The Alpha Pair

by ShiningOmicron

Summary

Stiles just couldn't take it anymore. His once peaceful town had turned into a mess of discord and chaos. Someone needed to do something, someone had to bring order to the steadily growing turmoil in Beacon Hills. Stiles is sad to say it might just be him. Slash.

AU. Developing Sterek.
Hi, my name is ShiningOmicron. This is just something that came to me while watching the show. I'm new to writing for the Teen Wolf fandom so let me know if someone is out of character or anything like that.

I hope you enjoy it!

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Stiles felt different today, and not the good kind of different either. He felt as if something was going to happen, and that something was going to happen to him.

It's rare that Stiles felt that way; change never seemed to happen to him. The lives of the people around him seemed to change, though. Scott, his best friend, is a werewolf; Jackson, his old bully, is a lizard-like thing; and Lydia, his former crush, is…whatever the hell she is (admittedly, Stiles isn't close to the last two people mentioned, but that isn't the point).

And Stiles was always there, helping out as much as he could and getting absolutely none of the credit or respect he deserved. He did all the research needed to handle all the supernatural occurrences in Beacon Hills, which happened to be a lot lately, and did anyone care? No.

Stiles' research wasn't as easy as Scott and Derek thought it was; it wasn't just typing in words in Google and picking out the first couple of articles. No, most of the information, the useful information, couldn't even be found on the internet. It was usually hidden in archaic books, found in the deepest bowels of the Beacon Hills local library. Some of it was even in extremely old languages (you'd be lucky to find anything accurate on werewolves that wasn't in Greek).

But Stiles did all this work without complaint. Why? Because despite how much hell this town has given him, he loved Beacon Hills. This is the place where he grew up, this is the place where his mother grew up. Beacon Hills was his home, and he's willing to do whatever it takes to make sure his image of this town isn't tarnished.

He also loved Scott (in a brotherly way, of course). Why else would anyone put up with Scott's crap? If it had been anyone else, they would have abandoned Scott a very long time ago. Despite how selfish and bratty Scott can be from time to time, Stiles will always care for him. He's always done everything he could to protect Scott from harm and he always will.

"Dude," A poke from a pencil and his best friend's concerned voice brought Stiles out of his thoughts. "Are you okay?"

Oh boy, all of Stiles' worrying must be showing pretty clearly if even Scott noticed something was off with him today.

He never liked doing that, showing feelings of sadness. Stiles has always prided himself on being the thing that brought up people's spirits not brought them down. People shouldn't concern themselves with him, ever.

"I'm fine man," Stiles turned to his friend and offering him a likeness of his normal goofy smile he always wore. "Just a little tired, I pulled another all-nighter."
Scott told him couple nights ago that he had smelled a strange scent in the air. He knew that it wasn't another werewolf, because that wouldn't have smelled strange, obviously, and it wasn't something he had smelled before either. It was a new scent, a new and dangerous scent that smelled of cinnamon and trees (at least according to Scott anyway. Stiles just wondered how cinnamon and trees were dangerous).

Stiles had been researching ever since he gained this information, trying to find any creatures that could be related to cinnamon and trees. After eight hours of searching he came up with over one thousand choices. Needless to say, Stiles was less than ecstatic when he was finished.

"Don't worry," Scott gave his friend a comforting smile. "You'll figure it out eventually, you always do."

Now Stiles' smile regained some of the brightness it had once lost. Scott was acting like the caring friend that he always could be. He loved moments like this. Sadly, they seemed to exist only in small doses since the arrival of Allison into their lives.

Don't get Stiles wrong; he doesn't have anything against Allison, she's a really sweet girl, he just doesn't like how Scott and Allison act together. He doesn't like how they think that they are the only ones in the world that matter; that they are the only ones with problems.

A lot of problems have been created because of their actions with each other and it has to stop. Somebody has to bring them back to reality before lives start to be lost over their soap opera love. The only question is who. That's something Stiles desperately wants to know.

The bell rang, signaling the end of class. All of the students rushed out of the room wanting to escape the horror that was English 102 as soon as possible.

Seeing that he still had Scott's attention, Stiles quickly pulled out some notes from his research from last night. He wanted to use this non-Allison moment for as long as possible.

"I think I might be able to narrow down some of our candidates for our supernatural version of Guess Who," Stiles pointed to some key facts he got from an extremely long European Bestiary, "I need you to-"

"Oh there's Allison," Scott's previously intrigued demeanor instantly dropped for a bright smile as soon as he caught sight of his girlfriend.

Without even looking back he ran towards her, wrapping an arm around her waist and walking with her to his next class.

Meanwhile Stiles just stood where he was frozen, his body still in the same position before he was interrupted. Slowly, with a small sigh, he dropped his arms and put away his notes.

"I don't know why I try," Stiles said to himself lowly.

"Talking to yourself, Stilinski?" A smooth voice said in the form of a taunt.

Completely ungracefully, Stiles turned at the sound of the familiar voice of Lydia Martin. She was staring directly at him, she looked as if she was seeing into his soul with her eyes. It was making him extremely uncomfortable.

"That's the first sign of insanity," Lydia tut-tutted, shaking her head in mock sadness. "It would be such a shame if someone like you were to be whisked away to an insane asylum."
Stiles internally groaned at his luck. Ever since that incident with Peter, Lydia had been in full Queen Bee mode. Anyone (and everyone) in her sight has suffered from her wrath for an entire week and no one knew why.

Even Stiles who knew exactly what had happened couldn't tell you why she was acting the way she was. Sure, he understood that what happened to her was extremely traumatic and terrifying, but he couldn't tell you why she acting like somebody pissed in her coffee, cereal, and car on the same day. Maybe this was her way of dealing with the situation. Maybe she's snapped and has lost her mind. Or maybe she's just on her period. Either way, Stiles couldn't tell you anything.

Stiles could never figure out girls; all of them were so complicated and crazy. I guess that's why he's been finding men more attractive than women lately.

"Hello? Earth to spaz boy." Lydia was snapping her perfectly manicured fingers in his face to get him to pay attention to her.

Ha, I bet that's a first for her, having to try to get a boy to pay attention to her.

"Sorry." Stiles shook himself out of his mind and gave her a nervous smile. "My mind just goes to space sometimes."

"Really?" Lydia folded her arms and gave him a shocked look. Stiles desperately wished he could make his face do things like that.

Stiles gave her an eager grin. "Oh yeah my brain loves its travels to outer space. It's like a rocket," He moved his hand upward in a zigzag motion and even made zoom sound effects, "you never know where it's going to stop."

For all of a couple seconds Lydia stood perfectly still, just staring at Stiles, before she regained her composure and gave him a "you-are-lesser-than-me-look".

"Well that was…unique." Lydia tried desperately to find the correct word to express herself. "But now that I've had my daily dose of stupid I have to go to class."

She then tried very prissily tried to walk past the hyperactive teen but was stopped by a hand on her shoulder.

"Wait." Stiles quickly took his hand off of her as he got caught in her death glare. "Are you okay?"

Lydia blinked before narrowing her eyes. "Why do you care?" She was clearly trying to avoid the question. "You think that just because you give me a concerned glance every here and there you're going to get lucky, Stilinski?"

"Of course not," Stiles snapped, his anger and outrage making him ignore the looks he was getting from other kids in the hall.

Sure, at the time when he had feelings for Lydia he had wanted to sleep with her, it wouldn't make sense if he didn't, but that's not all he wanted. Stiles had wanted a relationship with her, he had wanted to love her. He had wanted to be the Leonardo DiCaprio to her Kate Winslet. He hadn't just loved her face, he had also loved her brain. Lydia was the only girl Stiles knew that couldn't just look like a runway model but could also study like a Harvard grad. He had wanted every part of her, body and mind.

Sadly, Stiles has gone through some very harsh times in the past couple of months and he didn't have time to pine over her anymore. By the time he was given a break, a very small break,
you, his feelings for her were completely gone.

"I want to know if you're okay because I care about you," Stiles informed her gently. Very quickly he moved in and awkwardly gave her hug before falling back into the place he was before. "I want to be your friend."

Stiles could see it then, he saw Lydia's legendary indifferent mask fall from her face and was replaced with the genuine sadness he assumed that she was feeling. However, as soon as the late bell rang loud and sharp, her face returned to its normal protective form.

"Thanks a lot, Stilinski, now I'm late for class," Lydia scoffed and without another word left him in the hallway alone.

Stiles stared in front of himself thoughtfully wondering what could be done for her. Lydia needed help, and fast. She needed someone to talk to, someone that could help her get past all these pent-up emotions she's feeling. Who? That's another question Stiles couldn't answer.

The end of the day could not have come quicker. Stiles sometimes got extremely insulted in class; the teachers acted like none of them could get the simple concepts they said to the students.

Scott huffed loudly, bumping shoulders with his best friend as they walked out of the school. Stiles desperately hoped there weren't more Allison problems. He wasn't really in the mood to give any encouraging speeches at the moment.

"I don't know how I'm going to pass math this year, I don't understand a thing my teacher's saying," Scott shook his head hopelessly which is something he typically did when talking about his own grades.

How Scott McCall got into Trigonometry is anyone's guess. The boy barely passed any of his math classes and they put him in one of the most advanced math classes in the school? Somebody must be out to get him.

"I couldn't focus on anything that he was saying. It was really weird," Scott said blinking slowly in thought.

"Scott," Stiles was almost afraid to ask but, "Is Allison in that class to?"

Scott perked up once again. "Yeah, she is. Why?"

Of course she is, Stiles thought to himself begrudgingly. He had to resist the urge to slap himself in the forehead with his binder. Of course Scott wasn't pay attention class because he was too busy paying attention to Allison, as always.

Stiles and Scott needed to have a study session, urgently. First he needed to get Scott away from Allison, though. He would probably have better luck trying to pull teeth with plastic utensils, but it was worth a shot. All he had to do was either find a bunny rabbit of something shiny, or possibly both.

"Give me a ride?" Scott asked already moving toward moving toward Stiles' car. "Deaton will kill me if I'm late for work again."

Pulling out his keys, Stiles was more than ready to put Carry on the road so they could get the hell out of there. However, he froze when he saw two figures leaning on the front of the car staring dead at Scott and Stiles.
"Hello boys." Erica greeted coquettishly, eyeing them with dark intent, "Always a pleasure to talk to you both."

If Stiles had been feeling in the mood he would have rolled his eyes to high heaven. Erica was once again doing the same thing she and Isaac have been doing since they've been turned, acting like henchman. They really didn't have anything relevant to say, opting to just smirk and let out snarky remarks.

In the corner of his eye, Stiles could see Scott tensing up beside him. Boyd and Erica, despite looking quiet relaxed, were leaning on his car in a manner that would allow them to jump up at any time.

It was quite a shame. All of them had been through so much together, both supernatural and normal issues, and yet none of them could even have a simple conversation with one another without having their claws out under the dinner table.

Derek and Scott were still at odds with each other. The two of them just couldn't get along under any circumstances. It's not hard to see why, what with Scott's selfish tendencies not making him the most ideal person for a wolf pack, and Derek with his new "I'm Alpha and it's my way or the highway" mentality he's gained, it's a wonder they haven't killed each other yet.

These two needed a mediator before they do actually kill each other, or at least babysitter to change their diapers when they started whining.

"What do you want, Reyes?" Scott questioned, the tiniest bit of a snarl in his voice.

While Erica seemed to be amused by Scott, Boyd showed no reaction to his hostile question. He just looked over at the both of them with his face blank.

Boyd wasn't acting like Derek, imitating his emotionless mask; he was watching just both Stiles and Scott, analyzing them.

Of all the decisions Derek has made thus far as Alpha, Stiles can say that turning Boyd should be the only one the werewolf should be proud of. Boyd doesn't act like a nameless grunt or a henchman, he's tactical in the sense that he's always waiting and watching. He never speaks until he's sure of what he's saying and doesn't act until he has a plan.

Once upon a time Stiles thought that maybe Boyd could have taken over as Alpha, but he squashed that idea when he realized that Boyd wasn't one for giving orders but was just good and following them to a tee.

"Scott, Derek wants you to discuss the new threat with us tonight," Boyd said, finally speaking up.

Stiles couldn't help but notice the way he only said Scott's name. Not that Stiles wasn't used to being ignored (he's aware of how much people dislike him) but never at the level of Derek and his pack. They went out of their way to ignore him, excluding him from meetings, not sharing any information with him, and always wanting to talk to Scott and never him (which was completely pointless because Scott told him everything).

Derek did this far more than his flunkies. He threatened him every single time he spotted Stiles in supernatural situations and events. And yet, he was always the first to protect him from harm.

Stiles knew that Derek didn't like him very much, it was fact he had sadly come to accept, but he just couldn't understand why he acted the way he did around him. He didn't treat anyone but him like that, like they shouldn't be involved in all of this. It hurt Stiles more than he would care to
"Be at the hideout by seven, Scott, for the meeting," Erica said putting emphasis on the name.

Meeting? Did she mean the all-out bitchfest that's sure to come which will get them absolutely nowhere and force them to deal with the problem as it comes to them with no type of plan? That's sounded much more accurate.

Stiles looked between his best friend and the two werewolves by his car, his eyes darting back and forth between them.

They needed help. They needed someone to guide them along. Who could do it? Stiles was getting tired of asking the same question all the time.

Scott scoffed but looked like he was going to agree to go nonetheless.

"Yeah sure, what-"

"No." Stiles suddenly proclaimed. His mouth was doing that thing where it starts saying things without the consent of his brain.

"What?" Erica snarled, looking insulted that he would even dare utter that word to her.

Apparently his legs decided to go the way of his mouth, as he walked toward Erica and Boyd, stopping in front of them.

"I said no." Stiles repeated with strength he didn't even know he had. "If you want to talk to Scott you talk to me first."

Boyd showed no visible reaction to his words, while Erica just scoffed at him. "Sorry, no humans allowed, Derek was big on that fact."

Stiles at first started to glare at her but decided to shrug his shoulders at her response.

"That's fine with me," Stiles told her indifferently moving to the driver's side of his car, "but you're not talking to Scott without talking to me; not anymore."

He made a small hand gesture for Scott of follow him which he dutifully did, to his surprise. It seemed Scott's body was working without Scott's brain as well, because while he was doing what Stiles said he looked completely stunned while doing it. It was like some force was pulling him to do what he said.

Starting the car and without so much as a backward glance, Stiles drove out of the school parking lot.

"What was that?" Scott asked with his eyes widened, once they were a ways away from the school.

Stiles seemed to be in shock himself. His hands were gripping the wheel tightly, his palms sweaty, his eyes focused on the road like a laser.

"You totally just owned them back there." Scott continued with gleefully. "I didn't think you had it in you."

"Neither did I," Stiles answered in a small voice. "Neither did I."

He had just felt something come over him, a kind of power that has been lying dormant within him.
It was something he had been feeling ever since Derek became the Alpha.

For the first time in years Stiles could feel life, his own life, starting to change.

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I hate writing first chapters. It took me an hour to decide what to write for the first page. I hope everything turned out okay.
Growing Up

I'm glad to see I'm getting some support. I'd like to thank all of you who favorited and are following this story, it really means a lot.

On to the next chapter!

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Two days. For two full days neither Stiles nor Scott had heard anything from Derek or his three stooges. Boyd and Erica didn't even try to approach either of them at school. In fact, they didn't even show up to school at all in the last two days.

Stiles didn't know if this was a good thing or a bad thing. Stiles' naive side tried to tell him that this was a good thing: that Derek was respecting his wishes and his wish for acknowledgement, but then the realistic side of him took over once again. It reminded him that Derek was one determined asshole and he doesn't stop until he gets what he wants.

He knew that Derek was just biding his time, planning his next attack. And when Stiles says attack he means attack because that's how Derek is, always confrontational all the time. Stiles knows the werewolf enough to have memorized his tactics and strategies.

It's not to say that Derek is a shoot first, ask questions later type of guy (he saves that brilliant strategy for when he turns people into werewolves) but he is very direct. He doesn't beat around the bush and he's never one for talking or negotiating.

That, in Stiles' opinion, is what should be considered one of Derek's biggest flaws in terms of how he handles his position as Alpha. He's a leader that doesn't know how to talk to people. Stiles didn't even think that was possible nor could he even relate to that.

For Stiles, his biggest way of communicating was his mouth. Everyone around him always knew where he stood on everything; he made a point to verbalize his opinions so that there would be no confusion on his wants and needs. He never had to worry about people not understanding where he was coming from on anything because he already told them what he wanted.

Sure, Derek may say otherwise, that getting physical and threats were the best way to make sure people do what you want them to do, but that doesn't work in every situation. He certainly can't threaten the Argents into leaving him and his pack alone. If he even so much as tried anything like that with those people, Derek's ass would be grass.

Stiles looked over at his clock next to his bed. It was getting late and it wouldn't be long until his father comes home from his shift.

Sitting up and stretching himself tiredly, Stiles walked out of his room and toward the kitchen to start dinner.

With an enthusiastic grin, Stiles slipped on his favorite apron (the one that said Professional Meat Handler) and then got everything he needed to cook the meal he had planned to make.

"Iron Chef Stiles has entered the building!" Stiles shouted, his voicing echoing throughout the
Carefully, he set all his ingredients down on the table and then moved to the cupboards to get his pans.

"I'm not like any other chef. Oh no, I'm the chief that takes flavor and spanks it!" He slapped one of his chicken breasts for emphasis.

Stiles rubbed his hands in anticipation eyeing his ingredients like they were his last meal.

"Tonight we're making some pan seared chicken with avocados," Stiles blew a kiss to the air. "Delicious."

The first thing he did was start up the stove and put the pan under it so everything on that end would be set. He then set all four chicken breasts down on him cutting board to slowly start seasoning the meat.

"Don't worry sweetie pies, Stiles is here for you." Stiles reassured the chicken breast as he sprinkled down some white pepper and sage on the meat. "I'm just prepping you. You know what's coming."

With the chicken now seasoned to his satisfaction (the pan now well-oiled and heated), Stiles moved the board with the chicken breast over to the pan. He picked up one of piece of the poultry and held it above the pan in a dramatic fashion.

"You ready for this?" Stiles eyes scanned over the meat in his hand before shaking his head. "No, you're not ready for this."

"But I am!" Stiles shouted, throwing the chicken down into the pan. "BAM!"

"Watch that little bitch sizzle!" Stiles grinned manically at his now cooking meat. He took two more of the chicken breasts in his hands and held them above the pan as well.

"Don't try this at home folks, I'm about to double up." He flung both of the chicken breasts into the pan at the same time. "BAM BAM!"

"And for the grand finale." Stiles held up the last chicken breast to the ceiling like it was some sacred object.

"A B-B-B-B-BAM!" Stiles bellowed letting the chicken breast slip from his hand and land perfectly into the pan with the rest.

Stiles didn't have to time relish in the satisfaction he was feeling before he felt eyes on him. Slowly, he turned around to see none other than his father at the kitchen door.

Given the fact the sheriff didn't have his jacket or gun on him he must have been here for a while, meaning that he's been watching his son in the kitchen for who knows how long.

He didn't seem too shocked by his son's antics but he did have that look of a father that just realized that his son was 100% insane.

Stiles chuckled nervously, leaning on the kitchen counter and rubbing the back of his head.

"Um, dinner will be ready soon?" Stiles squeaked blushing like his father caught him with his hand down his pants, again.
For a moment, in his father's eyes Stiles saw something familiar flicker in them, a glint of amusement he hasn't seen since he saw another certain someone cooking just like this. However, it was gone before he could comment on it and his father was walking into the living room.

As if forced by gravity, Stiles turned his eyes to the recipe book at the edge of the kitchen counter. It stood perfectly on its book stand as it always has for years.

"It's all your fault mom," Stiles said softly walking over to the stand to fondly stroke the spine of his mother's cookbook.

Gabriel Stilinski had been known all over town for being an amazing cook. Before she passed away she was actually the head chef for the best restaurant in town, Merveille. She loved to cook; she always said that the smiles her customers gave her after they ate her food made getting up and going to work worth it every single day.

Of course with such a love of cooking Gabriel passed on her love for food onto her son. How could Stiles have not gained a love for cooking? What with how much fun his mother made being in the kitchen was. She made cooking an experience, not just with eating, but cooking the food as well. Because of his mother, Stiles never felt more relaxed than when he was preparing a meal.

About twenty minutes later, Stiles carried two plates to the table where his father was sitting and reading some documents from his latest case.

"Hey." Stiles proclaimed in protest as he put his and his father's plates on the table before moving to get a couple glasses and a pitcher of water.

John looked up as he heard his son's voice.

"Didn't we have a talk about having papers at the dinner table?" Stiles reminded his father with his arms folded in a no-nonsense stance.

"Hold on." John held up a hand in protest. "I just have to look over these last couple of documents."

Stiles pretended to think for a moment. "Hm, now where have I heard that before? Oh yeah, didn't you say that the day you spilled wine all over a whole folder of documents and then you spent the rest of the night trying to make duplicates of them?"

If John had laser vision, Stiles would have been burned to a cinder by now. Regardless, he did what his son said and put away his documents.

"Nag, nag, nag. That's all you do." John said smartly to his son before grabbing his utensils and digging into his meal.

Stiles was pleased as he observed his father eat his meal. Ever since his dads doctor advised them to watch what he eats Stiles has been completely anal about what John's diet. Of course, Stiles was met with resistance but once his dad found out that healthy foods weren't as terrible as he thought they were be begrudgingly allowed his son to control his eating habits (with the occasional bacon sandwich here and there).

"So what's going on at work?" Stiles questioned taking a sip of his water.

John shrugged taking another bite of his chicken. "Nothing much crime wise, but we're having some problems at the precinct."
"What do you mean?" Stiles raised an eyebrow now looking more curious than he did before.

"Well, there have been a couple of issues, some people not getting along with their partners, others complaining about not getting paid enough and some cops not pulling their own weight." John answered with a shrug. "These kinds of things always happen at the end of the month."

Wow, Stiles never realized how much his father has to deal with on a daily basis. After all he's not just a cop he's the sheriff, the one that has to make all the decisions, the one every one turns to for help and guidance.

His dad was a leader one with a lot of people depending on him.

"How do you handle all of that?" Stiles asked in a small voice.

John picked on the unnatural, at least for his son, tone in Stiles' voice instantly but chose not to comment on it at the moment.

"I mean you're their leader, you have to deal with all these problems yourself." Stiles looked up at his father with a face that made him seem like a lost child. "How can you fix all those problems by yourself?"

"By myself?" John repeated with a snort as he took a sip of water. "I couldn't do all of that by myself Stiles. That's what I have deputies for, to help me out when my work load is too much to handle."

"But what if you didn't have deputies?" Stiles asked unable to keep a nervous tic out of his voice. He was putting himself in his father situation at this point. "What if you had to deal with everything by yourself?"

John shook his head. "That's impossible son. No one man is an island. There is no way in hell I could be a good sheriff without some kind of support."

Stiles sighed heavily, trying to force himself to calm down.

He was starting to feel the pressure of the role he put himself in. Can he really do this? Can he be the person that can help his friends? Does he have a right to?

"Son?"

Stiles snapped to attention when he heard the stern but concerned tone in his father's voice.

"You want to talk about something?" John asked while his eyes clearly stated that this was not a question. Stiles wouldn't be getting up from this table unless he spilled his guts about whatever was bothering him.

"Not really," Stile denied with a shrug, "but I don't have much of a choice, do I?"

John raised an eyebrow at him expectantly.

"A couple of my friends are going through some problems." Stiles confessed wanting to just get this over with. "And I'm the only one that's willing to help them."

"They're not going to go to their parents." Stiles quickly said before his father could chime in with the obvious solution. "It's just too personal for them."

Just by the worry lines in Stiles' forehead, John could tell that his son was taking whatever his
friends were going through very seriously. He knew Stiles wasn't going to go into specifics, he was far too loyal to do that.

Of all things John taught his son he never thought the importance of loyalty would be the one that would bite him in the ass.

"Does Scott know what's going?" John asked. Those two kids have been joined at the hip since second grade. Whatever Scott knew Stiles knew, and whatever Stiles knew Scott knew. That's how it's always been.

Stiles let out a small humorless laugh. "He's one of the problems I was talking about. His thing isn't that big but it's still a problem."

"Then handle that first." John advised easily. "That's always how you're supposed to do it, handle the easiest problems first and then move up the ladder. Before you know it you'll be done with everything."

What John was saying was so obvious but it was still brilliant. If Stiles could slap some sense into Scott and Allison he could take out two birds with one stone, take care of his easiest problem and get the backup that he so desperately needed.

Stiles can already tell that doing that was easier said than done. Scott is one stubborn bastard and he won't back down easily. He was going to have to trick his best friend just to get him to listen to him.

"Thanks dad." Stiles shooting his father a winning smile as he stood up from the table. "You gave me something to work with."

John watched his son leave the room, not making a move to stop him. Rubbing his eyes tiredly, he slid back in his chair letting his thoughts consume him.

"He'd tell me if he was in over his head right?" John asked the ceiling.

Both he and the ceiling knew the answer to that question.

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"I just need you to come over for about five minutes," Stiles pleaded over his phone. "I don't care if you're with Allison right now, bring her over too."

Stiles rolled his eyes as he was given the same bullshit excuse of them wanting to have as much time together as possible. How can you be desperate for time with someone when you spend every single day with them?

Luckily, Stiles planned for Scott to be his typically annoying self.

"Hey, Scott? Guess what I'm making." Stiles said in a sing-song voice as he turned on his blender.

"It's your favorite, cupcake milkshakes!" Stiles said excitedly as he knew this would definitely work. Scott was a sucker for these things, always has been since elementary school.

Just as expected he heard over the phone Scott squeal, quiet femininely actually, before he hung up the phone without another word.

Five minutes later, Scott bust into Stiles' house, Allison looking completely out of breath beside
him. Apparently he dragged her all the way there.

"Scott, for God's sake," Allison panted as she tried to compose herself.

For once Scott didn't pay attention to her. He was instead looking around frantically for his promised treat.

However, all he found was Stiles, sitting in the living looking more serious than Scott has ever seen him.

"Stiles, man, everything alright?" Scott asked hesitantly walking further into the room with Allison by his side.

"Both of you sit down." Was all Stiles said in acknowledgment of their presence. He pointed to the two chairs directly in front of where he was sitting on the couch.

The two lovers gave each other a side look before complying with Stiles' wishes. The two sat next to each other, Scott shifting nervously in his seat.

"Dude, what is this, some kind of intervention of something?" Scott joked trying to lighten up the tension in the room.

"You could say that." Stiles answered honestly before silence overtook the room once again.

For the next five minutes or so the three of them just stood there. Scott and Allison were waiting for Stiles to say something while he just stared them down, it almost if he was searching for something within them. It made them extremely uncomfortable.

"What did you guys do today?" Stiles question suddenly making them both jump.

Allison hesitated before she answered. "Nothing much, we just went to the park and talked for a little bit."

"What did you two do yesterday?" Stiles asked his normally vibrant eyes portraying no emotion.

"Uh, went on a picnic?" Scott replied looking almost afraid to answer.

"The day before that?" Stiles asked in the exact same blank tone.

Scott shot Allison a look before answering again. "We went out to a restaurant."

"The day before that?" Stiles repeated gazing at the two of them in the thinking pose.

"What is this about Stiles?" Scott rolled his eyes having had quite enough of whatever this was.

"Answer my question!" Stiles growled showing off the Stiles that appeared in the parking lot once again.

It seemed to have the same effect as before because both Scott and Allison snapped to attention and were more focused.

"We just went for a walk around the neighborhood that's all." Scott stated looking more confused than angry now.

Stiles sighed heavily, imitating his father perfectly when he has to interrogate criminals.
"Good, everything seems great in ScottAllison land." Stiles said quietly, the smile he gave them was cold as ice. "But let me remind both of you what's happening in the real world."

"What are you-"

Stiles talked over his best friend, wanting to just get this out and get it over with. "Lydia, who you claim to be friends with Allison, has been traumatized by a psychotic werewolf. Jackson, who you actually cared about before Scott, hasn't been in school for days so god knows what's happening with him, he might be dead for all we know."

Scott and Allison's eyes widened. Neither of them use to this serious side of the hyperactive Stiles Stilinski.

Stiles didn't pay any attention to their shocked expressions though; he still had a point to make.

"Derek is still acting like he's king of the freaking world, making it hard to even be related to anything supernatural without having the Hunters on your ass. And said Hunters are acting like it's open season on pretty much anyone that doesn't look human."

"And despite all this, you two are going out on dates like you two don't have fucking care in the world." Stiles threw his hands up in surrender glaring at the two of them.

"Stiles we can't just-"

"I'm not done." Stiles shouted above Allison making her clam up. His gaze was intense on her.

"I get it you two, I get it," Stiles told them reassuring. He stood up and walked behind their chairs. "I get that neither of you asked to be a part of this, that neither of you want to be a part of this but that's thing, you are a part this."

Stiles gripped the backs of both their chairs staring down at the two of them as if he could strike them both down.

"You two need to get over yourselves and accept the responsibilities forced upon you." Stiles told them bluntly. "Yeah, it sucks, but there's nothing we can do about it but just move on."

"Deal with it how?!" Scott proclaimed in a slight panic, looking more lost than he usually does lately. "How can we deal with all that stuff, we're just kids!"

Stiles didn't bothering saying anything to that, he chose rather to just walk back over to the couch and throw all the information and facts he's gathered thus far at them. Stiles' notes were neatly put in two folders labeled "Forest Creature" and "Hunter News".

In the "Hunter News" folder it was revealed to the couple was what Stiles observed about the hunters. According to his notes they seemed hovering on sections of the town where Scott and the other werewolves tended to be during full moons and things of that nature (the forest and the outskirts of town). All of them armed to teeth and eager to kill.

The "Forest Creature" folder had what Stiles assumed what the new threat could be. It was sickening; each page described terrible creatures ranging from flesh eaters, to rapists, and even child molesters. They didn't have pictures before but Stiles went out of his way to get some for Allison and Scott, just to get the point across.

Both of them slowly looked up at Stiles, utterly horrified by what they were seeing.
It was at that moment Stiles saw reality hit them, he saw the light of innocence leave them as it finally set in what their lives were truly like.

Stiles was heartbroken that he had to be the one do this. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt either of them, but they forced his hand. So someone had to be the voice of reason.

"It's time we grew up." Stiles told them solemnly. "The six of us need to fix all of these problems."

"Six of us?" Scott questioned lowly.

Stiles awarded him with a smile, one that was more like the old Stiles. "Yep. You two, me, Lydia, Jackson, and Danny need to come together and form some type of group to deal with all this. We can help them by bringing them into our group and they can do the same for us."

"Danny? Why him?" Allison understood why Lydia and Jackson would be a part of their strange little pack, but she didn't get why Danny would be included.

Stiles looked at her like she was insane. "Duh, you can't have a Jackson without a Danny. It's like trying to have a Scott without a Stiles, it's just not possible."

"Right?" Stiles turned to his best friend, almost scared of what his answer might be.

Stiles couldn't do this without Scott; he knew good and well that he couldn't. He needed his best friend beside him. Nobody else can support him better than Scott could. Scott had to be there for him, he had to be.

Stiles almost backed up as Scott stood and approached him. They stood in front of each other, both tense and stressed.

Finally Scott stopped all the dramatics, grinned like the lovable idiot he is, and clasped a hand on Stiles' shoulder.

"I wouldn't have it any other way, Alpha Stiles." Scott proclaimed happily.

Stiles couldn't ever respond before Allison enveloped him in a hug, one that he gladly returned.

"We're going to get our pack together and set everything straight." Allison said into his ear reassuringly before she let him go. "Just wait and see."

"Alpha? Pack?" Stiles blinked in confusion. "Uh, can we not use those names? This isn't a pack and I'm sure as hell not an alpha."

Both Allison and Scott shared a smirk as the two of them made no move to retract their previous statements.

"Asses." Stiles said lowly, not caring that they could hear him. Moving over to the fridge he pulled out two cupcake milkshakes. "Just take your milkshakes and get out of my house."

"Oh you actually made them." Scott was practically jumping up and down in glee. He turned to his girlfriend. "These are so good."

Allison took a cautious sip of the one handed to her before her eyes lit up in excitement.

"This…is the best milkshake I've ever had in my life." Allison gasped taking more sips of hers as she walked out the house with her boyfriend.
"Yeah, yeah, I'll talk to you guys tomorrow about what we're going to do next." Stiles told them before slamming the door shut.

"Why do I feel like I want to sleep for the next three days?" Stiles asked himself aloud as he leaned on his front door.

Kicking himself forward, Stiles sluggishly walked up to his room thinking that he had nothing to worry about for the moment.

However, when he opened the door to his room he collided with something that felt like it was made out of concrete.

"We need to talk," Said the growling voice of none other than Derek Hale.

"Aw damn it," Stiles groaned before he was roughly pulled into his own room.

…

I think I got a little too carried away with the Stiles scenes in this chapter.

Thank you so much reading!
Here I am with another chapter. I'm trying my best to make this story good for everyone. I don't know how other authors can post stories so fast and still have their stories be so good.

I hope you like it!

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

As soon as the door was closed, Stiles felt himself shoved against it.

"Man, I don't know about you but I'm getting a feeling of déjà vu." Stiles chuckled nervously.

Menacing eyes stared down at him, looking like a pair of sharp knives that wanted to cut into his flesh.

"Hi, Derek." Stiles greeted normally, as if he wasn't pinned against the door of his own room. "How've you been?"

"What are you doing?" Derek demanded. He seemed to be pretty upset about something. Well, he seemed more upset than usual anyway.

"Who, me?" Stiles pointed to himself, putting on his best puppy dog look. "Nothing much, just trying to catch up on my sleep."

"Are you?" Derek's eyebrows rose, his frown still in place. "Because from what I've heard, you've been getting in the way of my plans."

"Wha-No! What gave you that idea?" Okay fine, maybe Stiles had stopped Scott from attending that meeting, but it was for his and everyone else's own good.

Derek gritted his teeth, knowing good and well that Stiles was lying to him. Maybe Stiles should rethink not telling the truth to people who can break you in half with their pinky finger.

"Look, I'm sure Scott has been running my name into ground and saying how much of a terrible Alpha I am," Derek hissed angrily, "but whether he likes it or not I'm the only Alpha in this town. You and him are just going to have to accept that."

"It's not you being the Alpha we have a problem with. Sure, you screwed up a couple things but that doesn't make you a terrible Alpha. We don't think you're a terrible Alpha it's just that some things you want aren't the things we want." Stiles babbles swiftly. He'd had been doing so well with his lack of babbling in the past couple of months. Why did he have to start back up in front of Derek of all people?

Derek just raised an eyebrow at him, probably wondering just what exactly Stiles was getting at.

Taking a minute to compose himself and his speech, Stiles did a couple relaxing breaths to try and calm himself down. Where was his medication when he needed it?

"This town is getting to be Sunnydale level crazy." Stiles stated in a much more relaxed manner. "Everything is spinning out of control and nobody's doing anything about it."
"If your idiot friend would just wise up and join the pack then we could take care of everything," Derek growled in frustrated.

Looks like Scott wasn't the only thickheaded werewolf in this town. Stiles wondered if it came with being one of them. And what was with that 'we' thing? Does Derek really think that by just having Scott by his side everything will be alright?

"Scott isn't ready to be what you want him to be." Stiles protested. "He's not ready to be some head beta or whatever you have planned for him. He's just Scott, the animal loving fool with a heart of gold."

Derek gave him a dry look in response. "He needs to be more than that; those Hunters aren't going to care what he's ready for when they're trying to kill him."

Stiles couldn't argue with that but he still didn't think Scott was ready for what Derek wanted, not yet.

"I know," Stiles nodded while his heart started racing again, he was absolutely terrified to finish his sentence, "that's why I'm going get him in shape. I'm taking charge."

Stiles shut his eyes waiting for the eventual explosion to happen. He knew Derek would be pissed that he's trying to guide a werewolf in his town.

He's read books, he knew how wolves act when someone encroaches on their territory and Stiles couldn't think of a more encroaching action than stealing one of his unofficial wolves away from the Alpha.

"...What?"

Stiles slowly opened his eyes bracing himself for those familiar blood red eyes. He didn't see them however, or a wolfed out face either.

He just saw plain old Derek looking confused...and a bit surprised? Stiles couldn't tell you how hard it was to read Derek's facial features. It was like trying to open the world's most impenetrable safe.

"You're going to take over as his Alpha?" Derek questioned not letting any kind of emotion into his voice whatsoever.

"What? No, no, no!" Stiles was quick to deny that thought. "I'm not taking over anything, I'm just trying to help my friends, and it's not just Scott."

With those words Derek dropped whatever confusion he was feeling as he put on his normal grumpy face. He leaned down further into Stiles' face with narrowed eyes.

Stiles audibly and visibly gulped. What did he say wrong this time? Why do people get so angry at him for opening his mouth? It makes no sense.

In the span of a second Derek's face went from above Stiles' head to at his neck.

"Derek? What are you doing?" Stiles whimpered in embarrassment. He didn't even have to look in a mirror to see that he was blushing all over his face, he could practically sense it.

The werewolf paid no attention to him; he just careful moved his nose over Stiles' neck and sniffed it.
Apparently, Derek either found something he didn't like or was new to him as he stopped his inspection mid-sniff.

Like a shark rising up from the water, Derek raised his head to stare at Stiles once again. The werewolf looked completely stumped about something.

"It's too early," Derek proclaimed lowly.

"Too early?" Stiles repeated tilting his head to the side. "What do you mean? You mean it's too early to be harassed by a werewolf? I would say the answer to that is definitely yes."

"More time should have been given." Derek carried on with his monologue as if Stiles hadn't uttered a word. "It never happens this early."

"Hello!" Stiles shouted, as he was never one for being ignored. "Can you stop talking to your ghost friends and fill me in on what you're talking about?"

Derek growled in annoyance as he rubbed his ear. He had to stop the echoing of Stiles' extremely loud voice.

"What other friends were you talking about?" Derek asked right out of the blue.

Stiles just blinked up at him.

Irritated, Derek huffed at the human. "You mentioned you were helping your friends. What other friends beside Scott are you helping?"

"Oh," Stiles nodded in realization of what Derek was talking about, "Allison, Lydia, Danny, and Jackson."

Stiles didn't know why he was telling Derek this. It was absolutely none of his business, but then again, he does have a motor mouth and he'd rather be using it than have it be punched out by a werewolf fist.

He should have just taken the hit, if Derek's flaring nostrils and flashing red eyes were anything to go by.

"A Hunter and the Kanima?" Derek growled staring down at Stiles as if he were prey. "You're bringing a Hunter and the Kanima into the pack?"

It was more than a little weird that Derek seemed surprised that Stiles decided to bring Allison and Jackson into his little group, two people that had experience with the supernatural, rather than Lydia and Danny, the only two who haven't had any normal contact with anything supernatural.

"Yes, I'm bringing Allison and Jackson into my group/team thing." Stiles had no idea what to call it, and he refused to say pack. "Scott would mutiny if I didn't include Allison and Jackson needs somebody; I figured it might as well be us."

"I've said a thousand times, I'm going to handle the Kanima." Derek snarled gripping Stiles' shirt tighter and glaring down at him.

Going purely by instinct, Stiles grabbed onto Derek's jacket and matched his heated glare with his own.

"His name is Jackson," Stiles said defensively, "and it doesn't matter if you don't like him, you will
treat him with respect. And you're not going to handle him, I will. You had your chance and you blew it."

The two of them continued to stare each other down, waiting for the other to crack and surrender. Finally, Derek dropped his glare but still held onto Stiles' shirt.

"I don't have a choice in the matter do I?" Derek said with shake of his head, it seemed he was coming to peace with something.

Stiles was getting awfully tired of Derek acting like he wasn't in the room. This was his room for God's sake!

"You'll tell me of your progress and decisions." Derek said not even trying to pretend that was a question.

"Was that a way of telling me that you want to create a treaty with me?" Stiles asked with a raised eyebrow.

Derek snorted in response. "A treaty isn't necessary."

"It's absolutely necessary," Stiles refuted sternly. "I want to make sure there's no confusion between us. And I sure as hell don't want your kids coming after anyone in my group."

"Pack," Derek corrected as if it were instinct.

Stiles rolled his eyes wanting to hide himself in a hole. "First Scott and Allison, now you. You better not start calling me Alpha too because I'm not one."

Correct him if he was wrong, but Stiles could have sworn that he saw Derek's mouth twitch up slightly.

"Was that a smile I saw?" Stiles leaned a little closer, a grin shining on his face. "Come on, show me those pearly whites."

"Hm," Derek snorted but his mouth was still doing that twitching motion.

"Hm," Stiles snorted back imitating the werewolf perfectly.

Almost in an instant the tension in the room faded from the room. With all the talk over pack complications over, the two of them seemed less confrontational than before.

However, Stiles was hardly at ease at the moment. Now that he wasn't thinking about his friends he just now realized the type of picture the two of them made at the moment.

Derek was still holding Stiles against his own door, their bodies not even a hair away from one another's. Their hands were gripped near each other's necks seemingly able to glide themselves any way they wanted.

Stiles stared up into the eyes of the werewolf, holding him captivatedly. Those green eyes seemed to draw him closer. Every time he moved his eyes to the side or somewhere else, those green eyes followed him like a hunter chasing his prey. He just couldn't escape them.

This was too foreign to him, Stiles didn't understand what was going on and he didn't like it. He already had enough things going on that he didn't understand and he didn't need to add having a crush on a werewolf to that list.
"So, how about them Cowboys?" Stiles blurted out completely by accident.

That random outburst seemed to break whatever spell was placed on him and Derek, being the stoic werewolf that he is, then looked away from him.

Stiles would swear to everything sacred that he didn't do that on purpose. He just tends to get a little mouthy when he's been silent for too long. Well, mouthier than usual anyway.

"I have to go," Derek announced as he finally let go of Stiles, though he still pinned him with his stare. "Somebody has to look after the other three."

"Again with the weird word choice?" Stiles grumbled under his breath. Tomorrow he was going to go out and see if he could find a dictionary for sourwolves.

"Tomorrow night." Derek suddenly said as he headed for Stiles' window.

"What?" Stiles furrowed his brow in confusion.

Stiles didn't need Derek to turn around to know that he was rolling his eyes. The werewolf always hated repeating himself.

"Tomorrow night, we'll have your little meeting." Derek told the teen, as if the idea of negotiating was truly that ridiculous to him.

"Oh," was all Stiles said at first, before he grinned as Derek gracefully stepped out of his window. "Thanks!"

Derek gave him a nod and then he was gone, having jumped out the window.

Once he was sure that Derek couldn't be of hearing distance of him any longer, Stiles let out a huge sigh of relief as he fell onto his bed sheets.

"Well, that was weird, but kind of awesome," Stiles voiced breathily. "And I even stood up to Derek."

"Oh my god," Stiles gasped as the realization hit him, "I stood up to Derek. Victory Dance!"

And then Stiles, acting like the true spaz he is, got up from his bed and started flailing around and moving his hips randomly to an apparently very strange beat in his head, if his movements were anything to go by.

"Stiles! I need-What are you doing?"

Stiles heard his father's entrance into his room loud and clear but he didn't care in the slightest. He just kept on "dancing".

"I'm dancing!" Stiles proclaimed happily as if it wasn't obvious.

"...It looks like you're having a seizure." John pointed out, looking extremely disturbed.

"Don't care," Stiles chirped and continued to dance like the maniac that he is.

...  

"You guys read the paper?" Allison asked as he approached Scott and Stiles as they were walking into the school.
"Why? What's going on?" Stiles asked getting a feeling of anxiousness. This morning his father left in a real hurry. He didn't even try and steal some of his bacon this morning like he normally does.

Allison showed them the front page of the newspaper.

"Last night three people were kidnapped exactly at midnight." Stiles said, reading the article. "They were all in the safety of their own beds and there were no signs of a break in within their houses."

"It has to be that thing I smelled, whatever it is." Scott reminded them with a shake of his head.

"Either that or the world's greatest team of kidnappers." Stiles grunted looking years older than he was.

Things were starting to escalate already, and Stiles knew that this was only the beginning. Who knows what's happening to those people that got captured. And it's just a matter of time before others join them.

Stiles knew that he needed to act faster. He had to keep up with this enemy or they'd all be in danger.

"Stiles?"

Said teen looked up at the sound of Scott's voice. He saw both of his team members staring at him in concern.

He could tell they were lost, that they didn't know what to do. Stiles was in the same boat as them but he knew they had to persevere and carry on with their original plan. After all, there will always be strength in numbers.

"Is Lydia here yet?" Stiles asked directly to Allison.

"I think I saw her car in the parking lot." Allison answered slowly, wondering where he was going with this.

"She's here," Scott reassured them. When he got looks from the two of them he quickly clarified. "I know her scent anywhere, it really stands out."

Stiles put that very useful bit of information away in his memory banks for the moment.

"She trusts you, Allison. Go get her and bring her to the band room," Stiles ordered urging Scott into the school with himself.

"Whoa, Stiles, what are we doing?" Scott asked as he was rushed into school by his best friend.

"Getting another team member," Stiles explained briefly not even paying attention to the bell as it rang.

"Can we get our books first? It'll save us some time, because you know we're going to be late for class." Scott pointed out obviously.

Stiles chuckled humorlessly. "We're not going to class, Scott."

Not offering any further explanation, Stiles pushed them both into the empty band room at the back of the school. However, before Stiles went in, he grabbed a fire extinguisher from its cabinet in the hallway.
The girls arrived not long after them, appearing in the room not five minutes later.

"Uh, Allison? Why is it one moment you said we were going to your locker to get your extra mocha chai latte and the next you're pulling me into this room?!" Lydia demanded glaring fiercely at her friend.

Allison held up her hands in defeat, before moving to sit in the desk by her boyfriend. "Don't look at me, this wasn't my idea."

Lydia just now noticed that Scott and Stiles were in the room. Her glare was now a snarl as she eyed the two hatefully, but Stiles more than Scott.

"As much as I'd love to stay for the nerd convention, I have cronies to boss around," Lydia smiled viciously at them all as she headed back for the door. "So if you don't mind-"

"Actually we do." Stile cut in. He gave Scott a gesture for the door. "Stop her."

Before Lydia could even blink, Scott was standing in front of the door effectively blocking that exit entirely.

Lydia spun around to give Beacon Hills resident spaz a verbal thrashing but was shocked as she saw him suddenly in front of her. She didn't even hear his footsteps.

"Lydia, we need you to talk to us," Stiles pleaded, his voice soft and gentle. "We know what you've gone through lately and we want to help you."

"Help me," Lydia repeated with a sneer. "How can someone like you help me? You can barely dress yourself in a way that doesn't blind others."

Allison walked up to her friend beside Stiles.

"Lydia please, we can explain everything to you. All it will take is a couple minutes and everything will be-"

"I don't want your help! I don't want anyone's help!" Lydia snapped almost to the point of hysteria.

She looked around frantically at the three others in the room, her gaze focused like a laser.

"None of you were there when that weird man was harassing me. Why should I count on you guys now?" Lydia asked her voicing becoming smaller as she spoke. Tears threatened to fall from her face. All the fear and anguish she felt was coming back to her.

"Lydia," Stiles sighed. "We know that you don't have any reason to trust us but can't you at least give us a chance? Allison's here, you know she would never hurt you. Scott would never hurt you and I would never hurt you."

Stiles looked her in eyes so she could see how honest he was being.

"You need help, Lydia," Stiles advised sternly. "You can't keep everything to yourself. We might be the only ones that can help you-"

"No!" Lydia proclaimed loudly, her memories of Peter fueling her emotions. "I can't, I just can't."

"Lydia?"

The red headed girl shook her head, denying whatever Allison wanted from her. She couldn't trust
them; she had to go through this herself, just like she had before.

Lydia then gasped in pain and fell to the ground, the effect of Stiles hitting her with the fire extinguisher he had behind his back knocking her out instantly.

Both Allison and Scott stood with widened eyes and slack jaws. There was no way they could believe that happened.

Stiles rubbed his eyelids with his fingers, not believing what he'd done, either. He was going to get so much shit for that, but he didn't really care at the moment.

"Pick her up and follow me to my car," Stiles said, walking to the door himself, pushing a still shocked Scott out the way. "We're going to your house, Scott."

"Hurry up!" Stiles urged once he saw that they weren't moving. "We have to heal her mental," he looked down at her unconscious body, "and physical scars."

Stiles then took off down the hall to start up his car for the ride.

…

Yes, I made Stiles knock out Lydia but hear me out. He couldn't risk the chance of revealing everything to her at school and have her run off to the principal or a teacher or something. And since she wasn't going to go to any of their houses by choice, Stiles used force. He needed them to be in an environment where he had complete control, meaning his or Scott's or Allison's house. That's my explanation for this chapter.

I have to admit, I was nervous when writing the Sterek scene in this chapter. It's not so much Stiles but Derek I was iffy about. I don't really write for stoic characters like Derek much so I'm always writing and rewriting my scenes until I feel I got his character right. It's very easy to get a character like Derek wrong and I don't want to do that. I think that scene turned out okay but I'll let you all be the judge of that.

See you next time!
Fate is truly a mysterious mistress. You have no idea where she will take you or what she has in store for you. She has a plan for everyone, an inescapable journey that she assigns everyone when they are born.

At least, that's what Grandma Stilinski always used to say. Stiles was starting to think that crazy old woman was messing with him.

There was no way fate had planned this all out, absolutely no way. No one could have possibly thought Stiles "The Hyperactive Nutcase" Stilinski would ever knock out Lydia "Queen of All Mortal Souls" Martin. No one would have thought he would even have the nerve to do such a thing (he used to have a crush on her, for Spiderman's sake).

But before Stiles could continue pondering just how insane his life had become, he was suddenly brought back to reality.

Lydia was slowly coming to; her eyes were starting to open.

Luckily, Stiles had hit just hard enough that the blow would knock her out, but she wouldn't be in too much pain.

She flinched as the light of the sun hit her eyes, but she still sat up from the bed she was on. Her eyes widened when she realized the foreign situation she was in.

"Hi Lydia," Stiles greeted waving enthusiastically at her, sitting across the room from where she was on the bed.

"Stilinski? What?" Lydia stared at him obliviously, not understanding what was going on before her memory came back.

"Okay, I know this looks bad," Stiles held his hands up defensively. She looked as if she was going to pounce him any second, and not in a good way. "But to be fair you didn't give us much of a choice but to kidnap you."

"You hit me in the head with a fire extinguisher." Lydia growled sitting up from the bed and towering over Stiles from where he was sitting in his chair.

Stiles chuckled nervously. "Well, when you put it like that you make it seem like we did something wrong."

Lydia folded her arms and stared down at Stiles like he was a mere stepping stone to her (despite what Stiles would tell you, this was different from the look she gave him before today). She looked as if she was in complete control of the situation, even though she had no idea what was going on.

"Alright, alright!" Stiles held his hands up in defeat. "We're complete and total assholes who
should be locked up, but before you call the cops would you at least-

Stiles was lucky enough to slide out of his chair just in time as Lydia took a swing at him. His eyes widened as he saw her take a trained stance before charging at him.

He wasn't fast enough this time to dodge her, in a few easy moves Lydia had his face pressed against the wall with his wrist behind his back.

"A couple of months ago I would have been so turned on by this." Stiles mused, wincing as he felt her twist his arm harder than she already was.

"Caught you by surprise didn't I?" Lydia sounded all too pleased with herself. "I really have to thank my father for making me take those self-defense classes."

"Self-defense classes?" Stiles repeated tilting head back so he could look at her. "You wouldn't have happened to have gone to that place next to the mall. Crowns, I think it's called?"

Carefully, Stiles maneuvered his foot so it was behind Lydia's feet.

"Well, obviously, that's the only place in town that teaches self-defense." Lydia answered humoring him for some reason.

"Oh." Stiles nodded in acknowledgement. He sent a smile Lydia's way. "Crowns is pretty nice, it would be the best place to learn self-defense in town…"

Stiles kicked the back of her knee causing the red headed girl to stumble forward. With the shock of the attack Lydia's grip loosened accidentally, this gave Stiles the opportunity to make the switch and grip her wrist the same way she did with his. Bringing her wrist to her back, Stiles pushed her onto the bed again.

"…If it weren't for my dad's self-defense classes." Stiles grinned as he wiped off his hands as if they were dirty.

It was then that Scott appeared into his own room, he stopped though as he took in the scene before him.

"Sometimes you have the best timing, buddy," Stiles told his friend before pointing over at Lydia. "Show her."

Scott looked between Stiles and Lydia worriedly.

"Right now? Are you sure?" Scott asked hesitantly.

Stiles rolled his eyes skyward. "We talked about this not ten minutes ago, Scott. Let's just get this over with."

Lydia stood up as if she was going to say something but froze. Before her very eyes Scott morphed into his werewolf form.

With his face an inhuman shape, his hands now claws, and his eyes piercing into her skull, he greeted her.

"Hi, Lydia," Scott gave her his best fanged grin.

Silently, Lydia flopped down on the bed. The shock had made her unresponsive for the next couple minutes, her brain slowly taking in the very real scene before her
Stiles walked over to the bed sitting right next to her. Allison, who had been standing in the door way, also sat down next to her friend on the opposite side of her.

"You ready to hear us out now?" Stiles asked gently.

Lydia chuckled humorlessly shaking her head in defeat.

"Sure, why not?" Lydia proclaimed lowly.

The three of them then told Lydia everything they went through ever since Scott became a werewolf. They made sure not to leave out any details in order to make sure she understood everything.

Then they informed her of the things that had been happening recently, from Derek's new pack to Jackson's becoming the Kanima, and even her own situation.

"So let me see if I have this right. I was possessed by a dead werewolf that wanted to use me to resurrect himself so he could come back to life and become an Alpha werewolf again?" Lydia said with a raised eyebrow.

Scott shrugged with an amused smile on his face. "Pretty much."

"This town is too crazy for me." Lydia sighed, fiddling with her hair aimlessly.

"You have no idea." Allison reassured her with a chuckle.

Of course Lydia, being the fast thinking girl that she is, knew that there was more to what they were saying to her.

"What are you all getting from telling me all this?" Lydia asked with narrowed eyes. "All of you could have just kept me in the dark and I couldn't have done anything about it."

Stiles wonders if he should be feeling annoyed that she was easily able to see through his plan but he wasn't. Instead he felt happy, they needed a sharp thinker in the group and he couldn't think of a better choice than Lydia.

"What we want is for you to join us." Stiles admitted. He thought it was better for them to be upfront with her from now, no sense hiding anything now. "You can help us and we can protect you."

"From what?" Lydia asked cautiously her eyes narrowed. "Peter's gone for good, right? What else do I have to worry about?"

"The only reason Peter was able to hide himself inside you was because his biting you didn't work." Stiles explained carefully. "You're immune to the bite. That's a problem, Lydia."

"It makes your scent stick out like a sore thumb," Scott added, "I could smell you in the parking lot this morning without even trying."

"Common fact: it's never good to stand out to the supernatural," Allison piped in, "you'll make them curious and when you make them curious…"

"You become their meal." Lydia finished breathing a heavy sigh. She turned to Stiles and gave the hyperactive teen a skeptical look.

"So what happens now?" Lydia asked seemingly coming to grips about the existence of the
Stiles gave her comforting smile as he clasped his hands together. "Well, you can join up with us now. You'll train with us, fight with us, and always have us to give you support."

"Great." Lydia said sarcastically smiling all the while. "So we're going to have a pack just like Hale's."

Stiles grinded his teeth together in annoyance. He can't snap at her, it's better not to alienate new team members.

"If you want to call it that," Stiles had to restrain himself from killing Scott. He wasn't even trying to hold in his snickering.

"So, what do you say?" Stiles said hopefully, staring at her pleadingly. "Will you join us?"

Lydia thought to herself for a moment, not showing any emotion on her face and not looking at any of them.

The other three waited with bated breath, feeling as if they were going to explode from the delay.

Lydia, feeling that they have suffered enough, finally gave them all a break.

"Fine, I'll grace your pack with my presence." Lydia told them all with a smirk.

Stiles, feeling so ridiculously excited, tackled her into a hug. He would have held her longer than he did if not for the deathly glare she gave him.

"Okay, so," Stiles cleared his throat as he fought the urge to bury his head in the sand, "who's up for lunch?"

Scott groaned standing up from his seat. "My mom is going to kill you, Stiles. You know she was saving that shrimp for tonight."

"Please," Stiles snorted, "your mom loves my cooking and there's enough in there to last her today and tomorrow night."

"You're going to love this." Stile turned to Lydia once Scott had left to get the food.

"Now, I'm going to go out on a limb and say that you're a pasta eater, right?" Stiles guessed.

Lydia shrugged in response. "I'm not adverse to it."

"I knew it!" Stiles grinned. "You don't look like the type for big meals but still love to fill yourself up. Well, I got the just meal for you!"

Scott came back in the room with a tray of four bowls. They were piping hot and filled to the brim.

"Shrimp pasta!" Stiles loudly proclaimed. "It's my favorite pasta and it's about to be to yours too."

Lydia rolled her eyes but took a bowl and a fork anyway. Daintily, she took a single bit of shrimp, rolled it in with some noodles, and then finally took a bit.

A grin lit up Stile's entire face; he knew the dazed look Lydia was portraying right now. It was the look of someone that had the best meal of their life.
"Mm, first the cupcake milkshake and now this," Allison pointed down at her bowl of pasta and enjoying her meal as well. "I'm going to start eating at your house from now on."

"Don't disown your parents for simple meals Allison; this is only the beginning," Stiles rubbed his hands evilly, "only the beginning."

And then, like when Scott and Allison officially decided to help him out, Stiles felt some weight leave his shoulders.

...

While driving over to Derek's hideout, Stiles felt himself becoming nervous despite himself.

He should feel relaxed, it's not like he's going to meet with people he's never met before. It's just Derek and his three stooges (he's blatantly ignoring the fact they all could tear him apart like tissue paper).

This was going to be Stiles' first meeting as leader of his group; he's going to be representing not only himself but his friends as well. He's never had that kind of responsibility before. Stiles has always represented himself and only himself; he's never had the burden of leading others. Even when he and Scott were just a duo, Stiles still spoke for himself and never his friend.

Let's not forget to mention that now he actually has to watch what he says and does in front of others, which irritates Stiles to no end. One of the biggest things Stiles loved is showing off how much of a fuck he didn't give about what people thought of him. He'll have to cast that independent side of him away while doing meetings and treaties, which wasn't going to be easy.

"Stiles, your hearts rate is really picking up," Scott told him in concern from his place in the back seat beside Allison, "are you alright?"

Stiles looked in the rearview mirror and gave his friend a reassuring look. "I'm fine, don't worry about me."

"You're nervous about the meeting." Lydia said with a chuckle while not taking her eyes off the road. "I honestly should be more nervous than you."

"You have nothing to be nervous about." Stiles told her confidently his anxiousness leaving him temporarily.

Lydia gazed at him from her side. "It's just that Hale and his pack don't know me at all, they might see me as a threat."

"Don't worry about anything Lydia." Stiles said with more authority in his voice. "They won't be coming anywhere near you. I'll make sure of that."

"We'll make sure of that," Allison added sending a confident smile her friend's way, one that was returned reluctantly.

They arrived at Derek's hideout a little early than expected, which Stiles liked. Punctuality is a good sign of a serious attitude, and they all had their serious faces on today.

"Wow, what a great place," Lydia quipped, folding her arms and staring up at the building. "It's feels really…appropriate."

"You got that right, sister," Stiles said, stretching as he got out of the car.
Scott, Allison, and Lydia went to enter the building. However, they were stopped by Stiles, who moved to stand in front of them

"Listen, I want you guys to be smart in there," Stiles advised. "I don't want any of you fighting anybody. You got that? Control yourselves."

He gave Scott a pointed look to which he nodded in agreement to.

"Scott, Allison, you know how they are. You know they're going to spout out some smart ass remarks the entire time. Just ignore them and focus on the big picture." Stiles lectured his arms behind his back in a commanding stance. "And Lydia, I don't think I have to tell you to not pay attention to what they say."

Lydia waved him off. "I've been ignoring people lesser than me for years. Those losers barely even register on my radar."

Stiles smiled at her pleased before he walked over and gave her a small metal box.

"It's wolfs bane wrapped in foil inside," Stiles said, answering Lydia's question before she could ask. "The metal and the foil are so they can't smell it. If you feel that your life is in danger, don't you hesitate to pull it out, understand?"

Lydia searched Stiles eyes for a moment, analyzing him in her own special way. Finally, she nodded silently.

"Good," Stiles said, before walking ahead, his teammates right behind. He clenched his binders tightly to his body.

If possible, the inside of the building looked even worse than the outside of building. It was a complete and total mess. There were cob webs everywhere, dirt and other unmentionable things on the walls, and dust in the air.

"This is disgusting." Stiles heard Lydia say under her breath.

Of course, right in the middle of the warehouse sat Derek and his three pack members all sitting down in chairs waiting for them patiently. Well, two of them were waiting patiently.

"Finally, you showed up." Erica scoffed, already looking angry.

Stiles rolled his eyes. "Shut up Erica, we're early."

Stiles looked in front of his team and saw that they only had three chairs out.

"I didn't think a third would be with you." Derek said as if it was really that important.

Stiles shrugged and gestured for the three of them to sit. He didn't mind standing.

He was surprised when he saw Derek get up and slide his chair over to him. He would have protested, but the glare he received told him to just smile and nod.

"Thank you Derek, you're such a gentlewolf," Stiles snickered as the glare on him got more heated.

"So," Stiles began mildly staring at the Alpha werewolf. "You're not going offer us any refreshments. No snacks?"

"Sure, there's a puddle of water forming in the back of the warehouse. Feel free to help yourself."
Derek replied dryly.

Stiles let out a small laugh, his nervousness now starting to fade away completely. He always felt comfortable when he and Derek bantered with each other.

"Derek, we never talk anymore. How's your day been?" Stiles asked half joking and half curious at the same time.

"How it always is when I'm training my pack, frustrating." Derek grumbled as his answer.

Stiles gave the wolf a mock sympathetic look. "Aw, don't say that. You know they're just learning. You have to be patient."

"I don't have time for patience." Derek huffed, folding his arm under his chest.

"Because patients are for doctors?" Stiles chirped, laughing a little at his own joke.

Derek stared at him exasperatedly.

"My jokes are funny and you know it," Stiles snapped, although not at all angry.

"To you and only you," Derek replied smartly, raising an eyebrow at him.

Stiles would have said something else in response but the sound of Lydia's voice stopped him.

"Are these two always like this?" Lydia asked to either Scott or Allison.

"You have no idea." Stiles heard Scott answer.

Feeling embarrassed for both himself and Derek, Stiles cleared his throat and opened up his folders.

"So, uh, what should we discuss first?" Stiles asked, trying not to blush as he looked over at Derek again.

"Let's get your idiotic treaty over with first." Derek told him.

"Fine," Stiles said ignoring the idiotic part. "I just want to make sure some things are clear."

The hyperactive teen gestured to his three friends. "These three are completely off limits to your pack. That means no attacking, tricking, and definitely no more pointless flirting."

Stiles looked at Erica specifically, who just rolled her eyes in response.

"Agreed," Derek said simply. He already looked bored with this talk.

"These rules also apply for Danny and Jackson." Stiles added almost as an afterthought. He ignored the look Lydia was giving the back of his head. He hadn't had the time to fully explain his plan to her before the meeting. He'd be sure to do it tomorrow.

"If you can get them in the pack," Derek told him sternly. "There's no guarantee they'll join you."

"Fine, if they join us they'll be under the same rules as us," Stile conceded not wanting to look a gift horse in the mouth. Derek was agreeing with him and that's all that mattered.

"Is that all?" When Stiles nodded, Derek let a small breath. "Good, then let's move on to the new
Stiles agreed, walking over to give Derek a duplicate binder of all his research on the creature. However, as soon as he handed the folder to Derek, he unfortunately heard Erica's voice.

"Calm down, Miss. Perfect. If we were going to do anything to you or to him we have done so long ago." Erica announced with a sneer.

"Oh please, from what I've heard we don't have to worry about you doing anything, ever." Lydia replied smartly.

Erica's eyes lit up with anger. She stood up as if to attack, Boyd and Isaac missing her due to her getting up too fast.

She stopped right in her tracks though as a bullet grazed her cheek. Slowly, she turned her head in the direction of the shot.

Stiles gazed at her with steely eyes, his gun still pointed at her and his finger on the trigger of his father's spare hand gun that he always kept at home.

"I forgot mention to all you, don't try and assert your dominance on the humans, were armed and prepared to defend ourselves." Stiles warned Derek's pack staring down at all of them.

Taking everyone's silence as a yes, Stiles put his gun away and faced Derek once again who happened to be staring at him stiffly.

"You have any clues as to what this thing might be?" Stiles asked the stoic werewolf, wanting to drop the previous scene entirely.

Derek was still frozen in place for about five more seconds before he answered. He skimmed through the binder given to him. "No more than you do, from the looks of it."

"All we have is it's scent and that it can kidnap people completely undetected." Stiles pointed out.

"And there are more than hundreds of supernatural beings that make their living in kidnapping humans." Derek added.

"How about who they're kidnapping?" All eyes turned to Lydia. "If we can find a connection between the kidnappings, maybe we can find out what it is."

Derek thought to himself for a moment. "There are beings that only kidnapped specific types of people."

"And if we can find that correlation we're in the green," Stiles grinned, giving Lydia a thumbs up.

"So we wait for now." Derek announced, shooting his pack a look.

"No problem." Stiles nodded, casually putting his hand on Derek's.

Quickly, once he realized what he did, removed his hand from Derek's person. He didn't want the wolf to bite it off.

"Is that all?" Stiles asked wanting for Derek to ignore that brief moment when their skin touched.

He obviously didn't as he stared blankly at where they were previously connected. Luckily for Stiles, he chose not to comment on it.
"Apparently so." Derek said gesturing for the door.

With that, Stiles said goodbye to Derek's pack and walked to the exit, closely followed by his friends.

…

Even though I'm not that proud of the end result of this chapter, I must admit I did have a lot of fun writing for Stiles in this chapter.

Oh, and don't think you've seen the last of Gun!Stiles in this story. I have something planned that I know you all are just going to love.

Thanks for reading!
Hello and welcome to chapter five of Alpha Pair. I hope you enjoy it!

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

…

"You've got to be kidding me." Stiles groaned loudly.

"No, I'm not." Lydia replied, looking all too bored with this conversation as they walked together in the hallway.

"You mean to tell me that not once, not once, have you hung out with Danny?!" Stiles questioned flabbergasted by this. "How is that possible?"

Stiles had been really going that extra mile to try and get in contact with Danny, or at least find him in school. Lately he's been really illusive, though; he's not in any of the classes they have together, he never sees Danny in the halls, and he's completely dropped lacrosse (something the coach was immensely pissed about what with them losing Jackson as well).

He had thought that Lydia would easily be able to put in a good word with Danny so they could all talk to him. However…

"I don't know why you think I would have any kind of relationship with him." Lydia huffed, taking out her compact and started to reapply her makeup.

Stiles looked at her incredulously. "You only dated his best friend for eons! How could you not have been friends with him?"

Lydia took her eyes away from her mirror briefly to give him a pointed look. "So you're saying that you and Allison are BFF's?"

