”

“The Nemeton. It’s a sacred meeting place consecrated by druids. Druids would pick the largest and oldest tree in the grove, which would become the centerpiece of their rituals. The tree represented the world. Legend has it that if any harm came to a nemeton, the surrounding towns and villages would suffer misfortunes. The nemeton contains powerful magic and is fueled by ritual sacrifices.” Deaton explained, causing looks of horror to appear on some faces, and confusion on others.

“So, what you’re saying is...” Stiles began, running a hand over his face in frustration before continuing. “Everytime she kills someone, not only is she powering herself, but the Nemeton too?”

“Yes.”

“And what happens then?” Jackson asked impatiently. “What happens when you... power up this Nemeton?”

“It’s like a beacon,” Chris stated, glaring at the map, as if it was to blame. “for supernatural creatures.”

“It’s how the area got it’s name.” Deaton told them. “It was cut down a few years ago, but it didn’t lose it’s abilities. It’s just out of power at the moment.”

“Think of it like a battery.” Chris took over from Deaton. “Each sacrifice it adding a little more fuel to it, more energy, power. The more sacrifices she commits -the more power the sacrifices had- the more power it gets.”

“Once it’s ‘fully charged’ it’ll be able to become self sufficient. It’ll draw other creatures here, from all over. Pulling them in like a magnet. Their presence will not only provide the town with more supernatural energy, but more chaos as well. Creatures will want this land for themselves, and will challenge you all for it. Be it them, or you, who survives, there are more sacrifices, more energy it gains. It will never stop.”

“So, as long as we keep her from committing any more sacrifices, it’ll be fine?” Allison asked hopefully, but she knew that it was just wishful thinking.

“I’m afraid not.” Deaton told her, earning several groans of annoyance. “She has killed six people, so far. That’s a fair amount of energy. Enough to lure in creatures from nearby towns.”

“And by luring them here, the Nemeton get’s more power from their energy.” Lydia sighed in realisation. “So, it’s practically already self sufficient.”

“Basically, yes.”

“How can we... shut it down?” Derek asked through gritted teeth. “There has to be something we can do.” Chris and Deaton shared a knowing look. “What is it?”

“You can’t shut it down, but there is something you can do.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“That’s a terrible idea!” Noah exclaimed, slamming his hands down on the table.

“Dad-” Stiles sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “It’s the only thing we can do that doesn’t end with a ton of people dying. This is our best option!”
“Stiles, you’re seventeen years old, you can’t-”

“Yes, I can and I will.” Stiles cut in, frustrating his father further. “This is something that I have to do. I didn’t tell you to ask for your permission, I told you so that I didn’t have to lie to you.”

“You really are your mother’s son.” Noah sighed, shocking Stiles. “Once she set her mind to something, there was nothing I could do to stop her.” Stiles smiled as his father so easily spoke of his mother, in a way he never could before. “She’d have been so proud to see the brilliant young man you’ve become.” Stiles felt tears form in his eyes as his dad wrapped him up in a hug.

“She’d be happy for you, too, dad. I think she’s smiling down at us, glad that you’re finding happiness again.” Stiles told him softly.

“I think you’re right.” Noah smiled, pulling back to look at his son. “Come on, let’s get this crazy plan of yours sorted.”

“It’s not that crazy.” Stiles defended as they began to walk to the living room.

“Yes it is.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next night found Stiles and Derek were alone in their bed for the first time in weeks. Derek wasn’t sure how he felt about that. On one hand, he was happy to finally be able to hold Stiles in his arms through the night, without anybody else there again, but on the other hand, he felt like he didn’t deserve it. Stiles was so easily letting him in again, trusting and loving him like nothing had happened, and Derek felt like he shouldn’t.

He felt like Stiles should be pushing him away, forcing him to work for that love, not just giving him it for nothing.

But here they were, lying in their bed, Stiles wrapped up in Derek’s arms, just like they used to. The only difference was that Derek couldn’t relax, and Stiles noticed.

Stiles twisted in his mate’s arms until they were chest to chest. “Derek,” Stiles sighed, looking Derek in the eyes.

“You should hate me.”

“No, I shouldn’t.” Stiles replied immediately, causing Derek to sigh in frustration.

“Stiles.” He sighed.

“Derek, listen to me, okay?” Stiles began and Derek nodded. “I’m not going to pretend that I’m okay with everything that happened, or that it doesn’t hurt. And I’m not going to pretend that I’m not terrified that something like that might happen again. There’s no point in lying, but what I can say, that is true, is that I don’t blame you and I don’t hold you responsible. Blaming you for this would be like blaming Lydia for bringing Peter back to life, or blaming Tammy for all of the people who were killed by the Kanima.” Derek opened his mouth and went to protest, say that it was different, but Stiles wouldn’t let him. “If you had the chance, would you go back and still spend those weeks with her?”

“No!” Derek immediately assured, eyes wide as he looked Stiles in the eyes.

“Exactly.” Stiles stated, unfazed by Derek’s frantic response. “It wasn’t really you. That man, who
told me he didn’t love me wasn’t you, wasn’t my mate. He was a puppet wearing your face. That’s
not the man I love. The man I love, is the one lying here with me. The man who would do
anything to protect me and our pack. The man who would never intentionally hurt me, the man
who is stubbornly determined to punish and blame himself for everything bad that happens around
him, even when it’s not his fault. I’m not going to let her come between us.”

“How did I get so lucky, to have you as my mate?” Derek smiled lovingly at Stiles, who was
looking at him as he had hung the moon.

“I wouldn’t call it luck, I mean, you’ve seen me in the mornings, right?” Derek chuckled and softly
kissed Stiles for barely a second. The look of pure happiness on Stiles’ face made Derek’s heart
melt.

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

-A Teen Wolf-Sterek-A Teen Wolf-Sterek-

A few days later, one of Melissa’s co-workers went missing. She was on her way into work, when
she vanished, her car was found, still running, rolling down a road. Chris announced that Jennifer
was now targeting Healers, causing them all to worry for Melissa’s safety. The pack took turns
watching over her, which rather started to irritate the woman, but she put up with it.

Especially after another person went missing. Then, the Darach tried to take Deaton. She had
covered the windows with insects, enveloping the room in darkness. Fortunately, as this happened,
Chris and Derek were walking up to the building.

They managed to get there in time to save Deaton, but in the distraction, she ran off, and later took
someone else. Nine down, apparently out of fifteen. Apparently Philosophers and Guardians were
to be the next targets.

-A Teen Wolf-Sterek-A Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The following Tuesday night, Derek and Tara cautiously entered the High School, both reach for
their weapons at the sight of an open door. They continued forward, quickly grabbing their
weapons when a bang sounded. They exchanged a look as they moved forward, quietly making
their way through the building. They suddenly turned when footsteps sounded behind them, only
relaxing at the sight of students rushing past.

“What are you guys doing here?” Tara all but demanded as she and Derek lowered their weapons.

“Practicing for our recital tomorrow.” Danny explained, glancing between the pair curiously.

“And you didn’t think to tell me?” Derek sighed, with an unimpressed look on his face.

“I didn’t think it was important.” Danny shrugged. “Why? Is something wrong?” He asked as his
eyes fell on their weapons at their sides. “There is something wrong, isn’t there?”

“Someone made a nine-one-one call.” Tara begin, trying to express the importance of the situation.
“All of you need to leave now.”

“If you see anyone else, tell them the same thing.” Derek continued, putting an edge of Alpha
command in his voice, directed at Danny. Danny nodded in understanding, then lead his fellow
students out of the building.
“Dispatch, this is unit ten, do you copy?” Tara asked into the walkie-talkie, getting only static in response. “Dispatch, do you copy?” She asked again, and once more, got no response. So Derek tried through his walkie-talkie, and got the same response. Then, an odd chanting sounded through both of their speakers simultaneously. The chanting cut off with a sudden static, before a bang rang out behind them. They turned to see a pair of legs, seemingly being dragged, disappearing through a door. Derek moved in front of Tara, and began walking towards the door, Tara following closely behind him. They soon found themselves in the locker rooms. “This is Deputy Graeme-”

“And Deputy Hale-”

“Come out with your hands up!” With no signs of someone corresponding with their demand, the pair continued forwards. “This is the Sheriff’s department, come out now!”

They soon found themselves at the showers, and Derek noticed a body, slumped against the wall. He moved forward to get a better look, as Tara noticed it too. Soon, he was able to see the face- Tara’s face. He quickly spun around, just in time to see the Darach try to strangle Tara. He roared, and the Darach looked at him, seemingly surprised, as if she hadn’t known he was there. Taking advantage of her shock, Derek lunged forward.

As this played out, Lydia, Allison, Scott, and Stiles pulled up at the school. The had intended to go to the store, to pick up some snacks and stationery, for a study session, but when Lydia changed course, no one questioned it, only mentally prepared themselves for trouble. “I’m sorry, but it’s the same thing as before. I can’t ignore it.”

“It’s okay Lydia.” Stiles assured as he followed the redhead to the entrance. “We could save someone tonight, that means a lot more than a slightly later study session.”

“Hey, isn’t Danny here?” Scott asked suddenly with wide eyes. “The recital practice, it doesn’t finish for another ten minutes, right?” His observation had them all moving faster.

The group rushed past the school’s sign, and towards the main door, jumping in surprise when the door suddenly opened, then sighing in relief when they saw Danny and the rest of the music class walking out. “Derek’s in there.” Danny told them immediately. “He and Tara were responding to a nine-one-one call, and Derek said for everyone to get out.”

“It’s the same thing as the pool and the lake.” Lydia told him, confusing their classmates, but causing a look realisation to dawn on Danny’s face.

“Well, I told you to leave, I wasn’t told to make you.” Danny smiled softly. “I’ll make sure everyone else get’s home again, then I’ll meet you at the House.”

“Okay, just text us when you get in, okay?” Stiles half asked-half demanded, and Danny nodded. Soon, they were gone, and Scott, Stiles, Lydia and Allison were making their way through the school, the boys following Derek’s scent. They soon found the pair at the showers, arriving just in time to see Derek charge at the Darach, who was strangling Tara. The Darach simply flicked her wrist, and Derek flew backwards into the wall. As she did this, Allison pulled her folding crossbow out of her bag, set it up, loaded it, aimed it at the Darach, then, as Derek hit the wall, she pulled the trigger. The Darach cried out and released her hold on the Garrote, allowing Tara to break free, then spin around and kick it in the gut. In a flurry of motion, the woman was gone.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next day at school, the teenagers of the pack were sat in Jennifer’s class, feeling quite smug over having Derek back. Jennifer had been pretending everything was fine, but they could all see
that she was irritated and frightened. All confidence from before had left with Derek.

“Idioms, analogies, metaphors, similes; All tools the writer uses to tell their stories.” Jennifer call out in her usual, friendly tone as she walked around the class. She paused when she reached Lydia’s desk, looking down at the redhead’s drawing. “Lydia, I wasn’t aware you had so many hidden talents.”

“You and every guy I’ve ever dated.” Lydia commented, smiling sweetly at the woman. Jennifer seemed thrown by that response.

“Well, that was… an idiom… by the way.” Lydia said nothing, and looked away, continuing her drawing. Jennifer shook her head slightly, then continued walking. “Idioms are something of a secret, to the people who know the language.” She called stopping next to Stiles’ desk. “Or the culture.” She glanced nervously between Scott and Stiles, both of whom were glaring at her.

“You’d know all about that, wouldn’t you.” Cora muttered, causing Jennifer to look at the ground nervously.

“They’re phrases that only make sense, if you know key words. For example saying ‘Jump the gun’ is meaningful, only if you know of the starting gun in a race. Or a phrase like; ‘seeing the whole board.’”

“Chess.” Stiles called out, not looking at the woman.

“That’s right, Stiles.” The teacher said in slight surprise, looking at him curiously. “Do you play?”

“Oh no, my father and boyfriend do.” Her expression faltered for a second, but her fake smile quickly returned.

“Now, when does an idiom become a cliche?”

Scott turned to look at Stiles, once Jennifer had moved away. “Hey, are you alright?”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Stiles assured with a soft smile. “It’s just… She tried to kill Tara. I mean, how many times has she helped me with my math homework, when I’ve had to wait at the station for my dad?”

“Yeah, but she failed. Okay? Tara’s fine.”

“I know, but now a security guard is missing. My dad told me about it this morning, he was only 22, Scott.” A knock sounded on the classroom door, and a second later, Morrell walked in.

“Excuse me.” She began, meeting eyes with Jennifer, who shifted uncomfortably. “I need to speak with Stiles, please. Privately.”

“Of course.” Jennifer nodded, and looked to the boy, who was putting his notebook away. “Stiles.” He just nodded to her, then stood, nodding slightly at his pack, who returned the gesture, then he left the room.

-Teen Wolf-Stereek-Teen Wolf-Stereek-

Stiles was walking through the school grounds, looking for somewhere quiet to sit and think. He’d had a rather emotional session with Morrell, and needed to be alone for a while. As he walked, he noticed someone walking towards him. He went to turn and walk in the other direction, but then he noticed who it was, and, okay, maybe he didn’t need to be completely alone. “Oh, thank god,” He
sighed, and rather than walking away, Stiles ran towards Derek, who stopped and waited to catch his mate, who all but jumped on him. They hugged for a few seconds, breathing in each other’s scents, before Stiles pulled back slightly, so that he could kiss Derek.

The kiss was needy and passionate, and lasted several minutes, until the bell rang, and Stiles reluctantly pulled back. Sighing, Stiles closed his eyes and spoke. “Ugh, sometimes I want the rip the bell out and destroy it.” Which caused Derek to chuckle.

“Why not just come home with me?” Derek asked softly, running his hands up and down Stiles’ sides.

“What happened to ‘your education is important, Stiles.’ Huh?” Stiles asked teasingly, leaning closer to Derek, so that their lips were almost touching again.

“Hmm, I changed my mind.” Derek grinned, closing the gap between them. They continued kissing softly, before Stiles phone began ringing. “She was so shy, til’ I drove her wild. I make them good girls go bad.” Derek gave Stiles as curious look as the boy fished his phone out of his pocket.

“Hey Catwoman, what’s up?” Stiles greeted, answering his mate’s unspoken question.

“Where are you?” The blonde asked worriedly. “Miss Morrell said you left her office ten minutes ago!”

Derek chuckled, and leaned forward to speak into the phone. “Sorry, Erica, it’s my fault.” There was a hum of understanding, and a distant chuckle through the phone, and they both knew that the girl was smirking.

“Okay, you’re lucky it’s free period, Stiles. But you can’t ditch the rest of the day, we’ve got a pop quiz in Economics.” Stiles sighed in annoyance, as it had completely slipped his mind.

“Alright, you guys start studying without me, I’ll be there as soon as I can.” Stiles hung up the phone and pocketed it, then buried his face in Derek’s shoulder.

“So, you’re not coming home with me?” Derek asked with a chuckle.

“I’m afraid not.” He mumbled, the sound muffled by Derek’s jacket. “I wish I could, though.”

“Me too.” Derek muttered with a kiss to the top of Stiles’ head. “This is probably for the best though. Dad’s home too.”

“Ah, so you were willing to take me to a place where my dad was, when I’m not supposed to be there, and risk getting me grounded?”

“Well. when you put it like that...”

“Mmm hmm.” Stiles rolled his eyes and kissed Derek once more. “I’ll see you after school.” He promised softly. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” With one last chaste kiss, Stiles turned away from Derek and walked away with a smile on his face. Derek watched his mate go, smiling softly.

-Lydia walked down the otherwise empty corridor with Jackson and Danny as they made their way to the library. They had been idly chatting, when suddenly, Lydia froze. Jackson and Danny both
They watched her closely as she moved on autopilot into a classroom, walked to the board and wrote ‘2’ in the symbol drawn on it. She stepped back, looked at it, then screamed.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Allison gathered her weapons, planning which ones to take with her that night. “It’s just a recital.” Isaac pointed out in amusement, form where he and Scott were perched on their bed.

“A recital organised by Jennifer Blake.” Allison argued without looking at them. “I’m not taking any chances.” Isaac chuckled as Scott shook his head at them, and laid back on the bed.

“You okay?” Isaac asked with a chuckle, as he looked down at his mate.

“M’ tired.” Scott mummered as he rubbed his eyes. Isaac chuckled as Allison turned to watch them. Isaac grinned and moved, arranging himself so that he was hovering over Scott. “What’re you doin’?”

“Waking you up.” Isaac grinned, before pressing his lips to Scott’s, the crooked jawed boy made a noise of surprise, but quickly got over it and returned the kiss eagerly. He wrapped his arms around Isaac’s neck and pulled him in closer.

They continued like this for a few minutes, before parting for air. “Well, that’s definitely my favourite way to wake up.” Scott panted with a grin and Isaac just gave him a look. “Okay, second favourite.” He amended. “Maybe if you did that when I’m actually asleep, I wouldn’t mind waking up so much.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” Their lips met again, and across the room, Allison finally tore her eyes away from them, and continued arranging her weapons. She started to put them in her bag, when Isaac spoke up again. “You could join us, y’know.”

“And interrupt your time together? No, there’s plenty of time for that later, you two carry on.” She turned to look at them. “Besides, I’ve got to talk to Stiles and Lydia.” She stated as she walked over to their bed. “Now, if you wouldn’t mind, give me a kiss before I go?”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“So, mr Westover and the security guard, uh… Jason.” Stiles began as he, Lydia and Allison looked over the evidence photo’s (Which they obtained completely legally, of course) in the weapons room of the second basement. “With Jason and the attempt on Tara, I thought Guardians, but Mr Westover suggests philosophers. Although, Tara used to be a teacher, so…”

“It’s philosophers.” Cora said confidently, as she walked into the room. “Apparently, Jason was a tutor, mainly for people with mental illnesses. Not just learning disorders, but people with depression, eating disorders, etc. He would help them get back on track with their work and get a handle on things. He had really low prices too, according to his mother, he’d lower the rates a little every time he got a new student. She said that he only charged to pay his way through college, once he’d found his right income to manage comfortably, he worked his prices around it, not wanting to take more than he needed from people.” She informed them as she sat down at the large metal table, in the centre of the room. “He was a good person.”

“And she killed him in cold blood.” Lydia muttered angrily. “All too further her power, so that she
can attack a group that isn’t even a group anymore, let alone a threat.”

“We could hand the Alpha’s to her on silver platters and she’d still kill to get more power.” Allison said thoughtfully. “This isn’t about revenge anymore, this is about showing them that she can beat them. This is about her showing them that she has power, enough power to kill them.”

“I don’t think we should worry about what she wants to do to them,” Stiles jumped in, drawing confused looks to him. “We know what she wants now, she wants to commit sacrifices, gain power and kill the alpha’s, but what then? What happens after that? When she has all this power, and the nemeton is fully functional, what happens then?” Silence spread across the room as the four of the exchanged looks. None of them had a clue as to what she could want, and none of them really wanted to find out.

“At least we already have our own plan for the Nemeton.” Lydia pointed out, trying to reassure them all, herself included. “And we know the kind of person she’s after, teachers, educators. They’re all going to be at the recital tonight. Sure, it’s easier for her to get to one, but it’s also easier for us to watch them all.”

Cora nodded in agreement. “She’s right. We can split into teams, organise ourselves around the school. Make sure we have eyes on her at all times. We can do this.”

“You’re right, you’re both right.” Stiles agreed with a nod. “Alright, Allison, gather weapons, Cora, pack meeting in twenty minutes, tell the others. Lydia, come on, we’re going to the training room. Tonight, you might have to use your voice.”

-I’m Wolf-Sterek-I-Wolf-Sterek-

“I can tie my own tie.” Danny protested softly as Ethan worked on said item for him.

“Yeah, badly.” He teased as he finished his work. “There, that’s perfect.” He said, then started to arrange Danny’s hair. The hawaiian looked around cautiously as Ethan pulled a tub out of his pocket, he then held up a breath mint. Rather than taking it, Danny opened his mouth and allowed Ethan to slip it through his lips. “Still nervous?”

“All good.” Danny assured with a smile, which Ethan returned.

They continued to smile at each other for a few seconds, until Erica walked past, rolled her eyes at them and said “For the love of god, just kiss already.” And lightly pushed Danny forward into the werewolf’s arms. They looked at each other for a second, before giving in and allowing their lips to meet in a soft kiss.

At the back of the room, Derek and Stiles stood side by side, “Finally.” Stiles chuckled when he noticed the pair in front of the stage. Derek just glared. “Come on, they’re clearly crazy for each other, and I really don’t think Ethan will do anything to hurt Danny. If he does, you know I’ll be the first one to kick his ass. Until then, just be civil, alright?” Derek sighed, but nodded and Stiles beamed at him. “Thank you.”

Derek looked around the room, finding comfort in seeing his pack and allies there. He had been hesitant about having the twins there, in case Jennifer tried to attack them, but he couldn’t stop them, and knowing that they had his back was actually comforting. His eyes scanned the crowd, focusing on the potential victims.

Soon, the lights dimmed and the music started. It was fine at first. Then Lydia received a text from Jackson, who was positioned outside of the school with Boyd, watching to see if anyone arrives
late or leaves early.

From: Jackson <3 (19:08)
Message: Need to see you right now! Life or death!

Lydia grew worried at the message and quickly turned to Scott, who was standing beside her.
“Hey, Jackson just texted me, he needs me to go see him, I’ll be right back.”

“Do you want me to come with you?” Scott asked in concern, whilst digging out his own phone, to check for any messages.

“No, it’s fine, I’m armed, I’ll be okay.” She assured with a smile. “I just needed you to know so that you can calm Derek if he freaks out when he see’s that I’m not here.” Scott nodded in agreement then Lydia smiled at him one last time before turning and making her way out of the room. Little did either of them know, just outside of the school, Jackson was frantically searching his pockets, looking for his missing phone.

Lydia made her way through the school, finding herself drawn to an empty classroom. Worried that it might be the next abduction sight, Lydia entered, grabbing her gun as she did so. Back in the auditorium, Derek eyes scanned the room, and his heart skipped a beat when he noticed that both Lydia and Jennifer were missing. “Where’s Lydia?” He demanded, causing Stiles to snap into battle stance. Scott noticed and rushed over to them.

“Don’t worry, she got a text from Jackson, asking her to meet him.” He assured, and the pair relaxed for a second, until Stiles phone pinged. He read the text and his heart rate sped up in panic.

“Boyd just texted me, Jackson’s phone is missing.”

Back in the classroom, Lydia felt panic prickle under her skin when an odd chanting sounded.
“You recognise it, don’t you?” Jennifer asked as she emerged from the shadows, startling Lydia. The Banshee raised her gun, but with a flick of Jennifer’s wrist, it flew out of her hand and smashed into her head, rendering her unconscious.

Scott, Stiles, Derek, Victoria and Cora rushed out of the school, meeting up with a panicked Jackson and Boyd. The remainder of the pack reluctantly stayed in the auditorium, in case it was a diversion and to watch over Danny.

Allison stood beside Isaac and her father, on edge and wishing she was out there looking for her best friend. However, it was soon made apparent that something else was going on in there too. The band had changed from their soothing classical piece to the strange chant that had been heard on a recording awhile back. Most of the people in the auditorium were confused, but those who knew of the supernatural became very worried.

In the classroom, Lydia soon came back to the land of consciousness, and immediately pressed her hand to her aching forehead, When she pulled her hand away, it was coated with blood. With a start she remembered what happened. Her vision focused and she finally noticed Jennifer knelt in front of her, preparing the Garrote. “What are you doing?” Was the first thing that came out when she opened her mouth.

“What’s necessary.” Jennifer replied easily. “I’m still surprised that none of you seem to get that. You call them sacrifices, but you’re not… understanding the word.” Jennifer stated as Lydia slowly managed to gain focus on her surroundings. As Jennifer rattled on about the meaning of the word ‘sacrifice’ Lydia mentally prepared her battle plan to get away. “-A necessary evil. And you don’t know the alpha’s like I do”
“It’s not necessary.” Lydia argued, looking the woman in the eyes. “The alpha pack isn’t a problem anymore, Deucalion is locked up, and the others aren’t a threat anymore.”

“But they’ll be others, people, monsters, who will go around killing people for power—”

“Like you’re doing?” Lydia snapped, and Jennifer just smiled at her, like she was a child.

“I’m doing this to protect people! So that I can fight back against threats.” Jennifer told her confidently.

“No, that’s what my pack do, you’re just a murderer.”

“I thought you were smarter than this, Lydia.” Jennifer sighed, as she stood up and walked around Lydia until she was standing behind her. “It doesn’t matter though, you’re not a sacrifice, you’re just a girl who knows too much. Actually, a girl who knew too much.” Lydia took a deep breath as Jennifer prepared the garrote. “One last Philosopher.” She said and went to wrap the device around Lydia’s throat. The redhead allowed her to do so and leant forward. Her research told her about things that could give extra power to a Banshee’s scream, being close to death was one of them. She reminded herself of this as her body struggled, fighting for oxygen. When the whispers became scream and dizziness prickled at her, she threw herself back, loosening the wire around her neck, she quickly grabbed it before Jennifer could strangle her again. “Lydia, don’t!”

She ignored the woman, took in a deep breath a let out a powerful scream. The windows in the classroom shattered, sending glass everywhere. All over the town, werewolves doubled over in pain and covered their ears, trying to block out the sound. When the scream faded off, the members of the pack who were looking for her jumped into action, following where the sound came from.

Back in the classroom, Jennifer let go of the device and walked so that she was in front of Lydia. “Unbelievable.” She gasped, looking at the glaring girl in awe. “The Wailing Woman. A Banshee, right before my eyes. You’re just like me Lydia.” The girl scoffed at that.

“I am nothing like you.”

“But you are. Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it.” Lydia just kept glaring, making no attempt to escape. She had a plan now, and Jennifer was following it perfectly. “It’s too late though.” Jennifer stated as she pulled out a large knife.

“Yes it is.” Lydia agreed. “For you.” With that she raised her hands and screamed again, sending Jennifer flying through the classroom. When the woman stood again, blood was dripping from her ears. Lydia let out another screech, knocking the woman back onto the ground.

In the Auditorium, the Darach’s chanting symphony continued playing. All of the band looking aggressive as they played. Then suddenly, it all stopped. A piano string had snapped and slashed open the pianist’s throat. There were screams of horror as the crowd fled, the band members all looked horrified and confused.

Allison rushed to the front of the room to look at the body. Once she reached it, she noticed something in the blood. “Mistletoe.”

Back in the classroom, Jennifer staggered to her feet once more, this time, holding Lydia’s gun. She aimed it at the Banshee, who had taken on a battle stance, and was now wielding a throwing knife in either hand.

“Drop it!” A voice called out, and Jennifer looked to see the Sheriff aiming a gun at her. She
smirked and quickly shot him in the shoulder. He dropped his gun and fell to the ground, but Jennifer wasn’t in the clear yet, as was proven by the angry howl Stiles produced.

He charged at the Darach, who dropped the gun with a confident grin. He went to hit her, but she easily dodged it, but in the distraction, Lydia was able to get close and stab the woman in the shoulder. In the exact same place that Jennifer had shot Stilinski. “Nobody hurts my pack.” Lydia hissed in the woman’s ear, before Stiles punched the brunette with all of his strength, rendering her unconscious. Lydia pulled her knife out, and allowed the woman to drop to the floor.

Stiles rushed over to his father and helped him up.

“Guess you didn’t need us, huh?” Scott commented from the doorway, trying to lighten the atmosphere. The Sheriff chuckled as Stiles took his pain.

“I could use your help getting out of here.” He stated softly, using the desks as support. “After I’ve rested a second.” Stiles helped his father rest in the desk chair that Lydia had previously occupied. The aforementioned girl was currently pulling her first aid kit out of her bag as Jackson hovered by protectively.

“Let me take a look, Sheriff. Of course, you have to go to the hospital, but we really should wrap it up now, to prevent anything from getting into the wound.” She explained as she approached him. Jackson took over taking the man’s pain as Stiles called Melissa. Victoria called Chris to find out how things were on their end, and Scott, Derek, Boyd and Cora prepared to move Jennifer.

However, as Cora stepped towards the woman, a wave of dizziness washed over her. “Cora?” Derek asked in concern, and it was the last thing she heard before collapsing.

-The Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next day, Jennifer woke up in a metal cell in the sheriff's station. She smirked as she stood and looked around, the room was empty. She rolled her eyes at their carelessness. She walked confidently over to the cell door and flicked her wrist. Nothing happened. Okay, magic proof, that didn’t matter. She gripped two of the bars tightly and began to pull. Once again, nothing happened. It was then that she noticed them, the tiny runes etched into the metal. She growled in frustration and suddenly, Derek marched into the room. She immediately put a scared expression on her face, it was a long shot, but she had to try. “Oh, Derek! Thank God, you have to help me! I don’t know why I’m in here, they-”

“No way. This isn’t a negotiation. You have two choices. Save Cora, and spend the rest of your life in a nice, cozy prison, or spend every day being beaten until you save her. If she dies, it’ll only be worse for you.” Derek warned, voice low and dark as he glared at the woman. “I won’t give you the release of death, no. I’ll show you how much it hurts to lose pack. Except, your pain will be physical. And to use Cora’s analogy, losing pack is like losing a limb. Will you be able to cover that with a glamour?” Jennifer glared at him as he raised a challenging eyebrow at her. When it was clear that he wasn’t going to budge, Jennifer sighed before giving her answer.

-Sterek-

Stiles coughed, trying to push the smoke out of his lungs as he staggered through the building. There was fire everywhere, he could barely see, barely breathe, but he had to keep moving, he had to find his pack. The flames licked at his skin, the burns faded within seconds at first, but were
soon replaced by new ones. The further he walked, the more he was burnt, and the longer it took to heal. Stiles had lost track of how long he’d been walking through the burning building, trying to avoid being hit by falling foundation. Just the day before, the pack had Jennifer and Deucalion held captive, they had powerful allies on their side and were close to finding a cure for Cora, and now…

Now Stiles was stumbling through a collapsing, burning building, looking for his pack. Jennifer was free, and probably kidnapping someone at that very moment, no one know what on earth happened to Deucalion, Cora was dying, with no hope in sight, Erica and Boyd were losing their minds in worry, and their town was in danger.

How the hell was Stiles going to fix this?

Chapter End Notes

I hope that you enjoyed this chapter, please let me know what you think!
The Oncoming Storm

Chapter by Missmusiclover573

Chapter Summary

The pack race to save Cora, they make a daring move, and new, and old, faces come to town.

Now Stiles was stumbling through a collapsing, burning building, looking for his pack. Jennifer was free, and probably kidnapping someone at that very moment, no one know what on earth happened to Deucalion, Cora was dying, with no hope in sight, Erica and Boyd were losing their minds in worry, and their town was in danger.

How the hell was Stiles going to fix this?

15 hours earlier

At the Hale house, Lydia and Natalie Martin were in Lydia’s bedroom. After the events with Jennifer, Natalie didn’t want her daughter out of her sight, but neither did the pack, so the woman had spent the night and was now helping her daughter get ready for school. Lydia insisted on going back, and was able to convince her mother by reminding her that Jennifer wouldn’t be there and her pack would.

The Martin duo were sat in front of Lydia’s vanity and Lydia was looking at the bruise on her neck in the mirror. Natalie noticed this and began searching for the concealer and foundation. “Okay sweetheart, this is not a problem. Having gotten my share of hickeys in high school, I developed some patented cover up methods.” She assured and she opened a container, but Lydia reached out and stopped her. “If you don’t want to go to school, honey, you don’t have to.” She assured, internally hoping that her daughter didn’t want to.

“That’s not it.” Lydia said quickly, unintentionally slashing her mum’s hopes. “It’s just… someone tried to strangle me, and I survived.” Natalie couldn’t help but smile at that, watching her daughter lift her head up high. “I don’t need to hide that.” Blinking back tears, Natalie ran a hand through Lydia’s hair, turning her head and looking at the young woman directly, with pride.

“No. No you don’t.” She agreed, kissing her daughter’s head. Lydia closed her eyes as she did, taking herself back to the times her mother would do that, when she was a little girl. When she opened her eyes, Natalie spoke with a grin. “But we’re still gonna do your hair, right?”

