Unwanted Child Wanted
by RougueShadowWolf

Summary

Chris Argent’s trash had become John and Claudia Stilinski’s greatest treasure, although Chris hadn’t known that until the Sheriff decided to tell him as much.

Notes

So paying my penance once more in the shape of 15min and this fic was requested by my dear friend Cherrie, who asked for a story where Stiles wasn’t the biological child of Claudia and the Sheriff, but adopted and well this happened. And by the way to those who are very critical over the ending and shape of this story I suggest you sit down with only 15minutes to write and see what short of Shakespearian creation you are capable of doing because I sure as hell can’t do it any better than this, sorry for the ran but let’s just say I am losing my cool with my friends at the moment due to their harsh criticism. And by the way I didn’t get to choose whether or not to take the road of the three parents surviving or the sheriff dying so the story ends where it ends people.
Confessions of regrets, fears and above all sins were understandable while facing death or waiting for it unable to halt its promised approach were reasonable, Chris had experienced the last minute confessions several times in his lifetime. He’d heard the strangest of exclamations, pieces of seemingly irrelevant blurts were not uncommon when one had nothing more than death to wait for.

But there he was tied and waiting to be sacrificed with the Sheriff of Beacon Hills and the mother of the young werewolf who’d stolen his daughter’s heart, the good sheriff who’d been kept in the dark for far too long by his far too loyal and clever son had already confessed his failures as a father as well as a husband; although Chris wasn’t sure the guilt the man of the law felt was justified, being a parent was never easy not even when you had shared the burden with a spouse for several years.

`Stiles is adopted.´ the words broke the momentary silence during which Chris had taken time wishing he’d had more time with Allison, hoping he’d helped her stay on the right path instead of following the one his sister and father had attempted to guide her too.

`What? ´ Melissa McCall says voice full of disbelief, and her beautiful dark eyes mirrored her surprise and slight sense of doubt.

Chris was frankly surprised to find that the nurse was as dumbfounded by this little bomb of confession made by the sheriff, and the hunter began to wonder if his assumptions about the relationship between Melissa McCall and John Stilinski had been entirely wrong which would be a pity of sorts.

`Stiles…´ John Stilinski said hesitantly and with the same heaviness that had been around when the Sheriff made both Chris and Melissa aware of what had played out between the Stilinski family on the night Claudia Stilinski had died, `he’s adopted.´ Repeating the information made it no less shocking the second time around.

`Claudia, she…´ the man shook his head before correcting his statement to not blame his wife for the lack of a child of shared blood, `We couldn’t have a baby of our own.´ Chris noted that there was a deep sadness behind those words, and it made him feel rather uncomfortable considering he’d never had a problem fathering a child, `And so when Claudia’s cousin found herself pregnant, and unwilling to abort the baby because of her pro-life views Claudia and I were blessed with our son.´

Chris wasn’t sure why he was even listening to this little story of how Stiles Stilinski became to be,
or why this story was being told and he wished he could have just walked out on this strange little story time, he would’ve much rather been out there chasing down the bitch that was planning on sacrificing him for the sake of power. But Chris had not choice, and so he just sat there and listened, he noticed how Melissa hanged on to each word being said, looking like she wanted to wrap her arms comfortably around the man who looked exhausted as well as rather pained.

`Why didn’t you tell me?’ Melissa asked sounding shocked and somewhat hurt, not offended as much as she seemed wounded by the secrecy behind Stiles birth.

The Sheriff gives no answer to the question, he doesn’t even lock eyes with the woman who had as good as Chris knew raised Scott pretty much alone, instead his eyes seemed focused on Chris which was rather disturbing for some reason considering their relationship wasn’t that close; sure they had shared a few tense beers, a few words of this and that, nothing more.

`Oh my God does Stiles know?’ Melissa asked the second John Stilinski opened his mouth prepared to continue on with confessions or perhaps to shed some more light on Stiles’ birth.

`What about his biological father does he know?´

Chris couldn’t argue that was a good question considering how they had all, even he, had thought Stiles had only John and no other family left in the world. But once more before the Sheriff who was still keeping an unnerving eye on Chris could answer Melissa threw yet another valid question in the air, `Wait. What do you even know about him? Did she know him well or was it just a one nightstand? Has Stiles met either one of them?´

Chris could almost sense the growing frustration within the sheriff who let out a heavy sigh just in time with Melissa asking, `Wait. I thought Claudia didn’t have any family alive, was that just a lie?’ Chris had to admit that he too had heard the whispers about both John and Claudia Stilinski being the only blood relation Stiles had left in the whole world, and for some reason he did feel like a fool for listening and believing the rumors around town instead of making sure they were truthful especially after learning that this kid was running around with a dangerous crowd of people.

`Why are you telling me this now John? Why now?’ Melissa asked sounding rather upset, and perhaps there really was a bit more to the relationship of Melissa McCall and John Stilinski than what Chris had thought, Chris almost hoped there was something more there because it was obvious to him that the two would balance each other well enough to keep Scott and Stiles out of trouble, `And why aren’t you answering…´

`Because you aren’t giving me a chance.’ the sheriff responded sharply but without any real
animosity.

`Stiles is my son,´ the sincerity was there and Chris would never dare to argue that the boy with a habit of stumbling on answers and trouble wasn’t the sheriff’s son, `my son,´ the tone of voice was one that warned anyone to dare question the sentence spoken, `the fact that he was adopted doesn’t change the fact that he is mine.´ there was something almost possessive in the way the sheriff spoke about the boy that ran with creatures Stiles should’ve stayed way away from instead of running around with them, helping and protecting them.