"Uh, well, sort of? Maybe?" Stile struggled to say, before he lowered his shoulders in defeat. "Okay fine you got me."

Lydia smiled to herself silently.

"It's a rule Stiles, you never hangout with your boyfriend's friends, ever." Lydia explained as if it were elementary.

"But Danny's gay! Nothing could happen between you two regardless of whether you hung out or not." Stiles protested.

Lydia just shrugged. "The rule still applies."

Getting to Danny meant that they could get to Jackson, it wasn't simpler than that. They had been friends for just a long as Scott and Stiles had been. He would surely know how to get Jackson to their side.

"Girl rules suck!" Stiles proclaimed loudly. "I can't tell you how happy I am to be appreciating the male figure rather than the female figure lately."
Stiles had to wince at that declaration. He did not mean to say anything about his current gay thoughts, especially out loud.

His winced increased as he saw Lydia freeze briefly before turning to him, her eyes showing extreme amusement.

"Was that you coming out to me?" Lydia commented with a raised eyebrow. "Because I have to say it's not surprising."

Stiles waved his hands around in disagreement. "No, no, no that's not-What do you mean it's not surprising?!"

Lydia gave him a once over. "You don't act like most straight guys I've come across."

"Uh…"

"That's a compliment." Lydia said filling in the blanks for the hyperactive teen.

"Oh," Stiles eyebrows rose in shock. He's never gotten a compliment from someone like Lydia, one of the beautiful people before. How sad is it that he had to semi-come out of the closet to make it happen?

"Uh," Stiles turned his head to Lydia hesitantly. "Can you not tell anyone about this? I'm still-"

"Trying to figure everything out?" Lydia finished with a surprisingly gentle smile. "Don't worry, your secret's safe with me."

Stiles felt himself return the smile wholeheartedly. Of all the things he picked up about Lydia over the years, kindness wasn't something he took note of, maybe because she just rarely shows this side of herself to others.

Just as soon as the smile came it was gone, replaced with Lydia's patented tactical face. From her purse, she pulled out a pen and a notepad and shoved them into Stiles' hands.

"Write down your shirt and pants sizes." Lydia ordered her tone, not giving room for not questions.

Unfortunately for Stiles, he wasn't good at heeding warnings.

"Why?" Stiles asked uncertainly, almost scared of the answer.

Lydia turned her cold gaze to him offering Stiles a smirk that promised nothing but pain and suffering.

"Because I told you to." Lydia answered, her sweet voice dripping with venom.

"Good answer," Stiles said chuckling nervously, before complying with her wish.

Scott and Allison then came walking toward them, hand in hand, looking like the most adorable couple on the planet.

"We can't find Danny anywhere," Allison informed them with a shake of her head. "it's like he knows we're looking for him."

"Do you think he knows we're looking for him?" Scott questioned.

"Probably not," Stiles denied, having just done Lydia's request and handing her back the notepad,
"He might just be a little dodgy due all the strange shit happening around town."

"So what do we do now, Alpha?" Allison asked Stiles, somehow being able to look amused and serious at the same time.

Is it possible to love and hate someone at the same time? Because Stiles was starting to feel like that every day with his team.

"As I've said before, we can't do Plan Jackson without doing Plan Danny first." Stiles stated with a shrug. "So we're just going to move on."

"Meaning?" Lydia said, wanting clarification.

Stiles shot her a grin. "We're going to start training!"

He couldn't say he was surprised when he saw all of their looks of disbelief.

"Stiles, I'm already being trained everyday by my father." Allison admitted, already looking tired. "I don't think I can take more than one training session a day."

"That's a good point, but I'm going to see if I can get you out of that." Stiles told her. "After all you're going to be fighting with us, it's only natural you train with us too."

Allison shook her head. "I don't know, Stiles. My dad has a very strict training schedule that doesn't leave a lot of room for improvement."

"So does the police academy." Stiles said with a smirk.

Stiles then walked off to his next class, not giving any of them time to respond to his last statement.

…

After school, Stiles guided them all to a secluded field they could train in. This was the perfect spot for them, seeing as no one came there, especially during the day. His mother used to take him there to watch the stars when he was younger; it had been their special spot when he was little. He knew she wouldn't mind him using it again.

"Are you out of your mind, Stiles?" Lydia hissed, reading thoroughly over the sheet of paper he gave her.

"Yep, but that doesn't have anything to do with what we have here." Stiles replied smartly, waving around his own paper.

Stiles had just handed them their training schedules that he had written up for all of them. It was quite easy for him to do once you found out the source.

"What do you think?" Stiles turned to Allison, eagerly waiting for her opinion. "Your father will definitely approve of this, won't he?"

"Oh, he'd definitely like this, alright." Allison responded, smiling nervously.

"Uh, Stiles?" Scott walked over to his friend, who looked a little too ecstatic about this whole thing. "Don't you think this is a bit much?"

Stiles smile dropped from his face as he looked back from the schedule to his friend. "A bit much? What do you mean?"
"Just…all of this!" Scott gestured to the whole schedule. "I mean, endurance training, aerobic training, anaerobic training, circuit training? And I don't even know what the last two are and they already seem like a lot."

Stiles gave his friend a dry look. "Dude you're a werewolf, you don't have the right to complain about this stuff. And no, this isn't a bit much; this is just what we need."

"To work yourselves stupid?" Lydia asked smartly.

"Police training." Stiles exclaimed. "This schedule is just like the one's my dad always gives rookies of the force and people that want to join the force. Of course, I dumbed it down for us, but it's pretty much the same thing."

Allison was slowly analyzing each type of training on the list. "So you have muscle strength/endurance training to increase muscles and decrease fatigue; aerobic training to increase certain biological systems; anaerobic to increase the body's capacity for tasks-"

"And circuit training to bring it all together." Stiles finished for the huntress. "Of course Scott will be doing double the work we doing because he's a werewolf."

Scott pouted at that declaration but outright complain about it (not that he had room to).

"Come on guys, I know this will be a lot but nothing that's good in life is easy right?" Stiles said trying to be both blunt and encouraging. "It's not like we're going to be doing all of these on the exact same day, we'll just take it one day at a time."

The looks on everyone's face said that the seemed to be conceding in a slow but gradual manner. They were starting to see Stiles' point.

"And we'll all be doing it together." Stiles added gently. "I'm not going expecting anything from you guys except to do the best you can do."

"Hamming it up a bit aren't you Stiles?" Scott joked but was still nodding his head in agreement at his words.

"I'm better than the coach, that's for damn sure." Stiles snorted. "I swear he gets his pre-game speeches from sport movies, which are always pretty much the same thing."

Lydia looked as if she was fighting a smile when she approached their leader.

"I'll go along with your plan, as long as you don't try and make us doing anything to strenuous." Lydia conceded, albeit reluctantly. "So, what do we start on first?"

Stiles blinked, looking down at the schedule. "Well, what do you guys want to start on first? It doesn't really matter."

"Maybe we can do some anaerobic training first just to get us into the swing of all this?" Allison suggested.

Stiles agreed, taking out his phone and opening the stopwatch feature on it.

"We'll take turns. Two of us will start running, while the other two will time us to see how we do and what out limits are." Stiles told them all.

"We'll handle that," Lydia said gesturing to herself and Allison as she snatched the phone out of
Stiles' hand.

Stiles rolled his eyes at the girls' amused faces but agreed nonetheless.

"We're just going to run around the field." Stiles advised his friend. "About four laps should be good. Four laps around this field is a mile; yes, I checked."

Scott nodded, taking his position along a side of the field along with his friend. Both got into running stances as they waited for their signals.

"Ready…Go!" Allison shouted.

It doesn't need to be said that Scott left Stiles in the dust once they got running; it wouldn't make any sense to think otherwise. He was a supernatural being with enhanced capabilities, while Stiles was just human.

That isn't to say that Stiles didn't leave Scott any chance to slouch in his stride. Stiles had a perfectly good body for running. He wasn't bony or scrawny to make him lack the strength to run and he didn't have a whole lot of muscles to hold him back. He was right in the middle, meaning he was just right for running.

"Not bad, boys." Allison smiled approvingly when they stopped their run.

"How did I do?" Stiles huffed, completely out of breath. He was leaning on his knees in order to keep himself up.

"You did your laps in about eight minutes." Lydia answered, checking the times on the phone. "Considering that the average male runs a mile at about eight to ten minutes you didn't do that bad."

The group knew better than to criticize when she's spouting out knowledge so they just chose to believe her.

"Wait, how did I do?" Scott asked, having finished a while ago and not looking the slightest bit tired.

Allison wrapped her arms around Scott's neck and kissed him on the temple. "You finished in four minutes. You were amazing."

Scott grinned back at her and kissed her fully on the mouth.

In the background, Lydia and Stiles were shooting each other exasperated looks while they observed the couple. When Stiles made a gagging motion with his mouth Lydia had to hold her hand to her mouth to stifle her giggles.

"Alright, enough," Stiles sighed sitting down tiredly on the ground. "Girls, you're up next."

Reluctantly, Allison separated herself from her boyfriend and did what was told of her along with her friend.

Stiles was trying and failing to fan himself with the hem of his shirt trying to gain some cold air. There was sweat dripping all over his body; his white t-shirt was soaked.

"Just take your shirt off." Scott told his friend as he tossed him a water bottle.

"No, I'm okay," Stiles reassured his friend lowly. He was trying to hide his shy expression behind
the bottled water he was drinking.

Unfortunately, Scott knew his friend a little too well.

"Of all the things for you to be shy about, why did it have to be your body?" Scott said almost to himself while rolling his eyes. "There's nothing wrong with your body. You have muscles, you just never show them off."

Stiles shot his friend a meek look.

Ever since puberty hit him and his classmates and boys around started showing muscles, Stiles had always been insecure about his body. It was always intimidating in the locker room to see all these well-muscled guys flexing and show off their guns while he just stood around staring in envy.

Stiles had never let himself succumb to jealousy, though. Despite his insecurities he accepted his body as his own. He knew what he had and he loved it. Everything from his head, to his legs, and chest, were his, they were Stiles Stilinski and that's all he could ask for.

The only thing was he didn't like was hearing the voices of other people criticizing his form. Not that he couldn't handle it, he just never felt like dealing with it.

"Come on, it's just Lydia and Allison out here, nobody will see you," Scott reassured him.

Knowing that Scott wasn't going to let this go Stiles just decided to get it over with. With a shrug, Stiles lifted his shirt over his head exposing his chest.

Just then, both boys heard Lydia scream at the top of her lungs.

Jumping up, Stiles grabbed his gun from his bag and ran over to where Lydia had stopped along with Scott. Allison, who had been running in front of her, backtracked when she heard her friend's cry.

"What is it?" Stiles demanded as they reached her.

The red headed girl had a frightened look on her face as she stared dead ahead of her into the forest.

"I saw someone, an older woman, floating in mid-air." Lydia answered, pointing directly to where she had seen it.

"I'm picking up that smell again," Scott added, looking around frantically.

"Shit," Stiles hissed before tossing his phone to Lydia. "Call Derek. Allison, get your bow and follow us. Scott, start tracking the scent."

Without another word, Stiles let his friend lead him to where the scent was taking him, running through the woods nonstop.

"It's gone," Scott breathed, looking completely lost. "It's like it's disappeared."

"Great," Stiles said sarcastically, whipping the sweat off his brow.

Derek suddenly jumped down from a nearby tree as if he had been there the whole time.

"Wow, you react fast," Stiles commented his eyes widen.

Stiles caught Derek's eyes linger on him for a second before he averted his gaze and turned stoic
once more.

"I was in the neighborhood," The Alpha wolf answered simply. "What happened?"

"Lydia said she saw an old woman floating in mid-air somewhere around here and then Scott smelled that same scent again." Stiles informed him.

"Another person kidnapped," Derek commented, smelling around the forest himself looking for any clues.

"Mostly likely so," Stiles threw out there, trailing his fingers behind his own neck aimlessly. Once again, Stiles felt Derek's piercing eyes on him, but he chose to ignore it for now.

Lydia and Allison came running up to them at that moment, the huntress with her bow ready to fire.

"Did you find anything?" Allison asked.

"No," Scott shook his head, walking slowly toward her. "The scent disappeared."

Derek looked towards the red headed teen. "Are you sure it was an old woman?"

"Of course, the wrinkles and gray hair were a dead giveaway." Lydia informed him.

"Then we might have something to go on," Derek said briefly.

Scott gave the other werewolf a confused look. "What do you mean?"

"Oh crap," Stiles eyes widened remembering something that he took the time to note after the meeting with Derek's pack. "The first two people..."

"Were old too, weren't they?" Allison guessed.

"Not as old as Lydia said but yeah, they were up there." Stiles announced as a slight smile appeared on his face. "We have something to go on!"

"That also knocks out more than half of the supernatural beings in your binder Stiles," Lydia commented.

Stiles gave her a confused look.

"You read all of those files in one day?" Stiles questioned with a raised eyebrow.

Lydia didn't bother to dignify that with a response.

So this was good. All of them were closer to unlocking this mystery once and for all. Sure, somebody else had to be kidnapped in order for them to gain this clue but they didn't have much of a choice.

Once again, Stiles felt the familiar eyes of the Derek on him once again.

"Okay seriously, do you have a problem with me or something?" Stiles demanded turning around swiftly to the Alpha werewolf.

Derek just raised an eyebrow at him, neither deny or supporting what was said to him.
Stiles just huffed. "I know your probably laughing at my pitiful human body but can you please pry your judging eyes away for two seconds. We're in the middle of something here."

Derek gazed at him with eyes that held deep meaning within them, but for the life of Stiles he couldn't figure out what that meaning was.

Silently, he walked passed all them, putting a hand on Stiles bicep as he walked past him. The hand caressed him for a brief moment before trailing off his body.

"Contact me when you have more information." Derek said, not even looking back as he walked away from them and out of the forest.

Once Derek was out of sight, Scott, Lydia, and Allison turned their attention to Stiles. Said teen backed up slightly, wondering what all this was about. Did it have something to do with the old lady?

He was proven wrong by Lydia's question. "Stiles, do you have any material on werewolves?"

Stiles blinked over at her. "Of course, I have tons of stuff."

"I'm going to borrow them," Lydia stated as a fact.

Stiles couldn't find a reason to say no, but he couldn't shake the feeling that he was missing something.

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Meanwhile, unbeknownst to the teens, an unfamiliar pair of blood red eyes was following their every move. His heart was pounding erratically as he stared down at them with calculating eyes.

"It couldn't be." The man breathed.

…

Sorry, no bamf scenes in this chapter. I just wanted to show this time how serious Stiles is taking his new leadership role and what else he can do for his group beside get them all together.

We saw a teensy bit of Sterek in this chapter. I hope you guys don't mind the slow build up. They will definitely be together but we still have some plot to go and some more character relationships to build.

Due to the pace I'm going say that this might be a long story. I'm sorry if that wasn't what you all were looking for.

In any case, thank you all for reading!
Let's get right into it. Chapter six is ready and waiting for you all.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

Stiles had given up on getting anything resembling a good night's sleep ages ago. How could you go to sleep peacefully, knowing that there were beings that want to rip your face off with their teeth, roaming around (and those are supposed to be the good ones)? Not to mention that there was always something to do, whether it was researching or checking up on his friends (and now recently, developing training schedules).

Sleep wasn't something Stiles normally planned on getting at night.

So when he heard someone knocking on his window at midnight he just accepted that tonight was going to be one of those nights.

Stiles sat up calmly wondering what Scott wanted this late at night. There were only two people that came through his window at night, Derek and Scott. He knew for a fact it wasn't the former because Derek never knocks to come into his room. That would require manners that Stiles had never seen him use. So, by process of elimination, it had to be his best friend.

So Stiles, despite his cautious side telling him this was a bad idea, opened his window for the werewolf.

"So what do I-" was what Stiles started to say before his eyes widened in shock.

As he turned so Stiles could see the side hidden from him previously, Isaac showed that he was quite injured. He had a large gash going across his side that was bleeding profusely.

"What the hell happened to you?" Stiles questioned, pulling Isaac off his windowsill and into his room.
He was surprised as he felt the full extent of Isaac's weight, but was successfully able to set him down on the floor without causing him any harm.

"Can you stand?" Stiles asked lowly, just now remembering that his father was down the hall and was a very light sleeper.

Isaac answered his question with a nod, sitting himself up so he could lean on Stiles' bed for support.

Stiles stared down at the injury Isaac had with concerned eyes. It wasn't healing; at least not at the rate he'd seen werewolves heal and that disturbed him. They needed to do something to stop the bleeding.

"We need to get you patched up," Stiles decided, while also announcing this to the werewolf by his bed.

Once again, Isaac chose not to give him a verbal answer, just choosing to nod his head in agreement.

Stiles briefly wondered if he picked up that trait from Derek, before putting that out of his mind for a while.

Since the first aid kit was downstairs he would have to guide Isaac down to where it was. Stiles didn't want to risk his dad coming into his room, wondering what all the noise was about, and finding some guy in his room. He already had one sex talk with his dad he really didn't need another.

"Come on," Stiles urged Isaac to sit up as he guided him out of his room and down the stairs, "It's right next to the front door."

"Take off your shirt," Stiles told the werewolf as he sat him on a chair at the kitchen counter and went to go get the first aid kit.

Stiles was relieved that his father didn't move the kit as he picked it up and moved back to Isaac to patch him up.

On an interesting note, that Stiles pointed out to himself, when he came back and saw Isaac's well-muscled body in front of him he felt extremely uninterested.

It was weird, he knew that lately his attraction to men had been steadily growing and he now found the idea of men with bulging pecs and a six pack as hot as the next preteen girl, but it just wasn't happening now.

"Stand still for me," Stiles advised, giving Isaac a kind smile as he kneeled down and began his work.

Even now, as he was up close and personal with this flawless male figure, he couldn't find himself attracted to it. It was almost like it was impossible to see Isaac that way, but there's no reason why that could be.

"Done." Stiles announced aloud as he finally put the bandages on Isaac and also wanting to distract himself from his own thoughts.

Isaac simply grunted like the mini-Derek he seemed to be acting like lately.
"It was that thing in the forest," Isaac said after he put his shirt back on.

"What?" Stiles furrowed his brow at that statement.

"The thing that attacked me," Isaac clarified, pointing to where the gash is. "I was patrolling and all of a sudden I found myself on the ground and slashed."

"You couldn't see or smell anything after you were hit?" Stiles asked, wondering if Isaac had been near the place him and his group had been yesterday.

Isaac shook his head. "Only while I was being attacked. After that, the scent disappeared."

So whatever is out in the woods is able to not only disguise its own scent, but is also lethal. This puts a whole new spin on this situation now that they know that the creature wasn't just a coward that just hides in the shadows. It has the means to defend itself, and pretty well, too.

Without so much as saying another word, Isaac stood up and went to go to the front door.

As he watched the werewolf leave, Stiles felt his impulses acting up once again. Like with Scott and a couple days ago, his mind was guiding him to actions that he never felt the need to do before.

"Are you hungry?" Stiles asked Isaac putting the first aid kit away for now.

Isaac slowly turned on his heels and gave him a questioning look, something Stiles didn't blame him for.

The two of them didn't interact with each other much, so he couldn't say that there was any animosity between them, but you couldn't say they were friends either. They just haven't spent enough time together to gain those types of feelings for each other.

"I…have some Burger King at the warehouse like I usually do," Isaac answered somewhat awkwardly.

"Burger King? For Dinner?" Stiles eyes widened dramatically.

Now Stiles was not uppity or against fast food, he prided himself as a curly fries lover, but having fast food as dinner every day? His mother would have torn his face off if Stiles had thought of going to bed without a full meal.

"Sit down," Stiles ordered, pointing to the chair Isaac previously had sat on.

"What? You can't-"

"Sit your ass down!" Stiles grinded his teeth and gave the werewolf a stern glare.

Isaac looked as if he wanted to protest until he met Stiles' gaze head on. The teen saw something in the werewolf's eyes, a feeling of shock and remembrance that he just couldn't place.

Whatever the case, Isaac ended up sitting back in his chair as commanded of him.

In the span of about ten minutes, Stiles took out a plate from the refrigerator, warmed it up, and set it in front of Isaac.

In front of Isaac was a juicy stack of ribs complete with corn on the cob and fried apples as sides. Said werewolf sniffed the meal cautiously, trying to see if the dish was edible, he apparently liked what he smelled.
"Yeah, since my dad did so good with his diet these last two months I decided to treat him with some ribs," Stiles said pointing down to Isaac's plate of food, "of course we had some extras so help yourself."

"I don't need your pity," Isaac said with a sneer.

Stiles just raised an eyebrow at him. "Dude, you're a wanted criminal, you live in a warehouse, and you're living off Burger King. You need all the help you can get."

Isaac scoffed, but started to eat the food regardless. He tore into his meal like he hadn't eaten in days. Stiles would have actually thought that was true if he hadn't just been informed otherwise.

Uncharacteristically, Stiles chose to stay quiet and let Isaac enjoy his meal. That was until he noticed quite a bit of barbecue sauce all around Isaac's mouth.

"Here," Stiles pushed a roll of paper towels in his direction, "you got a little bit of a mess on your face."

Isaac just shrugged, completely ignoring the paper towels and continued eating.

Stiles huffed, but didn't say anything in protest.

"You aren't eating your fried apples." Stiles pointed out as he saw the cooked fruit had been completely untouched.

Isaac wrinkled his nose at the side dish and slid his plate over so the fried apples weren't facing him. "I'm not eating that."

"Why?" Stiles chuckled. "It's just apple slices."

"They look like they went bad." Isaac protested while taking a bite of his corn on the cob, "They're all dark."

Stiles rolled his eyes. "They're supposed to look like that Isaac, they are fried after all."

When Isaac looked like he still wasn't going to try any, Stiles finally just picked up a spoon and scooped up a slice himself.

"Look at me," Stiles swallowed the slice in the one bite smiling in bliss at the wonderful taste, "see, delicious."

Begrudgingly, Isaac took a couple pieces of the fried apples in his hand and took some bites out of them.

"You know, utensils exist for a reason," Stiles said complaining about Isaac lack of table manners yet again.

"Nag, nag, nag," Isaac muttered, but he was still enjoying his fried apples.

Despite all his protesting, Stiles found himself happy that he was able to do this. It always makes him feel good when he's able to help someone in ways in which he shines like cooking.

"I can't believe Derek doesn't feed you better." Stiles commented once Isaac was finished with his meal. "You think he would be the responsible Alpha and all. He's supposed to provide you."

Isaac snorted. "The only thing he provides us with is training sessions; hard, strenuous sessions."
A couple of months ago, Stiles would have completely sympathized Isaac on the subject of training and how difficult it shouldn't be, but now that he has his own group to protect and look after he understands Derek's position on training. He knows that Derek is trying to give them what it takes to survive.

It wouldn't be smart for newly turned werewolves to be running around town untrained.

"Well the harder you work now, the less you'll have to train for later." Stiles nodded in encouragement.

Isaac looked as if he wanted to glare at Stiles for that remark but he just didn't have it in him.

"Sure, sure, I just have to learn to keep my mouth shut during training though," Isaac said his eyes downtrodden.

"...What?" Stiles hoped this wasn't going to be what he thought it was going to be. He had been very well informed of Isaac's past.

Isaac started to fidget in his seat. "No, I mean, this one time I said too much during training and he…hit me."

"Oh hell no," Stiles murmured. He couldn't not believe his ears, they must be playing tricks on him.

Derek assaulted an abuse victim, one he promised to give a better life to? An abuse victim that he made a point to bring up, only to just drop him down to the ground again?

Stiles knew Derek fucked up in a lot of ways as an Alpha but this just takes the cake.

"How hard did he hit you?" Stiles asked his voice dangerously low staring deep into Isaac's eyes.

Isaac stared at the hyperactive teen once again, that look of shock and remembrance finding its way back to his face.

"I healed in a couple-"

"Answer my question please." Stiles said smiling in a completely humorless way.

"He broke my arm," Isaac confessed shyly.

Stiles buried his face in his hands, taking a couple of deep relaxing breaths. Suddenly he slapped his hand on the table, making Isaac jump in his seat.

"Oh hell no," Stiles said shaking his head sitting up from his chair and moving into the living room. "He has to pay for this, he has to."

Stiles walked out of the living room, sporting his dad's gun.

"I'm going to get his ass," Stiles said, smiling despite his anger as he stared down at his gun longingly.

"I shouldn't have-"

"Don't you say that," Stiles told him, before he could even finish his sentence, "don't you ever say that you shouldn't have spoken your mind. You are just as much a part of that pack as Derek is and you don't deserve to be shut up, and you definitely don't deserve to be hit for any reason."
Isaac blinked up at him for a moment before trying to avoid eye contact with Stiles again.

Stiles felt his shoulders tense at how uncertain Isaac wasn't acting to his words.

What was he doing? He shouldn't be doing this; he doesn't have the right to be saying these things to Isaac. He isn't his parent or anything of the like.

However, there was a part of Stiles that felt he shouldn't take what he said back. It was the part of him that was enraged at the thought of Derek not only hurting Isaac but Erica and Boyd as well. He was angry for their sake.

"Uh," Isaac really didn't know what to say to that. "I think I should go."

In an instant, Stiles dropped his adamant look to give Isaac one of his normal concerned looks.

"Um, okay." Stiles felt a wave of awkwardness wash over him. "I'll guess I'll see you later or something."

Isaac hm'd in response, Stiles guessed he was going back to mini-Derek mode again. However, while in the door frame, Isaac turned back to him and gave him the first smile he'd seen on him tonight.

"See you, Greeny," Isaac grinned before he walked out of the house.

Stiles froze, that awkward feeling rising all over his body, creating confusion and doubt at Isaac's statement.

Greeny?

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"When did I get Derek's number in my phone?" Stiles questioned as he had just been searching through his contacts for no particular reason, and found a Derek's number in it. He only knew one Derek so it was obvious it was him.

"Maybe he put it in there himself?" Scott shrugged as they started to walk out of the school. "You said he's always at your house."

"I didn't think he knew how," Stiles commented putting his phone away, "or that he had a phone in the first place."

Lydia and Allison, at that moment, chose to show up, both looking extremely pleased about something. Stiles sincerely hoped it wasn't that trip to the mall to get him new clothes that he knew they were plotting.

"I set us up a meeting with Danny." Lydia announced. "After I tracked down all the people he usually hangs out with nowadays, it was easy to get his number and force him to come and meet us."

"Forced?" Stiles winced, not liking the sound of that. "Please tell me you weren't too evil. You know he has to join us, right?"

Lydia waved off his worry. "Don't get your panties in a bunch. We just-"

Stiles brow furrowed as Lydia stopped what she was saying mid-sentence. Turning around he saw a very understandable reason to go completely still.
Chris Argent was walking toward them, looking just as intimidating and devious as he always did.

"Hello kids." Chris gave them all a nod in acknowledgement.

Allison stepped up to her dad, her arms crossed and her gaze stern.

"Is everything okay, dad?" Allison asked, though there was an underlying threat in her words.

Either not catching the hint or just ignoring it, Chris just smiled at his daughter before directing his attention on Stiles.

"You made this didn't you?" Chris pulled out a sheet of paper from his jacket.

Stiles instantly identified it as his training schedule he handed his friends. The fact that it said "STILES STILINSKI'S SUPER AWESOME SCHEDULE" in twenty-six size font was a dead giveaway.

"I sure did." Stiles replied smiling happily.

Chris raised an eyebrow at him, a smile still in place on his face. "I must say that I'm impressed son. You did a fantastic job on this schedule. You mind telling me how you came up with it?"

Stiles looked around the parking lot and saw that everyone seemed to be eyeing them suspiciously. He even noticed Boyd and Erica taking a peek at them from their car.

"This isn't really the right place." Stiles answered, chuckling nervously.

Chris nodded as if he had been aware of this fact.

"How about I take you for a drive and we can discuss it then?" Chris offered doing a surprisingly good job of not sounding intimidating.

"I don't think that-"

"That's perfectly fine with me," Stiles said, talking over his best friend's girlfriend.

He'd been preparing for this day, his talk with the Argents, and now was as good a time as any. The animosity between the Hunters and the Supernatural was getting out of hand; lines needed to be drawn or something unforgivable would happen.

"I just have to put my book bag in my jeep." Stiles pointed to his jeep, which was not that far from where they were standing.

Chris nodded and walked back to his car to wait for the teen.

"What are you doing?" Scott demanded angrily, turning to his friend. "You can't go with him alone, the guys a creep! No offense Allison."

Stiles shook his head at him.

One of the reasons he decided to be the leader of his group was to handle the Hunter situation, and he wasn't going to miss his chance.

"I want all of you to deal with Plan Danny," Stiles said brushing off Scott's words. "That's something we can't afford to mess up on."
Stiles quickly moved and set his bag in the car. Slyly, he opened his car's front compartment, took out his gun, and put it in his pocket.

He handed his keys to Scott and focused his attention to the red head of the group.

"Since you set up the meeting with Danny you're going to be in charge." Stiles told her, putting a hand on her shoulder for comfort.

Lydia nodded, offering him a smile.

"I'll be fine guys," Stiles reassured them, walking towards Chris' car. "I'll call you when we're done."

"You better." Allison warned him.

Stiles opened the passenger seat door and sat in the car, sighing as he took his seat.

Giving the teen an indecipherable look, Chris ignited the engine and drove out of the parking lot.

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Fandoms are a crazy mystery to me. There are so many tropes and trends that come and go within them that sometimes it's hard to keep. I usually don't let fandom trends sway me, but I will be damned if I didn't think of Isaac and Stiles having some kind of weird paternal relationship adorable. Every time I see it in a fanfic I just love it.

I'm shameless and I'm not afraid to admit it.

And I'm sorry Derek fans but you know he was wrong for what he did to Isaac. You do not discipline an abuse victim with physical violence. If the show hadn't thrown away Isaac's past after he got turned into a werewolf he would have had some serious mental scars to recover from and some newly created ones to deal with. I know I'm probably making more out of this than I should but that's just how I feel.

Thank you all so much for reading!
There's nothing that can compare to the feeling of taking a drive on a warm, sunny day, and feeling the wind in your hair while listening to a favorite song on the radio. For most, it was one of the more relaxing parts of their day, and a moment they could look forward to experiencing. Stiles wished he could be in that position right now.

But no, he and Chris were driving in silence through the neighborhood. Stiles could feel his pulse quickening, panic coursing through his veins as he analyzed the situation he was in. If he didn't, he could be in major trouble. It wasn't as if he thought that Chris would actually hurt him, thanks to a whole parking lot of students seeing him get into his car, but he could potentially interfere with his plans and shoot him down as the leader of his pack/team/unit thing. The nerves got to him and Stiles did what he normally did in this kind of situation: he talked.

"So, is this going to take long? I think there's a Buffy marathon coming on tonight. I don't know why I'm excited about it; I mean I've already seen every episode of the show. I guess I'm just going to watch it under the principle that it's Buffy and it's awesome," Stiles said, trying to defuse his tension.

He knew that some people might be bothered by his babbling, but he really didn't care. Talking out his problems had helped him in ways some people couldn't imagine. It had even helped fight off a panic attack from time to time.

Chris didn't seem affected by his chatter, choosing to just answer the question asked of him. "It depends. These kinds of meetings last as long as all the issues are addressed and resolved."

"Meetings?" Stiles questioned with a raised eyebrow.

"Meeting" implied a serious conversation. Stiles considered this as a meeting, but he didn't think Chris did. He didn't think Chris took him seriously at all.

Yet Chris surprised him as he turned to him with the same calm smile he gave him in the school parking lot, while telling him to get in the car.

"Of course. Is it Stiles or should I call you Mr. Stilinski?" Chris asked, tone void of sarcasm.

"W-What? No, Stiles is fine," Stiles denied with a shake of his head, "Why would you address someone like me so formally?"

"Don't sell yourself so short," Chris advised him. "From what I can tell so far, you've been gaining quite the reputation."
Before Stiles could question Chris further, the car stopped. Stiles looked out his window and saw that they were in the parking lot of an abandoned building.

That meant that they were alone. All alone.

"I didn't think that you would want to have this discussion at my house, unfamiliar territory and all," Chris commented as if knowing what Stiles was thinking.

"You make this sound so hostile," Stiles huffed folding his arms, "I don't want to fight or argue with anyone."

"Then what exactly do you want to do?" Chris asked, cutting straight to the point. He took out Stiles' training schedule. "What is your reasoning behind this?"

"I want to protect my friends," Stile answered honestly, "A lot of crazy things have been going on lately and everything just keeps getting worse."

Chris didn't bother to deny that fact. The last five months had been plaguing his every thought and had consumed all his time.

"So you're training my daughter and the rest of your friends to be soldiers?" Chris said, amusement seeping into his voice despite himself, "You don't know any more than your friends do."

"I'm not going to pretend that I'm the ideal person for this leadership position, I know I'm not," Stiles said with a shrug, "but I want to help everyone, and we all have to be able to protect ourselves if something comes up, and if that means that I have to be the one to make my friends realize that then so be it."

Oddly, Chris seemed pleased with this answer. Since things had started out nicely, Stiles felt that he should bring the main point that he agreed to this ride for.

"When I said I wanted to protect my friends, I didn't mean just by training," Stiles said starting out carefully, "I want to make sure there is no bad blood between us. Why fight people who we could be allies with?"

Chris simply raised a surprised eyebrow at him.

"I want to create a treaty, or at least come to an understanding for my friends' safety," Stiles said sternly, although he was a little hesitant about how this would go. He didn't know what he would do if this plan were to fall through on him.

Chris stared at the hyperactive teen for a brief moment. "You are one daring child, you know that?"

Despite how nervous he was, Stiles managed to snort in reply, "Oh, people have said that to me, just not in those exact words."

The hunter put his hand under his chin in a contemplative fashion. He seemed to be deep in thought.

"And what makes you think that just because you are in charge of some ragtag pack of werewolves, that I would establish a treaty with you?" Chris questioned curiously.

Stiles clenched his fists in his folded arms. "I don't expect you to treat me any less than the teenager I am, all I want is for you to hear me out. Just give me a couple minutes of your time and
I'll never bring this up again."

Chris didn't say anything in response, but since he didn't outright shoot him down, Stiles took this as a sign to continue.

Stiles took a deep relaxing breath before continuing, "Let me start by saying that I respect you guys, you Hunters."

The teen couldn't help but be pleased as he saw Chris' eyebrows rise to the sky. Apparently that wasn't something he was expecting to hear.

"I know you guys get a lot of crap, like from your teenage daughters for example, but I don't think all of you deserve it," Stiles told him.

"I don't think there is a way I could hate you Hunters. You have my dad's jobs, fighting to make sure everyone can sleep peacefully at night by any means necessary," He admitted, letting all his thoughts on Hunters come out at once.

Stiles gave Chris a pointed look, "Let's be real here. I'm not as naïve as some as my friends. I know that werewolves aren't as innocent as some may think they are. Sure, they have a pack mentality that they all take very seriously, but that doesn't make them any less dangerous. I mean, how many people have died because of werewolves?"

"In 2011 approximately 375,000 people were killed by werewolves. Some were killed by failed turnings the others just slaughtered." Chris stated, displaying no emotion in his voice.

"Oh…damn." What else could Stiles possibly say to that?

"And that's just in America," Chris said grimly.

Stiles buried his head in his hand for a moment.

He felt ashamed, utterly and totally ashamed of those murderous werewolves. Despite not being one himself, Stiles felt sadden that not only his best friend but the other werewolves in this town were regularly associating with them. Those werewolves are truly monsters that deserved to be taken down.

"And that's why you Hunters exist," Stiles said as he pulled himself, "I bet that number would be higher without you all."

Chris grimaced, now looking upset, "We certainly have tried, but it gets harder and harder as the years go on and more werewolves pop up."

Stiles nodded in understanding, smiling for the first time since he got in this car, "I've heard the same kind of thing from my dad. You know what I always tell him?"

The hunter looked at the teen expectantly.

"If you were able to save a single person's life then what you're doing is worth it," Stiles told him honestly, "Were the Hunters able to save someone lately?"

"A group of Hunters in Wyoming were able to fight off a pack of werewolves that tried to turn a family of five into their kind," Chris said, while at the same time not knowing why he was telling Stiles this.
The hyperactive teens smile brightened, "Then congratulations, sir, your life has meaning."

Surprisingly, Chris returned the smile genuinely. The guy didn't look to bad when he wasn't acting like a creeper.

Stiles allowed himself a moment to enjoy the small ease of tension, before getting serious once again.

"Of course, just like there are a lot of bad werewolves there a lot of good werewolves as well, particularly the ones in this town," Stiles told him. "You know the ones you and your buddies keep harassing?"

Chris snorted, "Oh please, Hale has already turned three high school students into werewolves, who knows who he'll turn next? Not to mention that he and his pack strut around town like the arrogant idiots that they are."

"Okay, I see where you're coming from, and I know why you're skeptical about them," Stiles chuckled nervously, "but let me tell you, they are harmless. Strutting is the only thing they know how to do and is the only thing they will do, they're all bark and no bite."

"Regardless, you can't expect my people to just stop watching them," Chris argued vehemently, "Who's to say that once we stop checking in on them that they won't slaughter your entire school?"

"You're not just watching them, you're hounding them," Stiles responded just as passionately, "You Hunters are always breathing down their necks, stalking them and sometimes even attacking them."

Chris turned his head away from Stiles, a sign that could have meant that he conceded to his point.

"You're taking away their right to live a peaceful life and that's just not fair," Stiles proclaimed softly, "Werewolves have a right to live in a place just like humans do, as long as they're not hurting anyone they really shouldn't be a problem."

"Those kids Hale turned had a fifty-fifty chance of surviving the bite," Chris muttered, "If anyone of them had died we would have taken him out in a heartbeat."

Stiles, despite how much he liked Derek and cared about him, couldn't find any fault in Chris' words.

"That was definitely a lapse of judgment on Derek's part," Stiles nodded, "but I think that had something to do with him experiencing being an Alpha for the first time. He's a lot saner than he was before."

There was a bit of break in the conversation after those words. Both of them were just so absorbed in their thoughts that they almost forgot the other was there.

"I guess I can tell my men to step aside for a couple days," Chris conceded, giving Stiles a stern look, "But if they try to-"

"They won't do anything to anybody," Stiles reassured him quickly. "Both Derek and I will make sure of it and their definitely won't be any other people turned."

Chris nodded, seemingly pleased with what he said. He stayed quiet for a couple more moments before he started chuckling to himself.

"What?" Stiles asked skeptically.
"You surprised me with your intelligence Mr. Stilinski. I thought you were going to be babbling and nonsensical all through his conversation," Chris answered honestly. "You're smarter than you look."

"Gee, thanks," Stiles rolled his eyes, though he wasn't really mad.

Chris checked his watch and noticed that it was starting to get late.

"I should take you home now," Chris announced to the teen.

Checking his phone, Stiles noticed that he had at least ten texts from Scott asking him if he was alright.

"No thanks." Stiles said. "Scott is practically dying not knowing whether I'm safe or not. I'll text him and he'll be here in about ten minutes."

Chris nodded as Stiles got out of his car to wait for his friend. He texted him a simple message to pick him up at the parking lot he was in.

"Oh and," Stiles took out a pen and a piece of paper and wrote down his phone number, "if you have any more complaints, werewolf related, just call me. Either I'll handle it or I'll make Derek handle it."

"I'll be sure to," Chris reassured him with an amused smile, taking the slip of paper from Stiles. Then he took the same paper and wrote his own number on it.

"In case you want another of these meetings," Chris told him, before driving away in his car.

Stiles waved him off enthusiastically. As soon as he saw that Chris was gone he yelled at the top of his lungs in pure joy.

"Victory dance!" Stiles shouted and then started to do a strange combination of the Macarena, the Monkey, and the Moonwalk.

"What in the hell are you doing?"

Stiles jumped and landed right on his behind as a familiar voice startled him.

Derek was staring down at him as if he were a different species of human, a look that he'd seen far too many times in his life.

"Tomorrow I'm going to go to the store and get you a damn bell," Stiles huffed, slowly standing on his own two feet.

Stiles brow furrowed as the realization set in that Derek was here, in this parking lot, where he conveniently just happened to be.

"I knew you were a stalker," Stiles pointed a finger at the werewolf accusingly.

Derek scoffed, "Boyd and Erica told me that you caught a ride with Chris Argent so you could "talk" to him."

"And?" Stiles raised an eyebrow at him.

"And?!" Derek growled, his fists clenched at his sides. "You got in a car alone with a Hunter, Stiles."
"What's that have to do with you?" Stiles asked, still not understanding what Derek was getting at.

"You idiot," Derek snarled, walking closer to the human so he towered over him. "He's a Hunter. You know they can't be trusted. Have you forgotten all the things they've done to you?"

"Hunters haven't done anything to me that werewolves haven't," Stiles argued in defense of his actions. "Actually, werewolves have hurt me more than Hunters have so that argument is definitely out the window."

Taking Stiles by the shoulders, Derek pulled him so both of their bodies were up against one another's, again. Stiles suspected that if Derek had a nearby wall to push him in he would have done that instead.

"Those Hunters killed my family Stiles," Derek rumbled lowly, his eyes flickering from red to their original color, "They live to kill my kind."

"No Derek," Stiles shook his head, looking up at the werewolf with something akin to pity. "The Hunters didn't kill your family Kate did. Kate doesn't represent all Hunters. How would you feel if you were to be represented by a werewolf that actually ate humans for every meal?"

Derek's face didn't change, but his eyes were glowing less and less by the second.

"I would say that you were entitled to feel the way you do after what you went through, if you hadn't turned Erica, Isaac and Boyd and brought them into this," Stiles said with shrug. "You made them your responsibilities, Derek you have to protect them as best as you can."

"I protect them just fine," Derek replied sharply.

"You protect them from everything except the main people you have to watch out for," Stiles pointed out, eyeing Derek critically. "Hunters live in this town, Derek. You can't just ignore them and hope they'll go away. You have to at least have some kind of understanding with them otherwise you're going to cause problems not only for yourself but for your pack as well."

"You're far too preachy," Derek commented briefly, his eyes having stopped glowing completely. In fact, he almost seemed amused as he stared into Stiles' eyes seeing something that apparently only he could see.

Stiles grinned up at him, "It's not my fault. I'm a truth speaker."

Derek rolled his eyes but let go of Stiles anyway.

The hyperactive teen stumbled backwards for a second before stepping up to the Alpha werewolf again.

"Hey," Stiles looked up at Derek suspiciously. "Were you listening on my conversation the entire time?"

"Since I have a "treaty" with you I felt I had a right to listen in," Derek replied, still mocking his idea of them forming a treaty with each other.

"You couldn't just get Isaac or Boyd to do it?" Stiles questioned.

Derek snorted, "Like I would let them fill my role."

Stiles looked at Derek in pure confusion, "Fill what role?"
Unfortunately Derek didn't feel like answering that question, he just chose to walk away from the parking lot. This conveniently was also the time when Scott pulled into the parking lot.

"Oh my god, I almost forgot," Stiles gasped.

Taking out the gun from his front pocket, he cocked the pistol and aimed it at his target.

"Sorry Derek, but I promised Isaac I'd do this," Stiles said, not sounding the least bit apologetic.

Stiles fired and slowly the bullet moved until it reached its target…

…Derek's ass.

Either in a small amount of pain or just by pure shock (Stiles' couldn't really tell), Derek dropped to his knees to the ground.

"Ass shot!" Stiles proclaimed, before promptly running to his best friend's car and jumping into the passenger's seat.

Scott just stared through the windshield in front of him, completely lifeless with shock.

"What are you doing, fool?! Drive, drive, drive! Before we get killed," Stiles said urgently.

Obediently, Scott snapped out of his confused state and started the car. Seconds later he was speeding out of the parking lot.

"So," Stiles said after a few moments of silence, "How did it go with Danny?"

Scott, with his mouth still wide open, shot him a brief look before focusing on the road once again.

…

Yeah that's right, I did it. You didn't think I'd make Stiles do it did you? Didn't Stiles say last chapter that he was going to get Derek's ass? Well, he meant that literally.

And don't get mad at me either Derek fans. Most of you even said Derek needed to pay for what he did to Isaac and pay he did. It's not like Derek's in any real pain; it takes more than one single bullet to hurt a werewolf.

I hope you guys liked my take on the Hunters. Sure, the show only showed us the bad ones but I don't like to think that all Hunters are like that. I hate generalizations and I refuse to think that a group people are all exactly the same, it's not possible. People don't function like that, for every good person there's another bad one out there but the bad ones shouldn't represent the whole group, it's just not fair.

Thank all so much for reading!
And Then There Were Five

Danny finally shows up in this chapter! It took me long enough but he has finally arrived.

Once again looked over by Wolf-of-the-North.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

…

"I'm so proud of you guys!" Stiles exclaimed, hugging both Scott and Allison at the same time.

They both chuckled and patted his back in response, but seeing as Stiles was slowly cutting off of their circulation they pushed him off.

"I knew you guys could do it," Stiles said smiling enthusiastically at all of them from his place on Scott's couch. After Stiles' meeting with Chris, Scott had driven both of them to his house to relax and talk about what happened at their respective meetings.

Lydia eyed him as if he was an idiot, "Was their ever a doubt in your mind?"

"Of course not," Stiles replied instantly, "but you never know what can go wrong."

Allison shrugged taking another sip of her blueberry smoothie (something that Scott recommended Stiles made as soon as they got home).

"There wasn't much we had to be cautious of. It was just Danny," Allison reminded him, "all we had to do is be careful with what we say and how we say it."

"Once I inspired him to hear us out it was easy to break everything to him," Lydia declared smiling deviously.

Stiles eyed her warily. He knew inspired was Lydia's version of the word blackmail. He hoped Danny wasn't too badly traumatized the next time he sees him.

"He's coming back to school tomorrow," Scott said taking a big sip of his smoothie, "he wants to talk to you."

Stiles blinked pausing mid smoothie sip, "Me? Why would he want to see me? You guys told him everything right?"

Allison nodded, "Yes, but he still wanted to meet with you, since you're our leader and he wants to get your opinion on everything. He was really insistent on talking to you."

Well, that was strange. Why would Danny want to talk to Stiles personally? It's not like Stiles knows anything more than his friends do. Maybe he just wants to see how tight of a ship he runs with the group.

"Enough about Plan Danny," Scott said sighing as he finished the last of his smoothie, "how did Plan Hunters go?"

Stiles noticed Allison shooting him a concerned look. She knew that her father, while not too hot headed or impulsive, wasn't the easiest man to talk to.
"It was pretty easy surprisingly," Stiles shrugged with an easy smile on his face, "Chris isn't that bad of a guy if you talk to him long enough."

Allison's eyebrows rose, "Really? My father?"

Stiles nodded enthusiastically, "Oh yeah, we had a nice little talk about respecting boundaries. He even said that he's going to have his Hunters back off a bit."

Scott audibly sighed, relaxing his previously tense shoulders.

"Can we trust him to do that?" Lydia asked twirling her straw in her smoothie.

"I don't think he would lie about something like that," Stile said brushing off her concern, "He seems like the kind of guy that values honor and all that junk."

Both Scott and Allison nodded remembering how enraged they saw Chris after he found out it was Kate that killed the Hale's for no reason.

"Aside from werewolf/hunter politics what else did you two talk about?" Lydia questioned curiously.

Stiles bit his lip as he shot his best friend a hesitant look.

"Nothing much, just stuff about training," Stiles lied looking away from the group.

He didn't want Scott to know what Chris told him about werewolf killing statistics. He was just starting to accept being a werewolf, this news might drive him right back into denial and self-hate. Stiles couldn't let that happen to his friend. In the corner of his eyes he could feel Lydia's critical gaze on him, he knew she didn't buy his lie for a second. Luckily, Allison decided to change the subject.

"So," Allison giggled, "What's this I hear about inappropriate gun shots Stiles?"

Stiles buried his head in his hand. He could Scott here groaning in embarrassment and Lydia trying to stifle her laughter.

He hated his friends sometimes.

…

"Dude, do you have any idea what Danny's car looks like?" Stiles asked as he slowly walked into school with his best friend.

Scott shook his head, "Allison texted me this morning and said that Danny's definitely coming to school today."

Stiles nodded trusting that if Allison said it then it must be true. He went to enter the school but he stopped as he saw a familiar face. An enthusiastic smile came onto his face.

"Where are you going?" Scott asked as Stiles ignored him and walked back into the parking lot.

"Hey," Stiles proclaimed as he walked over to the three members of the Hale pack.

Despite him addressing all three of them he was only looking at Isaac.

"You look much better today," Stiles said truthfully as he took in how less pale his skin seemed to
be compared to the other night. Stiles was pleased to see a small smile appear on Isaac's face.

"The gash only lasted the night. By the time I woke up it had completely healed," Isaac explained simply.

They hyperactive teen nodded feeling pleased. It was then he noticed the book bag on Isaac's back.

"Oh, you're going to school here again?" Stiles asked eagerly, hoping this was going to be good news. He didn't hear anything about this from his dad.

Isaac nodded with a grin. "The courts decided to drop the charges on me because they didn't have enough evidence against me."

Impulsively, Stiles walked over and hugged the werewolf wrapping his arms around his waist. Since he felt Isaac stiffen from the touch Stiles didn't hold onto him for too long. When they separated you could see a very obvious blush on Isaac's face something Erica and Boyd seemed to find extremely amusing, if there smiles were anything to go by.

"Dude, that means you're a free man that's awesome." Stiles exclaimed smiling happily.

Isaac nodded mutely his eyes shifting around nervously. It was then that Stiles noticed quite a few people looking at them trying to be as discreet as possible (which wasn't that much seeing as they were high school students).

"Well, before I embarrass you any further, I'm going to let you go to class." Stiles said chuckling nervously.

Erica walked over to them and linked her arm with Isaac's.

"I think that would be best," Erica said with a smirk as they began to walk past him.

Almost instinctively, Stiles grabbed Isaac's arm when he was beside him. You could probably hear Erica's annoyed groan from across the parking lot.

"What are you eating for lunch?" Stiles asked as he fully remembered the night before.

Isaac shrugged. "I have lunch money."

"Sweet Jesus," Stiles muttered with a shake of his head, "What did you have for breakfast? I swear to god if you say Burger King."

Isaac's eyebrows rose as he seemed hesitant to answer. "McDonalds?"

Stiles eyes rolled to the sky. What was he going to do with this kid (he's blatantly ignoring that they are the same age)? Wordlessly, Stiles snatched the lunch bag he made for Scott and gave it to Isaac.

"Hey, that's mine," Scott protested.

"Here, it's a meatball sub with some brownies in a separate bag," Stiles told the very grateful looking werewolf, "I made it at the last minute this morning."

"For me!" Scott piped in with a pout.

Once again Stiles ignored him, "Just come see me before lunch and I'll sneak in the teachers' lounge and warm it up for you."
"Okay," was all Isaac said with a content nod.

Stiles, now looking thoroughly satisfied, finally decided to leave the three members of the Hale Pack alone. He left them with Scott not that far behind. As he was leaving he could have sworn he heard Erica say something along the lines of "spoiled brat" to Isaac. Feeling eyes on him, Stiles turned to his friend as they entered the school to find him still pouting.

"What?" Stiles asked.

"You weren't going to warm that sub up for me," Scott grunted folding his arms together.

Stiles eyes widened for a brief second. "Dude, I was so going to."

That's a lie and they both knew it. It's rare when he brings lunches for Scott to eat at all.

"Just relax little Scotty, I'll give you some lunch money," Stiles reassured his slightly put out friend.

Scott still didn't look satisfied.

Stiles rolled his eyes, "And I'll throw in a couple extra bucks for your date tomorrow."

Now Scott seemed placated, smiling at his friend and hooking an arm around his shoulder. Stiles shook his head fondly. Scott was so easy to please it was almost insulting.

Fortunately, Stiles did see Danny in the hallway before first period. Unfortunately, he didn't have time to talk to him in the hallway and they didn't have any classes with each other before lunch. Stiles would just have to wait until then to talk to him.

Stiles breathed a sigh of relief when the lunch bell finally sounded, he couldn't have been more bored in class than he was now. Maybe he shouldn't have read ahead so he wouldn't be this tired in class. Calmly, the hyperactive teen walked to the lunch room (after warming up Isaac's food of course) to the table where he and his friends usually sat.

He was pleased to see Danny sitting next to everyone and having what seemed to be a nice conversation. Sitting a couple tables over were Isaac, Boyd, and Erica engaged in their own conversation.

"Dan my main man," Stiles exclaimed with a grin as he sat next to the larger teen, "What's happen' buddy?"

"Oh nothing much," Danny sighed casually looking down at his food, "just talking about the supernatural."

"The show?" Stiles gasped in delight, "I love that show! It's like my favorite TV show right now. Choose one, Jared Padalecki or Jensen Ackles?"

"This isn't really the time," Danny told him dryly before his eyes darted away, "Jared."

"First off, there is always time for Jared Padalecki and Jensen Ackles, that's a rule of life." Stiles declared before shrugging, "And second of all, why isn't this the time? I don't understand what you want to talk to me about. Lydia, Allison, and Scott filled you in on everything didn't they?"

"Yes," Danny nodded in agreement, "but I'm still on the fence on joining you guys, I figured that since you're the Alpha or whatever you could convince me."
Stiles sighed, setting down his lunch laying his chin on his hands and looked over at the Hawaiian teen. Scott, Allison, and Lydia were silent knowing that it would be best if they didn't interfere, not to mention they were curious as to how this would go.

"What do you need convincing of?" Stiles asked curiously, "Jackson's your best friend, he's going through some hard times, we can help him through those hard times, and you can help us get him to our side."

"So I'm just an accessory?" Danny asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No," Stiles corrected immediately, "you're an extremely intelligent guy who's computer skills and logical thinking can help us out when we're in need."

"But if I wasn't Jackson's best friend you wouldn't have approached me," Danny pointed rationally.

"No we wouldn't have," Stiles admitted shamelessly, "Why would we put you in the middle of something that has nothing to do with you? However, since you are Jackson's best friend, you can not only help us help him with this whole Kanima thing you can also count on us to protect you should something happen."

Understandably, Danny still looked a little wary. While he didn't think anybody in this group was untrustworthy he still wasn't sure about any of this. He didn't know if he was strong enough to deal with this.

"We're not trying to guilt you into joining us," Stiles explained gently, "this is an offer to join us. We're going to do the same for Jackson, offer him a place with us. And even if you guys don't want to join us we'll still try and help the best we can. Especially Jackson, we have no clue how he is right now."

Stiles saw Lydia stiffen across from him. It seemed that despite how horribly he treated her, she still cared for him.

You could visibly see Danny's resolve breaking. This wasn't just anybody they were talking about here. This was Jackson, his Jackson, his best friend. They've been best friends since before he could remember. They've always taken care of each other and that's how Danny always had wanted it to be.

However…

"I'm, I'm," Danny groaned wiping his eyes with his palm.

Stiles looked at him sympathetically.

"Danny-"

"Grandpa," Danny suddenly said waving in the direction of the lunchroom door.

"What?" Stiles raised an eyebrow at him.

The rest of the group turned to the lunchroom door to see an elderly Hawaiian man waving in their direction.

"I forgot my lunch, he dropped it off for me," Danny explained smiling at his grandfather.

Grandpa Mahealani smiled back at his grandson before walking away from the door. A sudden
chill ran through the room as soon as he was out of sight.

Scott growled looking close to wolfing out as he looked around the room. "It's that scent again."

"Shit," Stiles said grinding his teeth. This is the last thing they need right now. A huge gust of wind blew through the room. Books, notebooks, and even chair were sent flying in all directions. Panic set in throughout the students as they all tried to collect themselves.

Then a very loud cry echoed through the air.

"Grandpa!?" Danny yelled recognizing the voice instantly. He stood up and ran to the door in the direction his grandfather went.

"Damnit," Stiles groaned standing up along with his friends, "We have to follow him."

The other three nodded running out the door to trail Danny. Stiles went to follow them until he felt eyes on him. He turned and saw Isaac, Erica, and Boyd staring at him.

"Come on, it's that thing attacking again." Stiles said lowly knowing they would still be able to hear him.

For a brief second Stiles thought they were going to ignore him until the three of them stood up and went out the door as well.

A small smile appeared on Stiles face before he became serious and ran behind them.

As soon as Stiles turned the corner in which he was following those three he could see his group chasing Danny. Danny was following after his unconscious grandfather who was being carried in mid-air by an invisible being. It seemed to be carrying Grandpa Mahealani toward the back exit of the school.

"Grandpa!" Danny yelled trying his best to reach for his grandfather but he couldn't catch up to him.

Stiles was starting to get frustrated, "Werewolves, run ahead and catch the thing. Make sure you all pick a different side to grab."

Using their super speed, the four werewolves were easily able to catch up to the beast. Not knowing where exactly to jump at they all lined up so the four covered some section around Grandpa Mahealani.

Then they pounced.

Stiles was shocked to see that all of them actually were able to grab onto something. The four of them dug in their heels to try and stop the thing from moving forward. It looked like it was working for a brief second before whatever that thing was increased its speed and actually started carrying the four werewolves along with Danny's grandfather. The being dragged all of them outside to the back of the school.

"Pin it down," Stiles ordered now that they had enough room to do so.

Obediently, the four pushed down to the ground holding whatever it was in the dirt. Danny took this time to grab onto his grandfather to try and pry whatever it was off him.

Stiles shut the both of the exit doors just to give them some kind of privacy.
"Guard the door," Stiles told Lydia seeing as both her and Allison were standing by said doors watching the werewolves.

"Let go, let go!" Danny shouted trying with all his might to set his grandfather free but to no avail.

The werewolves didn't seem to be fairing any better. Despite their best efforts the thing was giving them quite the fight. They couldn't risk raising their claws to try and attack because they would run the risk of getting thrown off it.

Stiles turned to Allison and looked at her book bag, "You wouldn't happen to have a mini crossbow in there would you?"

He wasn't dumb enough to have brought his gun into school (he was pushing it by having the weapon in his car).

"All I have is a single arrow," Allison said pulling out said projectile for him to see.

Stiles bit his lip looking to the being to the arrow and back again. Finally, he snatched the arrow away from Allison and ran toward the being.

Jumping in the middle of his friends, Stiles raised the arrow above his head and impaled the being with it.

Apparently that worked as whatever it was let out a horrifying cry and released Danny's grandfather. But before anyone one could do anything else, the being found the strength to push the five teens off him.

Feeling the same wind as before, they could see the being fleeing by the trail of blood it was leaving.

"Somebody should follow it, now." Stiles said tiredly.

Though out of breath, Isaac obeyed and went after the being.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!"

They all turned to see Danny shaking his grandfather in a panicked state. The elderly man didn't seem to be waking up.

"His heart rate is fine, he's just passed out," Boyd said helpfully still recovering from fatigue. Danny shot him a hesitant look but he seemed to calm down though. He was still holding onto him for dear life.

"I can see an ambulance coming." Allison announced as she heard the sirens echoing from the front of the school.

"We should go meet them," Lydia suggested looking down at Danny and his grandfather.

Everyone agreed and slowly started gravitating towards the front of the school. Stiles froze however, as he felt a pair of eyes on him. Looking up he saw someone in the forest, they were too far away for him to tell who they were but they were looking dead him, almost longingly.

"Stiles," Stiles turned around and saw Scott calling out to him, "you coming?"

Yeah sure," Stiles gave him a nod before turning back to the forest.
Whoever they were seemed to have disappeared. There didn't seem to be any trace of them.

"I don't like this," Stiles grumbled but ran to catch up with his friends regardless.

They all watched as Danny's grandfather was put into an ambulance. Danny looked at the scene with worried eyes, barely holding himself together. Stiles made his way to stand next to the taller teen. He just stood there for a second wanting Danny to have time to compose himself.

"There are more dangerous things happening in Beacon Hills than just werewolves and Kanima's," Stiles said.

Danny slowly turned his head to him.

"What you just saw just one of the current supernatural beings that are roaming this town," Stiles said honestly.

Danny eyed him pitifully looking utterly and totally lost. Stiles put a comforting hand on his arm.

"I know you're scared Danny, I was to when Scott turned, but you can get through this. Not just for Jackson, but for yourself and your family. We can help you protect them Danny if you let us."

Stiles turned and held his hand out in front of Danny.

"I swear we will be there for you and your family whatever way we can," Stiles said looking him dead in the eye.

Danny immersed himself in his thoughts before he slowly but surely clasped his hand with Stiles.

"Where do I sign up?"

We didn't have any humor in this chapter but I think the fluff and the action should compensate for that. Plus, Danny is now officially in the story which is great.

You'll have to forgive the limited amount of Derek thus far. You have to understand that at this point in the story he doesn't have that much of an importance. Stiles is still trying to delegate and get everyone together in his pack, he's still doing his own thing.

Don't worry though, once Jackson shows up in the next chapter Derek will have a much bigger role and we will have more wonderful Sterek scenes.

Thank you so much for reading and for all the fantastic support!
Revenge of the Bully

Okay, now that Danny has arrived I can't keep Jackson away any longer.

Thank you once again Wolf-of-the-North for looking over the chapter.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

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Stiles was happy to say that Plan Danny had been a success. Danny was now a part of their group and things couldn't be better. At first he was worried how Danny would fit in into their group, because as much as Stiles wanted Danny to join them he didn't know how he would get along with the rest of the team. However, he quickly found out that he had nothing to worry about. Danny fit in with them with the ease of a puzzle piece. He brought them nothing but friendly smiles and tried his best not to step on anyone's toes.

Stiles was proud to officially call the tech savvy teen his friend. And did Danny know a lot about technology. His father and mother owned a computer store downtown and trained him on everything related to technology and the many uses it has, from computer hacking to optimal recording settings.

He even used his tech skills to help the group. He suggested that they recorded themselves while they trained so they could keep a record their progress. Then they could then use the videos to show how all of them can improve. It would truly make training so much easier (especially when you have a girl like Lydia who doesn't think she does anything wrong).

"Morning dad," Stiles chirped looking up from his mother's cookbook as he saw his dad flop down at the table. All the teen got was a grunt as an answer. John wiped his eyes apparently feeling just as tired as he looked.

"Another rough night?" Stiles asked, handing his father a cup of coffee.

John gratefully took the cup, taking a large gulp of it. "It's these kidnappings, there driving me up the wall."

"It's getting worse," Stiles said not even bothering to word it as a question.

"It would be better if we had a single thing to go on, but we don't," John shook his head, "there are no clues to be found anywhere."

Stiles gave his father a look of pity. This situation was just getting worse and worse for everyone.

"Are you sure you and your friends haven't seen anything?" John asked giving his son a concerned look.

Prior to Danny's grandfather being taken the hospital the police showed up at the school asking questions. Since it was Danny's grandfather they questioned him first.

Stiles was thankful that Danny had been smart enough to give as brief of an explanation as he could. He didn't want Danny to be dragged off to an insane asylum.
"I told you dad, I didn't see anything I was just-"

"Comforting your friend I know," John snapped running a hand through his hair in frustration.

Feeling eyes on him, John turned back to his son and gave him an apologetic look, "Sorry, it's just this case is getting to me. I don't know what I'm going to do if I can't find those missing people. I can only stall their families for so long."

"Dad," Stiles said quietly.

He wished his father's job could be easier. Correction, he wished his father didn't have to be the Sheriff of a Hellmouth. All the disappearing's falling all on his head and there's nothing his father can do about it. It's hard being in a position of leadership and having to hear the demands and criticisms of everyone around, especially if something big happens.

"Cheer up dad," Stiles gave his father a winning smile, "it could be worse. You could have some evidence, just in body count form."

John snorted taking another sip of his coffee, "That's a damn good point."

"I'm sure you're going to find something dad," Stiles said encouragingly moving into the kitchen to get their breakfasts, "you always do."

"I hope your right son," John sighed, "I hope your right."

With a pleased grin, Stiles laid down three plates on the table.

"Fresh toast, bacon, and eggs?" John eyed the food with a grin, "You know I don't have time to eat all of that, son."

"Well good, because it's not for you," Stiles snickered handing his father his plate.

John face scrunched up as he stared down at his plate like his breakfast was a foreign object.

"Bagels?" John asked looking in his son's direction.

"Cinnamon-raisin bagels," Stiles corrected grabbing a knife and fork for his own plate.

"Don't give me that look," Stiles said as he caught his father's puppy dog eyes, "I saw you chomping down on that humongous bacon burger at that diner yesterday morning. Don't think I didn't catch you, I have eyes everywhere."

John winced and looked as if he would pout if he was younger.

"Well, who's the other plate for?" John questioned.

The doorbell then rang as if it was answering the Sheriff's question.

Seeing as his son was busy enjoying his eggs (a little too much for his taste), John begrudgingly got up and answered the door.

Once the door opened, Danny gave the Sheriff an easy smile, "Hello Mr. Stilinski. I was supposed to come over to talk to Stiles about something."

"Sure," John nodded before asking about Danny's grandfather.
"He's doing good," Danny answered with a nod, as he slowly walking into the house, "whoever tried to kidnap him just knocked the wind out of him."

John nodded in relief following the teen back into his dining room.

"Dan my man," Stiles exclaimed, his mouth slightly full, "take a seat, grab a fork and knife, and dig in."

"Of course, guests get treated better than the owner of the house," John said with a roll of his eyes.

"Isn't that how it's supposed work," Stiles replied smartly.

The Sheriff made a playful swipe at his son's head before taking his bagels and walking out the door.

"Did you make this?" Danny said pointing to the food presented to him looking impressed.

Stiles grinned proudly, "Of course, I can throw down in the kitchen! You remember my mom's cooking. Your family use to go to Merveille every Friday for dinner."

Danny's eyebrows furrowed in confusion before his eyes widened.

"Your mom was the head chief there?" Danny asked. When he got an affirmative response, a smile lit up his face, "I had the best food of my life in that restaurant, and I've never had anything better."

"Thanks," Stiles said suddenly becoming very shy. It always embarrassed him when people talked about how talented of a cook his mother use to be. It almost makes him want to become a professional cook himself, almost.

Spreading some syrup on the French toast, Danny dug into his meal. He seemed to be enjoying his food which pleased Stiles to no end.

"Can you make your mom's deserts?" Danny asked suddenly.

"Is SpongeBob still on TV even though it's been on since I was a kid?" Stiles smirked.

Danny let out a small chuckle, "This is the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

For some reason Stiles found himself blushing at those words. Why are there so many cute guys in his life that he's becoming friends with but is not attracted to?

"So, uh," Stiles coughed awkwardly, "What did you want to talk about?"

Pausing in his eating, Danny's smile dropped from his face. Wordlessly he took out his phone and flipped through it.

"Jackson sent me a text last night," Danny said showing it to Stiles.

"Going to be around the lacrosse field around five," Stiles read the text carefully analyzing its contents.

"Has he been sending you more texts like this one?" Stiles asked more curious than anything.

Danny shook his head, "This is the first text I got form him in weeks. I haven't seen him since that night at the club."
Oh, Stiles remember that night very clearly. He likes to think of those times as the dark times (even though these days aren't any better).

"You don't go over his house and check on him?" Stiles questioned being careful not to sound accusatory or place any blame on anyone.

"Like I could with his parents," Danny chuckled darkly. "They hate me almost as much as they hate Jackson."

"Hate?" Stiles winced at the word knowing that this conversation was turning dark very fast, "They actually hate their son?"