Lydia rolled her eyes at the asinine question, then spoke in a ‘duh’ tone. “Of course we’re doing my hair.” Her mother giggled at that, causing a genuine smile to appear on her face.

“Alright.”

Twenty minutes later, the pair made their way downstairs and to the dining room, where the pack was serving up breakfast. They were all more solemn than usual, and missing a few members, but they put on smiles and tried to make the most of their day. They wouldn’t be helping anyone by moping around.
Stiles smiled at them as they sat down. “Morning.” He greeted, and Natalie smiled at him as Lydia returned the greeting. “So, uh, Derek and my dad are at work, and Erica and Boyd will be going to the hospital to be with Cora, so we’ll be changing up the travel methods.” He told them all as they settled at the table. “I will be taking Allison, Lydia and Danny in the Jeep, and Scott, Jackson and Isaac can either go in a car, or take their bikes. Or one of you can come in the Jeep too, of course.” The three quickly decided to take their motorbikes. “At school, we will still be going to classes in groups, but with some slight changes. After English, Scott and I will be accompanying Lydia to her math class, in Cora’s place, before heading to our own math class. Afterwards, Danny and Jackson will walk her to art, where she will be with Allison and Isaac. Things are normal from there until fifth period, when Scott and Jackson will walk Danny to and from Music in place of Boyd. Is everyone okay with that?” There was a unanimous agreement from the pack. “Great, Mrs Ma-Natalie” He corrected at her pointed look. “Will you need a ride to and from work? There’s room in the Jeep.”

“No, I brought my car.” She told him with a smile. “But thank you for the offer.”

“Wait, didn’t you start at seven?” Lydia asked suddenly, eyes wide in worry and she looked at the clock, which showed 7:15. Natalie chuckled and shook her head.

“That’s right, I didn’t mention it.” She muttered to herself. “No, I’m starting a new job today.” Lydia’s eyebrows shot up quickly, looking at her mum in surprise, and slight annoyance that she wasn’t told about it. “I’m taking over Mr. Harris’ chemistry class.” She then looked to her daughter “I haven’t taught in a while and I want this to go well.” She told her, then teasingly added. “So try not to embarrass me.”

“If you don’t want to be embarrassed, then you might want to change your shoes.” She said sweetly, smiling innocently at her mother, causing her pack mates to chuckle. Natalie just gave her an unimpressed look. “Love you.”

“So what’s going to happen to us?” Erica asked suddenly. “During the eclipse, what will happen?”

The rest of the pack looked to Stiles and Lydia for the answer. Stiles quickly swallowed his food, then answered. “We’ll all be powerless.” He told them simply. “We derive our power from the moon, during this eclipse, it will be completely covered for fifteen minutes. During that time, we won’t be able to access our wolves. We’ll be completely human.”

“Well, that’s gonna suck.” Jackson grumbled. “Especially if we need to fight.”

“Wait a second.” Boyd interrupted, “The eclipse, when it occurs, and Erica becomes human again, will she- will-” He closed his eyes and sighed deeply, trying to muster up his nerves. After a few seconds, he opened his eyes again. “Will her epilepsy return?”

Lydia quickly shook his head. “No, that is completely gone. Removing our power doesn’t undo what has been healed. The same goes for Scott’s asthma.” She assured, calming everyone. “However, it will remove Cora’s enhanced healing.” She told them solemnly.

“So…” Jackson tried to swallow the lump in his throat. “If we can’t heal her before then…”

“Don’t say it.” Scott warned. “We will save Cora. We have to.”

-D-T-W-S-T-E-W-S-T-E-
as Derek wanted to agree, it gave her a window of opportunity to escape. She may have set up
escape routes just in case, contingency plans for if she got caught. Taking her to the hospital could
mean taking her to where she needed to be to hatch her plan, so Derek had sent Chris in. Hopefully
the hunter would be able to... persuade her to change her mind. Though Derek doubted that he’d
be successful.

Danny, Stiles, Lydia, Victoria, Deaton and Morrell were all devoting their free time to searching
for a way to help Cora, who was being cared for in the Supernatural ward of the hospital. Boyd
and Erica weren’t allowed to stay with her the night before, as the nurses were running tests all
night, and Derek refused to let them stay at the hospital overnight. Now that they were allowed to
see her, they were refusing to leave her side, so Noah pulled some strings to allow them to do their
work outside of school.

The rest of the pack still had to go, but given the circumstances, none of them complained about it,
just constantly asked for updates on their pack mate. Not that there was much to update them on.

A heavy hand clapped down on Derek’s shoulder, startling the alpha, but it was only Noah, so he
relaxed quickly. “We’ll figure this out.” The man assured with a soft smile. “Cora’s going to be
fine.” Derek nodded, forcing a weak smile onto his face, which his father-figure saw right through.
“You don’t have to pretend to be fine, Derek. You have every right to be worried and upset. You
should go home.” He insisted, not for the first time that day.

“No, I need to be here, at least whilst the others are at school.” Derek protested firmly, looking
Noah in the eyes. “If I’m alone, I’ll over think things and that won’t do anybody any good.” The
Sheriff nodded in understanding, knowing what that was like all too well.

“Alright son. I’ve got to go to my office and work on some paperwork, but don’t hesitate to come
and talk to me, about anything, okay?” His tone and expression left no room for arguments, so
Derek nodded and agreed. Noah smiled at him once more, and squeezed his shoulder lightly before
walking away.

Derek sighed again, then dove into research mode, looking for anything that could help save his
sister’s life.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

At the school, the pack went about their day, forcing themselves to get the school work done.
Lydia was sat beside Aiden in chemistry, and the wolf was trying to ask her about Jennifer. “She
can’t get out, right? She’s done?” He demanded in a whisper, distracting Lydia from her notes.

“Yes.” Lydia sighed in exasperation. “She’s done, she won’t accept it, but she’s done.”

“What do you mean ‘She won’t accept it’ is she-”

“Mr Carver.” Natalie called out, cutting him off and causing the class to look at him. “Something
you’d like to share with the class?” Aiden cleared his throat, trying to not appear embarrassed.

“No ma’am, sorry.” She gave him a warning look before continuing her lesson and Aiden turned to
whisper to Lydia again.

“I’ll tell you everything later.” Lydia promised in a voice so low that only wolves could hear her.
“Now, let me focus.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-
At lunch, Derek went to the school and told the pack about Jennifer’s ‘offer’ which she was still sticking to. He expected Stiles to protest or be annoyed at the woman, he didn’t expect Stiles to just agree. “What? You seriously want to go through with this?” He asked incredulously, idly wondering if his mate had lost his mind.

“It’s not that I want to, but this could be our only way to save Cora!” Stiles argued in a determined tone, shocking the rest of the pack. “I don’t trust her to not try to escape, but we can’t just let Cora die. I think we should have my dad, Chris and the twins take Jennifer to Cora, whilst you and I go with Deaton and Morrell to the nemeton. Everyone else will be spread around the hospital and preserve, for if she manages to get away.”

“You mean-?” Scott asked with wide eyes, looking terrified.

“Yes.” Stiles confirmed confidently. “But we can’t risk doing it before she saves Cora. The four of us will set up at the Nemeton and when we get the call from dad, either saying Jennifer escaped or that Cora is fine, we go through with spell either way. Then it’s all done. All of the power Jennifer took will be taken from her.”

“And given to the Nemeton!” Derek reminded him with a hiss. “It will be fully powered by then!”

“It will be soon enough, anyway.” Stiles pointed out calmly. “But with our plan, we can influence it.”

“I’m not sure about this.” Jackson admitted as he shook his head. “You talking about connecting yourselves to an old magical tree! Am I the only one who thinks this is a bad idea?”

“It’s the best plan we have.” Lydia argued for Stiles. “If we allow Jennifer to do it, the Nemeton will be unstable, shooting out a constant signal of ‘Hey Supernatural creatures! I’m here, come and find me’ but if they do this, they can tell it to send all of its excess energy to the town itself. Send it to the lake, the tree’s, everything. Not only that, but we will all be connected to it through our pack bonds. It’ll further our own abilities, too. Even the humans, it’ll make us all faster, stronger, more perceptive.”

“It’ll also mean we’re protected.” Stiles added, sending Lydia a grateful smile. “The Nemeton can hide itself, to protect it, when we connect to it, it’ll see us as an extension of itself. So it’ll protect us too, hide us, if necessary.”

“I didn’t know all of that.” Derek admitted softly.

“We told you we would research it.” Stiles reminded him softly.

“That you did.” Derek smiled as he ran a hand through his hair. “So, I know where Stiles and Lydia stand, but what about the rest of you?”

“I’m in.” Allison told him with a nod. “You say it will protect us, right? So, if Jennifer doesn’t hold up her end of the deal, if she doesn’t save Cora, maybe the Nemeton will do it for her.” One by one the others agreed, some looking unsure, but deciding to trust their pack mates judgement.

“Alright then. I’ll call Deaton.”

-Later that night, a storm was raging as Jennifer was being taken to the hospital. The twins were gripping one of her arms each as they rode the elevator to the basement. Jennifer rolled her eyes as she looked around to see both Chris and Noah glaring at her and aiming their guns at her. “Why
isn’t Derek here?” She asked innocently, trying to get a rise out of them. “It’s his sister, after all.”

“He’s busy.” Was all Noah said as the elevator doors opened. Jennifer sighed and allowed them to lead her to Cora’s room. The girl’s mates were there, and Jennifer could practically feel the anger and hatred rolling off of them, directed at her. She rolled her eyes once more.

“I’m not doing this because I have to, you know that right? I’m doing this because I want to. I don’t want Cora to die.” Jennifer told them as she walked to the hospital bed.

“Just help her.” Boyd all but growled at the Darach, his eyes glowing against his will. The anger and fear pulsing through him had him on the edge of shifting, and he was barely hanging on. Jennifer nodded, then got to work.

Within minutes, Cora was visibly better and she soon opened her eyes. “Erica? Boyd?”

“Hey.” Boyd greeted softly with a brilliant smile as Erica sobbed in pure happiness. “We’re here. You’re okay.”

Jennifer smiled at the scene in front of her as Noah pulled out his phone. He tapped at the screen a couple of times before lifting the device to his ear. “Hey, she did it. Cora’s fine.” He said, then hung up. “Right, you.” He pointed at Jennifer. “Let’s go.” They passed Melissa on the way out, who smiled at them, except Jennifer, before going to see Cora.

The five of them waited for the elevator to arrive in silence. The elevator dinged and as the doors began to open, she sprung into action. She sent an elbow into Aiden’s gut at full force, causing him to lose his grip on her. She then flipped Ethan over her shoulder, turned and, in one swoop, kicked Noah and Chris’ guns out of their hands. She then kicked Chris in the gut, sending him flying down the hallway. She grabbed Noah and turned to face the elevator again, just in time for the twins to finish merging. Sighing, she released Noah for a second as they growled and charged at her, but she dodged it, then wrapped an arm around their neck and pulled.

There was a sickening crack.

Erica and Boyd ran out into the hallway in time to see her drop the body. “What’s that line coach likes to say? The bigger they are…” She grinned before kicking the body hard, sending it hurtling through the corridor and crashing into the pair of wolves. Noah had tried to get away, but she grabbed him again before he could get too far and pulled him into the elevator.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

As this unfolded, Derek and Stiles were sat face to face on top of the Nemeton, gripping each other’s hands. They each had their eyes closed as they fell into a kind of meditation. A state between awake and unconscious, allowing the to find a deeper part of themselves, hidden in their subconscious. Accessing this part meant opening themselves to a whole new spectrum of their abilities, allowed them to better communicate with their inner wolves, and also allowed them to let the Nemeton in. They felt the power of the Nemeton, the energy of the town and everyone in it, all of it was coursing through them. Around them, the chanting of Morrell and Deaton was drowned out by the rushing wind. The further into the spell they got, the more the weather picked up.

Rain hammered down against them, but the candles that the two druid’s held stayed lit. Stiles lost all measurements of time as power of the Nemeton wrapped around them, shielding them from everything and everyone.

Lightning crackled in the sky, thunder clapped, and the sky opened, and Stiles and Derek were
oblivious to all of it. The energy of the Nemeton reached out to them, and dug into them like roots. It then followed their energy to the rest of the pack and connected itself for them too.

Their energies linked, the Nemeton claiming the pack as a part of it. Protecting them as it would protect itself.

Across town, in an abandoned warehouse, with an unconscious Stilinski at her feet and Deucalion chained up in the corner, Jennifer felt the power leaving her. Everything she’d worked so hard to gain was being taken. Any previous connection she had to the telluric currents was gone.

At the Nemeton, the two druids had just finished chanting when a bolt of lightning shot down from the sky, hitting the centre of the tree stump dead on.

The storm slowed to a stop.

The candles went out.

Stiles and Derek were lying on the tree stump, unconscious, and without pulses.

Morrell and Deaton rushed over to help them, and Jennifer screamed in anger as her glamour faded, revealing her true face.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

At the hospital, ten minutes later, Erica woke up in a hospital bed. She pushed herself to her feat as Melissa walked in and tried to stop her. “Help the twins.” She ordered Melissa as she pulled a hair tie from her wrist and pulled her blonde locks into a ponytail.

“What? They’re-”

“They’re alive.” Boyd told her as he walked in, carrying them. As if on cue the ‘body’ began to twitch Boyd quickly place them down on the bed Erica had previously occupied, just in time for Aiden to fall out of Ethan, returning them both to their own, separate bodies.

“We’re going to get the sheriff.” Erica told her confidently. “We know where he is.”

“How?” Melissa asked in bewilderment and relief and the two shared a look.

“We can… feel him.” Boyd explained the best he could, but it only confused Melissa further.

“Wh-”

“It’s like we’re connected to everything in the county, we know exactly where everyone is.” Erica told the woman. “The spell worked, and we know where the Sheriff is.” She then pointed to the twins again. “Now help them.” Melissa nodded and rushed beside the boys whilst calling for help.

As she did this, Erica and Boyd went to Cora’s room, to see the girl throwing up black blood. “Help!” Erica yelled over her shoulder. “Somebody help her!” She and Boyd rushed to Cora as nurses approached. “That bitch! I’m going to make her save you for real. I promise!”

“Go!” Cora ordered weakly, trying to push her mates away as the nurses gathered around. “Save the Sheriff, I’ll be fine.” The pair tried to protest, but the nurses pushed them back. “Go!”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The entire pack except for the twins, Cora, and the parents arrived outside the warehouse at near
enough the same time. “So it worked.” Danny commented with a grin.

“Yeah, it did.” Stiles smiled back in a hushed voice, glancing at the building warily.

“Not for Cora.” Erica growled. “Jennifer didn’t really heal her, when we were forced to leave, she was puking black blood!”

“We’ll find something else, she’ll be okay.” Stiles promised with a determined look on his face. “We’ll take down Jennifer, heal Cora and save my dad. I promise. Danny, could you get the Jeep and-”

“I’ll be the getaway driver.”

“Thank you.” Stiles smiled gratefully, then Derek took over to give everyone else their tasks.

“Isaac, I need the you to look for any back exits, if there are any, block them, if not return here and make sure everything is ready for a quick getaway. Scott, I need you to stick by Danny, keep him safe if necessary and when he takes Noah to the hospital, you need to wait in the SUV for when the rest of us come out. Erica, when we get in, I need you to grab Noah and get out, then leave with Danny, to protect them both. Lydia, Allison, I need the two of you to stay by the door, Allison bring your bow, Lydia warm up your voice. Peter, you’ll be by them, making sure nothing get’s to them. Boyd, Jackson, the two of you will take Deucalion. Stiles and I will help Ennis and Kali take care of Jennifer. Everyone okay with that?” The pack nodded.

“Where are Kali and Ennis?” Allison asked, just before she heard the quiet rumble of a distant car engine. “Nevermind.”

Within thirty seconds, the couple were walking towards them. Stiles quickly told them their part in the plan and they agreed. “Remember, the eclipse will start in ten minutes and last for fifteen. During those fifteen minutes, all of us wolves will be powerless, so be careful.” Stiles warned them firmly.

Isaac rushed off to search for any exits as the others waited and carefully listened out for any signs that Jennifer knew they were there. Less than a minute later, they were springing into action.

In the warehouse, Jennifer had sealed herself and Noah, who was unconscious and restrained, in a circle of mountain ash and was screaming angry words at Kali. Unfortunately, before she trapped herself, she had set Deucalion free and had restored Deucalion’s sight, to show him what he had caused. Then, left the pack to deal with the demon wolf, whilst trying to convince Derek to help her still. “Derek, he’s a monster, help me stop him!” She tried. “We’re good together.”

“There’s no ‘we’, Jennifer.” Derek growled, flashing his eyes at her. “That wasn’t me, I’d never willingly choose you over my pack.”

The scarred woman sighed, as if this was an inconvenience. “You know, Derek, I really thought you were different.” She shook her head at him. “But I guess all alphas are the same.”

Deucalion had shifted into his half werewolf/half wolf, alpha form. His was different to Peters, his skin being dark and almost leather like. The blind alpha was attacking Jackson, Erica and Boyd. Ennis rushed to help whilst Allison and Lydia ran over to the Darach, flanked by Peter, to try to break the mountain ash barrier. As they grew closer, Jennifer lifted her arms. as she did, stones and rocks levitated off of the ground. The girls froze in shock, and Kali took a cautious step back. “You didn’t think that I lost all of my power, did you?” The woman asked, her torn face twisting up in a odd, terrifying version of a smirk. She suddenly thrust her hands forwards, pelting her enemies
with the stones, most of them directed at Kali. Some of them though, hit the Huntress and the Banshee, sending them both diving to the ground and covering their heads.

Then, the eclipse started.

The wolves all fell to the ground as their power left them, some of them being forcefully turned back to human. Jennifer used the distraction to escape the circle and grab Kali by the throat. “Look at me Kali!” She screamed in the alpha’s face. “Look at what you’ve done!” The woman opened her eye’s and looked at the woman. Truly looked at the remnants of the face of the woman she vowed to protect, the woman who used to be her closest friend.

“I should- I should have-” She began as she tried to pull in oxygen. Jennifer loosened her grip slightly, allowing the woman to speak. “I should have ripped your head off!” She yelled and Jennifer screamed in anger, squeezing Kali’s throat tighter as her rage increased. But strangling wasn’t satisfying her anger, or her pain, it wasn’t enough. Jennifer began slamming Kali’s head against the ground, hitting it repeatedly until the woman was bleeding.

Suddenly, hands landed on Jennifer’s shoulders and she was roughly pulled off of Kali and tossed to the ground by Ennis. Even without werewolf strength, the man was still rather strong.

As this happened, Lydia broke the mountain ash circle and Erica rushed over to Noah and set him free. She helped the now conscious man to his feet, and after a moment's hesitation and a nod from Lydia, she half carried/half dragged him out of there and to the waiting vehicle.

Outside, Scott and Isaac were pacing frantically, desperately wanting to go inside and help their pack, but Derek had given them strict orders. The looked towards the warehouse at the sound of approaching footsteps. Erica looked tired as she supported Noah, so the two males rushed to help. Within thirty seconds, they had Noah in the back seat of the Jeep. “Thank you.” Erica said gratefully. “Allison’s fine, by the way, they all are.”

“For now.” Isaac muttered bitterly and Erica frowned at him. “Sorry, just get out of here, make sure the Sheriff is okay.” Erica sighed but nodded. She exchanged good luck wishes with the pair before climbing into the Jeep and telling Danny to drive.

The two males rushed to get the other cars ready, slower than usual without their supernatural speed. Back in the warehouse, Jennifer was fighting Ennis aggressively as Boyd went to help Kali. Stiles told Lydia and Allison to get back to the door, and sent Peter with them. He then told Boyd to get Kali out of there and to the hospital. Jackson was watching over Deucalion when they all got their powers back. Jackson looked down at his hands and flicked his fingers out, feeling satisfied when he claws were drawn. However, when he looked back at Deucalion, the alpha was swinging a fist at him. Jackson fell to the ground in pain when the hit landed, Stiles roared in anger and ran at Deucalion, only to be thrown across the room, and crashed into a pile of petrol canisters. Allison fired an arrow at the alpha, hitting him in the shoulder and causing him to stumbled away from Jackson.

As this happened, Jennifer froze when a hand gripped her wrist, preventing her from hitting Ennis again. “Your fifteen minutes are up.” Derek told Jennifer, releasing her wrist, right before Ennis threw her across the room. When she landed, the woman didn’t hesitate to pull out a handful of mountain ash and encase herself in another circle.

She smirked as Derek, who had been running towards her, skidded to a stop. “You know, I don’t need the sheriff here to kill him, Derek.” She taunted. “Remember the recital?” the alpha growled, slamming his fist against the mountain ash barrier. “Your mate’s dad is going to die, Derek, and
there’s nothing that you can do to stop me.” Derek growled and pushed against the barrier with all of his strength. “Really?” She asked in disbelief, scoffing at him. “That’s not going to work, you’re not strong enough. Stilinski is going to die and it’s all your fault. Maybe I won’t get the Nemeton, but I can still gain power from him, enough to do what needs to be done.”

“Derek.” Stiles warned, as Derek pressed more force against the barrier. All fighting froze as everyone in the warehouse watched Derek do the impossible. Jennifer’s smug expression dropped to a look of shock and panic as Derek’s hand pierced through the shield. He glared at the woman with red eyes. They shone a brighter red as he forced his way through the barrier. There was a blinding flash of light as Derek broke through and destroyed the circle.

“How?” Jennifer gasped looking up at Derek in shock and fear. “How did you do that?” She demanded.

“I’m an alpha, and I won’t let anybody hurt my pack.” He told her in a warning voice. “Whatever you had planned, forget it. Heal Cora and leave this town without harming anybody else. Or I’ll kill you myself.”

“Let me do the honors.” Deucalion sneered, leaving Jackson in favour of approaching Jennifer, and before anybody could react, swiped at the woman.

Lydia screamed when Deucalion moved to tear the Darach’s throat out. When she screamed, she forced the alpha away from the darach, but also shattered the lights. This in turn, set of a spark, which ended up igniting a leaking petrol canister over in the corner, next to Stiles. Said canister was amongst a pile of canisters.

That’s how the fire started.

The second Peter realised what was about to happen, he spun around and threw himself at Lydia and Allison, using himself as a kind of human shield for them. Derek did the same for Jackson, and Stiles threw himself as far away from the canisters as possible. The force of the explosion sent them all flying.

“Get out of here!” Derek ordered Jackson urgently once he was able to stand again. He looked around and saw Peter and Allison rush out of the warehouse, dragging a Lydia struggling Lydia, she was yelling something, and though Derek couldn’t hear her over the roaring flames, he knew she was calling Jackson’s name. “Lydia needs you, go!”

“Bu-”

“Go!” He ordered again, this time putting in Alpha Command. “I’ll be right behind you.” He promised in a softer tone. The beta in front of him sent him a pained look before nodding then scurrying out. He stayed silent as he left, because anything he could have said would’ve sounded like a goodbye. “You too.” He told Ennis. “Go, I’ll find Deucalion and Jennifer.”

“I’m not leaving you behind.” Ennis stated firmly. “I made a promise to help you, I’m not breaking it.”

“Then help me by making sure my pack is safe.” Derek insisted before coughing, the smoke in the air had gotten into his lungs. “The longer we stay here talking, the more likely it is that Jennifer and Deucalion will get away, so go!” He flashed his eyes at the man instinctively, and surprisingly, the man complied.

Ennis sighed in frustration before giving up the argument, and rushing outside to find Kali. Derek
looked over to where Deucalion was previously, and the man was gone and Derek couldn’t pick up his scent over the smell of smoke.

His mind flashed back to that night. Coming home with Laura to see the house on fire. They heard the dying screams of their family, their pack. They desperately tried to get to them, but couldn’t get past the mountain ash. They couldn’t save them.

Derek felt his chest tighten, but it had nothing to do with the smoke. He hadn’t had a panic attack in years, but this one had him trapped in a vice-like grip.

Across the warehouse, Stiles coughed, trying to push the smoke out of his lungs as he staggered through the building. There was fire everywhere, he could barely see, barely breathe, but he had to keep moving, he had to find his pack. The flames licked at his skin, the burns faded within seconds at first, but were soon replaced by new ones.

The further he walked, the more he was burnt, and the longer it took to heal. Stiles had lost track of how long he’d been walking through the burning building, trying to avoid being hit by falling foundation. Just the day before, the pack had Jennifer and Deucalion held captive, they had powerful allies on their side and were close to finding a cure for Cora, and now…

Now Stiles was stumbling through a collapsing, burning building, looking for his pack. Jennifer was free, and probably kidnapping someone at that very moment, hoping to get her power back. Though, he couldn’t sense her anywhere.

No one knew what on earth happened to Deucalion. Stiles had seen him get thrown by the force of the explosion, but he never got up, and he wasn’t there anymore. When he briefly tapped into the town’s energy, he couldn’t find Deucalion, or Jennifer, anywhere. It was as if they just vanished.

Cora was dying, with no hope in sight, Erica and Boyd were losing their minds in worry while trying to focus on everything else as well, and their town was in danger. Yes, they now had the Nemeton, but Jennifer was relentless in her revenge, she could still hurt people, she threatened to kill his dad, after all.

How the hell was Stiles going to fix this?

He was searching for any of his pack, or their enemies, but he wasn’t having much luck. He was about to give up and leave the warehouse, when he felt it. The all too familiar clutches of a panic attack, but it wasn’t his. Mentally cursing, Stiles felt out for Derek and soon found him.

Derek was on the ground, desperately gasping for breath, and the flames that surrounded him were burning him mercilessly. “Derek!” Stiles called out, but the alpha didn’t seem to hear him. He stepped forward, closer to his mate, but a beam fell down from the ceiling, blocking his path. “Derek!!” He tried again, louder and more desperately.

Derek was trapped in his mind, remembering how it felt to have those pack bonds snap, one by one. To feel the people he love die, disappear from the world, some before they had even had a chance to live. ‘It should have been me’ he thought in anguish.

Derek couldn’t hear anything over the roaring fire. He could feel a constant tugging at his skin, as each time he was burnt his body desperately tried to heal itself, only to be burnt again. He felt another pain, as well, a pain that wasn’t his own.

“Derek!” Stiles roared, putting all of the pack-mum and Mate command he could into it. They wasn’t as strong as an alpha’s command, even when used together, but it was enough. With a start,
Derek snapped back to reality.

“Stiles.” Derek gasped, followed by a cough. He staggered to his feet and looked for a way to get to Stiles.

Working as one, the pair were able to get out of the burning warehouse. Once they were out, the gasped in clean air as their pack and allies surrounded them.

“Isaac took Kali and Ennis to the hospital.” Scott told derek, who was looking around frantically for the boy. “Erica, Boyd, Danny and the Sheriff are already there.”

“Jennifer and Deucalion are gone.” Derek coughed out, warning them.

“We know.” Allison told him, her phone clutched in her hands. “I called my dad. He and the police are going to search for them whilst we all go get checked up at the hospital.”

They all arrived at the hospital a little over half an hour later. When they arrived at the supernatural ward, Melissa, Erica, Boyd and Danny rushed over to them. “I’m glad you’re all alive. The twins are recovering well, do any of you need check ups?” Melissa asked hurriedly, looking them all over for any visible injuries.

“Stiles and Derek will need a little check, they inhaled a lot of smoke.” Lydia informed the nurse quickly. “But the rest of us are fine. What about everyone else”

“Where’s Cora?” Derek asked. “I want to see her, and Noah, Ethan and Aiden, before I get checked up.”

Melissa smiled and nodded towards the girl’s door. “She’s in there, the boys are next door, Noah’s across the hall, there.” She pointed to each door in turn and Derek thanked her, then Erica and Boyd lead the pack into Cora’s room. When they walked in, they saw Cora tugging on her clothes.

“You’re back, are you all okay?” She greeted when she noticed them.

“Cor, you should really li-” Derek tried with a relieved smile as he walked over to the brunette

“No.” Cora cut her brother off with a glare. “I’m fine, I’m okay, I promise.” She finished dressing and stood up. “The nurses think that my last wave of nausea was just my body getting rid of the poison. I’m fine now, so, you can either take me home with you when you go, or I’ll walk there myself, but no matter what, I’m getting out of here today.” Seeing that they wouldn’t be able to change her mind, Derek sighed.

“Fine.” His sister smirked triumphantly. “But if you even seem a little bit ill, we’re dragging you straight back here.”

“Deal.” Cora readily agreed, doubting she’d fall ill again. “So how is everyone and when can we leave?”

“Well, we’re all fine, though Derek and I need to get checked up first, as we inhaled a lot of smoke. Then we need to see the twins.” Stiles informed her with a soft smile. “So an hour at most.”

“Alright, I’ll let the rest of you guys see the twins before me, as I was in there a few minutes ago.” Cora told them as she picked up her jacket and tugged it on. “For now, I need to go talk to Melissa about my release forms.”
Two days later the pack, including the twins who were no longer alpha’s, were running through the preserve. It had started off as training but somehow turned into a race.

Ennis and Kali had left town the day before, as there was no sign of Jennifer or Deucalion anywhere. Though the couple promised to return in either of them did show up.

The twins had woken up just before the pair left, meaning they were able to say goodbye in person. They all may have had their differences, a lot of them, but close or not, they had been pack, and had spent a lot of time traveling together. There was some form of bond there, even if it wasn’t that strong, so it didn’t feel right to just leave without a real goodbye.

It was shortly after the Alpha’s left, that the twins realised something was different, and they quickly discovered that they weren’t alpha’s anymore, but somehow, neither of them were too upset about it. Jackson found an odd serenity in the knowledge that the twins had blue eyes when shifted now, he thought he should be uncomfortable with the fact that they had killed, but he didn’t. It made him feel less like the odd one out. Sure, Derek used to have blue eyes, but he’s an alpha now, and that’s not the same. Peter also had blue eyes, but he wasn’t fully pack yet, in Jackson’s eyes, not after what he did to Lydia. So, it was nice to have pack members with the same eye’s as him. Yes, pack. The twins, upon waking, found that their connections to the pack were a lot stronger. It wasn’t just an ally connection anymore, it was the beginning of complete pack bonds. They were further along than Peter’s, but not as strong as Victoria’s yet.

Deaton theorised that they lost their alpha status due to the amount of energy their bodies used to repair their broken necks. He also suggested that the reason their bonds to the pack were strengthened was because the pack now completely trusted them, after they’d basically given their lives for them. Though, personally, Aiden disagreed. He thought that it may have been because, despite truly wanting to be a part of the pack, his own alpha instinct made him partially want to lead it, and if he felt that, the other’s probably worried that he would do it, and that there would be a power struggle. Now that his alpha ability was gone, there was less resistance between them, allowing them to form those bonds. The twins were invited to live with the pack that night.

There was a discussion about what happened to Derek in the warehouse. His eyes still glowed brighter than before and he was stronger, faster, improved in every way, and it was from more than just the Nemeton. “It’s called a true alpha.” Deaton explained. “It’s extremely rare and the only prior recorded cases included an omega or a beta rising to the status through sheer force of will. In this case, however, it seems that your determination to save your pack, brought out the true alpha within.” The majority of the pack were surprised to find out about true alpha’s, but none of them were really surprised that Derek was one.

The next day, with everyone healed and energised, Derek took the pack out for training. The twins found that they worked a lot better alongside the pack, now that the bonds were stronger. They did work well together before, but this was… different, better.

After they got all of the combat and weapons training out of the way, they took off on a run, which turned into a game. They had all thought that they were taking their regular route, and allowed their bodies to lead the way. Which is how they soon found themselves at the Nemeton, and Jennifer and Deucalion’s bodies.

“The level of decomposition suggests that they have been dead for days.” Lydia pointed out knowingly as she inspected the bodies.

“That must be why we couldn’t sense them.” Jackson suggested with a shrug.
“There’s no visible cause of death from this angle.” Scott added, lately, he’d seen his fair share of
dead bodies, so his mum taught him a few things about looking for injuries and clues without
disturbing the body, or, in some cases, the crime scene. “No bruising or open wounds. It’s like they
just dropped dead.”