`The fact that any paternity test would argue against my paternity has no baring’s on the fact I’ve been his only father from the second he was born, ´ the passion behind the words was enough to hold Chris’ attention even without the intensity of the gaze the man of law held on him, `I’ve done my best to raise him after Claudia…´

But John shook his head halting the words that would’ve held his defense or argument of his rights to be the only known father to Stiles Stilinski, and instead of continuing which were surely reasonable arguments to the Sheriff’s rights to be the only true father of the boy that was surely at the moment trying to figure out ways with which to save the man who was in the same boat as Chris was in; and for once Christopher Argent was thankful that Stiles was the clever wiseass kid he was.

`Stiles knows, of course he knows.´ there’s a smile, a little one but that smile was full of pride and love, `He’s too clever, too hungry for knowledge not to know.´ and Melissa seemed to agree with the statement and shared the same sense of pride and love the Sheriff did because she too wore a smile so closely related to the one the Sheriff wore that it made Chris wonder how blurred the relationship between the Stilinski’s and McCall’s really was; how often did Melissa mother the boy who had lost his mother, and how often did the sheriff guide and support Scott the way a father should?

`Amber died when Stiles was two, ´ John said with a frown on his face, `It was deemed an accidental death but Claudia was convinced it was anything but an accident, ´ the frown deepens as the confessions continue, `Amber had been diagnosed with the same illness that took my wife years later, and Amber wasn’t as strong as Claudia so it seemed reasonable to my wife that her cousin would ended her life before she lost her mind entirely.´

`Amber sent a birthday card to Stiles before she died and another one to Claudia,´ there’s a flash of anger washing over the suddenly hardened face of John Stilinski, `She wrote on the birthday card, Happy Birthday Genim, I wish you’d never been born. You’re cursed just like your mother, and to Claudia she’d written, do yourself a favor and that kid of ours, drown him in the bath and put a bullet through your brain Claud.´

Melissa gasped and if her hands weren’t bound she might have covered her mouth, and Chris had to admit that the messages left behind had been unjustified and horrid.
LeeAnn Dixon, the name startled Chris and he felt like his heart stopped for a second or two, because that name was uncomfortably familiar to the hunter, never wanted to know Stiles, she called him her biggest mistake even though she knew it hurt Claudia to hear her call our baby such. At every scan Amber would say something offensive about our son and Claudia would cry herself to sleep knowing that our baby was growing inside someone who couldn’t stand him.

Chris Argent is barely listening to the man speaking because he’d once known a young woman with pale skin and doe eyes, a woman by the name of Amber Ann Dixon, and she had nearly caused him to lose his family, and the moment Stiles was born Amber banished him to me and Claudia telling us to take the trash with us and leave.

You’re fucking leaving me? Leaving me with your fucking trash inside me? the words had been yelled years ago, by a young woman with whom Chris had spent a few nights with during a time when he hadn’t been sure if his marriage could survive the distance that had grown between him and his wife, and still Chris had never imagined back then when he started his little affair with Amber Dixon that she would one day come to his house soon after Allison’s birth to tell him she was pregnant with his child. Needless to say Chris had chosen Victoria and Allison, never thinking or worrying about Amber or her bastard child.

What about... the other half of Stiles? Melissa’s voice was just a little bit too tight, and there was visible anger in the eyes of the woman who clearly thought very badly of Stiles birth-mother.

The disgruntled snort that came from the Sheriff and the twist of facial muscles that only proved to Chris how children could pick-up on certain traits their parents had, because for a moment Chris could have sworn he was looking at an older version of Stiles Stilinski.

Not really, no. the answer was rather cryptic, and it was enough to make Chris feel like his past had suddenly come back to haunt him, Stiles doesn’t want to know about him, there’s a tiny smirk on John’s face, one which is directed at Chris, the smirk feels cold and cruel to him.

But I know who he is, and so does Stiles – he figured it out a few weeks ago, John sighed, He had a panic attack, passed-out and everything, cried through the night too. something twists inside of Chris and he averts his gaze from the sheriff who continues to speak as if not giving a damn about how all of this was affecting Chris.

The guy was married at the time, but he’s now a widower just like me, there’s a bitterness in the voice, a harshness Chris isn’t sure will ever leave, The guy had a wife and a daughter when Amber became pregnant. Chris’ stomach and heart both dropped and he turned his gaze to the dirt floor wishing it to swallow him whole.
`Oh my God,´ Melissa breathes out, she seems to struggle as much with the information as Chris is.

`Why are you telling us this?´ Chris asked, eyes on his knees, praying that the Sheriff won’t ask him what he fears might be asked off of him, and his fears are valid the moment the man bound next to him speaks, `Stiles’ is a bright kid, he is. He’s good. But he needs someone there, looking out for him, keep him out of trouble.´

`And what makes you think that man would give Stiles’ the time of day?´ Melissa asks rather offensively, and Chris is sure she had thought that if anything were to happen to John Stilinski she would be his first choice as a caregiver for his son and in all honesty Chris would happily hand the kid over to Melissa, there was no way he could explain to Allison why Stiles was suddenly in their lives; and why would Stiles even want to give Chris the time of day, it wasn’t like Chris was supportive over Stiles’ life choices?