Danny grunted. "Well, hate is a bit of a strong word. They really don't care about him but they don't hate him. If they hated him they would probably kick him out the house."

"You're not joking are you?" Stiles groaned rubbing his hand over his eyes something he obviously got from his father.

"I wouldn't joke about this," Danny replied sharply.

Stiles did not know Jackson had it that bad. You wouldn't think he had it bad what with his arrogant attitude, his endless amount of money, and his popularity. It seems looks really are deceiving. Now Stiles was even more eager to get and know the guy, he might just surprise him yet.

"If it were up to me I would have moved him into my house if it weren't for my living situation," Danny confessed, "I have two younger brothers and sisters and my mom has another baby on the way. Not to mention that our house is always open for relatives to stay at any time. I wish I had room for Jackson to stay at my house but I don't."

Stiles put a comforting hand Danny's shoulder knowing that he needed a friend right now.

"Don't worry Danny, Jacksons not going to have to deal with all this stuff by himself anymore," Stiles reassured him, "He'll have us from now on. If he's smart he'll see the benefits of being with us."

"That's easier said than done," Danny said in his frustration, "Jacksons not the best when it comes to using common sense, in fact most of the time I have to do the thinking for him."

"You're telling me," Stiles snorted, "Scott wouldn't know a good idea if it smacked him in the face and said its name was Survival Tactics. Even before he became a werewolf he always was doing stupid things."

Danny laughed despite the depression he was feeling before.

Getting up from his chair, Stiles poured the both of them some orange juice. He handed Danny his glass as he sat back down next to him.

Stiles raised his glass, "A toast: to our idiot jock friends who we can't help but love."

Danny looked at Stiles for a moment before raising his glass anyway.

"And to us, the brainy guys that take care of them because somebody has to," Danny added. They lightly tapped their glassed together.
Stiles has yet to determine whether today was going to be a good or a bad day.

On the plus side Danny has been talking to and texting Jackson all day. He's been having some relatively good conversation with the jock from what Stiles could tell. It seems that Jackson had been avoiding talking about anything related to the Kanima so Stiles told him not to push it.

However, Danny has been telling his best friend how much good the support of their group has done for Scott and how he couldn't in more control over himself. Stiles hoped Jackson was smart enough to get the reference.

Right now there was nothing left to do but talk to Jackson personally and today was a good a time as any seeing as he said he was going to be at the school at five o'clock.

"I hate waiting," Stiles groaned loudly as he aimlessly walked the halls of the school.

It was about ninety minutes until five and the rest of the group was waiting at the lacrosse field for Jackson.

Of course Stiles, being extra fidgety due to how nervous he was, couldn't sit still that long and decided to walk the halls until the jock showed up. He needed to do something to pass the time. Stiles practically jumped to the ceiling as a hand grabbed his shoulder and turned him around.

"Oh my god Derek," Stiles gasped glaring up at the werewolf, "Are you trying to scare the life out of me?"

Derek didn't answer, choosing to just smirk at the teen. Chuckling nervously, Stiles remembered their last encounter and slowly started to back away. Much to his distain Derek followed his every movement.

"I hope you're not still mad about the other day," Stiles smiled practically shaking in fear, "You did kind of have it coming, what with the whole abusing an abuse victim and all. That's more than a little fucked up."

That seemed to stop Derek's walk of terror as the smirk dropped from his face. The werewolf frowned looking around the hallway awkwardly.

"My tactics for dealing with my pack were…flawed," Derek said struggling with the right words, "I realize that now."

"That one time," Derek finished for the teen, "I'm still trying to fix the holes I created in the pack when I was high on the power."

Stiles walked up to the older man and looked into his eyes. He was glad to see some semblance of emotion in those usually blank eyes. That meant that Derek was being true to what he was saying.

"How is Isaac around you? How are all of them around you?" Stiles asked, knowing that his question probably won't get answered.

"Either formal or hostile," Derek answered honestly, "two things that should not be within a proper pack."
Stiles sighed. "At least it's better now that you're officially off your high horse, right? You guys get along a lot better?"

Derek chuckled humorlessly, "Better? Yes, but it wasn't as if it could possibly get any worse."

Stiles groaned to himself internally. He could practically feel Derek getting into one of his pity party moods. Yes, he's made some mistakes but it's not too late to fix them, as long as their alive he'll always have the time to make the pack better.

"You know you can always call me right," Stiles blushed as Derek directed his determined gaze at him, "for support and stuff like that. Taking care of people is one of the things I do best."

Derek's face became blank once again. He chose not to give a response this time.

Stiles eyes darted from side to side, feeling the silence becoming to awkward for his taste.

"Well, I'm glad we had this talk, I have to go," Stile said trying to move past the werewolf.

However, the teen soon found himself being pulled back in front of the werewolf. The smirk was back on his face, it was as if it never disappeared.

"Just because I agree with the reasoning you had for shooting me doesn't mean I'm going to let get away with it," Derek told him darkly, "you're going to pay."

Stiles started to back up again. "You're not going to shoot me are you?"

Derek rolled his eyes. "Like a werewolf would ever use a gun. I have something far more torturous for you anyway."

From his side, Derek showed the teen a laptop and a DVD. It wasn't just any DVD, it was a DVD that made Stiles quiver in fear.

"It can't be," Stiles whispered in fright, "it's impossible. It can't really exist."

Stiles had heard about that DVD in myths and legends. He's heard many Star Wars fan cringe in fear at the reminder of the forbidden movie, the one that was never supposed to be made.

"You didn't," Derek said before a dark smile appeared on his face, "allow me to share it with you. I know how much you love Star Wars."

"No Derek, no!" Stiles protested as the werewolf dragged him into an empty classroom. "I can't watch that, not even George Lucas acknowledges that it exists. George Lucas!"

Stiles screams of anguish were left unheard as he watched his new personal hell, The Stars Wars Holiday Special.

Once the torture was over, Stiles stumbled out of the room looking completely traumatized. Derek hadn't emerged from the room yet but Stiles could picture his smug face as he smirked down at him.

"Who taught you how to use a laptop anyway?" Stiles pouted angrily. Checking his watch he saw that he was a little late meeting his friends.

"Shit, I got to go see Jackson." Stiles hissed running off in the direction of the lacrosse field ignoring that strange noise Derek made as he uttered those words.
Stiles ran through the school trying to make as many short cuts as he could in order to reach his destination. He came to an abrupt stop once he saw someone in the library.

"Jackson?" Stiles said walking into the library. He could have sworn he saw his glossed up hair behind a book counter.

Trying to be as silent as he could, Stiles strode through room trying to find any trace of the jock.

"I'm sick of this." A familiar voice called out.

"Jackson?" Stiles repeated looking around for where the voice could be coming from. "Where are you? I just want to talk man."

"Why can't you freaks just leave me alone?" The jock snarled, "All you do is cause me problem, after problem."

Stiles couldn't help but snort, "To be fair dude, you got yourself into all this supernatural shit."

"You took away everything from me, even my best friend. He's calling me and saying that I should join up with you?" Jackson hissed apparently not even trying to listen to reason, "You're going to pay."

Hearing something huge drop from above him, Stiles looked up at the top of one of the book shelves and found what he was looking for.

It was Jackson, but he didn't seem to be himself staring down at Stiles with ferocious eyes. Luckily he didn't seem to be covered in scales and growing at tail on his back.

"Uh, Jacks?" Stiles said hesitantly not breaking eye contact with the teen above him.

With a mighty roar Jackson pounced.

…

So Derek got his revenge, there was no way he was going to let Stiles get away with shooting him. He had to do something that he knew would really get to him and using the little bit of knowledge he had about Stiles he came up with that Star Wars idea. That little display of weirdness was just Derek finally learning to have a little fun, in his own way of course.

Jackson also appeared on a less than happy note. I have big plans for Jackson in this story, some will be good and some will be bad. You'll just have to wait and see.

I hope you all liked the chapter and continue to read this story.
I told you Jackson's introduction into the story wouldn't be as simple as Danny's.

Wolf-of-the-North, thank you once again for reading over my story.

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…

Stiles fell onto the floor in a panic as he saw Jackson jump towards him. Reacting quickly he rolled out of the way just in time to dodge the attack.

"Jackson, you don't want to do this," Stiles breathed, his heart beating a mile a minute.

He couldn't tell what kind of impulse Jackson was running on right now, or if he was just being an ass, but the bloodthirsty look in his eyes was very real. The egocentric jock was not playing any games right now. Jackson, or whatever was left of him, snarled at Stiles and crouched in front of him like a wild animal.

Trying to look as nonthreatening as possible, Stiles calmly stood up from the floor being careful not to break eye contact with Jackson. Using his peripheral vision, he looked over at the door wondering if he had a chance to get to it before he becomes luncheon meat.

Stiles tried to think of a clever way to move himself to the door, but could only think of doing the very obvious strategy, the one he knew wouldn't work: slide towards it.

Taking his time and giving himself a good five seconds between his steps, Stiles tried to move himself to the door as discreetly as he could. However, Jackson was still watching his every move, his eyes centered on him like a laser.

Stiles opened his mouth, trying to see if he could offer some words as a kind of distraction, but closed it when he saw Jackson sprinted toward him at an inhuman speed. The hyperactive teen closed his eyes waiting for the impact but felt none. He cracked his eyes open and saw a leather jacket covered arm holding Jackson's hand which was right at his head.

"Derek?" Stiles brow furrowed in shock as he turned beside him and saw the werewolf holding Jackson back. With a vicious snarl, Derek threw Jackson across the room causing him to collide with a wall and hit the ground hard.

"Get back, now." Derek ordered his eyes glowing red and his tone offering no room for argument, causing a shiver run down his spine at Derek's order.

While his mind was still contemplating the situation, his body was fully under Derek's control, as if he had no choice but to obey, given the seriousness in the werewolf's voice. It also helps that getting away while supernatural beings fight is just common sense.

Stiles snorted backing away from him. "You don't have to tell me twice."

Derek glared at the teen making Stiles back up until he was at a distance Derek thought was acceptable. Shaking off the effect of Derek's assault with a roll of his shoulders, Jackson stood back up with his eyes bleeding with deadly intent and focused on Derek.
Eyes burning red, Derek shifted into his wolf form. He crouched, his body waiting for Jackson to make the first move. Without looking to have any kind of plan or strategy, Jackson charged at Derek, his large footsteps echoing throughout the room. Stiles watched in awe as Derek took a couple steps, grabbed Jackson by the torso, and threw him into a bookshelf with ease.

"Watch it!" Stiles shouted eyeing the completely broken bookshelf in concern, "Some teachers are still here. They might wonder what all the noise is, and check things out."

Neither of them paid any attention to him, however, as they continued their fight, which turned out to be pretty much one sided. Derek was raised to fight, while Jackson didn't even understand what he is, let alone how to use his powers. As Stiles watched, Derek threw Jackson into a table. Stiles decided that they needed to wrap this up quickly, before they attract attention to themselves.

Stiles pulled out his phone and called his best friend, "Scott, get over to the library. Derek's having it out with Jackson and it's not looking pretty."

After getting confirmation from his friend Stiles hung up his phone to see how the fight was still going. It seemed that both Derek and Jackson were at a standstill. Jackson kept trying to charge at Derek while said werewolf threw him into things. The both of them were going nowhere and fast, if they kept this up they were going to destroy the whole library.

Stiles winced as his eyes got caught in the reflection of the sun bouncing off his phone. His eyebrows rose as he held up his phone, a wicked idea forming in his head. Derek and Jackson circled each other both waiting for the other to make a move but neither did. Waiting until Jackson was in the right position, Stiles walked closer and held up his phone where it was reflecting the sunlight off of it and directly in Jackson's face.

Jackson had no choice but to shut his eyes as sunlight entered his eyes, temporarily blinding him, giving Derek the perfect opportunity to strike. Tackling the teen, the werewolf slammed Jackson down onto the ground with a sick cracking sound and moved his hands around his neck.

"Derek?" Stiles voiced as he noticed the werewolf seemed to be trying to move Jackson neck in a very uncomfortable position as if…

"No!" Stiles proclaimed loudly walking over to the two of them despite Derek's warning growl. Stiles stared down at the werewolf hovering above him sternly.

"I told you that Jackson was going to be a part of my group," Stiles said angry that he had to remind Derek of this, "you can't kill him."

Either Derek didn't feel like answering him or was too wolfed out to because he didn't dignify that with an actual answer, just an incomprehensible grunt.

"Derek Joshua Hale, don't you dare grunt at me," Stiles snapped sounding far too much like his father than he would like.

If Derek was one for expressing emotions that weren't broody Stiles thought he might have looked surprised with him using his middle name. How does he know Derek's middle name? Well, Stiles wasn't the research guy for nothing. Jackson let out a low whimper, as if he was an upset puppy that Derek and Stiles weren't paying attention to.

"Shut up Jackson," Stiles said in tune with Derek's growl at the jock, "Can't you see Mommy and Daddy are talking?"

Derek tried once again to twist Jackson's head and snap his neck, pretty much ignoring everything
Stiles had said. That's when Stiles officially lost it. He couldn't stand Derek not listening to him on this front, it made a part of him enraged and irritated beyond belief.

"I said no!" Stiles roared, his teeth bared and his fist clenched, "Take your hands off him now, Derek."

It was almost like the scene a couple moments ago was reversed, though Derek looked like he wanted to ignore Stiles, his body twitched as he slowly took his hands off of Jackson's neck, stood up, and backed away from the adopted teen so that he was in front of Stiles.

Hesitantly, Stiles lightly let his hands touch the back of Derek's jacket in gratitude. "Thank you."

Scott, Allison, Danny, and Lydia then ran into the room surveying the damage and trying to see what happened.

"Took you guys long enough," Stiles said with a roll of his eyes.

The hyperactive teen was confused when he saw Danny look at him with raised eyebrows before whispering something to Lydia. Only when the red headed teen nodded her head did he seem to calm down slightly.

Once Jackson saw everyone together, he clumsily stood up eyeing all of them warily. As Danny caught sight of his best friend a guarded but small smile appeared on his face.

"Jackson, you okay?" Danny asked in concern slowly moving toward his friend.

"No…no," Jackson shook his head starting to back away from the group.

It seemed like the jock had regained his humanity, but he still looked as distrusting as before.

"Jackson, don't-"

"Stay away from me," Jackson roared, causing Danny to freeze, "All of you just stay the fuck away from me."

"We just want to help you," Scott pleaded, looking just as passionate about this as he had been about sparing Jackson's life when he was killing people.

"Just leave me alone! I'm sick of you people," Jackson hissed his stance turned to confrontational, "The only thing you freaks have done is ruin my life."

"Oh please, you brought this on yourself," Derek sneered, "you begged me to make you a werewolf, don't bitch about the consequences now."

Jackson, while looking afraid of Derek, still snarled at the werewolf. "I didn't ask for this! I didn't ask to become…whatever the hell you made me into."

Bravely, Lydia walked up to Jackson sporting a sympathetic look most people in the room had never seen on her.

"Jackson," Lydia was careful to keep her tone calming and light, "We know things have been hard on you, they've been hard on all of us, but we've all got through this together."

Jackson scoffed folding his arms in front of his chest. "Since when did you become a team player? A couple months ago you couldn't even handle group projects without bitching for thirty minutes."
Lydia's smile became tight as she gripped her purse with clenched hands. "Well, times have changed Jackson, I've changed. I've grown up and I think it's time you did, too."

"Oh yeah, because that's all I need to do," Jackson laughed humorlessly, "That'll really fix all my problems. That will help me regain my position on the lacrosse team and make me popular again."

"Jackson?" Danny said worriedly as he saw his friend starting to get hysterical.

"Oh and let's not forget my parents who hate me more than usual, now," Jackson said, smiling insanely, "They said that if I don't start to live up to their standards, they'll kick me out the house."

That newest bit of news hit the rest of them pretty hard, except for Derek who didn't look sorry for Jackson in the slightest.

"The farther I get away from you, the better," Jackson proclaimed, walking towards the doors.

"Jackson wait, let's talk about this," Danny said trying to reason with his friend.

Turning around swiftly, Jackson sneered at his best friend, "Fuck you, if you want choose these losers over me, then you can go to hell."

"This isn't about choosing people over you, Jackson. I'm trying to help you, myself, and my family," Danny protested.

"I don't need you, I don't need anybody," was all Jackson said before he ran out of the damaged library.

The group just stood in silence for a brief moment giving them a moment to take in their situation.

"I have to go after him," Danny said quietly. He sighed and walked to the doors.

"No!" both Derek and Stiles said in unison. Everyone turned to the both them with raised eyebrows.

Stiles briefly looked up at Derek, who was standing stiffly beside him, before turning back to Danny.

"We can't do anything for him right now, he's not going to listen to reason," Stiles told his friend.

"But Stiles he-" With an intense stare Stiles was able to shut Danny's mouth (a technique Stiles wasn't aware he had).

"He's not going to listen to us right now, you saw how he was acting," Stiles pointed out, "we just need to take this as slow as possible. One day at a time."

Stiles could see the conflict in Danny's eyes and understood what he was going through. He had to go through something like this before, and it sucked. Thinking about it, it was almost as if Danny was mirroring him in a strange way. Stiles sighed really not knowing what his next step should be but he couldn't let his team know that.

Thankfully Derek seemed to be on the same page, addressing the group in the same manner he did.

"He's to worn out to hurt anyone other than himself, just leave the idiot be for now," Derek advised with a scowl.

Despite the fact that no one in Stiles' group liked or respected Derek all that much, they did
concede to his point now that he was agreeing with Stiles. Together they all walked out of the library and out of the school into the parking lot. Stiles was walking with Danny to his car, he driven the both of them to school this morning, but was stopped as Derek grabbed him by the arm.

"We need to talk," Derek stated not even trying to pretend like that was a suggestion.

Stiles looked up at him thoughtfully, "Hm, last time I got into a car with a guy I ended shooting somebody in the ass at the end of the night."

You didn't need to be a werewolf to hear Scott's muffled laughter behind his hand. Stiles would have grinned at his friend having the balls to laugh even though Derek was sporting one mighty glare if he wasn't busy trying to look innocent.

Derek growled in Stiles' face, "Do it and I'll drive both of us off a cliff onto some jagged rocks. Guess which one of us can survive that?"

"Oh please, like you're going to destroy your Camaro aka your penis mobile," Stiles snorted not looking intimidated in the slightest.

It seemed that Derek's patience was at an all-time low today as he just threw Stiles across his shoulder and walked toward his car.

Stiles huffed folding his arms like a stubborn child. What was he? A bag of rice? As Derek put him into the car he was given the chance to wave goodbye to his friends before the werewolf sped out of the parking lot.

"So sourwolf, what did you want to talk about, alone?" Stiles said his heartbeat very clearly picking up at the end of his question.

If Derek noticed the change in his heartbeat he either didn't care or wasn't bothering to comment on it.

"Your confrontation plan didn't work," Derek pointed out.

Stiles rolled his eyes laying his head on the window, "I noticed. I just need to reevaluate how I approach Jackson next time. All of us should be together so he doesn't feel the need to attack me."

Derek's expression was blank but his fists clenched on the wheel twisting it as if he wanted to tear it off.

"That won't do you any good, he'll just do the same thing again," Derek grunted, "He's a spoiled brat, Stiles. He'll never change unless he's forced to."

Stiles brow furrowed he looked over at the werewolf suspiciously, "What do you mean?"

Derek briefly shot Stiles a look before focusing on the road again.

"I've met kids like him before. They never learn anything unless they're beaten figuratively by life or literally by someone bigger and stronger than they are."

"So what are you trying to say," Stiles said with narrowed eyes before he glared at the werewolf accusingly, "you want to beat him up again."

"I want to beat some sense into him," Derek corrected but agreeing nonetheless.

Jackson didn't learn anything from that last fight, but that's mostly because he had been acting
irrationally and wasn't in control of himself. Once he's given time to cool down he should be ready
to actually get something out of a confrontation.

Stiles let out what could be thought of as a warning growl, "Didn't we have a talk about abuse
Derek? How could you-"

"What I'm talking about is not abuse," Derek snapped with a snarl. "It's discipline Stiles, that kid
needs discipline."

"Okay, okay, I know that Jackson can be an idiot, and egocentric, and rude but that doesn't mean he
should get his ass kicked."

At this point even Stiles knew that he wasn't helping his argument but he didn't care. He was
determined to change Derek's mind about this. A feeling of protection flowed through him like an
endless river. It demanded him to stand up for a guy that was for all intents and purposes a tool.

"Actually, that's exactly what it means," Derek replied with a smirk.

Stiles sighed with his hands clenched together. "Derek no, if I can just have another chance-"

"You had your chance, now it's my turn," Derek cut him off sharply, "that little idiot has had
several opportunities, not just with you, to listen to reason and he never has. The time for talk is
over."

Stiles heard everything that Derek was saying, but he still could not agree with the werewolf. He's
never been a violent person, never been one for hurting others to get his point across. He's a talker,
everyone knows that and will not dispute his need to use his mouth to solve problems, and it's how
he's always done things.

Derek arrived at the Stilinski home parking near the sidewalk.

"You need to stop being so difficult," Derek commented now setting his irritated gaze on Stiles
completely. "Just…trust me."

Literally, there was no quicker way to create tension in that car than with those last two words.

Stiles blinked just staring at the road in front of him dazedly like someone struck him. He couldn't
believe Derek had the nerve, that he had the audacity, to use those words on him. Does this guy try
to contradict himself because he makes it look like an art form?

"Derek, you are truly something else," Stiles shook his head, chuckling despite himself, "You, the
guy that thought I was honestly going to leave him at the mercy of the Kanima in a pool, think you
can use the T word on me?"

Derek grunted looking sideways and refusing to answer the question.

This just served to anger Stiles even more than he already was. He reached and gripped Derek's
jacket and pulled their heads closer to one another's.

"Let me tell you something asshole, you are the last person that can use the trust card on anyone,"
Stiles proclaimed furiously, "you don't trust anyone but yourself. You don't trust your pack and you
don't trust me so why should I trust you?"

"I trust you."
"...What?" Stiles whispered his anger not joined by silent shock.

"I trust you," Derek repeated even though he looked like he really didn't want to. He stared right into Stiles' eyes as if trying to prove that he was being sincere.

If Stiles had been a weaker person he would have melted under Derek's gaze. The intensity in that look affected not just his mind but his heart playing with his emotions.

"It's going to take a lot more than words for me to believe you," Stiles replied. His voice was soft but his words were strong in intent.

As Stiles tried to take his hand off of Derek's jacket, but it was snatched and brought in front of the both of their faces. Derek's hand molded itself around Stiles' as if they were meant to be that way.

"Give me a chance," Derek urged softly, though his voice still keeping his Alpha persona within it.

"You've been given chances to prove yourself before," Stiles stated, his resolve weakening.

"Yes, but not when given this type of situation," Derek said, pointing out something Stiles didn't have a clue about, "Trust me to be a good Alpha."

Stiles could practically hear his resolve shatter into little pieces. Derek wasn't demanding or trying to make him do what he wanted, he asking (more like pleading) for the right to do what he needed to do. All Derek wanted was a chance, one single chance, to prove himself as a werewolf worthy to be an Alpha.

"Okay," Stiles put his other hand on top of Derek's staring back up at him, "I'll trust you."

Derek's eyes glowed in a way that could only be described as pleased.

...

No, Derek and Stiles' conversation was not parental like in any way, shape, or form. That was not what I was going for at all. (Said while making shifty eyes)

Don't hate me for beating up Jackson!

The guy is way too hardheaded to listen to reason voluntarily and without force involved. Don't worry though, the whole ass kicking thing is only for this situation it won't be the normal way people communicate with him. He's still going to be on Stiles side after all and going to go through some rough times in this story. He's mostly going to need more nurturing than tough love but just not in this situation.

Thank you all so much for reading and all the support!
This chapter we're going to be doing something new. Correction, were going to do something new with a character that hasn't had any "screen" time yet.

Also, keep in mind people that while we do currently have those creatures in the story the main focus is the characters and their development and growth as stronger people. This chapter is mainly going to be character centered.

I have to thank Wolf-of-the-North for looking over the chapter for me like always.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

... Stiles winced at the feeling of the warm, bright rays of the sun shone on his face as he lied on his bed. Mumbling incoherently, he turned on his side to avoid the sunlight. He was given a moment of peace before the sunlight was on his face once again. Cracking open one eye, Stiles looked in the direction of his window in annoyance. His eyes snapped open as he saw a very large figure in the corner of his eye. Sitting in his desk chair, casually reading a book was Boyd, Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Handsome himself. Stiles blinked a couple times trying to get the sleep out of his eyes while looking over at the werewolf who didn't seem to be paying him any attention.

"Hello," Stiles greeted politely. If he had been more awake, he would have been amused at how casual he was being at seeing a werewolf in his room. Again, it's disturbing how use to this he was.

"Hi," Boyd replied, giving him a brief look before going back to his book.

Stiles stared at the werewolf for a few seconds before getting up and going to the bathroom to start his morning routine. It was the weekend, and like all teenagers, Stiles had planned on sleeping in, but there was no way he could with a werewolf sitting his room like he owned the place. So after taking his shower, Stiles walked out of the bathroom to put on some clothes (he was confident that Boyd would not be looking at him or caring what he was doing at this point).

"What are you reading?" Stiles asked slipping on one of his best tight shirts with only the slightest bit of resistance from the clothing.

"The Alpha Code," Boyd spoke, showing the cover of the book to Stiles for emphasis, "It's quite an interesting read, for those wanting to know more about Alphas."

"There's a whole book about Alphas?" Stiles questioned as he walked toward his dresser to get his favorite belt. Apparently the role of an Alpha was more complicated than he had thought. He didn't think a whole book could be made about being an Alpha. It was no different than being a Sheriff or any other leadership role… Right?

Boyd gave him a brief once over, "You don't know much about Alphas do you?"

"I know enough," Stiles protested weakly. He had just glanced over any books discussing Alphas declaring the information to be irrelevant.

"What are you doing here?" Stiles said, finally asking the question he should have asked when he first found Boyd in his room.

Stiles sighed rubbing the side of his cheek, "Don't tell me. He's already going on ahead with 'Plan Whup Ass' isn't he?"

The pointed look Stiles got was a good enough answer as any.

"Fine," Stiles grunted, throwing up his hands in defeat, "I said I trusted McBroody so I'll just have to leave it to him."

"Derek said he was going to put Jackson through a hell training session," Boyd shrugged, looking completely unconcerned, "Erica and Isaac are going to watch. They said they were bringing snacks."

Stiles snorted despite the seriousness of the situation, "All I know is Derek better not get too crazy or there's going to be some more ass shotage going on."

Boyd lips were trembling in what Stiles thought of as battle between wanting to show amusement and wanting to stay indifferent toward everything.

"Yeah, I made up a word," Stiles proclaimed proudly to the werewolf. He would have said more if not for his cell phone ringing.

"Danny?" Stiles said when he picked up the phone and observed the caller ID.

"What's happening with Jackson?" Danny asked immediately.

Stiles sighed not knowing how Danny was going to take this. After his little…discussion with Derek in the car, he had texted his friends and let them know that the werewolf had come up with a plan that just might work. What he didn't tell them however was what the plan entailed.

Stiles gazed over at Boyd and then back at his phone, "Well, we're going ahead with Plan Dumbass, I mean Plan Whup Ass."

"What?"

Stiles could just picture Danny's confused expression.

"Derek has decided that Jackson needs to get his ass kicked in order to bring him down to earth," Stiles confessed exasperatedly. He still did not agree with this plan but was going along with it regardless. Stiles expected an explosion, a burst of emotion to come through his phone. What he didn't expect to hear is a sigh of relief.

"Oh, okay," Danny said as if his oldest friend getting his ass handed to him by a werewolf was no big deal.

"What, that's it?" Stiles spluttered in confusion.

"What do you want me to say?" Danny asked. "I love Jackson like a brother but I'd be lying if I didn't think that his head needs a bit of a deflating. Besides, I know you trust Derek so I guess I have to as well."

Stiles hated himself for blushing after those words, especially with someone else in the room watching him. Speaking of that someone else in the room, Boyd was giving him quite the analytical gaze at the moment.
"Are we still training at twelve?" Danny asked him yawning tiredly.

"No, you need to get some sleep, we had a rough day yesterday." Stiles said, automatically feeling his protective streak coming back, "besides you and Scott still have yet to set up those cameras later like I told you."

"Stiles," Danny whined pitifully.

"Don't 'Stiles' me," Stiles reprimanded, "We need those cameras up before the big bads show up again. Have Allison and Lydia help you this time."

"And what are you going to be doing?" Danny asked curiously.

Stiles leaned the wall next to his desk casually. "I have a…meeting to go to. It's just a leader thing."

"Fine," Danny said with a heavy sigh, "Just don't get yourself killed."

"No promises," Stiles replied gleefully before hanging up the phone.

The hyperactive teen looked over at his guest and saw that he was sitting in the same exact position as he had before.

"Is your dad a statue?" Stiles couldn't help but ask.

Boyd snorted slipping his book in his back pocket and sitting up from his chair.

"I guess you're going to go over to Derek's and watch the show." Stiles asked, determined to get some humor out of this.

The werewolf shrugged in disinterest. "I have nothing better to do."

"Really?" Stiles questioned, as he thought that Boyd would be ecstatic to see this "training session" for some reason, "Then why don't you come with me to my meeting with Chris."

Boyd looked confused and Stiles couldn't fault him for it. The two of them didn't really know a thing about the other and this would be the first time they've spent any time together, outside the group of course.

Stiles had this urge to get to know Boyd for a while but there had never been an opportunity before. Granted, a meeting with a Hunter isn't the best environment to get to know Boyd, but Stiles wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

"Sure," Boyd said after a while.

Stiles smiled for some reason feeling anxious about this.

"Great! I'll meet you at my car," Stiles advised knowing that he certainly couldn't take Boyd down stairs since he technically isn't supposed to be here.

Both Stiles and Chris decided that the spot they held their previous meeting was the best place to talk. The ride to the parking lot was, as Stiles expected, quiet. Boyd wasn't even attempting to make conversation with him. He just sat in the passenger's seat staring at the road ahead of him.

Stiles was practically shaking, trying to restrain the mountain of words that were trying to soar out of his mouth. Even though Stiles didn't know Boyd he still thought he was a pretty okay guy, he
wanted to respect his apparent wish for silence but it was difficult. Not to mention that he didn't know what to say to the larger teen. Boyd wasn't like Derek, in the way that he was aloof and mysterious. Rather he was just more reserved, not wanting to talk and just keep to himself.

If that's the case why did he say he wanted friends so badly? That's the reason why he joined Derek's pack and yet he seems no different than he was before.

"You missed the turn." Boyd said bringing Stiles out of his thoughts.

"What?" Stiles asked.

"For the parking lot?" Boyd asked, pointing behind them to the parking lot that they just passed and were speeding steadily away from.

"Ah damn it!" Stiles groaned. Sharply turning the wheel, he made an illegal u-turn, sped back into the parking lot, and parked beside Chris' car.

Stiles smiled, seemingly pleased with himself until he looked over and saw Boyd gazing at him with wide eyes. He hadn't had that look directed at him in a while and it's the most emotion he's gotten out of Boyd today so Stiles counted that as a win.

"Look sharp," Stiles nodded at the werewolf getting out of the car to greet Chris. Boyd slowly followed him walking behind him a couple steps.

"Chris! What's up buddy?" Stiles exclaimed, shaking the Hunters hand politely.

"Stiles," Chris greeted with one of his false smiles.

Seeing Chris' eyes dart in Boyd's general direction, Stiles introduced them at that moment. "Boyd this Chris Argent, Hunter extraordinaire and Chris this is Boyd, silent but deadly."

"One of Hale's pack members. He's here because?" Chris asked, casually but Stiles could see his hand slowly but surely moving to his pocket.

Stiles moved back and put a hand on Boyd's shoulder, "He's my assistant for the day and my friend."

What Boyd lacked in verbal communication he certainly had in eye contact. The feeling of Boyd's eyes on him was something Stiles could tell meant more words than could be said in an hour. Chris observed the werewolf for a moment before shrugging his shoulders. Walking over to the trunk of his car, he popped open the top and pulled out a briefcase. He motioned for the two teens to come closer.

"I don't know why I'm doing this," Chris said to himself, shaking his head with a heavy sigh.

"Because I'm a paying customer and you know that these guns will go to good use," Stiles answered with a grin.

Opening the briefcase revealed three Ruger 22 auto pistols complete with ammo clips on the side of the briefcase.

Stiles had been thinking about this for a while. As smart and tactical as Lydia and Danny were they couldn't do anything in a real fight against bigger and stronger creatures. Scott was a werewolf and Allison and Stiles have had weapons and self-defense training (Allison obviously having more than Stiles). Stile was the leader, and he knew it was his job to make sure everyone was safe and able to
defend themselves. So he made arrangements to get them something to defend themselves with.

Chris snorted, "Pay has nothing to do with it. I am in no way shape or form strapped for cash."

Stiles rolled his eyes turning to the Hunter pleadingly, "Then think of it as extra security, if Lydia and Danny can defend themselves then they can better help out the town and you."

"Remind me, why should I trust a bunch of teenagers with weapons?" Chris demanded, "Despite what you may think I do have a conscious, kid."

"Chris, you've seen my dad and I at the gun range, you know how good I am with a gun," Stiles pointed out, "I can handle these."

"What about your friends? They're the ones I'm concerned about," Chris shot back at him, "I don't sell weapons to inexperienced buyers, it's bad for business. It's even worse if they're teenagers."

Stiles shoulders slumped in defeat. He wanted to be angry at Chris for denying him the guns, but he was actually being pretty decent right now.

"If you were to train them with the guns would that be alright?" Boyd asked suddenly.

Stiles almost jumped when Boyd spoke, he had forgotten that he was there. Chris turned to the werewolf with narrowed eyes, thinking over his words.

"I suppose that could work."

"Right!" Stiles immediately jumped on this opportunity, "Lydia and Danny can join you when you're training your Allison with weapons. She told us you have a specific time for weapons training."

"Of course she told you that," Chris said with a roll of his eyes.

Stiles put on his best puppy dog face hoping to everything that was holy that Chris was susceptible to trickery. It seemed his prayers were answered as Chris sighed heavily before handing over the briefcase to Stiles.

"Keep them safe and you better not use them until it's time for training," Chris ordered.

Stiles knew what Chris was doing, he was testing him. He was trying to see if Stiles would go against him and use the guns without his training. Well, Stiles wasn't about to let that happen. Giving the briefcase for Boyd to hold, Stiles pulled out the money Chris said it would cost to afford the guns and bullets.

"Where did you get this money?" Chris asked with raised eyebrows.

Stiles grinned. "I'm the only grandson of both of my grandparents and my parents were only children like me. I'm spoiled as hell."

Apparently Chris was feeling gracious today, he only charged Stiles half price (although that was mostly because he didn't want to sell weapons to a minor in the first place).

"By the way," Stiles said just before everyone was getting ready to leave, "did Allison tell you what happened at school?"

Chris' face turned grim. "Yes, my daughter informed me of the…incident at your school. You fought one of those creatures."
Stiles nodded. "It was completely invisible and really strong, Boyd can tell you about that but I got lucky and was able to stab it at a weak point or something."

Chris nodded seeming impressed. "My men are still looking into those things trying to find any relation to them such as weather or the environment."

Weather? Now that Stiles thought about it a little more, when the being showed up and took Danny's grandfather there was a huge gust of wind that blew through the cafeteria.

"What about wind?" Boyd asked practically reading Stiles' mind. It seemed that they were on the same wave length.

"Now that you mention it, there have been random increases in wind lately," Chris informed the teens, "it's increasing every day. Tomorrow it's supposed to be even greater winds, at least according to the news. It's supposed to be the biggest weather incident this town has ever seen."

"Those things might be panicking because they were successfully attacked," Boyd pointed out as smart as ever.

"We'll look into it," Chris told the kids walking to the front of his car, "I'll keep in touch."

"You will?" Stiles blinked, "I mean great! Call me anytime."

The Hunter gave Stiles what could be thought of as a smile before getting in his car and driving away. Excitedly, Stiles punched Boyd in the arm. He was too happy to wince at the pain he felt as a result of the hit.

"That was awesome Boyd, you were really on point," Stiles congratulated the werewolf, "Who said that you can't have brains and brawn?"

Boyd looked away awkwardly. Stiles thought he might have been blushing if he had less control over himself.

"I mean it, you are great," Stiles praised, eyeing him thoughtfully. "I don't understand how a guy like you couldn't make any friends without joining a wolf pack."

When Boyd's eyes moved downward Stiles thought he might he overstepped his boundaries until the werewolf looked back at him.

"It's not a secret or something I'm ashamed of," Boyd said dryly, "I'm asexual."

Stiles eyes widened. He certainly didn't expect that, he didn't think anyone would have expected that actually. It's not every day you met an asexual teen.

"If you don't want to talk about this then that's fine," Stiles held up his hands in defeat, "I understand. You hardly even know me."

"You were curious," Boyd said with an unconcerned shrug, "and like I said it's not a big deal to me."

"But it's a big deal to everyone else," Stiles added softly.

Boyd became melancholy as he shifted his feet. "I've never been sexually attracted to anyone, girls or boys, ever. I don't know why it's just how I've always been."

Gently, Stiles guided Boyd back to his car wanting them both of have a place to sit down.
"It wasn't so bad when I was a kid but when I got older," Boyd let the end of his words linger knowing that he didn't need to explain the rest.

Stiles knew exactly what he was talking about. It must be hell for asexual teenagers to make friends. Almost everything teenagers do or say is related to sex somehow. Hell, the media encourages this types of behavior.

"I didn't want to lie and pretend that I'm as interested in sex as everyone else," Boyd said, "but every time I told people about my asexuality they either didn't believe me or thought of it as a joke."

"So you decided to just isolate yourself until you were able to find people that could accept you," Stiles finished for him.

It seemed that Boyd had wanted to interact with others, but couldn't because of their limited understanding of asexuality.

"So becoming a werewolf was your only choice to make friends," Stiles said. He couldn't help but let out a small chuckle. The hyperactive teen was surprised to see Boyd smile back (and quite beautifully Stiles would like to add).

"It's not like I had anything to lose," Boyd responded, "I was desperate and lonely and…"

Stiles brow furrowed in confusion. It looked like Boyd wanted to say more but was holding himself back from doing so. Now Boyd was starting to look uncomfortable, that was something Stiles didn't want to happen.

"Thanks for sharing that with me," Stiles said genuinely clasping a hand on his shoulder.

Boyd collected himself to give Stiles a small nod in response.

"I hope we can be friends," Stiles proclaimed softly.

Like with Isaac, Stiles was beginning to feel protective of Boyd. Despite how big and strong Boyd was Stiles still had an urge to nurture and be there for him. He wanted to be in his life. Thankfully, before Stiles' anxiety could set in, Boyd grabbed his hand and shook it firmly.

"I'd like that," Boyd said smiling brightly at Stiles once again.

…

Did you guys know that Boyd's first name is Vernon? I just found that out today.

So…I made Boyd asexual. Why? I just wanted to give him an actual reason for becoming a werewolf. It never made any sense to me why he couldn't make friends. Just look at Boyd, he's handsome, well built, seems to have a good head on his shoulders, and never shown to be socially awkward. There is no reason why someone like him wasn't able to make at least make one friend in school. The way is see it is that if he really wanted to he could have made friends.

Even still, what Boyd had was not a hopeless situation worthy of becoming a werewolf and changing your entire life forever.

My making him asexual, and being isolated by his peers because of this, was just to give him a genuine reason I felt was good enough to become a werewolf for. I know firsthand how ignorant people can be if you are outside of the norm and understand how hard it can be to find someone
that can understand your position.

I apologize if this is offensive in any way. I'm not trying to imply that asexual people can't make friends or anything like that, just given the particular people around Boyd it was a struggle for him to find someone that could understand him, he was lonely and there was nothing he could do to change that.

And don't think we're heard the last of Boyd's asexuality. There's more to his story that I plan to bring up later.

Thank you all so much for reading!
This chapter we're going to finally find out who or what is plaguing Beacon Hills.

Wolf-of-the-North, my beta, would like to apologize for being slightly off schedule for this update. He feels guilty but I completely understand that he had some things going on in his life and you guys should too. I love you Wolf-of-the-North and appreciate all of your help.

WARNING: There will some violence in this chapter. I'm just giving you a heads up.

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The weather report turned out to be right unfortunately. No later than two o'clock at night large gusts of wind blew through the entire town carrying away anything that wasn't nail down. The townspeople were reassured that it this wasn't something as terrible as a hurricane but were ordered by the mayor himself to stay indoors at all times nonetheless.

"At least we still have power," Stiles said, trying to cheer both himself and his father up. His father was staring at the television intently.

"Get away from the window Stiles," John said tiredly as he saw his son observing what's happening outside.

This was definitely something of merit to Stiles. Of course they've had some rough storms before but nothing of this caliber. It was ironically quiet fascinating to him. However, Stiles knew that these winds weren't natural, if Chris was indeed right, those beings were the cause of this.

"Stiles!" John called out again to his son.

"Hm? Okay," Stiles said with a shrug sitting down next to his father.

Stiles pulled out his phone and scoffed at the lack of bars on it. He hasn't had any service since this storm started. It's making him nervous because now he's completely unable to get in contact with his friends.

"It's weird," John said not taking his eyes off the weather report on the television, "there's not a bit of rain or thunder outside, it's just all wind."

"I know," Stiles replied, looking convincingly naïve about this whole situation.

John rubbed his chin in thought. "I've lived here all my life and we've never had weather this bad in Beacon Hills. In fact, this increase of wind didn't occur until these kidnappings started going on."

Stiles eyed his father, he didn't know whether to feel proud that he thought to relate the kidnappings to the wind or worried that he was getting closer to the truth. He could see the wheels in his father's head turning as he tried to figure everything out. With so many things happening the last thing Stiles wanted, was to explain everything to his father in one big talk.

Suddenly, with the ferocity of a charging bull, a large gust of wind hit the Stilinski house making both of them jump in their seats.
John quickly stood up and started gathering up some things, "Hurry up, we're going to the basement."

Stiles had a feeling that wouldn't be the best idea for some reason but there was no way he could convince his father of that. He followed his father's lead and started to gather up some things for them to eat in the kitchen.

Flicking the basement light on, John carried his supplies down the stairs carefully watching his step. Their basement wasn't what you would call a safe house but it was certainly better than staying upstairs.

Stiles was right behind his father and was about to go down the stairs with him until he thought he heard something in the wind.

"The hell?" Stiles murmured slowly turning around and facing the direction the noise was coming from. Whatever it was sounded like a loud sickening cry.

Stiles yelled and dropped all his supplies as the living room window shattered and he was blown back into a wall. The door to the basement slammed shut being held by the wind. Now, much clearer than before, Stiles could hear a horrible bird like cry coming from the direction of the window.

"Oh shit," Stiles groaned, guessing what was happening. He quickly got to his feet, only to fall onto the ground as the place on the wall he was leaning on was crushed by a mighty invisible force. Stiles gasped in fear at the sight of the destroyed wood of his former wall. He was barely able to escape another swipe as he was attacked yet again.

"Stiles?" The teen heard his father say in a panicked voice.

Hearing the footsteps of his father, Stiles' protective streak kicked in once again. Immediately he ran to the kitchen and put a chair under the doorknob effectively stopping his father from leaving the basement.

Unfortunately for Stiles that was all he was able to do before he was struck and flung all the way into the living room wall.

Stiles groaned clutching his bloody, clawed arm and winced as the excruciating pain hit him. Rather than being hit when he heard that loud cry again he was blown across the room by the wind hitting the last bit of supplies that his father forgot to take down to the basement.

With barely opened eyes, Stiles looked around for something he could use to defend himself with. Seeing the Mace Pepper Gun his father put in the emergency kit, he grabbed it with his uninjured arm and pointed it the general direction of the cries. Stiles pulled the trigger of the gun releasing a spray that jettisoned itself in the supposed direction of the being.

Stiles thanked whatever powerful force was watching over him that he heard the creature cry out in pain. He fired another shot at the being and held it until he heard something large hit the ground.

Eyes widening, Stiles witnessed the creature's body slowly appear. The creature was…very disturbing. It appeared human, except for its torso, which looked like a birds (although it had four wings on its back instead of the normal two). It had dark blue skin with matching short hair and bug like eyes. On its head, there was some sort of stab wound from what Stiles could only guess as a scar from a previous fight.

Stiles, seeing the thing trying to pick itself up again, grabbed up a leg from his broken table and
bashed the thing over the head with it knocking it out instantly.

Before all this, the wind outside had kept going even though the one making the most wind had entered the Stilinski home, but as soon as it was unconscious it the wind stopped completely.

Stiles threw away the table leg and allowed himself to breathe a sigh of relief.

"Stiles?! Stiles, what's going on?!"

"Well, that didn't last long," Stiles groaned with a slight whine in his voice looking over at the unconscious creature, the broken window, and the basement door.

Things were never easy for Stiles Stilinski.

...

It seems that miracles can indeed happen, Stiles thought to himself as he drove himself to Derek's hideout one handed. By something that only can be described as luck, Stiles had been able to wrap up the creature in the living room curtains and store it in his room before opening the basement door for his dad (not to mention he had been able to put on a change of clothes to hide his injury).

The excuse he gave his father was that there had been a large gust of wind blowing that broke the living room window and he locked him down in the basement so he wouldn't get hurt. The hyperactive teen was promptly smacked across the head for such as stupid idea and was promised a permanent grounding if he ever did something like that again. Stiles made no promises.

Stiles arrived at Derek's hideout to find everyone standing outside of the building surprisingly. He was pleased to see that no one was glaring at anyone or throwing insults at each other.

Once he turned his gaze to Derek's pack he saw Boyd give him a nod in greeting and Isaac actually shot him a friendly smile. Erica didn't even bother to do anything, which didn't surprise Stiles in the slightest.

Seeing his friend arrive, Scott sighed and stood up to greet Stiles at his car.

"What's the emergency Stiles? I have to hurry up and help my mom clean up the house," Scott told him urgently.

"Hold on, first things first" Stiles told the werewolf trying not to wince as he got out of the car. Whatever that thing was had some damn good claws. He wrapped them up as best as he could but was still in pain every time he even slightly moved his arm.

Hiding his pain pretty well, Stiles walked over to Derek and looked up at him expectantly. He didn't even say anything he just looked at him.

Derek stared back at him in response, not looking in the mood talk (which was pretty much his normal look).

"Well," Stiles drew out slowly.

Derek rolled his eyes. "He's sleeping at his house."

"With the fishes?" Stiles asked with narrowed eyes.

The raising of Derek's eyebrows told him what the werewolf thought of that line.
Stiles groaned, "Don't tell me you've never seen the Godfather before?"

"Not my type of movie," Derek said with a shrug.

"And what is your type of movie, the fucking Star Wars Holiday Special?!" Stiles yelled, staring up at Derek, still holding a grudge against him for that heinous act he committed.

Derek just smirked at him in satisfaction.

"You're a horrible person," Stiles grumbled.

"I know it keeps up at night," Derek told dryly. For some reason Stiles got a feeling of déjà vu.

"Uh guys? We're still here you know," Scott said, sounding annoyed that he had to remind them of this.

"Oh right," Stiles blinked coming out his and Derek's "conversation."

"Scott be good pup and open up my trunk will you."

Scott looked slightly insulted by the pup line but did what he was told regardless.

"You'll never guess what came to visit me this morning," Stiles said, smiling humorlessly.

Derek shot him an undecipherable look before turning in the direction of Stiles' jeep.

Scott opened it up only to jump back in shock as the creature that attacked Stiles rolled from within the blanket it was being held in.

Looking over at his group, Stiles saw them all take a precautious step back as they eyed the unconscious creature in fright. Derek's pack members looked no better but they were tenser than the others.

"What the fuck?" Scott hissed his claws slowly coming out.

"Get back!" Derek roared before he gestured to Boyd and the both of them walked over to the creature.

"Scott listen to him, come here," Stiles advised his frightened friend gently.

Scott walked back over to his friends as Derek and Boyd carefully picked up the unconscious creature and moved it into the warehouse. Everyone else slowly followed them. As soon as the doors were shut all hell broke loose. A barrage of questions were launched at the hyperactive teen, each one coming up to fast for him to even respond to.

"Silence!" Derek growled looking far more irritated than normal.

Everyone quieted down at the ordered from the enraged Alpha. Stiles stiffened as he felt Derek's red eyes center in on him.

"What happened?" Derek said slowly, walking up to him.

Stiles tried to shrug, but could only half shrug, due to his injury.

"This thing came in my house and attacked me. I'm pretty sure it was the one causing all the wind this morning."
In the corner of his eye he saw Lydia flipping through the pages of the Bestiary he lent her and Danny on his laptop no doubt trying to look up the creature. Stiles told both of them to come prepared to research some things.

"Are you okay?" Isaac asked Stiles, suddenly appearing beside him and looking over his body with concerned eyes.

Stiles did his best to give him a reassuring smile. "I'm fine, nothing you should worry about."

Isaac's eyes narrowed seemingly going to protest until Scott spoke up.

"Why did it go after you?" Scott asked in confusion.

"Maybe this is the one that you stabbed at school," Allison guessed holding her crossbow tightly as she walked closer to the creature and looking at the stab wound on its forehead. Just Stiles luck that he would attack a vengeful supernatural creature.

"It's a Friffin I think," Danny suddenly said, reading the contents of the page he was on.

"A what?" Erica said with a raised eyebrow.

"A hybrid Fairy/Griffin creature," Lydia added apparently coming to the same conclusion with her book, "They travel in large groups and have the mentality and powers of a fairy…"

That explains how they were not only able to turn invisible and intangible, but also kidnapping old people as well.

"And the body and strength of a griffin," Lydia said staring down at what she was reading in complete disbelief.

"How did you beat it?" Erica asked looking over at Stiles with just her typical amount of attitude.

"My dad's Mace Pepper Gun," Stiles said with a shrug not having a clue what exactly happened himself.

"That makes sense. It says right here that Friffin's are weak to the usage of plants from the genus Capsicum."

Remembering what his dad told him, after a lot of badgering, about pepper spray Stiles nodded his head in agreement.

"Uh, what does a plant have to do with pepper spray?" Scott said scratching his head looking completely clueless.

"Chili peppers are a part of the genus Capsicum which is what Oleoresin Capsicum comes from. Oleoresin Capsicum is what pepper spray is," Boyd explained, saving Stiles the trouble to having to explain it himself.

Scott furrowed his brow but nodded his head anyway, a gestured Stiles knew meant that he somewhat understood what was being explained to him. A low growl stopped whatever words anyone else was going to add to all of this. The Friffin suddenly flew up throwing Allison to the ground as she had been the one closest to it.

All the werewolves turned into their wolf forms and prepared themselves for a fight. However, it wasn't after any of them. As soon as it spotted Stiles it flew down to him like a vulture going for its
meal. Isaac moved in front of Stiles protectively but was blown back like everyone else by the Friffin's powerful wings. Stiles was picked up by the Friffin's claws and thrown against a wall of the warehouse. Stiles winced as he could feel his bandages loosening and blood seeping out of his body once again.

With a howl more ferocious than anything Stiles has ever heard in his life, Derek ran over to the beast and put his claws into its back ripping through its skin like toilet paper trying to get it off of him. The Friffin didn't pay the werewolf any mind, too blinded by thoughts of revenge to target him.

"Allison, shoot it!" Stiles heard someone say.

Looking over the Friffin's shoulder Stiles saw Allison aiming her crossbow at the creature. Her normal composed stance was off, she was breathing lowly through her mouth and her body shaking.

She was scared, that much was obvious. Allison wasn't ready for this yet and Stiles honestly didn't expect her to be. Seeing the Friffin raise its claw up to his face, Stiles acted on pure instinct: He took out his gun and fired into the creature's chest multiple times. The Friffin froze and Stiles fired into the creature once again.

This time even Derek stopped what he was doing. The Friffin let out a horrifying scream and coughed up blood on Stiles' chest and neck. Stiles just stood their stunned, he didn't even flinch as he was released and the Friffin fell to the ground dead. Nobody said anything. Nobody could find anything to say. All of them just stared at Stiles just waiting.

The previously hyperactive teen was now completely somber. He felt frozen in time, he was unable to breathe through his nose, he couldn't stop his hands from shaking, all these things were happening to him all at once. Almost automatically his eyes turned downward to look at the dead Friffin. He actually killed something.

"Stiles?"

Stiles slowly looked back up at Derek who was staring at him in what can only be thought of as concern. Cautiously, the werewolf took a couple steps toward him. To do what, Stiles couldn't tell you (nor did he care at the moment). Stiles held up his hands for him to stop, which Derek did surprisingly. Without another word he ran out of the warehouse and back into his car.

…

For six hours Stiles did nothing but drive around town. He didn't even care about gas money or how much mileage he was putting on his car, none of that mattered to him. He didn't even know why he was driving around in the first place. Stiles thought this was his brain telling him to clear his head but every time he tried to relax all he thought about was blood, gun shots, and a dead body. Stiles tried to tell himself that it wasn't a big deal, that the Friffin was just a monster and what he did was self-defense, but it didn't help. No matter what he did he couldn't shake off the horrifying feelings.

It was getting late and Stiles knew that he was going to catch hell from his father for not returning his calls. Stiles drove in the direction of his home silently, trying to block everything out of his mind until he felt a sting in the back of his brain.

"What was that?" Stiles asked himself, unable to fight of this feeling.
Parking next to the nearest sidewalk, Stiles unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of his car. His feet moved him in a direction that he couldn't quite pinpoint. Stiles had no control of his body, but this time he was relieved about it. His depression seemed to be going to the backburner as his mind went into a protective haze once again. He stopped once he saw someone on a bench with a suitcase beside them. The guy had his head buried in his hands in an utterly pitiful stance.

"My parents kicked me out," the guy said, raising his head up and revealing himself to be none other than Jackson.

Stiles blinked at him for a few seconds before sighing and walking over to the jock and sitting down beside him. It seemed like everybody was having problems today. Jackson didn't look in Stiles' direction.

"As soon as I woke up they threw a bag at my head and told me to leave," Jackson said lowly, "I knew that they didn't love me, but I didn't think that…"

Stiles felt an overwhelming need to comfort him, to be there for the jock. He wanted to help him in any way he possibly could.

"I feel like a mom more and more every day," Stiles said quietly to himself.

Without asking permission, Stiles took Jackson's suitcase and started walking toward his car.

"Hey, that's my stuff!" Jackson yelled angrily.

"You're staying at my place tonight," Stiles told him not even bothering to look back at him.

Only when he heard Jackson scoff and start to walk behind him did Stiles genuinely smile for the first time in the last six hours.

…

I know the whole Friffin thing was a little weird but I've always been a fan of hybrid supernatural creatures.

I hoped you enjoyed this chapter. I know you all are going to like the next chapter because I am going to begin explaining what this whole Alpha pair thing is about, not to mention there will be some Sterek scenes to enjoy.

Thank you for reading!
Fluffy

This chapter is going to have a lot of fluff in it. Also, we’re finally going to get into more detail on pack dynamics.

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When Stiles pulled into his driveway he could see the lights were still on downstairs, that was never a good sign.

Preparing himself for the inevitable earful he was going to get, Stiles took his time getting out of his jeep. Jackson followed his lead getting out of the passenger’s seat and carefully walking behind him. The entire drive over here he had his hands folded and a disgruntled look on his face, Jackson looked like a total brat but he surprisingly didn’t say anything to him.

With a heavy sigh, Stiles took out his keys and went to open the front door of his house. No sooner than when he was about insert the key into the keyhole did the door fly open to reveal his very angry father.

“In the house now.” John said with gritted teeth slowly saying each word after one another.

“We have a guest,” Stiles told him briefly.

Looking over his sons shoulder he saw Jackson standing behind Stiles stiffly. The jock refused to look in the elder man’s direction.

“This isn’t the time for a house visit Stiles,” John said to his son sternly before directing his attention to Jackson, “I’m sorry son but you’ll have to go home.”

“He doesn’t have a home to go to,” Stiles confessed to his father honestly, “I told him he could stay here tonight.”

John groaned eyeing Jackson with a critical gaze. It seems that he’s trying to hold back showing any kind of emotion but was so distraught that he couldn’t stop his vulnerable feelings from seeping out on his face.

Still, John just couldn’t let his son invite people to stay with them whenever he feels like it.

“Son, didn’t we talk about-“

“Dad,” Stiles pleaded in desperation, “can we please just let him stay the night and talk about this in the morning, please?”

John shot his son a confused look. Why did Stiles look so exhausted and weak? His wobbling from side to side was more than just his ADHD kicking in. Something happened to him while he was gone.

“Fine,” John finally said as he was awfully tired himself. He gave his son a stern look, “but we’re talking about this later.”

Stiles just nodded and moved into the house with Jackson once again stunning his father with the
lack of a smart remark.

“Get some sheets and pillows from the closet,” John told the teens with a yawn.

“Night dad,” Stiles said doing just what his father asked before guiding Jackson to the spare bedroom.

“Here it is,” Stiles flicked the lights on the room. It was fairly sized room and just as big as his own.

“My closet is bigger than this room,” Jackson grumbled throwing his suitcase down next to the bed.

“Don’t you mean your former closet,” Stiles snapped angrily throwing the sheets and pillows on the bed.

Jackson just turned and blinked in his direction, not looking shocked or angry, just looking at him.

“Sorry,” Stiles said sincerely, “it’s just been a rough day.”

The jock just grunted, slipping off his shoes, and then tucking himself in bed.

Stiles just looked around the room awkwardly not knowing what he could do or say at the moment.

“So, uh-“

“Go away,” Jackson gruffly said.

Stiles couldn’t have been happier to comply with that wish, he happily walked toward the door.

With his hand on the door he took a brief glance at Jackson before gently closing the door behind himself.

The hyperactive teen immediately jumped when the first thing he saw when he came into the hall was a familiar broody werewolf.

“Holy shit,” Stiles breathed holding his hand to his heart, “your trying to kill me aren’t you?”

“You do a good job of that yourself,” Derek responded giving one him of his typical glares.

It was a symbol of how tired Stiles was that he didn’t even feel like getting into an argument with Derek at the moment. When he tried to walk past the werewolf and to his room he was grabbed by the waist and pulled back in front of him.

“You’re a lot gentler than I remembered,” Stiles commented more to himself than Derek.

Derek eyes locked onto his, Stiles felt that he was being looked at through a microscope. Being so distracted, he didn’t even notice Derek pull up the sleeve of his hoodie revealing his bandaged arm.

“The next time you try and hide an injury from the pack,” Derek growled, “I’m going to chain you down in the warehouse.”

Stiles rolled his eyes. “Let’s see, before it was just breaking and entering, and stalking, but now we can add kidnapping and BDSM to your repertoire. You just get farther and farther from the norms of society, don’t you sourwolf.”

Wow, that was the first snarky comment Stiles had made all day. If that wasn’t a sign that today
had been an off day for him he didn’t know what was. And of course the comment had to be
toward Derek.

“Shut up,” Derek hissed before a smirk appeared on his face, “Everybody was worried about you,
especially Isaac.”

“Thanks for the guilt trip,” Stiles grunted, “When and how did you find about it anyway?”

“You’re welcome. Boyd noticed all of your wincing when you came to the warehouse but didn’t
say anything due to the incident with the Friffin,” Derek answered.

Stiles gaze turned to the ground his voice suddenly becoming much softer and melancholy. “Yes,
the incident.”

“Which you took care of,” Derek told him before burying his face in Stiles’ neck without warning.

“Um,” Stiles blushed as the hands on his waist tightened and he was pushed against the wall next
to his room. He shuddered as he felt Derek breathing on his neck.

“You did what you had to do,” Derek stated his nose brushing his neck in small, almost
nonexistent, doses, “that Friffin was a monster. Either you would have killed it or it would have
killed you.”

“I know,” Stiles wasn’t comparing the life of that murderous, kidnapping creature to his own, “but
still…”

“It’s something to get used to,” Derek conceded now moving his nose in an upward pattern in his
neck, “death will always be a part of this life, you opened everyone eyes to that today.”

“I didn’t want Allison to do it, she was too scared, and even if she had been able to pull the trigger
I,” Stiles didn’t really know how to finish that sentence, he didn’t understand what he was saying in
the first place.

Stiles cried out as Derek bit him in his neck with his sharp fangs.

“Derek,” Stiles moaned in shock running a hand quickly through the werewolf’s hair.

Derek brought his head up from Stiles neck so they were on the same level. Once again the
werewolf stared into his eyes looking pleased to see something once again. Stiles would just once
want to know what exactly he was pleased about.

“You are a true Filikos alpha,” Derek told him.

“I’m a what? Filipino alpha? Are trying to be racist?” Stiles narrowed his eyes at the werewolf,
“And besides I don’t even remotely look Filipino.”

Derek rolled his eyes at him before opening the door to Stiles’ room and walking toward the
window.

“Okay fine just leave,” Stiles huffed walking into his room as well, “I’ll just be in here.”

“For now,” Derek told him with a snort before jumping out the window.

If there one thing that got on Stiles nerves more than a brooding Derek it was a cryptic Derek, he
knew that the werewolf was not explaining everything to him just to be annoying.
“Screw him,” Stiles muttered. He trailed his fingers across the bite mark he could just feel on his neck.

Deciding that he was just going to worry about all his problems in the morning, Stiles stripped until he was in his undergarments and tried to go to sleep. However, as soon as he closed his eyes they flew open once again.

The hyperactive teen stood up when he heard a sound. No, it was more like a vibration or a feeling. Stiles couldn’t really explain what it was but it was echoing throughout his body, calling him in a way.

Kicking off his covers, Stiles walked out of his room trying to find out where this echoing feeling was coming from. He didn’t get far, a few steps away from his door actually, as he sensed it coming from the room Jackson was in.

Hesitantly he opened the door and peeked his head in the room. Stiles looked down at Jackson who he thought would be sound asleep but was anything but. The jock was shivering like he was in the middle of blizzard, his lips trembling pitifully, and he had sweat dripping down his brow.

“Jackson?” Stiles said lowly trying to see if he could get his attention.

He moved fully into the room shutting the door behind him. He didn’t know what he could do or if he should do something to help Jackson. Stiles remembered times like this when he was a kid and his mother was alive. Whenever he had a nightmare his mother would always come into his room and hold him tightly. It always made the nightmares go away, knowing that he was safe in someone’s arms.

“Oh what the hell, I’ve had a good life,” Stiles grumbled climbing into to bed beside Jackson and wrapping his arms around his front so the jocks back was to his chest.

“Didn’t mom use to sing me lullabies?” Stiles thought to himself aloud. He’s already came this far he might as well keeping going.

Then Stiles opened his mouth and sang his version of Hush Little Baby:

Hush , little jockie, don’t you cry
Mama’s going to bake you a cherry pie

If the cheery pie’s to big
Mama’s going to buy a brand new pig

If that pig continues to squeal
Mama’s going to make you a bacon reel

If that bacon reel goes bad
Mama’s going get you the new ipad.

If that ipad suddenly breaks
Mama’s going take you out for steaks

If the steak restaurant is out of space
Mama’s going blow up the whole damn place

If the police take Mama down
You’ll be the coolest kid in town
So hush little jockie, don’t you cry  
The pack loves and so do I.

By the time he stopped singing Stiles felt Jackson stop all his shaking. He still looked troubled and was sweaty but at least they made a step in the right direction.

“Good night Jackson,” Stiles said with a yawn before he laid his head near Jackson’s neck and let sleep take him over.

Stiles had a surprisingly good sleep last night much to his surprise. He thought his dreams would have been riddled with horrid visions of Friffins and other beast coming after him but it wasn’t, he had a very nice peaceful sleep. In fact, this was probably one of the best nights he’s had in his life.

Of course that means that Stiles just had to be woken up by something very abnormal.

The teen laughed as he felt a tickling sensation run through his arm. He moved his arm slightly to try and make it go away but it just followed him. With half lidded eyes Stiles tried to see what was going on this time.

His eyes snapped open and his brow furrowed when the first thing he saw when he woke up was Isaac, kneeling next to him and Jackson on the bed, and licking his arm.

“Uh, dude? I’m all for displays of affection but don’t you think this is a little much?” Stiles told him hesitantly.

Isaac huffed putting his tongue back in his mouth and folding his arms.

“I was healing your wound that you didn’t tell anyone about,” Isaac stared down at him sternly.

Stiles eyes darted to his arm to see that it was indeed better. The scar marks were still there but his skin had completely healed and the pain he felt had been reduced to pretty much nothing.

“That’s awesome,” Stiles smiled gleefully at the werewolf, “thanks!”

Isaac didn’t falter with his stern pose, it was something he obviously picked up from Derek.

“Okay, fine,” Stiles finally conceded, “I’m sorry kept that from everyone, I just didn’t want you guys to worry about me. We had more important things to deal with me.”

“More important things?” Isaac repeated incredulously like he couldn’t believe Stiles would say something like that.

Stiles grabbed one of Isaac’s hands and squeezed it. “It won’t happen again, that’s a Stilinski promise.”

“It better not,” Isaac threatened. His gaze then turned to stern to completely blank as he looked over at Stiles’ side.

Stiles turned his head and saw that Jackson was still in his arms and seemingly quiet comfortable.

“I bet your wondering about this,” Stiles chuckled nervously gesturing to himself and Jackson, “Jackson he had a terrible day yesterday, so he stayed here for the night and I’m just helping him sleep everything off.”
“So he’s just staying the night,” Isaac said and if Stiles didn’t know any better he could have sworn he heard relief in his voice.

“I’m going to try and see if my dad will let him stay permanently,” Stiles informed the werewolf, “it’s a long shot but I think I can do it.”

“Fuck,” Isaac grumbled before walking away from the bed and toward the window.

“Hey, where are you going?” Stiles asked as he saw Isaac leave. Why did he leave in such a hurry after hearing Jackson might stay here?

“Shut up,” Jackson mumbled tiredly turning over in his sleep.

Call him crazy, but Stiles thought Jackson looked so innocent when he was asleep. He wasn’t trying to be anything or put up an image, he looked just a vulnerable as everyone else.

“Morning sleepyhead,” Stiles greeted as he saw Jackson peak his eyes open.

Jackson blinked slowly in confusion before his face scrunched up in horror. He scrambled to get away from Stiles and ended up falling off the bed entirely.

“Is it the morning breath?” Stiles questioned curiously.

“What the hell are you doing in my bed?!” Jackson shouted angrily.

“This isn’t your bed,” Stiles told him with a shrug, “and I was helping you get to sleep you ingrate.”

“By feeling up on me you little freak,” Jackson sneered.

Stiles rolled his eyes. Stretching himself, he rolled out of bed.

“Don’t flatter yourself, I’ve seen much better bods than yours,” Stiles told him with a smirk.

Jackson froze just now realizing where he was and the situation he found himself in.

“Wow, it wasn’t a dream,” Jackson chuckled to himself humorlessly.

Stiles tried to restrain himself from looking at him with pity, he knew that was something Jackson would appreciate.

“Why don’t you go to the bathroom first and clean yourself up,” Stiles offered opening the door and direction him to where the bathroom was, “I’ll make us some breakfast.”

“Whatever,” Jackson said lowly taking his personal care products out of his suitcase walking to the bathroom.