“No.” Derek shook his head knowingly, and the pack turned to look at him. “They were killed.” He
told them nudging his head to indicate the Nemeton. “They were a threat to us, and by extension,
the Nemeton. This is it’s way of eliminating the threat.” Derek informed them, causing worried
looks to appear on some faces.

“Don’t worry.” Stiles assured quickly, trying to calm them all. “It won’t just kill anyone who isn’t
on our side, nor will it kill every threat. When we were researching the ritual, I read about this sort
of thing. The reason the Nemeton killed, well, ‘sacrificed’ them was for multiple reasons. 1) It had
just gained a new part of itself, a powerful part that contains a whole lot of supernatural energy,
and it’ll want to keep us safe, as it benefits from us. 2) When the explosion took place, I believe
that, the Nemeton wanted to make sure that no one would stand in our way of getting out of there,
so it brought them here to keep them from stopping us from getting out. And 3) Even though the
Nemeton has us now, it doesn’t get all of our power like it would from a sacrifice. No, they
weren’t guardians in the way we interpreted it, but both of them guard themselves, protect
themselves. It didn’t need all three sacrifices, but it did need more than it can safely take from us.
So, it makes sense that it killed them, as it benefits the Nemeton in multiple ways.” Stiles theorised
with a shrug. “That’s my theory, at least.”

“What do you think, Lyd?” Jackson asked, not that he doubted Stiles’ theory, but it’s always a
good idea to look into multiple perspectives from different people who know a lot about the
subject at hand. Unfortunately, Lydia was distracted. “Lydia?”

“There’s something else.” She announced as she walked around the stump. “Something it wants us
to see.”

“Could it be this?” Erica called out as she looked down at something. A hatch.

Derek took the lead from there, stepping in front of the blonde to open the hatch. He then lead the
pack down the steps into a root cellar. Derek gasped as he realised where he was, his heart racing
in his chest.

“Derek?” Stiles asked in concern, placing a hand on Derek’s shoulder. “What’s wrong?”

“This place, it’s- Paige, it’s where I…” He faded off, and the pack members who knew the story,
looked sympathetic for him. Stiles didn’t say anything, just gave Derek a soft, comforting kiss.
After a second, they pulled apart and Derek looked to Cora, Ethan and Aiden. “I’ll tell the three of
you about it later.” He promised them.

“I’ve seen this place before.” Lydia spoke in a dazed voice, Looking around, running her hands
over some of the roots before pulling her backpack off.

“What do you mean?” Derek asked in concern as the girl unzipped her bag. Lydia said nothing as
she searched through her belongings. She bypassed the water bottle and snacks, instead, pulling out
the notebook she had brought to keep herself entertained during their rest breaks. She flipped
through the pages, until she landed on drawing of a tree. Except, it wasn’t a tree. She turned the
notebook upside down, walking around until she found the right angle.

When she found it, she held the notebook up again. The roots of the Nemeton were a perfect match
to Lydia’s drawing. “Didn’t Jennifer see you drawing that in class?” Danny pointed out, then his
eye’s widened in realisation as Lydia nodded. “Of course! She was surprised when she realised you’re a Banshee! What was she called you before that? A girl who...?”

“A girl who knew too much.” Lydia recounted in a shocked whisper. “She recognised the root cellar I was drawing, that’s why she wanted me dead.” She realised, subconsciously lifting a hand to the -now yellowish- bruise on her throat. Within seconds, Jackson had an arm wrapped around her. “I’m fine, Jacks.” She assured with a soft smile, but leant into his embrace anyway. “Can we just get out of here, please?”

They quickly climbed out of the cellar, and stood around the Nemeton again. “What do we do about them?” Aiden asked, gesturing to the bodies.

“We call it in.” Derek said as he pulled his phone out of his pocket. “Then we go home. We’ll finish training in the basement.”

“The basement?” Ethan asked with a perplexed look on his face, which his brother was unintentionally mimicking. Danny smirked as he place a hand on his boyfriend’s shoulder.

“There are a few parts of the house that you haven’t seen yet.”

Aiden was lying in his bed, staring up at the ceiling with a soft smile.

His thoughts were quiet for once. He wasn’t worrying. He wasn’t scheming. He wasn’t angry, or upset, or on edge. He was calm. For the first time in his life, he felt completely, and utterly, at peace. Today, he and Ethan had spent the entire day with their pack, and the bonds were even stronger than before. The pack had shown them the tunnels and second basement. It surprised Aiden how right it felt. They had been officially part of the pack for barely two days, and it already felt right, like this was where they belonged.

He had been a part of two other packs, each for longer than he’d known the Hale Pack, yet nothing ever compared to this. Maybe it was because of how they treated him, and his brother. Despite all of the horrible things he’d done, some of which he’d done to them, they were willing to give him a second chance. They let him prove himself, they forgave him and accepted him as one of their own. They didn’t care that he was damaged, because they all were, in so form or another.

They all had their regrets, their dark sides, but they accepted each other anyway. They saw past the bad and reached out for the good. Sure, some of them were more willing to forgive than others, but none of them were completely shut off to letting people in. Not anymore.

There was a gentle tap on the door, before it was slowly pushed open, bringing Aiden back to reality and Ethan poked his head in. “Hey.” Aiden greeted quietly as he sat up. “What’s up?”

“We’ve been invited to join a puppy pile in Stiles and Derek’s room.” Ethan told him with an excited smile.

“A what?” Aiden blinked as Ethan rushed forward and began dragging him out of bed.

“Come on!”

Aiden was lying in his bed, staring up at the ceiling with a soft smile.

The nightmares started a few weeks later. Derek was drawn from his sleep by the sound of Stiles’ racing heart and terrified whisper. “No, no, no, no,” He whispered over and over again, as Derek
sat up and looked at him in concern. “Don’t let them in.”

“Stiles.” Derek tried as he mate rolled around. Sweat dripped from Stiles’ forehead, and his head thrashed from side to side as he kept whispering.

Stiles felt light beaming across his face in streaks, he opened his eyes to find that he wasn’t in his bed. He was in a locker, at the school. He tried to push it open, but it didn’t budge, panic prickled under his skin as he slammed his hand against it repeatedly.

Stiles allowed his wolf to slip through, putting in all of his strength into the next hit. The door swung open and Stiles stumbled out. He looked around at the familiar locker room in confusion.

He left the locker room and walked through the school cautiously, finding himself drawn to an open classroom door. He slowly crept into the room, as his heart was beating rapidly in his chest, his breath hitched at the sight before him.

The Nemeton.

The tree stump sat in the center of the room, as if it had always been there. It pulled Stiles in like a magnet, and he couldn’t resist reaching out for it. Before he could, however, thick vines shot up from the tree, and wrapped around Stiles’ wrist, holding him captive.

Stiles shot up in bed, gasping for breath. Derek immediately sat up next to him and began running a hand over Stiles’ arms. “Are you okay?” Derek asked worriedly, looking at Stiles in concern. “Stiles?”

Stiles took a few breaths, forcing himself to calm down, before answering. “Yeah, I was just dreaming.” He assured, “It was weird it was like a dream within a dream.”

“A nightmare?” Derek asked with a frown, setting his other hand on Stiles’ knee.

“Yeah.” Stiles sighed, placing his hand on top of Derek’s own, running his thumb over Derek’s knuckles. Stiles looked up and sent Derek a soft reassuring smile, but it quickly faded when he noticed the posters on the wall. They didn’t have posters on their bedroom walls. And their bed was supposed to be in the centre of the room, not at the side. With a start, Stiles realised where they were: in his old bed, at his old house.

He looked back to Derek, who was smiling at him, in a way that just didn’t seem like Derek. “Wait a second, Derek. What are we doing here?” Before he could answer, a creaking sound flooded the room as the door slowly opened, by itself. “Hang on.” He whispered as he moved to get off of the bed, but Derek grabbed his arm.

“Stiles, where are you going?”

“I should close the door.” Stiles said, and Derek wrapped an arm around him.

“Just go back to sleep.” Derek tried to pull Stiles back but the lanky boy pushed forward.

“No, no, I should close it.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“What if someone comes in?” Stiles asked as he finally stood up from the bed and walked towards the door.
“Like who?” Derek asked as Stiles walked forward. “Just come back to bed, Stiles.”

“No, what if they get in?” Stiles whispered, feeling terrified suddenly. He didn’t know what he was afraid of, who he was worried about ‘getting in’ he just knew that he needed to close the door.

Behind him, Derek was desperately yelling for him to stop, and come back to bed. Cautiously, Stiles wrapped a hand around the door handle, but instead of closing it, he pulled the door open. Ignoring Derek’s yelling, he stepped through.

He was in the preserve, looking out at the Nemeton. Bright lights turned on with a buzz around him, reminding Stiles of the lights on the Lacrosse field.

Lacrosse. These lights are from the Lacrosse field. They don’t belong here. His old bedroom door didn’t lead here.

This wasn’t real, he realised. “Okay,” He said aloud to himself. “This is just a dream. Okay, just a dream, so get it out of your head Stiles. You’re dreaming! Alright, so wake up Stiles! Wake up Stiles!” He hit his head, trying to forces himself back to reality. “Wake up!” He screamed and the next thing he knew, he was waking up in his and Derek’s bed, with his mate gently shaking him awake.

“Hey,” Derek smiled softly as stiles blinked up at him in confusion. “You need to get up for school.”

An hour later, Stiles recounted the dream to his pack as they made their way through the school yard. “And you couldn’t wake up?” Scott asked in shock and concern.

“No, and it was beyond terrifying.” Stiles sighed, running a hand over his hair.

“It sounds like sleep paralysis.” Lydia commented with a concerned frown and Stiles nodded in agreement.

“That’s what I thought too.”

“And what is this… Sleep paralysis?” Aiden asked.

“Well, have you ever had a dream where you feel like you’re about to wake up, but you can’t move or talk?” Stiles asked and multiple pack members nodded.

“Yeah, I’ve had that.” Jackson confirmed to move the conversation along.

“It happens because during REM sleep, your body is basically paralysed.” Lydia took over the explanation. “It’s called muscle atonia, which is a loss of muscle tone.” She explained easily, but with the more she recounted, the more concerned she became for Stiles. “It prevents motor movements, that way, if you dream about running, you don’t actually start running in your bed.”

“That makes sense.” Scott shrugged, not fully getting what they were trying to say.

“Yeah, but sometimes your mind can wake up before your body does.” Stiles explained, and Scott started to catch on. “So for that split second, you’re actually aware that your bodies paralysed.”

“And that’s the terrifying part.” Scott realised with a nod.

“It turns your dream into a nightmare. You can feel like you’re falling,”

“or you’re being strangled.” Lydia gave her example, unintentionally gesturing to her, now healed,
“Or in my case, like in the centre of a grove of magical trees where human sacrifices were committed.”

“Do you think that means something?” Boyd asked as they walked into the school, frowning at Stiles.

“What if what Derek and I did that night, what if it’s affecting me?”

“It did say that the ritual could ‘unlock something in you’. Maybe that has something to do with it?” Lydia suggested, covering her concern with a mask of intrigue, as if she was trying to convince herself to see it as a science project.

“Then why wouldn’t we be affected too?” Cora asked with a raised eyebrow. “I mean, it connected all of us to it.”

“It did, but they were the ones who went through the ritual.” Lydia explained, pausing with a thoughtful look for a second, then continued. “They were the ones who created the conduit between the Nemeton and us. They had all of the energy surging through them as the Nemeton was finding us. Now that it has ‘rooted’ to us, it doesn’t need to pass through them anymore, but theirs are still the stronger, and technically older, bonds because of all the energy it took to establish the roots. A bond being forced open like that can cause you some damage.” She paused again, trying to think of anything else she had learnt, before deciding she was done, and nodded to symbolise this to the pack.

“What, like PTSD?” Scott asked as they walked into the English class, thankfully Jennifer free.

“Something.” Stiles mumbled as they all approached their desks and sat down. “You wanna know what scares me the most?” Stiles asked as they all settled, he waited until they were all looking at him. “I’m not even sure this is real.”

Stiles shot up in bed, screaming. Arms wrapped around him, and his bedroom door shot open. He kept screaming until he heard two, familiar, comforting voices in his ears, telling him it’s okay.

The next morning, Derek was sorting out his things for work, as he worried for Stiles. He picked up his bag and turned to leave the room and find Stiles. As he reached out for the door handle, he noticed his shadow. More specifically, the claws on his shadow. He looked down to his hand, only to find it completely human. He looked back to his shadow, and the claw were still there. Keeping his eyes on the shadow, he closed his fist, and the shadow did the same. When he felt no claws, he opened his hand again, and the shadow finally matched his physical appearance.

Derek shook his head, and finally opened the door, revealing Stiles about to do the same, the Sheriff behind him. “Morning.” Stiles greeted as he walked in, and headed to where his bag sat, in the corner. Derek and Noah exchanged a look as Stiles went about packing his bag, like nothing had happened the night before.

They noticed as Stiles became, apparently, fixated on one of his books, and ran his fingers over the title.

“Hey.” Noah called out to draw Stiles out of his musings. “You alright?” He asked when Stiles turned to face him. Rather than answering, Stiles looked at the book again, and Derek could feel
his relief and confusion. “You ready for school?”

“Yeah.” Stiles nodded, putting the book in his the bag. He zipped it and slung it over his shoulder as he turned to them. “Yeah.” He said again, nodding as he walked towards them. “Yeah, I’m good.” The two older males gave him unconvinced looks. “Seriously, I’m fine, it was just a nightmare.” He assured before his eyes fell on the box in his father’s hands. He pointed to it and asked; “What’s that?”

“Oh, it’s just a few files from the office.” Noah explained with a shrug.

“It says ‘Sheriff’s Station: Do not remove’.”

“Well, yeah, unless you’re the Sheriff.” He told his son in amusement.

“Alright.” Stiles jokingly raised his hands in defence.

“Get your butt to school. Alright?” He half ordered his son. “Derek, when you’re done meet me in my office when you get to the station, I need to show you something.” He then left the room, leaving the couple alone.

Stiles had noticed Derek’s elevated heart rate as he made his way to their room and knew something was up. He quickly finished packing his bag, slung it over his shoulder and turned to face Derek.

“Are you okay?” He asked. Derek looked behind him at this shadow, seeing a fully wolfed out silhouette. He turned back to Stiles, who glanced at his shadow and didn’t react in anyway other than confusion.

“Yeah.” He nodded in response to Stiles’ question, but his mate saw right through it.

“Well you don’t look alright, Der.” Stiles told him with a frown. “It’s happening to you too, isn’t it? You’re seeing things, aren’t you?” Derek nodded. “Okay, I don’t know if I should feel relieved or even more terrified.”

“I’d recommend a healthy amount of concern.” Derek stated as he wrapped his arms around Stiles’ waist. He tugged the lanky boy closer, until they were chest to chest and their noses were touching.

“Since when have I ever done something the ‘healthy way’?” Stiles countered with a raised eyebrow.

“Fair point.” Derek agreed with a weak smile. “But we’ll figure this out.”

“Since when were you such an optimist?” Stiles teased with a grin.

“I’ve been spending too much time with Scott, Allison and Danny.”

“Excuse you?” Stiles gasped in mock outrage. “Why would you spend time with those losers, when you could be spending time with me?”

“You do remember that these are your best friends and pack mates that we’re talking about, right?”

“They’ll get over it.”

-Dream Wolf-Sterek-Dream Wolf-Sterek-

Derek ran through the doors of the police station frantically, freezing when he noticed where he
was. He looked to the door again, and confirmed that he was definitely in the station.

But, he was just at the morgue, right? He just saw…

He saw Laura, but not exactly Laura.

“Hey man,” A voice pulled Derek from his thoughts, and he turned to see the new recruit, Parrish, looking at him in concern. “You okay?”

Derek nodded quickly. “I’m okay.” The other Deputy didn’t seem convinced, and pointedly glanced down. Derek looked at his hands to see his claws on full display. He looked back up and found that the deputy seemed only slightly surprised. “Sorry. You’ve been filled in on this?” He asked for confirmation, as he withdrew his claws.

“Yeah, yesterday. I could tell it wasn’t a joke, but up until just now I didn’t fully believe it.”

“Yeah, that’s the general reaction around here, that and disbelief and fear.” Derek told him with a soft smile. “But you’re doing well.”

“Thanks.” Parrish smiled gratefully.

“Derek!” Noah’s voice sounded and both Deputies looked to see the Sheriff leaning out of his offices.”When you’ve got a minute, I could use your help.”

“Yeah, I’ll be right there.” Derek called back, then returned his attention to Parrish, “Well, it was nice to meet you, but-”

“Yeah, of course. It was good to meet you too, Derek, right?”

“Yeah, Derek Hale.”

“Jordan Parrish.” The two males shook hands before Derek made his way to Noah.

In Noah’s office a few minutes later, he and Derek were looking through old cases, specifically, old cases with connections, or possible connections, to the supernatural.

“I should have done this when I found out about all of the stuff.” Noah commented out loud as he pinned a picture of a young girl next to an old calendar, with the full moon circled on it. “But I was so caught up in everything that I didn’t even consider it.” Derek could sense that the sheriff was annoyed with himself, so tried to ease the self-guilt.

“You’re doing something now, that’s what matters.” Derek assured him “You’re trying to do the right thing, which is more than a lot of other people can say.” He told him whilst reading the name on the picture. “Malia Tate?”

“Eight years ago, I was elected Sheriff of County, my first official duty was to tell a man that not only had his wife and two kids died in a car accident, but, as best we could tell, the body of his nine year old daughter had been dragged from the wreck by coyotes.” The sheriff recounted. “We didn’t find the car until three days after the crash. They had driven off the road into a pretty deep ravine. Two bodies that were still in the car were covered in bites and slashes.”

“Werewolves?” Derek asked and nodded to the full moon marked on the calendar. “But coyotes scavenge, right? So, couldn’t they have just left the bites and the slashes?” He suggested with a shrug.
“Maybe, but my gut tells me otherwise.” Noah told him with a sigh. “From the beginning, something about that case felt wrong, but I didn’t know about all of this back then. I didn’t think of anything but ‘Car accident’ and ‘Coyotes’ but now…”

Derek nodded, and clapped a hand on the older man’s shoulder. “So, where do we start?”

“Well, well, look who’s no longer the crazy one.” Lydia couldn’t contain her teasing smile as she walked in front of her pack mates as they entered the school.

“We’re not crazy.” Stiles defended with a sigh, causing Lydia to stop and turn to face him.

“Hallucinations, sleep paralysis, yeah, you and Derek are fine.” She said sarcastically, irritating Stiles.

“You guys did go through that whole ritual and got struck by lightning.” Scott pointed out cautiously. “That’s got to have some side effects, right?”

“Plus, you were technically dead for like, two minutes.” Jackson added, gritting his teeth at the thought. “I’m pretty sure resurrection isn’t something you just get over in a few weeks.”

“We can all keep an eye on the two of you.” Ethan suggested after slight hesitation, still not quite used to being part of the pack and therefore, unsure if his input was welcome. “If we notice that you’re getting worse, we can try to do something. If not, maybe it’ll fade away with time?”

Stiles nodded in agreement, sending him a grateful smile. “That’s a good idea, thank you.” Ethan preened as the bell rang. “Alright, come on, we’ve got class.” He half ordered as he began walking again. “And Lydia, stop enjoying this so much.”

“What?” She asked innocently with a smile.

A few minutes later, Scott, Stiles, Cora, and Erica were in History class, looking up at their new teacher.

“Good morning everyone.” The man greeted. “My name is Mr. Yukimura and I’ll be taking over from your previous history teacher.” He informed them with a smile. “My family and I moved here three weeks ago, I’m sure by now you all know my daughter, Kira, or you might not, as she’s never actually mentioned anyone from school, or brought home a friend, for that matter.” He said casually, and at the back of the room, a girl sighed and hit her head against her desk, drawing attention to herself. “Either way, there she is.” He grinned, pointing at her, and Erica realised that had she not drawn the attention herself, her father would have done it for her.

Kira slowly raised her head and smiled weakly as several of her classmates chuckled. Erica sent the girl a genuine, kind smile, knowing how much it sucked to be the center of attention in an embarrassing situation. Seeing a friendly gesture perked Kira up a bit, so she sat up straight, adjusted her hair, and returned Erica’s smile.

The blonde felt pleased with herself for cheering the girl up, and gave herself a mental pat on the back as she returned her attention to the teacher.

A little later that day, Scott and Stiles walked over to the latter’s locker. “Maybe you just need a little time to get back to normal.” Scott suggested as Stiles fiddled with the lock.

“Yeah, try not to forget that we hit the reset button on a supernatural beacon for supernatural
creatures, and connected ourselves to it in the process.” Stiles reminded his best friend snarkily. “There’s a pretty good chance of things never going back to normal.” He pointed out and tugger on the lock, but it didn’t budge. He tried again, only to get the same result. He looked at the lock, and felt his heart begin to race. Gone were the usual numbers, they were now replaced with symbols and shapes. “What?”

Scott didn’t notice this though, as he was distracted by his enhanced hearing picking up hushed voices down the corridor. “I thought you said you wanted to make friends.” Mr. Yukimura pointed out.

“Not like that!” An annoyed hushed voice replied. Scott looked to see the teacher and his daughter, Kira, walking down the corridor.

“You said you wanted to be noticed!”

“I could set myself on fire and be noticed.” Kira retorted, spinning around to face him.

“Well, then you’d be dead.” The man sighed, mirroring her movements.

“Exactly.” She said and turned, catching Scott staring at her.

She paused as Scott looked away, and hid himself from her view, by ducking behind Stiles. It looked as though he had been listening to their conversation, but how could he have heard them from all the way over there?

“Kira.” Mr. Yukimura spoke calmly, but she was still fixated on Scott. “Kira.”

Scott blocked them out and returned his focus to Stiles, who had given up on opening his locker. When Stiles looked at Scott, his eyes were glowing. “Dude,” Scott began, as he frantically looked around to see if anyone had noticed. “Your eyes!”

“What about them?” Stiles asked urgently looking around as his inability to keep still kicked in. Scott grabbed his shoulders, holding him in place.

“They’re starting to glow.” He informed him, trying to keep calm and figure out what to do. “Come on, you need to stop.”

There was a pause as Stiles tried, but he failed and began to panic more. “I can’t. I can’t control it.” He told him, lifting a hand to cover his eyes.

“O-okay, just- uh, just keep your head down, okay? Come on.” He pulled Stiles to an empty classroom, drawing odd looks from students near by, including Kira.

Scott shut the door behind them as Stiles staggered away from him, fighting for control. The crooked jawed boy moved closer to his best friend. “Stop!” Stiles all but growled, using his influence over Scott to keep him in place. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Stiles, it’s okay.” Scott assured, pushing past the command that his wolf was trying to obey. “Get back!” Scott stayed back against his will, but after a full minute of no results, he decided to take action. His mind took him back to the first time he truly lost control, in the locker room with Stiles. It was Stiles’ pain that snapped him back to reality. Well, him causing Stiles’ pain, but clearly Stiles was fighting not to hurt him, so Scott took matters into his own hands, literally.

He lengthened his own claws, and after a moment's hesitation, dug them into his own palms. The
second the first drop of blood appeared, Stiles’ head shot towards him. In a second, Scott’s claws were removed from his palms and Stiles was taking his pain, completely human.

“What the hell did you do that for?!” Stiles demanded as Scott’s skin knitted itself back together.

“Do you remember back when we first turned? When I lost control during Lacrosse practice and attacked you in the locker room?” Stiles nodded, a confused look etched on his face. “I turned back after I hurt you. Your pain and the smell of your blood brought me back, I thought that maybe my pain would do the same for you.” Scott explained. “And it worked, so…” Stiles blinked, having only just realised that he had his control back.

“God, you are such a martyr.” He shook his head at his best friend. “Alright, you’re fully healed, just please don’t do that again.”

“If it means helping you, I’d do it a million times over.” Scott grinned, causing Stiles to sigh.

“Come on,” He started as the both stood up. “We’re supposed to be meeting the others for lunch, remember?”

Stiles nodded and picked up his bag and followed Scott out of the room. Before he left, however, he glanced over to the blackboard which was covered in writing, and he couldn’t make out a single word.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

After school, Stiles went to the station, after stopping by the florist, to meet his dad and Derek. They had made arrangements to visit Claudia’s grave together, Derek felt like he would be intruding when they first mentioned it, but Stiles insisted. “It’s about time I introduce my mum to my boyfriend.” He had said, so Derek caved.

“Hey, Posey.” Stiles greeted the deputy at the front desk, but when the man turned around, it wasn’t Posey. “Oh, sorry man, you’re the new deputy, Parrish, right?” He asked, setting the flowers on the counter and holding out his hand.

“Yeah,” Then man confirmed with a smile as he shook Stiles’ hand. “And, you are?”

“Stiles, I’m the Sheriff’s son.” Parrish gained a look of realisation on his face.

“Yeah, I’ve heard of you, it’s nice to put a name to a face.”

“Likewise.” Stiles grinned. “So, uh, is my dad in?”

“Yeah, he’s in his office.” Parrish told him. “But one of the other deputies is in there with him, so you might not be able to go right in.”

“Which one?”

“Hale.”

“Oh, it’s cool, Derek’s my boyfriend, so I’ll be fine. And if any of our kids stop by, can you let them know that Derek and I will be at the Cemetery with my dad until five? Thanks.” Stiles told him, grinning at the Deputy’s shocked look as he picked up the flowers. “It was nice to meet you Parrish.” Stiles grinned as he started moving to his dad’s office, passing Tara along the way. “Hey Tara, the new deputy seems nice.”

Tara glanced over to Parrish and sighed at the shocked look on his face. “Stiles, he’s been here a
week and you’re already trying to scare him off?” She yelled over her shoulder, causing Stiles to laugh as he made his way to his father’s office.

He walked in without knocking, and immediately placed the flowers down on the desk “You know, the last time we bought one of these to her grave, it was stolen the same day. Hundred bucks down the drain.” He sighed, then froze as he realised neither his dad nor Derek were actually sat at the desk. Hearing a noise, he peered over to find both men on the floor, surrounded by files “Hey, Dad? Derek?” Both of them looked up at him “Hi, what’re- what are you doing... down there?”

“Working.” Derek replied, then returned his attention to the files.

“And hey, if somebody wants the flowers that badly, they can have them. It's the gesture.” Noah spoke up as Stiles looked around at all of the file boxes in shock.

“Hey, Dad, what is all this?”

“I’ve been looking over some old cases from a more illuminated perspective, if you know what I mean.”

Stiles picked up a file and read the reported sighting. "Strange sighting of bipedal lizard person sprinting across freeway.”

"Kanima pile.” Derek stated, taping the pile in question. Stiles dropped the file onto said pile then crouched down next to the two elder males and spoke to his dad.

“Dad, you're not going back through all your old cases seeing if any of them had something to do with the supernatural, are you?”

“I admit the recent opening of my eyes to the greater mysteries of the universe has got me… reassessing.” Stiles ran a hand over his face in frustration “There's at least 100 cases here, where I look at the details and I can ask myself, If I knew then what I know now”

“Right, but are you sure you wanna go down that path?”

“Do I have a choice?” The sheriff asked with a raised eyebrow, then went on to explain the Malia Tate case. During his explanation, Stiles tried to argue that it could have just been Coyotes, but his dad didn’t accept that.

Stiles sighed in frustration, and hit Derek on the arm. “How can you encourage this?”

“I think it’s a good idea.” Derek defended with a shrug. “Not only does dad get credit for solving these cases, but the families will be able to get some peace of mind.”

“By learning about the supernatural?” Stiles asked incredulously, then shook his head.

“Nevermind, just.. where are all these going, anyway?”

“Yeah, we, uh.” Stiles followed his father’s gaze to a label. A label reading ‘Agent McCall’ “We probably need to talk about that.”

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Scott, Allison, Isaac and Melissa were setting up for dinner at the McCall house, chatting easily to one another, until the doorbell rang. “Who could that be?” Scott asked aloud as he made his way to the door. He paused at the somewhat familiar, but also foreign, scent, before finally opening the door. He stared in shock at the man on the other side.
“Hi Scott.” His father greeted with a soft smile, and Scott heard his mother’s heart rate rise. “Can I come in?” Scott said nothing, simply slammed the door in the man’s face.

“Scott!” Melissa scolded, rushing into the hallway.

“I don’t like him.” Scott told her with a shrug, well aware that his father could hear him.

“Who is that?” Isaac asked and Allison looked to Scott curiously.

“My father.” Scott told them with a grumble as Melissa opened the door.

“Hello, Rafael.” She greeted curtly. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to see you and Scott.” He told her. “I miss you.”

“Well, that sucks for you.” Scott all but growled at the man, who looked at him in shock. “Mum has moved on and is in a happy, committed relationship, I have my own incredible relationship, and we have everything we could want, or need, with our true family. That doesn’t include you.”

“Scott, that’s no way to talk to your father.” Rafael reprimanded, stepping past Melissa and into the house.

“You are not my father, you gave up that role when you walked out on us.” Scott told him, forcing himself to keep his wolf in line. “You don’t get to waltz in here out of the blue, after all of this time, and just expect us to welcome you back with open arms. You also don’t get to ‘correct my manners’ or try to parent me in any way. Mum raised me, she kept me sheltered and fed and clothed, she made me the person I am today and if you think you can just show up and slot right back into our lives and give out orders, you have another thing coming.”

Agent McCall blinked in shock at his son’s assertiveness. Scott had always been rather shy and reserved as a child, clearly that had changed. “You’re right, I’m sorry.” He apologised honestly. “I have no right to come here and expect things to be the same as when I left, or even how they were when you stayed with me, before I moved to Washington. But I do want to be a part of your life again, even if I haven’t been a good father, you are still my son and I want to get to know you again. So maybe we could start over?” Scott looked unsure for a second, before he nodded and Rafael smiled. He glanced of to Allison and Isaac, who were stood awkwardly behind Scott, looking out of place and unsure of what to do. “Could you introduce me to your friends?”

Scott’s face lit up in a brilliant smile and he immediately grabbed them both and tugged the forward. “Agent McCall,” The man winced at the title. “This is my girlfriend, Allison Argent.” He announced proudly, gesturing to the brunnette girl, causing Rafael to smile. “and our boyfriend, Isaac Lahey.” The agent’s smile dropped to a shocked look as he stared at the trio, trying to figure out if the were pulling a prank on him, or something. When he saw no trace of a bluff on his face, he realised this was completely true. He looked to Melissa to see if she knew about it. His ex-wife looked to be a cross between proud and smug at her- their son and his… partners.

Rafael’s first instinct was to argue it, say they were too young to enter into something like this, but he realised that, although it was true, he was being tested. “Okay,” He said instead. “If all you’re all” sure about this,” happy, and being safe, then there’s nothing” I can do to stop you.” “to get in the way of.” He felt bad for lying, but the pleasantly surprised look on Scott’s face made him realise that it was the right thing to do. Besides, if they miraculously could make it work, or if it fell apart, Rafael could be there for his son, every step of the way. If they did work out, maybe he would come to accept it, or, at the very least, become accustom to it.
“Alright.” Scott said with a nod, a small smile tugging on his lips. He exchanged a look with his mother and partners before speaking again. “Would you like to join us for dinner?” He invited and Rafael smiled.

“I’d love to.” They lead him to the dining room, and he exchanged proper introductions with Allison and Isaac. As they served up the food, Rafael spoke again. “So, Melissa… Scott mentioned you have a new boyfriend?”

The next day at the school, the pack were sat outside around a bench, discussing what was happening to Derek and Stiles. Stiles had just finished telling them about his ‘dream’ that he apparently had whilst he was awake, and what he wrote in his notebook, during said ‘dream’ and it had turned into a group discussion.

Stiles, Scott, Isaac (With Allison half on both of her mate’s laps) and Aiden were sat on one side, and Lydia, Jackson, Ethan (With Danny on his lap) and Cora were on the other. Boyd had pulled up a chair on the end next to Aiden and Cora, and Erica did the same next to Stiles and Lydia.

“Okay,” Scott began, tapping a pen against the table. “so what happens to a person who has a near death experience, and comes out of it seeing things?” He asked with a worried frown.