`Maybe the bastards got it in him now to take care of his responsibilities? Maybe he’s got it in him to do the right thing and care for his so-called mistake.´ is all the sheriff says before going quiet as all three of them listen to the earth above their heads shift.
Bullets

Chapter Summary

Chris had been a fool to believe that he could pretend he didn't have a son in Beacon Hills.

Chapter Notes

Greetings my lovelies. So we’ve got fifteen minutes back and sadly my friends are at the moment dull in the idea compartment so we’re apparently tracking through old stories and throwing in unplanned random crap into them in the shape of poorly planned chapters, so do not hate me for mistakes like stuff I wrote in the previous chapter don’t work here because honey-buns I haven’t even been given the proper time to check out the previous/original chapter so my apologize. Now my friend Glorious chose this one even though she was not the person who asked for the original story, but any who and why’s here we are. Perplexing asked for something where Chris thinks he’s got away with the whole “Stiles is your son” thing but nope not happening, she wanted to Chris to be a little bit of an asshole about it all. She also wanted a little bit of the Nogitsune thing there as well, but she didn’t want it to be like in the show so I’ve fucked it all up like I am brilliant at doing, she also wanted Chris to pull the trigger she also wanted a little Sterek moment in here so sorry about that and sorry about the ending too I sort of was planning on him surviving but time was up.

They survived, they’d survived against all the odds they had survived and the moment Chris was out of the hole in the ground Allison was there hugging him tightly crying tears of relief against his shoulder, and frankly a few fell from his own eyes too. He’s sees Scott McCall and Isaac Lahey latch on to Melissa McCall who is peppering kisses on both their cheeks. And then there’s the Stilinski’s both hugging each other like their lives depended on how long they could hug one another and how tightly, the sheriff had his dirty hand at the back of Stiles messy hair and just held the boy in place even though even a blind man could see there was no fear of Stiles letting anytime soon. Chris feels a sudden relief in his chest as he is made to believe by their survival that the confessions made during the fear of death would be left underground and not brought out into the light of day, but if he’d glanced at the Sheriff the right time he would’ve seen in the man’s eye that the issue of Stiles birth was by no means buried with their survival.

Finding the unhappy looking Sheriff at his front door with a bottle of Jack in one hand and in the other a miserable looking folder barely a week after their brush with death is not at all what Chris had expected, Chris feels is patience boil when it comes to the sheriff who refuses to take a no for an answer and pushes his way into Chris’ safe heaven where he and his daughter have made a home
without Victoria; this was a place where neither the Sheriff or his son had a place in.

‘We need to talk,’ the Sheriff says sharply while placing the bottle on the table, he’s as tense as Chris is, ‘Is Allison around?’

Chris shakes his head his daughter was out with Lydia Martin apparently they couldn’t hang around enough with each other these days.

‘Good,’ the sheriff says while rudely checking one kitchen cabinet after another until he finds a couple of glass’, ‘I know you’d rather pretend nothing was said,’ the man of the law says while pouring the liquid which shared it’s dark liquid color with the Sheriff’s sons eyes, ‘but said it was and we need to deal with it.’ the Sheriff dressed in a simple shirt and jeans said while pushing the glass over the table towards where Chris was standing dressed pretty much in an identical clothes as the tired looking man, Chris grabs the glass while glaring at the man who drained his own shot in one go.

‘There’s nothing to deal with.’ Chris says while taking a small sip of the alcohol that he was not familiar in consuming, the Sheriff on the other hand refilled his own glass.

‘Shit there isn’t.’ Stilinski says before in a one easy move shoving the folder across the table towards Chris who barely catches the thing before it flew over the edge of the table.

‘Evidence.’ John said snappishly, nodding at the folder, ‘Birth-certificate. Results of the paternity test.’ then he takes another sip of his drink emptying half of the alcohol and grimacing slightly as the liquid made its way down his gullet. Chris snapped his gaze away from the folder questioning with just a look the mentioning of a paternity test he hadn’t even been aware of been part of.

‘You think I wouldn’t test my son with the only fucking Christopher Argent that strolled into town with his wife and daughter,’ the man seems angry at how thick Chris might perceive him as, ‘mind you there aren’t that many Christopher Argent’s in the U.S that had married a woman by the name of Victoria or had a daughter with said wife.’ there’s an anger in the sheriff’s voice, and he empties the rest of his drink before refilling the glass refills glaring at the glass or perhaps the liquid itself as if it had personally offended him, ‘And trust me, I did, several times. Needed to make sure I wasn’t wrong about you and Allison. Shit I even tested Allison and sure as hell our kids are siblings, so no point in arguing with the paternity thing Christopher.’

Chris took a long sip of the liquid he usually didn’t indulge himself with, but he needed something stronger than water or coffee for this discussion.
'Just because some test says I’m biologically connected to your kid Sheriff doesn’t make him mine,’ and it really didn’t, and the fact that he was being asked to take some responsibility over a child he’d asked to be aborted felt like a violation of his rights, ‘I never wanted him.’

Chris doesn’t even see the moment the glass the sheriff had been holding gets thrown across the room at him no less. It’s enough to startle him slightly even without the loudness of a furious sheriff screaming at him across the narrow distance of the table, ‘You fucking asshole!’ Chris does flinch a little, just a little at the sudden outburst of unnecessary anger, the sheriff should know he had no desires to have his mistake brought into his life, not after believing the mistake had been aborted and thrown away like it was worth nothing; he’d believed it, he’d lived in the belief that his stupid mistakes were never come to light, never even thinking that the mistake had been carried to full-term and that his mistake had been hanging around his daughter for months and months.