Stiles watched him go into the bathroom with heavy sigh. Shaking his head and snapping himself out of his daze, walked toward downstairs to the kitchen.

On the counter Stiles saw a note written in his dads hand writing.

“Had an emergency call at work, we’ll talk about your friends living arrangements this evening,” Stiles read off the note.

“Well, it’s better than talking about it right now,” Stiles said with a shrug. Rubbing his hands
together, he prepared to make his and Jackson’s meal.

“Dammit,” Stiles cried as the doorbell suddenly rang.

Before he could even get to the door it fully opened and his friends all piled in the house.

“Uh, come in?” Stiles said with a raised eyebrow wondering what they were doing there.

“What’s for breakfast?” Scott questioned with a goofy smile on his face. Allison was right beside her boyfriend but something was off with her. She seemed to be avoiding eye contact with Stiles for some reason.

Danny greeted him with a nod sitting down at the kitchen counter checking on something with his laptop.

“Why are you all here?” Stiles asked curiously but not angrily. He is so desensitized he’s just going with the flow at this point.

“We heard through the grapevine that Jackson was here.” Lydia said standing directly in front of the hyperactive teen.

“Jackson’s here alright, in all his douchey goodness,” Stiles replied dryly while still having a small smile on his face.

“We came here to check on you guys and see how y’all were doing,” Scott said as he went through his fridge.

Stiles just stared at all them unconvincingly. “You guys just wanted to skip class didn’t you?”

“Pretty much,” Lydia said honestly, “and I felt it was time we had a talk about this whole Alpha thing.”

“My Alpha thing or Derek’s Alpha thing?” Stiles asked getting a chair and sitting down next to Danny.

“You’re Alpha thing,” Lydia answered setting down her bag, which Stiles saw had the books he lent her in it, and smirking at him, “and I see that you’ve finally accepted your role, you didn’t even deny it this time.”

Stiles shrugged. “I’ve gotten past the denial stage and now just fully accepted everything.”

“Good,” He heard Lydia, “oh and we’re also going to talk about you not mentioning your injuries to us. Derek was so mad he punched Scott right through a window.”

Stiles mouth dropped as he shot a worried look at his best friend. His worry soon turned into outrage as he stood up from his chair completely knocking it to the ground.

“He did what?!?” Stiles raged with a snarl.

The next time he saw that arrogant asshole he was going to get a shot in the ass and the crotch. Derek sworn he wouldn’t do anything like this again.

Stiles growled as he felt someone tap him on the shoulder. He turned his head to demand to know what they wanted.

“What is-“
His jaw completely dropped as he came face to face with his own reflection. Lydia was holding up her compact in his face where he could see himself.

Stiles’ eyes were one hundred percent green.

“Surprise,” Lydia smiled at him evilly.

His scream could be heard all over the neighborhood.

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

You know the great thing about writing a character like Stiles? You can have them do or say the craziest things and it will normal for the character. I can’t think of another character in Teen Wolf that could actually pull off a distorted version of “Hush Little Baby” and not be seen as OOC. I love Stiles.

Next chapter we’re going to get fully into this whole Alpha situation.

Thank you all so much for reading!
I am really nervous about this chapter. I hope my explanations of everything make some kind of sense, I tried my best.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

... "Why the hell didn't anyone tell me that my eyes turn green from time to time?!"

Stiles was standing in the middle of his living room seething, positively seething, and his pack was completely to blame.

Lydia, who was sitting in the chair right beside where he was standing, stared at him with an evil Bond villain look.

"I thought it would be amusing for you to find out this way," Lydia smiled at him in a clearly fake way, "I was right."

Stiles eye twitched in either anger or psychosis, he couldn't really tell you. He turned to face the other three pack members in the room.

Allison, for some strange reason, was still not looking at him directly. This was going to get old really fast.

"I didn't want to say anything until I knew for sure what was going on with you," Allison answered with a shrug, "plus, Lydia threatened me."

Danny had officially put away his laptop knowing that he wouldn't be able to finish fine tuning the surveillance system him and Scott set up at this moment. "I was too freaked out about it at first but then Lydia told me about this whole Alpha thing and then threatened me."

Stiles anger was slowly turning into disbelief. He slowly turned his head in Lydia's direction to see her still staring up at him unblinkingly. This was getting weirder and weirder by the moment.

"You mean you didn't know?" Scott suddenly said. "I thought you knew."

Stiles turned and saw his friend with a hand full of snacks in his hands and looking at him in complete and utter shock.

"What do you mean you thought I knew?" Stiles face crunched up in incredulity. Why was he getting the feeling that he was going to get a very stupid response from his friend?

Scott shrugged sitting next to Allison on the couch. "It's just that your eyes have been flickering green since I became a werewolf. I thought you were wearing a type of mood contacts or something. That time with Boyd and Erica in the parking lot was the only time they stayed green for a while but yeah, it's happened a whole bunch of times."

"A…whole…bunch," Try as he might Stiles wasn't even able to finish saying that sentence, the sheer stupidity of it was killing him.

"You're all insane!" Stiles declared waving his hands around incessantly, "What if I had done my
hulk eye change around my dad or something, I would probably be in a lab being tested right now."

Scott rolled his eyes, a habit Stiles forced himself not to think was like his own. "The only times you did it before this whole pack thing started was around me and when I was fighting something or talking about fighting something. It would happen so fast that most of the time I thought I was seeing things."

Now Stiles was starting to get uncomfortable, how could he have possibly not known that he was doing something that was so obvious to everyone else, it was simply inconceivable.

"You started doing it more when we started gathering everyone up for the pack," Scott indiscreetly shot Lydia a look, "I was going to say something when Lydia joined us but-"

"She threatened you," Stiles finished for him tiredly with a sigh. He was starting to get why his father got so many migraines after hearing about the things he did.

Lydia sat in her chair still looking as blameless as ever.

"Do you have to join the Stilinski Anger Management Sessions with Jackson?" Stiles said with folded arms.

Lydia had the nerve to look scandalized at that implication. "I'm not angry at you Stiles, I just enjoy other people's pain. Is that so wrong?"

Yes, yes it was, but Stiles wasn't going to tell her that.

"Speaking of Jackson, where is he?" Lydia questioned grabbing her bag and taking out her books, "I want to get this started and I don't want to have to repeat myself."

Now that Stiles thought about it Jackson has been upstairs for a while. He was supposed to take a shower and come right down for breakfast.

"Jack-Jack!" Stiles called out as he walked a little bit up the stairs so Jackson's was in hearing range of him.

"What!" Jackson yelled back at him.

"Get down here, we have guests to entertain," Stiles said with a grin.

"Leave me alone!" Jackson told him angrily.

If Jackson had sounded depressed or saddened in any way Stiles would have gladly complied with his wish. However, he could tell by the tone of the jocks voice that he was just being stubborn to be stubborn.

"What are you doing? Are you watching porn up there?" Stiles said with a snicker. He was enjoying this far too much, "Didn't we have a talk about that."

Stiles felt rather than heard Jackson's large footsteps before he saw him leave his room and walk over to him. The jock towered over him from the foot of the stairs staring down at him enraged.

And wow, Jackson was wearing a simple white t-shirt and denim jeans. Stiles has never seen him look so casual before.

"Have you ever learned the concept of shutting up?" Jackson sneered, "it would do wonders for your nonexistent sex life."
"My motor mouth is one of the things that's appealing about me," Stiles protested with a pout, "now come downstairs and greet your new play buddies."

"I don't want to see any of those losers," Jackson huffed folding his arms like a stubborn child.

Stiles blinked at him before giving him a knowing smile. He walked over to the jock and looped an arm around his.

"You know they don't hate you right?" Stiles said before Jackson could comment on the unwanted touching. "All of us were worried about you through this whole thing."

Jackson gave him a glare before looking away from him. "Shut up."

"I'm not joking," Stiles told him seriously, "we want you to be a part of us, a part of our pack. We care about you Jackson."

"That was so sweet. What Sunday morning special did you get that from?" Jackson replied smartly.

He's using sarcasm and smart ass comments as a defense mechanism. It was the exact same thing he did, Stiles thought to himself.

"You're right, let's put my money where my mouth is," Stiles said with raised eyebrows, "come downstairs with me and I bet you won't see a single glare in your direction."

Jackson rolled his eyes but didn't say anything in response.

"Come on," Stiles said softly urging him down the stairs their arms still linked together.

Jackson allowed the closeness to continue only until the time when they actually came in view of everyone (Stiles was surprised it lasted that long).

With blank eyes Jackson looked around the room spotting the four individuals in the room. They weren't glaring at him or curious as to what he was doing here, they were just staring at him.

It wasn't until Danny let out a sigh that things returned to normal. "Jackson can you please stop standing around like the idiot you are and have a seat somewhere."

"Yes please," Lydia agreed holding a hand up to her head, "your presence is already giving me enough of a migraine."

Both Scott and Allison shook their heads fondly at Lydia.

With a slap on Jackson's back, Stiles directed him to the loveseat so they could sit in it together. Once his back was turned to the group he could have sworn he saw something like a smile on Jackson's face but he put it aside for now.

"Alright Lydia, lay it on us," Stiles proclaimed once he was comfortable in his seat.

"Okay." She said flipping on to a bookmarked page in her book. "Let's just get the basics out the way. The Alpha is the undisputed leader of the pack, using certain ways unique to them they are able to make pack members submit to them."

Stiles had to psychically hold himself back from guffawing loudly. With how many times he's been under Derek's red eyes of doom he knows how much power he has.

"Wait, I haven't been doing that to you guys have I?" Stiles suddenly questioned worriedly, looking
around the room at his friends. "I haven't been forcing all of you to do things you didn't want to do? I didn't force you guys to join the pack did I?"

"Calm down spazz," Lydia said dryly, "your Alpha powers don't work that way."

Your powers? Huh, Stiles was going to have to get use to that. He's spent so much time being the token human that he's always labeled himself as such.

"Now, before I was so rudely interrupted, let's go onto the new information." Lydia said narrowing her eyes at everyone in the room just daring them to say something. Once she saw they were compliant she continued.

"There are two types of Alphas, the Epithetikos and Filikos."

Filikos? Stiles remembered Derek calling him that last night, that's not exactly the kind of word that you forget.

"Epithetikos Alpha's are your typical red eyed Alpha's," Lydia explained, "typical because of the feral aspect of being a werewolf. Fierce, stern, and tough, the Epithetikos Alpha's are the ones that provide order for the pack."

"You sound like you're doing a commercial," Stiles couldn't help but say.

"So, how are Alpha's picked or chosen?" Danny asked, "Is it like with royalty and it has be like the first born child or first born son become the Alpha?"

"There are no gender specific roles with werewolves," Lydia informed him like she's been studying this stuff her whole life, "and Alpha's are only picked by chance, especially with born werewolves. Whoever is born with Alpha eyes is the Alpha for that generation."

"But killing an Alpha can also turn you into an Alpha," Allison added taking small bites of her apple she made Scott bring her.

"I'm pretty sure that's supposed to be a rare thing though." Stiles piped in, "aren't Epithetikos and Filikos werewolves supposed to be BAMF's that could kill a whole pack in a second."

Lydia raised an eyebrow at him. "It's not rare for Epithetikos to have to fight for their position but no one in a pack would ever fight their Filikos Alpha."

"Really?" Stiles squeaked. He looked around at everyone in the room stopping a Jackson who was staring at him with a scowl on his face. "Not that I'm complaining but why? Are Epithetikos and Filikos Alpha's that different?"

"Yes," Lydia answered simply taking a sip of her water before continuing, "While Epithetikos Alpha's create order in the pack Filikos Alpha's create loyalty in the pack, the green eyed Alpha's. They are the compassionate one's and are far more protective of the pack than the Epithetikos. They are the ones that will feed you, talk to you, take their time with you, and even cuddle with you at night."

Both Stiles and Jackson made a point to look away from each other, something the rest of the pack noted. Luckily, they were feeling merciful and decided to spare them, for now.

"So, Filikos are the ones everyone's emotionally attached to," Scott said shot a brief look at his best friend.
"Yep," Lydia said closing the current book she was holding and smirking in Stiles' direction, "after all who would kill their own mother?"

Stiles squealed with his mouth dropping like a ton of bricks. He was even more stunned when Scott outright laughed at his misery.

"I resent that," Stiles exclaimed in protest, "I am not now, nor will I ever, be anyone's mom. I am a man dammit!"

Danny suddenly started coughing violently, he got up from his seat and started to walk around the room.

"I think I'm sick," Danny said weakly through his coughing. He then started to sound like he was choking on something.

Stiles gasped, his eyes shining green once again, and immediately went to Danny's side wrapping his arms around his shoulder. "Oh my god! Somebody call a doctor! Has anybody called a doctor? Why haven't you guys called a doctor yet?!"

Danny's coughing suddenly changed into laughter as he removed his hand from his mouth to reveal a very big grin on his face.

"No you didn't," Stiles eyes widened in horror. He looked around the room to see the amused faces of everyone around him. "No you did not do that to me. I thought you were dying."

"After two seconds of him coughing you thought he was dying?" Jackson asked smartly with half-lidded eyes.

Now Stiles was starting to look like a Christmas tree as his blush complimented his still green eyes quiet well.

The hyperactive teen coughed loudly as Danny returned to his seat and he found his again. "So, about being a Filikos Alpha, how did I become one again? Last time I checked I was definitely not a werewolf nor did I kill any either."

Lydia flipped through another one of her books briefly skimming over it before answering Stiles' question. "You don't have to kill a Filikos Alpha to become one. Humans have the ability to become Filikos Alpha's just like werewolves can. The only thing about that though is only exposure to werewolves will activate your Alpha abilities. Humans can be Epithetikos Alpha's as well but it's extremely rare given how inhuman they have to act in order to successfully fulfill that role.

"So, anybody can become a Filikos Alpha?" Stiles questioned wondering why he was the "chosen" one.

"It's another one of those chance things like with the Epithetikos Alpha's," Lydia said with a shrug, "believe it or not you were born to lead."

"Hm," Stiles rubbed his chin in thought, "I wonder if that's why Peter offered to turn me."

"What?" Scott demanded sitting up in his seat. "Peter offered to turn you?"

"Oops," Stiles smacked his head in frustration. This was not going to be good.

"Why didn't you tell anyone about this?!" Scott growled. "You're always keeping secrets from
"No I'm not," Stiles protested weakly, "I just don't like people worrying about things you don't need to worry about at certain times. Uncle Petey getting a little to touchy feely wasn't something that we needed to worry about at the moment."

Scott didn't look the slightest bit pleased at the moment, if anything he looked every more pissed off.

"I'm guessing that's the logic you used at the warehouse with the Friffin?" Danny guessed giving Stiles a stern glare. "Hate to break it you but hiding your injuries from us are just going to make things worse."

Stiles was about to respond to that until he saw Allison look at her feet solemnly again. He couldn't take it anymore.

"That's it," Stiles suddenly proclaimed jumping up from his seat and sitting down next to Allison. He didn't say anything to her at that point, he just looked at her with folded arms and a stern gaze.

Allison looked around awkwardly feeling utterly and totally lost at the moment.

"What's wrong Ally," Stiles said with a raised eyebrow, "you've been avoiding looking at me since you got here. Am I truly that hideous?"

"Yes." Jackson immediately answered.

Allison avoided his gaze again shyly. "It's nothing. It's just about that whole Friffin thing."

Stiles just blinked over at her.

"I should have fired my crossbow when I had the chance," Allison swiping a hand through her hair looking stricken with grief. "I shouldn't have hesitated."

"Hey now, stop it," Stiles ordered shaking her shoulder, "I'm happy that you didn't fire your crossbow, it's a good thing that you didn't. Do know why?"

Allison silently shook her head.

"It means that you still have you humanity, it means you're not one of those evil types of Hunters running around." Stiles smiled at her encouragingly. "You're a good person Allison and none of us want you to change."

"…Really?" Allison said with a small smile on her face.

Allison turned around as she felt Scott wrap an arm around her comfortably, a gesture which she eased into.

"Hey, where's my love?" Stiles held out his hands expectantly, "Give me some love girl."

Allison giggled and hugged as fiercely as he hugged her. Stiles smiled into her shoulder patted her back gently.

"And that right there is one of the many reasons why Filikos Alpha's are so appealing to Epithetikos Alpha's." Lydia suddenly said.

"What?" Stiles said as he looked over at her frantically not having a clue what she was talking
about.

"I can't wait until you and your Epithetikos go into the courting stage of your relationship." Lydia said with a smirk.

"What?!" Stiles looked at her in shock and horror.

"I would tell you more but you're not the only one that thinks Derek should start pulling his own weight around here," Lydia huffed throwing her books down, "Mom, I'm hungry. What's for lunch?"

Stiles didn't answer her, he couldn't answer her. He was too busy being stunned.

What has his life come to?

...

A couple hours later there was an epic stare down being conducted in the Stilinski family dining room.

Well, it was an epic stare down for Stiles. John looked more bored than anything else.

"I won't take no for answer." Stiles said firmly.

"Stiles…"

"He needs a place to stay and he has nowhere else to go."

"Stiles…"

"I'll runaway if you don't-"

"Genim!" John exclaimed silencing Stiles completely.

Stiles stared over at his father in horror. "Dad, how could you?"

"You forced my hand son," John shrugged carelessly. "Now, as I was trying to tell you, I was thinking that we could give this Jackson thing a week long trial run to see where it goes."

"Really?" Stiles smiled happily before clapping his hands in glee.

John nodded his face becoming grim. "I stopped by the Whittemore's house. They really didn't want to hear much about Jackson at the moment despite my efforts. They looked done with him."

Stiles sighed heavily. He really didn't want to have any details about this right now, they weren't relevant to what was happening now.

"Where is that kid anyway?" John asked looking around as if Jackson were to come around any corner.

"He's mowing the lawn," Stiles informed him with a grin.

He told Jackson that in order to stay here he was going to have to pitch in around the house. Jackson refused of course until Stiles pointed out that the only other place he could stay was with Derek. Needless to say that he got right on his chores.
"That kid can mow a lawn," John asked with a raised eyebrow.

Stiles rolled his eyes. "Of course he can dad. I'm surprised that you're trying to stereotype him and other rich kids as unable to take care of themselves."

"Stiles," Jackson shouted coming into the room looking quiet frustrated, "the lawn mower doesn't work."

Stiles eyebrows furrowed. Their lawnmower was brand new there shouldn't be anything wrong with it.

"I turned it on like you said but it wouldn't do anything," Jackson huffed angrily, "it just stood there like it wanted me to push it or something."

Both Stiles and John shot each other a look before they rubbed their foreheads in unison. This was not going to be easy.

…

Epithetikos means aggressive

Filikos means amicable

I apologize if these meanings are slightly off but this was all I could find for Greek translations for aggressive and amicable.

I hope the explanation was okay, I know I kind of went the cheap route by saying that you have to be born an Alpha to be an Alpha but that's the best I could come up with given what we know about Alpha's.

And don't think I'm done with explanations, I just didn't want to overload you all with the information I'm giving you.

I hope you all enjoyed reading!
Cookie Bonding

Now things are about to get heated in this story. Of course I'm not going to spoil anything, you'll just have to read and find out for yourself.

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…

"This is dumb." Jackson stated in a huff.

"This is bonding time!" Stiles exclaimed happily.

Jackson's face scrunched up in disgust. "I don't want to bond with you."

Too late for that, Stiles thought to himself. Last night Jackson was once again sweating and uncomfortable in bed and Stiles had to soothe him by way of cuddling in order for him to get a decent night's sleep. Of course, Stiles was smart enough to leave before Jackson got up this time but it was still a bonding experience (even if Jackson wasn't aware of it).

"Why the hell are we baking cookies?" Jackson demanded pointing to the ingredients like they were his mortal enemy.

"Because it's a great way to extend the olive branches of faith and trust and disassemble the twigs of discontent," Stiles proclaimed with a pout.

Jackson's brow furrowed. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I don't know, why are you asking me?" Stiles said with a shrug before walking over to the kitchen counter.

Stiles did know what he was doing, but he just didn't want to say what specifically. Jackson hadn't spoken about his parents or getting kicked out of his house since he got here, and that was beginning to worry him. He was obviously showing signs that he was affected by it but he refused to talk to anyone which is a problem.

Whenever Stiles felt down after a bad day at school his mother always made them bake cookies together. It was always cookies too, she told him that they had a way of bringing things out in people like nothing else could.

"Alright," Stiles clapped his hands together, "the ovens preheated and the baking sheets are lined with parchment. Let's get to the good stuff."

"Why I am doing this?" Jackson sighed like baking could possibly be the worst thing he's had to do in his life.

"Because I said I'd do your chores for you," Stiles reminded him before pointing over at the mixing bowl, "now, put the egg in bowl."

Jackson did just that, he picked up the egg and set it in the bowl still in its shell. He looked over at Stiles expectantly.

Not hearing a cracking sound, Stiles turned away from the cookie recipe in his mother's cookbook
and back to Jackson.

"No Jackson," Stiles let out a small snicker, "I meant crack the egg and then put it in the bowl."

"You didn't say that," Jackson said with a roll of his eyes. The jock then picked up the egg, balled it in his fist, and dropped both the remains of the shell and the egg in the bowl. Stiles winced at the action. Walking over to the counter with Jackson he took the bowl, dumped what was left of the egg in the trash, washed the bowl, and placed it front of Jackson again.

"Like this," Stiles said grabbing another egg. Very gently he cracked the egg on the side of the bowl and allowed it to fall into the bowl.

Jackson looked over at him with a raised eyebrow. He quickly looked away though, refusing to make it seem like he was impressed in some way.

"You do it," Stiles told him taking a similar sized bowl and presented it to the jock. Begrudgingly, Jackson picked up another egg from the carton and brought it to the bowl. Very roughly he hit the bowl with the egg, causing what was in the shell to fall out of it and onto the kitchen counter.

"This egg's a piece of crap," Jackson hissed, wiping off his hand angrily.

Stiles shook his head smiling in amusement to himself. "Let me help you."

"No," Jackson quickly said but made no move to stop Stiles as he moved closer to him. Grabbing another egg he took Jackson by the hand and gently made to crack the egg.

"Like this," Stiles said gently as they both successfully cracked the egg and put it in the bowl. Jackson made a small noise in agreement.

A couple minutes later the rest of the ingredients that would go into the mixing bowl, such as the butter and the brown sugar, were placed in the bowl.

"This looks nasty," Jackson complained with a groan.

"Which is why we're going to mix it up," Stiles said with a roll of his eyes coming over there with the hand mixer in his hand.

"Give me that," Jackson snatched the hand mixer out of Stiles hands, "I can do this myself, I don't need you."

Stiles held up his hands in defeat and slowly backed away. "Okay."

Quickly switching the hand mixer on to full power, Jackson thrust it into the bowl. It only took about a half of second until Jackson was covered with the contents within the bowl.

With an angry snarl, Jackson slowly turned his goo soaked head to the hyperactive teen on the other side of the kitchen. Stiles had an innocent smile on his face but his trembling lips told Jackson all that he needed to know.

"You said you didn't need my help," Stiles shrugged meekly.
Jackson growled, wiped of the goo on his face and threw at Stiles. Thankfully he was able to move out of the way but he was still hit on his arm.

"Wait, wait, I'll wash it off for you," Stiles laughed running over to the sink spray hose and aiming it at Jackson.

"If you even-"

Jackson's threat was cut off as he was sprayed with a jet of water. He gasped as the cold wetness hit all over his body.

"You little midget," Jackson shouted and threw some eggs from the carton at him in retaliation.

"No, not the eggs," Stiles whimpered dropping the spray hose grabbing a bowl and trying to shield his face as he was barged with eggs, "my dad's going kill me."

"Ha! Take that Stilinski." Jackson smiled triumphantly. He still had one more egg in his hand and he was tossing it up and down in the air.

"Oh, I see how it is," Stiles nodded smiling crazily. Off of the counter he grabbed the whipped cream and started to shake it up. "It's on now!"

And so the battle between these two warring forces commenced. They both fought a long and hard battle, five whole minutes, but in the end the result was the same. They made a gigantic mess in the kitchen.

Completely out of breath, but still smiling like a fool, Stiles sat down on the kitchen floor leaning on the counter which was behind him. Jackson did the same, though he wasn't as out of breath as the human obviously.

"See?" Stiles panted looking in Jackson's direction, "I told you cooking was fun!"

Jackson scoffed but for the life of him couldn't fight off the laugh that came from him mouth, a genuine laugh. It warmed Stiles to hear such a foreign concept from such a previously angry and mean person.

"Is this how you and your mom normally made cookies?" Jackson asked taking his finger and getting the water out of his eye, laughter was still in his voice.

Stiles nodded enthusiastically. "Yep, my mom always made us do this so I could let out some stress. I don't think we ever actually made cookies together."

"My mom would never do this kind of stuff with me." Jackson exclaimed before he realized what he said. The tone along with Jackson's demeanor changed, despair began to poison the air like a thick smog.

"What would you mom do with you?" Stiles asked softly wondering just how much he could say before he was pushing his boundaries.

Jackson shrugged. "She'd show me what kinds of clothes to wear, what to say and when to say it, and taught me how important the Whittemore name was."

"Sounds like she treated you more like an accessory than a son," Stiles couldn't help but point out. He was nothing if not to the point.
Jackson shrugged feigning indifference. "I got use to it after a while."

That was a lie and they both knew it. Neglect and lack of love aren't things that you just forget. However, Stiles wouldn't dare call him out on it, he didn't feel he had the right to. What Stiles did do is let his Alpha instincts take over.

"I hate her," Stiles stated his green eyes shining bright once again, "I hate her and your horrible fucking dad. I hate them!"

Jackson looked at the hyperactive teen beside him in stunned silence.

Stiles faced him as well. Through his eyes were glowing with nothing but pure anger he was nothing but sympathetic toward the teen beside him.

"I'm sorry you went through that," Stiles flung himself at Jackson enveloping him in a hug. "I wish I could have done something.

Jackson snorted into his shoulder. "That's a stupid thing to say. What could you have done, adopted me yourself when you were a kid so I didn't go with my parents?"

"You didn't deserve to be treated like that," Stiles told him gently. "You're Jackson Whittemore, you deserve only the best."

Jackson made a noise in the back of his throat. When it felt like he was going to say something back he suddenly froze.

Stiles moved his head so him and Jackson were face to face. "What is it boy? Did Timmy fall down the well?"

If Jackson hadn't been so distracted by the sounds he heard upstairs he probably would have got Stiles for that jab.

This time even Stiles could hear the footsteps of someone upstairs. Cautiously, he wrapped an arm around Jackson protectively which the jock shrugged off but did the same to him.

The both of them slowly watched the stairs until it was revealed to be the other Alpha in Beacon Hills.

"Derek?" Stiles raised an eyebrow and then groaned into his hand. He just knew this was about to get extremely weird in a lot of ways.

Derek shot both teens a glance before his brow furrowed once he took in the state of the kitchen.

Stiles was about to pipe in with his usual string of smart aleck remarks until Jackson shocked both him and Derek.

"Haven't you ever heard of a door?" Jackson sneered, "Using one might make people a little less creeped out by you?"

Stiles smiled widely like a father that just saw his son win his first little league game.

"I'd love to stay and chat," Jackson said as he stood up and walked toward the stairs glaring at Derek all the while, "but I wouldn't want to catch whatever brooding disease you have. Danny's coming over to pick me so I can get some more clothes."

It was almost disturbing how similar Danny and Stiles were. Jackson hadn't apologized for being
less than a good friend to Danny, he didn't need to because he was already forgiven. When Stiles mentioned that Jackson needed to get some more clothes Danny volunteered to take him to the mall without missing a beat. Danny truly was the Stiles to Jackson's Scott.

Without another word Jackson walked past Derek and up the stairs. Derek watched the teen leave with confused eyes before he turned in Stiles direction to see him sniffling.

Stiles was shaking his head in pride. "That's my boy. I couldn't be more proud."

This time Derek's eyebrows rose to the ceiling.

The hyperactive teen rolled his eyes. "Oh please, of all the weird things I've said, that was the statement that shocked you?"

Derek huffed and moved to lean on the wall of the kitchen.

Stiles took this time to move over to the kitchen sink to wash off his face and whip off his clothes trying to clean himself up a bit.

"Have you had any more contact with the Friffins?" Derek asked after a couple minutes of silence.

Stiles gave the werewolf a side glance and grinned at him. "What, you don't trust me to come to tell you myself?"

A glare was the only response he got, typical for Derek.

"That would be a no sourwolf," Stiles said with a shrug, "but I do have Danny on camera duty, he carries his laptop everywhere and would get an alert if they spot anything."

Derek made a sound that would seem like that meant he was pleased.

Jackson then came down the stairs wearing a fresh white shirt and faded jeans. He completely ignored Derek on his way about out but had the decency to at least to give Stiles a nod as he went out the door.

Once he was sure Jackson was gone, Stiles turned his attention back on Derek.

"So," Stiles didn't quite know how to bring this up, "is my plan making appealing to an Epithetikos Alpha's such as yourself?"

Derek face showed no sign of surprise at his use of werewolf terminology but he did stiffen in place for a brief second.

"Yes," Derek replied, "any kind of pack like thinking is appealing to us."

"Such as," Stiles made a gesture with his hand for him to continue.

Derek sighed heavily as if this was a chore for him to explain.

"Independence, faithfulness, dignity, pride in the pack," Derek said listing off some character traits like it was second nature, "and some other obvious things."

"I love how you didn't even address me knowing what an Epithetikos Alpha was." Stiles couldn't help but say.

"I knew you would figure it out eventually," Derek responded.
Stiles grinned. "Was that your way of saying that I'm smart?"

Derek snorted but refused to address the question asked of him.

Feeling quite bold, Stiles approached Derek until they were only a few steps away from each other.

"You knew that I was a Filikos Alpha even before all this separate pack stuff started happening didn't you? Why didn't you tell me this before I started Alphaiing?" Stiles asked more curious than angry. He knew Derek was an extremely cryptic guy who tended to hide things for no given reason.

"I didn't think it was my place," Derek answered honestly, "Alpha powers and instincts usually don't show up until you are in your twenties, for both werewolves and humans, and it's against our laws to approach an underage Alpha."

"Approach?" Stiles squealed in anticipation, "Approach for what, to inform them of their Alpha duties?"

Derek's eyes were focused on Stiles like a laser. It was like he was trying to burrow into his soul. Stiles didn't know whether to feel overjoyed that somebody looked at him this way or scared that it was Derek Hale looking at him this way.

"No." Derek answered with a growl startling the teen completely stiff.

"To mate? Fuck? Come on, help me out here!" Stiles shouted.

Stiles wasn't even the slightest bit surprised when he found himself pinned against the kitchen counter by the semi-feral werewolf in front of him.

"To claim," Derek stated deeply before biting into Stiles neck like he did the night before.

"Shit Derek," Stiles moaned. He gripped the werewolf's hands as they held his hips in place.

Derek grunted in response biting in the exact same place he did previously. His tongue outlined the bite mark in a gentle caress before he inserted his teeth into Stiles porcelain skin.

"As noble as that sounds don't you think you should have informed me of some supernatural things related to me of the werewolf variety?" Stiles gasped struggling to keep himself from moaning, "What if another Alpha scooped me up while you were trying to be all honorable? Hell, Peter almost-"

Stiles mouthed slammed shut as he was face to face with Derek. The rage he felt in the werewolf's flashing red eyes vibrated off his very being.

"What?" Derek asked lowly with a predatory look in his eyes.

"I-I," Stiles stammered for once not knowing what he could say in this situation.

"Nobody else can have you, nobody!" Derek roared his fanged teeth bared.

Stiles slide his hand up to Derek's shoulder not knowing what he should or can do in this situation.

"Derek, calm down," Stiles told him. He thought of trying that ordering ability he used in the library with Jackson but he didn't know how to pull it off, he probably to be around his pack in order to be commanding.
"I'll rip them limb from limb if they so much as come near you!" Derek swore his face slowly shifting into its werewolf form.

If Stiles hadn't been so worried about what would happen if Derek wolfed out in the kitchen he might have been flattered by Derek's dedication to him. Right now he had a werewolf to placate.

Since Stiles couldn't bring out the protective Alpha side of himself right now he decided once again to listen to what his instincts were telling him to do.

Wrapping his arms around Derek's shoulders, Stiles moved upward and shoved his face into Derek's neck. Stiles blushed having no idea what he was doing but still letting his body call all the shots. He let the tips of his teeth graze over Derek's skin as his tongue licked up every spot his teeth hit.

He must be doing something right, if the tightening of Derek's arms on his hips and his low grunt was anything to go by. Stiles blushed as he laid kisses on the werewolf's skin before giving him the biggest bite on his neck he could muster. He wasn't able to break the skin but he did hear Derek hiss in response. He held this position for a minute just waiting for a sign for when he could stop.

"Stiles," The teen heard Derek called out to him, his voice back to normal again.

Stiles took his teeth off of Derek's neck and moved his head so the both of them were just a breath away from one another.

"Yes?" Stiles whispered near Derek's lips.

Stiles eyes widened as he felt his lips taken by Derek's. He closed his eyes and let himself be taken over by the sensation of their colliding lips.

Soft and chaste, two things you would not normally relate to Derek Hale but this was a special occasion. He took his time with this kiss, enjoying the soft whimpers that came from the human in his arms, reliving in the feel of their tongues as they meet for the first time, enraptured by the softness of Stiles plump lips against him.

They separated at the same time, knowing that they were running out of breath. Stiles stared up at Derek with a small blissful smile on his face, feeling all his emotions exploding all in one moment.

Derek returned the stare though his gaze was more inquisitive than anything else.

"We are an Alpha pair," Derek declared suddenly.

Stiles raised an eyebrow at him. "An Alpha wha-"

He was silenced as his lips were captured by the big bad wolf once again. Passion was growing between and would have continued to rise if not for life getting in the way.

Feeling a buzzing in his pocket, Stile separated himself from Derek, much to the werewolf's frustration and checked the text that he received.

"Danny said that he found something that might have been a Friffin in one of his cameras," Stiles announced shooting Derek a dire look.

Derek frowned and gave him a nod before walking toward the door.

"Wait, I'm coming with you," Stiles told him walking upstairs to his room, grabbing the carrying
bag with the pepper gun he got from his father's office, and running back down stairs to Derek's side once again.

"It's to-"

"If you're going to tell me that's it's too dangerous I will shoot you in head," Stiles snapped glaring angrily.

Derek narrowed his eyes at him.

"I'm not some damsel in distress, I'm an Alpha, just like you are, and I will be damned if let you treat me like I'm some lower life form," Stiles said folding his arms in a no nonsense pose.

Derek mumbled something under his breath before he grabbed Stiles and put him on his back.

"You stay with me the entire time," Derek commanded sternly.

Stiles grinned up at him. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

Derek bolted out of the room with Stiles.

…

I did not intend to have so much Jackson/Stiles fluff. I think it might be because Jackson was the last one of the pack to show up and I just wanted to give him some attention.

So Derek and Stiles are indeed getting closer. They're not together yet but they're going in the right direction. I feel like I have to reassure the skeptics of this relationship. Don't worry, Stiles is not going to be Derek's bitch, they will always be equals (of course Derek might forget that sometimes but Stiles will be quick to remind him just like in this chapter).

I have a surprise for everyone next chapter, just be prepared for something new.

Thank you all so much for reading!
Thor

Wow, I just now noticed how much this story is evolving from how I thought it would be. From here on it's only going to get better people.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

…

"Yah wolf, yah!"

"Stiles," Derek said with gritted teeth, "if you say that one more time I'm going to slam you into a tree."

Derek had been carrying Stiles on his back into the forest as they went to the location Danny texted them saying that he spotted a Friffin with his cameras.

Stiles snorted a wicked grin appearing on his face. "Like you don't want to do that already."

He yelped as Derek moved slightly to the side allowing him to get hit in the head by the side of a tree.

"You jackass," Stiles hissed rubbing the sore spot on his head, "that so reduces your compatible mate points."

They went further into the woods, Stiles would say they were almost a mile in them. He was impressed despite himself, he didn't think Danny and Scott would put this much effort into the surveillance like he asked them to do.

Derek stopped running immediately once a large gust of wind hit both him and Stiles blowing them back quite a bit.

Stiles sighed getting off Derek's back and observing the area. "That must be him or her or whatever."

"Stiles, if I tell you to run you'll do it. Is that clear?" Derek turned to his fellow Alpha growling at him warningly.

Once upon a time that might have frightened Stiles, the intimidating look on Derek's face that promised nothing but pain to those who defied him, but not today. Today was a new day with a new spin on things.

"Sure, as long you do the same if I ask you to leave," Stiles replied with a shrug taking his bag off his shoulder and taking out his pepper gun. He figured since that since his little pepper gun had such an effect on the Friffin's, this pepper gun would really stick it to them.

"I'm not joking," Derek snarled with blood red eyes.

"Neither am I," Stiles said giving the werewolf a small smile. He decided to end the conversation by just turning his back on him and looking around the forest.

Stiles winced as he heard the sound of a familiar scream fill his hears. He barely had time to focus on it as another gust of wind hit him and Derek, sending them both to the ground.
The wind seemed to be blowing them in a certain spot, keeping them in place like a cage and shut off from the rest of the world.

Stiles cursed knowing that despite him having the perfect weapon for this situation he still couldn't use it if he couldn't pinpoint where his enemy was.

A sudden roar brought him out of his thoughts. Stiles looked over and saw Derek sniffing around trying to see if he could catch a whiff of the creature. That was when an idea hit him.

"Derek! We have to work together," Stiles shouted running over to the werewolf despite the wind trying to pull him away.

"I can handle this myself," Derek denied stubbornly with a glare.

If he were a girl, Stiles felt that this would have been the time that he would start complaining about how stupid men are. Why do all the guys in his life have to be so prideful?

"Educate me Derek, exactly how are you going to handle this by yourself?" Stiles demanded, his heart beating erratically, knowing that they didn't have the time to have a conversation but knowing that this has to be said. "Are you going to spread wings and go all birds of prey on him? Because that's the only way someone like you can kill a flying enemy."

Derek was now starting to look more than a little irritated, whether it was because of them actually stopping to have a conversation while in the middle of a fight, or the fact that they were having this conversation at all Stiles didn't really know.

"Look Derek," Stiles walked over and put a hand on his chest, "if this whole Alpha pair thing or whatever you said is going to work you're going to have to trust me."

Derek's irritated expressed faded into his expressionless one. If he wasn't careful he was going to use up all his facial expressions.

"Derek?" Stiles looked up at him worriedly.

The werewolf didn't answer verbally but instead grabbed Stiles, put him back on his back, and jumped into a tree almost making Stiles drop his gun. This move saved them from a very nasty attack if the large claw mark where they previously stood, which was bigger than the claws of the of the other Friffin, was anything to go by.

"I can't smell it but I can hear it," Derek acknowledged adjusting his grip on Stiles thighs moving him up a bit, "you shoot where I tell you to shoot."

"Ma'am, yes ma'am," Stiles saluted mockingly while inwardly giddy that Derek was actually being cooperative with him.

Both of them could hear a large screech echoing throughout the forest.

"Let's go," Derek said roughly before jumping from the tree he'd been on and toward the sound he just heard.

Stiles set his gun up aiming it front of himself, which was right by Derek's head, but ready to move at a moment's notice.

"Coming at us at ten o'clock," Derek proclaimed sharply.
Instantly Stiles moved slightly to his left and fired the gun. The ball exploded, hitting the Friffin dead on. Derek jumped off the tree and let them fall down to the ground.

The two of them were able to see that they hit the Friffin's leg as it slowly became visible. It was steaming, almost like it was hit with acid.

"One more hit should bring him down," Stiles said aiming his gun at it again.

No sooner than he said those words the Friffin's leg became invisible again as it flew off in another direction.

Stiles gaped before groaning. "Crap, this one must be tougher than the others. It can certainly take a hit, that's for sure."

"We're going again," Derek ordered before jumping up into the trees again. For about thirty seconds there was nothing but silence in the air. It was ominous and frustrating to say the least, especially in a fight.

"It's getting faster," Derek suddenly said his ears twitching in anticipation. He then snapped to attention, "three o'clock!"

Stiles turned all the way to his right and fired off a shot. This time they were able to see that they hit the Friffin's side but like before it shrugged it off.

"Eleven o'clock!" Derek said jumping into a steady tree so Stiles could fire. And fire he did hitting his mark once again. This time however, even though they heard the Friffin scream out in pain, its injury didn't become visible.

"Two o'clock!" Stiles fired once again to the right.

"Ten o'clock!" Stiles switched to the left and fired a shot.

"Twelve o'clock!"

"Derek I can't keep doing this," Stiles said tiredly as he took a shot right in front of the both of them. "It's getting to fast."

"Stop whining," Derek growled gripping Stiles thighs tighter, "six o'clock!"

Stiles' eyes widened in shock. "Six o'clock?!"

Derek's eyes widened briefly as he realized what he just said. He quickly tried to turn himself and Stiles around but he had been too late. By the time he turned to his side the Friffin had hit the both of them, causing them to break apart and plummet to the ground.

Stiles cursed as he fell on his side, hissing in pain. With barely opened eyes he saw his gun a little ways away and Derek even farther than that.

"Derek!" Stiles called out to him as he started to get up.

The werewolf took a second to collect himself before he started to run toward Stiles. He was stopped as he was blown away by hurricane level winds a little ways away.

Stiles froze as he heard the Friffin's screech. Only this time it was right above him, right above his head in fact. Slowly, he tried to reach for his gun but it wasn't in his reach.
"Oh god," Stiles whispered, not knowing what to do. Hearing the Friffin let out a vicious cry he
closed his eyes and prepared for impact.

It never came however, all Stiles heard was what sounded like a fist coming into contact with
something and then a loud crash.

"Derek?" Stiles asked as he slowly opened his eyes.

The grin he received from his savior told him that this was definitely not Derek. This guy's blue
eyes then turned red as he shifted into his werewolf form, he was a werewolf apparently.

"Not quite little Filikos," The freakishly handsome man said brightly before charging toward the
sound of the crash.

Stiles, slowly stood up, watching in awe as this brawny man went to town attacking the Friffin, if
the cries of pain were anything to go by. It was still invisible but this guy still knew where to
punch, he knew where to kick, it was almost instinctive his movements.

With one last barrage of punches the werewolf jumped off the Friffin before getting to do what
looked like a finishing move. Winding up his arm he charged and hit the Friffin with an incredible
amount of force. The move instantly killed the Friffin, its voice echoing throughout the forest.

The Friffin's invisibility faded revealing a much bigger one than before. It was almost twice as big
as the Friffin Stiles fought in fact.

"Hemsworth shoots, he scores!" The guy, who is obviously named Hemsworth, shouted pumping
his fist in celebration.

Holding his pained side, Stiles carefully walked over to collect his gun keeping an eye on the new
werewolf in town. Before he could grab hold of his weapon it was picked up by the big blond male.

He inspected the weapon like guns were a foreign object to him. His eyes lit up as he apparently
remembered something.

"Oh I see, this is a pepper gun. You were using it in place of pepper spray." Hemsworth stated with
an impressed nod.

Stiles gave him a hesitant smile as he cautiously took the gun out of his hands. "Yeah, it was the
only thing I could come up with to fight the Friffin's."

Hemsworth gave him a grin. "Well fight him you certainly did chéri. I was watching you the whole
time, you did a great job."

"Okay one, if you're trying to make somebody feel comfortable around you, don't say you stalk
them. Two, did you just call me chéri?" Stiles asked with a raised eyebrow. He didn't know what
this guy's deal was but he was getting stranger by the minute.

Just to back up Stiles' strange claim, Hemsworth took his hand and kissed the back of it.

"What else would you call a pretty little Filikos Alpha?" Hemsworth whispered in a low deep tone.

"Pretty?" Stiles repeated with a blush. "Hey buddy I'm a guy, don't start giving me feminine
compliments and kissing me on the hand."

Hemsworth smirked and gently started to move his thumb over Stiles' hand in an intimate gesture.
"My apologies, maybe I should call you the well-rounded Filikos Alpha." Hemsworth suggested with a look a mischief on his face.

Stiles furrowed his brow. "What does that mean?"

Being intentionally indiscreet, Hemsworth let his eyes trail down to Stiles behind.

Stiles' blush came back as he realized what he was getting at and snatched his hand away from Hemsworth's. "You're a pervert, I'm about to call Dateline on your ass!"

Hemsworth just laughed loudly into the sky.

During this little talk that could barely count as a conversation Stiles has figured out three things. One, that this guy is nuts; two, this guy is freaky nuts; three, this guy is balls to the wall, slap happy, kiss me Mary nuts! The only problem is that Stiles couldn't figure out if he should feel scared about this or not.

Stiles screeched as he was pulled away from Hemsworth by Derek who was standing in front of him protectively. Derek was in his wolf form staring at the blond Alpha with enraged blood red eyes.

Hemsworth didn't look the slightest bit intimidated however, if anything he looked ever more amused than he did before.

"You got some nerve coming into my territory without my permission," Derek snarled snapping his teeth at the other werewolf.

Hemsworth feigned being properly reprimanded and hung his head in apology.

"I apologize for intruding noobie Epithetikos," that earned him a warning growl from Derek, "but I had just arrived in the area and was about to find the Alphas who reside here when I spotted the two of you here."

Hemsworth shot Stiles a charming smile before giving Derek a pointed look. "I knew that I had no right to interfere with your affairs but you weren't doing so well against that Friffin and I couldn't let this little Filikos get hurt."

Derek apparently wasn't pleased with his explanation as he tried to stomp over to the blond Alpha. Luckily, Stiles had thought to put himself in front of Derek before he could get to Hemsworth.

"Regardless of why you interfered, we're glad you helped out when you did," Stiles said giving Hemsworth a small bow of his head.

Because Derek has apparently forgotten all that he's learned from his parents on proper werewolf protocol regarding other packs, Stiles decided to act accordingly for them. Good thing that Stiles read up about pack dynamics beforehand. While he didn't research Alphas that much he definitely looked into how packs work, and how to act around other werewolves.

With a pleased smile, Hemsworth bowed back to him and as well to Derek. Stiles was watching Derek in the corner of his eye and noticed him still standing stiffly behind him.

"Derek," Stiles said lowly elbowing him in his side.

Begrudgingly, Derek bowed his head politely at Hemsworth and came out of his wolf form. His
glared didn't lessen in the slightest but Stiles would take what he could get.

"Even though my…Derek was kind of rude in illustrating his point he did have a good one. You can't just show up in somebody else's territory unannounced, it's like asking to die." Stiles informed the very clearly older male.

Hemsworth rolled his eyes in amusement. "I was planning on doing the whole formal greet thing but sadly life, aka evil hybrid bird queens, got in the way."

"Bird queens?" Stiles repeated looking over at the Friffin in question. "That one was the queen of the Friffin's?"

Hemsworth nodded his face suddenly becoming sullen. "That one was the one controlling all the younger Friffin's. Although she probably didn't know she was being controlled herself."

Stiles raised an eyebrow at him. What did he mean by that?

"You seem to know some things about hybrids." Derek grunted his eyes narrowing in suspicion.

Stiles internally rolled his eyes. He thought of that as weird too but why did Derek have to make it so obvious he didn't trust him. Stiles was supposed to be the inexperienced and obvious one, not him.

Hemsworth shrugged. "My family and I grew up around them, they're the only types of supernatural beings we have around our parts. I might even know where they put those elders they took."

"Well that's…great!" Stiles blinked not knowing how to respond to that. Sure, he was happy to find out where those old people were but all this was coming from a werewolf that he just met.

Thankfully the three of them heard a number of footsteps coming their way most likely from the pack. And sure enough the pack, of course including Isaac, Erica, and Boyd, showed up running toward them.

"Aw, isn't this cute," Hemsworth cooed with a grin, "you're a pack of teenagers. That is something special."

"Derek isn't a teenager," Stiles protested. To be honest he didn't really know the werewolf's exact age but he knew damn well he wasn't in his teens.

Hemsworth tilted his head and smiled a teasing smile. "Given that performance with the Friffin I disagree."

Derek cracked his knuckles smirking at the other Alpha with nothing but deadly intent. "I'll show you how much of a teenager I am."

"Derek," Stiles said warningly his green eyes completely out shining Derek's angry red eyes.

He wanted their pack to be civilized, he wanted them to be a recognizable force, and he wasn't going to let Derek's anger get in the way of that.

Stiles gaze held Derek's stopping him from advancing on the blond Alpha in front of him.

"Boyd, Isaac," Stiles suddenly said making the werewolves jump to attention given the seriousness of his voice. "Why don't you stand next your Epithetikos Alpha for me?"
Stiles didn't know where his instincts got off thinking they could make him boss Boyd and Isaac around, they don't see him as their Alpha. The hyperactive teen was surprised when the two of them did indeed obey him and stood next to Derek.

"Thanks," Stiles smiled at the two of them gratefully knowing that they didn't have to do anything for him.

When he got two nods of acknowledgment from the werewolves, Stiles turned his attention back to Hemsworth.

"Sorry Derek, but we got an order from a higher up," Boyd said for reasons Stiles wouldn't dare touch on.

The teen saw that Hemsworth was staring at him with a look of pure nostalgia on his face.

"The mighty green neon eyes of overprotectiveness," Hemsworth shook his head more so talking to himself than anyone else, "I remember them well."

So he's had a Filikos Alpha or at least known of one? This guy was getting weirder and weirder by the second.

"Stiles," Scott piped in, "who is this guy?"

"Oh," Stiles said as he came out of his thoughts, "Everyone this is Hemsworth, Hemsworth this is mine and Derek's pack or packs or whatever, I even don't know."

"It's a pleasure to meet you all of you." Hemsworth stated bowing his head at them.

Why was Stiles surprised that none of them bowed in response? He really should have known better.

Stiles cough loudly. "Uh, you guys? You have to bow back, its courtesy when meeting other werewolves."

Erica snorted. "I don't know him."

"What's he doing here?" Lydia narrowed her eyes at him suspiciously.

Stiles eye twitched as he tried to control his instincts in front of his very defiant pack.

"He saved my life and got rid of the main Friffin," Stiles said with restraint, "and Derek and I are taking him out to dinner as thanks."

"You don't have to do that." Hemsworth told him.

Getting increasingly more irritated, Stiles turned and glared at the blond werewolf with his green eyes once again.

Hemsworth held up his hands in defeat smiling at him nervously. "When I said you don't have to do that I meant I would love to have dinner with you two."

"Don't make plans for m-"

A shot into the sky from Stiles pepper gun silenced Derek completely.

"Keep in mind Derek that I don't have a good shot at your ass right now and the only thing I can
think to hit on you at the moment is your dick," Stiles opened his eyes and smiled crazily at his pack, "you know I'll do it."

He didn't even bother to look at him for an answer he turned his attention back on the pack. He grinned at all of them in a way that was straight out of a horror film. "Y'all still not going to listen to me are you? Bow!"

Just like Derek they all begrudgingly did what he said all the while staring at Hemsworth with great distrust.

Looking quite pleased with himself, Stiles turned to the blond werewolf with his green eyes still as deadly as ever.

"Welcome to Beacon Hills," Stiles gave him a toothy grin.

…

I know what you're thinking and it's just a coincidence. Hemsworth has nothing to do with a certain Australian actor. Him being blond, blue eyed, and beefy are just a coincidence…that's my story and I'm sticking to it!

I know some people might be a little worried that this new character might break up the flow of the story but don't worry about that. I've read plenty of stories where an OC comes in and is instantly the most important character and let me tell you that that isn't going to happen in this story. Hemsworth is not going to take over this story. I don't want to say too much out of fear of spoiling anything but I will let you know that Hemsworth has a role in this story that will slowly be revealed as we continue on.

Until then, thank you all so much for reading! I love you guys so much!
You guys manipulated me. At first I didn't plan to write so much fluff in this story but all of you guys' reviews/comments have broken me. Even though this isn't a solely fluffy story, I won't hesitate to put in some fluff when it's appropriate.

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"I told you Isaac, taco's, nacho's, and milkshakes always have been and always will be a good combination." Stiles said as he gleefully inhaled some nachos.

Isaac just nodded silently from beside him taking a sip of his milkshake before taking a bite of his taco.

Stiles shook his head at the fact that Isaac was completely unaffected by the spices in the BBQ Chicken Tacos they made together.

The hyperactive teen had absolutely no idea why Isaac suddenly showed up in the middle of the day at his house but he was more than happy to entertain him. Things had gotten so crazy lately that he hasn't got to spend any time with him which was a shame, Stiles had been steadily growing fond of Isaac.

"That is a complete downfall of being a werewolf," Stiles proclaimed with his mouth full, "you can't enjoy the simple things in life like tear inducing spicy food."

Isaac shrugged wiping him mouth off with a napkin. "I can still feel the spices but they're...just not as effective as before."

Stiles hm'd in response turning in the direction of the television as it switched to another episode of Case Closed.

"I can't believe that you are an anime fanatic," Stiles said almost in awe as he saw Conan/Jimmy get hit in the head by Rachel's father once again, "you really don't strike me as the type."

Isaac bashfully buried his head in his milkshake cup trying to hide his embarrassment through his sip.

"Aw dude, don't be shy, I'm a comic book fanatic," Stiles told him wrapping an arm around Isaac's shoulder, "trust me, you're among friends."

Isaac set his cup down and gave Stiles a hesitant smile. It can be assumed that he was just to use to the negative reactions of people that he just thought Stiles would think of him as weird for watching anime.

"You know Scott is a gamer right, like a serious hardcore gamer?" Stiles told the werewolf with a grin. "He would kill you if you tried to bring Gears of Wars or Battlefield into his Call of Duty realm, and god help you if you start talking about Halo."

Isaac snickered, remembering very clearly the iconic freak out Scott had last year when Stiles had surprised him in the middle of the hallway with a bootleg copy of the newest Call of Duty game.
That was a moment no one forgot about.

Unfortunately, Isaac's good mood didn't last because Jackson chose at that moment to walk through the front door. A frown marred the werewolf's face as he saw the jock strut into the room like he was on display. Despite him losing all his money he still acts like he is richer than everyone else, somehow.

Isaac would be the first to tell you that he's not normally a petty or jealous person, but he utterly hated to see Stiles' previous smile widen even further when he saw Jackson walk into the room.

"Jack-Jack," Stiles exclaimed much to the jocks annoyance, "just in time, we were just discussing nerds before you walked in."

Jackson snorted before flopping down on the chair across from the couch. While looking at the two teens he couldn't help but notice how close Stiles and Isaac seemed to be, both literally and figuratively. This caused his instincts rise up as he shot a glare at Isaac which was easily returned to him.

"Yep, and how appropriate that the pack lacrosse nerd just happened to show up," Stiles chirped riding on the waves of happiness he felt at having both Jackson and Isaac in the same room with him rather than feeling the increasing amount of tension.

Jackson broke out of his glaring match with Isaac to give Stiles an insulted look.

"I am not a nerd," Jackson protested vehemently.

Stiles rolled his eyes before taking another bite of his taco.

"Tacos?" Jackson scoffed his face scrunching up unhappily, "Why did you make tacos? I thought you were going to cook up those steaks you got yesterday. I hate tacos."

"Then you're just going to have to starve aren't you?" Isaac told him with a smirk.

"I wasn't talking to you unnamed curly haired boy." Jackson snapped while fully knowing what Isaac's name was. Stiles talked about him all the time, which annoyed the jock to no end.

"My name is Isaac," The werewolf grunted his fangs slowly coming out, "I suggest you remember it before you find your organs ripped out your body."

Jackson's scales slowly started to reveal themselves as he taunted the other teen. "Oh, I'm scared now. The pack bitch is threatening me."

As Isaac made a move to sit up he was pushed back down. He looked up in a wave of anger that quickly faded when he was met with conflicted green eyes.

Stiles looked between Isaac and Jackson not having a clue what was going on or where this animosity was coming from.

"What is wrong with you two? Why are you two acting like this, you can't act like this," Stiles shook his head his voice one step away from becoming frantic.

Even though Stiles didn't want anyone in the pack to fight each other he knew some conflicts were bound to come up. It's a natural part of having a relationship with someone, you are going to fight at some point or another and Stiles knew this. Conflict between Isaac and Jackson however…was painful. Seriously, it was physically hurting Stiles to know that the two of them didn't get along.
Stiles didn't know why but he saw the two of them differently than everyone else in the pack. He saw them as the two that needed him the most, the one's that needed protecting despite their supernatural powers.

"We need to work this out, you guys can't keep going back and forth like that," Stiles said in a no nonsense voice.

Jackson sighed loudly and rolled his eyes. "Here you go with one of your stupid little peace on earth speeches. I swear you could write a book with all the speeches you make."

"You're not going to fucking talk to him like that," Isaac snarled, his claws coming out.

"Who's going to stop me," Jackson said mockingly with a smirk.

"Stop it!" Stiles roared at the top of his lungs.

Both Jackson and Isaac froze as they felt the anger seeping through Stiles into themselves. It was obvious to say that their Alpha was not pleased.

"Isaac stopping getting so angry at Jackson's jackass comments, that's just how he is. Jackson, stop taunting Isaac." Stiles commanded looking over at the two of them sternly.

Isaac pushed the table away and stood up to Stiles' level. "Why are you letting him get away with disrespecting you like that?"

"Look, if there's one thing Jackson's parents did right it was appropriately naming their kid. Jackson's a jackass and that's all there is to it." Stiles said with a shrug ignoring the frustrated look the jock gave him.

That answer was clearly not good enough for Isaac, if the scowl on his face was anything to go by.

"Fine, fuck it," Isaac threw up a hand in defeat and started walking toward the door, "if you want to let him talk to you like that then fine, if you want to replace me to that's even better."

"Replace you?" Stiles furrowed in confusion eyeing the werewolf worriedly. "What the hell are you talking about Isaac, replace you how?"

"You know how," Isaac swiftly turned back around to Stiles straining himself to conceal the hurt in his eyes. "you know exactly how."

"Isaac," Stiles whispered staring at him with a range of devastating emotions. His hands slowly rose up in unison as he walked toward the werewolf.

Isaac shook his head before barreling out the door.

Of course, Stiles went to go follow him but was held back when Jackson grabbed him by the wrist.

"You have a dinner to go to with that weird new Alpha and Derek's going to pick you up in about thirty minutes," Jackson reminded him firmly. "Get your head in the game Stilinski we have more important things to deal with."

"There's nothing more important than all of you!" Stiles retorted sharply, stunning Jackson completely.

As much as Stiles hated to admit it though, Jackson had a point. He had to go to this dinner to find out more about this mysterious new Alpha. While Stiles didn't get any bad vibes from the
werewolf he was still a werewolf that appeared out of nowhere with extensive knowledge on Friffins which was more than a little suspicious. He was a potential threat that could hurt the pack and that had to be taken care of before anything else. Stiles would rather Isaac hate him while he was alive than have him dead.

Stiles sighed ripping his hand out of Jackson's grip.

"Can you help me pick out something to wear?" Stiles asked the jock.

...

At exactly six-fifty on the dot Stiles received a call from Derek saying that he was going to be there in ten minutes to take him to the restaurant.

"See you in ten," Stiles said while tapping his finger impatiently on his desk trying to find the best way to say what was on his mind, "Uh Derek? Isaac-"

"Will be at your house tonight by the time I drop you off. If he isn't, I'll tie him up and bring him to you personally." Derek told him gruffly as if reading his mind.

Stiles silently gasped in disbelief wondering if this whole Alpha thing also involved telepathy.

"How did you-"

"Alpha Pair," Was all Derek said before he hung up on him.

Stiles scoffed. "He's just trolling me now."

Not wanting to keep Derek waiting, he walked out of his room and started to go downstairs until he saw Jackson's door ajar. He peeked his head in the room and saw Jackson lying on his bed and casually flipping through a lacrosse magazine. Stiles looked at him fondly, he seemed so relaxed, so at peace with himself.

For some odd impulsive reason, Stiles walked in the room and hugged Jackson. The jock didn't move an inch just letting Stiles do whatever he was doing.

When they separated he saw Jackson staring up at him blankly, not letting himself portray any emotion.

"Don't wait up," Stiles told him gently before walking out the door.

"Like I would," He heard Jackson say as he closed the door behind him.

Stiles walked out of his house just in time to see Derek pulling up to his driveway. He couldn't help but notice Derek taking off his sunglasses…that he'd been wearing at night.

"Tryhard," Stiles said with a snort as he walked to the passenger side of the car.

Derek either knew what a tryhard was or could just tell that Stiles insulted him because he was glaring at the teen while he got in the car.

The werewolf's glare lessened as he caught sight of what Stiles was wearing. He was sporting a very tight v-neck shirt that seemed to fit him like a second skin and extremely fitting cargo shorts that showed off his legs nicely.

"Jackson said that I should show more skin," Stiles said catching Derek's eyes on him, "I'm starting
to think he's bisexual."

Derek, regaining control of his brain, huffed and drove out of Stiles driveway.

"Remember to be nice Derek," Stiles told the other Alpha for what felt like the hundredth time. "We're not trying to start a fight here."

"I'll be as nice as I can be," Derek informed the teen.

Stiles nodded before turning to the werewolf swiftly. "No, hell no! Your version of nice around strangers is leaving them conscious enough so they can call a hospital for themselves."

He moved his hand to grip Derek's shoulder tightly his gaze being a pleading one. "Let's just get this over with so we can get to the courting and the Alpha pair stuff, two things you have yet to explain to me."

Derek sniffed, shrugging Stiles hand off him and driving faster to the restaurant.

They both arrived at their location at a relatively good time. The restaurant Stiles chose was one of the best BBQ places in town. He thought the werewolves would appreciate a good heart attack creating meal.

They walked up to the Greeter in order to find their seats. Stiles asked for a table for a boy and his two dogs which utterly baffled her but she nodded nonetheless.

The hyperactive teen just grinned as he could feel Derek glaring at the back of his head as they were directed to their table.

Hemsworth arrived twenty minutes late and smiling like the fool he was making himself out to be.

Once they got their menus, all of them ordered their food and waited for its arrival.

"This is a nice place you picked, I can't wait to sink my teeth into some ribs," Hemsworth rubbed his hands and licked his teeth in anticipation.

"Thanks," Stiles chirped blinking over at him. "Listen we-"

"Why are you here?" Derek said rudely giving the new Alpha an intense glower.

Stiles smacked himself in head. He glared over at the werewolf across from him. "Didn't we have a talk about you being nice?"

"You didn't say anything about being polite." Derek replied shortly.

Stiles huffed holding his chin with his hand while leaning on the table. Hemsworth laughed at the two of them jauntily.

"It's quiet simple noobie, I am tragic hero." Hemsworth answered as if that explained everything.

Both Stiles and Derek shot each other a look before turning back to Hemsworth in pure confusion.

"Those Friffin's you saw came from my area, where my pack and I lived," Hemsworth informed them, "I see it as my responsibility to rein them in."

"Why would you feel that it's your responsibility to rein them in, did you have something to do with them coming to our town?" Stiles asked. In the corner of his eye he noticed Derek tense. He
knew that he was waiting to see if Hemsworth would lie, if he did Derek would know instantly.

"No, I didn't have anything to do with them coming here," Hemsworth denied without missing a beat.

Stiles saw Derek lose the tension in his shoulders signifying that Hemsworth told them the truth but he was still being cautious.

"Well, it's a good thing you showed up when you did to finally put an end to this mess," Stiles exclaimed in relief. He rolled his eyes as he caught Derek scowling at him.

Hemsworth snorted. Their food arrived just then by their very polite waiter who did his job very efficiently.

"Actually that wasn't the end of it," Hemsworth said as he took a bite of his ribs after the waiter had left.

Both Stiles and Derek stiffened, if they hadn't been giving Hemsworth their full attention before they certainly were now.

"Explain!" Derek ordered doing an extremely good job of keeping the urgency out of his voice.

"Hybrid beasts are…a unique set of supernatural creatures," Hemsworth struggled for a moment to try and find the proper wording. "They have the powers of both of their ancestors but also their mind sets. Having their brains telling them to do two different things at the same time makes them vulnerable and weak almost the majority of their existence."

Stiles didn't get it, what did the hybrid beasts having two mind sets have to do with anything?

"So they are easily manipulated." Derek clarified.

Hemsworth nodded grimly. "If done correctly, hybrid beasts can be made to do whatever you want them to do."

"Do you have any idea who's doing it?" Stiles questioned the Alpha werewolf.

"It's being done by someone who either has an axe to grind or is incredibly insane," Hemsworth rubbed his chin in thought, "because I know more than just Friffin's suddenly started to migrate to this area all at the same time."

There were more than Friffin's in this town, Stiles thought to himself frantically. This can't be possible. How can the pack deal with this when they could barely handle the Friffin's?

"Those Friffin's were just a test," Hemsworth took a large bite of his ribs nearly taking all the meat off the bone, "now that it knows you're here things are going to get worse."

Before anyone could say anything else, Stiles reached over and grabbed Hemsworth's arm.

"You have information on all those hybrids don't you? Please stay and help us fight them," Stiles pleaded his worry for the safety of the pack overriding his need to be proud around another Alpha.

"Stiles," Derek said with grinded teeth obviously wondering what the hell he was doing.

Hemsworth blinked over at the young Alpha before smiling at him comfortingly.

"That's why I blew into town little Filikos," Hemsworth patted Stiles head affectionately.
Stiles sighed in relief shooting Derek a grin who still looked extremely annoyed with him.

"The next hybrid set probably won't show up for a while," Hemsworth smirk looked between Stiles and Derek, "which gives you two plenty of time to bond."

Stiles blushed making himself look like a perfectly edible cherry while Derek started stuffing his face with food.

"The Epithetikos/Filikos courting session is one of the most ancient werewolf traditions, obviously because it can create our peoples most powerful concept, an Alpha pair. It's fun for the whole pack," Hemsworth snickered into his food, "Well, until the two of you start getting down with get down."

"Check please!" Stiles proclaimed loudly.

…

Derek dropped Stiles off with the promise of seeing him tomorrow, he didn't bother explaining for what. Stiles heart was practically beating out of his chest in anticipation.

When Stiles was walking up to his house he saw Jackson's light on in his room, but when he came up stairs it was suddenly off.

"Goodnight Jackson," Stiles said when he was in front of his door before going to his room.

The hyperactive teen didn't even blink when he saw a head of curly hair poking out in his covers. Stripping until only his boxers were left, Stiles climbed into bed with Isaac not even hesitating to wrap his arms around the werewolf's waist.

"You really lost your mind today," Stiles whispered into Isaac's ear, "It's the only explanation I can think of for you thinking that I could ever replace you."

He felt Isaac stiffen in his arms.

"Jackson's been through a lot lately and I want to help him, but that doesn't mean he's the new Isaac," Stiles said tightening his grip on Isaac, "there can never be another Isaac because you're the only one I want, you're my Isaac."

Stiles heard Isaac whimper grabbing onto his arms and holding onto them for dear life.

"I'm not perfect, sometimes I'm going to fuck some things up, but if you stay with me I would be honored to stay with you." Stiles swore burying his head in Isaac's neck.

"Stay with me, I want you to stay with me Stiles." Isaac said sounding both tired and pleading.

Stiles gave Isaac a tender kiss on the neck. "Always."

…

So yeah, you guys got me. Not one of my best chapters but I thinks it's okay.

