It's Just Revenge

by The_DoctorSimba

Summary
Gerard and Kate took everything from the Hales and from the sheriff when they burned down the Hale house and killed Claudia and their son. Now years later the Argents are back in town and Derek sees a way to get revenge in the form of Gerard's grandson, Stiles. Derek kidnaps Stiles but things aren't what they seem with the boy. Could taking Stiles actually have been a good thing for the boy? And if it was how far will Gerard and Kate go to get him back? Remember, Revenge Haunts All Of Us.

Notes

So this is actually the first Teen Wolf fic I've written in detail. I didn't post it first because there is supposed to be a fic banner but I can't figure out how to do that. If you know how please let me know in the comments, thanks. Anyways I've been working on this for a while and actually have a few chapters written. As usual I have no idea when I'll update. This is unbeta'd and nothing belongs to me. Enjoy.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Stiles Argent

When Scott had told him that his class had gotten a new student, Derek didn't expect such burning hatred for the name, Stiles Argent. Of course Derek didn't tell Scott why he should stay back only that he should. Scott didn't like that because, well he and Stiles really hit it off. Derek knew Scott was going to ignore him, he just didn't think he be so open about it. Derek went to the school the next day and saw Scott and the boy that was obviously Stiles exit together.

Derek saw red but kept in control. He listened to them and heard Stiles mention a jeep... The very one he was leaning on and an idea formed. Checking the doors he found them all unlocked and chuckled at the boy's stupidity. He crawled in the back seat without being seen.

"Can we hang out this weekend?" Derek heard Scott asked. He heard the driver door open slightly.

"No. I-uh... My grandfather has the weekend planned out already." Stiles said opening the door completely. "See you Monday Scott." He said and climbed in his car.

Derek waited until the boy had pulled out and was on the road before he extended his claws and caught the boy by the neck. "Don't speak, do as I say." Derek growled in his ear. Stiles attempted not to crash as he slowed down, "wh-what do you want?" He asked timidly. Derek just chuckled, "just drive... We're going to go to my house... Not the one your grandfather and aunt burned to the ground but still..." Derek said deceptively soft even as his claws tightened. "Drive." He growled.

Stiles was freaking out, Derek could hear his heart fluttering wildly. But the boy nodded and pulled back onto the road. Derek stayed in the back not wanting to be seen but he gave Stiles directions. Derek called his uncle, "Peter, we're having a guest..." He paused, "he's a little Argent... Gerard's grandson." Derek said. His uncle was silent for a moment. "I'll prepare a room for the bastard. And I'll call the sheriff. If you're kidnapping someone better we tell him than someone else." Peter said and Derek could almost hear the smile on his uncle's voice before he hung up.

Stiles didn't say anything just glanced in the mirror back at Derek every now and then. Derek smirked; at least the boy had self-preservation instincts. "Stop here." Derek instructed. Stiles obeyed hesitantly. Derek had taken him to a bad part of town. Opposite direction of where he lived, but close enough to his car that he'd left when training Scott how to hide in a city area.

Derek slipped out the back and opened the driver's side door. "Please don't, whatever Gerard did..." Stiles was cut off with a punch to his jaw then temple, knocking him out. Derek smiled. He took the limp boy in his arms and took him to the Camaro. Derek dumped the boy on the ground; luckily there was no one around. Derek grabbed rope from his trunk and knelt beside the boy. He rolled Stiles to his stomach and tightly bound his arms behind his back. Next he tied the boy's ankles together. Although Stiles had been quiet so far Derek took pleasure in duct taping his mouth and eyes shut. The werewolf smirked down at the boy before throwing him in the backseat on the floor.

Derek got in and started driving to the loft. He had no idea which room Peter would choose for the boy, and frankly he didn't care. Gerard took everything from them, so he's taking everything from the hunter. Everyone knew this was his only grandson, and someone he treasured. Derek planned on using that to his advantage to get the old man to do what he wanted.

When Derek pulled into the garage under his building Peter was already waiting on him. He opened the back door and Stiles stirred, apparently conscious again. He whimpered when Derek hauled him out and over his shoulder.
"A bit risky, nephew... It's broad daylight." Peter tisked in mock disapproval.
"I got him didn't I?" Derek shot back walking past him.

"I'll give you that much." Peter relented as they got into the elevator. Peter looked at the boy and grabbed his face, "how hard did you hit him? If you broke his jaw this will be a lot harder. We want him alive and I'm not feeding him." Peter chided.

"It's not broken..." Derek sighed. Peter let Stiles's head drop back onto Derek's shoulder. "Which room did you pick?" He asked and Peter just grinned.

"Follow me." Peter said leading the way upstairs. He went to the end of the hallway to the smallest room. Derek's plan to make this room a study didn't really pan out and the room was bare. Now that was nearly true. Peter had added shackles to a wall, a chair with shackles, there were torture items as well, most used to help bitten werewolves on a full moon because of... Well pain. Hell there was even a dog cage if they wanted to add irony. Derek didn't even want to know where and when Peter had time to install these things, Derek hadn't been in there in months.

The only thing that looked remotely for the boy's comfort was two blankets and a pillow in the corner. Derek dumped the boy there with a thud. Peter took the tape off his eyes and Derek saw fear there but... Also defiance and resolve. Something told him this wasn't the first time someone had taken revenge on Gerard through Stiles. Derek smirked, that was cute, Stiles must've thought he was going to survive this. And maybe he would... Or maybe not. He kicked the teen in the stomach roughly, "don't, don't give me attitude." Derek said calmly. Stiles was trying to cough through the duct tape, not that Derek felt inclined to help him.

Stiles just looked down, no longer meeting the alpha's gaze. Derek smirked, "Good boy." He chuckled. Derek heard the front door open and Peter brought the sheriff in. He hadn't heard Peter leave but he heard the Sheriff gasp when he entered the room/cell.

"This him?" The Sheriff asked hoarsely. Derek turned to him with a smile, "yup. This is Gerard's grandson, Stiles. Say hi Stiles." Derek said grabbing the teen's hair and forcing him to look at the sheriff. Stiles made a pained noise and looked at the Sheriff. His eyes showed he was terrified and he tried to get out of Derek's grasp.

The sheriff went over and ripped the tape off of Stiles's mouth, "Sheriff?" He asked hopelessly. Before he could say anything else the sheriff punched him in the mouth, "that's for my wife." Stiles's head jerked but couldn't go anywhere because of the grip Derek had. He punched Stiles again and this time Derek let Stiles drop, "and that's for my son." He growled.

Peter made a face at the punches and Derek just nodded a bit, "better?" He asked in a light tone.

"Yeah." He said looking at the helpless boy. "What are we going to do to him?"

The fact the sheriff said "to him" instead of "with him" was not lost on Stiles judging by his heartbeat skyrocketing. He tried to wiggle backwards out of their reach even if it was nothing but a false comfort.

"I vote for kill him." Peter said pursing his lips. "What?" He asked when the other two shot him a look. "We were all thinking it. Derek he burned our family alive and left me in a coma." Peter said as if he was a voice of reason. "And Sheriff Stilinski, he killed your wife and son, your whole family, at least Derek and I have each other." He said going over to John.

"He's right." Derek conceded. Stiles had gone completely still. "But... How to... Sending Gerard pieces of this kid sounds fun but tedious as hell." Derek finished.
"So how about a ransom? That way we can do what we want to him and get paid for it." John said looking at the boy. He didn’t want to kill him so he was thinking of other options. "We rough the kid up and send Gerard a video with our demands. And if you're confident he won't go to the police then this could work." John said in slight disbelief.

"Please... I didn't do anything." Stiles and instantly Derek was beside him pinning Stiles's head down with his claws.

"No, but Gerard did... And you're going to grow up just like him." Derek growled in Stiles's ear. "So this is really just self-preservation." Derek mused. Stiles opened his mouth but Derek slammed his head, "don't speak."

Stiles grunted in pain. "What do we demand? How much money will be enough, sheriff?" Peter asked.

John pushed him away, "Are you asking me to put a price on my son and wife?" He demanded.

"No, I'm asking you to put a price on him." Peter hissed pointing at the boy under Derek. "We need time to plan, Peter. John you can stall the police if Gerard comes looking for him." Derek said standing up and releasing the boy. "If you can be good I'll cut the ropes off your hands." Derek said kneeling in front of him. Stiles nodded.

Derek used his claws and cut the ropes. Stiles waited a few moments before bringing his hands around to his front and rubbing his wrists, which were now bruised. "Thank you..." He whispered sliding back so he had his back against the wall.

"Just do what we say and you'll get out of this fine. Gerard will have you back in no time." John assured slightly bitter. He didn’t like the idea of an eye for an eye but when Peter told him he couldn’t pass up an opportunity to get back at the bastard that killed his wife and son.

"He won't..." Stiles whispered so the human almost didn't hear him but the wolves sure did.