‘You don’t deserve him.’ the man across from him growls, eyes hard and angry, there are dark circles that speak of nights spent sleeping very little or not at all, ‘He fucking deserves better than you.’ and there’s such anger and venom in the voice of the Sheriff that Chris shuts his mouth, killing his response which would have probably pushed the sheriff’s last buttons, ‘You can stay the fuck away from my son for all I care, and that’s you loss not mine, but you will step-up if anything happens to me.’ and with that the sheriff of Beacon Hills left.

~*~

Chris stares at the thing before him wearing the skin of the sheriff’s son, a creature so evil and dangerous that even Chris feels fear clench at his gut as he watches the creature play with them. It took them far too long to realize something as wrong with Stiles, and now here they were in Derek’s loft and some might question why the thing would chose Derek’s loft of all places but then again Chris thinks he knows he’s seen something in the eyes of the werewolf that makes him think Derek would die trying to save the vessel of the dark spirit in the faint chance Stiles was still alive in there; Chris doesn’t think there’s anything left of the boy, and if there was it was still not a reason to allow it to roam freely destroying lives.

They’re at a stand-still with Chris ready to make the kill-shot and the sheriff prepared to put a bullet in him if he so much as moved his trigger finger, and Allison his sweet daughter is siding with the sheriff and the McCall pack, Chris feels ever so slightly betrayed by her for this but he’s also feeling incredibly proud of her at the same-time.

‘Aren’t you going to end me hunter?’ the thing snickers Derek who’d been thrown around and about like a ragdoll growls eyes on Chris prepared to leap if need be between the body of Stiles Stilinski and the bullet of Chris’ gun, ‘it would make your life so much more easier, wouldn’t it? Killing him, it would take just one little bullet to end him, just one bullet and away flies this little problem.’
`Don’t you fucking dare Argent.´ the sheriff barks at him.

`Come on. You’d just be doing what his bitch of a birthmother couldn’t. ´ the creature says lightly, `Come on – one bullet, one little bullet. You know you want too.´

`Shut-up.´ Chris growls at the smirking figure, Chris is so close so close to just pulling the trigger and finishing it all, but he’ll be dead as soon as he moves his trigger finger Stilinski will shoot him dead even if it was too late to save the man’s son.

`Come on daddy, ´ the thing says smirking at Chris, `pull the trigger. Come on, just do it, he wants you too. He knows he’s dead either way so just do it.´

`No. Don’t you dare.´ the sheriff snarls, `That’s not my son talking. Don’t you dare kill my son, Argent, don’t you fucking dare!´

`Dad – daddy, he’s going to kill me.´ the thing says turning on the waterworks just for show, `I don’t want to die daddy.´ Chris steadies his hand as the creature looks over at the sheriff pleadingly but in a blink of an eye dark cruel eyes are back on Chris who feels suddenly like he’s freezing cold.

`Ever wondered why he didn’t want you?´ the thing wearing Stiles’ face asks almost innocently, and there are several confused looks but Chris only sees the monster before him, `No? Want to know why he’d rather have an alcoholic father than you Christopher?´

Chris stops breathing and although he’s not looking at his daughter he knows she’s confused about the stuff the creature is spilling out of its untruthful mouth, and he really doesn’t want her to live with the knowledge he killed her brother; he wants her to only believe he killed one of her friends not her brother.

`Did you know he called you a few times when he was little and scared?´

`What? ´ the sheriff gasps turning his gaze away from Chris just long enough for the hunter to disarm him and bring the man down to the floor wearing his own cuffs while Allison screams out her weak protests, and she’s down on the floor next to the sheriff who’s screams into the filthy floor his frustration and anger while her hands work aimlessly over the cuffs before beginning the search for the keys.
When Chris stands up straight he sees the little please smile on the Nogistune’s lips.

‘Oh you didn’t know did you? Poor daddy.´ there’s such cruelty in the creatures voice that Chris doesn’t hesitate for a second to point at his gun at it once more, but it does nothing to silence the dark-spirit, ‘Little Stiles Stilinski was so afraid and alone while his daddy lay passed-out on the kitchen floor that he called the only person he knew wouldn’t come for him, wouldn’t get his daddy into trouble - he was such a clever little nine year old.’

‘Shut-up.‘ Chris says far more firmly now but the creature turns its cold eyes on him and smiles a smile that is all teeth and cruelty, and the thing spits out at him, ‘Make me! ´ and before Chris knows what happens his finger twitches and his gun goes off, he’s startled by it just enough to drop the whole thing to the floor.

‘NO! ´ the sheriff screams struggling to get up while his son drops to his knees a shocked expression flashes through the young face of one Stiles Stilinski and Chris sees the moment the dark-spirit shifts so that Stiles was there for all to see and it turns his stomach to see the way Stiles looks at him with a look of complete shock, and as Stiles gaze travels down to the spot where blood is seeping through the fabric of his shirt Chris feels his mouth move forming a small, ‘I’m sorry.’ Stiles lifts his hand to touch the strange coloring on his shirt, but before his hands even graze at the dampness a roar of a sound erupts from his moth and Stiles throws his head back in such a violent way it startles Chris and everyone else in the room.