See you all next time!
Leatherwolves and Werehoodies

Finally in this chapter we begin the whole courting process. Of course there will be other things happening while this plot point is going on but I won't spoil anything.

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"Oh my god, I just had a resolution!" Scott gasped suddenly.

His group of friends looked up from their books and slowly turned to him.

"I hope, for your sake, that you meant to say revelation," Lydia said while looking around to see if the librarian was looking at any of them.

After Stiles and Lydia found out that both Jackson and Scott had utterly deplorable grades, they practically forced their pack to give up their free period to study. Stiles did this because he wanted both of his pack members to succeed in life, Lydia did this because she just didn't want to be associated with idiots.

"Yeah that," Scott replied with an eager nod. "I just realized that we don't have any kind of symbol."

"What you talking about McCall?" Jackson rolled his eyes and shut his book knowing that they weren't going to get any studying done now.

Scott huffed and went into a semi-pout. "Every good group has something that identifies them, like a logo or insignia or something, it's to make us more identifiable."

"The point of being in a secret society, the werewolf society, is that we shouldn't be identifiable." Lydia argued sharply.

Danny shook his head in amusement. "Of all the people to push to have a symbol for our pack I would have thought it would be Stiles."

Said hyperactive teen pouted. "I admit it's something that I wanted to do Danny boy."

Danny chuckled silently to himself.

"But Derek makes his pack wear leather jackets, why can't we have something like that?" Scott protested.

"Because wearing leather jackets every single day is tacky and done solely by tryhards that want people to think they're cool when they're just plain losers," Jackson stated like he was an expert on popularity, which he probably was.

"I will do a lot of things for this pack but one of them is not sacrificing my sense of style," Lydia added which Jackson was visibly grateful for.

Stiles felt a small smile appear on his face. It was obvious Jackson still had feelings for Lydia, but he just didn't know how to approach her about the subject or their not so glamorous break up. Maybe he could talk some sense into him later.
Stiles jumped as he felt something run through his veins. He turned to the library doors and saw Isaac walk in.

"Isaac!" Stiles shouted standing up from his seat and waving him over.

He was chastised instantly by the librarian and given a stern glare to sit back down in his seat. Stiles embarrassedly lowered himself down to his seat but regained his giddiness as Isaac came over.

"Are you studying? Finally we have a werewolf that takes school seriously," Stiles proclaimed with a sigh.

Scott huffed still upset about his idea being blown off.

Isaac rubbed his head sheepishly. "Not really."

The hyperactive teen narrowed his eyes at him in a half-serious/half-joking expression. "How are your grades?"

"They're good?"

The fact that Isaac's statement came out as a question told Stiles what the answer to his question was.

"Isaac, do we need to start having study sessions?" Stiles asked his eyes flashing green for a brief second, "I don't want you failing any classes."

"I'm not failing anything," Isaac insisted almost coming out as a whine, "I'm not here to talk about me."

"Yes, I'm sure the two of you do that enough what with your constant slumber parties," Jackson grumbled.

Isaac turned to sneer at the jock. "At least I'm not free loading off of him."

"You might as well be, he does everything for you, including being your pillow so you can sleep at night," Jackson replied with a smirk.

Isaac smirked back at him with an incriminating expression on his face. "Oh, look who's talking, Stiles had to move-"

"So Isaac what brings you here to our humble section of the library?" Stiles interrupted knowing that if Isaac finished that sentence there would be hell to pay from Jackson, especially since he doesn't remember him coming into his room so he could sleep better.

The werewolf looked saddened at the lost opportunity to mess with Jackson but seemed to set it aside, for now.

Taking out a slip of paper from his pocket, Isaac cleared his throat and read it aloud. "Stiles Stilinski, you and your pack are cordially invited to the Hale estate for an informal dinner at seven o'clock tonight."

Stiles blinked. "Well, that's...unexpected."

"To you," Lydia said with an evil grin.
Stiles stuck his tongue out at her before turning back to Isaac. "That sounds like it would be fun. You guys okay with that?"

While the rest of the pack agreed easily Jackson just had to be Jackson.

"We're going to eat in that run down piece of crap?" Jackson questioned in disgust. "That place looks like it has the stability of a straw house."

"The place isn't that bad," Isaac responded angrily before his face became doubtful. "It just lacks electricity, and air conditioning, and decent flooring, and household appliances, and kitchen supplies, and..."

He paused as he saw the pack staring at him.

"Okay fine, it's a dump but Derek doesn't have any other place to have the dinner and it has to be at a place he resides in or has resided in." Isaac protested.

Stiles waved him off giving Jackson a pointed look. "It's fine Isaac. We'll make due with what we have, just like we always do."

Jackson folded his arms but didn't protest further.

"Wait, if he doesn't have any kitchen supplies how can he cook?" Scott asked looking completely confused.

Isaac tried to look over at Stiles without seeming to desperate. "Well, we were hoping that since Stiles loves to-"

"Say no more," Stiles said with an eager smile, "Iron Chef Stiles is always ready to make a meal!"

Isaac sighed in relief. A couple seconds later he looked over at Stiles with the same expression as before.

Stiles looked at him knowingly. "Think about it first and then just text me what you want to eat, preferably before two o'clock."

Isaac smiled at him gratefully. Politely he nodded at everyone else before he left, completely ignoring Jackson of course.

"Where are you going?" Allison asked Stiles as she saw him starting to pack up his stuff.

"I have to go to the store, get some groceries and start cooking. I'm going to be practically feeding an army for god's sake." Stiles snorted before walking out of the library.

"If your skipping I am to," Danny said walking right behind Stiles, "pack unity and all that."

Stiles rolled his eyes but wasn't surprised when the rest of the pack followed him out the library as well.

"So, since we're going to be meeting up with the Leatherwolves shouldn't we have something to identify us with?" Scott said bringing up his earlier point. "I mean we can't let them show us up can we?"

"This isn't a competition Scott." Stiles grumbled but knowing that Jackson and Lydia would agree with him there was nothing he could do.
Jackson scoffed. "Like they could ever show me up."

"Maybe we can just take a page out of their book and just wear something our Alpha likes to wear a lot?" Allison suggested softly.

The rest of the pack stared at Stiles' hoodie covered back as he continued to walk toward the school exit.

"Why do I get the feeling that I'm going to love and hate this idea at the same time?" Stiles said to himself aloud.

…

"They're late!" Erica growled walking in a circle.

"Cool your tits Erica, they'll be here soon," Isaac said flipping through one of his old Fullmetal Alchemist mangas.

Erica halted in her walking and turned to her packmate slowly. She looked down at him like he was an amoeba.

"You've been spending way too much time with Stiles," Erica shook her head.

"Jealous?" Isaac grinned behind his manga.

Erica rolled her eyes to high heaven and then walked over to a chair next to the couch and flopped down on it.

"That doesn't count as a no," Isaac sniffed averting his eyes back to his manga.

Boyd chuckled as he heard the incessant arguing of his packmates. Those two were siblings in everything but blood. He couldn't help but admire that about them. It hadn't been easy for Boyd to make the shift of having no connection to the people around him to having a great connection to the people around him. Pack life, while extremely bumpy, had been a fun adventure for him and he wouldn't trade these moments for anything in the world.

Unable to decide on a book to read, Boyd walked away from the book case to wait for Stiles and his pack. He tilted his head when he saw Derek reading a book while leaning near the wall by the front door.

Boyd couldn't help but snort aloud, was Derek really feeling that anxious about this dinner? Well, it was related to Stiles so of course it was going to get some emotion out of the normally stoic werewolf.

Feeling eyes on him, Derek looked up from his book and glared at his Beta just knowing he was making fun of him.

Completely unaffected by the glare, Boyd walked past his Alpha and into the living room barely even caring that Derek was drilling a hole in the back of his head.

Things have been going well for the young Leatherwolves lately. The three of them have been able to look past their initial fear of their Alpha a lot more recently. Isaac's habit of flinching every time Derek so much as looked in his general direction was gone. They still respected him as their leader, their Alpha, but now it was out of loyalty and not desperation. Ever since Stiles started being an Alpha they've started to feel this way.
As the three young werewolves heard a couple of cars pull up, they could clearly see their Alpha's shoulders relax. Snapping closed his book, Derek walked into the dining room obviously not wanting anyone to see how vulnerable he was acting.

Not even attempting to knock, Scott opened the door carrying a couple trays of food. You couldn't help but notice his black hoodie with a picture of two wolves and the moon in the center of it.

Allison walked in behind her boyfriend with two liters of drinks also sporting a white hoodie with a beautiful floral design all over it.

The three young werewolves didn't think anything of this. Scott and Allison were possibly the most sickeningly cute couple in Beacon Hills High, it wasn't a surprise that they would dress alike.

However, they couldn't help but notice a trend when Jackson and Danny entered the house. Danny was wearing a very fitting gray fleece hoodie and Jackson had on a blue hoodie vest with a white t-shirt. They both had two big bowls in their hands.

Lydia was right behind them, carrying absolutely nothing, and wearing a black studded hoodie that fit her like a glove.

And finally Stiles came in the door wearing one of his favorite zebra stripped hoodies and carry what looked to be dessert.

"You have got to be kidding me," Erica said shaking her head in disbelief.

"The WereHoodies have arrived!" Stiles exclaimed his voice echoing throughout the house.

Looking into the living room Stiles gasped. Shoving the dessert into Jackson's hands, he ran into the room.

"My baby!" Stiles shouted his arms wide open.

Boyd shot a look at Isaac wondering just how close the two of them had got for them to have those kinds of names. He was utterly and completely shocked when he found himself the one being hugged and not Isaac. Boyd stood stiffly still not really knowing what to do in this situation.

Stiles smiled up at Boyd hugging his side tightly. "Boyd! My big man, my baby, how have you been? It feels like forever since we talked."

If Boyd had been anyone else he would have immediately corrected him on that ridiculous nickname but he knew that this was Stiles Stilinski he was talking about. There was absolutely nothing he could do stop Stiles from calling him "his baby."

"I've been doing fine," Boyd said briefly like he usually does.

The look on Stiles' face told him that wasn't going to be enough. He could see those green eyes reflecting off his honey colored ones.

Boyd sighed. "There are no real problems in my life right now, my family is as always not that involved in my life. I guess you could say I'm having an issue in English but I'm having a meeting with my teacher after school tomorrow so everything should be fine."

Stiles smiled pleasantly and let him go. Seeing the other werewolves in the room he waved at the two of them.
"Erica, we have yet to bond, we need to do that soon." Stiles announced right out of the blue.

The female werewolf blinked over at him. "Not going to happen."

Stiles just smiled at her mischievously before walking with all of them into the dining room with the rest of the pack.

Stiles grinned when he saw Derek at head of the table. Derek's mouth twitched but he just nodded in greeting of his fellow Alpha.

Already knowing where he should sit, because that was the only thing Lydia would tell him about today, he walked over and sat next to Derek.

Once everyone had settled down and the trays and bowls were put on the table, Derek finally decided to speak.

Derek cleared his throat and slowly turned to a curious Stiles.

"You do know that by accepting this dinner, you are agreeing to my proposal for us to be an Alpha Pair don't you?" Derek asked as if that wasn't clear.

Despite his anxieties and steadily beating heart, Stiles wanted to bash Derek's head in for saying those words.

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't." Stiles said shrugging and trying his best to be nonchalant. "But you still haven't explained what an Alpha Pair is."

"An Alpha Pair is when an Epithetikos and Filikos lead a pack together, it's one of the most powerful concepts in the werewolf world." Derek answered. "Having both of these Alphas in a pack creates a balance that will eliminate all the common internal issues us werewolves have in a pack that regularly lead to our deaths."

"So the survival rate of packs with Epithetikos and Filikos is greater than other packs?" Stiles questioned.

"It's rare to find a pack wiped out when having an Epithetikos and Filikos Alpha within it." Derek replied.

Stiles nodded in understanding.

"After the courting a ritual will take place uniting the two of us indefinitely and making us twice as stronger and far more in tune with our instincts." Derek proclaimed staring into Stiles eyes unblinkingly.

"Oh," Stiles didn't really know what to say to that. What could he say? That was exciting but also scary and just so new. He was going to do this though, he didn't feel had much of a choice. Being an Alpha Pair will make his friends more secure and he'd do anything to make that happen.

Not to mention that he kind of has a thing for sourwolves.

"So after dinner what happens next?" Stiles asked curiously while silently hoping it wasn't anything he wasn't ready for at the moment.

Derek huffed looking over at their pack members. "First and foremost is our packmates which is why we have a dinner first to see if they can get along. You're a Filikos Stiles, if I or anyone in my
pack just could not under any circumstances get along with your pack you wouldn't bother with me."

Stiles opened his mouth to add something before promptly shutting it.

"That's...very true," Stiles admitted looking over at Derek with faintly glowing green eyes, "the thought of you messing with my pack gives me the urge to hit you with a wrecking ball."

Derek stared at him for a brief moment before shaking his head and getting back to his original point.

"The next step is called "Alpha exchange" which is when I take over your pack for a day and vice versa, just to see if I'm compatible with them as well as you." Derek informed him.

"What?!" Jackson shouted sitting up from his seat. "No way, I refuse. It's been fun but I have to go."

"If you leave you won't get any food," Stiles told him not even slightly effected by his outburst, he was used to it at this point.

"But you only made that steak because I asked you to," Jackson protested.

"Yep, and you won't get any of it if you storm out of here." Stiles told him with a shrug.

Grumbling under his breath, Jackson sat back down looking completely displeased with this situation.

"That's fine with me, I've been dying to spend some quality time with Isaac, Erica, and my baby." Stile chirped leaning back in his seat comfortably.

Almost simultaneously, everyone at the table turned to look a Boyd who had his head in his hand.

"Don't look at me, I don't have any control over what he names me." Boyd told them with a glare.

"And you should know that Jack-Jack," Stiles grinned at the look of pure hatred he got from the jock.

"Enough talking can we eat now?" Scott complained.

"Yes," Derek said briefly.

Without further ado the tray tops were shoved off and the bowls were unsealed revealing their great spread.

The meat of choice for tonight was grilled ribeye steaks with plenty of side dishes (Stiles felt it was necessary due to werewolves practically being food vacuums). For sides they had baked potatoes, green beans with bacon, scalloped potatoes (Isaac's suggestion), and a big leafy salad. And for dessert Stiles made an angel berry trifle.

"Did Stiles do good or what?" Stiles asked his smile booming with the mouthwatering expressions on everyone's faces.

Together, they all jumped on it like wild animals.

...
Stop! I already know what you're going to comment on. Just think about it how things happened in the show, there's a very obvious answer to your question. It's stupid but it is there. (It's about why Stiles called Boyd baby).

I hope you all enjoyed reading this chapter!
In this chapter not only are we going to get into some pack bonding (big shocker there) but we're also going to get into the new threats in town.

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...Something Stiles prided himself in was his observation skills. A little known fact about him is that he's always watching and listening in every situation he finds himself in. Even when he's talking one hundred miles a minute he's always paying attention to how people respond to his actions (or if they respond at all).

It's for these reasons that he's utterly and totally surprised when he walks into his English class and sees Boyd sitting at one of the seats in the back.

Stiles gaped walking as slowly as he could into the room staring dead at the werewolf.

How could he have not noticed he was in this class, it's not like Boyd's gigantic figure was one you could forget. Either Boyd was freakishly good at stealth or he was part ghost.

Either way Stiles decided to put that away for now, it wasn't that important anyway.

"Hi baby!" Stiles proclaimed waving at Boyd with a goofy grin on his face.

Boyd staring at him in a horrified fashion until he saw the looks everyone else in the class were giving him. The werewolf shook his head as he buried it in his hand.

Stiles walked into the aisle and sat next to Boyd in the back of the class, he completely ignored the curious gazes everyone was sending.

The hyperactive teen was long past the point of caring about anybody's opinion of him. With how crazy and sporadic he tends to get Stiles pretty much had to be this way or face a life time of depression.

"Why are you doing this at school?" Boyd grumbled his voice almost inaudible.

Stiles batted his eyelashes at him. "Whatever do you mean babe?"

"That," Boyd peeked an eye over at him through his hand, "that baby thing."

Stiles shrugged. "You were the youngest wolf turned therefore you're the baby."

Boyd's eyebrows rose as he looked over at the human Alpha. "Really? That's your logic behind that nickname. I thought it would be something more complicated."

"I'm a lot of things but complicated isn't one of them." Stiles replied with a smile.

Boyd was about to respond back but their teacher decided to come in at this time.

"I have your papers class," Mr. Turner announced walking the aisle and passing them out one by one.
With a completely un concealed glare, Mr. Turner threw down Boyd's paper on his desk before moving to the other students.

"How did you do?" Stiles asked looked from the ninety-six on his paper to Boyd's. His brow furrowed as he saw a forty on his paper.

Snatching the paper out of Boyd's hands, the hyperactive teen inspected it thoroughly. It was just like his, actually it was much better than his paper. How could he have gotten a worse grade?

"Turner hates me," Boyd sighed, "He always has and he always will."

"Oh hell no," Stiles whispered. Darkly he stared up at the board with his eyes glittering green. "Nobody messes with my baby."

Class seemed to come and go so quickly. The students practically ran out the room seeing as this was the last class of the day.

Boyd wanted to wait for Stiles but was surprised when the human Alpha shot him a grin before shutting the door leaving him and Mr. Turner alone.

Boyd's eyes widened not having a clue what was going on.

"Hey," Erica said as she came over with Isaac. "What's going on?"

"Stiles is still in class talking to our teacher, I think it's about my grade." Boyd told them pointing to his class room.

Before Erica and Isaac could question why, Stiles appeared from the room. Without saying a word he gave Boyd his now one-hundred percent paper.

"Come on guys," Stiles ushered them to follow.

The three werewolves shot each other a look and silently decided that if Stiles wasn't going to discuss what he did then they weren't going to ask.

"Did you guys pack your overnight bags?" Stiles questioned as the four of them walked out of the school and to Boyd's car. He took his own overnight bag out of his locker really quickly before walking with them again.

"They're in the trunk, but I don't see why we had to pack overnight bags were not staying overnight with you," Erica answered with a roll of her eyes.

Stiles grinned at her sinisterly. "It's all part of my master plan my dear."

Erica had the brains to look the slightest bit scared at Stiles planning anything.

Stiles dropped his "evil" gaze when he saw the rest of the Werehoodies in the parking lot.

"Have fun!" Stiles called out to them eagerly.

"We won't!" Scott said with a heavy sigh getting in the back of Lydia's car with Danny and Allison.

"Oh hush, we'll have fun," Lydia smirked her Queen Bee smirk. "We'll have a lot of fun."

The hyperactive teen shuddered. He didn't think even god wanted to know what was floating through her head right now. Despite this he still gave her a thumb's up in approval.
Not wanting to waste any more time, Stiles got into the car with Boyd, Isaac, and Erica (of course not before putting his bag into the trunk with the others).

"So, where are we going?" Erica finally asked. "Out of the country or something?"

"What? No," Stiles shook his head insistently, "we're just going to the park."

Erica furrowed her brow not having a clue where this was going.

"Let's just wait until we get there and then he'll tell us whatever we're doing," Isaac said knowing that the female werewolf was going to keep asking questions until somebody placated her.

Stiles turned to Isaac from his place in the passenger seat and gave him a grin.

"See, that's why you're my favorite." Stiles said his teeth practically glinting.

"But I'm the damn baby," Boyd said as he pulled out of the school parking lot and drove off to the park.

"Hey, you can't choose when you were born, and you born a werewolf last," Stiles told him turning back to the front of the car.

"But I'm more mature than both of them combined," Boyd stated pointing back at Isaac and Erica who didn't look insulted by this statement in the slightest.

"Maturity doesn't change your age," Stiles replied with shrug.

"Age is just a number," Boyd shot back at him.

"And a number is nothing but an arithmetical value that represents a particular quantity," Stiles responded in an innocent voice. "Where getting nowhere with this."

"Then consent to defeat," Boyd ordered although now there was a small smile appearing on his face.

"Never!" Stiles declared dramatically.

Meanwhile, Isaac and Erica were staring at the two of them continue to go back and forth like they were in an intense debate.

"I'm impressed Stilinski," Erica said interrupting their debate, "I've never seen anyone go toe to toe with Boyd in an argument before."

"Oh what, you didn't think I was smart enough," At Erica's smirk Stiles became offended. "Hey I'm smart, it's just that I forget that sometimes when I open my mouth."

Isaac had to hold his hand to his mouth to keep in his snickering.

"And what about Derek, surely he's tried to argue with baby genius over here. No wait, let me guess." Stiles held his hand to his forehead dramatically, "he can't be bothered with such trivial matters."

This time even Erica couldn't fight off the twitch of her mouth.

Before the four of them even realized it they were at the park. Instructing them to take their overnight bags with them, Stiles guided them to a secluded part of the park so that they knew that
they were alone.

"Okay, everybody sit down," Stiles told them as they sat near a bench, "we're going to do a little exercise."

"Oh goodie," Erica said dryly.

"Dump everything out of your bag!" Stiles declared with opened arms.

The three werewolves just looked at each other and then at Stiles.

"What?" Isaac said with a raised eyebrow.

Stiles cleared his throat getting himself ready for his practiced speech. "I am a strong believer of family. A pack is a family and as a family we should know of each other's habits and embarrassing secrets. After all, if you can't confide this stuff to your family who can you confide in?"

"I guess that makes sense," Isaac said slowly before he smirked, "How long did it take you to come up with that speech?"

Stiles sighed tiredly. "Two hours, two hours of pure hell but enough about that."

Taking his bag, the hyperactive teen promptly dumped the contents of it onto the grass for all of them to see.

Of course it was Erica that was the first to point something out.

"Are those Batman boxers?" Erica reached over and grabbed them from the top of the pile.

"They're my lucky boxers," Stiles protested, "They never fail to give me confidence."

"There's no way these fit you," Erica said stretching the elastic of the boxers noticing it was very small.

Stiles huffed. "I said they were my lucky boxers, I didn't say anything about wearing them. I've had them since I was ten."

Erica rolled her eyes and threw them back in Stiles' pile.

Stiles looked over at Isaac's pile and saw a large amount of mangas and anime DVD's.

"I know what I'm getting you for Christmas," Stiles shot Isaac a grin.

"Anime is disgusting," Erica declared with a snarl.

"Anime is awesome," Stiles protested when it looked like Isaac was going to bitch her out, "and so is Japan. I so should have been Japanese because they are just like me they will do anything. When the rest of the world says 'why' Japan says 'why the fuck not', and makes a weird anime or video game that nobody will get but them. It's so cool."

"Not from where I stand," Erica shot Isaac a withering glare, "this one over here made me watch this anime called Eiken and I've never been the same after that."

"It couldn't have been too bad," Stiles tried to argue feebly knowing that the mischievous look on Isaac's face told him nothing but bad things. "What was the plot?"
"There was no plot." Erica yelled throwing up her hands in frustration. "It was nothing boobs, girls from fifteen to twelve with gigantic boobs. It was disgusting."

"Oh," Stiles mouth made a perfect 'o' shape. "I think that's one of those hentee animes."

"Hentai," Isaac corrected, "and it wasn't that bad Erica. It was a comedy, or at least that's what it's classified as anyway."

Erica huffed folding her arms together. "And what was the joke, that women have boobs? I don't get it, if you're going to be perverted at least go all out."

"Oh, you want to go all out," Isaac pulled out a particular DVD from his pile with an evil smile on his face. "Master of Martial Hearts is just your thing."

Stiles turned to Boyd's pile of things and saw that he mostly just packed the bare necessities, toothbrush, deodorant, soap, etc. However, there was one thing that stuck out above everything else.

"What's this?" Stiles asked picking up the small notebook that had been sticking out at the bottom of the pile. "A journal?"

Boyd nodded silently.

"Asexual Me," Stiles read the title Boyd wrote for it aloud. He looked up at Boyd with a confused expression. "You write about your asexuality in this?"

"It's only for my parents," Boyd said and now even Isaac and Erica were paying attention, "my parents do not do verbal communication well at all. I guess it's because of them being writers, they really don't understand something unless they read it."

"So you just made this journal for them to read so they can understand you better." Stiles finished for the werewolf.

"Yes," Boyd said briefly with a nod.

"Oh," Stiles eyed the journal impressed. "Mind if I read it sometime?"

"Knock yourself out," Boyd said with a shrug. "It's only my thoughts and disputing some of the stereotypes that comes with being asexual, like I can't fall in love or have a relationship with anyone."

Correct Stiles if he was wrong but he could have sworn he saw Erica eye Boyd in interest at this revelation. Apparently he just proved her wrong about something.

"Isn't that irritating, having to write out all of your thoughts?" Isaac questioned taking out a Kit-Kat bar and taking a bite out of it. "It sounds like a homework assignment."

"Not at all, I love writing." Boyd allowed his face to relax as he smiled effortlessly, "It's the only way I know to vent my frustrations. I actually want to be writer someday if I can."

Stiles couldn't help but feel happy for Boyd and his dream. It's rare that you find someone his age with actual ambitions.

"Isaac, hook me up," Stiles held out his hand expectantly seeing as he was chomping down on his chocolate bar.

Isaac held onto the Kit-Kat like it was his last meal. "No way, this was the only sweet thing I got
today. You didn't make any dessert with lunch."

"Boy, you better break me off a piece of that Kit-Kat bar!" Stiles warned him.

"Never, it's mine!" Isaac huffed turning his head away.

Trying to be sneaky, Stiles let himself look defeated for a second before he jumped at Isaac. Unfortunately for him, his werewolf abilities enabled the curly haired teen to jump out of the way in time.

"Give me it!" Stiles shouted chasing him in a circle around Erica and Boyd.

Isaac shook his head vehemently. Not watching where he was going he tripped on Erica's bag causing all the contents to fall out of it and Isaac on his face.

"Oh Isaac," Erica sighed.

Isaac shook himself off and turned to his side. His eyes widened as he came face to face with a teddy bear.

"What is this?" Isaac picked up the teddy bear and inspected the hoodie clad stuffed animal.

"Hey that's mine! Drop it!" Erica ordered looking like she was one step away from wolfing out.

Isaac ignored her, looking at the back of the teddy bear.

"Stiles?" Isaac smiled gleefully as he read the name embedded on the back of the teddy bears' hoodie. He turned his amused eyes toward his packmate "Did you make this?"

Erica growled trying to fight off a blush as she tried to snatch the teddy bear out of his hands.

"It was an assignment for school." Erica tried to tell all of them.

Isaac rolled his eyes picking another teddy bear with a suit and top hat. "What about the rest of them?"

"Give those to me you idiot. Stop putting your chocolate covered hands on them!" Erica growled chasing Isaac trying to make him give back her teddy bears.

Stiles looked down at her bag and saw that she had two more in there. One had a leather jacket on it and the other had a letterman jacket.

"Didn't think she was the type for cutesy things." Stiles said honestly not making fun of Erica's habit at all.

Boyd shrugged. "You learn something new every day."

Before Stiles could even think to respond, there was a sudden rumbling of the earth. It was felt through the whole park, everyone was in complete and total panic.

"What the hell is going on?" Erica demanded holding Isaac's shoulder as the ground shook beneath them.

Boyd had to grab Stiles to prevent him from falling. A hole was unearthed in front of the two of them as a beast appeared before their eyes. Four pairs of eyes widened in shock as they came face to face with a hideous creature.
This thing was short, it barely came up to the average male's waist, but that wasn't the first thing that caught your attention. No, those large horns sticking out the top of its head definitely were. Whatever it was had a very human looking face, despite its skin being completely gray, with a large white beard dropping down its face.

"Give treasure," The four of them jumped as they heard it speak, "give back treasure."

"What are you talking about?" Stiles asked it peering at it from behind Boyd's shoulder.

"Stiles!" Boyd hissed.

The creature ignored them just hunching its body back even more than it already was. "Give back treasure. Treasure stolen, stolen treasure."

Both Isaac and Erica, who were the closest to the creature, prepared themselves to grab it if the situation called for it.

"Give back, give back, give back!" The creature moaned eerily.

Then, before anyone could even react, the being sprinted toward Boyd his horns aimed at his body.

"Boyd," Stiles gasped as the werewolf pushed him out of harm's way.

The creature wasn't even paying Stiles any attention, its focus was solely on Boyd.

With a combination of luck and skill, Boyd was able to grab onto its horns preventing it from impaling him. However, due to the creature being so strong Boyd found himself pushed into a tree fighting to keep the creature at bay.

Stiles heart was beating through his chest as he quickly stood up and ran for his gun that was in his bag.

"Go for his feet," Stiles told Isaac and Erica. Without waiting for a response from them he started shooting at the creature's feet.

The bullets didn't pierce its skin but they did make its feet rise up its feet like he thought it would.

Seeing what Stiles was doing, Isaac and Erica ran over and both grabbed the creatures feet. Using all their strength they pulled it away from Boyd and tossed it a good ways away.

"You will give back. You all give back." The creature said staring at all of them ominously before burrowing into the ground again.

Stiles sighed heavily looking at the three werewolves who just looked back at him.

"There goes our day." Stiles said with lowered eyes.

…

A couple minutes later the four of them arrived at the Hale estate, they said they would meet back there once their couple of hours was up together.

"Hey Derek we're," Stiles froze as he saw his fellow Alpha walking out of the forest covered in leaves, dirt, and butter?

"What the fuck?" Was all the hyperactive teen could come up with to say.
Derek growled not looking like he wanted to explain what happened. "I hate being bothered with these trivial matters."

The four of them just stared at the Alpha at his choice of words. Despite the new enemy, being attacked, and being exhausted, Stiles, Erica, Boyd, and Isaac were able to share one last laugh together today.

…I bet your wondering about the whole butter thing with Derek? Hm, you'll find out about that later.

We have a new hybrid! Can anyone guess what it's a combination of? Let me know but until then I would like to thank you all for reading!

See you all next time!
A Tiny Spark

Alright, we're officially in the twenties in terms of chapter numbers. I hope you all are still with me because I'm still going strong with this story. This is the most fun I've had writing in a long while.

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…

"I don't think this is a good idea." Stiles said, lying down on his bed and staring up at his ceiling just like he had been for the last ten minutes.

"Hm."

"We still have that horned thing on the loose." Stiles stated for what felt like the fifth time.

"Hm."

"That thing overpowered Boyd, easily the strongest of all the turned werewolves, who knows what it could do to the rest of us." Stiles added still replaying that event in his mind like a broken record.

"Hm."

Stiles sat up from his bed and looked over at Lydia annoyed. "Are you listening to me?"

"Unfortunately," Lydia said dryly not taking her eyes off of her phone as she flipped through her messages, "one of curses of being a multitasker."

With a roll of his eyes, Stiles laid down on his bed engrossing himself in his worry and concern for the pack.

"That thing targeted Boyd specifically, that couldn't have been a coincidence," Stiles said confidently with a shake of his head, "we have to call off this whole courting thing."

Before Stiles could reach over his counter Lydia snatched his phone away and tucked it safely into her purse.

"You can't call off the courting." Lydia told him.

Due to Lydia being one of the more intelligent members of his pack, Stiles rarely got mad at her for being innovative or taking things in her own hands but when he did it was a sight to behold.

"Dammit Lydia," Stiles said sternly, "we don't have time for these games. We have a monster on the loose, we need to start making plans."

"No, I mean you literally cannot call off the courting," Lydia put her phone away giving Stiles her full attention, "the ritual at the end of all this won't work unless there is a strong connection between not only the Alphas but the packs involved. Since the courting creates that connection all of this needs to be done at the same time otherwise it won't work."

"What about us trying to fight off that new hybrid? That's definitely going to postpone the ritual and probably screw it up good." Stiles said trying to get Lydia to be reasonable.
Lydia raised an eyebrow at him. "You think that all of us fighting together doesn't show us having a strong connection? As a matter of fact that's actually a part of the fourth stage of the courting."

Stiles blinked at her. "Really?"

"Well, it's complicated," Lydia huffed, she seemed upset about something, "but it's not important right now. What is important is you getting ready for your date."

Stiles groaned wanting nothing more than to bury himself in his pillows and go right back to sleep.

The third part of the courting is the "one-on-one" session with the Alphas (Jackson and Scott had a field day with that one). The two of them were to go out alone and spend some time with each other. Naturally Stiles had been worried about this but Lydia reassured him several times that this session had absolutely nothing to do with sex.

"I can't go on a date right now, we're too busy," Stiles exclaimed, "this is exactly what I've been telling Scott and Allison all this time. We can't just ignore the world around us and go on dates without a care in the world."

Lydia, seemingly fed up with this conversation, shot him a mighty glare. "First of all, while it's true that you shouldn't ignore the things happening around you, you can't just stop your life just because an incident occurs. You can multitask just like me Stiles, you're not going to forget what's going on just because you get a lover."

Stiles couldn't argue with that, he's never been one to forget things easily especially dire events in his life.

"Second of all, you've only seen this thing once and it's only attacked once. We definitely have to be on the lookout but it's too early to sound the emergency alarms. All we can do at this point is research the thing and try to find out what it is."

"Which I should help you with, if we-"

"Third of all," Lydia said over Stiles' complaint, "just because you're the Alpha doesn't require you to do everything. I can tell you've never been in a position of power before, you can easily use us to do the menial work of looking up this beast."

"I may be the Alpha but that doesn't give me the right to make you do things I'm too lazy to do," Stiles protested vehemently, "we're a team, we do everything together. I wouldn't feel right going on a date while you guys are working your asses off."

Lydia sighed. Sliding her chair over to where Stiles was sitting on the bed, she put a gentle hand on his shoulder.

"That brings me to my fourth point. You're not ignoring the world around you by going out with Derek. This isn't some silly little date, this is another step to you completing the ritual and becoming an Alpha Pair with Derek. It's said in the books that an Alpha Pair is widely known in the supernatural world to be a fierce and almost unstoppable force. Some beings actually avoid or flee areas that have an Alpha Pair within it."

"Really?" Stiles eyebrows rose up in shock. He certainly didn't know that very useful piece of information.

"I know you're trying to be a good and responsible Alpha here," Lydia told him genuinely, "but you have to trust us. One night with your werewolf hubby will not cause the end of Beacon Hills."
"...Did you just say hubby?"

Lydia picked a pillow and smacked him in the face with it. "Shut up fool."

Stiles snickered which caused a small smile to appear on Lydia face. They shared a peaceful moment of silence just allowing themselves to enjoy the moment.

"You're going on this date even if I have to force you to," Lydia told him sternly poking at his side, "you have to enjoy yourself every once and a while."

"Fine," Stiles said a mocking sigh of suffering. "I'll go meet with the sourwolf tonight while you guys do all the supernatural studying."

"We've already started," Lydia said with a smirk, "Danny's already got all the beings with horns bookmarked on his laptop."

Stiles nodded not looking surprised in the slightest. Then a thought hit him. "Oh, make sure to call Hemsworth."

"Hemsworth?" Lydia's face scrunched up in disgust. "Why would we call him?"

Stiles burrow furrowed. "Because he knows these hybrids, he's lived with them and could help you with your research."

"Stiles, do you really want us working with him?" Lydia said trying to convey an emotion she couldn't reveal at the moment, "Don't your Filikos Alpha senses go off when you're around him or something?"

"No, not at all." Stiles answered honestly. Naturally he had been a bit wary when he first met with the other Alpha, as is anyone when they meet someone for the first time, but nothing that made his hair stand on him. If he felt Hemsworth was a danger to the pack he would know. "Why?"

"We don't trust him, the pack and I." Lydia told him bluntly. "We think that he's hiding something."

Stiles tilted her head at him before shrugging. "Well duh."

Lydia's eyes widened as she looked over at the hyperactive teen.

"That guy couldn't be more shadier if you put him in a fedora and matching jacket," Stiles smirked at her, "but getting information from him helps us not only be informed about our enemies but stay aware of what he's doing as well."

Lydia stared at him for a moment before she chuckled.

"We should have been friends a long time ago Stiles," Lydia told him smiling at him evilly, "we could have been the duo that spread terror among our peers"

"Who says we can't now," Stiles replied with the exact same evil smile on his face.

They analyzed each other's faces before clapping hands tightly, enforcing their alliance.

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"He's not going to go for this." Isaac said with a shake of his head.
"It was Erica's stupid idea not mine, she's the one that showed up with this," Derek snapped holding up the flowers and box of chocolates.

Isaac rolled his eyes. "I'm pretty sure she was just messing with you. She knows Stiles wouldn't take this stuff."

"Whatever." Derek grumbled throwing the two gifts next the stand by the door.

"Aren't you supposed to pick him up? Why is he being brought over here?" Isaac asked curiously.

Derek rolled his eyes. "He said that both Scott and Allison were against me picking him up for whatever dumb reason."

Right on cue, both werewolves saw Allison's car pull up to the house. Through the windows you could see Scott in the passenger's seat and Stiles in the back of the car. The hyperactive teen said something briefly to both his packmates before he got out of the car and headed toward the front door.

Derek was surprised to see Stiles was not dressed to impress. Don't get him wrong, the V-neck shirt and the tight jeans fit him perfectly (and very delectably) but he assumed that the female members of the human Alpha's pack wouldn't let him out the house without him dressed like a model of some kind. Also, for some reason, he was sporting a large bag on his right shoulder.

"Isaac!" Stiles called out once he opened the door. He smiled over at the turned werewolf who was lying leisurely on the couch.

"Hey." Isaac greeted walking over to the human Alpha and hugging his side briefly. "I'm on my way out now."

"I know, Scott and Allison are going to give you a ride." Stiles told him with a nod.

Isaac looked over at him in confusion. "I was actually going to take a run around the forest, just to kill some time."

"No way, you can't be out there alone with that new type of hybrid out there," Stiles eyed the turned werewolf in deep concern, "you saw how it overpowered Boyd on its own, just imagine what would happened if we hadn't helped him."

Isaac stuck his lip out at his words but didn't make a move to dispute them.

Stiles clasped his hands together and gave the werewolf his puppy dog eyes. "Isaac please, I just want you to be safe."

The curly haired teen groaned under the great power of the puppy dog eyes. "I don't want to hang out with Scott and Allison, they're the lamest couple ever."

"You don't have to hang out with them, just be around them," Stiles clarified, "they're probably going to be so immersed in themselves that they'll probably ignore you anyway."

Isaac thought about it for a second before shrugging in defeat. "Fine."

Stiles smiled contently. He hugged the werewolf tightly for a moment before he ushered him toward the door. "Go."

"I'm going, I'm going," Isaac huffed walking out of the door but not before shooting the two of
them a smirk. "You two are so eager to get started."

Stiles gaped at the closed door as Isaac left, the screeching of wheels a couple moments later signaled that he was with Scott and Allison.

"Was that…an innuendo?" Stiles questioned in disbelief.

"Most likely," Derek said standing not that far from Stiles, "apparently he's picked up your habit of spouting out smartass remarks with every other word he says."

Stiles puffed out his cheeks and turned to the werewolf. He saw that Derek was dressed no different than he usually was. This didn't surprise him in the slightest, he knew the type of guy Derek was. He was never the type to do more than what was necessary, and dressing out of his norm was definitely more than necessary. This fact also ties in to what Stiles has planned for them today, but he'd get into that a little later.

Walking over to the werewolf, Stiles reached up and kissed him on the lips. It was a simple peck but one that held a number of meanings within it.

Shyly, Stiles held his head down after they broke apart. "Hi."

The hyperactive teen squeaked as he was grabbed by his waist and pulled into a rougher kiss by Derek. The werewolf held them both there letting their lips just stay together until he chose to break them apart.

"Hi," Derek said in the same brief tone.

With a small blush Stiles looked up at the werewolf with a smile on his face. Derek didn't smile back but his eyes told Stiles all that he wanted to know.

Stiles couldn't fight off his curious nature as he saw something bright and colorful in the corner of his eye.

"Are those for me?" Stiles pointed at the flowers and chocolate near the door.

Not giving Derek time to react Stiles walked over and inspected the gifts. With a snort he threw the flowers right in the trash and tucked the box of chocolate under his arm.

"I'm going to get straight to the point Derek," Stiles proclaimed looking over at him, "I know that your little pups already made some suggestions for us tonight for where we should go but I want to change it up a bit. I don't want to go anywhere."

Derek raised an eyebrow at him.

Stiles sighed hoping that he could explain this properly. "I want to get to know you Derek. I really don't know anything about you and yet we're talking about pretty much having a family together. I like you but I want to know the real you."

"You want to stay here." Derek said as more as a fact than a question.

Stiles nodded. "And talk."

Derek stared at him silently as if he was searching for something Stiles couldn't see. Apparently he found it as he gave the human Alpha a nod of approval.

Stiles was more than pleased by this. Taking his backpack off his shoulder he presented Derek with
his laptop and some DVD's.

"I have not only some movies I know you'll love but I have some great snacks for us." Stiles told him with a grin taking out various amounts of sugary sweets and chips.

"You came prepared." Derek noted as Stiles walked over to the couch and set up the laptop on the coffee table.

"I knew that you wouldn't want to go out tonight," Stile said with a shrug, "I don't know if you noticed Derek but you're kind of introverted."

Derek snorted taking a seat beside Stiles on the couch.

"Were you always quiet like you are now, when you were in grade school I mean?" Stiles asked as he got comfortable as he was almost leaning on Derek's shoulder.

"Yes, I was homeschooled until my parents finally decided that I should go to a real school when I was twelve." Derek said with a shrug, "I had no idea how to make friends and no one really talked to me because of my family's reputation for being so mysterious and keeping to ourselves all the time."

"Aw, that sucks," Stiles grumbled before he perked up, "I would have talked to you. I love talking to people."

"Really? I couldn't tell." Derek said with a smirk.

Stiles flicked him on his well-built shoulder. "I see you got jokes. Just pick a movie."

"The Garbage Pail Kids? The Room? What the hell are these movies?" Derek asked in confusion.

Stiles gasped dramatically and looked over at the stoic werewolf. "You've never seen The Room?"

Derek shook his head.

"Okay, I've pretty much guessed that you like bad movies, what with the whole Star Wars Holiday thing, so how can you say you've never seen The Room?" Stiles stared at him in pure fascination.

"The movies I like aren't bad," Derek said defensively before his eyes shifted, "they're just kind of…"


Derek huffed and inspected the movies once more.

With a shake of his head, Stiles took The Room out of Derek's hand and stuck it in the laptop. "Dude, I'm about to make your life."

Almost two hours later the movie ended. Stiles looked up at Derek curiously, he hadn't said a word the entire movie he had just stared at the laptop screen.

"Derek?" Stiles said cautiously when he saw that the Alpha werewolf still wasn't moving.

Then, suddenly, they unthinkable happened. With a gasp Derek collapsed on the couch in a fit of laughter.

Stiles stood frozen listening to Derek's loud and slightly crazed laughter. He just couldn't believe
what he was hearing. Derek, the mighty stoic werewolf of legend, was looking like he was about to die from laughter.

"That was so stupid!" Derek said once he calmed down a little. His smile slowly started to fade away but happiness was still glowing in his eyes.

The hyperactive teen smiled down at Derek wistfully.

"So I guess it's safe to say that you like stupid things," Stiles confirmed with a chuckle.

"I think I've seen that Star Wars Holiday movie about twenty times." Derek confessed with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh my damn!" Stiles gasped.

"But that doesn't show my interest that well." Derek said for some reason. Stiles looked over at him curiously. "Well, what else does?"

Derek sat up slightly staring right at Stiles. "When we first met you approached me with your friend who was a werewolf who you chose to support, and continued to support despite putting yourself in danger multiple times. You never ran away."

"What did you expect-"

Derek talked over Stiles like he never uttered a word. "You gain nothing from being involved with werewolves and the supernatural and yet you continue to put your life on the line for all of us. Stiles Stilinski you are, and probably always will be, the stupidest person I have ever met."

Stiles eyes widened at Derek words. With a whimper he tackled Derek onto the couch joining their lips together.

"That's the nicest thing you ever said to me." Stiles gushed once they broke apart.

Derek chose not to respond, either out of lack of words or just being too embarrassed to say anything back. He buried his head in Stiles neck reveling in his scent.

"I like mysterious things," Stiles whispered into Derek's ear. "I like puzzles that are nearly impossible to unlock and you Derek Hale are one cryptic puzzle I would gladly unlock over and over again."

This time Derek chose to respond by flipping them over and dominating Stiles with his lips. The human Alpha moaned opening his mouth so their tongues could caress each other. As their lips met there was a fire burning between them, but it wasn't the burning flames of lust. This fire was more warm and comforting to bask in. It was a symbol of security, one that Derek was more than happy to hold onto as he held Stiles to him like he could be snatched from him at any moment.

The warmth was felt at every section of their bodies. It was felt every time as Derek's fingers grazed the bottom of Stiles' shirt; it was felt as Stiles ran his thumbs over Derek's cheeks; it was felt as Derek's low grunts and Stiles' soft moans joined together harmoniously; it was even felt when their lips broke apart.

Now, despite them holding onto each other like they were each other's last life line, the thing holding them into place was their eyes. They stared at one another, both subconsciously searching for something neither of them knew they were looking for.
Unbeknownst to the two of them, it was love they were looking for. Neither of them found it in each other's eyes sadly, it was simply too early. The flame between Derek and Stiles was but a small one. It has the possibility to grow but it needed something very important, something that every couple needs in order to become strong, something they were willing to give each other.

Time. They need time to grow and mature, as both people and lovers, and that is exactly what they are going to get.

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I'm not to confident about this chapter but I did the best I could. If you guys enjoyed reading it like I enjoyed writing it, which I did, then I guess it turned out okay.
Bad Day

I just got my midterm grades back and I'm pleased to see that I'm doing more than alright. I hope you all that are in school are doing just as well.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

…I think I'm in lurv." Stiles stated while chewing absentmindedly on a french fry.

Scott blinked over at him somehow be able to drag himself out of his conversation with Allison to address his best friend.

"With Derek," Stiles added as if it wasn't clear who he was talking about.

"Okay?" Scott said not sounding like he knew what was going on.

"You're just like a woman," Jackson hissed at the hyperactive teen from across the lunchroom table, "you hang out with a guy once and you think you're soulmates."

"What?" Stiles said with a raised eyebrow.

Danny coughed awkwardly giving the smaller male a concerned look. "Don't you think it's a little too soon to be saying you're in love? Trust me I've been down this road before and you might want to give it a couple more dates."

"Love? Who said anything about love? I'm talking lurv." Stiles looked at all of them like they were insane for not getting what he was talking about immediately. "There's a difference between lurv and love."

"Which is?" Allison asked in unconscious curiosity.

Stiles rolled his eyes. "Lurv is high school stuff, holding hands in the hallway, making nauseatingly cute faces at one another, and calling each other pookey. Love is the passion I have for Jensen Ackles and Jared Padalecki…at the same time."

"So…lurv is just liking someone a lot," Allison clarified for those at the table that were still confused.

"Yep," Stiles nodded.

"Then why didn't you just say that?" Jackson glared at the hyperactive teen angrily.

"He's Stiles Stilinski." Scott answered with an affectionate roll of his eyes.

Stiles grinned at him. "At least one of you gets it."

The door to the lunchroom slammed open suddenly directing all of the student's attention to the front of the room. They all saw Isaac standing in front of the door stiffly before he seemed to collect himself and walk further into the room.

Stiles knew that something was troubling the curly haired werewolf, he could tell by how twitchy
his mouth was and the way his eyebrows were raised.

The hyperactive teen threw down his fry and groaned loudly at that thought. He was really becoming a mother wasn't he?

"Stiles." Said teen looked up when he heard the dread in Isaac's voice above him. "We have a situation."

Nervously, Stiles looked around and saw everyone in the cafeteria staring at them nosily. He stood up and started to walk both himself and Isaac away from prying eyes.

"Did something happen with the new hybrid?" Stiles asked his heart rate picking up by the second.

"Yes and no." Isaac answered with a grunt directing Stiles toward the exit. "It's something much worse."

"Oh god." Stiles whispered completely disregarding the books he left behind at his table and walked with Isaac out the cafeteria.

Stiles mind was traveling a mile a minute, and in all the wrong directions. He was already blaming himself for whatever happened.

Why did I listen to Lydia, Stiles thought to himself? He knew it was a bad idea to go on a date with Derek while there was work to be done. What if something happened to Boyd or Erica or Derek? Are they hurt? Are they dead? He would never be able to forgive himself if something happened to any of them.

Stiles found himself running with Isaac toward wherever he was being taken, he didn't know the severity of the situation and he didn't care. All he knew was that Isaac was upset about something and it was causing him to worry more than he's ever done in his entire life.

The two of them stopped when they saw three familiar werewolves in the hallway. Boyd and Erica were leaning on opposite sides of the lockers. Stiles was relieved to see that neither of them were a part of the apparent crisis. However, he was puzzled to see both of them staring directly at Hemsworth who was standing in the middle of the hall. He seemed to be playing some kind of game or something on his iPod.

"Hey guys," Stiles breathed not even caring that he was out of breath in the slightest. "Is everybody okay?"

"We're fine." Boyd responded still staring at Hemsworth just waiting for him to make some type of move.

"Oh angry birds, why are you so angry?" Hemsworth shook his head fondly before putting up his iPod and giving Stiles a friendly but mischievous grin.

"Hi little Filikos," The blond werewolf greeted eagerly, "I've been waiting for you."

"Hey Hemsworth," Stiles greeted quickly searching around hoping with all his might not to see a half dead Derek lying around anywhere. "Is everything okay?"

Hemsworth didn't respond just choosing to raise an eyebrow over at him.

Stiles turned to Isaac who was glaring over at Hemsworth. "You said something worse than the hybrid happened. Where's the worse thing?"
"Uh oh," Hemsworth smiled over at Isaac like he'd just given him a free car, "you're about to be in trouble."

"Shut your mouth!" Isaac snarled his fists clenched at his sides. "You're already causing enough problems. Why do you think we're here?"

Stiles' brain went to an abrupt stop. His brain didn't hit anything but it was swerving on the road a little bit.

"Wait, what?" Stiles shook his head in disbelief as he looked over at Isaac pleadingly. "Please tell me that Hemsworth isn't what you were talking about. Please Isaac."

Isaac furrowed his brow looking over at him in confusion.

"What else would I be talking about? What's more dire than this freak of an Alpha over here?" Isaac pointed at Hemsworth who still had a shit eating grin on his face.

Silence was the only response Isaac gained from that answer. It was so bizarre that even Boyd and Erica broke out of their stares to look over at Stiles curiously.

Isaac broke out of his angry one-sided glaring match and turned to Stiles who was staring at him blankly. Well, as blankly as brightly glowing green eyes can be.

"Stiles?" Isaac asked cautiously. "You okay?"

"Am I okay? Am I okay? Hell no, I'm not okay!" Stiles squeaked. "You scared the hell out of me. With the way you were talking I thought somebody died or something. You know how crazy my Filikos instincts can get."

"But I was just-"

"Are you trying to kill me?" Stiles asked with a helpless look on his face. His heart felt like it was trying to burst out of his chest with how fast it was beating.

"What?" Isaac said stepping back slightly either through shock or horror Stiles couldn't really tell.

"You can't just come up to me talking about a life or death situation and present me with a hunksicle!" Stiles yelled before he turned his attention to Hemsworth as a thought suddenly crossed his mind. "Has anyone ever told you you look just like the actor that played Thor?"

"It's all in your mind." Hemsworth said quickly.

"But-"

"I came to talk to you about the new hybrid that attacked your pack, the Minonme." Hemsworth told the young human Alpha.

Stiles breathed a sigh in relief happy that he was able to get some information at last. The pack tried but they couldn't find too much information on the creature that attacked them.

The hyperactive teen briefly shot Isaac a look that told him their conversation was not over before he gave his undivided attention to Hemsworth.

"You said they were called Minonme's?" Stiles asked scratching his chin in thought. "Minotaur and gnome?"
"Exactly right." Hemsworth nodded grimly. "They have the strength of a Minotaur and the speed and sneakiness of a gnome, they're crazy little bastards. They're twice as strong as us werewolves."

Boyd winced having experienced that first hand.

"The one we fought said something about a treasure or something?" Stiles asked.

Hemsworth nodded. "That's how they can be manipulated, whoever is behind them being here told that Minonme that you stole his treasure. That's tapping into the gnome part of its brain and its need to protect what they see as theirs, the problem is that they see anything that's valuable to other people as theirs. They have a tendency to attack whoever they suspect is keeping 'treasures' from them."

"How can we beat them?" Stiles questioned eager to get to the most important point of all this.

"They're pretty good at taking a hit, you could spend hours fighting one and it might not do that much to it. You'd be better off trying to outsmart them." Hemsworth informed him. "Minonme's aren't that smart so it should be easy to do that."

"Sweet," Stiles proclaimed with a grin, "that should be easy, everyone in our pack is smart in some way."

"Well, when they're not in panic mode anyway." Stiles was staring down Isaac who looked like a deer caught in headlights.

"Thank you for your help Hemsworth you're great," Stiles smiled kindly to the blond werewolf, "even if you are a little creepy."

Hemsworth shrugged in response. "No problem, I'm actually trying to track them down. You want to come with?"

"Thank you but no thank you." Erica said not looking apologetic in the slightest. "The entire pack is going to be too busy to associate with you for a while."

The blond werewolf stared over at her for a brief moment before his eyes lit up in excitement.

"Ah, you're going into the project phase of the courting aren't you?" Hemsworth asked with a crazed grin.

Erica rolled her eyes but chose not to comment, Stiles on the other hand was just confused. Why was he always the last to find out about these things?

Hemsworth eyes glazed over as he seemed to go into his own thoughts, just like when they first met him.

"Those were good times, good times." Hemsworth shook head his normally excited features turning solemn.

Stiles eyed him worriedly. Whatever happened to Hemsworth, and he just knew something happened to him otherwise he wouldn't be here, must have been major to make such a perky guy depressed so easily. It is a little strange that he's an Alpha and he doesn't have a pack or even looking for pack members.

Hemsworth suddenly cheered himself up sending everyone a polite smile.
"Well, have fun kiddies," Hemsworth said with a wave as he started to walk away, "tell the rookie Alpha I said hi."

"Will do," Stiles called back to him.

"Hey," Scott said when he and the rest of the Werehoodies showed up.

Stiles rolled his eyes. "Nice of you guys to grace us with your presence. What hell took you guys so long?"

"It was lunch, we were eating." Jackson said rolled his eyes right back at Stiles.

Scott laughed when Stiles pouted at the jock. "We knew that Isaac would have your back if something happened. He's always looking out for his mama."

Isaac tried his best not to look in Stiles' direction when he heard that and felt Stiles' eyes on him.

Stiles sighed bringing his arms around Isaac's waist and hugging him. He ignored Jackson's gagging next to them.

"You know I was just joking about the whole killing me thing right?" Stiles told him lying somewhat, "I was just being stupid because I was mad."

Isaac grunted before pushing away from Stiles and walking down the hallway.

"Not again." Stiles groaned smacking his head with his hand.

While Boyd and Erica were looking bored, they just knew this situation would turn out okay, the Werehoodies were just confused except for one.

"I knew today was going to be a good day," Jackson said with a smirk.

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"I am the worst Filikos Alpha ever." Stiles proclaimed with his head buried in his hands.

Derek rolled his eyes but focusing on the road all the while.

Earlier, unbeknownst to Stiles, the pack had decided that he would be getting a ride with Derek. Not that he had any problems with that but he was confused as to why none of them could give him a ride all of a sudden.

Derek just dragged him into his car telling him that he would explain later.

"You're being overdramatic." Derek told him bluntly.

"What is wrong with me? I shouldn't have yelled at him like that." Stiles said pretty much ignoring what Derek had said. "I probably brought up memories of his father."

"Stiles!" Derek growled almost running a stop sign. "Get a grip."

Now Stiles had chosen to look over at the other Alpha.

"You're making this into more than it is." Derek told him. "Isaac isn't going to break down over a couple heated words, he's stronger that."
"Then why is he ignoring me? He didn't answer any of the texts I sent him in class." Stiles stated with a sigh.

"It's probably for some stupid convoluted reason like he's angry at himself for making you angry." Derek grunted.

Stiles folded his arms. "Why would he think that?"

"Because there is no way he's mad at you Stiles. You're probably the only person he can't be mad at. Honestly, he never shuts up about you at home." Derek grunted exasperatedly.

For the first time in hours Stiles allowed himself to let out a small smile. Sadly, this moment of happiness didn't last long.

Today was not shaping to be a good day for Stiles. It's not enough he's gone and gotten Isaac upset again, he also has his Filikos instincts still on alert since this morning. He's been on edge the entire day and nothing he does seems to calm himself down.

"Where are we going?" Stiles asked as if he just realized that he was in a car.

"Have you forgotten that I'm still courting you?" Derek replied smartly.

"No," Stiles huffed, "Are we going back to your house? I need a good bad movie to calm me down."

"We can't go back to my house, the pack's there." Derek stated.

Stiles eyebrows furrowed. "Doing what?"

Derek opened his mouth to say something but was interrupted.

"Oh hey, there they are now!" Stiles said peaking his head out of his window when he saw his packmates cars across the street stopped by a red light.

"I swear he has the attention span of five year old." Derek mumbled under his breath.

Stiles smiled and waved enthusiastically over at his packmates. He caught the attention of Danny whose eyes widened for a brief moment before he smiled politely and waved back at him. Nudging Jackson with his elbow, Danny pointed over to Stiles making the jock rolled his eyes and look forward once again.

The hyperactive teens smile slowly faded as he felt the rumbling of the earth.

"Oh no," Stiles whispered before he was pushed back in the car hitting Derek's shoulder as the rumbling increased underneath the werewolf's car.

Almost instinctively, Derek wrapped a hand around Stiles' shoulder protectively holding him close.

"It's the Minonme." Stiles said without a hint of doubt. He looked toward Derek. "It's the hybrid that attacked me, Boyd, Erica, and Isaac at the park."

Derek nodded grimly.

The rumbling from underneath their car faded but didn't disappear entirely as the two of them saw the ground shaking in front of them.
"Oh shit," Stiles's eyes widened in fear, "it's going for the pack. Derek, it's going for the pack!"

Derek immediately got out of the car looking fully intent on crushing that hybrid with his bear hands.

"Just listen to me this once and stay in the car!" Derek ordered Stiles his tone not giving way to any arguing.

For once, Stiles was inclined to agree (just so Derek would hurry up and stop that hybrid from hurting his pack).

"Just hurry up and get your ass over there," Stiles shouted his eyes shining green with worry.

Without another word, Derek sprinted over to the direction of his packmates cars struggling to get close to them due to the increased rumbling.

Stiles cried out in what could only be thought of as pain when he saw the Minonme pop up from between the cars of his packmates causing both of the vehicles to go flying onto the grass beside the street.

Due to the Minonme coming out of the street so violently the road became horribly cracked. Derek was helpless when his entire leg got caught in a crack while he was running toward the pack. He was pulling his leg out but it was a steady process.

With a crazed yell, the Minonme tackled the car with the Werehoodies in it causing the car to flip and all of them to fall out of it.

Stiles just couldn't take this, he held his hand to heart as he felt his nerves rising up once again. He was finding it hard to breath, his eyesight was getting fuzzy.

Despite all that he was able to see as clear as day the Minonme approaching an injured Danny on the grass. He reached out his hand to grab at Danny's face.

That's when Stiles lost it, his instincts took full control and he acted without hesitation.

Jumping into the front seat, the hyperactive teen started Derek's car back up (which he stupidly left with the keys in the ignition) and pushed on the gas heavy. At full speed he rammed into the Minonme pushing it back and into a tree which almost collapsed under the weight on it.

The Minonme barely looked affected by this, if anything it looked to be slightly annoyed. With barely any strength the beast pushed the car off of him.

Stiles gasped hitting the back of his seat roughly.

With a grunt, the Minonme grabbed the front of the car and lifted it up off the ground.

"Damn," Stiles grumbled before jumping out of the car and falling onto the ground.

And so there Stiles was lying on the grass with a Minonme towering over him with a car in his hands.

"This day's sucked more than a cliffhanger in a story." Stiles said glaring up at the hybrid above him.

"Stiles!"
Stiles and Isaac are at it again. Well, no healthy relationship is all sunshine and rainbows.

A couple of people are anxious to know about the whole butter thing. I have to ask you guys to be patient with that. It's going to be mentioned first and then your going to see first hand what it was. I'm building it up for you guys because it's something special.

I'm playing pretty fast and loose with supernatural mythology so you'll have to give me some leeway with the hybrids. I'm trying to give reasons for they do but I'm not trying to make it all that complicated.

That's all for this chapter. I hope you all enjoyed it!
I should be posting this chapter on Tuesday but since I love you guys so much I'm posting it today. I'm in one of the states Hurricane Sandy is going to pass through so I thought I'd give you something from me now just in case my power goes out. It's only passing through my state, I'm not going to be hit that hard.

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"Stiles!"

Stiles eyes widened in dread as the Minonme stared down at him with his dead eyes that held no emotion within them. Bringer of death was the first thing that popped into Stiles head which was very appropriate considering the situation he was in.

He winced as he saw the Minonme raise the car above his own head but was shocked to see him just throw it away carelessly.

"Uh?" Stiles gaped staring up at the Minonme in confusion. Was this thing having pity on him and sparing his life?

Without sparing Stiles another glance, the hybrid beast trotted toward his friends once again.

"No, stop!" Stiles ordered or at least tried to. The pain in his sides was putting a strain on every movement he made.

"You give back, you give." The Minonme said reaching a hand out to grab Danny.

Gaining strength from somewhere, Stiles managed to stand up and try to stop the hybrid. Just as the Minonme was about to grab Danny, Stiles was able to run up and roll both of them out of reach. The only thing the Minonme was able to grab was a bit of Stiles shirt as he rolled past him.

Danny looked up at the hyperactive teen in what seemed like a daze. "Stiles? What are you doing?"

"Just don't move, don't move." Stiles repeated honestly having no idea what to do at the moment. The only option he had was to stand in front of his friend like a shield.

Dumbly, the Minonme looked from the piece of Stiles' shirt in his hand to Stiles and back again. With a grunt he started to walk over to them again.

"Stiles just run, don't try and be a hero." Danny insisted trying to push Stiles off him using as much strength as he could muster.

Stiles shook his head not budging in the slightest. "I'm not trying to be a hero, I'm just trying to be a friend."

The rest of the pack seemed to be recovering from their assault and were beginning to collect themselves. Unfortunately they weren't fast enough to stop the Minonme from approaching their packmates.
"Hero time!"

None of them were prepared for Hemsworth showing up out of the blue and delivering a mighty punch to the Minonme's jaw.

"Hemsworth," Stile breathed in relief. He quickly dropped his relieved expression when he saw that the Minonme didn't look affected by the hit in the slightest.

Hemsworth's triumphant grin turned sour when the hybrid grabbed his fist and hurled him to the ground making a crater in the size of his body. Throwing the werewolf's body up into the air, the Minonme kicked Hemsworth right into the tree he was hurled into himself.

"Little Filikos!" Hemsworth grunted feeling his body already beginning to weaken. He pushed himself off the tree and tackled the Minonme to the ground. "Give him something valuable!"

"What?" Stiles said not having a clue what he was talking about.

"Get something valuable or expensive and give it to the Minonme," Hemsworth ordered wincing as said hybrid threw him onto his back to the ground again, "it will make him go away for a little while."

"Valuable? What do we have that's valuable?" Stiles asked himself aloud. He couldn't think of anything that they had on hand that could be thought of as valuable.

"My laptop." Danny said suddenly.

Stiles looked down at him in question.

"My laptop is the best money can buy, you won't find another one like it." Danny told him with a weak smile. "It fell with me when we were hit."

Hemsworth let out a pained gasp as the Minonme stomped down right on his stomach.

Stiles gave his packmate a nod and ran toward where Danny had fallen out of his car.

As soon as Stiles was close enough Scott made a grab for his best friend.

"Stiles we can-"

"Not now." Stiles told him looking around for Danny's laptop. He saw it shining in the grass sticking out like a sore thumb.

"Dude, we can just fight him, there are like eleven of us and only one of him," Scott said insistently.

"McCall's right, let's just kick its ass." Jackson said cracking his knuckles.

"You guys are idiots," Stiles groaned really not in the mood for this, "if you guys haven't noticed, half of us are injured and we're in broad daylight where anyone can see us. This is really not the time or place for a supernatural fight."

Without waiting for a response Stiles walked over and picked up Danny's laptop.

"Hey pretty boy!" Stiles shouted in the Minonme's direction.

The hybrid looked over at him curiously. Once he spotted what was in Stiles' hand he quickly
dropped a worn out Hemsworth. He ogled the laptop like it was a precious gem.

"Merry Christmas!" Stiles said throwing the laptop at the hybrid.

With amazing reflexes the Minonme caught the laptop. He turned the thing up and down sniffing it and inspecting the electronic device thoroughly.

"This will do. Not do forever, but will do for now." The Minonme said talking more to himself than anything else.

Then, before anyone else could even move the hybrid burrowed under the ground taking both the laptop and the piece of Stiles' shirt in hand.

Derek just then ran over looking enraged.

"Hey, rookie," Hemsworth smiled weakly. He looked as if he could barely breathe, "you showed up just in time to be useless."

"Shut it fool!" Derek snapped with a growl.

"Guys please, save the dogfight for later we need to get out of here now!" Stiles pleaded.

He winced when he felt the pain in his side bother him again. When he was beginning to wobble on his feet he was caught by Isaac who held him tightly to his side.

Inwardly Stiles was so grateful for this, for more than just the obvious reason. His Filikos instincts had been killing him this whole time, practically clawing at his brain, but now that he had Isaac, one of his werewolves, beside him he was feeling much better than before.

The werewolves' ears all twitched as they heard the familiar sound of police sirens approaching in the distance.

Derek scoffed but conceded to the human Alpha's point.

"Your cars still work?" Derek asked both Lydia and Boyd.

Both teens looked at their vehicles, seeing that while they were quiet battered they were still in working condition. They nodded at the Epithetikos Alpha.

"Put as many people as you can in the cars," Derek told them rounding everyone up and pushing them into vehicles. "I would help but I don't have a car anymore."

Stiles, feeling practically masochistic today, decided to look over at Derek and saw him glaring over at him. Murderous intent was clear in his eyes, which wasn't that surprising. His car looked like it was run over by a monster truck.

Gently, Jackson and Scott helped up Danny and walked him to Lydia's car. The strawberry blond and Allison were right behind them.

Stiles rubbed his hurt side eternally grateful that Isaac was here helping him stand. He feared he would have face planted five minutes ago if it wasn't for him.

"You don't have to ride with me if you don't want to," Stiles reassured the curly haired werewolf, "I can get Scott or somebody else to help me."

Isaac shot him a confused look. "I want to help you. Why wouldn't I?"
Stiles was imitating Isaac's stare. He would have said more but now even he could hear the police sirens in the distance.

"Shit, we have to go," Stiles said he looked over at Boyd. "Babe, can you help Hemsworth into the car? Don't give me that look he did help us."

Boyd groaned in frustration but did as the Filikos Alpha said.

Once everyone was secure in their vehicles they all drove off at the highest speed possible.

…

"Gently now, gently." Allison ordered as she held the door open of the Hale mansion so Jackson and Scott could help Danny in.

"It's okay Ally, it's just my leg," Danny said comfortingly with a smile. He looked much better than he did before. That ride allowed him to catch his breath and collect himself.