"What do you mean?" Derek demanded. Stiles barely suppressed a flinch. Derek only saw it because he was looking right at Stiles.

"Are you going to fight us, little hunter?" Peter asked innocently. Although he believed the boy. Gerard would never stoop to making deals with werewolves.

Stiles shook his head, "he won't pay." He said quietly.

Peter snorted in disbelief, "really? His most prized he won't pay for?" Peter rolled his eyes. "Sure..." He drawled and walked out the door. He had appearances to keep up after all.

Derek followed him with a slightly confused expression. He had expected more of a fight... Or a fight at all. No way an Argent wouldn't go down without a fight. Derek decided he was planning something and he swore

John lingered a moment, "I'll bring you some dinner in a bit." He said. He knew what humans needed more did the wolves did. And Stiles looked skinny anyways. John shook his head and left the room. He felt bad for hitting the kid when he saw the bruises on his cheek and lips. John walked out and shut the door, it locked automatically. He joined the wolves in the living room.

"Anybody else think that was too easy?" Peter asked breaking the silence.

"I was thinking about that. Maybe he's smart enough to know he can't take out two werewolves and
a human with a gun?" Derek said glancing at the stairs.

"Well with all those displays I almost was going to submit to make you stop." Peter drawled tragically.

"What?" Derek demanded his brows furrowed together.

"You were basically crushing him, told him 'good boy' to show he had no power, and smashed his head to the wall... You were basically screaming 'I'm better, submit or die.'" Peter explained looking through some cabinets for God knows what.

"Well... He's a hunter. I didn't want him to get any ideas about running or fighting." Derek huffed. Maybe he had acted rashly... But he had seen Scott with the young hunter and he knew he had to protect his pack.

"Found it!" Peter called ignoring Derek.

"Found what?" John asked, he was as confused as Derek.

"Celebration." He said holding up the bottle. "True none of us planned on babysitting a young hunter this weekend but I think it will be a weekend well spent when we have money and protection." Peter said toasting the bottle.

"What about him saying Gerard won't pay?" John asked.

"He probably just doesn't want to be hurt." Derek sighed rubbing his eyes, "Like he thinks nothing will happen if we think it's pointless. What are we going to do for that, anyways? Nothing too permanent and I don't want to have to involve Melissa to save him." Derek said firmly.

"Well we could set up a camera and you could wolf out on him... Seemed to do wonders last time." Peter drawled trying to open the bottle.

"I'd rather not have to... But that seems to be a very effective way of telling him we're serious." Derek muttered.

"But not now." John said surprising them. Peter just held the bottle and stopped trying to pry off the cork with his teeth (because seriously Derek?! Where does he get these unopenable bottles?!)

"Why not?" Derek asked puzzled. It seemed logical, start sooner, end sooner.

"For one I think we should send our demands and if he refuses then we send him a video. A picture to start with though." John said. "And secondly, it's nearly six at night and my bet is the boy hasn't eaten since about eleven thirty or so. If we don't want him passing out he needs something."

"A small something, remember the part where he's a hunter?" Peter asked and gives a triumphant noise when the bottle is freed of its cork.

"Half a peanut butter and jelly sandwich... And a glass of water?" Derek offered to the others. Peter shrugs now looking for glasses, or at least a glass. John nodded.

Derek made a quick sandwich and John got the water with one ice cube.

"I'll take it to him." Derek said. He was only slightly worried Stiles could overpower John and more worried Peter would do something stupid. He walked up and to the boy's room. "Stiles." He said when he walked in. The boy was curled up in the corner. He tensed when Derek entered. He seemed worse than when they first got him... Derek shook his head and threw the paper plate at him; it
landed a short ways away.

"I'm not hungry." Stiles said, "But thank you." He added after a moment. He didn't want to get on his captor's bad side... Or more bad side. These wolves had obviously been hurt by his grandfather and decided Stiles needed punished for it.

Derek didn't hear the boy's heartbeat speed up in a lie... Because it didn't... Stiles wasn't hungry... He tilted his head slightly and pulled his brows together. The sandwich had fallen off the plate as it was thrown but neither made a move to it. Derek sat the water, in a plastic cup so the glass couldn't be used as a weapon, on the ground. "Fine don't eat, starve then." He said and slammed the door shut as he left.

He didn't see the flinch Stiles made when Derek's voice rose, or the threat. Did this mean they weren't going to feed him? He asked himself. He almost reached for the sandwich but then he heard his grandfather's words, "there are poisons out there that will leave you fully conscious, able to feel, but unable to move." Gerard had barked in his face. Stiles remembered it perfectly. He was holding a glass of water his grandfather gave him when he felt the venom start to work. Kanima. He should've known! Stiles chided himself. The glass slipped from his fingers and he fell to the floor. "Now, boy, you're helpless. Anything could attack you." Gerard came into his vision with a whip. Oh no... "Remember this lesson if you're taken." He said and Stiles just shut his eyes in preparation for the blow.

Stiles was lost in the memory and didn't realize he was having a panic attack. Usually he could get them under control but he was surrounded by beings that we're going to kill him and worse so the attack hadn't really been triggered by the normal stressors.

Both Peter and Derek tilted their heads to listen to the boy's heart beat race. "Leave it. You won't help." Peter said when Derek started back to the stairs. "I'll be right back... And I'm bringing this." He said grabbing the bottle and a wine glass. When he went up and opened the door he found a strange sight. Stiles wasn't moving although he was obviously panicking due to his heart beat.

"Stiles?" Peter said carefully. "Stiles!" He said a bit louder. He took the water and splashed Stiles in the face.

Stiles jerked and covered his face, "I-I'm sorry..." He whimpered. Whenever he zoned out with Kate, because he would stay with her sometimes, she would lock him in a room and force him to focus while she distracted him... Painfully.

"Whoa, kid." Peter said eying him. "Why are you sorry? It sounded like your little heart was going to give out. Derek was worried." Peter cooed. "Wine?" He offered.

"No... No thank you..." Stiles said timidly. "I'm... Just no." Stiles shook his head. Why the hell would the alpha be worried? He was in a locked room so it wasn't like his heartbeat rose because he was running.

Peter shrugged, "whatever." He said and poured his own glass. He just stared at Stiles and sipped his wine nonchalantly.

Stiles shifted under Peter's gaze. He was trying so hard not to move. Stiles had been taught about werewolves predatory instincts, and if he moved too much, or tried to run they would hunt him down and kill him.

Peter chuckled, "cat got your tongue boy?" He asked. This kid was an odd one. He wasn't like the other hunters Peter had seen... And killed. "Here have a sip. I insist." Peter said holding out the glass of wine. "You need to calm down."
Stiles shook his head. "I said no." Stiles growled. And Peter just grinned, "There's that hunter spirit you were missing." Peter said with a laugh.

"What do you want?" Stiles said feeling defeated again. "Please... Just tell me..." Stiles said. He went a little closer and Peter quirked his eyebrow. Stiles let the blanket fall off his shoulders. His heartbeat calm again. "I can do anything you want..." He shuffled forward on his knees, "I've been told I'm very good with my mouth..." He purrs now in between Peter's legs. "Just tell me..." He said reaching up to his fly. Some of the hunters would use him... They said they were more focused after getting off.

Peter yelped and moved back rapidly. "I'm not into that!" Peter said quickly. Stiles was... He was a child! Well teenager but he was sixteen, seventeen at the most. "I love sex and blowjobs but I mean we barely know each other..." Peter said watching Stiles warily.

"Yeah but... I want to... And I've heard that..." He sighed. What? He heard, experienced, that people were calmer after having a nice hole to fuck? "Com'on... No strings attached..." Stiles tempted. His heart started to beat nervously again. Peter had already said no, would he hit Stiles for asking again?

"Maybe when you don't look like you'll pass out." Peter said when he heard the boy's heartbeat. Something was definitely wrong here... But he didn't see the need to tell Derek just yet. "I'll bring you some more water; try not to have a panic attack." Peter sighed downing his glass of wine before hurrying out of the room.

Stiles shivered and went back to the corner but grabbed the sandwich. He curled up in the blankets and stared at the sandwich.

Peter let out breath and walked back to the other two. "What happened?" Derek demanded as Peter walked down the steps.

"He tripped and spilled the water. Then panicked because one he spilled the water, and two you apparently told him to starve?" Yes Peter was lying but it was close enough to the truth his heart wouldn't skip.

At least Derek had the decency to look embarrassed, "Yeah, I shouldn't have done that. I'll bring him the water..." But Peter was just shaking his head, "You've done enough for tonight. I'll take him the water and you can do whatever tomorrow. Work out a price and what we're asking for. Pack protection is a definite Derek." Peter reminded him getting some more water.