‘Stiles!´ Derek screams scrambling over to the young man just in time to catch his body as the dark-creature makes it’s overly dramatic escape, the dark whirlwind working its way out of Stiles body with flickers of little lights dancing around the room before rushing out through the only exit in the room.

‘Stiles! Son!’ the sheriff is yelling from where he’s struggling up on his knees while Allison scrambles with the keys, she screaming at Chris and he knows it, she’s saying something but he can’t here it as he’s so completely focused on the sight of Stiles bleeding out against Derek Hale’s chest.

‘Look at me, come on.´ Derek keeps saying and eventually Stiles lifts his gaze just enough, and a sad little smile graces Derek’s lips and so does it on Stiles lips, but their smiles break as Stiles begins to cough up blood staining his teeth and lips. As soon as one of the cuffs gives the sheriff is crawling towards his son and Hale.
I’m calling an ambulance.’ Allison informs them, her voice is surprisingly high-pitched and frantic.

There’s a strange sound outside the building, loud and high-pitched and Derek shakes his head and there’s a pinched expression on his face and through gritted fangs he says, ‘No. No. She’s wrong.’ and his hands press harder against the wound.

‘Lydia?’ Stiles asks with an air of bewilderment and Derek shakes his head but even Chris can tell he’s not being truthful.

‘I – I don’t-´ the boy struggles to say voice becoming more tearful, and Derek hush’s him but when is the boy ever quiet, ‘I don’t want -´ another fit of coughs erupts and there’s a pitiful whine escaping both Stiles and Derek who’s pulling Stiles up against his body a little bit harder while the Sheriff wraps both of his own hands into the limp one of his son.

‘Oh god Stiles.’ the sheriff cries, ‘Please god not my son, not my son.’

‘I don’t want to die De’ke. ´ the fearful confession pulls at something within Chris’ heart and Chris feels as ill suddenly as he had done on the night he realized what his sister had done to the Hale’s, his heart nearly breaks when he hears Derek’s trembling and tearful voice reply, ‘I don’t want you to die, please don’t Stiles.’ Chris sees the shocked look on Derek’s face as he makes a move to drain whatever pains might be trapped beneath Stiles body.

‘I – I don’t…´ Derek says eyes wide and Stiles just smiles at him once more.

‘Don’t worry Sourwolf, it doesn’t hurt.’ Chris sees the fear settle inside of Derek as something dawns on him.

‘I don’t want to go.’ Stiles slurs out suddenly they can hear the sirens now.

‘Son you need to go to the hospital, they’ll fix you right-up.’ the Sheriff says sounding a little bit hopeful, and maybe just maybe Chris feels a little bit hopeful too.

‘I don’t want to go.’ the sheriff laughs a little bemused by the words his son has spoken, laughing because he’d misunderstood what Stiles was referring too and in his ignorance the sheriff chuckles
while planting a small kiss on the hand of his son before continuing to speak, ´Sorry kiddo but you’ll have too, I’ll make Melissa sneak to you all the chocolate puddings you can eat okay?´

´Dad,´ Stiles whimpers once before his entire body seems to lose all of the strain that had made his body rigid, and Chris feels his heart drop a little at the sight and at the way Stiles eyelids grow heavy.

´Stiles?´ Derek says with an air of desperation as Stiles eyelids grow heavy and a heavy drawn-out breath slips through his open mouth, ´Stiles!´
That’s My Brave Boy

Chapter Notes

Okay so here we go a little chapter for this little fic, I’m now stuck with wondering should Stiles lose the ability to use his legs, should auntie-Kate be alive or not and should old-gramps Gerard be allowed to know he has a grandson? Oh so many decisions.

Chris wasn’t delusional enough to think he was wanted at the hospital, he knew very well he wasn’t. Hell he wasn't most likely even allowed to be outside the building that seemed so gloomy in the heavy rainfall that seemed never ending, but even though Chris knew that he had no real right to intrude on what had to be a very stressful situation that was exactly what he was doing.

Walking through the sliding doors of the hospital wrists still sore from being handcuffed for hours while interrogated by a very hostile Deputy Parrish, the young deputy had seemed unwilling to accepts the fact that he hadn’t intentionally fired his gun, Chris knows he’s not wanted at the hospital but unable to reach his daughter who wasn’t home and clearly ignoring his calls and messages drove him to try his luck at the hospital; Chris hoped he would find his daughter at the hospital waiting for news regarding Stiles’ well-being or mourning his death with the Sheriff.

The need to find his daughter and do some damage control drove Chris onward, and certainly there was a part of him that needed to know whether or not the boy he’d created without intent was still amongst the living. He had several reasons why he wished for the boy to remain in the world of the living, one reason being the fact that if Stiles died the good Sheriff might see it fit to have him locked away for life.

He’s got no clue where to go but by some luck he sees a familiar face be it unusually pale with red-rimmed eyes and the sight causes his heart to drop, the disheveled state of the nurse carrying several cups of coffee in her shaky hands makes him think immediately that the boy known around town as the Sheriff’s kid had died which surely would not bode well for Chris’ future freedom, the sheriff had said as much before following his son in the ambulance while Chris was handcuffed roughly by a surprisingly hostile deputy, and yet it wasn’t the possible loss of his freedom that made him feel hollowed out which was strange considering how hard Chris had wanted the boy never to be and not to be his.