“-and is unable to tell what’s real or not?” Stiles added.

“And is being haunted by demonic visions of dead relatives?” Cora added, having remembered Derek mention seeing Laura.

“They’re both locked up because they’re insane.” Isaac muttered, but everyone at the table heard him.

“Ha. Can you at least try to be helpful?” Jackson asked, with his best bitch face on. “Please?” His frustration at not knowing what to do to help his pack was riling him up.

“For half of my childhood, I was locked in a freezer, so being helpful is kind of a new thing for me.” Isaac retorted, with a glare. He knew Jackson didn’t mean it, but he wasn’t in a good mood either.

“Okay, are you still milking that?” Jackson scoffed as Scott dropped his head against the table in frustration.

“Yeah, we are still milking that.”

“Guy’s please-” Stiles tried, but was interrupted by a timid voice.

“Hi.” They all looked to see the new girl, Kira stood behind Erica, looking unsure of herself. “Hi, sorry, I couldn’t help overhearing what you guys were talking about.” She told them nervously and the pack exchanged nervous glances. “And I think I actually might know what you were… talking about.” Stiles gestured for her to go on. “There’s a Tibetan word for it, it’s called Bardo. It literally means ‘In-between state’ The state between life and death.” She explained shyly, fidgeting nervously.

“And what do they call you?” Cora asked, semi-rudely, not wanting to be nice until the girl proved that she deserved it.

“Kira.” Erica stated, smiling up at the girl, who smiled back. The pack looked at her in surprise
and some, Cora, gave her a questioning look. “She’s in our history class.” She shrugged in explanation causing Kira to smile again, looking down as her cheeks flushed.

“So,” Lydia began, drawing Kira’s attention from Erica. “are you talking Bardo in Tibetan Buddhism or Indian?” As she spoke, Erica stood and offered her chair to Kira.

“Uh, either I guess.” Kira told her as she sat down, and Erica walked to the other end of the table, and sat on Boyd’s lap, and used Cora as a footrest. “But all that stuff you guys were just saying, all of that happens in Bardo.” She said, glancing over to Erica, who nodded for her to continue. “There are different progressive states where you can have hallucinations. Some you see, some you just hear. You can be visited by peaceful or wrathful deities.”

“Wrathful deities?” Isaac asked, leaning forward slightly, the best he could with Allison on his lap. “And, uh, what are those?”

“Like demons.” She said casually.

“Demons?” Aiden asked with wide eyes, then sighed and looked around at the pack. “Why not?”

“Hold on,” Allison interrupted thoughtfully. “If there are different progressive states, then what’s the last one?”

“Death.” Kira shrugged, clearly not realising how serious the situation was. “You die.”

“Serious?” Stiles groaned, then slammed his head against the table, startling Kira.

“Sorry, I-”

“No, no, it’s not you.” Erica assured with a smile. “Just some personal things going on.” She said and Kira’s eyes widened in realisation.

“Oh, you mean, someone you know is actually going through Bardo?” No one said anything, but they didn’t have to. “I’m sorry, if I’d known, I woul-”

“Don’t worry about it.” Stiles assured, lifting his head from the table. “We wanted to know, you didn’t do anything wrong.” He held out his hand for her to shake. “I’m Stiles.”

“Kira.” She smiled shaking his hand. “which you already knew, so I don’t know why I just told you.” Stiles chuckled as he withdrew his hand, and Lydia introduced herself next.

“I’m Lydia, and this is my boyfriend, Jackson.” She introduced with a friendly smile, gesturing to the boy in question, who shook Kira’s hand politely.

“I’m Allison, and these are my boyfriends, Scott and Isaac.” Kira blinked in surprise, but shook all of their hands anyway.

“If you don’t mind me asking, is this polyamory or an open relationship?” She asked curiously. “Of course, it’s none of my business, and you don’t-”

“It’s fine, Kira.” Scott assured with a chuckle. “It’s poly, the three of us are in a relationship.” Kira sighed in relief that they weren’t upset at her for asking.

“Okay, cool.” She smiled. “You guys must all really care about each other to make this work in high school.” She commented thoughtfully. “I don’t think I’d be able to share someone I’m in love with, but then again, I’ve never loved two people at once, so I wouldn’t be able to accurately
guess.” She rambled, then cut herself off as she realised what she was doing. “Sorry.”

“Stop apologising!” Allison giggled, leaning forward to playfully shove the girl’s shoulder. “If you were calling us freaks or anything for being together, and you’re not undermining us or our relationship, so it’s fine.”

Kira smiled happily as she relaxed in her seat. “Erica, Boyd and I are together.” Cora told her, gesturing to the pair in question. There was a small trace of disappointment coming off of Kira, but it quickly disappeared. “I’m Cora, by the way.”

“I’m Ethan, this is my boyfriend Danny, and my brother Aiden.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you.” Kira smiled genuinely.

“So, Kira.” Boyd began with a smile. “Care to tell us a little about yourself?”
“So, Kira.” Boyd began with a smile. “Care to tell us a little about yourself?”

“When is a door not a door?” Derek asked incredulously from their bed, looking at Stiles, who was sat at his desk.

“When it’s ajar, apparently.” Stiles retorted as he typed on his laptop, he looked up when he felt Derek’s gaze on him and found his mate giving him an unimpressed looked. “I don’t know, okay? I don’t know why my sub conscious is telling me riddles, or why it’s telling me them in languages that I don’t even know, and had to have Deaton translate. Hell, I don’t even know how my subconscious knew what it meant.” He sighed, and tried to force himself to focus on the document loaded on his laptop. “What I do know is that we need to close these doors in our minds, somehow.”

“We’ll figure it out. What are you working on?” Derek asked, changing the subject as he stood then walked over to the lanky boy.

“The Malia Tate case.” Stiles told him as Derek stood behind him, a set his hands down on Stiles’ shoulders. “So far though, I haven’t found much.” Derek hummed to confirm that he was listening, rubbing soothing circles into Stiles’ shoulders. “I was- hmm-” Stiles hummed in pleasure as Derek’s actions eased some of the tension he had built up. “I was thinking about checking out the crime scene. Dad said that the wreckage was still there, so there might be something to find, or follow. Maybe we can find out what happened to Malia.”

“So, the other day, you were getting annoyed at me for ‘encouraging’ dad, now you’re helping him solve the case?” Derek asked with a chuckle as Stiles allowed his eyes to flutter shut, and sank back in his chair.

“I didn’t know the stakes at first.” Stiles replied, letting out another hum. “I won’t let Asshole McCall get my dad fired.”

“I think you should tell Scott.” Derek said, looking down at Stiles. “He deserves to know what his dad is really doing here.”

“Yeah.” Stiles mumbled as his breathing slowed, but before he could fully drift off to sleep, Derek stop his actions and picked Stiles up bridal style. “Wha-”
“You were about to fall asleep in the chair, Stiles.” Derek informed him quietly as he carried him to their bed.

“Eh, I’ve done it before.” The boy muttered his protest, but pressed his face into Derek’s chest anyway. Derek just chuckled as he set Stiles down on their bed, then pulled off his own shirt before climbing in next to him.

“As long as I’m here, you won’t again.” He promised in a whisper as Stiles snuggled against him before drifting off to sleep. He couldn’t help but wonder how many times Stiles had done that, rather than sleeping in their bed, while Derek was… away.

The elder male barely suppressed a shudder as the memories of his time with Jennifer pushed to the forefront of his mind. His stomach twisted uncomfortably as he remembered kissing her, holding her, sharing small, intimate moments with her, moments that were meant for him and Stiles only.

Derek didn’t understand how Stiles had forgiven him so easily. Sure, it wasn’t really him, per se. He hadn’t, in his right mind, chosen her over his mate and pack, but it still happened. Derek left his pack alone, without an alpha. He forced Stiles to go through the pain of mate separation, and lead the pack, as well as continue with his pack mum duties.

Derek knew that he would never get over how strong Stiles was, how much he was capable of taking on, and remain standing. Stiles dealt with being attacked and bitten, turned into a werewolf against his will. He coped incredibly with the change, taking it easily, far better than most. Where most would deny and fight the change, when it came on suddenly like it had for him and Scott, Stiles embraced it, and used his abilities for good. He tried to help people whenever he could, even when it meant risking himself.

He was paralysed and left to watch a man die, he was held captive by a psychotic classmate, he was kidnapped and tortured by a renowned, ruthless hunter, he was beaten and left for dead by a pack of alpha’s, had his mate taken from him by a spell, and was forced to watch Derek be with someone else, and he went through a dangerous ritual, that ended with his death, even if it was temporary. Now he was dealing with the side effects of that death, and he was still trying to help others, specifically Malia, a girl he didn’t even know.

And all of that was after being turned, before that he’d had struggles, like watching his mother slowly lose her mind and become riddled with delusions, convinced Stiles was out to get her, then he watched her jump to her death. Then there was his father’s drinking, bullies, school, and through it all, Stiles remained standing. He didn’t give into his pain, he didn’t give up when he had so many reasons to. He saw so much darkness and suffering at such a tender age and he didn’t let it rule him, kept his smiles and his sarcasm.

He kept his light.

Yes, he had his difficulties at time, and he went to see Morrell weekly, but he kept fighting. He never gave up.

Derek smiled down at the sleeping male in his arms, his mate, his beta, his everything. He didn’t deserve him. Stiles was far too good for him, but there was no way he was going to be able to convince Stiles of that, and Derek didn’t have the strength to leave him. So Derek would have to better himself, strive to become the person Stiles deserved.

Until he became that person, he’d settle for being there for Stiles, and comforting him when he needed it. Whether Derek deserved to be there for him or not.
In the room that they used as a library in the Hale house, Lydia, Danny, Erica and Allison were sat around one of the tables, each focused on a task relating to Stiles and Derek’s conditions. Danny and Erica each had their laptops out, and Allison and Lydia were reading old books, Lydia’s written in Archaic Latin, and Allison’s in French. The door was left open in case anyone needed to talk to them, because the room became soundproof when the door shut, unless the coms were pressed on.

“I heard that!” Erica yelled suddenly, startling the other occupants of the previously silent room. “Jackson just called us the ‘Nerd Squad’ when Scott asked where everyone was.” She explained at the questioning looks.

“Hi Scott!” Allison called with a smile.

“Isaac’s back to.”

“Hi Isaac!”

“Jackson, honey,” Lydia began with a faux innocent voice, without lifting her eyes from her book. “Call us nerds again, be it maliciously or jokingly, and you’ll learn what a month without any sex feels like.” Erica cracked up at that, and Allison and Danny also chuckled, imagining the look on Jackson’s face.

“He said he’s sorry.” Erica told the redhead after she’d caught her breath. “Oh, also, we shouldn’t yell because Derek and Stiles have gone to bed.”

“Oh, good, they both need to rest.” Danny spoke as he returned his attention to his laptop. “Let’s just hope that we can figure out a way to help them soon.”

“We’ll figure it out.” Lydia said confidently. “They’re our family, our pack, and I know that I won’t give up on finding a way to help them.”

“Neither will I.” Allison stated firmly, determination clear in her features. “I also have my dad collecting any information he can find that could help, he's gotten in contact with other, honourable, hunters and they’ve agreed to look for information for us. Mum’s still in Mexico with Peter looking for answers on this, and whatever ‘artifact’ it is that Derek and Peter were talking about.”

“Has anyone heard from them yet?” Erica asked curiously. The pair had gone to talk to the Calaveras family, a group of hunters who had cooperated with the Argents in the past. They had sent Victoria as she was the Argents matriarch, and Peter went with her for backup if necessary. Most of the pack had protested sending two wolves there, but the Sheriff and Deaton both had duties to attend to in town, and Chris needed to deal with any hunters that still passed through on occasion. The treaty with the hunters council had a clause that they could send hunters to make sure that Chris was doing his job. They weren’t allowed to hunt anything or anyone whilst they were there, though, so it wasn’t too bad. It just meant that Chris couldn’t leave town whilst they were visiting until Allison turned twenty one, and could take over as the Argent matriarch. Until then, she couldn’t be seen as eligible for the role of town protector, and because Victoria was a werewolf, she couldn’t either.

“Not yet.” Allison frowned. “But the check-in isn’t scheduled until tomorrow night, so there’s no need to worry yet.” She tried to convince herself, with little success.

“Well, how about the council?” Lydia asked curiously. “How do they feel about the notorious
Argent family changing their code after all of these years?"

“They’re actually happy about it.” Allison stated, surprising the others. “Apparently more than a few members of the council thought the old code wasn’t as prominent as it once was. And with everything that happened with Gerard and Kate, they agreed that a new code, and a new way of hunting could be beneficial to the community. None of them want innocent blood on their hands, which is why they agreed to the treaty in the first place, and why they were more than happy to approve the code.”

“What is the new code, anyway?” Erica asked curiously.

“Nous protégeons ceux qui ne peuvent pas se protéger eux-mêmes.”

Lydia smiled, then translated what the brunette had said. “We protect those who cannot protect themselves.” She nodded approvingly.

“I like it.” Erica grinned and reached over, squeezed the elder girls shoulder gently then pulled her hand back.

“Me too.” Danny nodded in agreement before changing the subject. “Deaton and I have been searching through old texts and lore.” Danny told them as he typed on his laptop. “He gave me the links to some accurate sites on the supernatural, run by real emissaries and supernatural creatures. It’s incredible how few there are compared to the masses, and they just fly under the radar because people tend to think it’s all fake, or based on fiction, like Supernatural and Twilight and all of that.”

“You’ve been talking to Deaton a lot lately.” Erica observed, tearing her eyes from her screen to look at him. “At first I just thought it was for the house, and mixing the magical security with the electrical, but now…” She trailed off as the other two girls also looked to Danny for an explanation, and the Hawaiian shuffled in his seat slightly before speaking.

“He thinks I have the potential to be an Emissary.” Danny confessed as he looked at them, trying to gauge their reactions. “He’s been giving me information and advice, and he might even train me, if I can handle everything. He thinks, and I agree, that, if I do in fact become a druid, and can handle the responsibility, I’d be a better option than him for the position of pack Emissary. He has no issues with being our Emissary, or anything, but I do have a greater bond to you guys, obviously, therefore, I’d be more inclined to make decisions that benefit the pack, whereas he’d lean towards benefiting the town. Of course, I’d still ensure that the town was safe and protected, but I would also consider the pack, more than he would.” Danny explained, trying to make sure that they understood that Deaton wasn’t disloyal to them, or trying to just pass them off, but was genuinely thinking of what would be best for the pack. Fortunately, they seemed to understand this. “Besides, learning all of this gives me a way to defend myself and you guys without having to fight or hurt anyone.”

“That’s wonderful,” Allison beamed happily. “Deaton is a great man, and a good Emissary, but I agree that you’d be the better option for us. You know us, and what we’d want in a difficult situation, better than he ever could.” Danny couldn’t contain his smile at that, but before he could say anything Lydia beat him to it.

“It’s true, besides, you already know the basics. Add that to your computing capabilities and I can’t imagine that we’d be safer with anybody else.” The girl told him honestly, causing Danny’s smile to widen. “So, we already know that you can handle mountain ash, and create circles with a handful and everything, but what else does it take to be a druid?”
“Well, this, for one thing.” He stated, before he stood up, and moved a few paces away from the table. He held up his hand, showing that he wasn’t holding anything, then closed his eyes and focused, then through his hand up, and a circle of mountain ash was suddenly surrounding him.

“Woah!” Erica gasped, rushing over and reaching out to the boy, a wide grin spreading across her face when the blue shield appeared. Quickly, Danny flicked his wrist again and a small line appeared, and her hand went through. With a gasp, Erica pulled her hand back and Danny repeated the motion, and the circle was complete again. “You created that out of nothing!” She gasped, a look of awe on her face as Jackson, Scott, Cora and Aiden walked in, looking at Danny in awe. “Danny’s a wizard!” She announced cheerfully, bouncing on the spot excitedly.

“I’m not a wizard.” Danny corrected with a chuckle.

“Yer a wizard, Danny.” Erica made a poor attempt of impersonating Hagrid, but she did succeed in making the others laugh.

“But I’m just Danny!” Danny joked in a high pitched voice, before continuing in his normal tone. “I just have the potential to be a druid.”

“And you didn’t tell me this, because?” Jackson asked with a raised eyebrow and his bitch face on point.

“Because it wasn’t certain.” Danny told him with a shrug. “I wanted to be confident about it first, before I got anybody’s hopes up.”

“And you’re confident about it now?” Lydia prompted curiously.

Danny hesitated for a moment, before he slowly nodded. “Yeah, I really think I can do this.”

“So Merlin,” Cora began teasingly with a grin “care to show us what else you can do?”

The next day, Noah pulled up to the Tate residence with a solemn expression on his face. He was about to tell a man that the death of his family may have not been an accident, and potential set him back miles in his grieving.

The man let him into the house easily, and lead him to the living room, where he was unpacking boxes of animal traps. “I’ve been having a coyote problem.” The man told him as he opened one of the boxes and pulled a trap out. “The population is up around here, they get into everything.”

“That doesn't exactly look big enough to catch one.”

“It's a rat trap. Take away the coyote's source of food and they leave you alone. And these days, to be honest, I'd prefer to be left alone.” Mr Tate explained, giving Noah pointed look. Noah nodded, knowing how that felt.

“I understand. Just a couple of questions and I promise I'll leave.” Mr Tate sighed and nodded slightly, unaware of what was going on on the back porch.

Scott and Stiles carefully stepped over rat traps and made their way to the back door of the house, that lead into a bedroom. Stiles reached the door first, and cautiously turned the handle, and pushed the door open, cringing when it squeaked loudly. He paused, shared a look with Scott, then tried again, and the door groaned. Realising that they wouldn’t be able to do this quietly, Stiles pushed the door open quickly, rushed inside, and motioned for Scott to do the same. Once they
were both inside, Stiles closed the squeaky door, then set to work. The pair immediately began sniffing pillows and cushions, but couldn’t pick out any human scents.

“All I'm getting is some animal smell.” Scott sighed in frustration as Stiles through a stuffed animal onto the bed.

“Yeah me too, like a-” He was cut off by a low growl. Both wolves turned to see dark furred dog stood in the doorway.

“Dog.” Scott finished for Stiles, looking at the dog warily. Stiles quickly hid the toy horse he was holding under his jacket, as if that would appease the animal.

“Hi, puppy.” Stiles tried, hoping to appear friendly, but the dog kept growling. “Get rid of it.” He whispered to Scott.

“Me?”

“Yes, you. Glow your eyes at it, something.” Stiles ordered, staying as still as possible.

“Why not you?”

“I can't. I don't have control.” Stiles reminded him, and Scott sighed before slowly approaching the dog with one hand held out. The dog snarled and opened it’s mouth wide, so Scott flashed his eyes in warning. The dog stepped back slightly, before sniffing the air, then tilted its head, looking confused. “Shift!” Stiles ordered his best friend quietly.

“What?” Scott asked in confusion, looking at Stiles like he’d lost his mind. “Why?”

“To make the dog understand that you’re not some human burglar. Do it!” Scott sighed, then pulled off his clothes quickly, handing them to Stiles before shifting into wolf form. The dog, startled, let out a single bark, but his owner yelled for him to ‘shut up’ and Scott flashed his eyes again, and it relaxed. Slowly, the dog approached him, and began sniffing him.

Stiles rolled his eyes when Scott began playing with the dog, but left Scott to it as he continued sniffing different objects, searching for a scent. After a few minutes of searching, he gave up with a sigh. He took a picture of the photograph of the two girls on the dresser before whispering to Scott.

“Dude, I can’t find anything let’s go.” Scott looked up at him, and man, his kicked puppy look was bad enough when he was a human, but as a wolf? There was no way Stiles could say no to that.

“Fine, but when you hear my dad leave, you have to go. Alright?” Wolf-Scott nodded, his mouth curling in an odd reminiscent to a smile. “Can you close the door in this form?” Wolf-Scott nodded again, on the way out, he’d only need to pull it shut, and he was tall enough in this form to wrap his mouth around the door handle. “Okay, have fun. I’ll wait in the car with your clothes”.

Back in the living room, Mr Tate had a heartbroken look on his face as he spoke to the Sheriff.

“Murder? I spent eight years thinking that it was an accident and now you're telling me that it could be murder? Who the hell would want to murder my wife and girls? My whole family?” He asked in a choked voice as tears swelled in his eyes.

“That's what I want to find out.” Noah told him with a slight stutter.

“I don't.” Mr Tate stated, shaking his head firmly. As he went on, Mr Tate’s voice grew louder and angrier. “I don't want to redefine this entire nightmare as an unsolved murder. Just leave me alone with tragic accident. Because that's what I've spent eight years getting used to. Accident. Not murder.” He sat down in an armchair, hiding his face in his hands.
“I apologize.”

“Just go!” The man yelled angrily, so Noah nodded slightly, and apologised again before showing himself out.

A few minutes later, Stiles and the now fully dressed human Scott met up with the sheriff near the entrance to the preserve.

“I'm sorry. We tried as hard as we could.” Stiles apologised sadly.

“If it wasn't so long ago, we might have been able to do it.” Scott said and the Sheriff smiled softly at them. “But the only scent we could find was the dog.”

“It's okay.” Noah assured “It was a long shot. In fact, it was a pretty terrible idea. I think I just ripped a wound open in that poor man. I never should have brought you guys here. I don't know what I was thinking. Thanks for trying, all right?”

“Yeah.” Scott nodded apologetically and Stiles attempted to smiled at his dad, but it wasn’t convincing. The man climbed into the police cruiser, and started the car.

“See you at home.” With that, he drove off, heading back to the station.

“Aren't there a lot of cases that go unsolved?” Scott asked, hoping to cheer Stiles up.

“Yeah, I just think this is one he felt like he could've figured out right now.” Stiles explained, staring at his dad’s car until it was out of sight.

“Why is it so important now?” Scott asked curiously, and Stiles hesitated for a second before answering.

“He wants to be able to solve one more while he's still Sheriff.”

“What do you mean, ‘still Sheriff’?”

Later that evening, Melissa came home after work to find her ex husband and son arguing in the living room.

“I'm trying to help.”

“That doesn't make any sense, Dad. Who are you helping? Just get out!” Scott yelled, pointing to the front door.

“Scott-”

“What?!” He demanded with an angry glare on his face, silently daring his father to come up with an excuse. When the man said nothing, Scott continued “I can't believe that you'd do this to my best friend.”

“I'm not doing anything to your friend. I'm doing my job.” Rafael explained calmly as he saw an opening to defend himself, and hopefully ease Scott, but he just riled the teen up even more.

“Your job sucks.” Scott all but sneered at the man who merely shrugged in response.

“Some days I can't argue that.”

“Can somebody tell me what the hell is going on?” Melissa asked urgently and the two males
turned to her.

“He's trying to get the Sheriff fired.” Scott told his mother, his voice softer than when he was arguing with his father.

“No. That's not true.” Rafael protested immediately.

“What are you doing?” She asked in shock, knowing that Scott wouldn’t just make up something of that measure. Her ex-husband appeared nonchalant as he responded.

“Conducting a case for impeachment.”

“That sounds a lot like getting him fired.” Melissa glared at her ex, who stared back at her unflinchingly.

“The lack of resolution and ability to close cases is what's going to get him fired. My job is just to collect the information.” He turned to look at the furious Scott “And it's the job my superiors have given me.”

“Your job sucks.” Melissa repeated her son’s words.

“It’s not the Sheriff’s fault!” Scott growled at his father as if his mother hadn’t spoken, shocking the man and concerning Melissa. “And he’s solved loads of cases! Even the ones that seem impossible! The Kate Argent case, the Matt Daehler case, the Jennifer Blake case—”

“In the Argent and Blake cases, the suspects ended up dead outside of police custody!” Rafael argued. “Blake escaped custody, during an improper and unexplained visit to the hospital, and was found dead in the preserve! That’s not the work of a good Sheriff.”

“He is a great Sheriff!” Scott yelled, and purposely turned his eyes amber causing Rafael to stagger away from his son in fear, and Melissa to look at Scott in worry. “You see this?” Scott demanded, gesturing to his eyes. “I’m a werewolf, and I’m not the only one! And werewolves definitely aren’t the only supernatural creatures in town, either! Jennifer Blake was a dark druid who sacrificed people for power! She magically poisoned a member of my pack! The Sheriff had to take her to the hospital to save the life of an innocent person! Yes, she escaped, and yes, she died, but that is not the Sheriff’s fault! And he couldn’t reveal the supernatural in his reports, because he needs to protect me, my pack and our town!” Scott roared angrily, as Melissa placed a hand on his shoulder, hoping to calm him down. It didn’t work.

“So don’t you dare call him a bad Sheriff, when he is the best Sheriff ever. He has done what very few others would do.” Scott continued, locking eyes with his father, making sure that the man was paying attention. “When some would flee and hand the job off to someone else after finding out about all of this, he stayed, he made sure that his deputies knew the truth about the town and how to defend themselves. When some people, like Kate Argent, who was a werewolf hunter, wouldn’t hesitate to kill someone like me because of what we are, he tried to help. He protects us and helps us make sure that we don’t hurt anyone.” Scott allowed his eyes to fade back to their normal colour, and took a step away from his father, causing Melissa’s hand to fall off of his shoulder. “He is an amazing man and an incredible Sheriff, he’s even going over old cases that may have connections to the supernatural, in the hopes of finding new evidence, and bringing closure to the families of the victims. Maybe he doesn’t have a 100% closure rating, but he tries. He can’t always catch the bad guys, because the bad guys are sometimes supernatural, and have to be put down,. That’s not his fault, that’s just the way it is. So when you’re ‘investigating’ him and questioning his capability as Sheriff, keep that in mind.”
With that, Scott sent his father one last glare and his mother a small smile, before heading towards the front door, removing his jacket and shirt along the way. “Where are you going?” Melissa asked, biting her lip in concern at the look of complete and utter shock of her ex’s face.

“To see my pack.” Scott told her as he kicked off his shoes and stripped down to his boxers. “And let them know about him.” He nudged his head towards his frozen father. “I’ll be spending the night there, I’ll see you tomorrow.” With that, Scott pressed a kiss to his mother’s cheek then shifted into his wolf form, just to freak his father out further. Melissa barely refrained from rolling her eyes at him as she opened the door for him, then Scott left, not even sparing another glance to his father.

“So, Raf,” Melissa began, bringing the agent back to reality as the front door closed.”When did you plan on telling me that you’re investigating my boyfriend?”

-Stiles, Aiden, Isaac, Allison, Jackson and Lydia were sat in the living room, listening to Scott rant about his father. The rest of the pack were scattered around the town, either working, or on dates. “Do you think Derek will be mad that I told him about me?” Scott asked worriedly after he’d finished explaining what happened.

“No.” Stiles assured immediately. “You had every right to tell your dad about you.”

“Though he might be a little concerned that you revealed it the way that you did.” Lydia added thoughtfully. “Although you didn’t lose control, your anger did get the best of you, so he might worry that you’ll regret telling him.”

“Are we talking about Derek or you?” Scott asked with a knowing smile.

“I just want to make sure that you’re okay with him knowing.” Lydia told him with a soft smile, and the others nodded in agreement.

“She has a point.” Isaac agreed, sending Scott a mildly concerned look. “Are you sure that you’re okay with this?”

“Well, even if I wasn’t, it’s too late now.” Scott shrugged. “But I don’t regret it. I’m glad that he knows. Knows that he has missed out on so much, that I am not the same shy little boy who would desperately fight for his father’s approval. I’m glad that he knows that I’m strong now, and I’ve got my own family that doesn’t include him.” Scott scoffed suddenly, rolling his eyes at himself. “I can’t believe that I bought that bullshit excuse of ‘wanting to reconnect’ I knew that it wasn’t completely true, I just hoped that it was. I’m so stupid.”

“Hey!” Allison glared immediately. “You are not stupid! You wanted to believe that your father had changed, that he really wanted to get to know you. That doesn’t show a lack of intellect, it shows that family is important to you and there’s nothing wrong with that!”

Scott nodded and sighed in resign. “You’re right.” He then clapped his hands and changed in demeanor completely. “Alright, anyway, I’m going out, who’s coming with me?”

“Where are you going?” Stiles asked cautiously, he had known Scott long enough to know that when he suddenly switch moods like this, he had found something to focus on, and nothing could get him off of that path. In some cases, he was worse than Stiles with his stubbornness.

“To find a body.” He told them determinedly. “A dead body.”
A little later in the evening, the seven packmates were walking through the preserve, searching for the wreckage. “Y’know, if my dad’s right, that means that there’s another werewolf in town that we haven’t met yet.” Stiles stated as he stepped over a fallen branch easily. “If it turns out to be something like triplets that form into, like, a three-headed hound of hell, I’m seriously not up for that.”

Aiden rolled his eyes with a chuckle. “Don’t worry, apparently what Ethan and I can do is pretty unique.”

“That doesn’t mean it’s not possible.” Jackson countered. “Being a true alpha is unique, but Derek isn't the only to ever exist. Hell, a year ago, I didn’t think that werewolves were possible, let alone two werewolf twins merging into an uber wolf.”

“Can you still do that?” Isaac asked curiously. “You haven’t done it since The Incident.”

“We haven’t tried.” Aiden admitted with a frown. “Ethan hasn’t said anything, but I think he's afraid that we won’t be able to, like I am, so we’ve been putting it off.”

“If you don’t want to try it’s fine, but it would be beneficial if this is a werewolf.” Stiles told him with a frown. “We don’t know what they’re capable of.”

“We may not necessarily need to fight a werewolf.” Lydia countered as she white-knuckled the flashlight that she was holding. “It was years ago, if it was a werewolf, they could be long gone by now. Either they skipped town, or they could be dead.”

“Hopefully” Allison added looking around cautiously, clutching her bow in one hand, the other prepared to spring for an arrow. “ Though, personally, I would rather find a werewolf than a coyote.”

“What’s wrong with coyotes?” Aiden asked the huntress with a hint of amusement.

“They’re creepy.”

“I agree.” Stiles nodded. “They alway sound like they’re mauling some tiny, helpless little animal.” As if on cue, a distant coyote howled, startling Stiles. The boy stumbled, and fell onto Scott causing him to drop his phone. The device rolled down a dirt hill, and landed in a puddle. “Sorry, buddy.”


“What?” Jackson asked with a raised eyebrow. “How does dropping your phone in a puddle remind you of your inhaler?”

“The night we were bitten.” Stiles began nostalgically, smiling slightly to himself. It may not have been the most pleasant memory but it led to all of this, so it was worth it in his mind. “We were out here looking for Laura’s body, and Scott ended up dropping his inhaler.”

“Ah, no! You fell into me when the deer came running and my inhaler got knocked away! That was so not my fault” Scott argued with a laugh as he went to retrieve his phone.

“When the deer left and I asked what you were doing, you said, and I quote ‘Looking for my inhaler. I dropped it.’ So don’t go blaming me or the deer for your pre-wolf butterfingers.”

“Whatever.” Scott rolled his eyes, but couldn’t keep the smile off of his face as he picked up and
checked his phone. “It still works!” He announced happily as the others followed him.

“Good, and by the way I still find it hilarious that you were wearing your red hoodie that night.” Stiles told him with a chuckle. “Maybe you should be Little Red Riding Hoodie, not me.”

“Says the guy currently wearing a red hoodie.” Jackson pointed out with a smirk.

“Shush you, Scott’s wearing a red shirt!” Stiles protested half heartedly.

“That’s not the same though.” Aiden countered, sharing a grin with Jackson.

“Hey, I think this is it.” Stiles said suddenly, charging forward.

“Why wouldn’t they move it?” Isaac asked curiously as they approached the wreckage that had become intertwined with nature. “Isn’t it evidence?”

“It’s probably just too much of a pain in the ass to tow out.” Stiles shrugged as he inspected the vehicle. “Hey, look at this. Lydia, could you-” Lydia shone the light on the wreckage, focusing on where Stiles was gesturing to. Thanks to the light, they could all see the claw marks marring the vehicle, Stiles traced the marks with his hand.

“If it was an animal, the claws would be closer together, right?” Scott asked, though he already knew the answer, he just needed to hear somebody else confirm it.