Stiles was tucked in the corner holding the sandwich. He hadn't taken a bit of it yet, though. Peter entered and he hid the sandwich beneath the thin blanket as if it would do something, "thank you." Stiles said when Peter sat the cup down. "Why are you doing this?" Stiles could help asking.

"Gerard killed my family and left me in a coma. Someone's gotta pay and since he took my family I'll take his." Peter said matter-o-factly. Stiles let the rest of his hope fade. This guy didn't sound angry, Stiles could work with angry. No, this was cold hard facts to them. Stiles bit his lip, he was strong, he was a hunter, he was not going to cry and show them his shame. "Get some sleep kid, tomorrow should be interesting." Peter said quietly opening the door. He didn't glance back before he stepped out.

Peter could almost see the hope bleed out of the kid. He had told the truth. Peter didn't care what the kid thought and if he was being honest he didn't think Gerard would pay the ransom. Maybe try to break the boy out but he never stoop so low as to give into werewolves. Peter was thinking about that when he walked in the kitchen.
"How about this?" Derek asked sliding a piece of paper over to Peter instead of John. Peter looked over the note. It read,

'Gerard Argent.
Long time no see. Listen carefully. We have Stiles, you’re precious grandson. If you want to see him again, alive that at least. You’ll do everything we tell you to the letter or any “Argent Legacy” will be dust. You have no one after Stiles and we both know how you value legacies. Don’t make this harder on him which means don’t go to any hunters, or the police and don’t try and double cross us. Then we’ll come after Kate, and then you. So don’t test us. You and your psycho daughter have taken everything from us so we have nothing to lose, remember that. Don’t piss us off. Desperate men are monster after all and you thought we were bad before. Wait for further instructions and you’ll get you grandson back.’ Next there were a list of demands. A high price of money, demands they leave, and Stiles cut off contact with the students and be pulled from school.

Peter read it twice. It was some pretty high demands, for a hunter at least. "Seems good. Should we get some pictures of him to send with it?" Peter asked eyeing John. He looked haggard. "Sheriff? You still with us on this?" Peter asked looking seriously at him.

"Yes of course I am... I just... When you both described hunters I didn't expect-"

"Him to look so innocent? Because he's not. He's killed or been trained to kill in ways that would make your blood run cold." Derek interrupted. "He's going to be a monster. He's been trained to be a monster by monsters. He doesn't know any better so he'll kill without remorse." Derek snarled.

"I get it." John sighed. "I do not like it because I've seen him now but I understand this has to be done." The sheriff shook his head, "do you have cameras for him?"

Derek nodded, "yeah. I'll go install them and get some photos. I'll need to do a bit to him to prove we're serious." Peter nodded and John nodded once, he wasn't happy but it was a necessary evil.

Derek went to his desk in his room and got a webcam and a camera. Peter made a comment like, "dear god I hope he goes through those first. Naked nephew is not want I want to see." But Derek ignored him.

Instead he walked into the cell... Because that's what it was. Stiles looked like he was trying to relax but it wasn't working in the slightest. He stiffened and got impossibly smaller in the corner.

Derek ignored him for the first few minutes as he set up the webcam to see the entire room. When he was done he got his fangs out and smiled at the camera. He waved then turned to Stiles, "You're not getting out of this unharmed." Derek growled. "I would burn you," Stiles's heartbeat skyrocketed before Derek continued, "but I did offer Gerard a chance to save you, little hunter." Derek grabbed his shirt and pulled him up.

"Doesn't mean I can't have some fun first." He said slamming Stiles's back against the wall. Stiles flinched but prided himself that he didn't cry out. The belt had only been a few days ago and he still had bruises. As long as he could get out of here alive and with his clothes on he would be fine. This was all his fault anyways. His grandfather knew there was a pack in the area and Stiles didn't know how long they were going to be there and he'd begged, on his knees, for Gerard to let him go to school. He almost never was allowed. They said he was too talkative, so he got quiet, he moved too much and none of his teachers would like him, so he started only moving his fingers when he had to. It had been Kate that had made the decision though. She pointed out young werewolves couldn't control as well and were more likely to slip up and since they couldn't be there Stiles could at least report what he saw. Truth was he had suspicions but no proof, and he wasn't going to say
anything without proof... Well now he had some but that didn't really help him.

Stiles was forced back to reality when a fist slammed next to his head. "Did you even hear me?"
Derek growled.

Stiles considered lying and saying 'yeah I just don't care,' but he kept his eyes focused down and
gave his head a small shake. Derek leaned in very close with the hand that wasn't pushing Stiles
grabbed his hair and put his head back holding it there, "I said, I need some pictures... This is going
to hurt." Derek said with a hint of a smirk.

'Great,' Stiles thought sadly, 'one of his captives seemed uncaring but the other seemed to enjoy my
pain.'

"Pretty sure Peter didn't have time to soundproof this so please be considerate and don't scream too
loud." Derek said looking around. He set up the camera after letting Stiles drop.

Derek could hear the boy's pounding heart, but didn't look over at him. He had to do this for Scott,
for the others as well... But Scott liked to adopt strays and a new human would definitely be a stray.
With a final press of the camera he had it take a picture every twenty seconds.

Derek nodded and went back over to Stiles. Stiles didn't really want anything to happen and it was
just reflex that when Derek got close he lashed out and kicked him in the face. Derek and Stiles both
froze. "I-I... I'm so sorry-" Stiles began but Derek grabbed his throat, "no you're not... But you will
be." He growled and the first click of the camera went off.

Derek wolfed out and threw the kid against the other wall. Stiles flailed and struggled to get up, if he
was going down then he was going down fighting. Derek was much faster though and knocked
Stiles off his feet, another click. Derek punched Stiles and to save himself some pain Stiles curled in
on himself. Derek stopped punching when he heard another click. He looked down at Stiles and
almost felt bad; he'll be black and blue tomorrow. But Derek just shook his head and dragged Stiles
to the middle of the room and laid him out flat. He was trembling and fighting so hard not to make a
noise, but Derek could smell the salty tears on his face.

He tilted Stiles to face the camera and put on a smirk as another click sounded. He went and turned
off the camera and looked at Stiles who hadn't moved from the spot. His heartbeat was oddly calm.
Perhaps he figured this was going to happen and was resigned to his fate.

Derek sighed and Stiles tensed. But all the werewolf did was lay out one of the blankets and set the
pillow like a bed. He went over and gently picked up Stiles then deposited the human on the
blankets. Derek took the other blanket and put it over him.

Neither said anything as Derek left. But Derek did receive a punch to the face when he walked down
the steps. "What the hell was that?" John demanded angrily.

"Me doing a job." Derek responded brushing past him. 'Peter must have connected to the webcam,'
Derek thought as he leaned on the counter.

"You could've killed him!" John yelled. "I'm not a murderer! And if you plan on killing the boy
then-"

"Then what? You want no part of this?" Derek said standing up straight again. "Because it's a little
late for that sheriff. You're in this now. To the end. And if you're not well... I'm sure the good people
of Beacon Hills would love to hear how their beloved sheriff helped in a kidnapping." Derek said
getting in the human's personal space.

John didn't back down, he was used to this. Luckily Peter stepped in, "killing each other will get us nowhere." He said. "Sheriff go home, it's late and you need to be in top condition to protect the good people of our fair... what is this? A town? City? Whatever, our fair whatever this is." Peter said gently pushing the sheriff out the door. Once he was out the door Peter shut it and looked at Derek.

"Well... I think that went well." Peter said smiling. "I'm going to head up to bed. You going to sit there and watch the kid you beat into a bloody mess?"

Derek cringed, "no, I'm going to deliver this." He said holding the letter. "After I print some pictures." Peter nodded and went up the stairs.

Derek rubbed his eyes and looked at the computer. Stiles was curled up in the corner under the blanket. He wasn't facing the camera but Derek could tell he was crying, softly because the sound wasn't picking it up.

Derek plugged in the camera and printed the ones of Stiles that looked the best... Or actually worst. Derek sighed and attached the pictures to the note. No way could he send this through the mail so he was going to have to find the house himself. Derek glanced at the computer screen one last time before he grabbed his jacket and headed out the door. He got in his Camaro and drove to the beat up jeep Stiles drove. This would be the perfect way to deliver the letter. Derek got in the jeep and drove to the school.

He figured that was a good place to start. Derek got out of the car. He could instantly smell the hunters. They weren't around anymore but they had been here looking for Stiles no doubt. Derek found the road and finally the home on foot before returning with the jeep. He didn't park it in the driveway, too easy for him to be seen. He parked a little ways away and left the note on the driver's side.

It was a long run back to his car and he was exhausted by then. When he pulled back up to his building he was ready to just sleep. He looked at the computer and saw the boy was now sitting in the corner with his knees to his chest, not crying but very much awake. Derek just sighed and took the laptop to his room. He sat the computer on the bedside table and flopped on the bed. He needed to sleep; tomorrow was going to be a long day.
They each have a little chat...