He swallows a couple of times building his courage to approach the woman who moved unusually slowy, her lips were moving in a silent prayer if it wasn’t for the fact that he’d seen his own mother mouthing the same prayer every day of his young life then he might’ve not recognized the words Melissa McCall’s lips created. It takes a couple of tries before the woman who now was the mother of a werewolf realized that someone was calling out to her, and when she finally glances in his direction there’s a flash of anger behind her darker eyes and she hisses furiously, ´What are you doing here?´

One could’ve easily thought from just the anger that Chris had gunned down her son and not just one of his best friends, and it makes Chris feel a little bit ill at ease.

´I need to find Allison,´ Chris starts voice uncertain, he sensed he had to move through these dark waters carefully especially since the woman seemed to grow tenser and the fire of anger grew bright
in her eyes, `I thought maybe she’s here, that maybe…´

`You thought she might be here with her brother?´ there’s this unfamiliar harshness to her that startles Chris, it frankly shuts him up and keeps him quiet as she continues to had never heard before and it takes him back a little.

`You don’t even care do you?´ the accusation made against him leaves Chris feeling rather hurt because he does care, `you don’t even care whether Stiles - your son no less - is alive, do you?´

`Is he – is he alive?´ Chris dares to asks, he knows he should’ve asked it the second he’d seen the clearly upset woman but what was done was done, he’d crossed the wrong bridge long before entering the hospital and now he was going to be judge for it.

Melissa’s positively glares at him while clear thinking whether or not to answer him, he can see that there’s a part in her that wants to torment him by leaving him in the dark but she’s hardly that cruel even when angered. Melissa’s voice is tight with anger when she finally breaks the hostile silence she’d held for a little bit too long, `He’s alive. He’d lost a lot of blood before he was brought in, and more during surgery, his heart stopped once on the way here and once on the way to surgery and during it, but he’s holding on.´

Chris isn’t sure how he feels about hearing that Stiles was somehow still alive or about the fact that the boy had died not once, not twice but three times. This whole situation was throwing him through an unpleasant whirlwind of confusing emotions and thoughts which he’d rather not deal with.

`They said it was the lack of blood that did it, and then a bad reaction to the anesthesia,´ Melissa pauses only to breathe in and out slowly a few times before continuing, `Stiles is still alive and fighting to stay that way.´ there are angry tears appearing at the corner of the dark eyes but she continues to glare at him.

`You almost killed him and you don’t even care, do you?´

The harsh claim makes him want to argue that he does care if only for his own sake and the future relationship with his daughter, but Melissa isn’t done yet, and what she says next drains something from him that leaves him feeling oddly weak in the knees, `He’s alive but there’s still no telling if he’ll walk again.´ He feels his heart sink at that, he doesn’t even hear the way she explains the mess the bullet had made as it travelled through the body that had been hosting an evil spirit that had thrived through chaos and strife.

Chris could never imagine not having the use of his legs, it would be as good as a death sentence for him at least, he’d seen Gerard trapped in his wheelchair growing evermore bitter and hateful, but unlike his father Chris did not fear death and so to him the choice between a life in a wheelchair or death he would choose to end his life; he was an active man and so the thought of being trapped to a chair for the rest of his life didn’t sit well with him, certainly he’d heard about people who did great things even while in a wheelchair but he couldn’t see himself being one them, and frankly he didn’t think Stiles could manage a life in a wheelchair either.

`Shit.´ Chris breathes out, running a hand over his face. The thought that he’d possibly doomed his own son into a life in a wheelchair and that made him feel like someone had gutted him right out, and replaced his insides with large and heavy stones but the feeling doesn’t last when he realizes the mistake he’d made in his thought process; he had no right to call the boy his son or think of him as such, and it would do him no good to start thinking of the boy as his anything.

`If I were you I would stay away,´ Melissa tells him, instructs him really.

`John’s a mess,´ the news isn’t a surprise after all if the tables were turned with Allison fighting for
her life Chris wouldn’t be all that calm either, and if the reason behind his daughter battling for her life was the Sheriff then the man would be wise to stay away.

`And Derek’s on his way - and I’m not sure he’ll take it well seeing you here after what you did.`

`Derek’s not here?’ Chris asks, he’s frankly surprised to learn that werewolf wasn’t at the hospital considering how Derek had positively clung to Stiles has he was bleeding out, not to mention how Derek had fought to save Stiles from the Nogitsune’s hold with a spirit that didn’t in Chris’ opinion fit Derek’s nature; then again perhaps Chris had been reading into the relationship a little bit too much, after all since learning about who he was to Stiles there was no denying Chris’ interest in the boy had grown just a little bit.

`He never made it.’ Melissa informs him voice low and strained as if talking with him was taking a lot out of her, ‘Allison said that during the drive he just lost it, started screaming or howling she honestly couldn’t tell the difference,’ Melissa frowns down at the cups of coffee she was holding, ‘She said he began to shift, he tore up the inside of the car and himself.’

Hearing about Derek’s sudden loss of control made Chris original suspicions about Stiles’ and Derek’s relationship rise once more up onto the surface, and as Melissa continues to tell him about how it took three werewolves to restrain Derek after he’d lost it and ruined the interior of his brand new car; the nagging suspicion that the relationship between the human and werewolf wasn’t all that innocent began to bloom, she also knew that the werewolf had gone back and forth between losing and regaining control, and all of this seemed to confirm the notion that Stiles Stilinski who was in fact an Argent was Derek Hale’s mate.