“Yeah,” Lydia nodded sadly. “A lot closer. It was a werewolf.”

“What’s that?” Jackson asked, reaching out for something in the car. When he pulled back, he was holding a doll. They all stared at it for a second, before an electronic voice sounded.

“I’m hungry.” The voice said, and Jackson dropped the doll as Lydia, Stiles and Isaac yelped (Screamed) in surprise.

“I think I just had a minor heart attack.” Stiles gasped as they all panted for breath. Before anything else could be said, they all heard a dangerous growl.

“Please tell me you guys see that.” Stiles whispered, eyes fixed on something in the trees.

“I see it.” Aiden nodded, as the others all turned to look, then Scott ran off.

“Scott!” Stiles yelled, chasing after his best friend. “Scott wait!”

Scott chased the creature through the preserve, his packmates following closely. The wolves, except Stiles, followed Scott in the jump across the hills, Stiles, Lydia and Allison stayed behind. Scott flashed his eyes at the coyote as they stared at each other, and the coyote’s eyes turned blue. “Malia?” Isaac asked in shock. The coyote seemed surprised before she ran away, and the pack was too shocked to stop her.

-In a dark, weapon filled room somewhere, Peter and Victoria were strung up against metal fencing, being electrocuted. On a table a few meters away, Victoria’s phone buzzed with frantic texts from her husband and daughter. As the electricity pulsed through her, Victoria turned to glare at Peter.

“Why are you looking at me like this is my fault?” The man asked incredulously.

“Because it is your fault!”
“Yeah you’re probably right.” Peter agreed, before the voltage was increased and the both thrashed in pain. In the room with them, a man sat in front of a set of equipment.

“You see this equipment? Very old. The settings are not quite accurate anymore. So it’s hard to tell just how far to turn the dial.” The man told them tauntingly. His voice was deep, and held a strong accent.

“I think it’s a little high.” Peter informed him, so the man, obviously, turned up the dial. Victoria glared even harder at Peter as she dug her teeth into her lower lip, the other wolf gritted his teeth as the pain intensified.

“I've seen some crack their teeth.” The man continued, not even glancing at them “Others, they just shake and shake even after their heart stops. Sometimes we don't even know they're dead.” He turned off the electricity and turned to moved to stand in front of them “But nobody wants to play a guessing game. So, why don't you just tell us? Where is la loba?”

“We don't know where la loba is.” Victoria stated.

“No?” The man asked, walking over to them “Maybe you need a different method of persuasion? Maybe we cut one of you in half, the other talks?”

“I would love to be the helpful volunteer,” Peter spoke as he panted for breath “but we really don't know what you're talking about. And honestly, isn't bisecting people with a broadsword a little medieval?” The hunter chuckled in response

“Broad sword? We're not savages.” Peter felt a moment of relief, before the hunter looked at one of his colleagues, and the other man powered up a chainsaw. Victoria glared at Peter once more, as the hunter spoke again. “We all wonder how far your little healing trick goes. What do you think? Can you grow back an arm? We're pretty sure you can't grow back your head.” He taunted, moving the tool towards Victoria’s throat.

“Boys.” A female voice called, in the same accent as the man. The woman, who Victoria knew to be Araya Calavera, walked into the room through the beaded door confidently. She spoke again, this time in Spanish, and the hunter reluctantly turned off the chainsaw and set it down.

“No hablo espanol.” Victoria tried, but Araya chuckled at her.

“Tu hablas mucho idiomas, loba. You know exactly what I’m saying.” Victoria gave no response, but apparently, the huntress didn’t need one. “And you know exactly who we’re looking for, so tell us. Where is the she-wolf?”

“Maybe if you gave us a few more details, we’d be able to help. I am a loba, but clearly it’s not me you’re looking for.” Victoria told her, trying to keep her voice as even as possible. She had prepared for situations such as this, so she knew she had to keep a level head and try to negotiate. “In fact, we know a few she-wolves, so perhaps a description would help.”

“Well aren’t you the negotiator, Victoria?” Araya chuckled “If only you were still human, we could have gotten along.”

“Human or not, I’m still the Argent Matriarch until my daughter comes of age.” The redhead reminded the huntress as she held her head high, trying to not let her pain show. “I came to you to request your help, I contacted you before hand and I explained why my husband couldn’t come in my place. The only reason I brought him.” She nudged her head towards Peter. ”with me, is because, as a Hale, he has the right to the box, as it is, technically, his.”
“Ah, the box.” Araya smirked at the woman. “Tell me, Victoria, why should I give you both the box and the information you require, for nothing in return?”

“What said you get nothing in return?” Victoria countered, intriguing the woman. “The duffle bag.” She nodded to the bag in question, that was sat on the table, next to her phone. Araya nodded to the man who was sat at the table, so he opened it, revealing several blocks of money. “Fifty thousand. Count it and check it’s authenticity, if you must.” The man immediately set to work, as another man left the room, presumably to find something to confirm that the money wasn’t counterfeit.

“And what did you plan to spend this money on?”

“Well, originally, that was going to buy us the information, and we were going to take the box.” Victoria told her honestly. “But it’s clear that you won’t just give us our rightful property back, so we’ll make you a deal. The money for the box and it’s contents, and we will tell you everything we know about your La Loba in exchange for the information we want.” Araya looked thoughtful for a second, before turning to one of her hunters, who was standing in the corner.

“Let her down and take her to my office.” She looked back at the two wolves in front of her as he walked over to the control system to turn down the electricity first. “However, the Hale stays here until our arrangement is done.” Peter looked annoyed, but didn’t say anything, as he knew it would only cause him more pain. Victoria nodded in agreement, and had to bite back a sigh of relief when the electricity was turned off. The hunters were not gentle in getting her detached from her confinements, but she said nothing to them.

“Try to keep your mouth shut.” Victoria cautioned Peter before she was lead out of the room. “Your voice has a habit of compelling people to hurt you.” The born wolf rolled his eyes, then groaned in pain when the electricity began coursing through him again, though thankfully at a lower voltage.

“I doubt he will stay quiet, this one loves the sound of his own voice.” Araya chuckled.

“You should hear me sing.”

“I want to hear you scream.” The hunter who had just finished counting the money told him with a sinister grin.

“No one ever wants to hear me sing.” Peter complained as he frowned at Victoria, she just rolled her eyes at him.

“There is fifty thousand, señora.” The hunter confirmed and Araya smiled.

“Then please bring me the box, Severo. Now, Victoria, let’s see if we can benefit each other.” She said as she lead Victoria out of the room with a smirk. “Behave, boys.”

-The Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next day at school, the pack were walking down the corridors between classes, discussing the events of the previous night and trying to think of a way to help Malia. “I can’t believe him.” Scott complained, referring to his father. The night before, the man had arrived at the crime scene/coyote den, with Mr. Tate. He had apparently left the McCall house shortly after Scott had, and decided to visit Mr. Tate when he heard about the discovery over the police scanner. “Why can’t he just back off? He had no problem staying away these past few years”

“Because he’s your father, Scott.” Stiles said softly. “He may be an asshole, but he’s still your father. In his messed up mind that gives him a right to control you and your life whenever he feels
“Well he needs to realise that he doesn’t.” Scott all but growled. “How are we supposed to help Malia, or anyone, if he keeps getting in the way?”

“Can’t we just use our connection to the Nemeton?” Cora asked. “I mean, shouldn’t we be able to feel her if she’s in town.”

“It doesn’t quite work like that.” Lydia explained, in her tone of voice that was reserved for educational lectures. “When we first established the connection we felt everything and everyone in town because it was such a raw connection. The nemeton was focused on establishing the bonds, so it didn’t restrict that ability from us, now it has.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s too dangerous.” Stiles took over. “If the nemeton didn’t shut us off from that ability, we’d all be in a lot of danger. We’d feel everything, and I mean *everything*. Every time someone stubbed their toe, broke a bone, had a baby, died, we’d feel it all. Their pain, physical and emotional, we’d feel the grief and heartbreak of everyone in town.” The pack listened, staring wide eyed at Stiles, then did the same towards Lydia when she picked up the explanation again.

“All of that, feeling it all on top of our own emotions and pain, it’d overwhelm even the strongest of us. At best, we’d die.”

“That’s the *best* option?” Erica gasped in horror, eyes wide in fear.

“The alternative is our bodies shutting down.” Lydia told her, eyes downcast, a shudder going through her at the thought, even as she tried to remain neutral. “We wouldn’t be able to talk or move, or do anything. We’d be paralysed from the pain, trapped in our minds, feeling it all, screaming out for it to stop but not being able to make a sound.” A chill ran through them all at the thought, and Erica almost wished she hadn’t asked, but Lydia wasn’t finished yet. “After a while, we wouldn’t be able to differentiate between what we were feeling and what others were feeling. We’d lose all thought and reason, lost to the agony. Completely insane.”

“It’s similar to what happened to Peter.” Stiles continued. “During his coma, he was trapped inside his own mind. Body paralysed but brain fully functional. Unable to properly grieve for his lost pack, while at the same time, feeling the grief of the survivors. All he could do was lie there and think of them. His thoughts then turned to revenge, it consumed him. Changed him. That’s why he was the way he was when he woke up.”

“Right.” Erica nodded slowly, before looking up at the ceiling. “Thank you, Nemeton, for saving us from insanity!” A gentle warmth overcame her for a moment, which she interpreted as a ‘You’re welcome’.

“Oh.” Danny cut in, unaware of what the blonde was experiencing. “What about Malia?”

“Well, we found her den.” Stiles pointed out.

“She won’t go back there now.” Lydia stated as she walked. “When we went in our scents would have gotten everywhere. She won’t feel safe there anymore.”

“And Coyotes don’t like wolves.” Allison added. “They’re really smart too, if they don’t want to be heard, they actually walk on their toes.”

“Coyotes tip-toe?” Stiles asked in surprise, with a hint of amusement in his voice. Allison rolled
her eyes at him fondly, but nodded.

“They tip-toe.”

“If she won’t go back to the den, where will she go?” Aiden asked with a frown.

“The den was right in the middle of a hiking trail.” Allison pointed out. “That could narrow it down as Coyote’s travel on fixed trails.”

“If you tell me where the trail was, I could bring up a map of all of the connected trails.” Danny offered, gesturing to his bag. “I have my laptop with me, so I could get it done during lesson.”

“When don’t you have your laptop with you?” Jackson asked teasingly at the same time Isaac spoke.

“Alright, that’s all great, but what do we do when we find her?” Isaac asked. “How do we turn a coyote back into a girl, when she hasn’t been a girl for *eight years*?”

Jackson put on a mock scowl. “Oh, fine just talk right over m-”

“I think Derek howling is our best option.” Scott stated with a shrug, so caught up in his own thoughts that he didn’t even realise he’d spoken over Jackson, who was looking at his packmate in utter betrayal. “He’s an alpha and an alpha can force someone to shift, right?”

“Have I gone mute or something?”

“Though that is true, Derek isn’t *her* alpha.” Lydia countered Scott with a pointed look, deciding that messing with her mate would be fun. “And she’s not even a werewolf, she’s a werecoyote, it might not even work.”

“Et Tu, Lydia?”

“We should still try.”

“Are you all going to ignore me today?”

“No one is saying we shouldn’t.” Stiles assured his best friend, resting a hand on his shoulder. “I think that what Lydia is trying to say is that it might not work, so we shouldn’t make it our only play.” Stiles explained and Lydia nodded in confirmation.

“Alright, I get what you’re saying.” Scott told them understandingly.

“But apparently nobody gets what I’m saying.” Jackson grumbled bitterly, glaring at the pack.

“Right, this is us,” Stiles announced, gesturing to himself, Erica, Scott and Cora as the pack paused outside of their history class. “We’ll continue this conversation later.” Just as he said that, the bell rang so they exchanged quick goodbyes before heading their separate ways. Jackson being teasingly ignored the entire time.

Inside the classroom, Kira approached the group as they prepared to take their seats. “Hey, I’m Kira.” She greeted with a nervous smile, before her face dropped and she shook her head. “You knew that. I knew you knew that, I don’t know why I just told you that again.” Scott and Erica smiled at her, whilst Stiles looked amused, and Cora rolled her eyes but couldn’t help the smile tugging at her lips. “Anyway, I have something for you guys.”

“Us?” Scott asked, tilting his head slightly.
“Yeah, about the Bardo.” She told him, the smile returning to her face. “My explanation was kind of all over the place, so I did some research for you and printed it out for you.”

Erica chuckled at the girl, “You didn’t have to do that.”

“It only took a couple hours.” Kira told her, trying to be reassuring, as she searched through her bag.

“Wow, then you really didn’t have to do that.” Scott told her with wide eyes, shocked that she’d give up a large portion of her free time just to help a group of people she barely knew.

“I swear I printed it out!”

“Kira,” A voice interrupted and the girl turned to see her father holding a stack of paper. “You forgot all of that research you did for that group you want to befriend.” He told her simply, causing her to look at him in disbelief and embarrassment as she took the papers from him and gave him a pointed look. Mr Yukimura simply sent a smile to the group behind his daughter before turning and walking away. Kira slowly turned to face the pack again, to find them looking at her in a mix of surprise and joy.

“So…” Erica started slowly, unable to keep the grin off of her face. “You want to befriend us?”

Kira nodded sheepishly.

“Oh, good!” Scott all but yelled in exaggerated relief, drawing curious looks from the other students in the room, but the pack mates ignored them. “Because we totally want to befriend you too.”

“Really?” Kira blinked in surprise. “Why?” She asked without thinking, then panicked slightly when she realised what she had said. “I mean, why me? I’m not cool or popular or-”

“Stop!” Cora interrupted with a firm glare fixed on the girl. “First of all, don’t talk badly about yourself. There are plenty of strangers out there who will do it for you just to make you feel bad, so why add to it yourself?” She asked rhetorically with a raised eyebrow. “Second of all, you are the first person outside of our social circle to not judge us for the decisions, over relationships or otherwise, that we make. I mean, it’s clear that you’re curious about how it works for us, but we can all tell that you aren’t judging us for it, and you’re not gossiping about us so, it’s cool.”

“Also, you’re wearing Marvel leggings!” Stiles pointed out with a grin before Kira could say anything in return. “I’m more of a DC fan myself, but I am no hater to the Marvel universe.”

“We're all total nerds.” Erica informed Kira with a grin. “And you’re not scared of us, so that’s a plus.” At Kira’s confused look, Erica explained. “We weren’t always friends, and we didn’t always dress the way that we do. Before everything changed, I always wore baggy clothes. I never wore what I do now, because I didn’t have the confidence, but thanks to my friends, I do. And because of the sudden change, not only with me, but most of our group, the rumor mill started turning. With the leather,” She gestured to her jacket. “the red,” She gestured to her lipstick. “and the tattoo’s,” She gestured to her wrist. “people became convinced that we were in a gang or mafia or something,” Erica chuckled as she rolled her eyes “and started to avoid us. Sure, you’re new and probably haven’t heard all of the rumors yet, but you’re not avoiding us because of how we look, and that means a lot to us.”

“I’d never judge a person based on how they look.” Kira told them honestly. Scott smiled, and opened his mouth to say something, but before he could, Kira’s father called out, telling everyone to take their seats. He closed his mouth again and gratefully accepted the research that Kira was
“Thank you.” Kira nodded in response then gave them all one last smile before sitting down.

“Alright, everyone, let’s get started.” Mr Yukimura began once everyone was seated “We were just talking about internment camps and prisoners of war. There’s a passage in our reading that I’d like to go over in more detail Who would like to come up and read aloud for us?” When no one volunteered, he looked around for a second, before settling on Stiles “Mr. Stilinski, how about you?”

Stiles looked up in surprise and shuffled uncomfortably in his seat. “Oh, m-maybe someone else could.”

“Everyone participates in my class, Mr. Stilinski.” Although he didn’t actually say the word ‘no’ it was pretty clear that Stiles wouldn’t be getting out of it.

“Okay.” Stiles sighed in defeat and rose to his feet. Mr Yukimura moved out of the way and allowed Stiles to stand by the wooden podium that held the book. Stiles tried to focus on the page in front of him, but the letters wouldn’t stay still. They rolled down the page as Stiles gripped the podium, feeling the all too familiar clutches of a panic attack. He gasped for breath, trying to force himself to calm down as his pack mates stood, and cautiously approached, having picked up on his emotional state.

“Stiles,” Scott began softly as he, Erica and Cora approached Stiles. “are you okay?” Stiles attempted to stand up straight and nod, only to stumble. He tightened his grip on the podium momentarily, until he felt his claws begin to slip out. He immediately let go and closed his hands into fists. Without anything to hold onto he fell to the ground. Within seconds, Erica, Cora and Scott were around him. “Hey, Stiles.” Scott called again, looking at his best friend in panic. “Look at me man, is this- is this a panic attack?” He asked, he was right next to Stiles, but the lanky boy barely heard him.

Scott’s voice was unclear due to Stiles’ heartbeat pounding in his ears. His head was throbbing and his hands tingling due to slowed circulation caused by his hyperventilating.

“We should take him to the nurse's' office.” Erica said, looking up at the startled teacher who nodded in response. However, as they tried to help him to his feet, Stiles legs gave out beneath him. His pack mates tried to keep him standing but didn’t want to grip him too hard in fear of hurting him while in this vulnerable position, they also didn’t want to show too much strength in front of their classmates. So, Stiles ended up back on the floor.

“It’s a dream.” Stiles whispered to himself, but the room was deathly silent, so everybody heard him. “It’s a dream. This is just a dream.”

“No it’s not.” Cora told him, trying to get him to look at her. “This is real, you’re here, in school.” She said glancing warily at the students staring at them. “You’re here with us.”

“Okay what do you do?” Scott asked his pack mates, ignoring everyone around them. “I mean, like, how do you tell if you're awake or dreaming?”

“Your fingers!” Stiles gasped. “You have extra fingers in dreams.”

“Okay, Stiles, look at me!” Erica ordered as she held up her hands. “Count with me, okay? Count my fingers. One,” She began, lifting one finger.

“T-two” Stiles gasped, they counted together, up to ten. Stiles’ eyes darted to and from both of
Erica’s hands, making sure that what he was seeing was true, before his breathing began to even out.

“Can we still take him to the nurse, to calm down?” Cora asked Mr. Yukimura, and the man nodded rapidly.

“Of course. Take all the time you need.” He assured and watched as the three teenagers helped Stiles to his feet and supported him as they left the room, leaving their bags behind.

The group headed to the nurse’s office, where Melissa was filling in for a while. With Victoria out of town, there were no adults of the pack at the school, which made them all a little uneasy after the events with both Gerard and Jennifer. Add that to all of the new staff, many of whom were from out of town, and the adults of the pack were all cautious of the teenagers being without a trusted authority figure who could help them with supernatural problems in school.

Morrell was currently working at Eichen House, and would continue to do so for at least a few weeks, and Natalie Martin wasn’t that well adapted to the supernatural yet, nor did she have much knowledge of it. So, Melissa volunteered to step in. She originally planned to be the receptionist, but as she was more qualified than the actual school nurse, she took over there, and the regular nurse went to reception. After explaining the situation to her superiors at the hospital, they agreed to allow her to count those as part of her logged hours, as it also helped them in that most injuries that occurred at the school -usually a sprained ankle or something similar- could be handled by her, rather than spending extra money on ambulance fuel whilst picking up the student and taking them to the hospital. It also helped the school in that they didn’t have to keep calling ambulances, because the nurse was actually qualified to treat such an injury. All in all, it benefited everyone.

When they arrived at the office, Scott quickly explained the situation to his mother, who ordered Stiles to lie down. “What the hell is happening to me?” He asked as he lay back on his medical bed.

“We’ll figure it out.” Scott promised unwaveringly as Melissa gathered the required equipment to check his vitals.

“You’re going to be okay.” Erica added with a soft smile.

“Am I?” Stiles asked with a raised eyebrow. “Is Derek? Neither of us can transform, Derek is being haunted by a demonic version of Laura and I… I’m straight up losing my mind.” He shook his head at himself. “We can’t do this, we-we can’t- We can’t help Malia, we can’t help anyone.” Her whispered as he shook his head in defeat.

“You’re right. You can’t.” Cora agreed, earning her disbelieving and slightly annoyed looks from the McCalls and Erica. “Not alone.” Cora added before anything could be said. “But you’re not alone. You have us, your pack, and we won’t give up on you, or this town.” She promised, looking Stiles in the eyes. “When I first met you all, I thought that you were all a bunch of stupid, teenaged wanna-be-heroes. Running around, thinking you could stop people from getting killed. I believed that all you’d do was show up late and find the bodies.” She admitted softly, and Stiles hung his head in grief over those that they hadn’t saved along the way. Then, Cora spoke again, causing Stiles to look at her as she spoke with great determination. “But, you proved me wrong. You showed me that we can make a difference. We can help people, we can save people. We’ve saved so many. And even though we have lost a few good, innocent people along the way, we haven’t let them die in vain. We made sure that those who killed them could never hurt anybody else. We will help Malia, and we will help you and Derek. I am not losing any more of my pack. You set me down this hero path, Stiles, and I can’t see it through without you. So, either sit here, feeling sorry for yourself and stop trying to help others, or you can get up and finish what you started.”
After a few seconds, Stiles nodded slowly. “Okay.” He said finally. “I’ll try.”

The remainder of lesson time was taken by Melissa checking over Stiles, and the other three pack members trying to help him find ways to focus on reality. When the bell rang, Melissa finally released her patient.

“Lunch time!” Stiles announced with a grin jumping up off of the medical bed eagerly. “Where’s my bag?” He asked as he looked around rapidly.

Erica groaned and smacked her hand against her forehead in frustration. “In the classroom, with ours.” She sighed. “I’ll go get em, and I’ll meet you guys in the cafeteria.”

“I’ll go with you.” Scott stated with a small smile before hugging his mum and leaving with the blonde.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

“Do not forget the chapters on President Carter and the Commission on Wartime Relocation.” Mr Yukimura reminded everyone once the bell went and the students began to get up.

Kira took her time leaving, and her eyes fell on the bags left behind by Scott, Stiles, Erica and Cora. She hesitated for a second, before putting all the belongings into the correct bags, then gathered them all and scurried out of the room.

Kira wandered the quickly clearing corridors, opting to search for the nurse’s office, rather than heading to lunch, in order to return the bags. It wasn’t long until she froze in shock.

After passing through a doorway, she saw a set of steps in front of her and at the top of those steps, stood a coyote. She stopped her movements when she saw it, but it had already noticed her.

It slowly moved closer to her, sniffing the air as it did so. Then, it’s mouth stretched open as it snarled at her and it’s eye’s seemed to glow. “Oh my god.” Kira gasped, cautiously stepping backwards. The coyote suddenly leapt forward and ran towards her. Kira dropped two of the bags in place, then turned and pushed open the nearest door. She quickly shut the door behind her, and dropped the two other bags, as well as her own. Kira looked around and realised that she was in a locker room. Her first instinct was to hide behind a locker and hope that coyote wouldn’t be able to get through the door. So that’s what she did. She hid behind a row of lockers, pressed her back to it and sank to the floor, knowing that her legs wouldn’t hold her for much longer. So she tried to calm herself and listen for if the coyote got in.

It did. The coyote leapt through the glass panel in the door shattering it on impact. The animal landed easily, unharmed, and began searching.

Kira stayed in place, her heart was racing rapidly in fear as she listened to the coyote searching for her. The coyote’s growls increased in volume as it grew closer to her. After a few moments, Kira peered around the locker, and saw the coyote looking directly at her.

She gasped, and turned away. She slowly rose to her feet and back away as the coyote continued growling. She crept quietly, but soon gasped in surprise and horror when she felt a hand on her shoulder. She spun around to see Scott and Erica. Scott wrapped an arm around her protectively as Erica slammed a single hand against the lockers, sending the row tumbling, taking the other rows with it in a domino effect.

The growls faded, until Kira couldn’t hear them anymore, and Erica and Scott cautiously lead her around the room. Kira sighed in relief when she didn’t see the coyote, but the pair with her didn’t
seem as relieved. Erica looked concerned and battle ready as she continued looking around the room, and Scott was fixated on something just visible in one of the bags in the corner.

Looking closely, Kira saw a part of a doll’s face.

Victoria was carrying the box when she was taken back into the room where Peter was being held, with Araya by her side. She instantly smelt blood. Then she noticed the single, severed, claw-tipped finger, with blood flowing down it stabbed into the table, it was then she noticed that Peter was missing a finger. “Boys,” Araya called out sharply “yo te a comportarse dije!” She snapped in annoyance.

“He wouldn’t stop talking.” A hunter, Severo, shrugged in response.

“Not that I don’t appreciate your hospitality.” Peter gritted out, trying to keep the pain out of his voice. “but do you think it would be possible to put that on ice? Maybe something for my hand? Extra-large Band-Aid? Perhaps some antibiotic ointment?”

“You may do that yourself.” Araya told him, then turned to the hunter. “Let him down.” She ordered. “They are both free to go. Victoria has told us what we need to know.” It was then that Peter the dark, haunted expression on Victoria’s face, so he stayed quiet as he was let down and retrieved his finger. “I will show you out.”

Within minutes, they were outside of the compound with all of their belongings, except the fifty thousand, and heading to the vehicle they had arrived in. “What did you find out?” Peter asked as he wrapped some of the fabric he’d ripped off of his shirt around his hand. “Do you know who that she-wolf is? The one who they’re after?”

Victoria didn’t look at him as they walked, keeping her eyes fixed on the vehicle ahead of them. “Kate.”

Peter froze.

“That’s… not possible.” He protested after a moment, then jogged to catch up with the woman. “Kate’s dead!” He hissed. “I should know, I’m the one who killed her!”

“Well, clearly, you didn’t do a very good job.” Victoria sneered, unlocking the car then put her belongings in the boot. “She came back, the Calavera’s took her body from the morgue, brought her here and gave her a blade to take her own life. She faked her death, and when they came in to take her body, she killed everyone who got in her way and escaped.” Victoria explained as she opened the driver’s side door. “She’s a shifter now. Your claws turned her.” The woman leaned over him and pulled the first aid kit from the glove box, then handed it to a shocked Peter. “And now, you’re going to help me kill her for good.”

The police had arrived at the school to investigate the coyote attack. Derek was checking the perimeter of the school with Parrish, searching for the Coyote, whilst Tara and another deputy interviewed students, and the sheriff told his son what they’d learnt so far.

“A couple of students said they saw it running across the field and back into the woods.” Noah told Stiles as they walked down the school corridor, passing several Animal Control workers along the way. “Thank God, nobody got hurt.”
“What happens if she does hurt someone?” Stiles asked, causing his father to sigh.

“Most likely they'll have to put it down.”

“Put her down?” Stiles demanded, emphasising the word ‘her’. “Dad, try not to forget there's a girl in there, one that you'll be killing.” Stiles reminded his father who gave no response. “Come on, you aren't suddenly not believing, are you?”

Noah signed again, then turned and stood in front of Stiles. “I believe there are a lot of things I still don't understand yet. But that doesn't mean that everything and anything imaginable is suddenly possible. Now, are you 100% sure that this is a girl and not an animal?”

“Yes.” Stiles stated without a moment’s hesitation. “She responded to her name and her eyes glowed, dad. If it was just me who’d seen it, I’d be questioning it, just like you are, but it wasn’t just me. Scott, Isaac, Jackson and Aiden all saw it too and they all believe that Malia can be saved, just like I do.” He told his father firmly. “Malia is trapped in there, she doesn’t know how to turn back and she probably feels a hell of a lot of guilt over what happened that night. Derek told me that born wolves don’t start shifting immediately. They experience all of the heightened senses all of their lives, but the shifting doesn’t occur immediately. For girls, it usually starts between the ages of six and fifteen, like puberty, but not always at the same time, though it's more common—never mind. Malia was eight, it fits. That was likely her first shift.”

“But her parents weren’t supernatural, right?” The sheriff asked in confusion. “So, how could she have been born a werecoyote?”

“We did some research. Mrs Tate was only ever pregnant once, with the younger girl.” Stiles told him. “Malia was adopted.”

Noah sighed again and ran a hand over his face, then nodded reluctantly. “All right, let's get this figured out. Come on.” With that, the Stilinski’s made their way to the locker room where the attack took place and found that Derek had just finished interviewing Kira, and then Melissa was checking her for injuries as she spoke to her father.

“Dad, seriously, I'm okay.” The girl assured, not that it did any good.

“Why were you not headed to lunch like everyone else?” He all but demanded with a stern look on his face.

“They left their bags. I was just trying to do something nice.” Kira defended herself with a shrug “You do something nice and you make friends. Or so I've heard.”

“Hi,” Erica’s voice cut in as she walked over to the girl. “Sorry, I couldn’t help but overhear what you guys were talking about.” She shared a secret smile with Kira, who recognised the words as what she had first said to the group. “and I just want to say something. Kira, we really appreciate your thoughtfulness, but like we said earlier, we already want to be your friend. It’d be kinda hard to be friends with you if you’re coyote food.”

“Trust me, had I known the coyote was going to be there, I would have taken a different route.” Kira told her, in an attempt at comfort. Erica chuckled and shook her head.

“What I’m trying to say is that you didn’t have to get our bags. Not only must it have been rather difficult to carry five bags at once, but it also put you in danger. None of us want to see you hurt. Scott and I were actually on our way to get the bags when we heard the glass break, had we decided to ask our others friends to get them, or get them five minutes later, then you could have
been really hurt. I’d hate to see you hurt.” Erica told her honestly, causing Kira to blush. “So, if anything like that happens again, please, either just leave the bags, or go to the cafeteria where the others will be. Alright? I’d hate for you to be put in danger again because of us.” Kira smiled at the blonde and nodded.

“Alright, I promise.” Kira stated and Erica’s smile widened. Mr. Yukimura glanced between the two curiously, before smiling to himself.

Across the room, Stiles walked over to Scott, who had been listening in on the conversation. “Scott.” He began, drawing his best friend’s attention to him. “I think I know what she was looking for.” He said, and pulled the doll from out of his bag.

“You took the doll from the car?” Scott asked in annoyance, as Stiles had confirmed his suspicion as to why Malia had gone to the school, and why she had followed Kira.

“Yeah,” Stiles nodded, unashamedly. “I thought you could use it, you know, for like her scent.” Before Scott could reply, Mr. Tate’s voice cut in

“Where did you get that?” He demanded and the pair turned to see him staring at the doll as he angrily marched over to them. “Where did you find this?” He asked louder this time as he snatched the doll from Stiles’ hands, drawing attention from the people around them. “It belonged to my daughter.” He spoke softly that time, looking at the doll longingly.

“I’m sorry,” Stiles apologised honestly. “I found it last night. My friends and I found it in the car wreckage just before we found the den.” He told him. “I-I didn’t think much of it, and I completely forgot it was in my bag until now.” He lied convincingly and Mr. Tate simply nodded but didn’t say a word as the Sheriff walked over to them.

“Mr. Tate, I don’t know how you heard about this. If you got your own police scanner or what but you can’t be here.” He said as he reached out for the man, who tried to move away before realising his mistake. He sighed and allowed the sheriff to move his jacket, revealing the gun on his hip.

“I have a permit.” He said, but he knew it wouldn’t do any good.

“California schools are gun free zones, permit or no permit.” Noah told the man firmly, but quietly, as to not alert the crowd of students outside the door. “You need to leave, Mr. Tate. Now.” He all but ordered, and Mr. Tate stammered for an excuse to stay, but the look on the sheriff’s face left no room for argument. When a deputy moved to grab Mr. Tate’s arm, the man gave up, and looked at the sheriff angrily.

“You find that animal. You find that thing.” He sneered before turning and making his way out of the school.

That day after school, Scott, Stiles and Isaac went to the animal clinic to get a powerful tranquilizers from Deaton, as they did, Allison and Cora went to Allison’s home to pick up a special rifle that would shoot the tranquiliser dart. Meanwhile, Chris, Lydia and the twins were trying to help Derek regain control, so that he could roar and, hopefully, turn Malia back to human.