Ok... First off I hope it's not as boring as it seems... I don't think it is but we'll see. I hope you guys like this. I'm almost done with chapter three but I couldn't wait to post this! Thanks so much for the positive feedback!!! I'm so glad people like it! This chapter is short than the first but I like where I ended it... Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles didn't sleep that night. He didn't want to be caught unaware if one of the wolves came back in and he couldn't sleep without his pillow. So he focused on remembering his training. Sure he hadn't been good at it but he remembered it, academics had always been his strong suit when he could focus. He focused on his breathing and not how hungry he was and how good the peanut butter and jelly sandwich looked. In anger he'd thrown it to the other side of the room so he wouldn't be tempted to eat it. The water was much harder to resist, but he knew they'd more likely poison the water than the food, so he threw the water as well, watching it spill out.

Stiles assumed it was morning when the lights rose to full power, sometime in the night they had dimmed but he wasn't sure when.

The wolf who wasn't the alpha came in holding a bowl of dry cereal and a glass of milk. He glanced at the food on the floor with a puzzled look.

Peter had insisted on taking the food up because Stiles wasn't as terrified of him as he was of Derek. "Plus, dear nephew, you need to check and see if they've found the jeep." He added walking up the stairs. When he got in the room Peter wasn't sure what he was expecting but the boy huddled in a corner with the food and water in another corner was not it. Something was definitely off and Peter wanted to know what before Derek managed to get to the kid. He'd be more willing to talk that way.

Peter smirked down at the boy, "What not hungry?" He asked sarcastically. "Or you think something was done to it?" Stiles's heartbeat spiked then calmed, his face gave away nothing.

Peter actually laughed at that. "Really? Why would we poison you?" He sat down the milk and cereal and was suddenly right in front of Stiles, "the whole point in kidnapping you wasn't to get you then kill you... There are much simpler ways to do that, in any case. Besides you're too weak to do anything right now anyways, aren't you?" Peter said deceptively nice. He was looking right in Stiles's eyes, but finally the boy looked down.

"That's what I thought. Weak." He said standing up. "Derek will be up here later. Better eat something or he might kill you..." Peter threatened. He didn't move the cereal or milk as he walked out, which meant Stiles would have to move to get to the food. And if he moved then he would have...
to acknowledge the pain in his stomach. He really didn't need want to do that. So he didn't. Stiles knew Derek, who was apparently the alpha, would take great pleasure in seeing him break. Physically yes he would break but mentally would be a lot harder.

That had been one of his problems if he was honest with himself. He could counter anything mentally that was thrown at him whereas he couldn't deflect anything physical. And unfortunately women were supposed to be the leaders with the great reasoning, communication, and planning skills, whereas men were supposed to be the soldiers. Stiles wished he would've been born with more muscle or at least a slightly different view on his role in life. But he was stuck here and planned on using what he could to his advantage.

Stiles sighed as the door unlocked. He braced himself in case it was the alpha. Stiles had hoped he would've had more time to debate eating but that apparently wasn't going to happen. "Stiles." The human said, the Sheriff.

"Sheriff..." Stiles said weakly, still a faint glimmer of hope in his voice. Maybe the sheriff would help him. He'd had a night to sleep on it and maybe he'd come to his senses.

The sheriff just sighed, "you need to eat something kid." Was all he said and Stiles lost all hope of an ally.

"How can you do this?" Stiles demanded rightfully angry. "Seriously? Talking to wolves is one thing but now you are actively involved." Stiles said standing with effort. Really it shouldn't have been hard but the bag of chips he ate yesterday wasn't helping any in his energy. "Have they told you what they do? How they kill? If you get in their way, mark my words Sheriff," he spat the word, "they will not hesitate to kill you and take joy in it." Stiles snarled taking a step at him, "They're not even human, Sheriff! How could you do this? I've never hurt you before. I can believe they'd be in to senseless violence but you? You're an officer of the law I thought you have stronger morals or something!" Stiles yelled getting closer to him again.

"That's enough!" Derek snarled slamming his to the wall with one hand to his chest in an instant. Stiles didn't even hear the door unlock, he would have to be more careful in future or those claws might be at his throat instead. Stiles flinched back violently hitting his head on the wall.

"Sorry, I'm sorry, I-I'm so sorry..." Stiles nearly whimpered but no it was just shuddered. He had worked so hard to control it but at the moment he hadn't been paying attention to that at the moment. He brought his hands up to block any punches or anything Derek might throw at him. He was instantly back to the meek captive. He knew what he had to do to survive and that was to appease the Alpha, the one currently pinning him in anger.

"Leave Sheriff." Derek snarled. His claws were starting to come out slightly, pushing into Stiles's skin. Stiles sucked in a breath at the claws and silently begged the Sheriff not to leave but the man shook his head and started to leave, "please, Sheriff!" Stiles begged suddenly.

"Quiet." Derek growled. The sheriff looked torn. He glanced from Stiles to Derek. John swallowed thickly. "I- I-I'm s-so--sorry..." Stiles nearly whimpered but no it was just shuddered. He had worked so hard to control it but at the moment he hadn't been paying attention to that at the moment. He brought his hands up to block any punches or anything Derek might throw at him. He was instantly back to the meek captive. He knew what he had to do to survive and that was to appease the Alpha, the one currently pinning him in anger.

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"Quiet." Derek growled. The sheriff looked torn. He glanced from Stiles to Derek. John swallowed thickly. "I-" he took a breath, "Derek, don't go too far." He said before walking out of the room. Stiles made a noise and looked worriedly at Derek.

Derek threw Stiles to the ground, "They found your jeep. I parked it close enough even hunters couldn't miss it." Derek said with a dark chuckle. Stiles had landed in a heap on the ground but he got to his elbows, and no farther, "What did they do?" He asked figuring Derek was there. He needed to know if his only hope of rescue would literally leave him to the wolves like he anticipated. Gerard would probably use this as a lesson.
"Found your picture, called the demands an outrage, and vowed revenge." Derek chuckled darkly. He found their reaction vaguely amusing.

Stiles glared up at him, "why is this funny to you?" He demanded. Stiles had been right, the way Derek described their behavior proved it. He was on his own for as long as he was here. He took a breath. Anger and regret would just cloud his mind.

"Because, little hunter," Derek pushed him to his back again and pinned him with a foot on his chest, "you wanted us to think they wouldn't come for you." Derek sneered. How foolish did this kid think they were? Obviously Gerard and Kate's reaction would've proved him wrong.

"They-they won't..." He insisted trying to breathe. "Revenge... No-ot rescue..." Stiles gasped and Derek immediately got off him, he actually hadn't meant to press down but actually just hold him down.

"What?" He demanded. Stiles coughed for a minute and Derek let him. This was important.

"Gerard said revenge... To him, I'm gone. He thinks you'll turn me or kill me. Because of this he'll hunt you, not try and reason to get me back. Hell, if they find you he'll probably kill me himself to save them some worry later..." Stiles trailed off when Derek was just staring at him. "What?" He demanded.

"Where did that come from?" Derek asked puzzled. "I could barely get you to say anything yesterday."

"I'm stating facts." Stiles said scooting away a bit. "You're going to kill me, I've come to terms with that." Stiles said swallowing thickly. He wasn't going to let it come to that... He could do quite a few things that could keep him alive... But he wanted to be prepared in case he was unsuccessful and the wolves really did end up killing him. Or worse, Derek would change him and he have to kill himself.

"I'm still finding it very hard to believe he would kill his precious grandson." Derek said mockingly. He shrugged, "but hey, maybe I'll just keep you around as a stress reliever, instead. New wolves like to chase, and I'm sure you have other talents or you wouldn't have made it this far in life." Derek countered. He hadn't meant to say that. The kid was more than likely going to die. There was no reason to sugar coat it with false facts. Derek needed to remember this kid had probably faced death threats and death before and lived... Derek was going to get revenge and that meant Stiles didn't make it out alive.

Stiles vaguely remembered a story about a turtle, or frog depending on the version, and a scorpion and in the middle of the lake the turtle is helping the scorpion over the scorpion stings him. Dooming them both. When asked why he said 'it's in my nature.' But Stiles didn't believe Derek would appreciate the story so instead he simply said, "It's in your nature to kill. Even if you keep me," he cleared his throat, "one day you'll go too far or one of you pack will." He shrugged and pushed himself to sit against the wall.

"I know a lot of stress reliefs that don't require killing." Derek taunted. He needed to learn to shut up. What the hell was Derek thinking? This was a kid! He couldn't do anything to the kid! He'd be dead or gone in two day anyways so any thought of that was useless, pointless, and wrong. Derek had forgotten himself and taunted the kid like he would've Erica or Isaac. Derek hated the look of dread Stiles wore and the smell of fear that had been constant that was now tinged with... Relief?