Allison held her hands on her hips glaring at him. "Still, it's pretty swollen. Both of them are actually."

"He's a big boy Allison, he'll be fine," Jackson grunted but couldn't stop the flicker of worry from showing in his eyes.

The rest of the pack came in behind them being careful of the assorted injuries they sustained.

"You okay there Martin?" Erica said with a slight taunt in her voice when she saw Lydia rubbing her sore arm.

"Don't worry about me Reyes," Lydia huffed and despite her injury sounding just fine, "Someone as beautiful as me isn't hurt easily."

"Really? You're using your looks as an excuse," Erica snorted sounding genuinely amused despite herself, "hasn't anyone ever told you that beauty fades?"

"Not when you look as good as I do honey." Lydia answered with a flip of her hair.

Boyd and Hemsworth were the last ones to come in the house following right behind Stiles, Isaac, and Derek.

"Just set me down anywhere big guy." Hemsworth said with a grin.

The blond werewolf was not prepared for Boyd to release him from his hold so suddenly causing him to fall onto the ground.

"Ow, I said set me down not throw me down." Hemsworth hissed.

"Sorry." Boyd said with shrug that said he couldn't care less about him.

Stiles limped to the couch sitting right next to Danny and with Isaac beside him the entire time.

"Thank buddy," Stiles gave Isaac a nod. The curly haired werewolf gave him a nod in return that made his heart swell in joy. Maybe he wasn't mad at him after all.

He looked up as he saw Derek sitting on the arm rest of the couch staring directly at him unblinkingly.
Stiles internally cursed to high heaven. He knew that look, it was the look his father always gave him when he did something to disobey him deliberately. There was no escaping the lecture, Stiles knew this first hand, but that didn't mean that he couldn't postpone it for as long as possible.

He looked around the room and saw everyone was either reeling from the encounter with the Minonme, tired, or just motionless. Regardless of what the reason was Stiles didn't like them being so quiet (to be fair Stiles never liked when it was quiet period but that's not the point).

This room needs to brighten up a little, and who better to do the lighting then Stiles Stilinski, electrician extraordinaire.

"Baby." Stiles said out of the blue.

The hyperactive teen grinned when he saw Boyd immediately look up.

"Aha!" Stiles pointed at him dramatically. "Even after all your complaints you actually do like your nickname. Why else would you respond to it?"

"Because it's the only thing you'll call me," Boyd answered with a roll of his eyes, "and I know that there's no way I can change that."

In response Stiles rolled his eyes back at him only playfully. "Oh come now, it's only a nickname and a nickname is just a familiar or humorous name given to a person or thing instead of or as well as the real name."

"Boyd is a nickname." The burly werewolf insisted.

"No it's not," Stiles said with a knowing smirk, "that's your last name. I won't say your full name so you can save face, but your initials are V.M.B."

The hyperactive teen couldn't help but snort at the wide eyed look he got from Boyd at that reveal. Of all the times he chose to be shocked at his actions he chose this one?

"Don't ask me how I know that, I just do." Stiles said with a smug grin.

Boyd calmed himself down enough to give the human Alpha a smirk. "Should we call it mother's intuition?"

Stiles grin dropped as he gaped at the bigger teen. He turned swiftly as he heard the small snickering and sounds of amusement coming from the rest of the pack. Even Derek had enjoyment dancing in his eyes. Despite feeling royally owned, Stiles couldn't fight off the smile on his face. As goofy as it sounded, seeming all of them happy made him happy.

"Well," Stiles suddenly said stretching his arms after everyone had calmed down, "I don't know about the rest of you but I think it has been a long day. Can somebody take Jackson and I home?"

Stiles nearly jumped as he felt a strong hand on his shoulder. He whimpered as he could clearly see it was Derek's.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Derek said ominously looking down at him with deadly red eyes.

"Oh! Um, I'll call you tonight?" Stiles said with a nervous grin on his face.
"Nice try, but no." Derek grunted with the vaguest hint of a growl in his voice. "We have to have a discussion about a certain human Alpha's actions today."

Stiles chuckled nervously. "I don't think that's necessary."

"No one agrees with you." Derek told him with a smirk.

Stiles looked around trying to get help from someone, anyone. Sadly, everyone seemed to agree with Derek on this, even the Werehoodies.

"Isaac?" Stiles turned to the curly haired werewolf with his puppy dog eyes in full effect.

"The puppy dog eyes of doom won't work on me this time." Isaac said triumphantly.

Stiles gasped loudly backing away from him as far as Isaac's arm around his waist would let him.

"I am shocked and appalled at all of your behavior," Stiles sighed melodramatically, "can't we just be happy that were all okay? Why do y'all got to bring up old shit?"

"It happened a couple minutes ago," Scott stated with narrowed eyes, "and we're bringing it up because you scared us half to death. You ran into a Minonme with a car and almost got yourself killed."

Oh boy, this was getting bad. He could even see Lydia and Allison folding theirs arms and staring over at him expectantly. Stiles needed to calm this situation down the best he could.

"I admit that what I did might not have been the smartest thing to do-"

"It was the stupidest thing you could have done." Lydia corrected him sternly. "You nearly got yourself killed."

"It wasn't going after me!" Stiles protested weakly.

Allison scoffed. "You didn't know that."

Stiles groaned letting his head rest on the couch as he rubbed his eyelids with his fingers.

"What do you want me to say? I'm sorry, I didn't mean to hurt any of you guys." Stiles reassured them. "It was just my Filikos instincts acting up. I didn't have time to think-"

Jackson snorted. "That's an understatement."

Stiles glared over at the jock clearly not in the mood for his attitude. "Jackson this is really not the time for you to be a smart ass right now."

"Then when would be the time, when you aren't doing something stupid and over the top?" Jackson asked smartly.

"I did what I had to do to protect all of you." Stiles snapped at him. "Who knows what that hybrid would have done to Danny if I hadn't done something."

"Yeah but-"

"But nothing." Stiles talked over him having about enough of this, "that's the only excuse I need to do something crazy or stupid. He was going to hurt Danny, he was going to hurt all of you."
Stiles couldn't help but sigh when Danny grabbed his wrist and held it tightly. It had already started to do wonders for his Filikos instincts when Isaac held onto him and having Danny comforting him was making the process go much faster. He closed his eyes allowing his body to relax.

"It's not like I want to put myself in danger, believe or not I don't get off on thrills, but I do it because…well, I love you guys." Stiles confessed more than ready to here everyone's ridicule of his very cheesy line.

None of it came though, silence was the only answer to his confession (Stiles had no idea if that was a good thing or not).

"I said it once and I'll say it again, I am a big family person and protecting family is what I do. It was what I was always taught to do." Stiles carried on saying.

"Stiles," The hyperactive teen heard someone say his name but he really wasn't feeling up to distinguishing who at the moment.

"And let me get back to the whole Filikos instincts thing I was talking about." Stiles stated. "I wouldn't have done any of that if I hadn't been scared first at school and then again when I saw all of you get attacked at the same time. I nearly had a panic attack when I saw that."

A strained moan came from beside him, and Stiles didn't need to know that it was Isaac.

"Exciting a Filikos Alpha like that all in one moment is terrible for their kind," Hemsworth said sounding extremely serious, "it could lead to dire psychological and physical consequences."

"Nobody asked you!" Erica growled at him.

"Which is why I have to ask you guys," Stiles said loudly over Erica, "to ease up on the panic alarm for me."

Stiles finally opened his eyes to address everyone again. If he could have backed up he would have when he saw everyone eyes dead set on him. It was a little intimidating having this much attention on you.

"What I mean when I say ease up on the panic I mean that talking to him," Stiles pointed to Hemsworth as best he could seeing as he couldn't really move at the moment, "is not cause to go bat shit crazy. I know you guys don't trust or like him, not that I blame you because he's weird as fuck-"

"That would be offensive if it wasn't true." Hemsworth laughed which eventually turned into a hurt cough.

"...but just try and calm it down a little, please." Stiles pleaded he would have been on his knees if he could have. "My inner Alpha hates it when any of you are upset, hell I hate it."

A couple of the pack members looked as if they were about say something until they heard the front door open and none other than Sheriff Stilinski walk in. He looked to be a combination of worried, angry, and frustrated.

"All of us are going to have a talk." Sheriff Stilinski told all of them in a no nonsense tone of voice. ...
I swear to everything that this cliffhanger was not intentional, it's just how the chapter ended up being.

Forgive me everyone! I'll be sure to post the next chapter as soon as this hurricane mess passes over and I have my power.

Be safe! I love you all!
Hello everyone! I would like to say thank you to everyone for all the get well wishes regarding Hurricane Sandy. Thankfully, I wasn't hit that hard so I'm more than okay. I won't go into more than that but I'd again like to say thank you to everyone.

Everybody's favorite Sheriff finally gets the attention he so rightly deserves in this chapter. Bow down to his mightiness!

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…

Stiles looked over at his father in pure horror. This day just couldn't stop its passage on the pain train could it?

"Dad, daddio, the dadster!" Stiles proclaimed in false glee trying hard to hide that he was scared shitless. "What a pleasure to have you here? Welcome!"

"Hush boy," John said dismissively not looking in the mood for his son's crazy antics.

"But father-san I-"

Stiles whimpered when he was hit with the Sheriff's full powered parental glare which shut him up immediately. If his father didn't kill him today Stiles had to ask him how to do that.

"You do know that it's illegal for you to enter someone else's house without a warrant don't you?"

Lydia asked with narrowed eyes feeling more irritated than she usually was on a normal day. "It's a clear violation of our privacy rights."

John found himself chuckling despite himself. "There are a number of things wrong with what you said. One, this house is abandoned and a dump, it doesn't really count as a livable residence. Two, officers can come into someone's home if they are in hot pursuit, which I definitely am. Three, you better be glad I don't have a warrant otherwise I would have had to report why I'm here."

"Why are you here?" Jackson asked more curiously than rudely surprisingly.

From behind his back, John pulled out Derek's license plates that had been on his car.

"I ran the plates, I believe they belong to you." John threw the plates at Derek who caught them effortlessly. "They were pretty much the only salvageable thing on your mangled up car."

Stiles buried his face in Isaac's shoulder when he felt Derek glare on him. If his father wasn't here he's pretty sure he would have been burned alive by glowing red eyes by now.

"Thank you so much Sheriff," Derek said calmly turning back to Stiles' father. "Will that be all?"

John raised an eyebrow at him with a titled head.

"Oh sure," John snorted, "that's all I wanted, I just wanted to give you back your license plates because I felt that would be the highlight of my day. My being here has nothing to do with why I
found your car at the center of the mysterious happenings about an hour ago. I didn't come to question you at all. Why would I care what happened with your car, I'm only the Sheriff after all."

The room grew silent after the Sheriff's sarcastic semi-rant. Everyone in the room then turned in unison to Stiles.

"What?" Stiles shrugged. "Are you all surprised? I had to get it from somewhere."

Nervously, Scott rose up his hand like he was in a classroom. "I understand you needing to do your job Mr. Stilinski but why do you need to talk to all of us? You only found Derek's license plates so shouldn't you just have to talk to him."

"Nice pack mentality there McCall." Erica hissed lowly but knowing that the werewolves in the room would be able to hear her.

"Don't care right now." Scott hissed back nervously and Stiles could tell he was thinking about what his mom would do if she found out about this. Due to how much trouble him and Scott got into their parents were practically best friends themselves constantly telling each other the newest information of theirs son's lives.

Sheriff shook his head like he was contemplating whether he should say what he was going to say or not. "You're right Scott, you kids wouldn't have any business being around Caleb Street this time of day anyway."

"Caleb Street? We weren't attacked at Caleb Street it was by Diamond Street." Scott blinked over at the Sheriff in confusion.

Lydia sighed heavily shaking her head. She looked over at Allison who had her eyes clenched shut.

"That's your man." Lydia reminded her.

It took Scott a minute to realize what he said before he groaned and smacked himself in the head. He never could feign ignorance with the Sheriff, it was always too easy for the man to outsmart him and now was definitely one of those times.

"Wait, what I meant was-"

"Scott, you are now declared Potatoboy," Stiles suddenly proclaimed, "you shut up when you're told to."

"But."

"Shut up Potatoboy." Stiles told him.

Scott pouted and folded his arms together.

"Look, this isn't rocket science, I'm just asking you all what happened because I know you all know." John told them.

"Why would you assume that we know anything?" Derek shot back irritated with this whole conversation. "It was just an earthquake."

"First of all, you better watch your damn tone with me," John said his eyes hard. "I'm not one of these little kids that you boss around, I'm grown man. I might not be your father but I'll still take you outside and beat the stupid out of you."
Derek’s eyebrows rose to the heavens. The werewolf had to admit that it's been a while since somebody's talked to him like that. Despite the Sheriff being psychically weaker than him didn't stop Derek from being positive he could back up his claim.

Jackson was looked up from his position on the couch smiling, genuinely smiling, at the scene before him. He loved it when Derek got his ass handed to him.

"And second of all I know it wasn't just an earthquake, there's a giant hole in the middle of the street and there are no other places in town affected by this 'earthquake' and it just happened to involve you all." John informed them with folded arms. "You all think I'm stupid don't you, I know my son does."

Stiles burrowed worriedly. He tried to sit up but was stopped by both Danny and Isaac. Danny flicked his eyes quickly to his injured side silently telling him that he wasn't fit to be standing so quickly. Stiles sighed to himself but stayed where he was.

"Dad, I don't think that," Stiles tried to say to his father but he was hearing none of it.

"I'm not dumb like everyone else in this town, you don't think I notice all the coincidences centering on all of you?" John chuckled humorlessly.

"I don't have any idea-"

"Since you're trying to date my son I suggest you learn not to irritate me and speak when I'm trying to speak," John snapped angrily, "and believe me I'll get to the whole dating thing in a little bit Hale."

If Derek had been a lesser man he would have gulped in fear.

John cleared his throat and continued with what he was saying. "You think I'm so dumb that I didn't notice that around the time that you showed back up in town Hale that Scott for some reason was cured of his asthma and somehow got good at lacrosse despite having no skill in the sport at all?"

"Hey." Scott protested weakly.

"And I'm supposed to believe that it was a coincidence that Ms. Martin was attacked by a mysterious creature, who just happened to be my sons date to the dance and best friend of Scott and an associate of you? I'm also supposed to believe that a few months later the same 'cure' thing happened with Ms. Reyes, who was well known for being epileptic and all of a sudden just better?"

Erica looked around awkwardly not knowing anything she could say that would logically explain what happened to her.

John smirked at all of them. "There are several other things I could point out but I'm not going to at the moment, I think I made my point. All these strange things around town are only happening to all of you, and only you, and I'm supposed to believe that what happened in town was just an earthquake?"

Silence was the only answer to his question. None of them could come up with anything to say, even the smartest of the bunch were stumped.

"Look, I'm sure it's not as much of a big deal as you all are making it," John stated, "there's probably nothing you could say that could surprise me. I've dealt with drug dealers, gang members, and raised a Stiles. I can handle anything, especially after that last one."
The group chuckled despite the seriousness of the situation.

"Not funny jackasses," Stiles mumbled which just made them more amused.

John turned his attention back to Derek who looked like he had the weight of the world on his shoulders.

"Well?" John raised an eyebrow at him.

"It's…extremely complicated," Derek said tiredly, "and convoluted, and outright strange."

"I guessed that," John nodded, "but I've got the time."

Stiles started up at his father, his eyes pleading. "Dad please, do we have to do this right here and now. Can't you give us just a little bit of time?"

John, despite his better judgment, looked over at his son and saw the puppy dog eyes of doom. Maybe he was getting weaker because they actually worked this time around. He felt his resolve as a man of the law weaken and his fatherly instincts kick in.

All these kids looked tired beyond belief, some looked as if they could barely stand. They didn't look so bad that they needed hospitalization but still were clearly whipped out by today's events.

"Fine, I'll give you a couple days, only a couple days," John turned to the Derek and gave him a stern look, "just to get yourselves together. Then I expect a full explanation of everything that's been happening, you understand."

Derek sighed in relief and nodded obediently. Stiles did the same, at least he'd have a couple days to relax himself before the big reveal to his father.

"Until then though," John put a hand on Derek's shoulder grinning at him savagely, "how about you and I have a little conversation about you and my son. Don't think I didn't notice all those times you came into my home to talk to him."

This time, rather than choosing to stay silent, Derek was left speechless.

"It was just talking right, you wouldn't disrespect me by doing anything unwholesome with my son in my own house would you?" John asked feigning innocence.

"No sir," Derek denied this immediately.

"Good," John nodded slowly ushering them outside, "now I have someone that I want to introduce you to. Her name is Mary, occupation, my gun."

The door slammed behind them leaving everyone else in room to wonder if this was the end for Derek or not.

After a couple minutes passed, Hemsworth whistled looking quite impressed. "That was your old man, little Filikos?"

Stiles nodded not knowing whether to be happy or depressed that his father was acting so protective of him.
"He'd make one hell of a werewolf don't you think?" Hemsworth stated turning his attention to the front door where he could obviously hear what was being said by the Sheriff.

Something in Stiles snapped at those words. "Don't say that."

Hemsworth turned to him in shock.

"My dad's not going to be a werewolf," Stiles glared at the other Alpha, "if you even think about turning him you are as good as dead."

"Whoa, whoa, calm down," Hemsworth held up his hands in defeat, "I wasn't talking about turning him, I'm not here to turn anyone."

"Make sure that you don't," Stiles narrowed his eyes at him, "my dad will not become a werewolf, not him or me."

"Why?" Jackson couldn't help but ask. "You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Why wouldn't you want to be a werewolf?"

Stiles' finally calmed down and realized how personal he was about to get. "I can't, I really can't. I promised my mom. I promised that I would...

Jackson clasped his mouth shut knowing that Stiles mother was a very sensitive subject. He may be an asshole from time to time but he wasn't a monster.

"Speaking of mothers," Erica suddenly said trying to make sure the mood didn't get to gloomy, "Isaac has something to give you Stiles."

Both Isaac and Stiles glared at the female werewolf. When the human Alpha directed his attention to Isaac he set his eyes downward as he searched his pockets for something.

"It's all scrunched up," Isaac mumbled pulling out of his pocket an apple snack pie.

"Aw, thank you." Stiles said taking the snack with a fond smile on his face. "But why?"

Isaac sighed not knowing how to word what he wanted to say.

"We was mad that he made you mad." Erica answered for her packmate with a roll of her eyes.

"Thanks Erica." Isaac said with gritted teeth.

Stiles froze for a minute before he exploded in hysterical laughter. They were truly a mess weren't they? Reaching over he hugged Isaac to his side and laid his head on his shoulder.

"Its fine Isaac, you acted impulsively, I acted impulsively, let's just call this a loss on both our parts and let it go." Stiles suggested. Isaac smiled brightly looking more than happy to take him up on his offer.

"Not that I don't love getting cavities from your cuteness, but what about Stiles dad?" Scott asked bringing them back to the much bigger problem on the table.

Boyd shrugged. "This could be a good thing. Having the Sheriff on our side can bring nothing but benefits for us."

"He was bound to find out anyway," Lydia said with a careless shrug, "what with how much you wolves keep sleeping over at Stiles' place."
"Maybe he can help us when we play another game of Pancake Frenzy." Allison had to stop herself from bursting into laughter.

It looked as if the other Werehoodies were holding in laughter just like she was, well except for Stiles.

With a surprised gasp, Stiles took his head off of Isaac's shoulder. "You guys played a game of Pancake Frenzy without me?!"

"It was what we did for the Alpha exchange," Scott snickered, "I suggested it of course."

Stiles mouth made an 'o' shape as he nodded in remembrance.

"Do we even want to know what you're talking about?" Isaac asked shooting Boyd and Erica confused looks.

Stiles waved his hand at him dismissively. "You'll find out later."

Just then Derek reentered the house with a hard to figure out look on his face. It looked like he was worried, a little confused, and more than a little concerned.

"Uh Derek? You okay?" Stiles asked hesitantly knowing good and well that if his father has a long drawn out conversation with you it's never a good one.

Derek turned his gaze to the human Alpha. "What is the Stilinski Battalion?"

Stiles blinked before he smiled over at the werewolf. "Oh, that's just what I call my family because of their jobs."

"Meaning?" Derek asked with narrowed eyes.

"Well," Stiles raised his chin in thought. "I come from a big 'protect and serve' type of family. My grandfather was the Chief of Police of the LAPD. His brothers were a part of the Army and the Marines. My oldest great uncle was an awesome General in the Army. His five kids grew up to be Captains, Majors, and even Colonels in the army! My other great uncle was a Sergeant Major for the Marines and his four kids became Sergeants and even First Sergeants in the Marines."

The room stood stunned while Stiles smiled on obliviously.

"So yeah, that's why I call them the Stilinski Battalion," Stiles told all of them, "my family is pretty much a group of warriors and I'm the baby of the family."

"...Stiles, are you serious?" Jackson said with a slow smile coming onto his face as he looked from Derek to Stiles and back again.

"No, why do you ask?" Stiles asked him innocently.

Meanwhile, Derek continued to stand in the entrance of the living room, face blank, and body completely frozen.

…

At night, in the deepest corner of the forest near Beacon Hills, horrible screams could be heard echoing throughout the trees. The yells shook the entire forest making even the animals that called this place home cower in fear.
The Minonme that had been making all the noise was dropped onto the ground bleeding profusely on pretty much every section of its body.

The hybrid tried to stand up but couldn't due to the amount of pain he was in. He could do nothing but stare up at the blood red eyes that were looking down at him.

"I try get treasure. Treasure me get." The Minonme breathed heavily struggling to get out his words.

"I told you not to touch the human Alpha did I not," The red eyed man held up the piece of Stiles' shirt, "What is this?"

"I only care about treasure." The Minonme answered reaching out his hand to try and take Danny's laptop out of the man's other hand.

The red eyed individual gave the hybrid a feral smirk. "Wrong answer."

Birds scattered into the sky in all directions once they heard the sickeningly cracks and snaps of bones.

The red eyed man threw the head of the Minonme next to the rest of its assorted body parts on the ground. Sharply he turned to the three other Minonmes who backed up immediately once his attention was on them.

"You'll join your friend if you don't do exactly what I tell you to do," The red eyed man told them holding up the shirt piece, "he does not have your treasure! Understand?"

The Minonmes nodded obediently.

"His pack however does indeed have the treasure you're looking for," The red eyed man smirked at them his sharp teeth shining brightly, "don't even ask them for it this time just go over there and kill them!"

Again, the Minonmes nodded and began to walk away from him.

The red eyed man sighed rubbing a hand over his face. Bringing up Stile's shirt piece up to his face he inhaled the scent and sighed contently.

"We will be reunited." He swore before walking further into the darkness of the forest.

…

We'll see more of Pancake Frenzy in the next chapter.

In this chapter we got to see more of the "main villain" in this chapter. I think you'll be pleased with what I have planned for him.

I'm sorry, I know I went a little crazy with Stiles' family. It's just that I can't get over the idea of him coming from a 'protect and serve' type of family as I called it. Don't lie and say you've never thought of it either!

Thank you so much for reading!
We get more fluff in this chapter.

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…

"Okay, everything's set up?" Stiles asked for what probably felt like to everyone else the hundredth time.

Scott groaned. "Yes Stiles."

The hyperactive teen could tell that all of them were getting tired of him asking them question after question but he didn't care, he was completely against this.

"Did I mention that I am completely against this?" Stiles asked them while standing in the front of the living room. "I stated that for the record?"

"Yes." All of them said at the same time.

The pack was regretting keeping the next part of the courting from Stiles, it was turning out to be a complete and total disaster.

The next part of the courting, which actually still included part three somewhat, involved the packs of the Alphas to work together on a project. The ones that knew about this in advance had no idea what they were going to do when they got to this part. Luckily, Derek had come to their rescue and suggested that they repair his house for their project.

Of course there were a couple of complaints from several of the packmates but they quickly shut up once Derek pointed out to them that the sooner his house gets repaired, the sooner they get a better base of operations.

This led to everyone agreeing begrudgingly to assist in the repair of the house and everyone was fine from then on.

That was until Stiles found out what they were doing.

(Flashback)

"Huh?" Stiles blinked over at Derek surprised.

"They're going to fix up my house." Derek repeated for him, which was a miracle in itself because he was not big on saying things twice.

"Again I say huh?" Stiles looked over at the werewolf like he was crazy.

"Fix your house as in house repair," Whether Stiles was explaining this to himself or Derek neither of them were really sure, "with power tools and building equipment and things like that?"

"Building equipment is usually needed to build a house." Derek told him smartly.

"Oh." Stiles started at him wide eyed for a brief second before he exploded. "Have you lost your
"furry little mind?"

Derek winced at the high volume of his voice.

"You're going to let Scott McCall and Jackson Whittemore use power tools?" Stiles cried out in panic. "They'll all die!"

"Has anyone ever told you'd be a good actor, you're extremely overdramatic?" Derek rubbed his ear trying to get the echoing to stop.

Stiles huffed and folded his arms at him expectantly.

"Have you forgotten that most of them are werewolves? Any damage that they could do to themselves they could easily heal from." Derek reminded the human Alpha. "They could fall off the roof and be able to walk it off."

Stiles couldn't help but see the logic in that, but that didn't sway his determined gaze.

Derek glared at him in frustration. "You're going to make your instincts act up again. Do you want to have another panic attack?"

That was all it took to make Stiles see reason, they did not want another repeat of the Minonme incident.

"Fine, I'll try and be sane this one time." Stiles promised with a sigh before a thought struck him. "At least you're going to be there to watch them."

"Actually…"

"What?!"

(End Flashback)

"Remember all of the food is in the kitchen," Stiles reminded them, "I packed a whole bunch of it for everybody, I even packed some meat in the cooler so you guys can grill if you want."

"So you've told us." Jackson said with a roll of his eyes.

Stiles carried on with his fretting as if Jackson hadn't interrupted him. "There's also a first aid kit right next to the food just in case things get a little crazy, which is pretty much a guarantee with this group."

Boyd couldn't help but snort. His eyes widened as he suddenly found himself being shaken at his shoulders by Stiles. Somehow he was able to run up to him without being noticed.

"You are in charge," Stiles told him slowly, "doesn't matter what anyone else says, you are the head honcho."

Amused, Boyd nodded his head obediently.

"Make sure everybody is careful with the power tools. Don't have them get to crazy, be sure to speak up when they do something you don't like. You better not let them push you around."

Stiles would have said more but he was too busy being carried out of the door by Derek like a sack
of potatoes.

"Have fun!" Scott waved them off enthusiastically.

"Don't kill each other." Stiles pleaded.

"No promises," Scott said with a grin before he slammed the door shut behind them.

Stiles was grateful when he was finally put down in front of his jeep.

"This is going to be nothing but a mess." Stiles declared as if it was a fact.

"Most likely." Derek agreed getting in the passenger's side of the jeep. Once the werewolf was in, Stiles drove off the Hale property and back to the streets of Beacon Hills.

The two of them didn't have anything planned today, as usual, which was fine with them. Stiles was always for spontaneous fun, it was the best kind in his opinion. Derek didn't seem to care what they did so that was even better for Stiles.

"I'm going to miss driving in your Camaro." Stiles suddenly said.

Derek narrowed his eyes at the human Alpha. "So am I."

Stiles bit his lip and looked over at the werewolf excitedly. "Want to get a new car?"

"I'll get one this weekend." Derek told him. "I already know what I'm getting, the same model as my old car."

"Oh Derek," Stiles rolled his eyes at him. "There you go being so bland and predictable again. You have to try something new sometime."

"Meaning?" Derek asked with a raised eyebrow.

Stiles grinned over at him. Making a completely illegal turn, Stiles turned them around and drove off in the opposite direction of where they were going.

…

"Finally, now that mom and dad are gone, we can get this thing started." Erica proclaimed in relief.

"You want to get this started?" Isaac raised an eyebrow at her.

"Just so we can get it over with." Erica replied with a shrug.

Jackson sat up from the couch standing next to the two of them. "I agree with blondie, let's just hurry up and do this."

"My name is Erica," The female werewolf growled.

Jackson rolled his eyes at her unconcerned. "What do I care?"

"Okay, okay, okay," Scott came in between the two of them when it looked like Erica was about to charge at the arrogant jock, "let's settle down people. Damn, we didn't even get started yet and you guys are already at each other's throats."

Allison shook her head as she looked over the plan for the building Derek was surprisingly nice
enough to give them.

"I don't know how we are supposed to do this by ourselves." Allison confessed worriedly. "We should have taken Derek up on his offer and got help from one of the Sheriff's contracting friends."

Yes, after the Sheriff threatened Derek with the Stilinski Battalion he did ask him what he knew about repairing houses. The Sheriff stated that he knew a couple good contractors in town that were the best money could buy. The Werehoodies and Leatherwolves later declined stating that they could do this by themselves though.

"Relax Allison," Scott blew off her worry with an easy smile, "we don't need a contractor for this place. It's pretty burnt but not completely unfixable."

"The whole upper left side of the house is completely exposed." Danny exclaimed as if Scott forgot this.

"I know but we have a plan." Scott said as if plan making was something new to him. "We all did it together."

"Just because we have a plan McCall doesn't mean it's going to work," Lydia looked around the house in slight concern, "We have no idea what we're doing."

"You guys are depressing," Scott pouted, "honestly, it's not like we can make this house look even worse."

None of them had anything to say to that.

"Alright," Scott slipped on one of their construction helmets, "let's get started!"

…

"Stop looking at me like that." Derek grunted gripping the wheel of his new car tightly as they made a sharp turn.

Stiles had the most absolutely smug grin on his face. He didn't look like he could be anymore happy than he was now.

"Admit it, I did. Stiles did good." The hyperactive teen nodded in satisfaction.

Both Stiles and Derek were cruising down the streets in the werewolf's brand new Mustang. It was black with just a little of bit of red on the sides, Stiles idea of course.

"I don't see why we had to drop off your car at your house just so we could ride in this car together." Derek stated.

Stiles gasped. "So I can miss Blaze's first voyage into the streets. You can't hog that privilege buddy!"

"You're lucky I let you in here at all," Derek said before his burrow furrowed, "and I know damn well you didn't name my new car."

Stiles shrugged happily. "It's what I do."

Derek rolled his eyes but didn't comment further. As much as he hated to admit it, this car was much better than the one he initially wanted, not to mention it felt good to be driving again.
"Oh, stop here," Stiles said suddenly recognizing where they were, "I want to see something."

The werewolf did what he was told parking near the open field Stiles had been looking at.

Stiles quickly got out of his seat and was soon pulling Derek out of his by the arm. "Come on."

"Whatever you want to see isn't going anywhere." Derek told him.

Stiles paid him no attention, he just continued to tug him to the very center of the field.

Once they reached the center of the field, Stiles spun himself around and held out his hands gleefully.

"This used to be my favorite place to be as a kid." Stiles announced fondly. "My mom used to take me here all the time, it was our spot."

Derek didn't say anything, so Stiles took that as a cue to continue on.

"She called this the sunset field because of how perfect this place was for looking at the sun setting." Stiles proclaimed softly lying down on the grass and looking up at the sunset.

The sun, from where the two of them were, looked simply divine in the sky. Clouds came and went past the sphere of light like they were dancing beside it. It truly looked like a work of art, the vibrate colors that skewed across the sky. This periodic event of the day looked as precious as a rare gem in a field of coal.

"Have you ever done this, just sat back and watched the sky I mean?" Stiles looked up at the werewolf curiously.

Derek stared down at him for a moment before he laid down next to Stiles in the grass.

"I guess you could say I moon watched with my father," Derek stated shooting Stiles a brief look, "when it wasn't a full moon out of course."

Stiles eyebrows rose. "Is that just a wolf thing or was your dad just a really artsy type of guy?"

Derek chuckled. "He was a closet poet, he loved making poems about anything he found to be beautiful."

"Do you know any of them?" Stiles asked in a gentle yet excited tone. He would be the first to admit he wasn't much of an art guy but still couldn't help but feel ecstatic to hear anything related to Derek's parents.

The werewolf let out a long sigh before he conceded. "Like an angel in the darkness, it lights up the night sky. Like a wolf who's triumphed over a mighty enemy, it shines like no other. Like the white light at the end of that sacred tunnel, it gives relief. The moon, truly beauties incarnate."

Stiles mouth slowly opened and closed, his face shining in delight everywhere.

Derek huffed and averted his eyes from him. "It was my dad's alright! Don't think I'm into that ridiculous poem making."

Which is why you had the poem memorized, Stiles said to himself but didn't dare utter out loud.

"Hey, you make it sound like making poems is a bad thing," Stiles said jokingly, "that was really good Derek."
"Whatever," Derek said dismissively turning his gaze back up to the sky.

Both of them laid there for a minute or two, basking in the atmosphere and the company they were enjoying. Despite Stiles being hesitant about today, because of the pack, he's is having an amazing time with Derek (something that he's slowly becoming accustomed to).

"Do you know anymore?" Stiles asked.

Derek looked over at him with a raised eyebrow.

"Of your Dads poem I mean." Stiles clarified.

"Which ones, he's made a lot of them." Derek announced dryly, it was hard to tell if he wanted to say anymore of his father's poem or not.

Stiles shot him a curious look. "Surprise me."

Despite being somewhat embarrassed by this whole situation, Derek vocalized his father's poems. With the way he said them it was almost like they were embedded into his skull.

Before either of them knew it, Stiles found himself curled around Derek's side with his head on his chest. Derek had his hand on his waist still saying those beautiful poems his father made.

…

"We did it!" Scott shouted in celebration.

The teens a clasped their drink glasses together. They were successfully able to put some more wood on the inside of the house to give it more support so that it will look and be less flimsy that before. They hadn't done much, but for a group of kids who had no idea what they were doing it wasn't that bad.

"We should have had more faith in us like you did." Allison kissed her boyfriend on the cheek which made him light up in joy.

"Yes we did," Erica gestured to herself, Boyd, and Isaac. She shot the rest of them a smirk. "You all weren't that bad either."

"Was that a compliment Reyes?" Lydia asked in a fake innocent voice.

Erica shrugged in amusement. "Take it as you will."

"You know what I think we should do to celebrate?" Scott rubbed his hand in anticipation.

"Eat and then go to sleep?" Isaac suggested letting out a small yawn after he spoke.

Scott just smirked and moved over to his truck.

"Really McCall?" Lydia rolled her eyes in exasperation.

"It's a Stilinski tradition," Scott proclaimed opening the trunk and taking out a number of boxes out of it. "And since we're unofficial Stilinski's we might as carry on this tradition."

"Stiles? What about him?" Isaac immediately perked up when the human Alpha was mention, which caused Jackson to scowl at him.
"Well," Scott said drew out opening some of the boxes, "the Stilinski's have a... game they play when they want to do something special."

Some of the Werehoodies chuckled, knowing exactly what was coming, but the Leatherwolves were completely stumped.

Erica frowned impatiently. "Well, out with it already! I can't-

The female werewolf was silenced as she was hit dead on with a projectile. Slowly taking it off her now buttered up face, Erica tried to collect herself from her shock.

"A pancake?" Erica looked at the breakfast food in shock. "Did you just hit me with a pancake?"

"It's Pancake Frenzy!" Scott threw up his hands in excitement before he realized what he was doing. "Having Stiles as a best friend has done wonders for me."

"Are you people insane?" Erica cried out looking at the extremely amused Werehoodies like they were aliens.

"Nope," Allison piped in taking some pancakes from one of the boxes herself, "we're just Stilinski's."

With that, and with amazing aim, the Huntress threw two pancakes at Boyd. The werewolf turned his head to the side and dodged them.

"You missed." Boyd told her with a smirk.

Allison smirked back at him before taking another pancake and throwing it swiftly at him.

His eyes widened as he didn't have time to dodge this time and was hit right in the face.

"Ha, right in the face!" Scott clasped hands with his girlfriend. He was going to have to thank the Pancake House down the street for giving him all these pancakes, they even gave him a discount for buying so many of them.

The pancake slowly fell from Boyd's frozen face, which now had butter all over it. He sighed before running over and grabbing some pancakes from another box near Scott's truck.

Both Scott and Allison gasped and ducked out of the way as they tried to dodge the pancakes.

Jackson huffed and folded his arms stubbornly. "This game is stupid."

"You liked playing it before." Danny commented taking a sip of his drink.

"That's because I was able to hit Hale in face twenty times." Jackson pointed out as if it was obvious.

The jock grunted as he was hit in the back of the head with a pancake. Menacingly he turned around and saw Isaac looked over at him smugly.

"Everybody like blueberries right?" Isaac smirked and threw another blueberry pancake at him.

Jackson dodged and moved over the pancake boxes. "Oh, you are so dead Lahey!"

Danny sighed sitting beside Lydia as they watched their friend run around and throw pancakes at each other, surprisingly they didn't find this as weird as they would have a couple months ago.
"Hey nerds."

Both him and Lydia looked over to see Erica looking down at them ominously with a stack of pancakes in each hand.

"Sitting time is over!" Erica grinned at them evilly.

And with that the full on pancake brawl had begun.

…

Please excuse the Mustang, I heard that they were just as badass as Camaro's (I know nothing about cars so I'll let all of you be the judge).

You guys finally saw Pancake Frenzy, you guys wanted to see that for a long time.

Also, excuse those crappy poems. I made them myself and I know that I am not a poet in any way shape or form.

I felt good when writing this chapter but I don't know if you guys will feel the same way.

Thank you all so much for reading!
Hello, everyone! I've been working really hard at school, you wouldn't believe how hard. It always makes me feel better when I come home and start writing this story because it really takes my mind away from everything. I love writing this story!

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…

"Why don't you want to be a werewolf?"

"Hm?" Stiles looked up his mouth full of apple slices. Somehow he was able swallow them all simultaneously with one big gulp.

"Say what?" Stiles asked taking a slice of orange and stuffing it into his mouth.

"Why don't you want to be turned into a werewolf?" Isaac repeated patiently. Both he and Stiles were sitting on a bench observing the reconstruction of the Hale house. Isaac was currently taking a break from working and now just watching his pack and the contractors work on the house.

The pack had been pleased with the improvements they made to the Hale mansion but they quickly found themselves running out of supplies and tools. The basic point was that they weren't contractors and they could only go so far with what they know. Luckily Sheriff Stilinski, being the intelligent man that he was, foresaw this and had already made arrangements for his contracting buddies to come over and work on the house.

Now, there were experts helping the pack out with the Hale mansion. Some pack members were skeptical of their help, claiming that this was still supposed to be a pack project. Lydia was quick to point out that since Stiles father was practically pack being related to their Filikos Alpha this still counted as a pack project (and she also was tired of doing manual labor).

"I have no reason to be one," Stiles admitted with a casual shrug.

Isaac blinked over at him. "What do you mean?"

Stiles sighed sliding the tray of assorted fruits and vegetables away for the moment.

"This werewolf business is serious Isaac, once you're turned you can't be turned back." Stiles reminded him looking over at him sternly. "Getting the bite isn't something you should just get without any thought to it."

By the look on Isaac's face it was clear he didn't get what Stiles was talking about. "What do you mean, if you took the bite it wouldn't be without thought, you'd be able to…"

"Be one of you?" Stiles smirked turning his eyes to the werewolf.

"Do the things that we do," Isaac corrected knowing that this could turn ugly very fast, "like run faster, heal quicker, and fight better. You'd even be able to hunt with us which is something I read both Alpha's are supposed to do with their cubs."

Stiles resisted the urge to sigh as Isaac scooted closer to him on the bench at that last part. The
clever little brat was trying to soften him up.

"Hey, I'm not saying that being a werewolf doesn't have its benefits," Stiles reassured him, "like everything else in life there's good and bad things to it. I just don't feel I need it. I've been kicking ass without powers all this time so why do I need them now? I don't feel I need to be faster or heal quicker and I can hunt with you guys if you ask me to, that's something humans can do."

Isaac shook his head, that wasn't the point that he was trying to get across.

Stiles knew that his explanation wasn't enough for the curly haired werewolf. It was obvious that he was leaving something out of what he was saying but he just didn't quite know how to word it.

"There was something my mom told me," Stiles said sadly making Isaac perk up in interest, "it was before she died and something she made me swear to. She said-"

"Stiles." Derek barked stomped over to the bench.

Said teen flinched causing Isaac to actually glare at his Alpha as he approached them. Either Derek didn't feel the tense mood in the air or he just ignored it as he walked up to them.

"The Hunters want to talk to us." Derek announced grimly.

Stiles raised an eyebrow at him. "So?"

"So?" Derek ran a hand over his mouth. "Of all the things for you not to take seriously you choose our greatest enemy?"

"Since they haven't done anything to us in months I doubt we can call them our greatest enemy," Stiles rolled his eyes at Derek's theatrics, "they're more like an annoying bug we have to watch out for."

"Stiles!" Derek growled warningly.

"Oh god, Derek cool your tits!" Stiles cried out, "it's just a meeting right? That means they just want to talk to us."

"They want to 'discuss' the joining of our packs." Derek told him with the slightest hint of a growl in his voice. He already couldn't stand Hunters, for very obvious reasons, now they were getting into his personal affairs.

"What the hell for?" Isaac growled his fist tightening together. "You should have just told them it was none of their damn business."

"I hope that you guys never go into politics because you guys would suck horribly at it." Stiles shook his head at the curly haired werewolf.

"I just got a text from them," Derek showed off his phone for emphasis before staring pointedly at Stiles. "How did they get my number?"

"I gave it to Chris." Stiles told him with a shrug taking his phone out and seeing that he had gotten a text from Chris as well.

"Don't give me that look," Stiles said as he could practically feel Derek's heated gaze on him "we need to keep the peace with the Hunters in town Derek."

"Stiles-"
"It's either we do that and only have to deal with problems outside of Beacon Hills or have to deal with problems inside and outside Beacon Hills. It's either one or the other." Stiles told the other Alpha with a shrug.

Derek's jaw clenched but he didn't say anything further.

Stiles grinned at him as he walked over and leaned on his shoulder.

"Relax Sourwolf we make a good negotiating team, remember how well we broke the news about all this to my dad?" Stiles grinned got bigger as Derek looked at him like he was insane.

The conversation with Stiles' dad was…an interesting one. At some points it went exactly the way they thought it would and others it went the exact opposite way. John, like any normal human being, freaked out when Derek showed him his wolfed out face and revealed to him the werewolf community. After two hours of discussion, and one wrestling competition to get the gun out of his hands, John listened to reason and accepted the existence of werewolves.

What was a shock to both Derek and Stiles was how easily he took the courting of his son. Granted, easily meant that he only put his gun to Derek's face once and only threatened him fifteen times, but it could have gone worse. John was well aware of how stubborn his son was and knew that when he put his foot in something there was no getting him out of it. The only thing he made both of them swear to do was to keep him updated on everything supernatural that was going on in town, something both of them agreed to easily.

Derek glared at Isaac when it looked like he was trying to hold in his laughter.

"Come on, Derek we are the unstoppable twosome, an Alpha Pair. No stupid Hunters can stand up to us." Stiles said encouragingly before his voice carried a slight teasing tone within in it. "Unless your saying you're scared of them or something."

Derek looked like he was refraining from snapping his teeth at him. "Shut up and get in the damn car."

Stiles chuckled lightly to himself as he waved Isaac. "Hold down the fort for us Isaac, this might take a little while."

"Call us if you need backup." Isaac told him sternly.

Stiles rolled his eyes at him as he got into the passenger's seat of Derek's car. "Now who's being a mother hen? Don't worry we'll be fine."

Without another word, Derek sped off of the Hale property.

"Isaac!" Erica yelled walking over to her packmate. "Get your lazy ass over here, your break is over."

"Fine." Isaac said sitting up from the bench.

Erica's burrow furrowed as she looked around. "Hey, where did mom and dad go?"

"They have a meeting with the Hunters." Isaac grunted not looking happy about this in the slightest.

The female werewolf looked more than a little alarmed by this. "And what, they didn't want any backup?"
"I'm guessing it's an Alpha only meeting," Isaac informed her, "they want to talk about the courting."

Erica sighed throwing her hands up in defeat and walking back over to the house once again with Isaac right behind her.

Much to the contractors, and the packs surprise, the teens didn't get in the way. They were able to help in rebuilding the house in ways these contracting men never thought of.

"You kids are pretty good at this," One of the contractors said to Boyd as he secured a board, "you all thinking of going into this line of work."

"No," Boyd smiled politely at him, "we're just doing this to help a friend."

They were almost done actually, with the contractors there to help the pack the reconstruction of the house was simple. Now, the most that had to be done to the house was painting and decorating it, something Lydia was more than happy to get to.

"Thanks guys," Scott waved off the contractors as they got into the trucks and left the grounds. With a heavy sigh he sat down onto the floor tiredly.

"It's been a long day." Danny said handing Scott a bottle of water and sitting beside him.

Scott happily took the water and took a huge gulp of it. "Thanks Dan."

Danny rolled his eyes affectionately. "Stiles and those damn nicknames."

"Who are you telling?" Scott said with a snorted. "I'm pretty much going to be stuck with Potatoboy until the day I die, maybe even longer."

"I know you two are not complaining about nicknames, you guys got off easy," Allison told them before shooting Boyd an amused look, "isn't that right Boyd?"

"I hate you all." Boyd grunted walking past them to sit down on the bench and take a bite of some of the fruit next to him.

"I can't wait until we're done with this place so I can claim my room." Erica commented sitting next to Boyd and Isaac on the bench.

Isaac raised an eyebrow at her. "Who said you get a room?"

Erica smacked him on the arm. "All the work I put into this place? Derek will be lucky I let him and Stiles keep the master bedroom."

The pack shared a small laugh together, letting the feeling of calmness nature was providing for them take hold. This was a moment all of them could enjoy together.

Of course, nothing ever stays quiet and peaceful for this group for long.

It started with a small shake, barely noticeable if you weren't looking for it. Then it steadily increased, the shake and rumbling of the earth was getting louder and more powerful.

"Oh, don't tell me." Jackson groaned burying his head in his hand.

"They're here again," Allison gasped standing up and brushing off the dirt from her jeans.
Lydia looked down at the ground frantically before she looked over at her friends. "What should we do?"

"We do what any werewolf pack does when their land's threatened," Boyd said sternly facing the pack, "we stay and fight."

"I guess we don't have a choice." Scott said with sigh.

Allison gestured for Danny and Lydia to follow her. They quickly went to the car and got their weapons.

Danny's hands were trembling as he put his gun together, this was going to be his and Lydia's first official fight against the supernatural and needless to say that he was literally shaking in his boots.

Comfortingly, Lydia put a hand on his shoulder. Danny turned and gave her a confused look.

"We're going to be fine," Lydia said surprising him with her gentleness, "we're a part of a team, a team of mostly idiots, but a team nonetheless. If worst comes to worst we can just use the werewolves as meat shields so we can escape."

Danny chuckled despite his nervousness.

The ground unearthed revealing three Minonmes, looking just as fierce and unstoppable as the previous one. Aside from horn sizes all of them looked exactly the same.

"Everyone remember the plan?" Scott asked as he cracked his knuckles in anticipation.

After they got attacked the first time by the Minonme they all came up with a strategy they all thought would work. They didn't tell Derek and Stiles about it though because they didn't know if it could work or not and they wanted to prove their competence.

The rest of the pack nodded before turning back to the Minonme just in time to see them all charging at them.

Allison, Danny, and Lydia fired their weapons at the Minomes feet causing them to stumble and lose some of their speed. Seeing this, Boyd, Scott, and Jackson charged at the Minonmes. Extending their claws they slashed at their eyes causing them to howl in pain.

The Minonmes held their hands to their eyes reeling from the blow they sustained. In a panicked rage they started swinging in any direction they could think of.

With perfect aim, Allison, Danny, and Lydia fired at the Minomes hands causing the Minonmes to draw them back, not in pain but in shock. Once again, the werewolves took this opportunity to strike.

With Erica and Isaac's help, Boyd lifted up one of the Minonmes and swung him around. It took an astounding amount of effort but the three of them were able to swing the Minonme so it hit the two other Minonmes causing all of them to fall face first into the ground.

"We're winning!" Jackson pumped his fist up in celebration.

Scott walked to stand beside him not taking his eyes off the Minonmes for a second. "It's not over yet."

"Must get treasure." One of the Minonmes said as he slowly started to stand up along with his
comrades. "Get treasure."

"This isn't going to work." Erica groaned.

"There still looking for treasure." Isaac pointed out. "Can't we give them something like we did last
time?"

"We don't have anything like that," Allison reminded him, "none of us have something that can be
thought of as a treasure. Do we?"

All of the pack shook their heads, all of them except one.

"Whittemore?" Erica said as she saw him very visibly stiffen. "Are you holding out on us?"

"Shut up blondie." Jackson hissed but it lacked its usual heat.

Erica narrowed her eyes and folded her arms. "Out with it Whittemore."

Jackson scoffed and turned his head away from them. "Just leave me alone. Let's just kill these
stupid things and get it over with."

"We can't idiot," Isaac glared at the jock fiercely, "just look at them, it'll take us forever to wear
them down this way."

Jackson growled and threw up his hands before stomping over to Danny's car. "Fine, whatever,
 fuck it!"

"Jackson?" Danny said in concern.

Without saying anything else to anybody Jackson walked past all of them with a black box in his
hands. Angrily he thrust the box in the Minonmes faces, luckily the hybrids' eyes had just
recovered.

The Minonmes froze staring down at the box longingly as if they could sense what was in it.

"Here, it's my one and only treasure." Jackson told them solemnly.

"You give to us." One of the Minonmes said pointing at the box.

Jackson nodded mutely. He jumped slightly as the box was torn out of his hands.

The Minone holding the box ripped it open and took what was inside which was a Rolex. Its case
was stainless steel, its dial was black with luminescent hour markers, and its bracelet was stainless
steel oyster.

"This is good treasure," The Minonmes looked at each other and nodding in agreement, "we must
leave to protect it at home like he said we can."

"He?" Jackson said with a raised eyebrow. "Who is he?"

The hybrids shuddered in unison. "We cannot speak of him, he is the Wanderer."

"The Wanderer?" Both of Jackson's eyebrows rose this time.

"He is red eyed Alpha but he not like your Alpha." The Minonme began to explain. "He lost his
treasure and is looking for another treasure."
"We can say no more," Another Minonme said hastily, "we leave now."

Before another question could be asked the Minonme left presumably for good.

The pack stood together stunned. Carefully, Danny walked up to his best friend's side.

"Was that watch what I think it was?" Danny asked softly.

Jackson didn't say anything just choosing to stare down at the hole the Minonmes made.

It didn't need to be said, that Rolex was the one and only present that he had gotten from his parents.

Danny put a comforting hand on his best friends shoulder.

Today was a victory for the pack but it was one of sacrifice.

…

While all that was going on, Derek and Stiles were busy discussing with Chris all that was happening with the packs.

"We're making ourselves stronger so we can make Beacon Hills a safer place." Stiles informed the Hunter.

"So this is a business deal?" Chris asked with a raised eyebrow looking between the two Alphas.

Stiles couldn't fight off his wince. He looked up at Derek still feeling insecure about all of this.

Derek, as if knowing how he was feeling, looked at Stiles liked he was an idiot.

"Of course it isn't," Derek shot Chris a glare, "we are an Alpha Pair, we are mates for life."

"So this will make you strong?" Chris narrowed his eyes in suspicion.

"Stronger." Stiles corrected with a nod.

Chris turned his gaze to the human Alpha. "Can you honestly say that your pack is strong now, even as just a bunch of teenagers?"

"Don't underestimate us Chrissy boy," Stiles said with a grin, "it might be the last thing you ever do."

…

Yes, Jackson lost his Rolex but don't worry about him. I have something in store for Jackson that I know you all are going to love.

So we have some contractors coming to help the pack. I had it planned that they weren't going to do it themselves but I just wanted them to start on it themselves first.

I hope you guys are okay with the sudden "defeat" of the Minonme. You have to understand that their not characters or really that important to the plot, their just grunts used to do the antagonists dirty work.

See you all next chapter! Thank you for reading!
In this chapter we're going to get a little emotional in the middle. I'll let you be the judge of whether I am a successful heart string puller or not.

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"Get off me." Jackson let out a long-suffering sigh.

"Never!" Stiles cooed hugging Jackson's back tightly as he rubbed his head against the back of the jocks head. He had his arms around Jackson's shoulder as he held on for dear life.

Jackson was walking through the hall and even went downstairs with Stiles on his back, he was completely unaffected by this new weight (something Stiles would take offense to later).

"I'm so proud of all of you." Stiles squealed his voice getting higher with each word.

Jackson rolled his eyes sitting down on the couch with Stiles barely having enough time to move his body so he was sitting beside him.

"That's great, now let go," Jackson ordered flipping on the television trying not to look in Stiles direction.

As soon as Stiles and Derek got back to the Hale Mansion they were shocked and delighted to hear that the wolves got rid of the Minonmes all by themselves. While Stiles had been very vocal about how proud he was of all of them, Derek was more subtle in his praise. Brief nods and clasps on shoulders was what he gave to all of them but it was more than enough to portray his message.

"Okay Stilinski," Jackson said having had about enough of this, "I know you're happy that the Minonmes are gone but can you get off me now?"

Stiles gave the jock a teasing smirk. "I'm not just happy the Minonmes are gone, I'm proud that all of you did it yourselves."

"Oh what, you didn't think we were smart enough to do it?" Jackson asked in a huff.

"Not together," Stiles admitted with a shrug, "this whole pack thing is new to us, I didn't think you'd be so quick to play well with the team."

"Hey, I can be a team player," Jackson protested and Stiles could have sworn he saw the slightest bit of a pout on his face, "just as long as nobody pisses me off."

"Which is pretty much all the time." Stiles replied with a smirk.

Jackson flicked his eyes back to the television screen telling Stiles all that he needed to know.

"You're a lie," Stiles pointed at him accusingly, "everything's a lie, the cake is a lie!"

"Cake? What cake?" Jackson raised an eyebrow at him obviously not getting the reference (not that he ever gets Stiles references).
Stiles furrowed his brow at him as he leaned his head on his knee. "There is no cake, I just told you it was a lie."

"What damn cake?" Jackson repeated already getting annoyed.

"There is no cake but there can be one." Stiles told him with a grin. "You want me to bake a cake? I'm admittedly in a red velvety type of mood."

"This conversation got stupid incredibly fast." Jackson grunted folding his arms over his chest.

Stiles checked his watch. "Not really, our earliest record is 1.2 minutes. So do you want the cake or not?"

"Whatever." Was all Jackson said to that. He didn't want to get into the strangeness and inner workings of Stiles Stilinski.

After a long stretch, Stiles stood up from the couch and made his way into the kitchen whistling a song to himself. He spotted his mother's cookbook in its usual place sitting on its stand.

Gently picking up the book, Stiles swiped his finger over its worn out cover. Sooner or later he was going to have to get a new cookbook, write down all the recipes, and put them in the new one because this one was really falling apart.

Stiles mother had this cookbook ever since she was a little girl, it was given to her by her mother when she was a young teenager and she's kept it ever since.

Flipping open the first page, Stiles was met face to face with a quote his mother wrote.

Never change

"Mom." Stiles whispered lowly. With this quote his mind suddenly took him back to that fateful day, the day that will be etched into his skull until the day he dies.

(Flashback)

Tears ran down Stiles face like a running faucet. His breathing was erratic, which was something he had to do with his mouth given how little control he had over himself at the moment.

"Mom." Stiles whimpered pitifully as he held onto his mother hands for dear life.

"Baby." Gabriel looked down at her son from her hospital bed with tired eyes. She seemed to be completely weak, her previous lively tan skin was now pale and lifeless. She was breathing slowly through her nose as if trying to catch her breath.

"Why? Can't you give her some better medicine?" Stiles head suddenly snapped up to the doctor standing opposite him from his mother's bed.

The doctor shook his head remorsefully. "I'm sorry son, but as I said there's nothing we can do."

Gabriel had been fighting the good fight against cancer for a while but it was finally time. She was starting to sleep a lot, she was not hungry or thirsty, and the pain she was feeling started to get so worse to the point that even her own sheets hurt her.

Stiles refused to believe that his mother was going to die, even when he was finally sat down and told what was going on. He never thought for a second that she would leave him.
Stiles sniffed staring up at the doctor with his eyes puffy and red from his tears. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Genim don't." His father ordered his voice struggling to maintain its usual force.

"Well-"

"You're a doctor, this is what you get paid for and you can't do anything!" Stiles was shouting at the top of his lungs, people in the hall had stopped to look and see what the commotion was.

The doctor sighed knowing that whatever he said at this point would do him no good. "We saw that-"

"I don't care what you saw! I don't care!" Stiles yelled coming around the bed and facing the doctor. "My mom's dying, fix it! Fix it now!"

"There's nothing we can do." The doctor repeated softly.

Tears were continuing to stream down Stiles face. In pure blind rage he picked up the tray next to his mother's bed and threw it in the direction of the doctor, just barely missing him.

"Genim, that's enough!" John commanded coming over and grabbing his son by the waist when it looked as if he was going to run up to the doctor.

"I hate you, I hate you!" Stiles glared at the doctor angrily. His voice was twisting into a tone that was almost unrecognizable from his normal one. He kicked his feet and struggled with all his might to break his father's grip.

"Genim!"

Stiles froze as he heard his mother voice, he slowly looked over and saw her eyeing him sadly.

"Mom?" Stiles voice again became a soft whimper.

The young boy flew into his mother's arms as soon as she opened them for him. He buried his head into her shoulder, finding a small bit of comfort as she held him.

"You can't mom, you can't-"

Gabriel hushed her only child. She pet his hair gently staring down at him lovingly.

"I know you're scared sweetie, I am to," Gabriel admitted to her son, "but it's going to be alright, we'll get through this."

"I have no regrets," Gabriel tearfully confessed looking from her son to her husband, "the years I've spent with both of you have been the best moments of my life. I love you both with everything I am."

"Gab." John said before he silenced himself as he felt his voice starting to break. He said wouldn't do this, he wouldn't cry and upset his son even more than he is now.

"Stiles." The boy looked up into his mother's eyes, he could see her getting weaker and weaker by the second. "You are so beautiful, you're funny, handsome, kind, smart, and so very talented. You have been the light of my life ever since you were born. Promise me one thing."

"Whatever you want mom." Stiles sniffled staring into her eyes.
"Don't ever lose that light sweetie, don't ever change yourself." Gabriel pleaded with her son.

"I won't mom, I won't." Stiles swore with a nod.

Gabriel wished she could have said something else, everyone wanted her to, but her time was up. With that glorious smile she was known for she closed her eyes and fell onto her bed pillow, her grip loosening on her son.

The screams of Stiles could be heard from every corner of the hospital.

(End Flashback)

"Stiles, Jackie boy?"

Stiles finally came back to reality as he heard his fathers voice and the slam of the front door. He turned to the kitchen door and saw Jackson staring at him with an unreadable expression on his face.

John came into the kitchen and greeted the both of them with a polite smile.

"What's up kiddies?" John greeted slipping his jacket off and putting it a chair before going to get something to drink.

Stiles let out a small breath as he closed his mother's cookbook and set it on the table. "Yo dad, your home early for a change?"

"Yeah, apparently that emergency I was told about wasn't as serious as we thought," John said taking a big gulp of water.

"Really?" Stiles asked him with somewhat feigning interest as he was still reeling from that dive into his past. He ignored Jackson's eyes that he knew were on him, he didn't really care why the jock was watching him so much at the moment.

John snorted. "Yeah, they got the piece of paper out of the printer by the time I got there."

Stiles smiled feeling himself slowly turning back to his old exuberant self.

John looked down and saw his son leaning on the kitchen table above his late wife's cookbook.

"You're still using her cookbook?" John asked him.

The hyperactive teen furrowed his brow at him. "Yeah, what's wrong with that? I'm going to make a cake. Jack-Jack has a sweet tooth."

He couldn't help but smirk in amusement when he heard Jackson growl at him.

"Can anyone in this house call me by my name?" Jackson grunted angrily.

"No." Both Stilinskis echoed in unison, they didn't even bother to look in his direction.

"There's nothing wrong with it." John said though the look in his eyes said something different, "I just thought that you would carry on your mother's tradition by now."

Stiles tilted his head not having a clue what he was talking about.

John shook his head. "It's nothing. You said you were making a cake?"
"Yeah, but you're not getting any," Stiles said with a snort as he sat up once again, "I know you've been slipping on your diet again."

"I have not." John protested.

"I did see him sneaking in some Wendy's the other night." Jackson proclaimed in a honey sweet voice.

Stiles folded his arms and stared at his father expectantly.

John shot a glare at the smug looking jock. "I liked you better when you were quiet."

"I bet you do old man." Jackson replied with a smirk.

Jackson's and John's relationship was indeed a strange one, only in the sense that it was impossible to identify what the relationship was. They weren't hostile toward each other, they never were actually. Despite Jackson's jerkish appearance he did seem to have some sort of respect for the Sheriff. However, Stiles noticed recently that they were starting to engage in conversations with each other without his help now. They didn't have a father-son relationship that was for certain (Stiles believes that it would be a couple years before Jackson could accept something like that) but they did seem to like each other now.

Stiles phone buzzed right out of the blue in his pocket.

"It's Derek." Stiles announced reading off the sender of the text. He tried to ignore his father's very loud scoff.

"He said he'll be here in a couple minutes, he needs to tell me about something." Stiles read from his phone before putting it away.

"That's just wonderful." John stated sarcasm dripped from his word. He slammed his glass drink down on the kitchen counter as he moved into the living room.

Stiles pouted following his father footsteps. Jackson flopped down on the love chair and started digging his phone for something.

"I saw that look," Stiles pointed at his father accusingly, "you were showing off your 'I hate everything about my life' look."

"So you did." John nodded at his son casually while flipping open some of his files and burying his face in them.

Stiles whined. "Come on dad! At least act like you're going to give Derek a chance, he's a good guy once you get to know him."

Jackson snorted very loudly which made Stiles turn around and glared at him.

"Okay, I will admit that he can be an asshole from time to time but he doesn't mean it." Stiles said fixing his argument.

"Ha!" Jackson shouted loudly his voice echoing through the room.

"Alright fine," Stiles cried throwing up his hands in defeat, "he's an asshole but he's a lovable asshole, just like Scott's a lovable idiot. Nobody's perfect and you shouldn't just look at his bad traits."
"This isn't about his bad traits son," John said throwing down his files knowing now that he wasn't about to get any work done now, "well, it is but that's not the main point. I know it doesn't matter to you that he's a werewolf but it sure as hell matters to me. He's dangerous Stiles and I don't have any reason to trust him."

"Dad-"

"But thankfully for you I'm not as judgmental as you say I am because if I was I would have drove you out of town and away from...him as soon as I realized that he had a thing for you." John pointed out staring at his son and just daring him to argue with him further.

"Oh." What else could Stiles really say to that?

"I'm going to give him a chance," John told his son to ease his mind, "but it's going to be an all or nothing deal."

Stiles raised his eyebrows at his father.

"He's responsible for looking after you when you all are doing all this supernatural crap," John said as he ran a hand over his face, "I know I can't do anything to protect you from this so this is his chance to be what you say he is."

"So...as long as he has my back when we're fighting he can be your son-in-law?" Stiles said with an excited smile.

John groaned. "Please don't push this Stiles."

"I think that's what's going to happen after this whole courting thing is done." Jackson stated loving how irritated John looked at the moment.

Stiles jumped as the doorbell rang, he turned his head to the door.

"There's my hubby now." Stiles proclaimed.

Jackson gave Stiles an absolutely disgusted look. "Did you just say hubby?"

"Let me get out of here before I lose my lunch seeing you two together." John said getting up and moving downstairs.

Jackson agreed getting up along with him. "Me too, I saw enough of Hale yesterday I don't need to see him today to."

"You guys know he's at the door and he can hear you right?" Stiles raised an eyebrow at both of them.

"Don't care." Both of them said before going upstairs.

Stiles shook his head at them fondly before running over to the door. With an eager smile he greeted his fellow Alpha.

"Hubby!" Stiles yelled.

"I thought we agreed to no cutesy names." Derek glared at the young Alpha fiercely.

Stiles, as he had been recently, was unaffected by the glare and still continued to smile at him. "I figured that was the one thing you could let slide."
"Why on earth would I do that?" Derek demanded.

The teenage Alpha looked at him like he was stupid. "Because of the kink factor!"

"Come on," Stiles urged interpreting Derek's shocked look whatever way he wanted to. "You never wanted to be called the Wolfman or Superman in bed. I know you wanna play Little Red Riding Hood."

"I'm going to kill myself!" Jackson suddenly shouted alerting them to the fact that he could hear everything they were saying.

"Don't use any of the knives in the kitchen." Stiles shouted back up to him.

Having about enough of this, Derek grabbed Stiles by the arm and dragged him outside and slamming the door behind them.

"Whoa, what's with all the urgency?" Stiles asked in concern taking his arm from Derek. "What happened this time?"

"I spoke to Hemsworth about the Minonmes and the Friffins." Derek stated.

"You talked to Hemsworth voluntarily?" Stiles asked whipping his head around as if he heard him wrong.

Derek grinded his teeth together. "He has valuable information about our situation, there wasn't much I could do."

Stiles nodded in agreement. "So, why did you speak to him? You want to find out what the hybrids next move is?"

"I noticed that they were going in a pattern, one that's very typical for werewolves." Derek informed the human Alpha.

Stiles blinked over at him. Walking backwards he leaned on his house door and made a motion for Derek to continue.

"It's called the 'Chase and Run Down' way of hunting." Derek said folding his arms. "The first one, the Chase, was the Friffins. They came into town and gave chase causing panic all just to see if anyone would respond to what they were doing."

"Anyone as in other werewolves." Stiles stated assuredly.

"After the Alpha finds out that there is a wolf pack in the area they start a Run Down. That means they are trying to scare the enemy Alphas by targeting their pack first, killing off as many as possible in order to anger them and cloud their judgment."

"What happens if that part fails, what if they can't kill anyone." Stiles heart was already beginning to race. He had an idea what was next to come but he hoped he was wrong.

Derek's grim expression didn't encourage his hopes any.

"They target the Alphas next, twice as hard as they went for the pack."

…

So in this chapter I explained specifically why Stiles doesn't want the bite and revealed what is
next on the agenda for the antagonist. I say that isn't that bad for one chapter. Of course Stiles reason for not becoming a werewolf will come up later in the story, I didn't just bring it up just to bring it up.

Jackson's gets something special next chapter you guys. I know some of you wanted him to be compensated this chapter but you'll have to be patient with me, trust me it is worth the wait.

I hope you guys liked it. Thanks for reading!
Hello everyone! How are you? I hope you all are doing good. If I don't post a chapter before Thanksgiving I want to say I hope you guys have a good one!

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"I know what you guys are doing." Stiles grumbled shifting his backpack on his shoulder awkwardly.

Allison, who was walking beside him with Scott and Isaac, smiled at him innocently but didn't answer his question. Isaac was walking closer than the two of them almost joining his and Stiles' sides together.

"We have no idea what you're talking about." Scott smiled at his best friend widely.

Stiles huffed giving a brief flail of his arms. "First you guys insisted on picking me, Jackson, and Isaac up on your way to school, then you guys stick with me when I went to my locker and now you're walking me to class?"

Scott opens his arms. "What else are friends for?"

"You guys think I'm stupid don't you?" Stiles asked them dryly. Isaac gave him a weak grin in response.