“Xylazine.” Deaton announced holding up three vials. “It’s a tranquiliser for horses. For a werecoyote, expect it to work within seconds.” He informed the wolves as he set the vials down on the metal table. “I only have three, so whoever’s shooting needs to be a damn good shot.”

“Allisons a perfect shot.” Scott announced proudly, as Isaac nodded in agreement.
“She is.”

“Then you just need to figure out how to turn her back to human.” Deaton stated.

“Derek can do it.” Scott said confidently. “He’s done to all of us before, on full moons and back when he first became an alpha.”

“This is a werecoyote, Scott.” Deaton reminded him. “Who know’s if it’d even work?”

“And besides, it’s different now.” Stiles argued. “He can’t even shift into just a werewolf! How the hell is he supposed to alpha roar, when he can’t even reach his alpha side?”

“That’s why he’s with the twins right now.” Scott pointed out.

“They’re not alpha’s anymore.” Deaton reminded him, with a hint of confusion. “After what Jennifer did, almost killing them, it broke that part of them.”

“But they know how to do it.” Stiles said as realisation hit him. “They know how to reach that side and they were taught how to do it. Derek could do it, but he said it was more instinctual than anything else. Maybe that part is just... out of reach because of what we did. Maybe if he know’s how to do it, it’ll help.”

“See.” Scott grinned at Stiles’ calculating look. “It’s good to be optimistic.”

Stiles rolled his eyes. “Shut up.”

At the loft in a building Derek owned, the True Alpha was being tossed around like a rag doll. They’d chosen there as that was where he stayed whilst under Jennifer’s influence, and hopefully those memories would help anger him and help him transform. “I thought you were going to help me roar.” Derek half groaned, half growled at the twins as he wiped the blood from his mouth.

“We are, you do it by giving in” Aiden stated, looking down at his alpha.

“Giving in and letting go, that’s how Deucalion taught us control.” Ethan added, in a softer tone than his brother as he helped Derek to his feet.

“Huh, it’s funny.” Lydia commented from the sidelines. “Stiles and I actually tried something just like this with Scott, using a heart monitor and LaCrosse balls. But you’re right, beating the hell out of him is probably a lot better.” She commented sarcastically.

“That’s the plan?” Derek asked in disbelief. “You kick my ass?”

“You’re afraid to turn.”

“So we make you.”

“You turn, then you kick our asses.”

“And then you roar!” Aiden told him, before turning to face him in beta shift, and letting out a loud roar.

“You think you can’t let go of this?” Ethan asked, shoving Derek towards Aiden.

“You think you’re gonna hurt us?” Aiden continued tauntingly, shoving Derek right back to Ethan. The taunting and shoving continued for a few minutes, but with no signs of Derek shifting, Chris decided to step in.
“This isn’t working.” The hunter sighed, deciding to play his best card. If this doesn’t work, he doubted anything would. “I’m calling Stiles.”

“Why?” Lydia asked curiously as Derek’s head shot towards Chris, the alpha clearly wondering the same thing.

“Because if Derek getting the crap kicked out of him isn’t working, maybe seeing it happen to Stiles will.”

“No!” Derek growled immediately, and behind him the twins smirked, realising Chris’ plan.

“That might work.” Ethan commented with a shrug. Derek turned to glare at the boy as Aiden took over.

“Yeah, clearly Derek isn’t going to defend himself. Maybe he’ll defend his mate.”

“Don’t you dare touch him!” Derek growled in warning, not realising that his fangs were slipping out, but the twins did.

“Or what?” Aiden asked as he advanced on Derek.

“There’s no alpha command in your voice, Derek.” Ethan added.

“What’s to stop us?” Aiden asked before he punched Derek in the jaw, trying to send the alpha over the edge. “We’ve done it before.”

Derek snapped and charged at them, with his eyes glowing and his claws on display. He swiped at Ethan and blocked attacks from Aiden. Despite all of his efforts and partial shift, he still failed to fully access his alpha side, and ended up on the ground again, bloodied and pained, the four who were trying to help him were looking down at him sadly.

Not long after, a familiar car drove up to the Hale house through a clearing of trees. Victoria and Peter were back.

“What happened?” Jackson demanded immediately when he smelt Peter’s blood, as the older pair got out of their car.

“Peter couldn’t keep his mouth shut.” Victoria stated as an explanation as they approached the three teenagers. “But we got the box, the information and something else we didn’t plan on.” She stated as she handed over the triskele box to Boyd.

“What ‘something else’ exactly?” Erica asked warily as the group made their way into the house to help Peter.

“Someone who’s supposed to be dead isn’t.” Peter told them through gritted teeth, clutching his injured hand to his chest. “Can’t anyone in this town stay dead?”

“We were kinda hoping you would.” Melissa jumped in as they entered the living room.

“Hey, Mel, can you get the first aid git?” Danny asked politely from the couch, noticing the bloodied bandages on Peter’s hand. “Peter needs his bandages replacing.”

“Actually,” Peter began, holding up what used to be a bag of ice, but was now just cold water, with a finger floating in it. “I need my finger sewn back on.” Melissa groaned in disgust but moved to get what she needed anyway.
Within five minutes, she was carefully sewing the finger back onto the freshly opened wound, ignoring Peter’s winces of pain. “Don’t you have any anesthetic?” He asked hopefully.

“You.” Melissa grinned at him, then continued sewing, making it clear that he wasn’t going to get any.

Peter sighed. “I don’t know why you’re so hostile to me, I never did anything to you.”

“You bit my sons against their will.” Melissa reminded him with a glare. “You also bit Jackson, Lydia and Tammy, turning Tammy into a vicious homicidal lizard who was forced to kill people and now she has to live with that guilt. You also killed your own niece, attacked my sons and their friends multiple time. You forced Lydia to bring you back to life, and nearly killed Derek in the process. And you’re the reason all of this craziness in town has happened.” She pointed out, adding unneeded pressure to Peter’s wound, causing him to groan in pain. “Maybe some of your actions caused something incredible, like the pack, but you’ve also caused misery and destruction. You may not have done anything to me directly, but you hurt people I care about and I won’t forget that. Maybe I can forgive you, someday, but not without good reason. You may have fought alongside the pack, and protected them, but you haven’t outweighed the bad with good yet, not in my eyes. When you do, I will stop being ‘hostile’, as you put it, but not now. Not until I’m sure you deserve it."

“Understood.” Peter said with a nod. There was no sarcasm or mocking in his response, he was being genuine. He may treat things like a big joke, and pretend that nothing gets to him, but truthfully, it hurts. It hurts that the pack don’t trust him yet, but he does understand and he doesn’t resent them for their attitude towards him. He doesn’t resent them for it because he know’s that he has a lot to prove. He know’s that he can’t just say he’s changed and expect them to believe it. He needs to prove himself. He needs to show that he is a better man than before his death, and during and just after. He doesn’t want to be an alpha again, he doesn’t want to be that powerful again because he can’t handle it. He doesn’t have what it takes to be an alpha, he knows that now. He knows that Derek is far more suited to this role, even though neither of them were trained to be alpha’s, Derek certainly made for an impressive one, impressive enough to rise to a ‘True Alpha’ status.

Peter, upon returning from the grave, had initially sought to regain his Alpha status. However, he realised the truth. He wasn’t fit to be an alpha, and he had no chance of taking over Derek’s pack. So, he scrapped his original plans and came up with a new one. The new plan included joining the pack, earning their trust and their affections.

Seeing how well they worked together reminded him of his late pack and family. He longed to have those connections again. He longed to feel secure and connected in their pack. The new Hale Pack. He knew in his heart that that’s where he belonged, and though he wasn’t pack yet, he knew he’d do anything to protect them without thinking. He’d lay down his life for them.

He just needed them to realise that.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek- 

Near the Coyote Den in the woods early the next morning, Scott, Stiles, Allison, Isaac, Lydia, Jackson, and Derek stood by their vehicles, dressed ready to fight, preparing to go through with the plan to save Malia. Erica, Cora, Boyd and Chris were all set up at different points, near the edges of the woods for if Malia evaded the others and tried to get away. The rest of the pack were sitting that one out, taking the time to analyze the information they’d received from Kira and the Calaveras and try to find something to help Stiles and Derek, but were all prepared to step in if
“Anyone else think we might be doing more harm than good?” Lydia asked and an edge of nervousness and uncertainty could be heard in her voice as she looked around at the others.

“We’re trying to keep a father from killing his own daughter.” Scott stated determinedly sounding very confident and assertive, unfortunately not everyone shared his view on the situation.

“Actually,” Isaac began to correct his mate with an apologetic look. “We’re trying to keep a guy from killing a coyote, who is actually his daughter, who we don’t know how to change back from a coyote to his daughter.”

“Okay what is the point of him?” Jackson asked bitchily before anyone else could reply. “I mean seriously, what is his purpose? Aside from the persistent negativity and the scarf.” Isaac rolled his eyes at the other wolf “What’s up with the scarf, anyway? It’s sixty-five degrees out!”

“It’s called fashion, Jackass, look it up.” Isaac retorted, the rest of the pack seemed frustrated with them and Stiles sighed and ran his hands over his face.

Meanwhile, at the Tate residence, the sheriff slammed an animal trap down onto the table in front of mr Tate. “A jogger on her early morning run almost stepped right into this.” Noah gritted out, trying to contain his anger. “Now, you wanna tell me exactly how many of those you put out there?”

Mr. Tate stared at the other man, remaining silent. Under the Sheriff's scrutinizing stare, the man shifted in his seat and made the mistake of glancing at another room. “Sheriff, hold on.” He tried as the man moved past him and marched towards said room. Noah looked around in horror at the dozens of empty trap boxes.

“Oh god, some kid could get trapped in one of these!” He sighed, then turned and yelled at the grieving father who had followed him through. “Some kid could die in one of these!”

“My kid died!” Mr Tate reminded the Sheriff unnecessarily as tears swelled in his eyes. “Mine.” Though Noah was sympathetic towards the man due to his loss, he couldn’t bring himself to be comforting in this moment. Not when lives were at stake.

“You and me, we’re going out there right now, and we’re going to disarm every single one. I don’t care if it takes all night.” Mr Tate sighed before something caught his eye. Part of the back door was broken, as though something had charged through it, “It’s in the house.” He hissed angrily before storming away and grabbing a shotgun. Noah followed the man through the house, and also pulled out his sidearm as a precaution. Soon enough, Mr. Tate saw the coyote and his anger flared when he noticed his late daughter's doll hanging from it’s mouth. He chased after the animal in a fit of rage, the Sheriff chasing after him, but he wasn’t fast enough. By the time he got out of the house, neither Malia nor her father were to be seen. Then, two shots were fired, the horrifying sound echoed through the woods.

Over where the portion of the pack were gathered, they all turned to look in the direction of the sound. Scott immediately climbed on his bike and drove away, Isaac and Allison ran after him whilst the others desperately called his name.

Stiles immediately dug out his phone and called his dad. Noah finished barking orders to his staff through his radio before answering the call and filling Stiles in on what happened.

“She took the doll again?” Stiles asked incredulously whilst turning around to look at Lydia,
hoping she’d have the answer to his next question. “What the hell is so important about this doll?”

“I don’t know, but listen to me; There are traps all over those woods. Near the trail, probably near the car crash, and Tate’s out there with a rifle. I want you to stay **out of those woods**. You got me?” Noah ordered, but Stiles wasn’t listening due to the thought that had just occurred to him. “You hear me? Stiles?”

“It’s the doll.” Stiles announced suddenly, looking around at the others.

“Stiles?” Stiles quickly hung up the phone and looked around to make sure everybody was listening.

“It’s the doll?” He repeated, this time looking confused.

As this unfolded, Isaac and Allison continued chasing Scott, but soon, he was too far ahead, and they stopped to catch their breaths. Suddenly, another shot rang out and they changed direction before taking off again.

“Okay, but why would she go all the way to the school, then all the way back to the house for a doll? One that was in the car wreck in the first place?” He asked aloud as Lydia paced behind him, whilst their respective boyfriends shared a look. “We didn’t find it in the coyote den!”

“It likes the doll!” Lydia sighed in frustration. “Who cares?”

“Yeah, she likes the doll a lot.”

“What kind of doll is it?” Lydia asked thoughtfully after sighing, running a hand through her hair, deciding to go along and see if Stiles’ instinct paid out, which it usually did.

“I don’t know, it’s a doll! It’s got little arms and little legs, and-” Lydia rolled her eyes behind him, as he went on about the doll’s ‘big head’ and ‘soulless eyes’. “Actually, I took a pic.” He remembered suddenly, and started searching through his phone for the picture. “Here.” He said as he scrambled to show her.

“That’s Malia?” Lydia asked, pointing to the older girl in the photo.

“Yeah.” Stiles confirmed with a nod.

“Stiles!” Lydia repeatedly tapped the tall boy on the shoulder frantically. “She’s not holding the doll!” Stiles’ eyes widened for a second.

“That’s Malia’s younger sister.” He stated aloud in realisation. “It’s **her** doll.”

“So, what does that mean?” Derek pressed, walking over to his mate and setting a hand down on his shoulder. He watched as Stiles’ eyes darted back and forth, a sign that Stiles was thinking, and waited until Stiles was ready. A few seconds later, Stiles looked at his mate with a look of revelation on his face.

“I know what she’s doing.” He told him, but seemed rather grim about it. “I know where she’s going.” He made quick work of telling the trio with him about what he’d discovered, then ordered Jackson and Derek to go on ahead whilst he and Lydia tried to contact the others before catching up.

Elsewhere, Isaac and Allison were running through the woods, but the huntress was having trouble keeping up with the werewolf, thanks to the rifle in her hands, and her lack of supernatural speed.
and stamina. She called out for her mate, but he didn’t slow down. He did however, get distracted and ended up springing one of the animal traps and getting his foot caught in the steel clamp.

Isaac let out a howl of pain as he collapsed to the ground. The sound echoed all through the preserve. Jackson and Derek froze for a moment and looked towards each other.

“Go make sure Isaac is okay.” Derek told Jackson, his voice held no alpha command but his tone left no room for argument. Jackson nodded, leaving somewhat reluctantly as Derek continued on to find Malia, Meanwhile, Scott ended up skidding off of his bike before getting up and running in the direction of his mate, forgetting all about Malia and her father. The other wolves of the pack froze what they were doing, then rushed to get any medical supplies, and tried to call to see what happened.

Allison rushed over to Isaac immediately, feeling her heart clench at seeing him hurt. “Allison,” Isaac gasped as she crouched at his side. “There he is.” He told her, nodding his head towards where Mr. Tate was standing with own rifle. Allison stood and aimed her weapon, unfortunately, the shock of seeing one of her mates hurt and bleeding rattled Allison, and caused her hands to shake. “Hit Tate!” He all but ordered. “Use the tranquiliser on him.”

“Allison.” Isaac spoke in a steady voice, noticing her nerves. “Breathe.”

Allison nodded again and took a deep breathe. “Nous protégeons ceux qui ne peuvent pas se protéger eux-mêmes.” She whispered, reminding herself of why she was out there and forced herself to focus on Tate rather than Isaac. Then, she pulled the trigger and shot the man with a tranquiliser dart, on the left shoulder. The man dropped his rifle then passed out. The pair shared a quick, victorious smile, before Allison looked through the scope of her weapon again, only to find that Malia was gone.

“Scott, it’s me, you gotta call me back as soon as you can, alright?” Stiles order down the phone as he and Lydia walked through the woods, heading to the car wreck. “It wasn’t Malia’s doll, it was her sisters. Malia left it at the car for her sister, okay? It’s like… bringing flowers to a grave. Okay, and we stole the flowers. So that’s all she trying to do, alright? Bring the doll back to the grave- to the car wreck! Derek and Jackson are heading there now, meet them, okay? The car wreck!”

“Stiles!” Lydia called out suddenly as Stiles hung up the phone, a clear edge of panic in her voice. Stiles immediately looked at her, freezing in horror when he saw how still she was, and realised that her left foot was pressing down on an animal trap. “Lydia, we got a problem.” He told her as he stared at the label. “I can’t read either.”

“Look for a warning label!” Lydia told him quietly, as if she was afraid that speaking too loudly would spring the trap. “It contains instructions on how to disarm it.”

“Lydia, why the hell would they put instructions on the bottom of a trap?” He asked in disbelief, eyeing the device fearfully.

“Because animals can’t read!” The redhead reminded him, and he nodded before lowering himself to the floor to look for the label, and soon enough, he found it.

“Lydia, don’t move!” Stiles ordered sharply, trying to not let his fear show.

“Look for a warning label!” Lydia told him quietly, as if she was afraid that speaking too loudly would spring the trap. “It contains instructions on how to disarm it.”

“Lydia, why the hell would they put instructions on the bottom of a trap?” He asked in disbelief, eyeing the device fearfully.

“Because animals can’t read!” The redhead reminded him, and he nodded before lowering himself to the floor to look for the label, and soon enough, he found it.

“Lydia, we got a problem.” He told her as he stared at the label. “I can’t read either.”
Lydia pulled in a shuddered breath as panic surged through her. Then she reminded herself to stay rational and think of a solution. After a few seconds, she spoke again. “You don’t need the instructions.” She told Stiles honestly and she couldn’t but giggle through her tears as something occurred to her. “When is the last time you have ever used instructions?” She asked rhetorically with a watery smile. “Like, when we were assembling the furniture for the house, you didn’t even glimpse at them, and you got it done. You don’t need them, because you are too smart to waste your time with them.” Stiles looked up at her in awe at her words, and she smiled down at him. “You can figure it out.” She said confidently, even as the tears rolled down her face “Stiles, you’re the one who always figures it out. So you can you do it.” Stiles broke their eye contact and looked down at the trap again. “Figure… it… out.” Stiles quickly wiped away a tear that was rolling down his cheek before drawing in a deep breath and focusing on the trap.

Suddenly, he noticed it. He quickly brushed the twigs and leaves aside to get a better look. Yes, it was what he thought. A small wheel that connected to the spring of the trap. “Okay.” He whispered. “Okay, here we go.” He told Lydia in a louder voice as he reached out a shaking hand to the wheel. “You need them. You don’t even use them.” He repeated before turning the wheel, standing up and pulling Lydia off of the trap and into his arms. A single second later, the trap jaws snapped shut. “Are you okay?” He asked, looking at the redhead cradled in his arms.

“I’m fine.” Lydia assured with a nod, then gestured towards the trees. “Go.”

“What? No, you just almost lost your foot!” Stiles protested immediately.

“And you saved me.” Lydia countered firmly, folding her arms over her chest. “I have no doubt in my mind that Jackson picked up on my distress and is on his way, Derek, however, is now on his own, going after Malia. He’ll need you.” As if to prove her point, the sounds of someone running became audible as the person drew closer. Within seconds, Jackson, having foregone going to Isaac as he’d seen Scott heading that way before he felt Lydia’s fear, emerged from the trees and ran straight to Lydia and wrapped her up in his arms.

“You should go to Derek.” Jackson informed Stiles as he nuzzled his mate’s neck and inhaled her scent. He then confirmed what Lydia had theorised “He needs you. He’s still not shifting.”

“You think I don’t know that?” Stiles unintentionally snapped in response. “But how the hell am I supp –”

Lydia interrupted, told him exactly what he needed to do, as she had a theory. A theory as to how to save Derek.

Stiles listened, mentally kicking himself for not figuring it out himself, then nodded, then turned and took off, taking all of the shortcuts he knew in the hopes of finding Derek before the elder male reached the car wreck.

Derek kept chasing the coyote through the woods, as this went on, eyes fixed on her until he felt a presence beside him and smelt a familiar scent. Turning his he head, he looked at Stiles, who was staring right back at him with an oddly calm expression. “You can do this.” Stiles stated confidently, despite panting for breath as he ran. “I believe in you Derek. Just let go.” Before Derek could respond, Stiles increased his pace.

“When we trying to get him to turn.” Lydia had told Stiles before he’d run off. “He reacted to Chris saying that he’d call you and use you as motivation.”

Stiles didn’t even care that he didn’t have control over his wolf, he pushed himself to as fast as he
could go, he leapt over branches and ducked under trees, using as many tricks as he could to catch up to the coyote.

“The thought of you getting hurt made him react far more than anything else.”

Derek’s brow furrowed in confusion as Stiles fell into line with Malia but didn’t stop her, instead pushed himself even more to get in front of her.

“So you need to get hurt Stiles.”

As he was passing her, Stiles reached over a snatched the doll from Malia’s mouth resulting in a furious snarl from the werecoyote.

“It won’t take much”

Derek notice the very second that Malia leapt forward towards his mate, jaws spread wide.

“His wolf wants to come out, it’s just suppressed.”

Her teeth dug into Stiles’ ankle, sending him tumbling and let go of the doll, it went flying from his hands. Derek felt his rage spike to great levels.

“At this point, I believe that even a papercut from you would work.”

He didn’t realise that his eyes were glowing as he pushed himself faster, he swept Stiles up into his arms before he’d even hit the ground. Malia having released him in favour of going after the doll.

“Get hurt, Stiles, and Derek will turn.”

Stiles looked up at Derek, who easily continued running with his mate in his arms, albeit slower than before. “You okay?” Derek asked, panting slightly, glancing down at Stiles who’d already started healing.

“Yeah, I’m good.” Stiles assured with a grin, causing Derek to glare down at him.

“What the hell were you thinking?”

“I was thinking that my pain would help you shift.” Stiles stated simply and grinned as Derek's glare somehow gained intensity. “And here you are with glowing eyes.”

Derek blinked in surprise, suddenly becoming aware that he was in fact seeing red, literally.

“Trust me.”

Stiles maneuvered himself, flipping himself over Derek and landing just beside him, ignoring the pain in his leg, he ran. Derek shook his head at the younger male, before deciding to talk about Stiles’ self preservation skills, or lack thereof, once the current situation was resolved.

“He’ll turn”

As they ran, Derek began to shift further, allowing his wolf to take over and didn’t fight it anymore. Stiles simply grinned at his alpha as Derek noticed Malia running not far from them. Knowing that he had to go faster if he wanted to get there first and stop her from getting caught in a trap, Derek made an impulsive decision, Derek turned and leapt over the car wreckage, and landed in a crouch. Malia stopped when she saw him and snarled. Derek looked up at her with glowing red eyes, then, he let out a powerful roar.
All across Beacon Hills, the wolves of the pack heard the roar, and felt the power and command behind it surge through them. The three wolves pacing the perimeter of the woods all froze simultaneously, all looking with glowing eyes towards Derek, even though he was out of their line of sight. Chris too heard the howl, filled with power that even he could feel, and allowed a smile to grace his face.

At another part of the woods, Scott had just arrived at where Isaac and Allison were. The two wolves felt the power flow through them and their eyes glowed and Isaac suddenly ripped the trap off of his leg with a cry of pain.

Lydia and Jackson turned when they heard the sound, and Lydia smirked, feeling proud that her hypothesis had been proven correct.

At the Hale house, the twins heard Derek and felt their eyes glow in response to their alpha. Danny noticed and allowed a hopeful grin on his face, looking between the twins for confirmation. “Was that-?”

“Yeah.” Aiden nodded with a genuine smile.

“Derek’s back.” Ethan finished with an excited grin on his face.

“Now that’s what I’m talking about.” Stiles exclaimed excitedly, pausing next to the car wreck, watching as the roar faded off and Derek’s eyes returned to their natural colour.

Moving to stand by his mate, Stiles and Derek watched as the coyote before the shifted back into a (Very naked) teenaged girl right before their eyes.

The girl looked at them both in shock as Derek stood up again, and Stiles removed his jacket, holding it out for her, and she appeared to become even more confused and looked down at herself. She held up one of her hands in front of her face and stared at it in awe.

Not long after, Noah, Stiles and Lydia were in Noah’s police cruiser, taking the now dressed Malia to the Tate house. They were taking her home.

“Okay, Malia, I know that this must all be very confusing, but once you’ve settled and everything, please come and find us.” Stiles requested gently from where he was sat next to Malia in the back seat, and the girl tilted her head.

“Why?”

“Because just because you’re human again now, that doesn’t mean you’re not a werecoyote anymore.” Lydia explained gently from the front passenger side seat. “That’s still a part of you and we can teach you how to control, and, if you want, shift back.”

“I can… change back?” Malia asked curiously with wide eyes.

“Yes, once you know how, you can switch back and forth at will.” Stiles stated. “You can also go into a sort of inbetween state. Well, we can but I’m sure you’ll be able to as well.” Stiles explained and the girl nodded.

“Okay.” She agreed, after a slight hesitation. “How will I find you?” She asked and Stiles quickly picked up his back. He pulled out his notebook and pen then opened it to a clean page. He was about to hold it out to Lydia when he noticed it, the writing on the pen. The writing he could actually read. He looked up with a grin, and Lydia gave him a curious look. Stiles said nothing, simply showed her by writing on the paper and Lydia smiled when realisation hit her. Soon, Stiles
ripped the page out and handed it to Malia.

“I’m Stiles, Derek is the alpha of our pack, the one who roared and turned you back, obviously my dad there is the Sheriff.” Stiles explained as he pointed at the paper and his dad. “This here is Lydia, those are our phone numbers. This is the number for the police station and the address for it, if you didn’t want to meet up with us at our house or didn’t want to call us directly, and this here is the address where the majority of us live.”

“How many of you are there?” Malia asked curiously. “Are you all… werewolves?”

“No, not all of us.” Stiles informed her. “Overall, there are seventeen people who are like, central pack, then there are another five people who are also pack, but not as involved with the supernatural, then there’s another person who is almost pack, but not quite, then there are a couple of other people who we are close to and have a bond with, but not in the same way as pack. Out of all of those people, twelve are werewolves, ten are human, though one of them is a druid-in-training, two people are druids and one is a banshee.”

“That’s a lot of people.” Malia commented looking slightly dazed, though might have just been the whole being-human-again-after-eight-years thing.

“Yeah, but- uh, there’ll always be someone to help you with anything you need.” Stiles grinned easily, causing the girl to giggle slightly. “But, seriously, Malia, whatever you need, you can come to us. And if you want another female there are five adult women in our pack, and another woman we know who is aware of all of this, who’s also a therapist. Then there’s four teenaged women in our pack, if you want someone your age to talk to, well, your physical age at least.”

“Thank you.” Malia smiled genuinely, and the journey continued in a comfortable silence until they arrived at the Tate home. Malia’s breath hitched as her eyes fell on her childhood home. She had just been there in her coyote form, but this was different, somehow. Looking at it then, it felt like the first time she’d seen it since she, her mother and her sister left that day.

“Malia?” The sheriff called gently, and suddenly, the girl realised that the car had stopped, and that the car door beside her was open. The sheriff was stood there looking at her in concern. “Are you ready?” She said nothing, simply nodded and undid her seatbelt, before climbing out. As the Sheriff walked her to her house, she tugged the over-sized jacket tighter around herself. Malia’s heart raced as she walked (on two legs) up the porch steps. The sheriff gave her a reassuring smile before knocking on the door. After a few seconds, her father opened the door as gently pulling Malia closer. “Mr Tate,” The sheriff greeted, but the man was focused on the young woman before him.

He blinked a few times, trying to figure out if what he was seeing was real, and what he thought. Tears welled in his eyes with the more similarities he saw in the girl before him, and the child he lost eight years before. “Malia?” He asked in a choked voice, barely above a whisper. The girl nodded with a grin as tears spilled down her cheek. Henry Tate pulled the girl into a tight hug, which she easily melted into. In the police cruiser, Stiles and Lydia shared a smile as Noah stepped away from the father and daughter.

The next day, Noah and his employees took the Tate case files to storage triumphantly as Rafael McCall watch from the corner. Noah slammed the door to his office shut with a smirk then turned to look at the FBI agent and waited for the other man to speak.

“How long have you known?” The agent asked quietly. “About… everything?”

“Since late January-early February of this year.” Noah replied with a shrug. “Just after the death of
Laura Hale, and Scott and Stiles were turned.”

“Stiles?” Agent McCall asked with wide eyes, “He’s a w- one of them too?”

“Yup.” Noah replied casually, trying to keep the smug grin off of his face. Stiles had wanted to go and wolf-out in front of his best friends father, but Noah had convinced him that him taunting the agent, with the pack watching from home via the security camera that Danny had a line into, was a better idea. So, here he was. “They were bitten on the same night, by the same Alpha. But there’s a new alpha now, a great alpha, a True Alpha, even. Stiles’ mate, would you believe?” Noah scoffed, pretending that he didn’t notice the colour draining from the other man’s face. “Don’t get me wrong, the age difference did bother me a little at first, but then I saw how much Derek truly cares about Stiles, and I got over it. He’s a great guy, Derek, a great deputy and I really hope that I can call him ‘son-in-law’ some day, well, I already call him ‘son’ but you know what I mean.”

“Stiles is gay?”

“Well, technically, he’s bi, but I honestly can’t imagine him with anyone but Derek.” The sheriff smiled honestly, and sent a quick glance to the camera before returning his attention to McCall.

“Can you- uh- c-can you tell me about this… pack?” The FBI Agent asked uncertainly, as if he wasn’t sure that he actually wanted to know, regardless, Noah nodded and gestured for the other man to take a seat, before delving into a very detailed, very complimentary, description of the Pack, McCall asking questions here and there.

Once the Sheriff had finished speaking, Rafael nodded slowly, trying to process the information “Okay, and Scott, he’s… he’s happy, right?”

“Yeah he is.” Noah stated honestly with a smile. “I’m sure you’ve noticed how much more confident he is nowadays.” Rafael nodded and the sheriff continued. “He didn’t get that way until after he turned, but personally, I don’t think it was solely because of the new abilities he gained from the bite, but the new friends, family even. They helped him find himself, and gain confidence. He has grown so much and that has a lot to do with the pack and the support they’ve given him, don’t get me wrong, Scott was the one who turned his life around and made himself the incredible person that he is today, but they inspired him to get here, they all inspired each other to become better people, hell, they even inspired me. I wouldn’t have been able to cope with all of this stress and craziness of this job if I didn’t have the pack. They’re crazy and eccentric, but they’re also the most incredible group of people that I’ve ever met.”

“But they’re not people, right?” Rafael asked without thinking. Noah’s expression darkened and he sent an impressive glare at the man, who quickly back peddled at the sight. “Not all of them, I mean, they’re… werewolves and werecoyotes and banshees…” He rambled erratically, looking slightly confused and overwhelmed. “I mean, sure some of them are human, but the rest? The rest are more than that, right? They have better reflexes, senses and a far superior healing rate. So, what’s to stop them from… overpowering us- us as in humans? Sure this pack is good, but what about others? From what you’ve told me, this town has a hell of a lot of attacks by the supernatural. What’s to stop t—the supernatural creatures of the world from taking over and treating humans like slaves, or even killing us?”

“You mean, what’s to stop supernatural creatures from doing to humans what we’ve done to each other all throughout history? Hmm, I don’t know McCall.” Noah hummed faux-thoughtfully. “Maybe the pack? Or our allies? Y’know, the hunters council, rogue hunters that we have an alliance with, then there’s the various packs and emissary's that we’ve helped out—”

“Alright, I get it.” Rafael cut him off with a sigh. “These hunters, they’re human?” Noah nodded.
“And they can defend themselves against the… Supernatural?” Noah nodded again. “How?”

“Tomorrow night, wear something to work out in and go to the preserve entrance at six, a few deputies will be there too, for training.” Noah stated just before someone tapped on the office door and they both turned to see who was there.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

Two days later, the entire pack were all the Hale Home, enjoying the unusual peace and quiet that didn’t often occur in Beacon Hills. The entire pack were there, taking some time to relax before Victoria and Peter were to set off and search for Kate, and before the next inevitable crisis occurred. So though they were hopeful for a relaxing day, none of them were surprised when they received alerts that someone was approaching the house.

“Who is it this time?” Erica groaned as she reluctantly paused the x-box game that she, Isaac, Stiles and Jackson were playing.

“Hang on, just a- huh.” Danny looked surprised as he brought up the security camera feed on his laptop. “It’s Malia.”

“Malia?” Chris asked curiously from an armchair in the corner as he closed his book. “As in Malia Tate? The were-coyote?”

“One and the same.” Danny confirmed. “She’s coming to the door.” Chris stood, and made his way to greet her. He opened the door just as she was about to knock, surprising her for a second.