Stiles looked pained for a moment but he had figured this was coming. The other werewolf must have told him, and being the alpha he go first pick. Well he knew how to survive when he was the lowest of the group. At least now he could do something to help himself in this situation. The alpha
would be happier after a blowjob... At least Stiles hoped that's all he wanted. Sex was sex to him, and being a teenage boy, yeah it felt good at the time, at least whenever a partner bothered to get him off, but afterwards he always felt awful and would fall into a sort of depression for the next few hours or days. Blowjobs though, he didn't like, ever. But he got good at them so they were over quickly.

"Yes... Yes there are a lot of other ways..." Stiles agreed turning back to face Derek fully, "and I'm quite good." Stiles said crawling over to Derek. "I'd like to live, I know I probably won't, but I can do a lot to ensure that I live..." Stiles whispered seductively. He figured he should throw that in there, accepting death does not mean wanting it.

Derek was frozen like the other wolf had been. Stiles took that to mean to continue. He brought his hand up and brushed Derek's crotch, he wasn't hard but he felt the member twitch. Stiles hated having to get them hard but he could do it. He didn't understand what it meant that Derek wasn't hard, maybe he could control it or maybe Derek just wasn't turned on by his appearance... It didn't matter, enough stimulation and he could get Derek hard. He started to undo Derek's pants all the while he kept glancing up at Derek. When Stiles was undoing his fly after the button Derek scrambled back and flung the first thing he could to keep the boy from following, the milk. It hit Stiles in the head and soaked him.

"I-I-I... I'm sorry." Stiles whispered when the alpha's eyes bled red. Oh man, he screwed up, big time. Derek would probably want to control whatever happened, whatever he wanted to do with Stiles. "I-I can- whatever you want." Stiles promised looking up at Derek.

"What the hell was that?" Derek demanded through clenched teeth. The kid... Where did... What was he going to do? Why would that be his first thought!

"You wanted to relax..." Stiles whispered bowing his head, an act of submission, his sopping hair fell into his face. He tried his hardest but the tears decided to spill forth anyways. "Pl-please don't kill me... I'm sorry..." He begged trying to stay calm. He couldn't escape if Derek decided he was too much trouble. Or at least that's what Stiles was telling himself.

Derek was suddenly hit with how young the boy was. He was finally reacting like a child would and not some stoic hunter. He couldn't have been older than Derek was when he met Kate. Stiles was just sitting there, hair dripping into his eyes, trying to stop crying, and saying he's ok to die only to try and stop it. Derek let out a breath. No, he was a hunter. Related to Gerard but for him this was about Kate. Kate had taken Stiles under her wing and was training the boy... Which was probably worse than just Gerard alone. Derek had to do this so this kid, no so this hunter wouldn't do to anyone else what Kate did to him.

Derek clenched his teeth, "Gerard has two more days. So you'll be alive until then." He grabbed Stiles by the shirt collar and hauled the frightened boy to the dog cage. It was medium sized with no blankets. Stiles was skinny but even he would have to curl up to fit. But Stiles didn't fight as he was forced in.

"You're going to stay in there since you decided to threaten the Sheriff. You'll stay in there until we decide you can be trusted, little hunter." He sneered. Derek was too busy to push the cereal to him, Stiles noticed. But he also remembered the alpha saying he could starve.

Derek slammed the door harder than necessary before he headed down the steps. He was too overwhelmed with everything that just happened to care about the door. As he descended he was greeted by a slow clap from Peter.
"Brilliantly done nephew." Peter mock praised. The laptop was on the table instead of in Derek's bedroom and it was obvious they had been watching the whole scene.

"What the hell was that!" John demanded. He was sickened at what Stiles almost did. What the hell had this kid done that that was an option!

"I-I don't know..." Derek admitted. As an alpha and as Derek he hated not knowing. There was something going on with this kid and they needed to know before they did something and the boy offed himself. He was no use to them dead... Or at least that's what Derek told himself.

"Unfortunately it seems to be the boy's default 'avoid pain' mode." Peter interjected. "He tried the same thing on me yesterday." Yes, Peter should've told Derek but he hadn't been sure if Stiles would've tried it again or not and he didn't want to needlessly worry his alpha.

"What? Did you!?!" Derek demanded eyes going red again but Peter held up his hand cutting him off, eyes flashing blue for just a moment but he bowed his head slightly in an act of submission. "Of course not, he's only a child, and I'm not a monster." Peter said dangerously.

Even John caught the double meaning, Stiles was a child, sixteen or seventeen at the most, and he was here because of Derek. As much as they were all invoked now, it had be Derek's idea and kidnapping that involved them in the first place. Peter was treading along a dangerous topic.

"Uncle, do not start with me." Derek warned in a growl. Peter held up his hands in surrender. He knew how far he could push Derek before it got dangerous for him. He only wanted to help Derek be a better alpha, and sometimes that meant showing Derek the cold hard logical facts he saw the world in. Yes, Derek didn't like it and more often than not would throw Peter across the room in a fit of rage. Peter was learning to duck quicker to avoid that but that's beside the point. He wanted revenge but this was done in haste and Peter had to point out the flaws, since he couldn't do it before hand. He wasn't backing out but they did need to fix some of the issues when dealing with the boy.

"But I must say you made excellent work of that glass of milk. The Sheriff was worried because Stiles didn't eat anything last night or sleep so we got him an extra big glass of milk he can no longer drink and quite a bit of cereal he can't even eat." Derek looked up at him confusedly then Peter pointed to the screen.

Stiles was curled up around himself, not crying or moving, he just looked catatonic. And Derek saw the bowl of dry cereal knocked to the ground in Derek's haste and much too far away for Stiles to reach.

"Damn both of you, this boy needs a shower, propped clothes, and proper bedding! You'll never get anywhere if he's dead!" John yelled angry at the other two. This wasn't the way he had wanted it to go. He had been angry and impulsive. This was a human boy, for God's sake! He could not permit such things to be overlooked any longer. It had only been a day and the kid was looking worse for the wear. He would find him some clean clothes after a decent shower and before a decent meal.

"Sheriff," Derek began, he was going to try and comfort the man, but the Sheriff's harsh laugh cut him off.

"Don't call me that. I've helped you kidnap this poor boy, who had nothing to do with my wife's death, or my son's. He just happen to be in the same family." John went over and poked Derek in the chest, startling the under man. "I want him treated right. Starting with a shower and a place to sleep. Even criminals get that Derek." John said. He had used the wolf's first name to show how seriously he was. Usually John just called Derek, Hale and Peter was Peter, for reasons other than it was his name.
"He may be onto something, nephew. If Stiles is more comfortable then we may be able to get information from him as well as our revenge. Think about it, Derek." Peter put a hand on Derek's shoulder. "If we get the Argents to leave, then the pack will be safe, and we can hunt them down and make sure the Argent line is destroyed." Peter encouraged squeezing his shoulder lightly.

"And why can we just wipe them out now?" Derek asked looking at the hand on his shoulder then back to his uncle.

Peter removed his hand, "because Alpha your pack will be in danger. We can't be sure to get them all killed before they could go after the pack. That's why they have to leave town, first. You and I both know this has to be done in secret, your betas wouldn't agree with this." Peter then looked to the sheriff, "John, I'm not saying you have to help but you have to let us do this. It won't be in your district so don't worry." Peter assured.

Sheriff Stilinski didn't respond. He took a deep breath and stared at both the wolves, "I'm going to go let the boy out and treat him like a human being he is and get him a shower." John said before they could stop him he went up the steps to Stiles.

Chapter End Notes

Kind of a cliff hanger... A little... Mwhahaha! Uhm... But don't worry the next chapter should be up in a few days... I don't think I've ever in my entire life gotten chapters out this fast... Let's hope it continues!
Stiles Takes His Shower

Chapter Summary

Stiles takes a shower and thinks about his two days at school. His captors argue over him.

Chapter Notes


First of all I am really conflicted about this chapter. I like it but it was not where I was going. The chapter really got away from me. I had not planned on Stiles propositioning the sheriff and then I was like, "If he didn't it would be OCC in this fic." So it happens. Not much but I'm not going to go into detail. It's just a moment and if anyone thinks I should put markers around it I will.

Second, the reason I really like this fic is because it goes into a little bit of how they got where they are now. Derek's motives become quite clear. And it really opens the door for me to really get this story underway... I know it's been a bit slow but it should pick up a bit... Anyways...

Third, the **** mean the scene is going on at the same time as the previous one. And Italics are flashbacks.

I just wanted to say thank you to all the comments and kudos I've received! They all make me smile and and I love responding to them! I'm glad people enjoy it and I hope I can keep fulfilling your expectations!! Anyways enough rambling and sappy talk...
Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When the door opened again Stiles wanted to cry, but he just sighed sadly. "I-I-I so sorry. I should-I shouldn't have said those things..." Stiles whimpered pushing back against the cage when the Sheriff walked in. He apologized, there. Maybe now the alpha would let him out of the cage. This was actually not a punishment he had never been through and his cramping muscles told him he didn't want to again anytime soon.