"No, just insane." Lydia said as she walked over to him just as gracefully as always.

Stiles supposed that this could be called karma, he's spent all this time acting like an overprotective mother wolf and now the "cubs" were returning the favor. Normally he would have been flattered by this, and he is mostly, but right now he was more mortified.

The human Alpha didn't know when or how Derek told the pack about his assumption regarding the next wave of hybrids but he knew he hadn't been subtle about it (like Derek is ever subtle about anything). He had been in his room, minding his own business and finishing up his homework when Isaac suddenly bust in. He looked utterly and completely frightened by what was going on and in complete panic mode. It took Stiles about an hour but he finally had been able to calm Isaac down.

That had been last night and Isaac hadn't left his side since.

"Well duh." Stiles replied to her comment as if that was obvious. Out of sheer curiosity he looked around, Jackson had left as soon as they parked the car.

"Has anybody seen Jack-Jack, Dan, Babe, and the Mighty E?" Stiles questioned his group of friends.

"The Mighty E?" Erica slowly said as she appeared pretty much out of nowhere with Boyd by her side.

Stiles shot her a small grin. "That's a temporary nickname until I can find a better one. I just didn't
want you to feel left out when everybody else had a nickname but you."

"Oh Stiles, always thinking of others." Erica stated with a roll of her eyes.

"Aren't I though?" Stiles chuckled before he looked around suspiciously to see if Jackson was walking up to them.

Quickly, Stiles took out a shoebox from his book bag and held it out in front of his friends. "Everybody pay up."

"For what?" Scott asked with a raised eyebrow.

"For the 'Jackson Rolex Fund' of course," Stiles said as if it was obvious, "have you all forgotten what happened to his old one?"

"You're trying to buy him a new one," Lydia raised an eyebrow at him, "as in a brand new Rolex?"

Stiles nodded his head in determination. "Sure, if everybody just pitches in a little bit we can get him a new one."

"Stiles," Allison said slowly as if talking to a child, "do you know how much a new Rolex costs?"

Stiles shrugged not looking like he cared all that much. "I don't know, a couple hundred bucks right?"

Lydia and Allison slowly looked at each other and then back at Stiles. With a sigh the strawberry blond pulled out her phone and quickly searched for something.

"Here, this is the cheapest new Rolex you can get." Lydia shoved her phone in his face.

Stiles squinted his eyes staring down at the phone. He gasped as he read the price and started stuttering inessentially.

"4-4-4-4000?!" Stiles shouted his voicing echoing throughout the hallway. Some stopped what they were doing to witness what was going on.

"I thought you said you were going to show me the cheapest one?!" Stiles asked Lydia his eyes frantic.

"That was one of the cheapest ones." Lydia answered with a shrug.

Stiles mouth was wide open, every once in a while he let out a small slightly crazed chuckle.

"Who the hell would pay that much for a damn watch?" Stiles asked himself aloud with a shake of his head.

"Rich people." Allison pointed out obviously.

"And all it does is tell time?" Stiles looked over at his friends helplessly thinking for some reason that it did more than that.

"It's not about telling time, it's about image," Lydia informed him, "having a Rolex shows not only your image but your status as well."

"Yeah, your image as an idiot," Stiles sighed throwing his box away and leaning on his locker. "Now what am I going to do?"
"Dude, there's not much you can do." Scott told him. "We can't even afford a four hundred dollar watch let alone a four thousand dollar one."

Stiles groaned sounding completely and totally defeated.

"What's up losers?" Jackson greeted casually coming up to the group with Danny by his side.

The human Alpha caught the slightly worried look Danny gave him and looked right back at him.

"Dan, please don't tell me your freaking out like everyone else is." Stiles pleaded just looking for any kind of good news.

Danny shrugged helplessly. "It doesn't help to be cautious Stiles."

"Weren't you guys always telling me not to stress out so much about everything?" Stiles shot at them.

"Weren't you always telling us that being protective of the pack was instinctual and something you can't control?" Boyd pointed out being as sharp as ever.

Stiles rolled his eyes. "Great, so this is karma for all of us, fate's a bitch."

"Hey," Stiles said once a thought struck him. "why aren't you guys looking after Derek like you are with me? He's a target too."

"Please," Erica scoffed, "if we tried to act all protective of him he'd either kill us or have us train all day and night."

"Besides we don't have to worry about Derek doing anything crazy, " Isaac looked at the human Alpha pointedly, "like, I don't know, ramming a car into a Minonme."

"You guys are never going to let that go are you?" Stiles said with a shake of his head.

The dry looks he got in response was his only answer to that question.

Stiles glared at them lightly. "Derek and I didn't raise you all to be so spiteful."

Jackson rolled his eyes. "You and Hale didn't raise us at all."

"That has nothing to do with what I said," Stiles said before he spun in Jackson's direction, "and don't be so informal with your father and calling him by his last name young man."

"First of all, I'm a couple months older than you," Jackson replied smartly, "and second of all, I am not now nor have I ever been on Team Hale."

"You're Team Stilinski." Scott reminded him with a smirk.

"I'm on Team Jackson," The jock snapped, "and that's all I've ever been on. I don't need you idiots, especially Hale."

"Jackson Hillary Whittemore," Stiles proclaimed sternly, "don't say things like that. You're in this pack whether you believe or not. We're like the four musketeers, all for one and one for all. Except, you know, we're not a group of four and we're not musketeers. What is a musketeer anyway? How is it any different from-"
"Hillary?" Isaac suddenly said breaking Stiles out of his rambling. He turned and saw the curly haired werewolf had the biggest shit eating grin on his face, it looked like Christmas just came early for him.

"Don't even start." Jackson ordered as he folded his arms.

"Your middle name is Hillary?" Scott asked trying to stop himself from laughing.

"This is gold." Erica smirked over at the jock looking like she was going to take him and swallow him whole.

"Oh my god Stiles." Danny said with a shake of his head though he had a small smile on his face.

"What?" Stiles looked around at everyone's amused expressions in confusion. "What's wrong with Hillary, I like it! It's unique and you guys know how much I like unique stuff. It's sure as hell better than my first name."

"Stilinski." Jackson hissed in slight mortification.

Stiles just blinked over at him not getting the joke in the slightest.

"What? I think the name Hillary suits you." Stiles smiled at the jock imitating any parent that found everything about their child adorable and precious.

That was when Jackson stomped away with a blush over his whole face as the rest of the group exploded into laughter.

…

"I'm so enxious about this." Stiles proclaimed practically bouncing in his seat.

"What?" Allison looked over at him in confusion.

"Stiles, are you combining words again?" Scott asked just knowing he was right. "Didn't we have a talk about this?"

"I can't help it, I'm just so excited/anxious about training today." Stiles cried out happily.

Today was going to be the first time both packs actually trained together. Derek had ordered that starting today they all started training together, which Stiles was more than happy to comply with. He's never seen Derek's training tactics but he was really eager to find out what they were (from the looks Isaac and Erica gave him he knew it was going to be rigorous).

"Derek is so going to kills us," Scott groaned already looking scared at the prospect of training with the Alpha.

"Don't worry Scott," Stiles patted his best friend on the back comfortingly, "I'm sure it won't be too bad, I mean this is our first training session."

Scott gave him a look that clearly made it seem like he was questioning his sanity.

"Have you met Derek? He's not exactly the type of take things easy, especially for us."

Stiles shrugged and gave him an easy smile. "He's learning that sometimes you have to be a bit more understanding in order to get your point across, he's getting better."
"Let's just hope he's learned enough." Allison said with a weak chuckle.

Stiles couldn't help but smile brightly as they drove up and saw the improved and almost fixed Hale Mansion. It won't be long now, just a couple more days and it would be finished. When the house is finished is when they can move onto the next step of the courting.

"Home sweet home," Stiles declared once they had parked and were in front of Derek's front porch. Of course Derek, being the somewhat impatient person that he is, was waiting on said porch for them feigning reading a book. Stiles would say he's feigning reading the book because his eyes haven't moved and he hasn't flipped a single page of his novel.

"Honey, I'm home!" Stiles announced loudly just as everyone else was getting out of their cars and walking to the front porch as well.

With a snap, the Alpha closed his book and looked over at his pack. To the untrained eye it seemed as if he was scoping out the teenagers in front of him but his eyes had been inspecting Stiles that whole time.

He gave a subtle nod of approval to Isaac when he saw him get out of Boyd's car and immediately moved to Stiles' side.

"Alright Mr. Epithetikos, what's on the agenda today?" Stiles asked rubbing his hands together in anticipation.

"Preparation for this new enemy, this new Alpha," Derek said slowly walking down the short porch stairs to be closer to the pack, "that means we're going to train how to defeat other werewolves."

Derek held up three fingers. "There are three factors that need to be acknowledged in order to defeat a werewolf. The first factor -"

"Innovation, predictability is not something that exists to werewolves in combat." Erica chirped with a small smirk.

Derek put his hands behind his back as he paced back and forth in front of all of them.

"The second factor -"

"Levelheadedness, you can't win a fight with a werewolf if you're not in the right state of mind." Isaac piped in this time.

"Elaborate." Derek stared at him pointedly.

Isaac took a deep breath before he continued. "In the heat of battle you might need to think up a clever strategy in order to win or survive, you can't do this if you aren't levelheaded."

Derek nodded seemingly satisfied with what he heard. He shot a look at Boyd.

"Third?"

"Observation, analyzing and overanalyzing your opponent can make a world of difference. One simple fact you heard them say or a single twitch in their movement could be the key to your victory." Boyd said knowledgably.

Derek gave a smirk to the Werehoodies who were more or less impressed with the Leatherwolves display. "I hope you all were taking notes because those three things are what we're going to be
focusing on."

Danny raised his hand up like he was in a classroom. "So what your saying is defeating a werewolf is pretty much all in the mind?"

"There's a lot more that goes into it but those three are the main points." Derek answered.

"Cool, let's do this." Jackson shrugged with an eager smirk on his face.

As everyone started to walk into the forest together, Stiles walked with Derek who chose to walk slower than everyone else.

"I don't know why I'm always impressed by the things that you do," Stiles said with a grin, "I should be used to the awesomeness that is Derek."

"I'm just teaching them what my parents taught me." Derek said briefly.

"Of course you are, like any good father would." Stiles shot back at him with a chuckle.

Derek rolled his eyes and started to walk faster. "I'm not the fatherly type."

Contrary to what Scott and Allison thought before, Derek was easy on them this time. Maybe it was just because this was their first official day training together, but he spent most of the time explaining what to do and how to do it. He made everyone get up and practice everything he explained until they knew to do it instinctively.

Stiles yawned loudly feeling relieved when Derek said they were going to call it a day. He was feeling utterly exhausted. It took a moment but everyone collected themselves and got all of their things ready so they could leave.

"We're getting ready to go," Stiles told Derek as he got all his stuff ready.

"Here." Derek threw him a small box before walking upstairs without another word.

Stiles burrow furrowed as he looked to the stairs to the box. Carefully he opened it and immediately gasped. Once the shock wore off a sly smirk appeared on his face.

"Not the fatherly type my ass." Stiles muttered to himself happily before he ran outside.

Without stopping the human Alpha pushed Jackson so they were behind Danny's car and away from prying eyes.

"What the hell are you doing Stilinski?" Jackson questioned angry at being pushed around.

Stiles didn't say anything, he just moved so his head was on Jackson's shoulder, now the box in his hand was in front of the both of them.

"What's this? Some stupid little-"

Jackson froze as Stiles opened the box. The human Alpha couldn't stop the pleased smile on his face when he looked at the present.

It was a Rolex watch. If possible this one looked ever better than the one Jackson had given to the Minonme. It the case was 18k yellow gold and stainless steel, the dial was blue with luminescent hands and hour markers, and the bracelet was 18k gold and stainless oyster with a flip-lock clasp.
"Now, I know that this one might never replace the one you gave up," Stiles said carefully knowing a thing or two about valuable possessions, "but maybe if you wear it long enough it could become important to you."

Jackson made a noise that could be thought of as a grunt before he snatched the box out of Stiles hands and took out the Rolex. Gently, he slipped it on his wrist and held it up to the sky as if to analyze it.

Call Stiles crazy, but he could have sworn he saw a genuine gleeful smile on the jocks face before it disappeared into his emotionless façade.

"It'll do," Jackson said briefly with a shrug before he shot him a look, "we done here?"

Stiles nodded before enveloping Jackson in a hug.

"You deserved this," Stiles reassured him as if he had any doubts about this. "Derek and I couldn't have been more proud of what you did for the pack."

Stiles didn't let him say anything else, just choosing to let go of him and running back into the house (he blatantly ignored everyone else and their looks).

Without even bothering to knock, Stiles barged into Derek's room and tackled him while he was relaxing on the bed.

Stiles smiled down at his fellow Alpha who just looked up at him blankly. Briefly the human Alpha rained kisses on his lips.

"Best dad ever." Stiles said between kisses.

"I made the clerk give me three copies of the receipt." Derek told Stiles as he put his hand on his sides.

"I bet you did." Stiles laughed audibly. He could just picture Jackson making just one complaint about the Rolex and Derek ripping it off his wrist and taking right back to the store. It's such a dad like thing to do.

"You're a really good Epithetikos Alpha." Stiles proclaimed with a confident nod at his own words.

Derek's grip on Stiles sides got tighter. "Being a part of…us helped."

"I'm always going to help you Derek," Stiles promised turning so he was lying beside Derek on the bed, "no matter stupid hybrid comes at us."

That was a Stilinski promise and one that Stiles intended to keep.

…

*Sigh*

In case you couldn't tell from this chapter I'm a little bit crazy. And yes, Hillary is used as a male name sometimes, it's just really rare.

So Hil-I mean Jackson finally got paid back for what happened before. Isn't Derek a good dad?

Next chapter we're going to see the appearance of the last hybrid type and something very special to go along with that.
Sterek Love Child

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…

Stiles yawned and stretched his tired limbs. Lifting up his bed covers he got comfortable next to Isaac on the bed. It had been a while since it was only the two of them.

Jackson had been increasingly getting better with his nightmares as of late. Now, he only really needed someone to sleep with him twice a week instead of every day.

"Good night Isaac." Stiles said with a sigh.

"Night." Isaac said back, his eyes were already closed and he looked half-asleep. Despite all that he was still awake enough to snuggle up to Stiles once he was fully in bed.

Grabbing his phone from his stand, Stiles typed up a quick text. "Good night Derek, if you get to cramped in your car just come in the house."

From outside Stiles house, Derek looked over his recent text with a semi-amused gaze. He put his phone back in his pocket and got himself comfortable in the front seat of his car.

Derek didn't mind doing this, watching over Stiles' house like this at night. Honestly, he didn't have anything better to do. Although, he would be the first to say that he's merely being cautious and not a worry-wart.

Quite ironically, unbeknownst to the Hale pack, there were two others watching the Stilinski household from farther away, only their reasons for being there were less than friendly.

The red eyed man looked over at his "companion" sternly.

"You know what to do." The ruby eyed man said.

"And my reward?" The other being said back to him with his gaze being just as stern.

The red eyed man gritted his teeth looking extremely annoyed at being talked back to. "It will be yours."

The other being nodded in agreement before he walked off into the distance.

…

"Shopping time!" Stiles declared loudly as he entered the grocery store. He completely ignored the alarmed looks he got.

"Geez, it feels like I'm coming home from college," Stiles mused to himself aloud as he slowly pushed his cart into the store.

Stiles was shocked by how long it's been since he's been food shopping. If there's one thing werewolves can do it's definitely eat.

Finally a little time to breathe, Stiles said to himself with a small smile.
Honestly, Stiles loved the pack, but it was quickly starting to get annoying being watched like a fragile infant all the time. Hell, he's not even technically alone now because Derek drove him here and is waiting in the parking lot. The werewolf figured that the new Alpha wouldn't do anything dangerous in such a large and open area.

Every now and then people just need some time to themselves, some me time, and Stiles was determined to make this the best grocery shopping trip ever! How can grocery shopping be fun? Well, you obviously don't know Stiles Stilinski that well if you have to ask that question.

"Alrighty," Stiles exclaimed as he took out his grocery store lists for both his and Derek's place. "What's on the list?"

The first one just said "Get Food" and the second said "Get More Food" and they were both signed by Jackson.

Stiles grumbled and promptly threw them right in the trash. "I really should have looked at these before I came here."

"I'm afraid I can't help you young man."

The human Alpha's ear twitched as he heard a familiar voice. It was Glenda, one of the managers of the store, she was talking to a young boy that looked to be around nine or ten years old.

If Stiles had been a girl he would have screamed at how adorable the kid looked. He has the biggest set of blue eyes Stiles had ever seen, he looked cuter than one of Erica's little teddy bears.

"I'm sorry young man but I just can't help you." Glenda shook her head at the boy.

"You work here don't you?" The boy replied smartly. "Do you not know how to do your job or are you just dumb?"

Stiles winced when he saw Glenda's face turned red instantly. He knew that look from all the times he's asked her where the chocolate was every time he came here.

"Young men should not talk in that manner." Glenda said sternly waving her finger at him. "Where are your parents, you shouldn't be walking around the store without them."

The kid gave her a blank look. "That's none of your business but I will tell you one thing."

"What's that?" Glenda asked with narrow eyes.

"They're on Earth." The kid reassured her with a nod.

"Toby!" Sties declared rolling his cart over to the kid and Glenda. It looked like the older woman was going to burst like a violent volcano.

If possible, Glenda narrowed her eyes even more when he approached them. "You?"

"Glenda, always a pleasure." Stiles greeted with a grin. The boy looked over at him with raised eyebrows but didn't say anything to him.

"Do you know this boy?" The store manager pointed at the young boy as if he were a foreign object.

Stiles shot a look at the boy before giving Glenda a winning smile. "Yep, he's my cousin, he just rolled into town."
Glenda glowered at him. "You should keep better watch of him Mr. Stilinski, I've been arguing with him for the last five minutes."

"There wouldn't have been any argument if you had just told me what I wanted to know." The kid told her with folded arms.

Stiles chuckled nervously as he pulled the kid by the shoulder. "That's enough Toby. We have to go now, bye Miss. Glenda."

Without waiting for a response Stiles took off with the kid by his side.

"Well, that was a close one," Stiles said with a sigh when they were out of hearing range.

Immediately the kid shrugged off Stiles hand and stepped a little way away from him.

Stiles held up his hands in defense. "Hey, you don't have to back away from me. I'm one of the most nonthreatening people you'll ever meet. You've probably met kindergarteners tougher than me."

The boy just stared up at him with those big blue eyes of his.

"Then again," Stiles said after not even a second between his last statement, "most kindergarteners nowadays are scary as hell, I've even seen some of them with weapons. Not mention they've got the worst little sailor mouths. They curse more than a-"

"Has anyone ever told you talk a lot?" The boy said rudely.

Stiles gasped. "Never! Who told you about me?! Was it Scott because I could tell you a couple things about him?"

The kid tilted his head at him. "It was just a guess."

"Oh." Stiles looked over at the boy sheepishly. For a moment there was nothing but awkward silence between them until the boy spoke up.

"Why did you do that, stop that lady from nagging me to death?" The kid asked curiously.

Stiles gave him a knowingly look. "Your parents aren't here are they?"

When the kid stiffened Stiles knew he was right.

"Yep, I did the same thing you did as a kid, sneaking out to get some good snacks. This place sells the tastiest sweets in town." Stiles licked his lips in anticipation.

The kid turned his head refusing to admit to anything Stiles said.

Stiles smirked at the kid knowing that he was being stubborn about what he wanted. "Oh, so that's the way you want to play? Fine."

With that Stiles walked away with his nose in the air to where he knew the sweets and candies were. He had to hold back his snickering as he heard the kid following him. Stiles was never wrong with it came to matters of chocolate.

Innocently he picked up and inspected a pack of Kit Kats and M&M's.

"Nah, M&M's are more my type of chocolate." Stiles feigned a disgusted look at the pack of Kit
"You're nuts, Kit Kats are awesome."

Stiles quickly turned around when he heard the kid's voice. The boy blushed and turned his head away again.

"Is that you think?" Stiles asked him rubbing his chin in thought. "Well, since you seem to be an expert on this stuff why don't you help me with this?"

The kid gave him a confused look. "Why would you need my help, I'm just a kid."

Stiles smiled at him kindly. "Exactly, kids are awesome. I wish a kid again, I wouldn't have half of the problems I have now."

The human Alpha shook his head bringing himself out of all the stress in his life. Now it was sweets time!

Backing up his cart, Stiles put his hand on the kids shoulder again and started walking with him through the aisle.

"So kid, what are you preferences?" Stiles asked him eagerly. "What kind of chocolate is singing to you today?"

"I like Kit Kats and M&M's." The kid declared taking one of each and putting them in Stiles cart.

Stiles nodded in agreement. "Name brand type of guy huh? Nothing wrong with that but you have to get some variety in there."

"Reese's and Hershey's," Stiles said pulling out a king size version of both of them, "can't forget about the peanut buttery chocolaty goodness that is a good old Reese's cup combined with rich smooth chocolate of a Hershey's bar."

Stiles eyes glazed over as he slowly licked his lips hungrily.

The kid looked around awkwardly.

"Uh, I need an adult?"

"I am an adult." Stiles said as he quickly came back to reality.

"Okay, moving on," The human Alpha commanded. "So, what candy do you like? You can't have chocolate without candy."

The kid shook his head. "I'm not really a candy type of guy."

"Aw," Stiles said pitifully. Reaching over he grabbed a couple bags and showed them to the kid. "You mean you've never had a classic like Twizzlers or these sweet little gummie bears? Kid, you haven't lived without experiencing the teeth destroying bliss that is Jolly Ranchers."

The kid huffed suddenly and smacked the items out of Stiles' hands.

"This is so stupid, I don't know why I'm doing this." The kid proclaimed with sorrowful sigh. "I can't afford any of this stuff. I don't have any money."

"Geez, you're really quick to give up kid, that's not a good way to live." Stiles told him with a
The blue eyed kid glared at him. "How can I not give up when a situation is hopeless? Nobody's going to pay for this stuff for me."

Stiles grinned at the child before walking over to where the cash registers were, the boy was still behind him of course.

Without hesitation or care about price, Stiles paid for all the chocolate and candy in his shopping cart.

"What are you doing?" The kid asked him with a raised eyebrow.

Stiles didn't answer him, he just chose to walk out of the grocery store with his bags. Once the two of them were fully out of the store Stiles immediately gave the bags to the kid.

"You're just giving these to me?" The kid said looking to the bags up to Stiles acting more like his age than before.

Stiles shrugged shooting the kid an easy smile. "Every kid needs a chocolate stash, I figured I'd make an investment in yours."

"What do you want from me?" The kid asked with narrowed eyes holding onto the bags for dear life.

"Nothing," Stiles held up his hands in defeat, "absolutely nothing. See ya kid."

"You're just going to leave?" Stiles heard the kid say but he just kept walking on. What did make him stop was when the kid shouted his name.

"What?" Stiles turned around and raised an eyebrow at him.

The kid blushed in embarrassment. "My name is Tristan. And don't make fun of my name, my mom was a Brad Pitt fangirl."

Stiles smiled in understanding. "Hey, it's better name my first name. Just call me Stiles okay?"

Tristan nodded before seemingly testing out his name. "Stiles."

Without another word Stiles climbed into the passenger seat of Derek's car.

"Well, that was fun." Stiles proclaimed with a sigh looking over at his fellow Alpha.

"Stiles?"

"Yes?" Stiles said hesitantly. Derek was giving was him that "you're an idiot" look again.

"What are the groceries?"

"...."

"Dammit!"

... "We're finally finished." Scott said with a tired smile on his face as he dropped down onto the
ground.

They finally completed the house, both the pack and the contractors. After all this time it was finally done.

The pack had thanked the contractors and they had left a while ago. They enjoyed it just as much as the pack did, the Sheriff really had some great friends.

"It's about damn time." Jackson said lazily lying down on a bench near the house with his hands behind his head. "We've been doing this for forever."

"We?" Erica said with a snort pushing his legs off the bench so she could sit. "I don't believe you did much Whittemore."

Jackson sat up and glared at her. "I did plenty, I put up that whole corner of the house."

"That was yesterday." Erica rolled her eyes at him. "and you didn't do that by yourself."

"I told you, I was observing today," Jackson huffed, "somebody has to make sure that you idiots don't kill yourselves."

"Erica, Hillary, calm down." Isaac ordered sternly though there was a slight twitch of his mouth, "we have bigger fish to fry."

Jackson snarled as Erica laughed at Isaac's antics.

"Isaac right," Allison said standing beside the curly haired werewolf, "now that were finished with the pack project-"

"It's time for the wedding." Lydia said with a pleased smirk.

"Ritual." Danny reminded her.

"Whatever." Lydia replied with a roll of her eyes.

Scott looked slightly confused by this, despite being told what was going to happen before. "So we go to having the pack making something together to a wedding. That's a weird kind of jump isn't it?"

"Most Alpha's don't have the time to wait for a drawn out mating process which is why this courting thing was created, it's created to be quick and simple. Besides, Alpha's don't just choose to mate with anyone, they have to feel bonded to that other Alpha. If that bond didn't exist then the courting would never happen." Lydia informed him. "The love and affection should come up eventually as long as the bond is there."

"So, that's why Derek and Stiles don't have to actually be in love with each other right now in order for this to work." Scott said.

Danny looked around the premises. "Speaking of Alphas, where are Derek and Stiles anyway?"

Boyd grunted. "Derek was bored and decided that Stiles and him might as well spend this time training."

"That's fine," Allison said with an easy smile, "we have to start planning for the ritual anyway."

While everyone else was chatting to themselves excitedly only two were still concerned about their
human Alpha. Isaac and Jackson looked to the forest silently wondering if everything would be okay (though Jackson would never admit to this).

…

Stiles rolled onto the grass just narrowly avoiding getting bowled over by his fellow Alpha. He clutched his gun to his chest as he breathed slowly through his mouth.

"You got to be quicker than that Stiles," Derek barked as he got into a combative stance, "an Alpha isn't going to wait for you to catch your breath."

"Right," Stiles breathed lowly before preparing himself.

With a great stride, Derek sprinted toward Stiles at top speed.

Stiles, had to stop himself from not moving out of the way instinctually. It wasn't until Derek jumped up into the air did he finally roll under the werewolf and swiftly turned and held the gun up at him.

When Derek landed he didn't move, he just looked over at Stiles blankly. "Dead."

"What?" Stiles gaped at the werewolf. "How would I be dead right now? I have you at gun point."

"Yes, but where are you pointing the gun on my body?" Derek asked with folded arms.

Stiles looked and saw that his gun was pointing at Derek's lower leg.

"A shot from there won't stop a werewolf," Derek advised him, "The first shot is the one that counts because it's the one that has to stop him from coming at you again. It would be an annoyance but it wouldn't stop us."

"What if it was a wolfsbane bullet?" Stiles asked remembering how badly Derek was hurt by one.

"Depending on the Alpha it might not hurt to the point that they will immediately be incapacitated." Derek told him with a sigh.

Stiles rolled his eyes. "Fine, let's try again."

Derek nodded before hunching his shoulders. He charged once again at full speed toward the human Alpha. He swung his fist at Stiles, face which he had been able to dodge by narrowly sidestepping the hit and moving his head closer to the werewolf.

Without hesitation he thrust the gun right between Derek's eyes. The werewolf froze and looked over at him with a smirk.

Stiles grinned in satisfaction at Derek. "How's that?"

"Not bad," Derek admitted with a shrug, "it looks like we're going to have to step up our training though."

"What? Why?" Stiles burrow furrowed as he lowered his gun in confusion. He thought that he'd been doing pretty well all things considered.

"Because we have guest." Was all Derek said just as a blue creature almost as big as Derek shot out of the bushes.
Pushing Stiles out of the way, Derek grabbed the creature punched it in the jaw and then and it a good ways away.

Stiles eyes widened in shock as he looked over at the new creature. Growling in frustration, the creature stood up its angry blue eyes staring daggers at them.

"I take it that's out new hybrid friend?" Stiles sighed as he reloaded his gun.

"Looks like it." Derek grunted cracking his knuckles in anticipation.

The creature roared angrily and charged at the two of them.

…I already know what your going to say but just try and give Tristan a chance. I know OC's can be annoying little things that just get in the way of the story but I promise Tristan won't be like that. Tristan will not draw attention away from pack development in the slightest so don't worry about that.

I don't think it needs to be said that Tristan is the new hybrid. I didn't want that to be a mystery or something for you all to ponder, we have enough going on in the story.

Tristan was named after Tristan Ludlow which is a character Brad Pitt played in the movie Legend of the Fall.

I tried to make Tristan a combination of both Derek and Stiles what with him not having good social skills and being a smart aleck. I think you can guess why I did this but if you're not sure you will find out next chapter.

I'll let you guys be the judge of whether I succeeded or not. Thanks for reading!
Hello everyone! You guys can't believe how happy I am right now. I just officially finished the last assignment I had for the semester. All I have left is to study for my finals (which is not going to be a problem for me at all).

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Stiles couldn't understand how something that was twice as big as him could sprint like an Olympic track runner but then he really shouldn't be surprised at this point.

"Hey, watch it buddy!" Stiles shouted as he just barely missed getting run over by the blue furred hybrid.

The blue hybrid snapped his teeth at both Derek and Stiles when he turned back around to them. Slowly, he circled around the two of them like a lion stalking its prey.

Stiles and Derek huddled up together, they were leaning on each other's backs just waiting for the hybrids next move.

"Keep your guard up," Derek advised the human Alpha, "we don't know what its next move will be."

"That goes without saying." Stiles replied nervously watching as the hybrid stalked in and out of his line of vision.

Finally, when it was facing the side where Stiles and Derek were leaning on each other, the hybrid made its move and jumped at them. The Alphas were luckily able to jump away in time but at the cost of separating themselves from each other.

Stiles prepared himself for an assault, cocking his gun in the hybrids direction. He was sure that now that they were separated that it would come after him, trying to go for the easiest kill. His eyes widened as he saw the blue furred beast run toward Derek.

Derek snarled and dug his claws into the hybrids shoulders as it did the same to him. The beast went wild snarling at Derek and twisting them around frantically in an attempt to shake the werewolf off him.

Stiles eyed the two of them frantically wishing that they would stand still, they were moving too fast and erratically for him to get a clear shot at the hybrid.

After a moment Derek took his bloodied right claw out of the hybrids shoulder and punched it right in the face and following up with a mighty knee in the chest.

Stiles fought himself from pumping his fist in jubilation, now was not the time to be celebrating.

The hybrid huffed and wheezed violently in pain. It took a moment to stand up, but when it did it was sprinting towards a different target, Stiles.

"Geez, this thing loves to run." Stiles mumbled to himself aloud.
"Stiles focus!" Derek commanded with a growl.

Stiles shook his head and came back into the battle. He couldn't take his eyes off of the gaping wounds on its shoulders. He remembered Derek's step three and an idea came to mind.

Summoning up all the patience he could muster, Stiles waited for the hybrid to get close enough to him. Once he was in range Stiles jumped and kicked the hybrid in the shoulder causing it to screech loudly in pain.

Seeing it stunned by pain, Stiles took his gun and unleashed five bullets into the blue furred hybrid's chest.

Ungracefully, Stiles fell to the ground once the hybrid started backing away from him. He looked up just in time to see Derek grab the hybrid by its arm and slam it into the ground.

Derek smirked in wicked satisfaction at what he had done. The beast was completely defeated and now it was time to finish it. He rose up his left hand and stared directly down at the hybrids head.

Suddenly, the hybrid moved his head up and let out a positively ear piercing screech.

Stiles winced holding both his hands to his ears trying to shield himself somehow from the terribly echoing sound the hybrid was making.

Derek roared and backed away doing the same as Stiles, his ears were much most sensitive than a humans so this was much worse for him.

Still letting out that hideous sound, the blue furred hybrid stood up and started backing away from the two of them.

The human Alpha watched him do this, he tried to move the hand holding his gun to fire at the hybrid but the sound he was making was too much for his ear drums.

It was then that the hybrids eyes met his. Those blue eyes stared at Stiles confusing him for a brief moment. Why was it staring at him? However, he had no time to think about this as the hybrid sprinted away from them.

It took a moment for their ear drums to recover but when they finally did the hybrid was long gone.

"It escaped." Derek snarled punching a tree and making it shake from its foundation.

"Can you track its scent?" Stiles asked walking over to stand next to his fellow Alpha.

"That's not possible." A familiar voice said.

From out of some tree, Hemsworth fell to the ground gracefully beside the two of them. He saluted the both of them with his ever-present smirk on his face.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Derek growled lowly.

Hemsworth shrugged casually walking over to lean on a tree. "I was just in the neighborhood and I thought I'd stop by and say hello."

Stiles chuckled nervously as he saw Derek's eye twitch in annoyance. The eye twitch was never a good sign.

Stiles stepped in between the two of them before Derek attempted to play soccer with Hemsworth's
"Were you watching us fight that hybrid that whole time?" Stiles asked him with a raised eyebrow.

Hemsworth smiled at him innocently. "I came in a little late but when I did I saw you two had it under control. You two are getting quite good at this."

Stiles had to fight off a blush at that comment, no need to piss Derek off even more.

"Do you know what that hybrid was?" Stiles questioned.

Hemsworth became somber and did what Stiles dubbed as putting on his serious face.

"It's one of the most dangerous hybrids, an Enndigo." Hemsworth informed them.

"Enndigo?" Derek repeated pronouncing the name for his own benefit.

Hemsworth nodded. "An Encantado and a Wendigo in one, they're fierce little bastards that's to be sure."

"I know what a Wendigo is, their rumored to formerly be humans that committed an act of cannibalism," Stiles said remembering reading about them from his extensive supernatural research, "but I have no idea what an Encantado is."

"Not surprising, they're not well known." Hemsworth responded. "They're pretty much shape shifting seducers, they are created to be musically savvy, seductive, and highly attracted to big events. It's said they can drive their victims to insanity, illness, or even death."

"Wait if it can do all that then why was it trying to bum rush us like the Hulk?" Stiles asked in confusion.

Hemsworth rubbed his chin in thought. "Looking at how it fought you two I would say that that it's a young Enndigo because if it had been an older one it would have immediately tried to seduce both of you when it was losing the fight."

Derek sneered and Stiles shuddered in disgust. The human Alpha couldn't even picture something that looked like that trying to be seductive.

"That's going to be in my nightmares for a while," Stiles stated with a sigh before he remembered his previous question. "So, why can't you track them by scent?"

"Because when they shape shift their bodies their scents shape shift as well." Hemsworth replied, "When in their human forms they smell like regular everyday humans."

Derek rubbed his eyelids with his hand. That makes it pretty much impossible to tell who they really are. This situation is getting more and more complicated by the second.

Hemsworth hm'd in agreement. All of a sudden he gasped and smiled brightly at the two of them.

"What is it now?" Derek glared at the blond male knowing that whatever he wanted couldn't be good.

"How about you invite me as a guest for your ritual?" Hemsworth asked eagerly.

"Huh?" Stiles blinked over at him.
Hemsworth smirked at the two of them teasingly. "Your cubs should be done with fixing up your house sometime today right? That means your ritual is right around the corner."

Stiles and Derek looked over at each other before quickly turning their heads away. Derek coughed awkwardly while Stiles was blushing all over his face.

Hemsworth snickered. "I knew it. So, because this is going to be an extremely momentous occasion for you and your packs, how about I come along as extra security?"

That didn't sound like too bad of an idea. They needed all the help they could get right now and Hemsworth was just what they needed.

"I'm cool with that." Stiles nodded before looking over at Derek to see where he stood with this.

Derek let out a long sigh. He shot a glare at the blond Alpha. "Fine, but you're only there to be backup if we need it, you're not doing anything else."

"I can at least get a sandwich or two, right?" Hemsworth asked cheekily.

Stiles rolled his eyes as Derek growled over at Hemsworth who held his hands up mockingly in defeat.

"I have a feeling that this ceremony is going to be nothing but a mess." Stiles said dryly.

…

Alright, so after the first Enndigo encounter a new pack rule had been made: Derek and Stiles are not to train by themselves in the forest any longer as long as this new enemy was out and about.

Stiles can't remember a time he got yelled so bad like Isaac yelled at him after the pack finally decided to get up off their asses and see what was taking him and Derek so long to come back.

"I didn't even know Isaac's voice could get that loud." Stiles commented to Derek as they walked around the library together.

"Me neither." Derek said with a snort, stuffing his hands in his pockets, not paying attention to the wary looks he was getting from the other people in the library.

Stiles bopped his head to a song he was thinking about as he checked all the bookshelves for his book.

"What are you looking for?" Derek asked which confused Stiles because they've been here for at least ten minutes and now he decided to ask that question?

"A book called 'The Beast In You'," Stiles stated not taking his eyes off the bookshelves, "I saw in the libraries catalog that it had something in it that might be an Enndigo, it never mentioned any names in it thought. Maybe it can help us come up with some weaknesses for it."

Derek nodded his head in approval once again impressed with Stiles ability to think ahead.

For the next five minutes Stiles searched in silence while Derek continued to follow him around like a puppy.

Stiles looked back at his fellow Alpha with a fond smile. "You know, you don't have to stay with me. You can just sit down or even go wait in your car."
"It's fine." That was all Derek said though it was pretty clear by looking at him that he was quite bored with all this.

Stiles chuckled and pushed him by his shoulders toward the door. "It's fine, I'm fine Sourwolf. You don't have to get all overprotective werewolf mate on me. Besides I can't be in here long, Isaac gave me a curfew remember?"

Derek smirked. Before they left Isaac ordered, downright ordered, Stiles to be back by a specific time or he was going to hunt him down and handcuff him to something in the Hale mansion.

"Kids these days are so forceful." Stiles shook his head in disappointment.

"You pretty much have to be with you." Derek snorted leaning on the end of a bookshelf.

Stiles stuck his tongue out at him in a very mature way. He gasped as he finally spotted the book that he was looking for.

"It's about damn time." Stiles pulled it off of the shelf and looked over the title and cover. Yep, this was definitely the book he wanted.

Stiles made a gesture for Derek to follow him to the checkout desk. As he walked to the front of the library he unexpectedly bumped into someone. He almost jumped back and into Derek due to the impact, he did not see anyone in his way a couple seconds ago.

"Here."

Stiles looked down to see none other than Tristan in front of him. He was thrusting a small brown bag in his face.

"Hi Lil Tris, how are you buddy?" Stiles greeted him enthusiastically. Derek looked at the kid in confusion but didn't say anything.

Tristan looked to his side awkwardly before he grunted and thrust the bag out to him again.

"Aren't you going to say hi back?" Stiles asked straining himself from putting on his parental tone that he's required since being with the pack.

Tristan glared at the human Alpha and gestured for him to take the bag. He grunted even louder at him.

Stiles folded his arms stubbornly. "I don't speak caveman, ask Derek. You want to talk to me you have to actually open your mouth and start flapping your gums."

For a brief moment, Stiles thought he saw Tristan's eyes glow as his glare increased.

"Just take that stupid bag." Tristan ordered.

"What's in the stupid bag?" Stiles asked him eyeing the crinkled up bag curiously.

Tristan opened up the bag to reveal an assorted amount of mini-chocolate bars. "Pay back, for what you did at the store."

"Aw," Stiles ruffled the kid's hair affectionately, "I didn't do that for pay back, I did it because I could."

Tristan rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, I heard that Mr. Rogers crap you said last time. Just take the
"stupid chocolate so we can be even."

"No." Stiles said in a tone that left no room for argument. Without another word Stiles walked past Tristan who looked positively scandalized.

"Stiles, who is that kid?" Derek asked as Stiles waited for the Librarian to checkout his book.

Stiles smiled politely at the woman before walking toward the exit. "That kid was the distraction I had at the grocery store."

Both of Derek's eyebrows rose. "You mean that story you told me about the ten year old and the chocolate was true?"

Stiles pouted and hit him lightly on the arm. "You thought I was lying?"

"It didn't sound believable," Derek said with a shrug, "though with how weird you are I should have just gone with it."

Stiles hit him on the arm again.

"Hey dammit!" Tristan shouted as he ran toward them looking quite frustrated.

Stiles smiled at the kid in the way that Tristan was quickly beginning to hate. Derek just looked bored now.

"Lil Tris watch your language." Stiles advised him not even bothering to hide his parental tone this time around.

Tristan pointed at the human Alpha accusingly. "You can't do that! You can't just give something to somebody for free, nothing's free."

"Look kid, get it through your head, I do not want anything from you," Stiles said with emphasis, "I gave you that candy because I was being nice."

"Bullshit!" Tristan shouted.

"Lil Tris." Stiles reprimanded sternly.

Tristan growled at the human Alpha. "Stop calling me Lil Tris, it's stupid."

Stiles just shrugged. "I was just trying to give you a nickname."

A light bulb went off in Stiles head.

"I know, I'll call you Trendz with a z," Stiles grinned looking all too pleased with himself, "because poor literacy is kewl."

Stiles knew watching all those Linkara videos would pay off someday.

Derek smacked his forehead with his hand. "How is this my life?"

Tristan, for a brief moment, just stared at Stiles in complete and utter silence. "Are you on drugs or just insane?"

"Both." Stiles chirped.
Tristan sighed and held out the bag for him to take again. "Just take this damn candy so I get as far away from you as possible."

"Stiles just take the stupid bag from him, he's not going to let this go." Derek ordered getting the feeling that this kid was just as stubborn as Stiles was.

Stiles huffed but did as the other Alpha said. Tristan looked satisfied for a brief moment before the human Alpha threw the bag right in the trash.

"Two points!" Stiles shouted throwing his hands up and down in victory.

Derek rolled his eyes and walked over to the enraged kid.

"Look kid, just be patient. Stiles isn't the type of person to ask people for things or accept gifts. Thankfully, he's sort of an idiot-"

"Hey!" Stiles protested.

"-who's always getting himself into trouble. Just be patient, sooner or later he'll slip up and you can pay him back then." Derek advised the ten year old.

Tristan hung his head as it looked like he didn't have much say in the matter. Finally, he nodded his head in agreement.

"I guess I'll see you freaks later." Tristan said walking past both of them.

Derek couldn't help but notice that as the kid walked he constantly held his hand to his chest as if it was in pain.

"See you later Trendz." Stiles waved farewell to the kid.

"That's not my name idiot!" The blue eyed boy said to him as he walked off until they couldn't see him any longer.

Stiles felt a weird but familiar feeling swell in his chest as he saw the kid walk away but he put it aside for the moment.

"Hey, since when did you get so good with talking to kids?" Stiles asked Derek.

"I didn't, I just understand his pain in wanting to give something to someone who wants nothing." Derek replied pointedly staring at Stiles.

Stiles felt his cheeks flush. "It's not that I don't want anything, it's just that I don't want people to feel they owe me anything, it puts a bad taste in my mouth."

Derek chuckled despite himself and wrapped an arm around Stiles shoulder.

"Idiot," Derek said affectionately lying his head on top of his.

…

So you guys now know what exactly Tristan is. I want to say this because you probably thought of this when you saw my description of Wendigo's, Tristan is not a cannibal. It was his ancestors that did the bad deed not him, he just inherited the Wendigo blood. I was going to reveal that later but I just didn't want you guys to think of Tristan as a people eater.
Next chapter I am going to fully explain what the ritual entails specifically and we're going to put a tiny bit of fluff in the mix. It's also important to mention that we're getting close to the end.

Thank you for reading!
Stiles in the Big Ballon Adventure

We are officially in the thirties chapter wise so now I can safely say that we are almost through with this story, only a little bit more left to go.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

…

Tristan gasped in pain as he was thrown into a wall. The blue eyed boy winced struggling to see through his hurting eyes.

"You were defeated," The Alpha hissed angrily clenching onto Tristan's shirt so tightly that he was making holes in it with his claws.

"Yes, but you didn't tell me that they were going to be that strong." Tristan argued grunting as his head was hit against the wall again.

"You are an Enndigo," The Alpha growled furiously, "you are supposed to be one of the most powerful hybrids in America."

"No, matured Enndigos are the most powerful hybrids in America," Tristan corrected despite how much pain he was currently in was still being defiant, "I'm not nearly as powerful as a full grown Enndigo, I'm just a kid."

Enraged, the Alpha threw Tristan onto the ground. The Enndigo was given a couple seconds of peace before he was kicked in the stomach and his face was stepped on.

"If that's how you feel then maybe I shouldn't fulfill my promise and give you this place to live in." The Alpha told him with a cruel smirk on his face. "After all, you shouldn't give territories to kids, they are much too young to be able to handle that much power."

Tristan didn't give him the satisfaction of seeing tears fell from his face. The only reason that he was even following this werewolf was because he was tired of being alone. After going through the pain of finding both of his parents mysteriously murdered he just wanted to start his life anew. This werewolf promised him that.

"I'll try harder." Tristan mumbled struggling to speak under the werewolf's bare foot.

The Alpha pushed his foot down harder on the Enndigo's face. "I didn't hear you."

"I said I'll try harder." Tristan yelled with a hint of desperation in his voice.

The Alpha smiled down at him.

…

"Alright, is everyone clear on what they're doing?" Scott asked standing next to Boyd with checklists in their hands.

Erica rolled her eyes. "Yes, you've explained this to us at least six times, we may be crazy but we're not stupid."
"If you say so." Scott replied dryly before turning to everyone else. "Does anyone have any questions?"

Both Scott and Boyd sighed when Jackson raised his hand.

"Why are you two calling all the shots?" Jackson asked smartly glaring at both of them.

Boyd smirked at him. "Because Derek and Stiles said we could."

Jackson growled. "Why aren't they doing this, they are the Alphas aren't they?"

"They're busy trying to find a good vase two drink each other's blood out of." Isaac answered simply.

A couple pack members scrunched up their faces in disgust.

"How hard can that be, just go to the store and pick out a vase. What's the big deal?" Jackson said with a shrug.

Lydia rolled her eyes. "That vase is going to be something of a scared object of our pack because it's said to be 'an agent of the moon guiding two wolves together as one', it's the most important part of the ritual."

The Alpha Pair Ritual is something quite astounding, it incorporates not only American wedding traditions and Native American wedding traditions, it's also includes several factors that are unique to werewolf rituals.

Like some Native American weddings, the ritual is held entirely outside. The event is held at night the day before the full moon. While most of these ritual rules are flexible this one is not, it is a requirement for all Alpha Pair Ritual's to abide by this rule. The ritual is held the day before the full moon so the moon can shine on the new Alpha Pair as they bask in their newfound abilities and connections.

All of the clothes tend to be handmade by pack members, it's not a requirement but it is a good way to show a very useful skill and encourage creativity.

The location is typically near the packs' den as to make the place not only more memorable but to also make this event even more sacred than it already is.

The main event of the ritual is obviously the unification of the two Alphas. The process in which Alpha's become a pair is quite...unique. Using a vase, not unlike one used in Native American weddings, the two Alphas take turns drinking each other's blood. The drinking of an Epithetikos blood awakens the hidden power of a Filikos Alpha and vice-versa (note that this hidden power only surfaces if the Alphas are compatible as mates). This hidden power solidifies them as one and creates a structure for their pack so solid that no one can break it.

"Let's not forget that they also have to shop for gifts for each other." Allison piped in adding to Isaac's point.

Scott shot his girlfriend a grin before getting back to business and reading over his checklist.

"Alright so Jackson and Isaac, you have to make sure that you get everything on the shopping list, we need as much food as we can get."

"Obviously." Both Jackson and Isaac said at the same time. The two glared at each other before turning their heads away from each other.
Boyd sighed and looked over at Erica and Allison. "You two are sure on what you're getting?"

Both Erica and Allison nodded. Erica looked ready to get this over with, she clearly didn't want to be around Allison. Meanwhile, said huntress didn't look to thrilled with this trip either, if the fidgeting in her seat was anything to go by.

"Danny and I already planned what we're going to do with the decorations," Lydia announced before Boyd or Scott could look her way. Danny shot the both of them a small smile signifying he agreed with her statement.

"Sweet," Scott said with a grin shooting a look at Boyd before he nodded in response, "Boyd and I are going to make sure everything's okay with the location we picked out."

"You guys already picked one out?" Allison asked with a hint of surprise in her voice. The two of them were just given this leadership position this morning and they were already accomplishing so much.

"It's about a couple miles away from this house," Boyd informed them all, "it's by a stream and has a good view of sky from the trees."

Lydia stood up. "Well, if Danny and I are doing the decorations then we have to see what this place looks like first."

"Right." Danny nodded his head in agreement and stood up beside her.

"Cool, then you can come with us." Scott said.

And with that the pack got their lists and belongings and left the Hale mansion. Unbeknownst to them, Stiles was watching them all leave from Derek's bedroom window with a pleased look on his face.

Happily, Stiles dropped down onto Derek's bed where said werewolf was silently reading to himself.

"Everything's going according to plan." Stiles stated rubbing his hands together anxiously.

Stiles and Derek had lied somewhat to the pack. It's true that they made the task of getting the vase and the gifts their own but they had gotten those things a while ago. They just wanted an excuse to put Boyd and Scott in charge of the pack for a little while, it was sort of a test for the two of them.

Derek slowly turned to look over at the Filikos Alpha.

"What? I always wanted to say that." Stiles said with a shrug.

"Hm." Derek rolled his eyes and returned to his book and pretty much ignoring Stiles.

Of course Stiles, never one for being ignored, took Derek's book and threw it across the room.

"Why are you still reading? We have pretty much the whole day to ourselves and all you want to do is read?" Stiles asked as if that was a crime.

"I like to read." Derek said dryly.

Stiles sighed dramatically. "You've done nothing but read, read, and read all day long. Let's go out and do something fun!"
"We still have to watch out for that Enndigo," Derek pointed out, "that book we got didn't give us any useful information."

"I know," Stiles winced still feeling frustrated about that, "but we shouldn't let that stop our lives. Besides, all of the pack should be in town or at least around the same area. If we need help all we need to do is send one text and they'll come running."

Derek admitted that Stiles had a point but he'll never tell him that.

"So, what do you say? You want to do something fun?" Stiles asked with the slightest hint of mischief in his voice.

Derek knew in his gut that this was a bad idea but decided against it for now. What was the worst Stiles could come up with?

"What did you have in mind?" Derek asked.

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Derek really should have listened to his gut.

"No." Derek proclaimed in a somewhat angry tone.

"Derek." Stiles whined trying to pull the werewolf out of the car. They have been parked at the movie theater for the last ten minutes and Derek has yet to budge from his seat. It's a good thing Stiles planned ahead for this otherwise they would have been too late.

"Don't Derek me," The werewolf growled, "There is no way in hell I'm going to see that stupid movie. We can watch something else."

"But you love terrible movies," Stiles protested pulling on his arm even harder, "and critics are saying that this going down in history as one of the worse movies ever made!"

Derek easily took Stiles hands off him as he glared over at the other Alpha. "Stiles I am not, repeat am not, going to see any movie that has Oogielove in the title. I don't know what the hell an Oogielove is and I don't want to know."

Stiles attempted to try his puppy dog eyes on Derek, it's been a while since he used it so it might work this time.

Derek sighed and avoided direct eye contact with him. "You do know I'm twenty three right? I'll probably get arrested just putting one foot in that theater."

A tap on Stiles window halted whatever comeback the human Alpha was going to say. Stiles' pout instantly turned into a smile as he saw who it was.

"Trendz." Stiles said with a grin and rolled down his window.

Tristan, obviously hearing the nickname through the window, scowled at Stiles in sheer and utter frustration.

"I thought I told you not to call me that." Tristan said with gritted teeth.

"I'm a terrible listener." Stiles replied with a grin.

Tristan had to restrain himself from snapping his teeth at the human Alpha.
"Whatever, let's do something." Tristan said trying to stop his heartbeat from increasing a mile a minute but was failing miserably. He had horrible social skills and he hoped that he wasn't too obvious with this fact.

"Okay," Stiles said instantly.

"Stiles," Derek hissed feeling naturally wary of a kid that pops up out of nowhere and wants to hang out with them for no reason.

Stiles blinked at his soon to be mate obliviously. "What? You wanted to have some alone time? Don't worry, it's not like you were going to get any today."

Tristan scrunched his face up in disgust in Derek's direction. "You guys are dating? Ew, how old are you thirty?"

"I'm twenty three you little brat!" Derek corrected sharply looking absolutely scandalized.

Tristan shrugged. "If you say so. So, are we going to hang out or not?"

Stiles nodded before a thought ran through his brain and made him gasp.

"Oh, you should come with us," Stiles gestured to himself and Derek, "we're going to see this great movie."

Derek raised an eyebrow at Stiles before shooting a warning look at Tristan. "Kid, you might want to find someone else to be around, Stiles is a little-"

"Look Mr. Pedobeard, I might have listened to you last time but you're not going to keep telling me what to do," Tristan told him with a sharp glare, "I can do whatever I want to do whenever I want to do it so just shut up and stop acting like you're my boss."

Stiles stared at Tristan with his mouth wide open. Hesitantly, he looked over at Derek and almost whimpered in fear when he saw him just staring down at the blue eyed boy silently. He looked like a hungry wolf ready to devour his prey.

Tristan folded his arms and nodded his head in Derek's direction as if daring him to say something back.

Stiles almost jumped as Derek suddenly unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of the car.

"Get out of the car Stiles, we're going to see your movie." Derek commanded.

"R-Really?" Stiles stuttered wondering where the change of heart came from.

"Yeah, I'm sure Trendz will love it." Derek responded with a twitch of his mouth. He couldn't give it away now, he will have plenty of time to be smug after the movie.

Obediently, Stiles unbuckled his seatbelt and followed Derek and Tristan into the movie theater.

"So, what are we seeing?" Tristan asked curiously.

Eighty-eight minutes later Tristan did not want to live anymore. The boys previously blue eyes looked faded and bleak. He barely seemed to have the strength to exit the theater. Derek was right behind him smirking like a smug bastard.

"Wasn't that the best movie ever guys?" Stiles asked practically skipping out of the movie theater.
"That was the worst movie I've even seen in my life." Tristan grumbled lowly.

Stiles nodded enthusiastically. "I know, it was awesome!"

"If you didn't like it then why did you stay for the whole thing?" Derek asked in mock curiosity. He was having an absolute ball right now.

Whatever Tristan was going say to vent his anger out at Stiles was put on hold as he turned to Derek's smug self.

"I was to stricken with horror and shock to move." It's true, he spent the whole movie just gaping at the movie screen and not having a clue what was going on.

The blue eyed boy turned his anger back on Stiles once again. "And did you have to get up and dance whenever those stupid things told you to?"

"Yes, yes I did." Stiles said simply as if that was all he needed to say.

There was a moment of tense silence as Tristan stared daggers at Stiles. Well, it would be tense if Stiles understood why Tristan was looking at him that way.

"So, do you guys want to see the movie again?"

That was when Tristan snapped and ran over to Stiles. Stiles yelped and started running to avoid the enraged blue eyed boy.

"Derek help," Stiles yelled as Tristan chased him around the theaters parking lot, "do something."

"Alright," Derek said with a shrug. He turned around and went back into the movie theater to get some popcorn.

"Traitor!" Stiles yelled as Tristan almost caught him.

The human Alpha thanked the heavens when he saw some super soakers lying next to some kids as they played in the grass next to the movie theater.

"Sorry I have to borrow this." Stiles told one of the kids as he snatched a super soaker that was next to him.

Tristan froze as he saw Stiles aiming a super soaker at him.

"If you hit me with that I swear-"

"Say hello to my little friend." Stiles said in a deep voice before unleashing a stream of water at Tristan.

The blue eyed boy gasped before he ran over and picked up a super soaker himself. "You'll pay for that."

The two of them spent the next couple of minutes in an intense water fight, getting absolutely soaked to the bone. Tristan was smiling the whole time, actually smiling. It was something Stiles thought to be one of the most precious things in the world.

Eventually, Derek walked over to the two of them with an extra-large bowl of popcorn in his hand.

"What did I miss?" Derek said popping a single piece of popcorn in his mouth.
Stiles and Tristan looked to each other before smirking in unison at Derek. Together they fired at the werewolf.

After about thirty minutes the three of them fell onto the grass completely and totally drenched in water.

"Well, that was fun." Stiles looked over to Tristan who was trying to catch his breath.

"It was…entertaining." Tristan said refusing to say anything more.

Stiles nodded in satisfaction. "We should do it again, I always love doing these types of family like events."

Tristan turned and gave Stiles a strange look. "I'm not your family."

"You could be," Stiles said with a shrug, "you're fun to be around kid. I like you, even Derek likes you."

Derek grunted in response.

"The fact that he didn't outright say no means that he agrees with what I said," Stiles told the blue eyed boy acting like a Derek Hale translator.

"But you barely know me," Tristan said not getting what Stiles was talking about, "how can you consider me family?"

"That doesn't matter?" Stiles denied with a scoff. "So what if I don't know every single detail about your life or what you've gone through. Family isn't about that, it's about enjoying life with the people you care about and being there for each other."

"Being there for each other." Tristan repeated as if that was a foreign concept to him.

Stiles smiled at him calmly "You want to know how someone becomes your family."

Tristan shook his head silently.

The human Alpha held a hand to his chest. "It's when you feel your heart twisting and turning when that person is doing something dangerous or might be in danger or even when they leave you and you don't know where they're going. It's a type of connection you feel."

Derek's eyes suddenly shot open, he gave Stiles a pointed look and silently gestured to Tristan. Stiles mouthed that he would talk to him about that later.

"Okay." Tristan said with a heavy sigh before lying down and staring up at the sky again which Stiles and Derek did as well.

It would be so easy, Tristan thought to himself. With just an extension of his claws he could get both of them. Once he did the both of them in he could finally have a place to call his own. He found this difficult however.

He needed to find a way to stop the twisting and turning of his heart.

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I hoped you all liked the chapter. In the next one we are going to go straight to the ritual which I have been building up to. It's probably not going to meet your expectations but I'm doing my best to
make it a good chapter.

Thank you for reading and I will see you all next time!
Here is the ritual chapter. I personally don't know what to think of this chapter.

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The days before the ritual came and went a little too fast for Stiles. One minute he was looking at a completely blank calendar and now the whole thing was filled with X's up until the night before the full moon.

"Oh my god." Stiles said lowly rubbing his face with his hands trying to fight off his nerves from rising up.

"What is it now?"

Stiles silently smiled to himself not even bothering to turn to his door and see Jackson, he was probably leaning on the door trying to act nonchalant.

"I'm scared." Stiles admitted with a shake of his head. "I am genuinely scared."

"Really?" Jackson snorted. "You can drive a car into a Minonme, stand up to Alphas, and handle a pack full of wolves but this is the thing that makes you crap your pants."

"Tactful as always Jackson," Stiles replied with a roll of his eyes, "but yes I am scared."

"Scared of what?" Jackson said as he moved and flopped down on Stiles' bed. "It's not like anything to different is going to happen. You're supposed to get some new wolf pack powers and become more bonded to Derek, that's about it."

Stiles turned around to Jackson letting him see the worry showing very obviously on his face. "It's not just that Jackson, it's just how life changing this is going to be for me. This is it, this is the rest of my life. There's no going back from this."

"Yeah but it's not just for you, it's for all of us." Jackson told him.

Stiles conceded to that point but that didn't do much for his nerves.

Jackson growled before turning his head to the side not wanting to be in Stiles line of direction. "As much as I hate to admit it, and I really hate to admit it, I liked this whole pack thing."

Stiles eyebrows rose. He knew that Jackson liked being in the pack, it was obvious by the sudden changes in his personality, but he never thought that he would say this out loud.

"Being around all of you is like having a cold before a big test, it sucks but it's what I wanted." Jackson confessed. "You guys entertain me in ways I didn't think possible. You and Derek trying to play house has been...interesting to me."

Stiles just stared at Jackson as a slow smiled appeared on his face.
Jackson shot a glare at Stiles. "I don't like my entertainment being taken away from me before I'm finished with it so you better get yourself together Stilinski."

There was a brief moment of silence between them before Stiles calmly walked over to Jackson. The jock shot him a wary look but did not look remotely surprised as Stiles wrapped his arms around him in a hug.

"I love you too Jackson." Stiles said fondly while laying his head on Jackson's shoulder.

Jackson's hand gently rose up to Stiles back before he froze and quickly yanked the human Alpha off of him.

"That's enough of that." Jackson grunted whipping off his clothes and walking back toward the door. "Hurry up, McCall and Argent should be here in five minutes."

Stiles watched Jackson leave before walking over to his dresser drawer and proceeding to put everything he needed in his overnight bag. After the ritual it is required that the two Alphas spend the night together, something Stiles could safely say that he was both excited and nervous about.

Throwing the bag over his shoulder, Stiles walked downstairs to wait for Scott and Allison to show up.

He was more fidgety than usual, he tried to sit down but that had only lasted for about a couple of seconds. Before Stiles knew it he found himself pacing up and down the living room anxiously.

"Stiles?"

The human Alpha turned when he heard the voice of his father. "Oh boy, here comes the pre-wedding talk from my dad. All I need is one from my best friend and I'll be set."

"You knew this was coming." John told him sitting down on the couch and gesturing for his son to do the same.

Stiles sighed before doing as his father asked.

"Look dad-

"Son," John said silencing Stiles completely, "this is possibly one of the hardest things I've ever had to come to grips with so just let me say my piece."

Clasping his mouth shut, Stiles nodded silently.

John let out a deep, almost pained, breath before he continued. "When I found out about your involvement with Hale I was hostile but openly agreed with it only because I knew that Hale would do something to piss me off."

Stiles furrowed his brow not getting what his father was talking about.

"He's one of those 'bad boys'," John said dryly, "in my experience all of these bad boys typically slip up and either put their significant other in danger or are just inconsiderate to the person they supposedly care about. I was so sure Hale was going to be like that, I was positive that one day he was going to say something so vile to you that it would give me all the reason I need to forbid you to stay away from him."

"But," Stiles said expectantly.
"But he never did," John looked almost disappointed about that, "he's never treated you like you were inferior to him or made you do something that you didn't want to do. He brings out your mother's side of you with how caring and nurturing you've been acting lately. He's protective in ways that I couldn't possibly be for you. I know that your ritual is today and I have to say Stiles that I still might not like Derek but I do like what he does for you."

Stiles imagined that if his heart had been ice cream it would have melted about halfway through his father's speech.

Both father and son didn't say anything else, just choosing to embrace each other in a tight hug being thankful for each other's presence.

…

"I swear to god Allison and Erica, you two had better not put me in anything slutty." Stiles joked as he walked into the room in the Hale mansion where both girls said his clothes were.

Allison and Erica decided that making the outfits for the ritual would have been too much work so they decided to just buy everyone the clothes they felt would best fit the occasion. Formal wear isn't mentioned in the rules for the ritual, so everyone agreed that dressing down would be just fine (at least for the guys).

"Oh please, like you can pull off slutty." Erica snorted in reply as she walked in beside Stiles into the room.

Stiles snorted right back at her as he walked over to the closet. "I'm Stiles Stilinski, I can pull off any look."

Stiles gaped as he saw what his outfit was.

"Even that one?" Allison giggled.

The outfit they picked out for him was…sextastic (Stiles' words). What Stiles found was a very fitting black fishnet shirt and a blue hoodie (both of which were sleeveless). And of course the pièce de résistance was the incredibly tight leather jeans they got for him to wear complete with matching boots.

"How sextastic of you both to get me leather jeans." Stiles said with a shake of his head though it was clear he found this whole thing hilarious.

"The colors for the ritual are blue and black and we picked the best outfit we could find with those colors." Allison explained.

Stiles gave her a dry look. "You just wanted to see the look on Derek's face when he sees me in leather jeans didn't you?"

Both of the girls smiled in unison before bursting into a fit of giggles.

The human Alpha never thought he'd see the day when Erica Reyes and Allison Argent would get along but crazier things have happened.

Once they calmed down the two young ladies left the room to give Stiles enough time to change into his outfit.

Just as he finished putting on the leather jeans (which was hell to do) he heard a knock on the door
before someone entered the room.

"Hey Scott." Stiles greeted casually zipping up his hoodie and leaving just enough of it open so you could see the fishnet shirt underneath.

"How'd you know it was me?" Scott asked grabbing a seat and sitting next to Stiles by his counter top mirror.

"Because you're the only one I know that knocks on a door and immediately comes in the room." Stiles snorted tying the laces on his boots.

Scott chuckled giving the room some sound before it got silent once again.

"Alright, give your best friend speech so we can get this party started." Stiles told him finally turning around to face his friend.

"Stiles," Scott paused as he struggled to find the right words to say, "I really can't thank you enough for being there for me during all this werewolf crap, any sane person would have run for the hills a long time ago."

"It's a good thing I'm not sane then because you needed the support." Stiles said with a grin.

Scott grinned back at him. "You got that right, I so would have died without you."

"Don't say that," Stiles shook his head, "you're resourceful and you know when to use your brain when it comes down to the wire."

"Right, and who is the one who always pushed me to be that way, you!" Scott exclaimed. "You've always had my back and always been upfront with me in ways no else has been, not even Allison."

Scott moved his chair closer to Stiles and gripped his shoulder tightly.

"Even though we're all going to be one happy werewolf family and I'm going to start seeing Derek more as my Alpha now, I'm always going to be on your side," Scott said this time not having a hint of hesitation in his voice, "you're my brother, I love you."

Stiles didn't know how much of this stuff he could take, he was probably going to be a blubbering mess by the time of the ritual.

Nonetheless he proudly gave Scott a fist bump.

"Well this is nice, an Alpha and his Beta." Stiles said pleased.

Scott furrowed his brow. "What, since when am I the Beta?"

Stiles rolled his eyes. "Every good Filikos Alpha needs a Filikos Beta and I can't think of anyone better than you dude. Derek has Boyd as his Epithetikos Beta too. Why do you think we put the two of you in charge of organizing everything?"

"Oh, awesome!" Scott smiled perkily looking happier about his announced position than Stiles would have thought.

"You know what that means right? That's mean when I'm gone you're the substitute mom." Stiles smirked. "You're going to have to learn how to cook."

"What?! No!" Scott shouted much to Stiles utter and total amusement.
"Why am I wearing this blindfold?" Stiles whined as he was guided through the forest to their destination.

"For the hundredth time Stiles, we're trying to make it a surprise." Lydia said surprisingly not sounding to angry at him, if anything she sounded amused.

"But I want to see yours and Danny's beautiful work." Stiles complained his ADHD hitting him hard.

"Just five more seconds." Danny reassured him.

Stiles nodded and began to count. "5, 4, 3, 2,-"

The blindfold was suddenly ripped off him.

"Hey, that wasn't-"

The human Alpha's mouth closed shut as he took in his surroundings.

If Stiles didn't know any better he would have thought that this forest was the inside of a five star hotel. The whole area looked positively stunning.

All of the trees had crystals hanging on their branches, little blue crystals that glittered and sparkled like stars in the sky. Under the trees, and in other assorted places, were glass tables and chairs which were on top of a black fabric of some kind.

Placed all around the premises were also some conveniently placed blue lamps which were right next to a glass stand.

"It was the best we could do what the surroundings," Danny said as if what they had done was shoddy work, "we didn't want to mess with the wildlife and the trees too much.

"You…guys…are…amazing!" Stiles shouted running over and enveloping both Danny and Lydia into a tight hug.

"This place looks absolutely gorgeous." Allison reassured Danny as he still looked a little bit skeptical about their work.