Malia looked him up and down, then, without warning, punched him in the face. “Hello Peter.” She sneered, glaring at him as he groaned in pain and lifted a hand to his bleeding nose.

“Chris!” Victoria called out, rushing over to her mate in concern. “Oh god, are you okay?” Chris nodded and moved his hand, showing that his nose didn’t look broken, but it was swelling already and bleeding heavily. The majority of the pack were gathered in the entrance hall now, most of them glaring at the wide-eyed Malia as Melissa rushed over with a first aid kit.

“Wait, Chris? You’re not Peter?” She asked in shock.

“No,” Chris groaned, tilting his head back and allowing Melissa to look at the damage to his nose. “I’m not.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I thought you were Peter.” She apologised immediately. “My da- uh adopted dad said that he lived here. Peter Hale?” There were collective sighs from the group in front of her, and Cora turned towards the stairs.

“Peter, what the hell did you do this time?” She yelled in annoyance, before returning her attention to Malia, whom Allison had begun to speak to.

“Okay, I forgive you for punching my dad, because I can’t blame you for wanting to punch Peter.” She told the girl, ignoring her father’s raised eyebrow. “What did he do?”

“I haven’t done anything.” Peter drawled as he made his way down the stairs. He looked at Malia with a mix of confusion, amusement and wariness. “I do not even know this girl.”

“No, but you knew my birth mother.” Malia told him as she stepped into the house, keeping her eye’s locked on his. “The Desert Wolf.” Peter’s eyes widened in surprise as the gears turned in his mind, but before he could say anything, Malia spoke again. “Hi dad.”
A few hours later, Malia had told them everything her father knew about Malia’s birth parents and Lydia used Talia’s claws to find the memories the late Alpha had taken from her brother. That’s when she found the truth. Malia definitely was Peter’s daughter. Once the pack had filled her in on her new found family, and introduced her to the pack, she asked to be trained.

“It’s only be two days, but I don’t feel right, I kinda feel crazy.” She had explained when Derek asked why she was so hurried to learn. “I need to know that I can still do it. I need to know that I can change back if I want to.”

Derek had nodded in understanding and told everyone to change into workout clothes, the other girls agreed to lend Malia clothes. Then they went to the training clearing to teach Malia. The girl caught on quickly, easily accessing her claws, then excitedly showed the others, and nearly cut a few of them in the process. “I’m so sorry!” She apologised genuinely, despite the large grin on her face. “I did it!”

“Yes you did.” Derek smiled at her excitement. “Now, you need to learn how to control it.” Malia nodded seriously as Derek taught her to retract the claws, then lengthen them again. After that, she was taught how to shift her face, and some basic self defense maneuvers before the night was through.

While they were training, deeper in the woods, a figure obscured by the darkness approached the Nemeton, pulled out a branch that was growing from it, tossed said branch to the ground, then walked away. Seconds later, hundreds of fireflies flew up and out of the tree, then moved together to form human-like shapes.

Over in the clearing, Lydia, Stiles and Derek all froze. “Something’s coming.” Lydia whispered. Everyone else froze and looked at the Banshee, then to Stiles and Derek.

“Who?” Jackson asked, walking over to his mate.

“Not who.” Stiles corrected, voice barely more than a whisper. If the wind hadn’t carried it, he doubted the humans would have heard him. “What.” Lydia then began to walk towards the trees, allowing the voices to direct her feet on where to go.

The rest of the pack followed, Stiles and Derek the only ones falling in line with her, not needing the Banshee’s guidance as the Nemeton was telling them where to go. To it.

They arrived at the Nemeton within five minutes, and Malia’s eyes immediately glowed. “Woah.” She gasped, sounding breathless. “What is that?” There was a pause as everyone expected either Lydia or Stiles to answer, but they, and Derek, were staring at the same spot on the nemeton, unblinkingly.

“It’s called a Nemeton.” Allison informed her, quietly, keeping her eyes fixed on the trio. “It’s a beacon for supernatural creatures, it’s tethered to our pack now though.”

“So, did this happen to any of you guys when you first saw it?” Malia asked, looking around at the wolves.

“No.” Cora told her honestly, causing a bolt of worry to shoot through Malia. “But it did when Stiles and Derek completed the ritual to tie us to it. We also felt an increase in power, it was like-”

“Like you just got a bunch of energy from nowhere?” Malia asked hopefully. If that happened when the pack connected to the nemeton, maybe it meant she was connected to the nemeton now too, and if she was, that meant she was pack, right?
Cora smiled at her and nodded. She opened her mouth to say something, but Lydia let out a gasp, stopping Cora in her tracks. Stiles had leant forward and picked up something from a crack in the stump. A dead fly.

Stiles allowed it to drop from between his index finger and thumb, into the palm of his hand, and stared at it. “Ew.” Allison muttered, and Lydia and Derek came out of their trances, but Stiles didn’t.

“Stiles?” Derek called softly, but his mate didn’t react. “Stiles.” He repeated, louder this time, but still received no response. The next time, he put Alpha command in his voice, still nothing. Five minutes passed, and Stiles was still staring at the fly. Derek, beyond worried, and even more on edge thanks to the pack surrounding him, also freaking out, decided to howl. Around him, Malia and the wolves all had their eyes glow in response, but Stiles’ eyes remained their natural whiskey colour. He did look up at his mate though. “Stiles? Are you okay?”

Stiles looked back at the fly in his hand, then looked up at Derek, then blinked and dropped the fly back onto the Nemeton. “Yeah, I’m fine.” He glanced around and could easily see that the pack weren’t convinced. “Really, I just got a little lost in my head. Anyway, there’s no one here, whatever the Nemeton wanted us to see, it’s gone now.” He nudged his head in the direction of the clearing. “Why don’t we get back to training?”

-The Teen Wolf-/Sterek-/Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The following Saturday evening found Malia sighing in frustration as yet another pen snapped in her hand and growled at the page before her. “I don’t get it!” She announced to Mr Tate. The father daughter duo were trying to get Malia caught up with her school work so that she could join her new friends in high school. Mr Tate had been surprised that she had been so quick to get back to school, and concerned as she refused to talk about what happened to her. She was going out at odd times, sleeping on the floor in her room, curled up in her blankets rather than on her bed. Asking for food like deer and rabbits, growling at things, breaking pens with little effort, shattering glasses just by holding them too tight and not once getting hurt by the shards.

The night before, Malia shattered a glass again and her father could have sworn he saw some shards sticking into her palm and blood pooling around them. Before he could look, however, Malia rushed off to clean the mess up, not stopping until all the shards were gone, and when she finally let her father look, there wasn’t so much as a scratch on her. It was all strange and the man didn’t know what to do or how to help.

“Okay,” The man began slowly, trying to think of a better way to explain the solution to the mathematical problem. They were now up to 6th grade work and Malia just wasn’t getting it. It had also been a long while since Mr Tate had been in school, and he was pretty sure that he wasn’t doing equations like that in the 6th grade anyway. “Why don't we-”

“I'm calling Lydia.” Malia announced, shooting up from her chair and marching towards the landline phone, hung on the wall. Her father frowned in confusion as Malia pulled a crumpled sheet of paper from her jean pocket.

“Who's Lydia?”

“She's one of the ones who found me, she gave me some clothes and offer to teach me stuff.” Malia explained quickly as she lifted the phone to her ear.

“Gave.” Her father corrected, “She gave you some clothes.” She nodded in response before talking on the phone.
“Lydia? It’s Malia. I need your help.” Mr Tate cleared his throat, drawing Malia’s attention, and sent her a well-practiced pointed look. “Please.” Malia added earning her a smile of approval and small nod. The girl grinned back as she listened to Lydia. “No, nothing like that” She assured after a moment. “School work. I want to join you guys in high school, but I need to caught up first. I'm up to 6th grade work but I don't get it. You offered to help when I- when you found me. That's great, thank you so much, alright, see you then.” She hung up the phone, looking happy and relieved. She turned to her father with a grin and explained the situation to him.

“Lydia’s coming over to help and she's bringing Allison, Danny, Stiles and Erica.” At her father's confused and slightly concerned expression, she elaborated. “Allison and Stiles were a part of the group who found me, Danny and Erica are their friends. Stiles is the sheriff’s son by the way. They're the ones who are the best at teaching in the group and know more about certain subjects than the others, so.” She shrugged, unable to think of anything to add.

Mr Tate was skeptical about allowing a group of strangers, who seemed to spend their free time searching the woods for coyote dens, into his house to tutor his formerly lost daughter. However, if it wasn’t for these individuals, he may not have is eldest daughter back. Malia, the girl he and his late wife took in and looked after as their own. Losing her hurt just as much as losing his other daughter did, they gave him his child back, so they couldn't be that bad. Plus, the sheriff’s son, he’s got to be responsible, right?

Maybe this group was the reason Malia was going out so much, too. So getting to know them may help him reconnect with his daughter. His relationship with her is strained now compared to the relationship they once shared, after all this time apart and telling her about being adopted. He’d hoped that telling her the truth would help her reconnect with him, he thought that maybe, him opening up with her would help her do the same with him. It didn’t.

That’s when she started going out, disappearing without a word, and Mr Tate was terrified. Terrified of losing his little girl again. Terrified that she could get hurt again. It used to be so easy for him, being her father, but now he’s too scared of saying the wrong thing, of driving her further away that he’s not being the father she needs, the father that he is. He just needs to find a way to find a new normal with her, he just doesn’t know how.

The pair sat together for a few minutes in silence until the group arrived. The group were very polite and well-mannered when he answered the door for them. They introduced themselves one by one, explained how they were going to arrange the session for the night, who was going to help her with what and quickly arranged a schedule for the evening. They were patient with Malia when she didn’t get things, or forgot things that they’d previously explained. Four hours later, Malia was feeling much more confident in her ability to complete the work, hugging the group goodbye one by one, with a large, grateful smile on her face.

Mr Tate gave his own farewells and informed them that they were all welcome over any time for anything. Stiles was the one who smiled and politely declined, stating that there were a lot of people in their group, and it wouldn feel fair to leave the majority of them out of something more social. He did, however, continue to assure Mr Tate that they’d still help Malia study, and that both he and Malia were welcome over to the main house. Mr Tate did find it odd that a group of teenagers lived together in a secluded house in the middle of the woods, but some of their parents lived with them, apparently, and it did explain what they were doing out there that day. Plus, the pleading look Malia sent him showed that she really liked these people. So, he’d give them a chance.

The man accepted the invitation with a smile, and exchanged numbers with Stiles, then the group left with kind farewells.
Once the door closed behind them, Malia turned and pulled Tate into a large, strong hug. The man let out a noise of surprise as the action as the air was pushed from his lungs, causing Malia to quickly let go. “Sorry, I forget my strength sometimes.”

“It’s okay.” Tate assured with a soft smile. “So, are they who you’ve been visiting when you sneak out?” He asked curiously. Malia’s eyes widened. “What? You thought I wouldn’t notice?” The girl open and closed her mouth a few times, unsure of what to say. Her father sighed and led her back to living room where both of them sat down.

“Listen, Malia, I know this must be difficult for you. I can’t imagine what you went through out there, what you had to do to survive, but whatever you did, whatever you had to become, you’re still my daughter. You’re still the little girl who would come running down the stairs each morning, making as much noise as possible trying to get the first plate of breakfast. You’re still that little girl who climbed up the drainpipe, onto the roof of the house, terrifying your mother and I, just to get her little sisters kite back and cheer her up. You're still my little girl, Malia, and I want to get to know you again” Both he and Malia had tears in their eyes, some of Malia’s had fallen and begun rolling down her cheeks, which she quickly wiped away. “I’m not going to ask you to spend all our time with me rather than your new friends, because I can see that they’re helping you. But, I was hoping—”

“Dad.” Malia cut in, wiping her tears away. “Before you say anything else, there's something you should know, about me.” Tate looked at her and nodded for her to continue, gripping her hand in an attempt of comfort. “There- there’s a reason no one found me before now, a reason why I was gone for so long. I wasn’t like.. This. I changed, in the car.” Tate opened his mouth to say something, but Malia wouldn’t let him. “Mum had upset me, over… something, I can’t even remember what, and I lost control, I-It was a full moon, and I didn’t know what I was then, I didn’t know that I would—” A sob broke from her lips and her father’s grip tightened on her hand. She looked up to see him looking at her in confusion and concern.

“Malia? What are you talking about?”

“I transformed.” She all but yelled, standing suddenly, pulling her hand from her father’s grip. “I couldn’t stop it, I was so scared and it just… kept happening. Mum and Kylie were screaming, they were terrified, of me. I was terrified too but I couldn’t stop it, the car swerved and… and I lost control, I tore the car apart trying to get out then I just ran.”

“Malia, I don’t understand. Transformed?” He asked in confusion. “Whatever happened, it wasn’t your fa—”

“Yes it was!” Malia cried, pulling off her jacket and throwing it on the couch next to the man. “Because of what I am!” She tugged off her shirt too, and her father immediately looked away.

“Malia, what are you-?” He began to ask, but Malia cut him off.

“Look at me!” She ordered and her father obeyed. She was stood in only her underwear so her father kept his eyes locked on hers, and Malia allowed them to glow a bright blue, causing her father to gasp out loud. She then shifted her whole face, then, when her father still hadn’t run away screaming, fully transformed in a coyote, shredding her remaining clothes in the process. That’s when Tate finally broke down, the tears that had built up finally fell, Malia hung her head as the man let out a heart wrenching sob. She closed her eyes, not wanting to see the disgusted look on his face or watch her father, biological or not, walk away from her.

Arms wrapped around her, and a face pressed against her neck, dampening her fur with tears. “I'm so sorry.” Her father sobbed, confusing Malia. ”I tried to kill you. I tried-” Malia let out a soft
whine and nuzzled her father’s head. “I'm so sorry”

About an hour later, Stiles and Lydia returned, this time with Derek and the Sheriff. Malia had called them after they had both calmed down to explain the situation to her father in more detail.

“How’re ya doing?”

“And please, call me Henry.”

“Thank you, please, follow me to the living room, something tells me I’ll need to be sitting for this.”

Once everyone was comfortable sat in the living room, each with a drink provided by Malia, the explanation started. Derek began, telling the story of Peter’s connection to Malia, and his family including the fire that killed most of them, then lead up to Laura’s demise, and the night he returned to Beacon Hills. That’s when Stiles took over, explaining how he and Scott were turned. The story was then split between the four of them, told seamlessly over the following two hours. Stiles and his father ended the story with how Noah had begun re-evaluating cold cases that could have been connected to the supernatural.

“Thank you.” Was all Henry could think to say once the information settled in. “You've all been through so much and you put in all this effort to save my daughter, a girl you don’t even know. If you hadn’t- if you- she might have- I could have- I just- Thank you.”

Stiles smiled softly as the man stuttered, trying to get a grip on his emotions. “You’re welcome.”

The next night, an ambulance pulled up outside of Beacon Hills hospital and Rafael McCall jogged over to talk to the driver. “Bring him round back, and keep it quiet, no-one needs to know except for the people who absolutely need to know.” The driver nodded, then took off to take the patient to the back entrance of the hospital.

Melissa was positioning a carved pumpkin on the reception desk of the hospital when she noticed her ex-husband, then her boyfriend flanked by Parrish and Derek, and she immediately knew something was up by the looks on their faces.

“Oh, here we go.” She sighed as she approached them. Before she could say anything, Noah spoke to Rafael.

“He is not coming in!”

“This is the only hospital that’ll take him.” Rafael shrugged, as Melissa glanced between them warily.

“You’d be surprised how fast things fill up when a guy like this needs surgery.” Rafael retorted.

“They turfed him to us?” Melissa sighed, knowing exactly who they were talking about.

“Yeah.” Noah confirmed, sending her an apologetic look. “If the county doesn’t want to operate on him-”
“Then somebody has to.” Rafael finished for him just before the paramedics walked by. They were pushing a gurney with a man strapped to it, the criminal who needed surgery.

“Somebody needs to do the pre-op interview.” Melissa stated out loud as she stared at the man.

“Who usually does that?” Rafael asked, and Melissa sighed once more and paused for a moment before replying.

“Me.”

Later, after the clock hit midnight and it was officially Monday, Stiles, Isaac, Jackson, Cora, Erica, Boyd, Ethan and Aiden were spread out around the school, setting up pranks. As he worked, Isaac was on the phone to Allison, trying to get her to come to the school. Jackson was doing the same with Lydia, as did Ethan with Danny and Stiles with Scott.

“Get your ass down here now. We have a job to do.” Stiles ordered down the phone as he made his way to his gym locker.

“Dude, I’m already in bed.” Scott complained. “And aren’t we getting a little old for this?”

“We do this for Coach.” Stiles argued as he walked through the locker room with his flashlight.

“I thought we did this to Coach.” Scott countered with a chuckle and Stiles rolled his eyes.

“Whatever, okay? You know he needs this. He lives for this stuff. He loves it.”

“But it’s the middle of the night.”

“Which means it’s after midnight and officially Mischief Night/Day, and, by perfectly awesome coincidence, it’s also happens to be Coach’s birthday.” Stiles reminded him with a grin as he retrieved what he needed from his locker. “So if you are not down here in five seconds, I will destroy you. Okay? And I mean five, four, three, two-” He turned around to see a figure looming in the shadows with glowing amber eyes. Hey let out a yelp of surprise as he jumped back and dropped everything he had been holding. Scott stepped out of the shadows and looked down at his best friend with a huge grin.

“One.”

“I hate you.” Stiles grumbled without heat as he pulled himself up from the floor. “Now come on, we’ve got a lot of pranks to set up.”

Soon enough, all of the teenagers of the pack were reunited to set up the big prank in coaches office. “Okay, so, what we’re going to do is remove all the screws, bol-” Stiles ramble on, going through the details of the prank eagerly and soon enough, they all set to work, whispering to each other excitedly.

-Teen Wolf-Sterek-Teen Wolf-Sterek-

The next morning, the teens of the pack walked into the school and were immediately met with a roll of toilet paper flying at them. “That’s my face!” Stiles yelled in annoyance and his pack mates chuckled. “Okay, so quick reminder that Derek and I have a date tomorrow night, and the adults are having a ‘Grown ups’ night at the Reyes’ so you guys will have to make your own dinner.”

“Aww, c’mon!” Scott complained with a half-joking whine. “You of all people know how bad I am in the kitchen!”
“Yeah, c’mon mum,” Jackson joined in with a grin, causing Stiles to roll his eyes. “don’t let McCall poison us.”

“Really mum, do you want us to die?” Isaac added with a faux sad expression.

“Hey, guys, you’re overthinking this.” Erica cut them off with a wide smile. “This just means that we can order take-out!”

“Or hunt for some deer.” Cora told them. “We can barbecue it, lounge by the pool and let our wolves out a little without them here to hold us back or stop us sparring for fun.” She grinned and sent a mischievous look to the others about sparring. They were only allowed to spar for fun on full moons, as it help calm their wolves, somehow, but both Derek and Stiles were very protective over their pups. Therefore, they didn’t want them play-spar very much as it often got rough, and someone usually got hurt. Only mildly, and they always healed in minutes, but it was enough to make Stiles and Derek wary, and say sparring was only for training and full moons.

“Yeah, let’s do that!” Ethan agreed with a grin, and Aiden nodded along. All of them were trying to get a small rise out of Stiles, but he refused to give them what they wanted.

They were all concerned for him, although he had regained the ability to tell when he was awake, and read, he hadn’t shifted at all. He hadn’t even flashed his eyes, not even when Derek howled. Getting a rise out of him increased the chance of him shifting again. Sure, it wasn’t the best idea to try it in school, but they were feeling desperate. He appeared to retain his enhanced senses and healing though.

“Then the three of us,” Lydia joined in, gesturing to herself, Allison and Danny, trying to finish the job. “can order our own take-out, cause, I don’t know about you two, but cooked or not, I don’t really want to eat deer.”

“Hey, look, there’s Kira.” Stiles pointed out suddenly as a distraction, pointing to the girl who stood at the opposite side of the corridor, opening her locker.

“Should we go talk to her?” Scott asked semi-nervously. “Do you think she’ll want to talk to us?”

“Scott, buddy,” Stiles sighed, grabbing his best friend by the shoulder and looked him in the eyes. “literally just last week, she told us that she wanted to befriend us. She carried four additional bags through the school for us, and even after being cornered by Malia, she still wanted to be our friends, and said she’d do it again, just avoiding the coyote.” He reminded the crooked-jawed boy patiently. “So don’t be nervous to talk to her, okay? You’re a werewolf, an apex-predator, you’re like the hot girl almost everyone wants.”

“I’m the hot girl?” Scott asking, tilting his head adorably.

“You are the hottest girl!” Stiles assured, then winked at his friend before allowing his hands to slip from his shoulders, and stepping away and walking to his locker a few paces away.

“I’m the hot girl.” Scott repeated, a tone of realisation to his voice.

“Yes you are.” Allison and Isaac agreed in unison, surprising some people walking past. Their mate, however, looked overjoyed and a happy grin appear on his face, and a light blush dusted his cheeks. He adjusted his bag straps in a way that somehow looked insanely cute, before strolling over to Kira happily, some of his pack mates following behind him, and the others walked over to Stiles, who was putting cartons of eggs, toilet paper rolls and other pranking supplies into his locker.
“Hey Kira.” Scott greeted with a smile, Allison, Isaac, Erica, Lydia, Cora and Danny following with similar greetings.

“Hey.” Kira smiled back, closing her locker. “How’s it going?”

“We’re good thanks, how about you?”

“I’m good, thanks.”

“No more run-in’s with coyotes?” Erica asked with a soft smile.

“No, none at all.” She assured. “I did nearly get eaten alive again, though.” She joked, causing concerned and confused looks to cross over her new friends faces. “My mum was livid when she found out. Going on and on about how I should be more careful.” Kira stated as she rolled her eyes, the school bell ringing just after. Wordlessly, she and the group started to walk towards their first class of the day, which they all shared.

Cora snorted at Kira’s response. “Right, like you knew the coyote was gonna be there when you took that route.”

“Her mother was probably just worried.” Allison defended. “Her daughter could’ve been eaten alive, it was probably just the fear of losing her.” Kira went to speak, but Isaac spoke up.

“I get what you’re saying, I do, but her mother should have been more focused on the fact that Kira was unharmed and been grateful over that, rather than getting angry over the situation.” Allison smiled sympathetically, understanding why Isaac felt they way he did, but thought Kira’s situation was different, and she voiced that opinion.

“You have a good point, but I don’t think the situation was like that.” She looked to Kira and asked: “Was your mother’s anger directed at you?”

“No.” Kira assured immediately, there was a look in Isaac’s eyes that she recognised. A late friend of hers had had the same look. “She was more upset at the situation than anything. She tends to yell when she’s upset, that’s her way of coping, but it’s never personal, and it’s never more than that. She doesn’t say anything hurtful either, it’s basically just ranting about what happened in a shout.”

Isaac nodded, a relief spreading through him. He didn’t want anyone to experience even a fraction of what he went though with his father, not even his worst enemies. He liked Kira, so he definitely didn’t want her to go through that. Thankfully, what she described was very different, when his father yelled, it was hurtful, and demeaning and the blame was always on Isaac himself. “That’s good then.”

Kira smiled, then changed the subject. “Right, so, speaking of the coyote… this is a little embarrassing.” She blushed at the thought of what she was about to ask before continuing. “So, my dad told my mum about the whole thing, including how you guys saved me.” Kira told them, looking at Scott and Erica as the rest of the pack joined the group in walking to class. “And mum decided that she wanted to invite you both over for dinner as a thank you, then my dad went and told her about the rest of you guys and how Erica said that you all wanted to be my friends, so now they want to invite you all over. My dad is going to ask you, Scott, after class today, but I thought I’d ask first so that if you don’t want to, you can prepare an excuse.”

“Well, we can’t go over to yours.” Stiles said before Scott could reply. “We’re having a meal tonight with the entire p- family. So, Scott, when Mr Yukimura offers, counter-offer them coming
over to ours. Tonight, 7 o’clock. Okay?” Scott nodded without question, Stiles pulled out his phone and fired off a quick text to the Pack group chat about the potential change in plan, so that everyone who wasn’t currently with him was aware.

“Just, don’t mention that I told you, please.” Kira requested sheepishly. “They didn’t actually tell me, I overheard them talking in the kitchen last night and wanted to give you a heads up.”

“Of course.”

Malia text back first from the phone Derek had brought for her. The only numbers in it were for the pack and her father, but that was all she needed.

Group Message: Pack
From: Wild Child
Message: Does this mean we can’t have deer for dinner?

Group Message: Pack
From: Wild Child
Message: Dad told me it’s not the usual human meal.

Stiles chuckled at the reply, and began typing out his own answer.

Group Message: Pack
From: Pack Mum
Message: Sadly no :( But my cooking is gr8! ull luv it!

Group Message: Pack
From: Wonder Pup
Message: Besides, we can have deer anytime, Stiles makes big meals a lot too, but as we’re trying to impress Kira and her family, he’ll go all out, which is something that doesn’t happen often, and is always amazing when it does.

Stiles looked over to Isaac, who just smiled in response. “Anyway, do you want to sit with us at lunch today?” Erica asked suddenly, surprising Kira, before she could answer, however, Jackson took over.

“We have been meaning to ask for a while,” He clarified, then sent a look over to Scott “But some people were worried that’d you’d say no and insisted that we only ask if you talk to us first.”

“Until today, when he finally grew a pair.” Cora teased, ignoring Scott’s indignant ‘Hey’ and just smiled at Kira’s giggle.

“If you do say no, that’s completely fine.” Danny told her with a gentle smile. “We’re not going to shun you or anything, but it would be nice if you sat with us.”

“I’d love to.” Kira replied honestly with a pleased smile, which was returned by everyone in the group.

No more than five minutes later, Coach Finstock cautiously entered his office, glancing around rapidly, showing clear suspicion at everything around him. Before stepping through, he checked the door frame for trip wires or fake cobwebs. He cautiously flicked the light switch then scrambled back quickly, almost fearfully. The lights buzzed on and nothing happened, so he cautiously made his way into the room, looking and sniffing around for any traps or pranks, then, his eyes fell on a
small box, decorated with shiny blue paper, and a light blue bow. He poked it with a few objects from a distance, then took a chance and crept over to it slowly. Once he reached it, he flicked the lid up a few times then carefully removed the lid.

He blinked in surprise at the box’s contents as he set the lid down beside it. Screws and bolts… The box… was filled… with screws and bolts? He laughed as he dipped his hand into box and pulled out a handful of the objects. “Is that all you got?” He laughed aloud as he allowed the screws and bolts to slip between his fingers and back into the box. “That’s it?” He asked, sounding slightly annoyed this time. Then he chuckled again, and slowly lifted the box from the desk, not noticing the zzp sound of a trip wire being pulled. Until, the box couldn’t be pulled any higher, and the pictures on the wall behind him all fell to the floor. Shortly followed by many other objects around the room. In frustration, he dropped the box and slammed his fists down on the desk, leaving the table slanted, sending everything on it sliding to the floor. Coach groaned before dropping to the seat. A second later, the chair collapsed.

Coach’s shout of “Son of a bitch!” could be heard by everyone in the adjoining classroom, causing them all to chuckle. Stiles sent a mischievous grin around at his pack, all of whom were hiding their own mischief, some better than others, but he knew them all well enough to know their expressions.

It wasn't long until Coach stormed in, looking very angry. “Mischief Night, Devil's Night, I don't care what you call it, you little punks are evil.” A few people in the class, including Erica, laughed again as Stiles looked very proud of himself. “You think it's funny every Halloween my house gets egged? A man's house is supposed to be his castle. Mine's a frickin' omelet!” He proceeded to yell at the class, before his eyes fell on a second present box, wrapped differently than the other. He then continued to yell, “Oh, this? We're gonna do this again?” he asked picking up the box and shaking it, causing Stiles’ grin to widen further, if possible, and Scott to look at his best friend in questioning. “I don't think so.” as he threw the box to the ground and stomped on it, until he heard a smash. He froze, then slowly lifted his foot from the, now crushed, box. Soon he held the broken remnants of a novelty mug with a picture of him on it along with ‘#1 coach’, and read out a happy-birthday note from Greenberg.

As he proceeded to look guilty, Danny noticed Lydia swatting the air around her. He stared in confusion until she noticed him. “What are you doing?”

“There’s a fly!” She replied in a hushed voice, confusing the wolves.

“No there isn’t.” Erica countered, looking at the redhead with a half-confused, half-curious expression.

“You don’t hear the buzzing?” The others shook their heads as Allison, who was sat directly in front of Lydia, leant back in her seat and whispered to her.

“Do you think it’s something Banshee related?” Lydia frowned thoughtfully as coach began the lesson. This hadn’t happened in a long time, being unsure if something was banshee related or not. Usually, she could simply tell without having to think or focus. This was different, and that worried her. Lydia tried to block out the sound and focus on making her notes, but the buzzing only intensified.

Not long after, at the hospital, Barrow attacked a doctor and escaped, and Melissa was feeling quite shaken up. “Noah, I need to talk to you.” She rushed out as she strode up to the sheriff as he spoke to Parrish and Derek, “All three of you.” She added when she noticed the two deputies, ignoring her ex, who was thankfully on the phone as he spoke to Parrish and Derek, “All three of you.” She added when she noticed the two deputies, ignoring her ex, who was thankfully on the phone as the three walked over to her. “These dead flies everywhere? They came out of Barrow. Out of his tumor.”
“Is that even possible?” Parrish asked with a disgusted look on his face and Melissa shrugged.

“Maggots can come from the body, it's called myiasis, but from the stomach? It's not likely.” Melissa stated, then looked all three of the in the eyes, one at a time to make sure they were listening before continuing. “And there's something else. Last night, he told me why he killed those teenagers.”

“I know, I read the report: Glowing eyes.” The Sheriff sighed before running a hand through his hair.

“Please tell me you're joking.” Derek all but begged as Parrish looked concerned.

“He's specifically after people with glowing eyes?” Parrish asked with a worried frown, shooting a glance at Derek.

“Yeah, and we all know a few people who fit that description.” Melissa added, also looking at Derek, who was pulling his phone out of his pocket with a frown. As he did this, agent McCall called out to everyone.

“Listen up, everyone. The stolen ambulance has been spotted. Corner of Truman and Spaulding.” Noah swore under his breath.

“That's three blocks from the school.” He stated out loud and Melissa looked panicked. He turned and charged towards the door, Derek and Parrish following closely by, and Derek called Stiles on his phone as he went. “Let's go. Go!”

Back at the school, the pack were gathered in a secluded part of the school during their lunch break with Derek while the sheriff and multiple other deputies scoured the school, looking for Barrow. Derek had just informed them about everything he knew about The Shrapnel Bomber.

“He went after kids with glowing eyes specifically?” Isaac asked for clarification, with wide eyes, and an edge of a sigh in his voice, as if he couldn’t decide between being worried or annoyed about the threat.

“Yeah,” Stiles confirmed, decidedly annoyed over the situation. “And no one knows how he woke up from anesthesia, just that when they opened him up, they found a tumor” He shifted his gaze to Lydia “full of live flies.”

Lydia sighed as the rest of the pack, except Derek who looked confused, exchanged looks varying from panicked to curious to excited, depending on the person. “What?” Derek urged, looking put out at being the only one not in the know.

“All day I’ve been hearing this buzzing.” Lydia told him, letting her frustration at the incessant noise known. “I was convinced it was a fly until the others told me that there were no flies around.”

“So what does this mean?” Aiden frowned, folding his arms over his chest.

“I think,” Lydia began, pulling in a shuddered breath to calm herself before continuing. “that it means that Barrow is here, in the school.” She confessed honestly, and Cora frowned tilting her head curiously.

“What makes you so sure?” The brunette asked.

“Because usually, when I get these feelings, I feel the urge to go somewhere, to where the death is
going to take place, but not this time. This time I feel like I need to stay here.” Lydia explained and the others nodded, trusting in the Banshee and her abilities. There was also an air of panic around the pack however, as like Lydia said, the Banshee in her is drawn to death, so, the question is: Who was Barrow going to target?