"No, you shouldn't've... But you are right to be suspicious. I was too when I first met them and you haven't had much luck with them." The Sheriff sighed he needed to remember to remain cool and treat the boy like a human. "Com'on... Let's get you out and outta those clothes for a shower." The Sheriff said unlocking the cage. He held it open for Stiles to climb out of.

"I'm-I'm fine." Stiles said crawling out anyways. He really didn't want to be naked around the wolves for obvious reasons. But aside from that they would be able to see his scars. And he really didn't want them to see how weak and how much extra discipline he needed.
"Don't worry, you'll shower alone, with the door closed." He assured the boy. After seeing what Stiles was willing to do he couldn't imagine what it must sound like, them saying they want him to take a shower. "We just want to get the milk off you." The Sheriff soothed as Stiles crawled out. He patted the boy on the shoulder and helped him out. It didn't escape his notice that Stiles flinched when he patted him.

"I... I'm sorry, kid. For hitting you... I-I got angry, and I shouldn't have, I am so sorry." John said standing there awkwardly. He sighed and looked Stiles in the eye, an explanation wouldn't excuse him but John felt like it was owed to the teen. "It's just, Gerard took everything from me, my wife and son, and I directed my anger at the wrong person. I'm sorry." John said again and started walking him to the door.

"I-I-I..." Stiles started and tried to stop John from taking him there, "are the wolves ok with this? I-I don't, I don't think I should." Stiles stuttered by liking how personal it had gotten. In the back of his mind he vaguely wondered what Gerard did to them. Knowing how easily the code can be overlooked it wasn't hard to guess they were civilian casualties in the fight for the greater good.

"They're fine with it. Because I say so. They don't control me. I say so, so they listen." Stiles stared up at John with a look akin to awe as he spoke, "Derek is the alpha but... The boy needs help sometimes and Peter doesn't always provide the best insight. I'm here to give them a different perspective." A human one is what he wanted to say but the way they'd been treating Stiles... He didn't feel comfortable saying that.

"And... And they don't attack you?" Stiles asked nervously. He had been taught that werewolves had a hierarchy and he didn't see how a human could be high enough in it to give commands, especially to an alpha.

"Werewolves don't often attack without being provoked." John said opening the door. It was obvious this kid had been fed bias propaganda for probably his whole life. John thought for a moment. He could try and do some good and show Stiles that werewolves didn't have to be the bad guys... Oh course he was dealing with a shitty start.

Stiles was still hesitant but the fact he was mostly leaning on John meant he had to keep moving. "That can't be true." Stiles muttered mostly to himself. Stiles had seen the carnage werewolves left of humans. No way they could get along... Then again it appeared he was leaning for support on living proof they could.

"Self defense is the main reason werewolves kill. To right a wrong would probably be the second reason." John continued. He knew Stiles would catch on because that's what was going here. As much as John wanted the kid to make it out of there alive if Derek or even Peter decided to kill him then John wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

"We have a mutual friendship." John said after a moment. "They help me and I help them... I've never looked into it much but hell I may even be part of their pack." John said leading him to the bathroom.

"Why?" Stiles asked surprised. He had been told they were vicious monsters that would kill anything and Stiles just couldn't shake that image. John jostled him a little by accident and Stiles couldn't hold back the whimper of pain. He'd been doing his best to ignore the injuries Derek had inflicted on him, but he also hadn't been planning on moving anytime soon so that was easier said than done.

"Are you alright?" John asked then winced, "I mean-" he shook his head, "dumb question sorry."

"I'm fine..." Stiles assured softly. He was waiting for the other shoe to drop, but fine. His whole body
was black and blue, but fine. He had been kidnapped by crazy people bent on revenge but he was fricking fine! Stiles sighed tortedly. John was being nice for the moment, he wondered when Derek would be mean.

John sighed and opened the door. It led to a spacious bathroom with a separate shower and bath. "I'll start the shower for you and you can get undressed yourself... Unless you need help because of... Because you're in pain." John said awkwardly starting the shower. "Then just call and I'll help you." Stiles nodded. He looked around and it didn't escape his notice there were no razors, the wolves must have taken them so he couldn't hurt John, or himself but he doubted they care that much about him.

"There, this one adjusts hot, this one cold." John said starting to leave. He paused and put a hand on Stiles’s shoulder, "and son, you don't have to... Uh... What you did with Derek and Peter... They, we, don't want that from you. I-I don't know what's happened but they're scared because of the hunters, so they're doing what they think is best... They don't want to take advantage of you like that." John said kind of rambling.

"No... They just want to ransom me and then maybe kill me... Even though it won't work..." Stiles said shaking his head. "Please Sheriff, let me out, I'll tell Gerard that the wolves let me go as a sign of good faith and I'll convince him we can leave knowing they won't hurt anyone." Stiles begged grabbing his arm in another desperate attempt to convince the sheriff to let him go. He hadn't planned on this but then he had to go and start talking again.

"Stiles, I can't-" John began but Stiles slammed his mouth to the Sheriff's. Being sexy and slow wasn't working so maybe a more direct route would. Before Stiles could deepen the kiss or really do anything other than touch their lips together the sheriff was shoving him back. "Stiles!" He gasped in shock.

Stiles didn't hear him all that well. He was more focused on trying to get the ringing in his ears to stop and the world to stop spinning. He had hit the wall next to the shower... Not that that information did him any good.

"There are towels in the closet." John said before rushing out of the bathroom. He couldn't stay in there anymore, even to check if Stiles was ok. He just had to get out. He didn't want Stiles to think of him the same as Derek and Peter. For some reason it made John feel better for not being considered the same as them... But then Stiles went and did this... And suddenly he was right there with the other two. And it terrified him.

Stiles dropped to his knees and shook his head to clear it. "Ok..." Stiles said to an empty room. Stiles wasn't sure how well that was going to help his hope of escape. Either they would keep a closer eye on him, or they'd keep their distance. He was hoping for the latter. But that may have just open him up to his captors more, if they knew how willing he was.

Stiles gently got up from the floor and turned on the water. He turned it on hotter than he normally did. But considering he was normally forced to take freezing showers so he wouldn't linger it wasn't hard to do. Stiles honestly hated taking showers because it was so cold, but Kate would sometimes force him to take one after trying to help his 'sore muscles' as she claimed. Normally those showers took six to eight minutes as opposed to his allotted time of three minutes.

Gently, Stiles pulled his clothes off which were sticking to him, he would never drink milk the same way again... That was one of the drinks he was allowed to drink, his family did want him to be weaker than he already was. And they didn't want to waste money on calcium pills that were just for him. So he had to drink at least a cup of milk a day.

Shaking his head to clear his thoughts Stiles checked the inside of the shirt but there didn't appear to
be any blood. He let out a sigh of relief, none of his previous injuries had reopened, he was starting to really appreciate the small things in life. But he went to the mirror just to double check, in case he missed something.

Stiles grimaced, he had been right, but he looked rough. There were fresh bruises on his face from the day before, but other than that everything else was at least three days old, or older. Bruises covered his chest and slashes were on his back from being hit with the buckle end of the belt. He glanced over his shoulder at his back, and remember the day they had gotten into town.

Gerard had beat him with his belt when Stiles had asked to go to school the next day, he had been secretly emailing the school saying he might transfer. Of course he sent it as Gerard and not himself but that was a minor detail, Gerard was not happy about that either but he said learning a skill like lying would help him in the long run. But about school Gerard said he was being ungrateful and needed to be reminded of where he was in the hierarchy, he was taught what they wanted him to learn. Not that he could ever forget his status and if he did he would just have to feel his hair. It was shaved short because he hadn't earned the right to keep it long. When he was able to take down a werewolf then he would earn that right.

It was a coming of age thing. The young hunters didn't need to be distracted with hair in their eyes so boys had their heads shaved and girls would keep it in a bob cut or ponytail if their parents allowed. He new Kate kept it long and flowy to flirt and seduce the information she needed. Not that anyone openly said that but Stiles had heard enough talk and he could deduce what was going on.

Gently Stiles touched the slashes on his back and winced Gerard hadn't used the buckle end but he had used more force with just the strap. The area was still really tender but Kate had stopped her father before he had broken skin, saying it was a good idea. He was never more happy to see Kate in his life.

Not only would he be going to school and be able to get an education a real one and not one were his highest math level was whatever info his "tutor" had found on the Internet, he would also get away form Gerard for at least eight hours per weekday, and he could look for a young werewolves. They were less in control but that meant they were sloppy. And he thought he might know one.

Scott. Scott McCall. That's who he thought would be a werewolf. Scott "Nicest person Stiles had ever met" McCall, was probably a werewolf. Stiles sighed thinking of his maybe new friend as he pulled off his pants and looked at the bruises.