Honestly Chris didn’t know how to handle the idea that his son was the mate of the werewolf that had lost his family because of their. The idea that Stiles might be Derek’s mate seemed like a horrific twist of cruel fate.

`And now he’s calmer?’ Chris enquires as carefully as possible so not to spark unwanted curiosity in the woman, however questioning Derek’s control seemed to be the wrong thing to do as the visibly exhausted woman drew the wrong conclusion when it came to his curiosity.

`If you’re about to hurt that boy I swear to God I will find a scalpel and cut your fucking heart out,’ for a woman who’d just about looked like she was close to collapsing as the weight of the past few days finally caught up with her, Melissa McCall suddenly towered like a volcano ready to erupt there was indeed a new fire in her gaze as she spits at him furiously, ‘Hasn’t he suffered enough?’ Her words felt like a slap in the face and Chris may even have stepped back from her, showing thus a weakness he never thought he would show her or anyone else.

`I’m not here to hurt anyone,’ Chris tells the frazzled woman who clearly doesn’t believe him, ‘I just want to see my daughter,’ the flash of wrath in the brown eyes causes him to quickly follow his previous statement with, ‘and to know how Stiles is doing, nothing else.’ Melissa doesn’t look like she believes him the slightest in regards of his interest in knowing about the well-being of his son, yet she sets her own anger aside and simply barks for him to follow her, he attempts to draw the good woman into a conversation of sorts but she continues to give him the cold shoulder even refusing his offer in helping her carry the cups of coffee she was holding.

There within the small waiting room that felt and looked as grim as the faces of those seated on the miserable set of chairs that would never be comfortable to anyone seated upon them, several familiar faces wore glares directed at him but only Lydia Martin went as far as demanding him to leave for he was not wanted there; still regardless of the girl and her opinion and demands Chris continued to follow Melissa McCall who moved slowly down the hall to a small dimly lit room with the blinds
drawn, the nurse had handed all but two cups away to the small crowd of waiting souls within the
waiting room.

`I hope he breaks your nose or jaw.´ the nurse says without even glancing at him before opening the
doors and stepping inside the room where all but the machines were silent.

Melissa hadn’t warned him of what he’d find when entering the small room, and not knowing that
the boy who’d stood up against not only Chris but apparently werewolves and a crazed hunter who
hadn’t been aware of the family connection between them was attached to machines that kept a flow
of oxygen circulating through the otherwise motionless body, the state he found the boy who’d
stared him down shocked Chris to the core. Seeing the boy deathly pale and so uncommonly still
made Chris doubt that Stiles would pull-through, the boy seemed more dead than alive to him.

Seated at the bedside of the most likely dying boy was Chris’ daughter who wasn’t touching the boy
on the bed the slightest, the Sheriff who sat as close as possible to where the head of the unconscious
youth rested held one of the pale hands tightly in his own, and with gentle fingers the Sheriff combed
through the messy strands of Stiles’ hair while his red-rimmed eyes watched for any sign that the boy
he called his son might slip from the world of the living; to Chris the Sheriff looked like he’d aged
about ten years since the moment he’d been reduced to screaming and crying when the child he’d
raised had gone limp, it was as if the moment those brown orbs that had once been so full of mischief
determination closed and the mouth that never knew when to stay silent went slack, that the man
who’d carried his badge proudly for years lost more than a handful of years. Seeing Sheriff Stilinski
now made Chris think that the man wasn’t as strong as he’d originally thought, there was something
about the way the man now that made him think that the Sheriff might die from the grief that would
follow if Stiles’ heart stopped for good.

It was frightfully possible that Chris might not only be the cause of Stiles untimely death but also the
Sheriff’s.

Melissa cleared her throat but while Allison jumped a little to the sound and glanced over her
shoulder John Stilinski continued to sit focused on his son, the thin pale lips moving slowly as if the
man was in mid prayer although Chris might be wrong for the words the man spoke weren’t English,
French or even Latin.

`Dad?´ Allison says sounding surprised but not yet angry, `What are you doing here?´

`He’s here for you.´ Melissa answered coldly handing Allison one of the two cups before moving
towards the Sheriff who began to repeat what truly seemed to be some form of a prayer, bloodless
hands continuing to cling to the slender hand and toying with the limp strands of hairs.

`I – I’ve been trying to call you,´ Chris says watching as Melissa gently draws the man who seemed
to barely cling on to the possibility that his son might open his eyes once more, it’s a slow process to
draw the man of law from his odd state of desperate devotion; her smile is gentle as she encourages
the man who’d raised Chris’ mistake as his own to take the cup of coffee and a small package of
cookies, Chris hears her tell the man that Stiles would need him alive and strong once he woke-up.

`Maybe I didn’t want to talk to you,´ Allison says sharply as the anger Chris had been expecting
makes itself known, she’s angry and he can see it but she’s not furious to the point where he’d lose
her forever which gives him some hope that he’s not about to lose the last of his family.

`I can understand that.´ Chris says keeping his voice low so not to draw the attention of the miserable
looking man, and Chris does understand why Allison wouldn’t want to talk to him after all he’d
cheated on her mother, he’d not only cheated on her mother but impregnated another woman and
thus created a brother Allison had never known about, a brother she’d come to know as somewhat of
a friend and whom Chris’ had almost killed – no he had killed the boy, but being the stubborn soul Stiles was he’d come back time and time again – her anger was understandable.