"Well, well, well, I must say that this place doesn't look that bad." Erica admitted as she came over with the rest of the Leatherwolves.

"Oh, wow." Isaac said looking Stiles up and down in shock.

Stiles nodded gleefully. "You didn't think I could pull off this kind of look did you?"

"I never wanted to picture you in this kind of look." Isaac retorted fondly with a roll of his eyes.

"Beta baby, where is Derek?" Stiles said looking around to see if he was coming or not.

"Beta baby?" Boyd repeated before shaking his head at the nickname. "He's coming, he's just a little…"

"Nervous." Erica said with a smirk.
"I am not nervous." Said someone with a familiar growl.

Derek stepped into view wearing a very nice black polo shirt and a pair of very fitting blue jeans with black dress shoes.

"Conspiracy!" Stiles proclaimed loudly. "There was a mix-up with our clothes. How did Derek get nerd savvy while I got slut chic?"

Derek completely ignored what Stiles said choosing to just look him up and down, only it was far more heated than in the way Isaac was looked at him.

"Okay, before things get freaky, let's start the party!" Scott shouted.

"Wait, wait, wait. I'm here!" Hemsworth said as he ran over to all of them.

Erica growled at him as she took in his white t-shirt and worn out jeans. "You're ruining our color scheme."

Hemsworth rubbed the back of his head sheepishly.

"As I said before, let's get this started." Scott said even louder than before.

All of them rushed to the food which was all on the gigantic glass table put in the middle of everything.

Jackson blasted the music as they all celebrated and ate until they couldn't possibly eat anymore.

Of course afterwards Jackson decided they should play a sport of some kind. Stiles suggested soccer knowing that the guys wanted to use their powers for the game and the humans and the girls (who did not want to get their blue and black dresses dirty) were going to sit back and just enjoy the show.

…

"You cheated!" Isaac shouted pointed accusingly at Jackson while everyone else was laughing uncontrollably. "He so cheated."

"You're the one that tripped and fell into the dirt." Jackson said with a smirk.

Isaac huffed and folded his arms stubbornly.

…

"Hide-n-Seek." Stiles suggested after the soccer game. He took out the blindfold the pack used on him before and put it on Erica.

Everyone scattered and ran deeper into the forest.

"You guys are so stupid, you know I can smell all of you." Erica said sniffing around for them. "Idiots."

What Erica didn't count on is running head first into a tree.

"Ow." Erica grumbled. Soon she heard the snickering of her pack mates. "I hate you all!"

…
And so, a couple games later the faithful moment had finally arrived. Together, they all moved to the stream where Boyd and Scott planned for the ritual to take place.

There were several small rocks leading up to one big rock with a glass pedestal in the center of the very calm stream. Just before you step into the water there were a couple of chairs waiting so the rest of the pack can witness the event.

Stiles sighed trying to stop his nerves from acting up. He looked over as he felt Scott put a reassuring hand on his shoulder and walked with him to the pedestal.

Both Derek and Stiles walked with Scott beside Stiles on the right of the pedestal and Boyd with Derek on the left side.

"This is it." Boyd said with a small smile. "First we exchange gifts."

Both Boyd and Scott took out the gifts and put them on the pedestal.

"I already know what it is." Stiles said with confidence. "We think too much alike."

"You think so?" Derek said with a raised eyebrow.

Stiles smirked at him challengingly. "On the count of three we open them. 1, 2, 3!"

The human Alpha laughed gleefully. He opened his box and pulled out a leather jacket Derek got him while Derek did the same and pulled out the hoodie Stiles got him.

"You two are ridiculous." Jackson proclaimed though there was the slightest bit of humor in his voice.

Impulsively, Stiles reached over and kissed Derek on the cheek feeling all too over-joyed.

Boyd chuckled and shook his head. "Would you two like to say anything to each other or would you like to wait?"

It wasn't customary to say something like vows during a mating ritual. If you were already at this point then how the two Alphas' felt about each other was already set in stone.

Stiles and Derek shot each other looks before Derek spoke for them. "We're going to wait."

Boyd nodded in understanding. Both Betas then reached downward and put the vase on the pedestal.

"Are you ready?" Scott looked at both of the Alphas. When both of them gave him a gesture of agreement he extended his claws and cut into both of theirs wrists.

Stiles winced in pain while Derek wasn't affected by this in the slightest. One at a time they held their wrists above the vase and let their blood flow into it. Once the Alpha's felt they put enough into it they pulled back.

Stiles went first, he took the vase and held it up to his lips. Everyone waited with bated breath and watched as he took a sip of blood.

He gasped, almost choking, before he passed it onto Derek who did the same as he did.

Everything was silent for a moment, no one moving or making a sound, until Derek and Stiles started to breathe heavily and held their hands to their heads.
Boyd and Scott held them up when it looked like they were going to collapse.

They could feel something inside themselves switch on like a light switch. They felt more, more of the pack, more of their feelings, and even more of themselves.

Blindly, Stiles slid over to where he could just feel Derek was and buried his face in his neck. Without hesitation, Derek enveloped him in his arms like he had been expecting him.

Then, both Alphas' opened both their respective red and green eyes, their new powers doing wonders for them.

Stiles pulled back and stared at Derek who looked back at him both just marveling at their now glowing eyes.

…

Next chapter is my first Sterek lemon scene. I'm so nervous. I will also go into detail about Derek and Stiles' powers.

On fanfiction.net I have a poll for people to chose which one of the two stories I put on my profile should I do after Alpha Pair. My you guys can take a peak over on that site and look at the summaries and descriptions on my profile and maybe tell my what you think in a review. If you don't care about it that's okay. I will still love you all no matter what.

Thank you for reading and I will see you all next time!
A Mighty Flame

My first lemon in this chapter. I'm afraid I made it more fluffy than smutty, I really didn't know what I was doing.

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Right now, Stiles felt higher than any drug could take him, he felt like he had died and gone to heaven.

Any other metaphor you can think of to describe a moment of complete and utter bliss could probably be used to describe how Stiles was feeling at the moment.

Correction, those metaphors would only cover half of what Stiles was feeling, if he could barely describe it then there's no way someone else could.

He could feel the pack, every single one of them and their emotions. They were all in their rooms in the Hale Mansion, safely tucked into their beds and dreaming away peacefully.

The waves of calmness traveled from them into his own being. There was a moment when he felt Jackson panicking in his sleep again. Immediately he got up and tried to run over to his room but was stopped by Derek.

"Use your power." Derek urged him.

And so Stiles did. Without even getting out of bed he channeled his serenity near Jackson's room. The human Alpha was overjoyed to feel that eventually it worked and Jackson was sleeping peacefully again.

However, after Stiles was done he felt extremely exhausted.

The hidden power of the Filikos Alpha is empathy. This power gives the green eyed Alpha not only full access to his/her packs emotions but the ability to influence them as well. Mostly it is used to soothe the minds of the Alpha cubs during times of crisis or panic. However, it does have a nasty habit of backfiring on the Filikos Alpha as sometimes they can unconsciously influence their pack members, especially when they themselves are feeling a great amount of sadness or despair.

"Whoever said empathy wasn't a real power is a dick." Stiles grumbled. His mind felt like it had just ran fifty marathons back to back.

"Hm." Derek said in response, very typical of him.

Almost frightened of what he'd find, Stiles turned over in bed to see Derek still staring at him like he had been for the last five hours. It was a little intimidating to have someone look at you that long unblinkingly (in Stiles' mind Derek never blinks).

Though, to be fair, Stiles had been doing the same thing just a while ago, he just got distracted with Jackson.

What else was there for two people to do after they just became connected to each other for life?
Sleep? That's completely out of the question given how much they were experiencing due to their new powers and without even moving a single muscle. This was just so amazing to them that they couldn't even fathom sleep.

Stiles narrowed his eyes curiously as he stared back at Derek. He wondered how he was adjusting to his new power. Maybe he should test it out.

The hidden power of the Epithetikos is mind reading. This power is given to Epithetikos Alphas for two reasons. The first reason is to help in developing a relationship with the Alpha's pack member. Due to Epithetikos Alphas being stern and having an almost military mentality, they often miss out on creating a personal relationship with their pack members. The mind reading can help them find common ground with the pack so a personal relationship can exist.

The second reason compliments the Epithetikos Alpha's more dominating side. The mind reading aids the Alpha in dealing with deception or thoughts of treason. Although it is rare in an Alpha Pair pack, the betrayal of a pack member has been known to devastate a pack and create holes in the pack than can never be repaired. Empathy is a power that is possible to get around but there is no escaping the hidden power of the Epithetikos Alpha.

There was a murder in Crotchville, Kentucky on 69th street. Vader Darth was beaten to death with a dildo in his backyard. Who dun it? His neighbor Ms. Tig Bitties (middle name Old), Mr. Dat Ass, or Mr. Honey Boo Boo who sells dildos from his basement? Stiles thought to himself.

He waited for a reaction from Derek but he didn't get one from him for a little while. Though, he did sense a state of confusion that wasn't there before and a small bit of amusement that he normally wouldn't have been able to see verbally.

"So?" Stiles said expectantly.

"I believe I've saved the world." Derek suddenly declared.

"From what?" Stiles asked him with a raised eyebrow.

Derek gave him a smirk. "With this mating I've prevented you from reproducing and creating more erratic thinking people like yourself."

Stiles pushed Derek's chest both hating and loving the laughter he could just feel coming from the werewolf.

"That was cute but that doesn't answer my question. Who do you think committed the murder?" Stiles asked determinedly.

"It's going to be me if you don't shut up." Derek told him while under his breath muttering something about a Crotchville.

"Make me." Stiles said challengingly.

Stiles regretted those words he second the uttered them.

Before Stiles could even blink he found himself pushed down and on his back while Derek hovered over him.

"Careful what you wish for." Derek said smugly before dipping his head into Stiles' neck.

Stiles felt Derek's breath hovering over his neck teasing him. Stiles groaned and lifted his chin to
expose his neck to his mate.

Derek's growl was a sure sign of approval of that gesture. Stiles knew he loved it when he did this but he wasn't exactly sure why. Was it just that exposing your neck was a sign of submissiveness or was it something much more intimate?

"The latter." Derek answered as he moved down and flicked his tongue across Stiles' windpipe. "By showing your neck to me you're revealing one of the most vulnerable parts of your body, it's a sign of trust."

"Oh." Stiles said in both acknowledgement and pleasure as every meeting of his neck to Derek's tongue caused shivers to run down his spine.

"Not only that," Derek said taking careful nips of Stiles neck causing small whimpers to escape his mouth, "but it also drives you insane."

Stiles gasped and ran his hands through Derek's hair. "So you take my vulnerability and my sanity before you take my virginity? That's just like a man."

"I doubt there was ever a point in your very short life that you could have ever been called sane," Derek replied smartly, "and don't worry about that virginity, I'm about to take care of that right now."

"Oh my god." Stiles breathed as he not only felt but sensed Derek's arousal, it was doing unthinkable things for his self-control.

What both Derek and Stiles quickly found out, and what also should have been obvious to them, was that there new powers work better on each other than the pack. Before they went to bed, Derek stated that some things in their packmates minds were a little hard for him to read but with Stiles his mind was as clear as day to him. With Stiles, Derek's emotions have a way of hitting him much harder than their packmates.

That goes double for right now. Stiles would have loved nothing more than for Derek to rip off their ritual clothes and make him a permanent fixture of the bed (they really should have changed clothes before they went to bed).

Obediently, Derek ripped off both his shirt and Stiles' hoodie so both of their chests were bare.

They glanced at each other heatedly, lust radiating off both of them. Before either of them knew it they were locked in a bruising kiss, each time their lips met it happened with a loud audible crash.

Stiles mumbled something incomprehensible but Derek did what was asked of him anyway and moved so that Stiles was on top.

Trying to calm his ever-growing nerves, Stiles straddled Derek's hips not concerned that his weight might be too much for Derek. If the tight grip of Derek's hands was anything to go by he was actually encouraging him to throw all his weight on him.

The human Alpha rested his hands on Derek's chest loving the feel of pectoral muscles under his fingers.

Derek suddenly slapped Stiles' leather clad ass making him squeak in shock.

"I had to." Derek said simply.
"Of course." Stiles pouted and pecked him on the lips.

While caressing Derek's upper body, Stiles slowly rubbed himself against his jeans and his obvious interest. The werewolf grunted as he rolled his hips with Stiles' in a rhythm they both caught onto quickly.

Derek ran his hands down Stiles' smooth back before bringing them to the button of Stiles' leather jeans.

It was then, when he felt his last piece of clothing opened, that Stiles actually took in what was happening. The reality of the situation finally caught up to the lust that he had been riding on this whole time.

"Uh." Stiles said awkwardly his heart trying to jump out of his chest with how swiftly it was beating.

He didn't have a clue what he was doing or how to do it. This level of intimacy was far too new to the human Alpha. What if he messes up? What if he does something stupid and Derek never wants to talk to him again? So many things could go wrong right now and he never thought of them until now.

"You shouldn't have thought of them at all because they're incredibly stupid." Derek berated his mate sternly.

"I can't help it." Stiles nervously said urging himself not to fidget on top of Derek, "you are about to take my v-card after all."

Derek closed his eyes for a brief second before looking up at him hesitantly. "We can wait, we have plenty of to time to do this."

If possible, Derek taking his hands off his hips made Stiles feel even more uncomfortable right now. It's not that he wanted to stop, it's just everything was happening a little too fast for him at the moment.

"I want to do this now," Stiles insisted staring down into Derek's still red eyes. Neither of their pupils had gone back to their original colors since last night, "I just don't want it to be rushed like this is a one night stand or something."

Derek gave Stiles such a fierce look that if he still had his boots on he's sure he would have been shaking in them by now. The werewolf flipped them both over so he was towering over Stiles once again.

"Our mating will never be like a one night stand," Derek swore, "not with all you do for me, what you give me."

"Like what?" Stiles found himself asking softly a he brought his hands around Derek's neck. "Stability? A sense of belonging?"

It was clear that Stiles was speaking more for himself than Derek at the moment. Despite having a good friend in Scott and not being that disliked in school, Stiles always felt lonely on the inside. It was rare that he met someone that got him or his humor, and by rare Stiles means only people that knew him for several years could understand what he's saying whenever he opens his mouth.

It always made him feel like less of a person when anything and everything he said was only met with stranger and irritated looks, but the pack never did that. Being with the pack made Stiles feel
important, it made him feel like he was worth something.

Especially Derek, Derek made Stiles feel like he was precious with the way he looked at him. With how protective Derek could be, it made Stiles feel like he was worthy of affection.

He really needed to thank his friends and Derek more for all they've done for him.

"You don't have to thank anyone," Derek snapped clearly hearing what Stiles said in his mind, "you've given just as much to us as we have to you."

Stiles looked up at Derek gratefully. "Thanks."

Derek's eyes shifted as he looked away from Stiles awkwardly. Stiles could feel Derek's doubt and nervous through their bond.

"I wish I was the one that could read minds." Stiles admitted sympathetically. "That way you wouldn't always have to kill yourself to come up with the right words to say to me."

"I need the practice," Derek reassured him, "A good leader should know how to express himself properly."

Unconsciously, Derek slid his fingers down to Stiles waist almost touching his cock.

Shyly, Stiles tried to close up his legs and move his hands down to his crotch. However, Derek took his hands and held them above his head.

"Don't hide from me little rabbit." Derek smirked taking Stiles legs and spreading them.

Ducking his head down, Derek began to run his tongue over Stiles' abs slow and teasingly. He even went as far as to dip his tongue into his belly button and moving further down.

"Do it." Stiles urged his mate as he reached his jeans. "I want you so badly Derek."

Complying with his wish, Derek stripped Stiles of his jeans.

"There's lube and condoms in my bag." Stiles blushed when Derek raised an eyebrow at him. "It was Jackson's idea not mine!"

Derek chuckled before moving over and quickly grabbing the tube of lube and a condom.

Slipping some lube onto his fingers, Derek slowly and gently opened Stiles' body up to him. There were only a couple moments of pain before Stiles found himself withering in ecstasy.

Derek stripped himself of his own pants and rubbed against Stiles hole.

"Please," Stiles pleaded grabbing hold of his biceps.

The two of them kissed once more as Derek moved into Stiles' body. The human Alpha moaned breathily into his mouth his nails digging into Derek's skin.

The red eyed Alpha stayed still inside Stiles until surprisingly said human Alpha made the first move. He rocked back on Derek's cock, eager for more.

The werewolf gave a few shallow thrusts being careful but at the same time giving Stiles what he wanted. Stiles breath became heavier with each and every thrust, moving his hand down as he stroked himself to their rhythm.
Derek was enthralled watching his cock sink into Stiles again and again as he increased the speed of his thrusts. Stiles mouth stayed wide open as moan after precious moan escaped him, they echoed and bounced off the walls.

Desperately grabbing at Derek's head, Stiles pulled his mate down and kissed him passionately their tongues fighting an endless battle against each other. Derek snaps his hips faster reaching for that part of Stiles that drove him wild.

The two of them broke apart as Stiles felt himself reaching the end of his rope, he felt himself reaching completion.

"Derek…"

Derek grunted in understanding. With how feral he looked it seemed that Derek was getting pretty close himself. With a few more long thrusts Stiles came with a scream.

The werewolf was fixated by the look of ecstasy on his face, it excited his inner wolf even more. Burying his face into Stiles neck, Derek came as well giving a few small thrusts just for good measure.

Slowly, Derek moved his head from Stiles neck to his lips. Gentle kisses were exchanged by the two of them as they held each other in their arms in a tight embrace.

"Amazing." Stiles commented through their kisses.

...

It was the morning before the full moon, and under normal circumstances this would be a tense time for a wolf pack due to what they knew was coming at night.

That was not the case for the Hale pack however.

"Breakfast!" Stiles shouted at the top of his lungs. Scott and Allison were moving all the bowls and plates to the table.

There were a couple of shouts in response, before the pack all came downstairs. Their combined footsteps made them sound like a stampede.

"Finally!" Jackson said with a roll of his eyes as he tried to take the seat he knew Stiles would be sitting in. Unfortunately for him, Isaac slid in the seat just as he pulled it out.

"Get out of my seat you cross eyed, curly haired troll." Jackson growled warningly.

"I don't see your name on it." Isaac replied smartly.

Jackson simply pointed to the back of the chair which he had craved his name on the back of it.

"Do you see it now?"

Isaac snorted and scratched it off with one swipe of his claws. "Nope."

"The more time you two keep fighting the more food you're losing out on," Stiles warned the two of them gesturing to the quickly emptying bowls and plates, "Boyd's already got half the pancakes and sausage."

Needless to say Jackson just sat down next to Isaac and took a plate along with him and began
Of course none of them began to eat yet, one of their Alphas was missing and the pack never eats until both Alphas are present.

Thankfully, they didn't have to wait long as Derek came downstairs the minute everyone finished making their plates.

"The diva finally decided to make his entrance." Stiles said with a grin. Only with luck was he able to miss Derek's swipe at the back of his head. Stiles presented Derek with his plate which was filled with a little bit of everything.

The minute Derek took his seat everyone dug into their food like they haven't been fed in months.

Stiles was about to be right with them until he felt his phone buzz in his pants. He pulled out his phone and a smile instantly brightened his face.

"It's Trendz," Stiles said to Derek happily, "he says hi."

"Trendz? Who the hell is Trendz?" Jackson asked with his brow furrowed. The rest of the pack was only paying the slightest bit of attention as they were too busy with their food.

Stiles scratched the back of his head wondering how he could break this to Jackson and the rest of the pack.

"Uh, well-"

"He's a possible pack member." Derek announced gaining the attention of all of the pack.

"What?" Isaac said instantly not liking this idea. He was not good with new people, as he has shown in this the past.

"Don't worry," Stiles said reassuringly putting a comforting hand on Isaac's on top of his own as soon as he felt his discomfort, "he's only ten but he's a great kid. All of you are going to love him."

"We still have to look into him more." Derek told all of them hearing all of their worried thoughts, "we don't know much about him."

"Then why are you considering making him pack?" Boyd asked curiously.

Derek shot Stiles a look who blushed in return.

"Because I just get this feeling, it's the same one I get when I'm around all of you." Stiles answered sheepishly not knowing how to say that properly.

The members of the pack exchanged looks. There wasn't much they could do with that, if the Filikos feels attached to him then he might be bonded to the pack for life.

Stiles felt his phone buzz again. The human Alpha checked it with a grin and read it aloud.

"I'm outside."

Everyone turned to the window to indeed see none of other than Trendz looking over at them from beside a tree.

"That's him," Stiles proclaimed walking over to the window and waving at him. "Hi Trendz!"
"How did he know where we were?" Danny asked in alarm.

Stiles' smile quickly faded as he saw someone slowly come from behind Trendz. The man's face was covered in the hood of his coat but you could clearly see his glowing red eyes.

The blue eyed boy's eyes widened as he found himself stabbed in the chest by the Alpha werewolf and dragged deeper into the forest.

"Trendz!" Stiles yelled running outside.

"Stiles!" Derek shouted grabbing him by his arm before he did something impulsive.

Stiles was going to shake his mate off him until he got another text from the boy's phone. He looked down and read it to himself.

If you want him back, you have to play by my rules.

...

I feel like I cheapened all of you in this chapter. I feel bad not giving you guys enough Sterek action.

Next chapter we will have the reveal of the antagonist. If you haven't already, voiced your opinion on who you think it is now because this is it.

Looks like Strength Thy Name is Familyis dominating the poll. I'm curious as to why that is. Is it because it's a Magic!Stiles story or is it something else?

It's not a big deal, you don't have to follow me or anything. I just wanted to voice my thoughts on something relating to the Teen Wolf fandom. I also put up a picture of Hemsworth and Trendz if you want to see. That's probably where I'm going to post pictures for my fanfics from now on.
Here it is, the revealing chapter of the antagonist. Don't be surprised if you're disappointed.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

…

No one moved or said a thing. Whether they were too confused or were feeling anxious as they waited for Stiles next move they weren't really sure at the moment. The pack just knew that something big was going to happen.

They all jumped however when Stiles punched the window so hard that it cracked. Without looking at any of them, Stiles ran upstairs and to his and Derek's room.

He felt it, Stiles felt the wave of panic rush through Trendz and it hit him like a fourteen wheeled truck. Stiles couldn't control his owns actions at this point, he was riding on pure instinct now.

"Stiles." Derek said warningly as he followed him into the room.

Stiles didn't say anything to him, he just went straight to the suitcase where he knew his weapons were.

"No." Derek told him grabbing the suitcase and holding it away from him.

"Give my suitcase Derek." Stiles ordered his voice low and deadly.

"You're not in the right state of mind to hold a weapon right now." Derek stated his tone just as serious as Stiles' was.

Stiles let out a growl any werewolf would be proud of. "I'm not in the mood for any of your overprotective bullshit right now. Give me my damn gun!"

As Stiles reached to snatch the bag from Derek, his mate took him and slammed him against the wall.

"You can't do this anymore Stiles." Derek said decidedly his glare matching Stiles' glare.

"What? Fight for the pack?" Stiles grunted smartly.

"Rush off to fight alone like you're an Omega," Derek corrected sharply, "you are a Filikos Alpha Stiles."

"I know that!" Stiles retorted angrily.

"Then act like it!" Derek snarled. "Act like the Alpha that you were born to be. You can't just scare the rest of the pack with that little stunt you pulled just now and then come up here like you're some one man show."

"I didn't scare them." Stiles replied though this time his voice was much lighter.

"Didn't you?" Derek asked him with raised eyebrows.
Now that he was much calmer than before, it only took Stiles a couple seconds to feel the various degrees of worry emanating from downstairs.

"You have to be strong for them Stiles." Derek said lowly (Stiles assumed he did this so the pack couldn't hear them). "They look to us for strength and we can't give it to them if we're just as helpless as they are."

Stiles couldn't find a single thing in what Derek was saying to him that was wrong. He didn't know what he was thinking charging up here like he was Rambo or something.

"Rambo would have broken the whole window." Derek told his mate.

"You've seen Rambo?" Stiles said with a raised eyebrow.

Derek rolled his eyes. "I watch more than just terrible movies."

"Could have fooled me, I could have sworn I saw the first three Twilight movies on your shelf." Stiles said with a grin.

"That was Erica and she brought them as a sick joke." Derek grunted.

Stiles chuckled before he briefly hugged Derek.

"Thanks Sourwolf," Stiles said genuinely, "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Have a completely normal life without death constantly knocking at your door?" Derek suggested.

"So, I'd be bored." Stiles said as Derek finally allowed him to move off the wall. "You know, I pictured you pinning me to the wall like you used to do but it was in a more-"

Stile squeaked as his ass was slapped and he was ushered out the room and downstairs.

"Get moving." Derek ordered though there was a smirk on his face.

Calmly, Stiles moved downstairs. When he saw the pack he gave them all a winning smile making some feel better than most about his state of mind.

With Derek, Stiles sat back at the front of the table and looked over his pack

"I went overboard," Stiles said apologetically, "I shouldn't have flipped out like that, I'm supposed to be more together when we're going through hell."

Isaac put a comforting hand on his shoulder and gave him an encouraging smile. "It's fine, we know you're not perfect and we don't expect you to be."

Stiles put his hand on top of the werewolf's in thanks.

"So, what are we going to do?" Danny asked curiously.

Stiles shot a look to Derek. He wasn't sure if he had any right asking any of the pack to help in rescuing Trendz. The search not only might be strenuous for them but it could also put them in danger when they confront that other Alpha.

Derek returned the look and then directed his attention to the pack.
"Stiles and I are going to find Trendz, we see him as pack," Derek informed all of them, "it's an optional mission for all of you though. We're aware that none of you know him or feel any connection to him. We understand if you don't want anything to do with this fight."

Everyone looked at each other and then looked at Derek and Stiles like they were the biggest idiots in the world.

"Please, you two handling something alone is a recipe for disaster." Lydia stated while putting her hair in a ponytail knowing that she would have to get to work soon.

"We should all spend our first full moon as a pack together." Isaac said happily.

"With any luck this full moon might go easier for us if we beat the hell out of that Alpha." Jackson said with a smirk while cracking his knuckles.

"I always wanted a little brother, I can't wait to meet the kid." Scott proclaimed eagerly.

Boyd turned to Derek and Stiles with a positively smug look.

"I believe we have made our decision." Boyd told the two of them.

Stiles had to fight from smiling like an idiot, he couldn't be more proud of them. Derek apparently felt the same way, if his feelings of fatherly pride were anything to go by.

Our cubs are just as insane as we are. Stiles said internally to Derek.

Derek snorted in response.

"What are we going to do?" Allison asked. "Are we going to listen to what the other Alpha says?"

"Please," Stiles guffawed, "we barely listen what we have to say to each other. I have a stupidly easy way to find out where he is."

As he scooted up the table the pack listened to Stiles' plan was.

......

Trendz yelped as he was flung to the ground to the rough concrete of the floor.

"Don't move you little brat." The Alpha hissed.

The hybrid groaned as he was pulled up by his hair so he was face to face with the sadistic werewolf.

"I should have done this before," The Alpha said more to himself than Tristan, "send in a spy to infiltrate the pack and get my mate to come to me."

"You didn't think of anything and I'm not a spy." Trendz said bravely despite knowing what a dangerous situation he was in.

The Alpha snarled before throwing the hybrid into a wall.

"Don't talk back to me you idiot," The Alpha growled, "I'm the one in charge here not you."

Trendz resisted the urge to snort at him. He couldn't stand this guy, we was the most insane supernatural creature he's ever met in his life.
"Keep quiet while I inform my future mate what to do." The Alpha ordered taking out Trendz phone from his own pocket.

Stiles. The name ran through Trendz's head like a mantra of guilt. He couldn't help but hate himself for helping get the human into this mess.

"What are you going to do to him?" Trendz asked the Alpha.

"Didn't I tell you to be quiet?" The Alpha sneered over at the young boy.

"Can't you find a different way to do all this?" Trendz said not even paying attention to the Alpha as he trekked closer to him. "You're going to hurt Stiles if you keep doing all this."

The hybrid was silenced as he was punched right in the jaw. The boy gasped in pain as he felt his own blood dripping out of his mouth.

"Don't you dare tell me how to treat what is mine." The Alpha took Trendz's head and slammed him into the concrete repeatedly.

Tears of anguish slowly fell from the blue eyed hybrid's little face. He reached up and grabbed at the Alpha's arm trying with all his might to try and make the werewolf release him from his hold but to no avail.

"You're getting to be more trouble than you're worth little boy," The Alpha leaned down and whispered into his ear, "I have half a mind to put you out of your misery right now."

The Alpha would have continued with his threat if not for him hearing the sound of a bullet zooming in the air toward him.

The werewolf dodged out of the way in time dropping Trendz on the ground where he could safely stay.

"Who the hell did that?!" The Alpha said lowly feeling unbelievably angry that someone could have found out where he was so quickly.

"It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Superspaz!" Stiles announced enthusiastically as he moved into the light of the abandoned building.

"And his groupies." Stiles added after a while as his packmates came into view behind him. Well, some were behind him while the others surrounded the Alpha.

"How did you find this place?" The Alpha asked almost softly.

Stiles snorted. "This is our town and our turf buddy. Most of us have lived here our entire lives so we know where the best hideouts would be especially for a baddie like you."

"That and we tracked Trendz phone to this general area." Scott added with a shrug.

"This was the only place around here that was secluded." Jackson said with a sneer. "Nice going genius."

"Clever little bunch aren't you." The Alpha chuckled darkly his face still somewhat in the dark and facing downward.

Derek stepped in front his packmates and turned his powerful red eyes at his fellow Epithetikos Alpha.
"I don't know who raised you but you should have been taught better than to come onto another packs territory without their permission." Derek growled at him. "We'll give you one chance to leave the area if not then we'll eliminate you."

Sensing Trendz' pain, Stiles ran over to where the hybrid was lying on the floor looking as if he was dead. Isaac followed right behind him not taking his eyes off the unknown Alpha for a second.

"Trendz," Stiles whispered wrapping his arms around the young boy and rocking back and forth in a soothing fashion, "you're going to be okay."

"You shouldn't have come," Trendz wheezed, "this guy is crazy."

"Yes he is but so are you for thinking that we wouldn't come to save you." Stiles replied putting his head on top of the young boys. "We care about you Trendz, probably way more than we should, but we do."

Trendz felt his little heart breaking. He knew that all these words of kindness and care were going to fade away once Stiles found out his involvement in the insane Alpha's plans. No one could forgive someone for this kind of betrayal.

With his new powers, Stiles immediately felt the anguish rolling off of Trendz's body. Carefully moving the blue eyed boy's head up, the human Alpha made it so they could look at each other eye to eye.

"What's wrong kiddo?" Stiles questioned. "Why are you upset?"

"Stiles!" Isaac said in a panic pointing to Trendz' broken jaw.

The human Alpha gasped as he saw the boy's jaw rapidly heal itself in an instant before his very eyes.

Suddenly, the rogue Alpha started laughing hysterically.

"What's going on?" Stiles asked frantically before turning in the direction of the other Alpha. "Did you turn him?"

"You can't turn a hybrid little Filikos." The Alpha responded before finally turning his head up.

While some were shocked and horrified by the identity of the Alpha, some were not surprised in the slightest.

"Hemsworth?" Jackson said deadpan. "Wow, that's a real twist."

It was indeed Hemsworth with the exact same face, blond hair, and muscles but there was something off about him. Where before his red eyes were the regular unmated Alpha red, now they were glowing red like Derek's currently were. None of the pack was aware that the glowing was something you could turn off.

Aside from the eyes, and what was most important, was the change in his demeanor. His gaze was stern and much more focused than its previously light hearted form. Gone were the perky blonds light hearted features, now every single section of his face was rough and filled with anguish.

Hemsworth rolled his eyes in irritation. "That never gets old."

"Hemsworth?" Stiles said meekly not knowing how to take this information. While it was true that
he never trusted Hemsworth in the slightest, it was still surprising to see him as the person behind all of the hybrid attacks. He was sure that the blonde werewolf just knew the person that was doing all of these things and not actually the person doing it.

"I knew he was behind all this." Lydia said with a shake of her head. "A guy with a worse fashion sense than Stiles can't be anything but evil."

Hemsworth smirked and looked over at Stiles. "You should drop that hybrid little Filikos, he's not worth your time."

"Hybrid?" Stiles said actually pay attention to Hemsworth's words time.

Trendz whimpered burying his face in Stiles' chest. "He said after my parents were killed he would give me a home if I did what he said. I didn't think that you would be so nice to me. I'm sorry."

There was a moment of silence which Trendz took as rejection. However, when he tried to separate himself from Stiles the human Alpha's hold on him only got stronger.

"It's okay," Stiles said soothingly as he rubbed Trendz' hair. "You're going to be okay."

"But…"

"You don't have to look for a home anymore," Stiles reassured him, "Derek and I already see you as pack."

"What?" Trendz didn't understand what was going on here. After everything he had done he was being offered a place in their werewolf pack, even with him being a hybrid?

"You don't have to understand right now," Stiles told him while smiling down at him, "just know that you have a family again."

Stricken with shock and overcome with joy, Trendz finally lowered his shields and broke down in tears, tears of happiness.

Hemsworth growled. He knew he shouldn't have employed that little hybrid brat to do his dirty work. He didn't even hesitate to turn on him. Oh well, it's not like he cared about him or saw him as pack. Hybrids shouldn't be seen as pack anyway, they are nothing but abominations and Stiles should be made aware of this.

"Stiles, I told you to put him down." Hemsworth ordered with a growl.

Derek gripped Hemsworth coat and glared at him angrily. "Don't you dare give him orders. I told you before that you're on claimed territory."

Hemsworth laughed and easily tore Derek's arm off him. "Oh please, like I'm going to let a little boy like you stop me from getting my mate."

"Stop talking about Stiles like he's yours, he doesn't want anything to do with you." Scott snapped growing irritated with the blond werewolf like everyone else.

"He is mine, I deserve a second chance!" Hemsworth roared in response to Scott's claim. "I need him and my pack back."

"What are you talking about?" Boyd asked with narrowed eyes. "Did you already have a Filikos
"That's none of your concern Beta," Hemsworth hissed, "none of this is any of your concern. My business is staking my claim on Stiles."

"Stop talking about me like I'm not here!" Stiles said angrily. "And you can't make a claim on me because I'm already taken."

"I would be a much better Alpha than this kid over here." Hemsworth said not even paying attention to what Stiles had been saying in the slightest. "I can protect you like no other Alpha can."

"If you're so amazing then why do you need a second chance with a Filikos?" Jackson asked with a sneer.

Hemsworth actually looked melancholy, something that was quite reminiscent of how the werewolf used to act (or at least pretended to). "He wouldn't listen to me, he never listened to me and he died because of it."

"It's astounding how much you've changed, the old you would have never have said something like that."

Stiles burrowed furrowed while everyone else just looked on in confusion. Did Hemsworth's voice talk to Hemsworth? The human Alpha had a feeling that things were about to get even weirder than they are now (which is saying something for this pack).

"You have horrible timing like always Hemsworth." The Alpha growled who was apparently not Hemsworth.

Sure enough, Hemsworth, with his bright smile appeared and walked over to stand next to the Hale pack.

"Sup bro," Hemsworth said with a shrug, "I see you're still insane."

"I see that you're still interfering and annoying." Hemsworth's brother hissed.

"Okay, what the hell is going on? There are two of you now?" Erica demanded.

"Oh," Hemsworth said as if he just realized that everyone was clueless as to what was going on. "Everyone this is my twin brother Kale, Kale this is the Hale pack."

"Are you serious? It was Hemsworth's twin the whole time?" Stiles said dryly. "This is some M. Night Shyamalan shit right here. I could have sworn we destroyed him after The Last Airbender Movie."

…

Okay, everyone raise your hand if you actually thought it was Hemsworth for a second. I told all of you that Hemsworth was in the story for a specific reason when he first came in and Kale was why. I know some of you thought it was Gerard or Peter but I honestly wanted the antagonist to be someone new, someone you didn't expect (and I was right because none of you thought that someone related to Hemsworth was the antagonist). LOL

Next chapter we are going to have a whole lot of exposition (mostly about Kale) and a whole lot of fighting so getting ready for that.
At the end of the next chapter we're going to have some tears. Why? You'll just have to read and find out (evil smirk).

Thanks for reading!
I should have known that you'd follow me here." Kale said shaking his head looking somewhat amused.

"You had to have at least guessed that I would try and find you Kaley," Hemsworth told his brother, "after what you did."

"I knew you were hiding something." Derek hissed at Hemsworth. "You should have told us your connection to what was happening in our territory."

"Technically, I didn't know that it was my brother doing all this in your town," Hemsworth pointed out though he at least looked sheepish about all this, "in fact, I didn't know it was him until I showed up here."

Scott glared over at Kale who looked over at all of them emotionlessly. "What is your deal? What makes you think you can just show up and cause problems for us?"

"I told you why," Kale shrugged looking over at Stiles once again, "I need this second chance."

Trendz wrapped his arms around Stiles waist, the human Alpha still happened to be holding on to him.

Hemsworth's semi-calm expression dropped as he snarled at his brother. "You don't deserve a thing, not after what you've done."

"I did what I had to do." Kale snarled right back at his brother.

"You did what you wanted to do." Hemsworth accused.

"I took responsibility for the pack and handled the situation the best way I could." Kale argued seemingly sure of himself.

"You murdered the entire pack!" Hemsworth shouted.

This reveal caused several degrees of shock to emanate from everyone in the room.

Kale had the nerve to actually look saddened at this reveal.

"They were all suffering," Kale said lowly, "I did my duty as Alpha."

"Their Filikos just died of course they were suffering." Hemsworth snarled, "You lost your mind and killed all of them in your grief."

"What I did might not have been right but it was the only thing I could do," Kale told his brother putting on his emotionless mask once again. "The only thing left is to move forward."

"So that's it then." Stiles whispered.
Everyone turned when they heard the voice of the human Alpha. The Hale pack could feel the silent rage building within Stiles' body as he stared at Kale like he was some hideous creature.

"Not only do you kill your own pack, torment my pack, but you disrespect the memory of your late mate by trying to replace him? Does he mean nothing to you?" Stiles said slowly his green eyes shining angrily.

Either Kale didn't care about the anger he saw in Stiles eyes or he just didn't care. He smiled comfortingly at the Filikos Alpha like nothing was wrong.

"I'm not replacing him because you are him," Kale said not caring about the disturbed looks he was getting, "once you've bonded with me you can become my new Tommy."

Stiles' face scrunched up in utter and complete disgust. He looked up at Isaac, Derek, and the rest of the pack.

"Him," Stiles seethed, "I want him gone. Now!"

With a mighty roar, Isaac ran toward Kale with sharpened fangs and teeth.

Kale waited for the assault in amusement.

"No, wait!" Hemsworth said in panic trying to stop Isaac from doing anything.

It was too late as Isaac swiped at Kale's head. With shocking grace, Kale avoided the hit and delivered a mighty blow to Isaac chest causing him to going flying backward.

"Isaac." Derek whispered before he wolfed out and glared daggers at the other Alpha. The rest of the werewolves did the same as their Alpha.

Hemsworth put a hand on Derek's shoulder as he tried to get him to listen to reason.

"You must think rationally about this, we need a plan if we are going to beat my brother." Hemsworth said. "He's much stronger than the average werewolf."

"You're aware of my trick brother?" Kale chuckled darkly.

"I could only guess what you did after I went to tell our parents the terrible news about Tommy." Hemsworth responded grimly.

"What the hell are you two talking about?!" Jackson snarled having had about enough of all this talking.

Kale smirked and extended his claws. "Allow me to show you the true power of an Alpha werewolf."

With speed so great that not even a werewolf could keep up with, Kale disappeared from sight and reappeared in front of Boyd, Erica, and Jackson.

Before the three of them could do anything, Boyd found himself hurled into the wall by a kick to the chest, Erica's face was pushed to the ground after getting punched in the jaw, and Jackson's leg had been broken after Kale took his limb and snapped it.

"What's going on?" Stiles said fearfully. None of them had ever seen a werewolf this fast and powerful, not even Peter had been that strong.
"It's all thanks to my late mate's blood." Kale stretched his arms, he barely looked like he broke a sweat.

"What do you mean?" Derek said almost dreading the answer.

Hemsworth sighed looking all too ashamed. "If an Alpha drinks their mate's blood, all of their mate's blood, it is rumored that said Alpha would gain a great amount of power."

"So it's like the ritual only worse," Lydia eyes widened in fear, "I didn't read anything like that in my books."

"That's because something like that was said to only happen once every other century." Hemsworth confessed, "It was thought unfathomable that two Alphas' that participated in the ritual would that to one another."

"Well it's not unfathomable because it happened. And not only did I get twice as strong and fast but my mind reading abilities expanded." Kale said with a casual grin, "I was able to trick those foolish hybrids into doing whatever I wanted them to do."

When Stiles felt Trendz stiffen in his arms, he looked down and saw the frightened look on his face. Stiles gave him a weak smile and did his best to try and use his powers to soothe him.

"Unfortunately, my powers still don't work on humans or werewolves that aren't my pack but who cares," Kale said with shrug, "I have more than enough power to compensate for that."

"And all you had to do was kill your own mate." Hemsworth as he stared at his brother like he was a stranger to him.

"There was nothing that could have been done to save him Hemsworth," Kale snapped at his brother, "you were there when the doctor told us that."

"Yes and I remember that day, it was etched into my mind," Hemsworth stated solemnly, "but you're not the only one that lost someone that day Kale. I loved Tommy like he was my brother and I always will. But just because I loved him doesn't give me the right to go on a rampage and make other people's lives miserable."

"You weren't paying attention to what I was saying at all," Kale growled noticeably stepping closer to Stiles direction, "I did all this so I can get my Tommy back."

Derek sprinted and tackled Kale down to the ground. Without missing a beat he began pelting the blond with punches.

"How dare you. How dare you act like Filikos' are something to be traded or replaced," Derek spat out utterly disgusted with all of this, "especially my packs Filikos, he is not a damn toy for you to borrow."

"He's just like my Tommy, it's almost like they're the same person." Kale said not looking to be affected by Derek's hits, "he can make everything normal again. He can make me whole."

Kale suddenly threw Derek off him and threw a punch at his face. Luckily, Derek was able to block the punch and hold him.

Hemsworth joined Derek and held his brother's other arm effectively keeping him in place, for at least a short amount of time.
Seeing an opportunity, Stiles gestured to Lydia, Allison, and Danny. The three nodded and readied their weapons.

"Now!" Stiles said once they had a good shot at Kale's back.

The three of them fired unleashing a barrage of wolfsbane filled bullets and arrows.

Kale roared in pain struggling under the hold of his brother and Derek, the effects of the projectiles coursing through his veins.

"Would you really betray your own brother like this Hemsworth?" Kale said laughing humorlessly at his brother. "After all we've been through together?"

"You betrayed me when you killed our pack." Hemsworth said simply training his eyes to show no emotion.

"Fine, then I can do this with no remorse." Kale said before driving his knee into Hemsworth stomach causing him to double over.

With all this strength, Kale picked up Derek and threw him into Scott who had been barreling toward them. They both fell into a pile of empty boxes.

Kale breathed in and out slowly, the effects of the wolfsbane taking effect quickly. He focused his eyes on the human members of the Hale pack.

"The token humans," Kale let out a dry weak laugh, "all packs have them."

The three of them hesitantly took a step back.

"My Tommy was human, he thought that he was just fine the way he was." Kale told them taking slow steps toward them.

"Watch yourself Kaley." Stiles glared at the werewolf as he approached his pack. He looked ready to kill him with just his green eyes.

"Actually, he thought it was fine until he got hit by that car." Kale suddenly yelled making everyone jump. "A werewolf would have survived that hit."

"W-We're fine as we are." Danny said bravely with a slight stutter in his voice. "We're happy as humans."

"Happy? Yes. Safe? No." Kale corrected still coming toward them. "You can't stay so fragile and still be in this world."

Without another word he ran toward Danny at full speed. The three humans tried to shoot at him but he dodged every hit.

"Danny!" Stiles shouted in concern getting up and running toward his packmate.

"Stiles!" Trendz yelled in protest as he tried to stop him.

Just as Kale was about to collide with Danny, Stiles pushed him out the way and took the attack for him.
Danny eyes widened as he saw his Filikos Alpha thrown into a wall and bit on the shoulder. Kale's eyes widened in surprise as he realized he had Stiles pinned to the wall, he shrugged and then continued to bite Stiles.

Stiles gasped in pain as he felt Kale's sharp teeth breaking his skin and making his blood seep out of his body.

"Well, that was unexpected." Kale said sounding quite proud of himself as he licked the blood off his mouth.

Stiles was steadily getting woozier and woozier as the seconds went by. Kale's bite caused him to lose a massive amount of blood making him weaker, his vision was beginning to fade.

There were several cries of rage as the pack saw, heard, and felt Stiles' pain. Those that were otherwise incapacitated stood back up and made their way toward Kale, determined to get their revenge for his actions.

"Don't come any closer, I have a hostage," Kale warned them now holding Stiles by his neck his nails cutting into his skin, "granted it's a hostage I don't want to use but it's a hostage nonetheless."

The pack froze knowing that they were at an extreme disadvantage at the moment. Derek snapped at his teeth at the werewolf that dared to put a hand on his mate.

"I'm going to rip out every single one of your vital organs Kale." Derek swore with a snarl.

Kale rolled his eyes looking completely unconcerned about his threat.

"It's been pretty wild but I can safely say that today has been one of the most successful days I've had so far." Kale nodded to himself in agreement.

"Why do you say that big boy?" Stiles sighed his breath coming in and out in small doses. As discreetly as possible, he slowly moved his hand down to the wolfsbane bullet loaded gun he kept under his shirt.

Kale smiled at him in irrational glee.

"As you can see little Filikos, I got what I wanted. I defeated your former pack, I finally shut my loud mouth brother up, and defeated your pathetic former mate." Kale said with a smirk. "My trap for you worked perfectly.

Stiles grinned for a very Stiles like reason. He wasn't grinning because Kale was an easy target for him right now, it wasn't because he knew that he could win this fight for the pack.

He was grinning like an idiot all because of one quote.

"You put me in a trap?" Stiles said with raised eyebrows before chuckling.

"Did anyone ever tell you there's one thing you never put in a trap if you're smart, if you value your continued existence, if you have any plans about seeing tomorrow there's one thing you never ever put in a trap." Stiles told the foolish Alpha.

"Wha-"

Kale didn't have time to speak as Stiles' gun was inserted into his mouth.
"Me." Stiles answered with a grin before taking the shot.

Stiles fell to the ground as the bullets hit the inside of Kale's mouth, his howls and screams of pain echoed like a siren throughout the room.

The currently human Alpha just looked on as Kale waved his arms and moved around in complete and utter pain.

In blind rage, Kale started to move toward Stiles once again with claws sharpened and completely wolfed out. He was stopped as Trendz, in his true form, tackled Kale to the ground and held him down.

As he looked and saw his pack quickly approaching him, Stiles could feel himself steadily losing consciousness.

"Stiles? Stiles, hang in there." Scott said worriedly being the first to arrive at his side.

Stiles just shook his head and gave his best friend a grin.

"You want to know something buddy?" Stiles asked.

"Don't waste your energy talking." Scott said though knowing that trying to stop Stiles from talking was like trying to stop the sun from rising.

"Doctor Who…is always for the win!" Stiles said as if it was a fact before passing out.

...

When Stiles finally came to he had absolutely no idea where he was. Slowly, he cracked his eyes open and saw a familiar ceiling but he couldn't recall looking at it from this angle.

"I would hope you've never looked at my ceiling from this angle before." Stiles heard a rough voice say to him in his ear.

"That you Sourwolf?" Stiles said lowly, he was surprised to hear his own voice sound so weak and scratchy.

"Who else would it be?" Derek replied smartly in his own unique Derek way.

"I can't see you, come into the light." Stiles complained with a slight whine in his voice.

Derek snorted. "You can't see me because you haven't opened your eyes up all the way…idiot."

"Oh right." Stiles sniffed before opening his eyes up all the way.

Stiles was surprised to see Derek sitting as far away from him as possible in the living room. Judging by how clearly he heard his voice he assumed Derek had been right beside him.

He didn't notice Derek wince slightly.

"How long have I been asleep?" Stiles asked before his eyes widened. "Where is everybody? Where is Kale? Is he still out there?"

"Your mouth runs a mile a minute doesn't it kid." Hemsworth chuckled as he came into the room from the kitchen.
"Hemsworth?" Stiles whispered before shooting Derek a hesitant look.

Derek grunted and folded his arms. He didn't look as hostile toward the blond werewolf as before but he still clearly didn't like him.

"My brother is definitely dead alright," Hemsworth said giving Stiles a grin, "you couldn't tell you killed him with how many bullets you put in him?"

Stiles breathed a sigh of relief wiping his brow. He looked at his shirt sleeve and noticed that he was wearing an entirely new t-shirt.

"Why did you change my shirt?" Stiles looked over at his mate.

"Other than the fact that it had a copious amount of blood on it from the fight?" Derek asked with a raised eyebrow. "We couldn't have you wearing the same thing when you've been asleep for almost twelve hours."

"Yeah, the transformation was really something for you." Hemsworth said with a smirk.

Derek growled over at Hemsworth as he could hear Stiles ever-thinking mind slowly putting the puzzle pieces together.

It suddenly came back to Stiles. Just before he shot Kale he was bitten in his shoulder. It must have…

Stiles slowly brought his hand up to his shoulder and noticed that it was completely healed, he couldn't feel any bandages or anything under his shirt.

He moved his hand to his head and just stared at it for a minute. With a minimal amount of effort he was able to extend the claws that he apparently had now.

"Stiles?" Derek said sounding somewhat hesitant.

"Where's the rest of the pack?" Stiles said standing up and brushing off his pants.

"All in their rooms, they're all exhausted from the full moon." Derek answered. "Listen, we need to-"

"I just need to take a quick walk, you know just to stretch out my apparently new limbs." Stiles said showing off an obvious fake smile.

Derek sighed while Hemsworth looked on not having a clue what was going on.

"If you're gone to long I'm coming after you." Derek warned him.

Stiles nodded and quickly picked up his feet and walked out the door. He started out walking a slow pace before he steadily started going faster and faster until he was full blown sprinting.

He felt like he was in a car with how fast the trees seemed to go by as he was running, they were almost like a blur.

Suddenly, Stiles stopped and punched a hole in the ground the size of his fist.

"I'm a werewolf, I'm a werewolf." Stiles kept repeating to himself.

"Don't ever lose that light sweetie, don't ever change yourself." Gabriel pleaded with her son.
"Mom." Stiles whispered dropping to his knees and burying his hands in his head.

His howl of despair could be heard all the way back to the Hale Mansion.

...

Yes, I had Stiles quote Doctor Who.

Sorry, don't kill me! I know that I turned Stiles into a werewolf but at least he got one last BAMF!Human moment beforehand. Also, him turning into a werewolf will give us some good scenes for the next and last chapter.

Thank you all for reading and I hope you read the final chapter of Alpha Pair. In the endnotes of that chapter I will be giving my final thoughts on this story and how I'm going to do my next story.
I'm so sad, this is the last chapter of the story. This truly is last installment of Alpha Pair, my first teen wolf story. I just can't believe this.

All of my thoughts on this story will be in the endnotes. If you don't read it then thank you so much for reading, if you do I will see you at the bottom.

I hope enjoy the chapter.

Disclaimer: I do not own the MTV show Teen Wolf. This is a fan-made story and nothing more. Please, for the love of god, don't sue me.

Stiles didn't know where he was running to, he had no destination or any real place to be. He didn't really know why he was running at all.

But regardless of having no rhyme or reason for running like he was, Stiles didn't think he could stop.

Maybe he was trying to escape reality or the new world that has just opened up for him. He's a werewolf now, everything has changed for him in his eyes. The perfect world he thought that he had made for himself seemed to have collapsed in his hands.

Maybe it was fate or sheer coincidence but eventually Stiles found himself at home, the Stilinski home. For some reason as he approached the house he felt like a college kid that was just visiting for the holidays. This house doesn't feel like it belonged to him anymore.

Of course the front door was locked, if Stiles had known he would be coming here he would have brought his keys. Stiles didn't need them though as he accidently pushed a little too hard on the door knob and opened it by accident.

"Oops." Stiles said lowly looking down at the completely broken door in front of him.

Stiles didn't know why he felt as if he needed an invitation to enter his own door but he spent at least five minutes staring at the open door before he finally went in.

"Maybe sleeping in my own bed can perk me up." Stiles suggested to himself aloud stuffing his hands in his pockets and strolled in the room with really no rush.

In an instant a familiar smell of coffee and vanilla hit Stiles' nose. He immediately related the smell to his father (although he couldn't tell you why exactly). That must mean that he's still in the house probably in his room still asleep.

Stiles' heightened sense of smell didn't just stop with his father's scent. Every familiar smell that had always been in the background in his mind, something he never really paid attention to, practically ran up to him and smacked him right in the face.

He could smell his own scent bouncing up the stairs mostly likely to his room. He could smell Jackson's cologne that he always wears, he could even point out Isaac's deodorant despite him having not been here in a while.
Those last two scents calmed him somewhat, Stiles guessed that the smell of pack can make you feel more comfortable in an area.

However, it wasn't their scents that got his full attention. No, it was the scent of rosemary and caramel that made him pick up his feet.

"Mom." Stiles said longingly as he moved into the kitchen.

His mother's cookbook immediately caught his attention. It was on its stand like it always was just waiting to be opened.

Gently, Stiles picked up the cookbook and held it in his arms. He was careful not to hold on too tightly to it as to not accidentally crush it.

"I'm sorry mom, I'm a horrible son." Stiles sniffed with a shake of his head wanting nothing more than the earth to just swallow him up.

Stiles' ears perked up as he heard his father's footsteps. He was already on the last stair and was making his way to the kitchen. He was surprised that he didn't hear him when he left his room.

John came into the kitchen not looking the slightest bit surprised to see his son there.

"Hello son." John greeted mildly.

"Hey dad." Stiles grunted setting down his mother's cookbook and taking a seat at the kitchen counter. He stared straight ahead trying not to look in his father's direction.

With a heavy sigh, John sat down next to his son holding his head up with his hands.

"No work today?" Stiles said trying to make normal conversation just knowing that he wasn't acting like his regular energetic self.

"I called in sick today, I have something more important to take care of." John responded.

"Really?" Stiles was astounded by how much sarcasm he could put in just one word.

"Derek called me earlier this morning," John said announced looking over at his son, "He told me everything that happened with that Kale guy."

Stiles winced. He had no idea how his father was going to respond to him being a werewolf. In the back of his mind, he hoped his father would take this well but he wasn't sure. Maybe he would act differently now that his own son had become a werewolf.

"Maybe I should-"

"You're lucky that I can do nothing to you right now because if you were still human I would have smacked you in the back of the head for whatever ridiculous thing you're about to say." John said eyeing his son exasperatedly.

Stiles found himself smiling despite himself. "So violent daddio. Keep it up and you might become a disciplinarian."

John snorted. "Oh please, you remember the last time I tried to spank you when you were seven? You locked me out the house."

"I don't even remember how I got you out the house." Stiles shook his head snickering to himself.
"That was one of the first instances of me being sneaky."

John rolled his eyes. "You were born sneaky, your mother used to call you her adorable little snake pie."

At the mention of his mother, Stiles became somber once again.

John gave his son a pitied look. "You know, your mother would be proud of you if she were alive right now."

"Proud of what?" Stiles grumbled.

"Of how amazing you've turned out." John corrected. "Granted she might be upset how much you're like her, but she would be proud nonetheless."

"How am I like her?" Stiles couldn't help but ask. His mother had been an amazing woman that was loved by all and he was just Stiles.

"It's more like how are you not like her?" John told his son with a smirk. "Your attitude, your personality, your looks, even your smile, you got all of that from your mother. I have people tell me every day how much you're steadily starting to look like her."

Stiles blushed because his mother had been an extremely beautiful woman. Even when he had been interested in Lydia he still based beauty on how his mother looked.

"Why would she be upset because how much I'm like her?" Stiles asked, "She was awesome and everybody knew it."

"For the same reason you think your mother wouldn't be proud of you, you're oblivious to your own accomplishments." John said pointedly. "Both of you are so busy thinking about everyone else you never take the time to see what's happening to yourself."

Stiles always thought that constantly broadcasting how smart you were or how talented you were was incredibly arrogant. Sure, sometimes he says obnoxious things but he's always joking when he does it, Stiles has never once thought that he was better than anyone else.

"How you are today would have been a real eye opener for her if she were still alive," John said with a sigh, "she would have wanted to kill you for being so involved with werewolves, wanting to hug you for being so brave, and wanting to strangle herself once she realized that you react to situations the same way she would act."

"Hey now, I didn't get my bravery and stubbornness just from mom," Stiles protested, "who's the guy that works his ass off every day to keep this town safe?"

"Watch your language," John said almost automatically before he gave his son a smile, "and thanks."

Stiles nodded. His dad really shouldn't sell himself short. If it hadn't been for him he probably wouldn't have been able to handle his mother's death like he had.

"Don't ever lose that light, don't ever change yourself." John said making Stiles wince. "I believe those were the last words your mother said to you weren't they?"

"It was her mantra." Stiles said neutrally trying to keep the despair out of his voice.
"Yes it was," John nodded, "and I see that its meaning went completely over your head."

"It's really not that deep dad," Stiles replied with a pout, "she just meant that I should always stay the same person no matter what. I kind of fucked that up with my being a werewolf now and all."

"Completely over your head." John repeated with a shake of his head.

Reaching past his son, John grabbed his late wife's cookbook and opened it.

"When you have children you never want them to grow out of how they acted when they were younger." John stated. "Kids are so carefree and just happy all the time. That's what parents want their kids to be, happy all the time. You were an especially happy kid, you could never stop moving, could never stop joking around, and could never stop smiling. Your mother thought your smile was the greatest thing in the world."

"That's what she meant Stiles," John turned to his son sternly, "she wanted you to always be as happy as you were as a kid. As long as you can still smile like you use to then you are making her happy, werewolf or not."

Was that what she really meant? Stiles didn't know if that was true of not. He would have loved to know if she would have seen him the same way with him being a werewolf now. She had always meant the world to him.

"Are you happy Stiles?" John asked his son.

In an instant the faces of the pack all came to Stiles' mind. The joyous look on Jackson's face when Derek brought him that Rolex; Isaac's happy smiles as they cooked together; Scott and Allison's encouragement when he was trying to get everyone together; Lydia's satisfied smirk once she finished a long night of researching; Erica annoyed but amused face when everyone found out about her teddy bears; Boyd's rare but beautiful smiles whenever he notices that he can talk about his sexuality without fear of being judged; Danny's incredible grins whenever he's successfully able to shoot a target at training; and, despite him being new, Trendz' Derek like smirks.

Being around the pack has made Stiles the happiest he's ever been in his life. He wouldn't trade the moments he's had with the pack for any amount of money or fame in the world. Stiles loves them so much.

Especially Derek, with how much they've been through Stiles couldn't help but love that man with all his heart.

"I'm more than happy dad," Stiles said decidedly turning to his father and giving him bright smile, "more than happy."

"I'm glad," John smiled back at his son before enveloping him in a hug.

"I think I better go." Stiles said hating that he couldn't stay longer but he knew that the pack would be worried about him.

John nodded in understanding. For a brief second he looked down at his late wife's cookbook before handing it to his son.

"You can have it. You can use it as a model, but I want you to promise me that you're going to make your own cookbook, it's what your mother would have wanted." John stated.

Stiles furrowed his brow at his father. "I can't take mom's cookbook from you dad."
"You're not taking anything from me," John denied, "your mother's in my mind and heart, not this book."

"Nice one," Stiles praised before he grinned and took the book from his dad, "and I promise I will."

Giving his father one last small hug, Stiles walked out of the house with his mother's cookbook safely in his arms.

"Has anyone ever told you that listening to other people's conversations is rude?" Stiles asked as he walked past Derek who had been leaning on the wall beside the door.

Stiles had caught his mate's scent as soon when he was a few feet away from the door. He felt that he should have recognized Derek's scent, he was his mate after all.

"Given that you were just recently turned it's astounding you were able to recognize my scent at all." Derek grunted getting off the wall and walking beside Stiles.

'Looks like being around you guys before becoming a werewolf gives me an edge." Stiles said with a smirk. "And I love how you ignored my eavesdropping question."

Derek snorted and folded his arms. "I told you that I was going to come after you once a few minutes had gone by. Just be lucky that it was me and not anyone else in the pack, you startled them with your howl in the forest."

Stiles winced. "You guys heard that?"

"How could we not?" Derek looked over at his mate as they walked into the forest to the Hale Mansion. Derek felt that the walk would do them some good and they could talk all of this out this way.

"I didn't mean to do that," Stiles apologized, "it just sort of came out."

"After it set in that you were a werewolf." Derek said bitterly his eyes blank.

Stiles glared at his mate. "Don't do that, don't make this into more than it is. You know why I was upset, it had nothing to do with being a werewolf specifically. I was upset because of the promise to my mother and you know it."

Derek breathed through his nose and nodded.

Stiles stared down at his mother's cookbook longingly. "You ever wonder what life would be like if it didn't have bad times?"

Derek looked over at him.

"Could you imagine a world where nobody died, no one was abused, no one was raped, no one was assaulted, no one could feel pain?" Stiles asked curiously.

"No, I don't think of that." Derek said with a shrug. "Sure, all of those things are terrible but they help make us who we are."

"No two people have the exact same story." Stiles said rewording Derek's words.

Derek nodded. "Without the bad times we can't appreciate the good times. I've come to see that recently."
"I wonder if that has something to do with a certain new pack of yours." Stiles said with a grin.

"That and a new mate of mine." Derek said enjoying the blush on Stiles face.

Stiles stared up at Derek for a brief moment. He was deep in thought, his mind going in to many directions for Derek to tell what he was thinking about.

"I love you." Stile blurted out.

Derek froze staring at Stiles in unconcealed surprise.

The Filikos Alpha could feel Derek's emotions going haywire. Derek clearly didn't know what to do with this or how to handle it. Apparently Derek still had a lot to learn.

Stiles put a comforting hand on Derek's shoulder. "You don't have to say it to me now, you don't even have to say it to me in the next couple of years. I may be impatient with a lot of things but I can wait for this."

"Just promise me that when you do say it that you'll mean it." Stiles asked walking closer to his mate until they were but a hair away from each other.

"I promise." Was all Derek said before he pulled Stiles by his waist and kissed him gently.

Stiles sighed as Derek joined their lips together. He moved his free arm around Derek's neck as their lips danced an eternal dance.

Now, that tiny spark that both of them had felt was now a roaring fire, a fire that couldn't be put out by anyone or anything. Even as they broke apart and Derek rained kisses down Stiles face and neck the two of them still felt that burning passion for each other, one that was more powerful than lust, sadness, maybe even the world itself.

Stiles chuckled running his hand through Derek's hair as he played with his neck. "Derek."

"Hey lovewolves." Hemsworth greeted once again appearing right out of nowhere.

"Dude, I swear you are a master at cockblocking." Stiles groaned as Derek glared daggers at the blond werewolf.

"Well, consider me cockblocked out because I'm hitting the road." Hemsworth announced throwing his bag on his shoulder. "The reason I came here is because of my brother and now that he's dead it's time for me to leave."

Stiles raised both his eyebrows at him. "Where are you going to go? Are you going to stay an Omega or are you going to join a pack?"

Hemsworth shrugged. "I might join a pack someday. Who knows what's going to happen in the future but for right now I'm gonna fly solo, if only just to get my head together."

The Filikos Alpha nodded understanding completely where he was coming from.

"Well, don't be a stranger blondie. Call us sometime, visit us even. You're more than welcome back." Stiles said with a grin. "Right Derek?"

Derek mumbled something incoherently. Stiles elbowed him.

"Sure, you can come back," Derek said begrudgingly, "but if you keep valuable information from
us again I'll have your head."

Hemsworth nodded at both him and Stiles before he ran off out of the forest and even further out of Beacon Hills.

"You know, I think he should be in movies." Stiles proclaimed for absolutely no reason at all. All Derek did is roll his eyes. "Let's just get back home."

"You know you never told me what happened after Kale was killed, beside my wolfing out that is." Stiles stated.

"Nothing much," Derek said with a shrug, "though Jackson and Isaac are finally getting along."

"Really?!" Stiles said excitedly. It was almost like a dream come true for him. "That's great!"

Derek smirked. "Yeah, they quickly found out that they had a common enemy, in what they call 'the devil spawn'."

Stiles furrowed his brow not having a clue what he was talking about. He opened his mouth to respond but then he heard the shouts of Jackson and Isaac.

"Get back here you little brat!"

"You're going to pay for that devil spawn!"

"What the hell?" Stiles mumbled as they finally came up to the house.

He saw Jackson and Isaac chasing Trendz around the Hale Mansion, the two of them were soaked in water and completely enraged. Meanwhile, Trendz was just grinning like a psychopath and easily out speeding them.

"Stiles!" Jackson said with tired breath as the caught his Alpha's scent. "We need to talk about this little brat you brought into the pack."

"Yeah, he's pure evil." Isaac stated angrily.

"Don't listen to these losers, they were getting on everybody's nerves worry about you so I solved the problem." Trendz said innocently though you could clearly see a hint of mischief in his eyes.

Stiles looked on as Jackson and Isaac yelled at Trendz who didn't seem to care about how angry they were. In the corner of his eye he saw the rest of the pack all sitting on the porch with popcorn and snacks just watching this whole thing unfold.

Stiles leaned on Derek's shoulder unable to hold in his laughter.

"You ready to rein them in?" Stiles said through his chuckles.

"Always." Derek said with a feral grin.

With that both of them walked to their home, their family, and their happiness.

…
Wow, just wow. I have to say that writing this story has been amazing for me. Writing for Alpha Pair has been the most fun I've had writing in my life.

You guys, the readers and commenters, have been amazing. I loved that I could entertain you all and give you a story that you could read in your spare time. I loved the support all of you gave me from the long in depth reviews to the short but sweet reviews. Every piece of encouragement or advice you all gave me helped me so much when writing this story.

There are plenty of things I could have improved on but I think I did okay all things considered.

Since I did have such a great time writing a fanfic I don't see why I should stop writing. As I said before that while it is possible for me to write a sequel to Alpha Pair I don't want to do it right now. I never really planned for one and I think it might take me a while to come up with a really strong plot, not to mention that I have other stories that I want to do.

I would like to give a special thank you to Wolf-of-the-North, lyokoyaoi, and GleekyPenguin for all your help with my story.

Speaking of other stories, Strength Thy Name is Family is in the works right now. It was pretty clear by the poll on what everyone wanted my next story to be and that is what you all will get. If you did vote for Trust Me don't worry because I have a way to make you all happy as well. I found an easy way to put elements I had planned for Trust Me into Strength Thy Name is Family, it's going to be great.

Unfortunately, I might need a week or two before I post the first chapter of STNF (Strength Thy Name is Family) but I will post it soon.

Until then thank you all so much for sticking with me until the end. I love all of you and hopefully you will read my next story which will be a Magic!Stiles story.

Works inspired by this (opps podfic) The Alpha Pair by texttospeechoutfit

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