His whole body was painted blue and black, or at least the spots that could be covered were. He pressed a hand to a bruise on his hip, and it nearly matched perfectly. Stiles drew his hand away quickly, not wanting to remember that time, it was before this town. He hadn't been pushed nearly as hard sense he had started school. They didn't want to wear him out too much and make the teacher suspicious or think he was a bad kid. That might bring them under suspicion as well or at least have his behavior brought to there attention.

But this weekend he was supposed to resume training to the max. And the next "level" which was supposed to be very difficult to make up for not training Wednesday and Thursday, that wasn't going to be happening now though.

He got in the shower and closed his eyes, letting the water flow over him as he thought. The story of Scott McCall couldn't be a coincidence. Animal attacks had been up in numbers and then a dead body was found, or at least half of one. Asthmatic Scott McCall had gone out to help the search parties and had been attacked. But after a week he was fine, better than fine. Great even, or at least great at Lacrosse. He had to have been bitten in that attack. But Stiles wasn't going to say anything to Gerard or Kate because he had no proof or at least only a little proof. And he had heard the story
from this asshole Jackson.

"What the hell guy, watch out." The brunette had said bumping into Stiles as he was waiting next to Scott at his locker. Stiles didn't respond just ignore him. After dealing with his family this was nothing.

"You ran into him Jackson." Scott, Stiles's new friend countered looking up at the other boy. Stiles shook his head slightly, 'don't do this.' He begged silently.

"No I didn't, McCall." Jackson returned glaring from one boy to the other.

"Stop being a jerk it's his first day." Scott demanded shaking his fluffy hair out of his eyes, ignoring Stiles's silent pleas to stop, which made Stiles want to whack him to shut him up but he refrained.

"Just because you got attacked doesn't mean I pity and obey you, McCall." Jackson said as if the idea was absurd. Apparently people did that... But Stiles doubted they listened to McCall because they pitied him. He seemed like just a normal, happy-go-lucky person who could make anyone happy.

"I don't want your pity, and neither does he." Scott said not backing down as Jackson got in his face, "Just treat him like a human, with respect." Scott demanded.

"You have to earn my respect and no, suddenly being good at Lacrosse doesn't do it McCall." Jackson sneered walking off.

Stiles stared at the two with something akin to fright. He was sure that was going to come to blows and he would've defended Scott... And then he would've knocked him upside the head.

"You were attacked?" Stiles asked as Scott finally got in his locker next to Stiles's. Scott finally got out his books and smiled sheepishly at Stiles.

"Yeah... A girl went missing and the police said they found something, at the time it was just her car so the town put together a search party... The police found half her body that night. I got attacked by a dog or coyote or something... Hurt like a bitch but it healed up well. My mom’s an awesome nurse." He said with a fond smile. Stiles actually smiled back... Which just made Scott smile wider.

Stiles lost himself in the memory as he absently washed. The hot water was doing wonders for his relaxation. He could almost forget where he was at but it was just too different. He didn't want to relax around here, it was too dangerous.

When Stiles came back to himself he looked around frantically in case one of his captors was there. They weren't. He calmed slightly and decided to take advantage of the water pouring down on him and drank greedily from the faucet.

Suddenly he jumped when he heard an ear shattering roar, nearly slipping and falling in the shower in the process. When he had regained his footing he dropped into a crouch and listen intently.

Stiles heard a lot of yelling but he couldn't make out words. The second roar he was more prepared for and despite not being as loud as the first, it still terrified him. He shut off the water and slowly moved out of the shower, listening incase someone was heading up.

Stiles made his way to the closet and grabbed a few towels. He dried off quickly, and made a little nest of towels at the back of the closet, then he made sure some of the towels covered him. He turned off the lights then shut the closet door, while he was inside it. Maybe it wasn't smart to trap himself in a closet but he was terrified of the howling wolves.
John slammed the door and leaned against it heavily. He couldn't do this. This was a child. He had kidnapped and tortured a child! Well not him, specifically, but he allowed it to happen. He should've put an end to it before it started, but he let his family's deaths cloud his vision. He shouldn't be a police officer, let alone a sheriff! He shook his head, heading down the stairs.

"What's wrong?" Derek asked instantly when the sheriff appeared looking haggard. "Are you hurt? Did he attack you?" The alpha demanded standing up and taking a step at the stairs.

The sheriff put up his hands to stop him. "No, no... He's... He didn't hurt me. He-he kissed me... Apparently he-he thinks, uh, thought he would be successful with me." John said rubbing his eyes. He still couldn't believe Stiles had thought that, he was still in disbelief.

"He what?" Peter asked looking up from his book, apparently now interested in what the sheriff had to say. "He kissed you?" Peter shut the book and got up to join Derek. He needed to see where this went. The boy had tried sexual favors on each of them and Peter was curious what his Plan B was since Plan A didn't get him anywhere.

"Yes, on the lips. Please don't..." John said breathing heavily running his face. "I need a drink." He muttered pushing passed the other two to get tot the whiskey. He got out a glass and started pouring.

"Please don't what sheriff?" Peter asked as they followed him to the kitchen. He eyed the amount in the glass. The human was an almost alcoholic, and the almost part was only because Scott would normally cut him off. He said he wanted his stepdad alive for a long time.

"Don't confront the boy on it. Just lets move passed it. He is terrified and just needs-" John was cut off by Derek. "Needs what?" He growled. "Needs someone to hold his hand? Really? Some abused little hunter? I don't think so. That's not how this works. He is a killer, maybe he's also a whore! Maybe he fucks the werewolves and then kills them!" Derek roared in anger, his alpha roar. It shook the building. And probably alerted the whole pack. He'd send out a text later saying it was fine.

Both John and Peter were frozen in shock, well for Peter it was more from hearing his alpha roar. "It's not too low for them, you know that Peter, nothing is too low for them and if you can't see that, then we need to open your eyes wider. Should we go back to our old house, the one that burned down? That was burned down!" Derek shouted taking an angry step at them.

That seemed to shake Peter awake. "Derek!" Peter growled. "That's enough, nephew!" He warned hoping to grab his attention by relationship. Peter needed to make him realize this wasn't history, he needed to think bigger and not just about himself. He grabbed Derek as he took a step at the sheriff, both of them shifting into his beta form.

"That was never proven to be arson!" The sheriff yelled back, even as he took a step away. Stiles's words couldn't help but be remembered, about the wolves attacking him when he was no longer useful. "I was a deputy at the time! I couldn't have done anything!" He said in defense of his actions. He couldn't go back on it. There were no new leads. Except for the dead people involved but that was something he had turned the other way for because Peter had warned him beforehand.

"Enough!" Peter roared, not nearly as loud as Derek's but it did the trick. Derek and John both froze. John was looking slightly grateful for a distraction and Derek was glaring at him. Peter ignored both of them. "Blaming each other will get us no where! Sheriff, you need to leave right now, we will handle this ourselves and your revenge will be filled. Or come back after you've learned you can distance yourself! Now go!" Peter growled lowly.
"I won't, I can't allow you two to stay here alone with him, he's just a teenager for god's sake! The age of your betas, Derek." He pointed to the stairs. "He's terrified enough as is and me leaving will only terrify him more! He's needs another human around!" John yelled at the alpha.

"I don't actually care if he's terrified or not! Don't you get that?" Derek demanded. "He is the enemy! We should have just executed when we first got him. Slashed his throat in the Jeep and dumped his body in the woods for those psychopaths to find later. It would've saved us a lot of hassle." Derek growled gripping the edge of the counter even though Peter still had ahold of his shoulders.

"No he's not, he's not your enemy. He hasn't harmed you or your pack. He cannot be held responsible for the actions of his family." John said trying to get through to Derek. He was becoming increasingly worried about the boy's safety. He didn't want a murder of a child on his hands.

"Oh, you were really concerned about his safety when you were agreeing to this plan, weren't you John." Derek sneered. "You just don't get it, do you John? He is the enemy, period. As much if not more so than Gerard or Kate," he growled the name out, "will be. He's the future. New technology, new advantages they'll have against us. They kill us for sport and call our justice mindless violence. They see us as abominations that need to be destroyed. So I'm take a preemptive strike." Derek said suddenly pulling out of his uncle's grasp.

He turned and headed to the stairs when he heard a gun safety turn off. "Step away, son. Don't do something stupid. I know this won't kill you but it will slow you down." John warned. But before John could do anything or Derek could reply Peter was disarming the human with ease.

"This doesn't concern you. We choose to include you for some family justice, we'll take our own without you. But a life for a life sounds fair." Peter growled in John's ear. "Go Derek." Peter commanded Derek softly, who was at the bottom of the steps. Derek didn't enjoy being shot, even if it didn't kill him, so he did what the sheriff said.