ˇYou shouldn’t be here.ˇ an angry voice comes from beside the bed and Chris turns his attention to the man who looked more sad than angry, ˇYou – you almost killed my son – my son – you shouldn’t be here.ˇ Chris doesn’t know what to say to that, he’s lost for words as he sees how devastated the Sheriff was; Sheriff Stilinski loved Chris’ mistake enough to ask him to take some responsibility in case he had an untimely death, this man who had adopted Chris’ son loved him clearly and dearly ready swallow his pride and ask Chris to help Stiles if he died thus leaving the kid he called his son alone in a hostile world.

Chris has to wonder as he looked at the man who was slowly drowning in his sorrow whether or not he would mourn the loss of his daughter as deeply, Chris wasn’t certain his training wouldn’t kick in and push him to move on instead of slowly drowning in the grief brought on by the loss of his daughter.

Chris opens his mouth to say something but before he’s able to open his mouth there’s a rise to Stiles heartbeat, and all eyes were on the boy whose eyes were moving wildly behind the closed lids while the pale hand in the Sheriff’s own hand starts to weakly squeeze at the hand that held it.

ˇHe – he’s waking up.ˇ Melissa says with an air of disbelief while the long lashes start to flutter, the sheriff can’t help but smile hopefully down at his son holding his hand tightly.

ˇThat’s it baby boy, that’s it, you can do it.ˇ the sheriff says voice lighter and happier and leaning over the bed so that when Stiles opened his eyes the first person he would see was his father and not Chris who watches from the sidelines.

They watch as Stiles struggles to open his eyes, a distressed little sound escaping him as he battles against the need of his body to continue to rest, but finally after a few more encouraging words the brown orbs are revealed if only a little.

ˇThat’s my boy, that’s my brave boy.ˇ the Sheriff cries this time his tears aren’t born from despair.

Stiles begins to make this horrible, miserable, heartbreaking sound that something between a whine and a whimper that honestly even tugs at Chris’ heartstrings. The distressed sounds grow no matter how hard the Sheriff attempts to soothe the frightened boy, and soon enough frantic shaky hands start to reach for the breathing tube, the Sheriff is swiftly takes both of the pale hands in his own and holding them tightly while speaking with a voice of authority, ˇNo. Stiles. No. You need to leave the tube alone. I know you want it out, and I promise you it will be but you can’t take it out. ˇ Stiles is crying but he gives a short nod and clutches on to the Sheriff’s hands, ˇIt’s okay son, you’re going to be fine. I’ve got you, okay, I’ve got you.ˇ

Watching the interaction between Stiles and the Sheriff Chris feels like he’s trespassing on something very private, and yet he can’t stop looking at the way Stiles visibly calms just by focusing on the man that had raised him, he doesn’t move from where he’s standing not until he and Allison are asked to leave; of course the Sheriff had been asked to do the same but the man refused to leave his son who had started to visibly grow upset again when the doctor rather rudely told the Sheriff to step outside for a minute.

Once outside the room and away from the boy he’d almost killed Chris recalls the real reason why he’d even dragged his less than fresh self to the hospital in the first-place, turning his attention towards his daughter who may have left her brothers side and the room but Allison stayed near the door clearly ready to rush right back inside once it was acceptable to do so.
Allison.´ Chris starts but his daughter cuts him off immediately with a rather sharpish, ´Don’t.´

Just don’t.´ Allison continues to say after breathing out very slowly while trying to gain control of whatever emotions are crashing around within her, every movement she makes is full of nervous energy.

Is it true?´ Allison ask after a beat of a pause, ´is – is Stiles my brother?´

There’s a part of her that clearly wants him to say that it’s not true, and he wishes he could say it wasn’t. Chris knows of course that he could try and lie to his daughter but he fears the damage such a thing might do, their relationship might not survive it if he lied to her about this.

Yes.´

There are tears, tears Chris wished he wasn’t the reason for making their way down her already tearstained cheeks, he hates the fact that he’s the person who’d hurt his precious daughter because that was the last thing he’d ever wanted to do; he curses Amber for not aborting their mistake because if it had been done then none of this, none of the hurt his daughter was experiencing now would’ve happened, then again Chris knew if he’d stayed true to Victoria then none of this would’ve happened either. Feeling horrible and needing to comfort his daughter Chris moves towards his tearful daughter who however hurries further away from him, the rejection feels like a knife through the heart.

How – how could you do that to mom?´ Allison asks voice loud and rough, ´Did she know? Did mom know that I had a little brother?’ her voice starts to rise and continues to rise and she throws a few more questions at him, each question feeling like a kick or a punch on his person.

Did she know – did she know about Stiles? Did Gerard know? What about Kate? Did everyone but me know about him?!´

No. No, she didn’t know. I didn’t even know about Stiles until fairly recently. I don’t think anyone knew, except for Stiles birth-mom, and the Stilinski’s.´ Chris hurries to say, ´I swear your mother didn’t know about him, how could she when I only learned about it recently.´ His words clearly gives his daughter no comfort if anything she seems to grow even more upset the more he speaks.

I can’t believe this.´ Allison cries, ´I can’t…´ whatever she was about to say is drowned out by the furious roar that breaks their conversation, he’s barely able to register the fact that he’s suddenly grabbed and slammed up against the nearest wall by a furious werewolf.

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