“Alright, Stiles, Allison, I want the two of you with Lydia, in case anything happens.” Derek half asked, half ordered. “Jackson, Boyd, I'd like you to stick with the sheriff, keep vigilant for any signs of Barrow. Danny, I want you to look for him using any and all security cameras that you can get into, Ethan, stick with him just in case. The rest of you, I'd like to come with me to the basement, is everyone okay with that?” The alpha asked and there was a mostly agreement from the pack, except for Erica.

“Um, yeah, just give me a second, I need to text Kira.” At Derek’s raised eyebrow, Erica explained as some pack members cursed as they remembered. “I asked her to sit with us at lunch today.”

“No,” Derek ordered immediately. “Stick with her, keep her safe.”

“Safe?” Scott asked curiously, looking at Derek in slight confusion. “Why would she need protection?”

“I don’t know.” Derek admitted honestly, a small frown on his face. “It’s just a feeling I’ve had since that day in the locker room with Malia.” The pack simply nodded, accepting it and willing to trust their alpha’s instincts. “Right, so Erica, Isaac, I want you to stick with Kira and come up with some excuse as to why the others aren’t at lunch if she asks. Scott, Cora, Aiden, I’d like you to come with me to the basement, alright?” The trio nodded, and Derek smiled. “Okay, Parrish is on his way with Barrow’s prison uniform, so we can get his scent, then we'll get started.”

Less than a minute later, the deputy in question arrived with a bag in hand. Each wolf made quick work of familiarising themselves with his scent, then split up to search the school.

”Alright Lydia, you getting anything?” Stiles asked as the trio walked through the oddly empty corridors of the school, sniffing for Barrow’s scent, the Banshee listening to the whispers of the other Banshees and the buzzing noise, and the huntress kept her hand hovering near her bag, ready to reach in and grab the first weapon she came to. Her eye's darting about the corridor, analysing every aspect of her surroundings, fully prepared to fight.

“The buzzing is getting louder.” Was Lydia’s only response as she continued leading her best friends through the school, trying to focus on finding Barrow before he could hurt anybody else. They continued searching in silence for a few minutes until suddenly Stiles dropped into a faux relaxed stance and spoke.

“There’s a group of students coming this way.” He warned, and both of the girls dropped into seemingly relaxed stances. Allison reluctantly let her hand swing by her side, though her instincts were screaming at her to prepare to grab something. Lydia forced herself to act like she wasn't listening to anything other than Stiles and Allison, and fall in line with them, acting like they all knew exactly where they were going. The students passed, not giving the trio a second glance. They continued searching without trouble for another ten minutes when they finally made progress.

Suddenly, Lydia stopped dead in her tracks, Stiles and Allison quickly doing the same. The brunettes watched as Lydia turned slowly to look at the door she’d stopped outside of. Coach’s office door. “Here.” She whispered, and Allison quickly gripped the folding crossbow that lie in her bag while Stiles moved in front of Lydia and reached out to open the door. He gripped the handle tightly then looked to his companions one at a time in silent questioning, both of who
nodded in return. Yes, they were ready. Yes, they were armed. Yes, open the door.

Stiles turned the handle and went to open the door, when “Hey!” Coach called out from behind them. The trio spun around wide eyed, Allison letting go of the crossbow and pulling her hand from her bag.

“Coach!” Stiles blurted in panic as he rapidly tried to think of an excuse. “We were, uh, we were just-”

“I know exactly what you were doing, Stilinski, one prank wasn’t enough so you decided to ruin my office some more. Well tough luck kid, I caught you. It’s you two that I’m disappointed in,” Coach stated, shaking his head at Lydia and Allison. “profoundly disappointed. I thought better of you than that.” He then gestured towards the corridor. “I’ll let you off just this once though, go on get to lunch.”

“But coach-”

“Lunch or detention Stilinski.” Coach Finstock barked and the lanky boy gave in reluctantly, then walked away with Lydia and Allison, all three glancing back at the man worriedly as they did so. Coach shook his head again, waiting a moment, before walking in the same direction to make sure they didn’t double back. Moments after he was out of sight, the door to his office opened. William Barrow looked out at the corridor warily, looking for any signs of potential witnesses. Feeling confident that no one was there, the Shrapnel Bomber left Coach’s office silently, while pressing down on his wound and made his way through the corridor, looking for somewhere else to hide and patch himself up.

It wasn’t until Barrow had long left the office that Stiles, Allison and Lydia were able to return, this time with the Sheriff and Parrish. “I don’t smell him.” Stiles frowned slightly as Lydia sighed. “I’m sorry, all I smell is chemicals.”

“He’s not here anymore. The buzzing isn’t as loud here, he must have left after we almost caught him.” She sighed in frustration, a slight growl edging her voice. “We nearly had him.”

“Hey, it’s okay.” Parrish spoke up to comfort the Banshee before either of her Pack mates could. ”We’ll get him, and just because he’s not in there, that doesn’t mean we won’t find any clues.“ He reminded her softly with a kind smile, then gestured towards the door. “Shall we?”

As they searched for any evidence towards where Barrow may have gone, Stilinski received a call from agent McCall regarding Barrow. “We got a tip that puts Barrow at the train station.” He informed them, then looked to Parrish. “We gotta go.”

“He’s not there.” Lydia told him before either of them could make a move to leave. “I know he isn’t. He’s still here in the school.”

Noah sighed, running a hand over his face. “Look, Lydia, I believe you, I do, but as part of my job, I have to follow up on this, if I don’t, someone’ll say something to someone and I could get in a lot more trouble. McCall may know the truth now, but I’m still being investigated because he can’t tell his superiors the truth about Beacon Hills.” Lydia nodded in response as Stiles frowned sadly at his father. “Look, the best I can do is leave Derek and send Tara here, and you guys can continue looking, but I have to go, and I’d like Parrish to come with me. The school is now on lockdown, nobody’ll get in or out until 3 o’clock. That’s the best I can give you.”

“We’ll get this taken care.” Stiles promised, and they all knew that he wasn’t only talking about the Barrow situation.“Oh, and dad? You need to get Allison out of the school.” Stiles told him,
gesturing to the huntress who nodded.

“Why?”

“I need to check the bestiary.” Allison told him. “It’s at my house and neither of my parents can bring it as they’re both busy. Plus, it’s literally a thousand pages long, if I’m going to find anything about flies coming out of people’s bodies, it could take me all night.”

“Alright.” Noah nodded. “We’ll say you’re ill, get Melissa to sign off on you going home early. You two,” He said, gesturing to Stiles and Lydia. “If you do find this guy, be careful, okay? Please don’t flash your eyes Stiles, we don’t know if he has any idea if any of the students here actually have glowing eyes, let alone if he know’s it’s you, so be careful, okay?”

“Okay.” Stiles promised seriously, looking his father in the eyes to show his sincerity.

“Good, right, Allison, let’s go. You two, we’ll see you later.”

“Remember, we have dinner with the Yukimura’s and Tate’s tonight, and Allison, the Archaic Latin word for ‘flies’ is ‘Musca’” Lydia responded firmly, Allison nodded then left with the Sheriff and deputy.

Following their departure, Stiles and Lydia continued their search. They were looking in an empty classroom when Lydia’s eyes fell on a poster stuck to the wall. Thoughts were rapidly flying through her head when she asked “Cora and Derek are in the basement, right?”

Stiles turned and looked at her, then nodded. “Yeah, with Scott and Aiden. The plan is they meet in the middle, in the boiler room.”

“Four of the wolves.” She said in a low voice as the thought occurred to her. “Four of the ones with glowing eyes are in the basement at the boiler room?” Stiles blinked, then his eyes widened.

“Oh, my God!” He gasped, standing up straight and swinging around to face her. “An engineer could use a boiler room to blow up the whole school.”

“We have to get them out of there!” She stated unnecessarily, panic and fiery determination burned in her eyes.

“We have to get everyone out.” Stiles added.

“How do we do that? The school is on lockdown” Despite the situation, Stiles grinned.

“My time has come!” He announced, then took off in a sprint, Lydia blinked in surprise, then followed. Down in the basement, the wolves were searching for Barrow when the fire alarm began blaring. Cora and Derek stopped, looked at each other, silently debating whether or not to ignore it and keep searching. Derek shook his head slightly, then they made their way out of the basement, finding Scott and Aiden along the way.

Upstairs, Stiles was grinning as he watched everyone evacuate the school, his finger still on the fire alarm. Lydia was also smiling victoriously as she looked around, only to stop when she looked at Stiles again. Stiles continued to smile for a moment before he noticed her expression, then the scent caught him. His own smile dropped, and he turned to look behind him, flinching back when he found coach closer than expected, staring at him.

Coach grabbed Stiles by his ear, and proceeded to practically drag him from the building, Lydia following silently. “Wow. Pulling a fire alarm on Mischief Night is one thing. Doing it when
there's a mass murderer spotted nearby is insane!” Coach yelled before finally releasing Stiles, “If I was four years younger, I'd punch you.” Stiles blinked rapidly and tilted his head in confusion - their age gap- even four years wouldn’t-

“Coach, that doesn’t even make sense.” Stiles told him, flailing his arms slightly as usual.

“Oh, well, it does to me.” Coach told him, mimicking the students actions. Stiles and Finstock exchanged looks before the elder man walked away.

Stiles rubbed his aching ear while Lydia came up beside him, then they spotted part of their pack.

“Hey.” Stiles called out, jogging over to his mate. When he reached Derek, he gave him a short kiss, then pulled back. “Find anything?”

“Nothing.” Derek replied, shaking his head.

“No scent, no trail.” Aiden added with a frown. “We did find some guys making out though, one of Danny’s ex’s and someone from the swim team.”

“Ray. The guy who cheated.” Scott told Stiles and Lydia, without them having to ask. “And the guy he was with is not his current boyfriend. Don’t worry though, I got a picture.”


“We think he might have suffered from a mental break.” Lydia told him as she folded her arms over her chest. “You’d think being paralysed by a Kanima would make him think about changing his way, but no, still cheating on all of his boyfriends.”

“Why does anyone still date him?” Aiden asked rhetorically. “Wait, what’s a Kanima?”

“Better question,” Stiles interrupted. “It’s 3 o’clock, so school’s over. If Barrow had planted a bomb, wouldn’t he have set it off by now?”

“So, does that mean everyone’s safe?”

“I don’t know.” Lydia replied, shaking her head slowly, mentally wishing for the buzzing to end. “I just don’t know.”

“Hey!” A voice called out, turning, Stiles saw Erica, who had spoken, with Kira and Isaac. “There you guys are.”

“Hey.” Scott greeted, giving Isaac an affectionate kiss on the cheek, then turned to Kira. “Sorry that we didn’t join you guys for lunch we-”

“Don’t worry about.” Kira assured. “Erica explained the situation.” Her eyes then fell on Derek, “Hello deputy Hale.”

“Please call me Derek.” The alpha insisted with a smile. “So, I understand that you and your parents are coming over for dinner tonight?”

Kira blinked, clearly confused as to why Derek would be there. “Yeah.” She replied anyway, not wanting to appear rude.

“Derek is my boyfriend, by the way.” Stiles informed her, chuckling at the look of realisation crossing her face.
“He’s also my brother.” Cora cut in.

“Okay that makes sense.” Kira said with a nod. “I just assumed that you were a good friend of the sheriff’s or something.” She explained with a smile. “Not that there’s any reason that you couldn’t be friends with these guys, or dating any of them, or related to someone, like you are with Cora.” She blurted with wide eyes, as usual, worried that she’d said something wrong. “Just because you’re older- Not that you look old or anything, it’s just that you’re a deputy and with all the training in the police academy and stuff, you have to be a couple of years older. Unless you’re like a prodigy or something, in which case-” She cut herself off when Derek let out a chuckle, some of the other pack members doing the same.

“You’re going to fit in well with us.” He told her honestly. Kira beamed at Derek, who smiled in return. Small talk was made easily amongst the group and it wasn’t long until the rest of the pack who were currently at the school joined them. They were stood talking for a good half an hour until Kira’s father exited the school and made his way to his car, spotting the group along the way.

“Kira?” He called out, gaining her attention. Kira held up one finger, signalling for him to wait a moment.

“Sorry, I’ve gotta go.” She apologised, disappointment clear to even the humans.

“Don’t worry about it.” Boyd assured. “We’ll see you tonight anyway, you know the address?”

“Yup.” Kira confirmed, happier than she had been. “Erica told me.”

“I gave your dad directions as well.” Scott told her kindly.

“Thank you.” Kira smiled before her father called for her once more. “Sorry, I’ll see you guys tonight.” Farewells were exchanged, then Kira walked away, to get a lift home with her father.

“You gave him directions?” Stiles asked Scott who replied in confirmation, then Stiles sighed. “They’re so getting lost.”

Later that afternoon, Derek and Noah returned home to find the teenaged pack members arguing with Stiles. Stiles was clearly irritated as he tried to grab his phone back from Scott, who was protected by the rest of the pack, as they all talked over each other saying that Stiles couldn’t do something. Melissa, Peter, Hayley, Sheila and Jake watched on in amusement, and Malia and Mr Tate sat on the couch looking a mixture of bewildered, amused and concerned.

“Hey!” Derek yelled with an Alpha edge in his voice, effectively silencing the pack and gaining their attention. “What the hell is going on here?” He all but growled, sure they had all had a rough day and were all frustrated and worried because they hadn’t found Barrow, but that didn’t explain or excuse this. The teens all started talking at once. “One at a time!” Derek ordered, causing them all to fall silent as they impatiently waited for Derek to decide who would speak first. “Scott, you first.” He decided, given that the crooked jawed boy had been doing the least yelling and was the first to fall silent at Derek’s command.

“Stiles is trying to cancel your date, so we took his phone to keep him from calling the restaurant, and tried to talk him out of it, but things got a little... heated.” Scott informed him dutifully, waving the phone in question for emphasis.

“Give Stiles his phone back, Scott, of course we’re canceling the date.” Derek stated firmly, causing the pack to protest, they had barely started speaking, however, when the sheriff spoke over...
“No you’re not.” Noah told him firmly, confusing the alpha and his mate. “I’ve told you time and time again, you can’t keep putting your lives on pause because of the craziness in this town. We can all take care of ourselves, you don’t have to worry as much as you do. The pack’ll be fine whilst you’re on your date, we” he continued, referring to the adults of the pack and himself. “will be fine and close enough to run over if anything happens.” The adults decided that they should all get to know each other and Mr Tate better, so they miraculously found a night where they all had the night off from work and were going to spend it at the Reyes House. Well, they all had that night free too, but that was for pack dinner. “You two are going out tomorrow, it’ll be fine.”

“But-” Stiles tried, looking at the pack in concern, but his father sent him a look, and he promptly shut his mouth. “Fine, but if anything happens-”

“We’ll call you and you can say ‘I told you so’ as much as you want.” Noah promised without a moment’s hesitation.

“Is it always like this?” Mr Tate asked Malia in a hushed tone, forgetting that most of the people there could hear him anyway.

“No.” Malia replied. “The arguments usually last longer and involve at least someone flashing their eyes. Usually Jackson. He has a short fuse.”

“No I don’t!”

The Yukimura’s arrived for dinner a little late, though they had been driving through the woods for about fifteen minutes, searching for the house. After it was clear to the pack that the family were struggling to find the house, Isaac and Erica went out on a ‘run’, they took a few laps around the house before heading through the woods. They looped around so that it looked as though they were just heading back to the house from a run when they spotted the Yukimura’s.

“Hey.” Erica greeted with a smile as she panted for breath. “And here we were trying to think up an acceptable apology for being late to dinner.”

“Direct us to your house, and all is forgiven.” Mr Yukimura smiled in return, then nodded his head to the back seat. “Hop in, save you running all the way back.”

Isaac smiled in relief “Thank you.” He said as the rear passenger side door opened, revealing Kira smiling at them somewhat nervously as she shuffled over to allow them in. “I’m exhausted from trying to keep up with blondie over there.” Sure, Isaac was a werewolf with advanced Stamina and speed, but so was Erica, and the girl was faster and in better than him, and trying to keep up with her could tire almost anybody out.

“Loser.” Erica teased with a grin, causing Isaac to stick his tongue out at her in response. “Thank you for this.”

“Of course.” The teacher responded. “Thank you for inviting us over.”

“Well, you invited us first.” Erica reminded him kindly as Isaac made small talk with Kira. “We just didn’t want any of our friends to be left out.”

“That’s very considerate of you.” Kira’s mother stated, speaking for the first time.

Erica shrugged. “It’s just how we work, we don’t like leaving anyone out.” The family looked… impressed? Neither Erica nor Isaac thought there was anything that impressive about it, it was just
Pack instinct. Had he thought about it more, Isaac would have later realised the there were many people in his biological family that he’d happily leave out of gatherings.

“Oh, it’s a left here- middle fork- turn right at the elephant’s butt.”

“It’s a rock, Blondie.”

“It looks like an elephant’s butt!- Okay and another right- left here- and, here we are.” The car drove out from the trees, onto the the grassy clearing of the Hale property. “We’ll be in the biggest house for dinner today.” Erica informed them happily as she swung the door open before the car had stopped moving, then hopped out of the car, landing easily. “I’m just going to go to my house, well, it’s my parents house, but I live there.” The blonde pointed to the house in question. “The other house belongs to Boyd’s parents by the way. Anyway, Isaac’ll show you to the main house and I’ll just be a minute, if that’s alright?” Quick assurances were made before Erica jogged away to change back into the outfit she’d planned to wear that night and Isaac lead the family to the Hale house.

Half an hour later, all introductions had been made, Isaac and Erica had changed, and the majority of the group were sat around the dining table, as the others collected the food from the kitchen. Stiles walked through first, holding a tray of freshly made Tonkatsu in one hand and a tall pile of twenty-eight plates in the other.

“Okay, so we weren’t sure of what you liked, apart from the fact that Kira loves Pizza, so we decided to make a little buffet style meal with various foods from various place, hopefully you like at least some of it.” He grinned as he leant over Melissa and Chris to place the tray in the centre of the table. The Yukimura’s watched warily as the pile of plates wobbled slightly, however, no one else at the table seemed even slightly concerned. “We would’ve just made Japanese food except Mrs Reyes is allergic to fish and Boyd just doesn’t like it, Cora hates rice, Mr Tate can’t eat anything with starch in it, and Peter is the world’s fussiest eater.” Stiles explained as his fellow pack members walked through and started setting food down on the table. He carried on speaking as he set down the clean plates down, one by one.

“Besides, we weren’t sure if you all actually liked those foods. I have this online friend who’s from Scotland but she doesn’t like most traditional Scottish food, and-” Stiles rambled on as the food was brought out. By the time he’d finished speaking, all of the food had been laid out and everyone had a plate.

“Okay, If you want anything that’s out of arm’s reach, don’t be shy, just say the word and someone’ll pass it down. We have more of everything in the kitchen too, so if it’s running low, feel free to finish it off and I’ll go refill the plate afterwards.” Stiles smiled before taking his usual seat next to Derek.

“Have you considered opening a restaurant?” Mrs Yukimura asked with a soft smile. “I have a feeling you’d be quite good at it.”

“Aww, thank you, that’s so sweet.” Stiles gushed, as a blush coated his cheeks. “But, no, I plan to go into law enforcement-”

“No you’re not.” The central pack members all called out at once.

“Sorry, they’re very protective.” Stiles told the Yukimura’s, Tate’s, and the adult Boyd’s and Reyes’, all of whom were shocked as they’d never heard the pack reject something Stiles wanted to do so suddenly, including his more reckless plans.
“It’s too dangerous, Stiles.” Isaac told him, before eating another piece of Sushi.

“None of you have any problems with my dad or Derek-”

“Your dad has been working for the BHPD since before you were born, and has been Sheriff for years, and Derek, we do have a problem with, but he’d already been to the police academy before we met him, and joined the BHPD without telling any of us, except you and your dad, until the night before he started, so we couldn’t stop him.” Scott reminded him around a mouthful of lasagna. Ignoring his mother’s call of ‘manners’ “You, however, we can.”

“Besides, opening a restaurant could be awesome!” Erica grinned as she stared at her plate, trying to decide what to eat next. “Allison and I can be the mixologists, you, Danny, Isaac and Lydia can work the kitchen, Cora can be the person who sees everyone in, whatever you call them, Boyd, Ethan, Aiden, Scott and Jackson can be the waiters! We’ll call it ‘Hale’s’ and we’ll have an hour each night for our band to play!” She finished, without even glancing up at anyone, before stabbing her fork into a sausage.

“You have a band?” Mr Yukimura asked with a big grin, as Kira groaned in pre-emptive embarrassment. When he received nods in return, he continued “Kira is an amazing singer, maybe she could-”

“Dad!” Kira sighed, shaking her head at him. “Stop!” However, her mother decided to get in on embarrassing Kira, and pulled out her phone and began playing a video of Kira singing a breathtaking cover of Elvis’ Can’t Help Falling in Love with You.

“Please join our band!” Scott all-but-yelled no sooner than the final note died. “You are so much better than me!”

“She is amazing.” Lydia agreed. “But she can’t be our only singer as we still need you for our Blink and MCR covers and the like.” The redhead reminded him before turning to Kira. “Saturday, why don’t you come over? We’re having a jam session and we’ll see how you fit in with our style.”

Kira barely got out her agreement before Erica was rambling in excitement.

That conversation soon came to an end, but it wasn’t long until a new one began. Started, by Hayley Reyes “So you guys moved here from New York?”

Ms Yukimura nodded and smiled at the woman. “I have family ties here. Several generations.”

“That’s cool,” Danny grinned “Anyone we may have heard of?”

“I doubt it.”

“Yukimura is Japanese, right?” Scott asked curiously, trying to learn more about Kira’s family.

Ms Yukimura nodded once more and hummed her confirmation as her husband spoke. “Yes, but I’m actually Korean. When my wife and I married, I took her name, as she was the only surviving member of her family.”

“You didn't want to take both names?”

“We were married in Japan, where the law says that the couple must share the same name. To belong to the same koseki.” Mr Yukimura explained, using the same tone he used when he explained things in class. “My wife's lineage is quite unique. I was actually going to discuss it in
“Please don't.” Kira practically begged, giving her father great puppy dog eyes that could rival Scott’s. Her father frowned in disappointment and shook his head at her.

“You should be proud of you heritage, Kira.” Her father stated.

“Hey, can someone pass the mash?” Stiles asked suddenly. Kira smiled as the bowl of mash was in front of her, she picked it up and passed it down the table.

“Could someone please pass the lasagna?” Kira asked in return, rather than responding to her father. “Thank you.” She smiled at Erica gratefully, who had been the one to hand it to her.

“You’re welcome,” The blonde replied, then remembered something. “Oh! The trailer for the new season of Supernatural came out this morning!”

“You watch Supernatural?!” Kira asked excitedly with wide eyes. “Oh my god, that finale!”

“Oh, I know!” Allison took over with a huge grin. “We were all shocked, half of us literally gasped aloud when that happened.”

“Well,” Stiles countered, sharing a smug look with Lydia. “Not all of us were shocked.”

“It was obvious something like that was going to happen if you think about it.” Lydia continued. “With Amara’s infatuation and capabilities, plus the show’s history with that sort of thing, it was easy to figure out what they were going to do.”

“Yeah, yeah, the two of you are psychic, we know.” Scott grumbled in mock annoyance.

“Nope,” Stiles beamed popping the ‘p’ “I’m just really clever. Lydia is the psychic.”

“Banshee, not psychic there’s a difference.” Lydia corrected automatically, rolling her eyes at him, earning her raised eyebrows from the Yukimura's.

“Banshee?” Kira asked curiously. No one panicked at the slip, just took it in their stride.

“Just wait til you hear her scream.” Allison responded with a grin, not giving away in the slightest that it wasn’t just a nickname or joke. “You’ll understand.”

Later that evening, Stiles and Lydia snuck away from the group, who were spread around the living room watching a movie that Kira picked, and locked themselves in the Planning Room in the second basement.

“So,” She began as she flopped backwards onto the sofa they kept in there. “Did you get detention for pulling the fire alarm?”

“Yup.” Stiles replied with a sigh as he began pinning up pictures of Barrow to the murder board. “Everyday this week. It doesn’t matter though, we were onto something.”

“Were we?” Lydia retorted with a raised eyebrow, self doubt sinking in. “No scent, no bomb, we couldn’t find any proof of him being there.”

Stiles aborted what he was doing and turned to look at the Banshee. “Hey, Lydia. You've been right every time something like this has happened, okay? So don't start doubting yourself now.” He
all but ordered, his tone firm. Lydia nodded slowly.

“Okay, but,” Stiles groaned, throwing his head back. Lydia narrowed her eyes and continued. “But, I still got you in trouble and we’re no closer to finding Barrow.” Stiles grabbed Lydia’s hands and pulled her to her feet. “What are you doing?”

“We are going back to the school and we are going to follow your Banshee instincts and find Barrow.” He explained as he pulled her towards the door.

“No, we’re not!” Lydia argued, but allowed Stiles to direct her anyway. “Derek said to take the night off. You know he won’t let us go out for this.”

“So we sneak out through the tunnels.” Stiles suggested with a grin. Lydia hesitated for a second, not wanting to go against her alpha, but she did want to find Barrow, and she also wanted to use the tunnels.

“Fine, let’s go.”

They made their way to the 2nd tunnel as it lead to the Hale Vault under the high school, grinning like Christmas came early. Lydia had never been this excited to be rebellious before (Well that wasn't really true, planning and developing the house probably took the lead, but this is a close second). They paused by the armoury along the way and changed into more breaking/entering and fighting appropriate clothes. Plus, Lydia always felt safer when she had at least three weapons on her person.

Across town at the high school 20 minutes later, Lydia suddenly stopped next to a classroom door, Stiles, who was holding the flashlight, froze too. The redhead looked to him and received a nod in return, she slowly turned the handle, then pushed the door open. “He was here” She stated, voice barely above a whisper. She moved slowly as she made her way to the closet at the back of the room, the buzzing sound a crescendo the closer she got.

She pulled open the door quickly, behind her Stiles gagged. “God, did he take a bath of chemicals in there, or something?”

“Or something.” Was Lydia’s muttered reply as she looked around the room. “Hey, Stiles, come look at this.” She knelt down and shone the flashlight at the floor, illuminating a small pool of blood, and what appeared to be thread and a bloodied needle.

“So he was performing very minor surgery on himself.” He commented, then looked up at Lydia. “You were right, he was here.”

“Why don’t I feel good about this?” Lydia responded rhetorically, but Stiles replied anyway. “Probably because he was here to kill somebody.” He shrugged, tone completely casual. Lydia just stared at him, so he continued. “So he was probably using the chemicals to make sure the wounds didn’t get infected.” Stiles theorised, looking around the small closet, trying to see any evidence that could lead them to the escaped criminal. “But the chemicals I smell… They’re really strong, there’s no way he needed all of that. So-”

“So either he spilt some, of which there’d be some sign or-” Lydia took over, mind running on the same train of thought.

“Or he was covering his scent.” They locked eyes, both of them feeling their panic spike.

“He know’s that there are werewolves in Beacon Hills.” Lydia realised. “He know’s that there are
people here who can track him by scent.”

“The question is, does he know who they are?” Stiles wonder out loud. As he thought, Lydia left the supply closet to think, the stench of chemicals was giving her a migraine. She couldn’t fathom how Stiles could stand it in there. As she paced the room, her eyes wandered as she subconsciously looked for anything that could hint as to Barrow’s location.

“Stiles.” She called out and the lanky boy turned to look in her direction. “Come look at this.” Lydia walked over to the blackboard at the front of the classroom, eyes fixed on the sequence of numbers written on it in somewhat familiar script.

“Numbers?” Stiles asked, furrowing his brows in confusion, squinting slightly at the numbers, as though he wasn’t sure if he was seeing the correct thing. “What about them? Is it a formula or something?”

“Atomic numbers,” Lydia corrected as she wrote their correspondents on the board. “and not really. The first two make Potassium Iodide, though.”

“Potassium is ‘K’?” Stiles asked in confusion and Lydia nodded in confirmation without looking at him.

“From Kalium, the scientific neo-latin name.” She informed him as she wrote the letter ‘I’ on the board.

“So, what’s Radium?” Stiles asked as Lydia paused, hesitating to write the letters down. “Lydia?” The Banshee sighed in sadness as she wrote down the letters. “R-A.”

“Kira.”

Meanwhile, the Yukimura’s were leaving the Hale house and exchanging goodbyes with the pack. “Thank you again for having us.” Ken Yukimura said as he shook Derek’s hand on the porch of the house. “The food was incredible.”

“Thank you.” Derek responded, returning the smile. “And thank you for coming. I’m sorry that Stiles and Lydia ran off somewhere.”

“Do they do that a lot?” Noshiko asked curiously, wanting to learn more about this group her daughter had befriended. Not far away, Kira and Malia were hugging goodbye. They’d had an emotional talk, during and after the movie, somehow forming a close bond with it.

“No.” Allison responded with a pout. “They don’t.”

“At least,” Isaac took over, unable to contain his grin at his mate acting so childishly when she was usually one of the more mature ones. “not without Allison.”

“I just don’t get why they didn’t invite me along.” Allison responded, showing no hint of her internal pout, before her phone pinged to signal a text. She pulled her phone from her pocket, unlocked it, read the text, replied, a response came through almost immediately, to which she replied, then re-pocketed her phone and said nothing. Nobody thought anything of it, so carried on exchanging farewells with the Yukimura’s. Soon enough, the Yukimura’s left and the pack returned to the house. Derek immediately tried ringing Stiles’ phone, as did Jackson for Lydia, as Danny tried going over the town’s security camera footage to see where they went. During this, while everyone was worriedly trying to think up where the pair had disappeared to, Allison used the distraction to sneak out. She smiled as she crept down to the basement, quickly changed, then
took off through a different tunnel to the one Stiles and Lydia had used.

From: Banshee Bestie
Message: Stay neutral! Heading to Kira’s house, she’s the target. Sorry we didn’t tell you we were sneaking out to investigate, you were with Scott. Stay with her. Don’t tell the others. This’ll require stealth. Dress to kill.

To: Banshee Bestie
Message: She and her parents are just leaving now. Can’t follow without tipping off the others. I’ll change and meet you at her house. If I use tunnel 5 I should beat them there. Hopefully, Barrow will be scouting out the house too.

From: Banshee Bestie
Message: Okay, see you there. Bring weapons.

From: Banshee Bestie
Message: Of course I’ll bring weapons, you shouldn’t even have to ask, what do you take me for? xD See you there.

When Allison arrived, Stiles and Lydia were already there. The pair immediately approached the huntress and began discussing their plan. “So, we’ve talked it over,” Stiles begun animatedly, “We don’t know why Barrow is going after Kira, so, we believe our best bet is hiding somewhere and see what he does. If he tries to kill her, we stop him, if he tries to kidnap her, we let him.”

“Wait, what?”

“And follow him.” Lydia added, sending Stiles a pointed look, silently telling him to behave. “If she does have glowing eyes, it means she’s supernatural. Clearly she’s not a werewolf or werecoyote, otherwise somebody would have smelt it by now. We can find out now, though.”

Allison nodded and the trio went over the plan in greater detail until the Yukimura’s drove around the corner. Allison moved so that she was across the road from their house, Stiles was hiding around the side of the house, just visible behind the bins from where Allison stood. She didn’t see Lydia, but knew the banshee was hidden somewhere near by. As the vehicle drove closer to the house, Allison looked around for somewhere to hide before deciding that up a tree was the best option. She made quick work of climbing and found a sturdy branch to perch on.

Pulling out her collapsible crossbow, the huntress prepared herself, looking through the scope for Barrow as the family pulled up outside of their home. The family were discussing the pack and the two adults seemed to approve of Kira’s new friends. Kira volunteered to be the one to grab the leftovers that Derek insisted they take from the boot of the car. As she did, her parents went into the house. They had been inside less than a minute when Barrow came charging out towards Kira.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the huge delay, a lot has happened, but here it is, the next chapter is already in progress. Once again, so sorry for the delay. Thank you for reading this and I hope you enjoy it.
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