Before he moved again Derek glanced over his shoulder, "We have enough footage to send pictures and get you the money. I hope that will make up for your conscious." And with that Derek went up the steps still transformed.

John struggled a moment against Peter even though he knew it was pointless, "let me go! He's going to kill the kid!" John said through gritted teeth.

"Give my nephew more credit than that... After he's been through I'm sure he'll be much more creative." Peter said with a dark chuckle.

"What the hell is wrong with you! Even you wouldn't hurt him!" John pointed out relaxing his pointless struggles.

"True, but I'm not my nephew, he has a far more... Intimate hatred. And this boy is under the tutelage of his most hated enemy. The boy was never going to make it out alive. This just means he has to suffer less." Peter said. He would stop Derek form killing the boy, that revenge was for them both and not even his nephew would deny him that.

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Stiles was getting worried. It had been quiet for a few minutes. He worried that the wolves might've attacked each other and possibly killed the sheriff. He knew he shouldn't be worried but he felt at least human compassion for the man even if he was with werewolves.

That worry, however, was dispelled and replaced with unadulterated fear when he heard the main bathroom door trying to be opened. Stiles had locked it, for a sense of false relief but when he heard
the door crack open all relief, false or not, had disappeared.

"Stiles!" He heard Derek yell. Stiles hunched back farther in the darkened closet. Suddenly light flooded him. He had been in the dark for a bunch of minutes so the immediate light was too much. All he saw was a dark figure and red eyes.

Chapter End Notes

MWAHAHAHAHAHAAA!!!!! *Hides in a bush* Please don't hate me... I know it's a cliffhanger... And I'm only a little sorry. I'm working on chapter four but at this moment I'm not done yet. This actually ended up being like ten pages as opposed to ch. two which was seven and one which was thirteen. So my chapters are usually double digit page numbers... Anyways... Tell me what you think!

P.S. Jackson totally has brown hair and I will fight anyone who says differently... Have a nice Day/Night!! ^-^
Derek was furious when the door was locked. He would definitely be buying a new one after he broke this one, but he had to get to the hunter or he was going to end up taking his rage out on John. Derek roared, "Stiles!" Ripping the door off the closet. He hadn't shifted back so when he grabbed, a very naked, Stiles his claws dug into the boy's throat.

Stiles made a noise but Derek ignored it. He slammed Stiles into the wall opposite the closet and Stiles made another noise, and frankly it was ticking Derek off. "Shut up!" He growled angrily in Stiles's face. Stiles flinched back and hit his head, again.

"You hunters have taken everything from me and now, I'm going to take everything from you." Derek growled, finally looking fully at Stiles. He frowned and let Stiles drop, some of his anger left him when he saw Stiles's body.

"I didn't do all that." Derek said almost defensively. He watched as Stiles grabbed his neck to slow the bleeding, although they were only minor cuts, and searched for a towel to cover himself.

"I'm a bad hunter... Things happen." Stiles muttered finally grabbing a towel and draping it over his hips. "Werewolves get in lucky shots. But is this the time when I say you should see the other guy?" He shrugged trying to play it off, it wasn't a lie either, so he was hoping Derek couldn't hear it was. He was a bad hunter, and probably some of the marks were from werewolves but definitely not all of them. And why would he care anyways? It wasn't like Derek was doing him any favors or going easy on him.

"Werewolves don't leave bruises. We leave claw marks." Derek said holding out his claws threateningly in front of the fallen boy. Secretly he was looking to see if any of the marks looked like claw marks.

"They do in human form. Enough wolfsbane and they can't change... Or quite a bit of electricity." Stiles shrugged and shrunk away from Derek's glare.

Stiles swallowed nervously but he wanted to get the conversation off him. "Is-is the sheriff ok?" He
asked nervously hoping Derek would take the bait and change the subject.

Derek looked at him sharply. "Why?" He demanded still studying the boy. He was lying about at least half of what he said.

Stiles flinched at Derek's harsh tone but he looked the alpha in the eyes, "I don't want to have been proven right so soon." He said quietly. "Right about you attacking him. In case you were wondering what I was right about." Stiles added looking up at the Alpha.

"I wouldn't. We don't attack our friends. You're not a friend." Derek said trying to discreetly study the boy while looking like he was leering instead. "We can show self control." Derek scoffed. "Unlike hunters who have to kill everything under the sun."

"We don’t kill things that are innocent.” Stiles said with a stronger voice but still cautiously. “Werewolves aren't innocent.” He said glaring up at Derek.

“Well neither are you does that mean I should kill you?” Derek retorted.

Stiles glared up him, “I haven't killed anyone! Werewolf or otherwise!” Stiles yelled. “Ok! You have you're the monster here not me! I don't kidnap innocent people! I'm not Gerard! I'm not Kate!” Stiles yelled.

“Yes you are! You are just like them!” Derek growled. “You have been trained by them, because of them, you’ll be just like them!” Derek said clenching his fists trying not to sever the boy’s throat at that moment.

Stiles just looked down, “I thought the punishment came after the crime.” He muttered bitterly.

“Why should I keep you alive?” Derek asked suddenly.

“I've already said I'm willing to do things that could please you.” Stiles said in a confused tone, “what else could you want?” He asked.

“To rid the world of murderers. I've said no to your proposition so give me another good reason. We've got enough recorded that we could send video to you grandfather and pictures to get what we want. Now, give me a reason not to kill you.” Derek said trying to stay calm.

“You mean besides the fact I'm an innocent?” When the alpha didn't respond Stiles sighed. “Fine… I'm only sixteen, does that mean anything to you? I've still got a whole life to live… Um, you're a good person, you're not a murderer, I just want to better myself.” He starts rambling off reasons but when Derek still doesn't respond Stiles takes on a bored tone.

“Parading me around like a trophy would get you more street cred. Your pack will be hunted. I have a two dogs that need to be taken care of.” Stiles signed, “you'd be doing me a favor.” He muttered angrily and Derek didn't think he heard that right.

“What? What was that last one?” He asked tilting his head to the side. It reminded Stiles strangely of a confused puppy with the way Derek’s eyebrows were scrunched together.

“Nothing, it doesn't matter.” Stiles said hastily. He couldn't equate his captor with something cute or he was going to be on the road to destruction.

“Tell me.” Derek growled grabbing him around the throat. Stiles’s hands automatically grabbed Derek’s wrist.
“Kill me. Prove me right.” Stiles said harshly. “Because I know you’re a monster and you know it too. But the sheriff doesn’t. And he’s really the only reason I’m alive isn’t he?” Stiles asked in a snarl like voice.

Derek squeezed his throat harder and Stiles’s breath was coming in short gasps. Suddenly Derek let him drop. “I’m not the monster, here. And I know you said I’d be doing you a favor by killing you, I just want to know why.” Derek said simply.

Stiles was still gasping for air and rubbing his throat, “fuck you.” He growled.

And Derek just laughed, “where was this fire yesterday? You were so timid and weak and now you actually try once you’re already trapped…” He huffed a laugh, “I just don't get you little hunter.” Derek admitted.

“Glad I keep you entertained. The whole timid thing wasn't working for me so I figured I'd try for another approach. Is this one working? It certainly is making you amused.” Stiles coughed out.

“How much so but I'm still wondering about the fact you just tried to goad me into killing you… What was that for?” Derek asked walking around him like a predator.

Stiles remained silent and refused to look at him. “Let me guess, we’ll play a game here, you say yes or no and after I say one of my theories. Deal?”

“Why in the hell would I do that? You can tell if I'm lying or not so you have an advantage.” Stiles said really not liking how Derek is looking at him now. Maybe the sudden change wasn't going to work to throw the wolves off their game like he had planned.

The timid Stiles was usually default Stiles because it helped him get through things but every now and then he would get into a serious arguement and he wouldn't back down. It was during those times Kate said he was just like his mother.

Stiles didn't know who his mother was though, or his father for that matter. All he knew was that they had been killed by werewolves. Not just any werewolves though. The Hales. Kate had gone back later and avenged her sister and brother-in-law’s deaths. And had vowed to raise Stiles in the way of the hunters.

Stiles wasn't sure how well he was doing in making his parents proud being a truly awful and now a captured hunter but he was trying to honor his parents. And Stiles hoped that “trying” was better than nothing but if they were like Kate then he doubted it.

“Well you at least know I can do that.” Derek chuckled, ignoring the minute long pause. It seemed to Derek that Stiles frequently went other places.

“Is it so your family won't have to kill you? Are you trying to be noble?” Derek taunted, not really expecting an answer. “Yup, you got me there. I'm trying not to bring shame to my family.” Stiles grumbled and Derek was shocked that his heart didn't tick.

“How did you do that?” Derek demanded, suddenly right in Stiles’s face.

“Do what?” Stiles gulped knowing exactly what he meant.

“Not make your heart skip.” Derek growled, forcing Stiles to lay down or they would be touching.

“I-I-I don't care what happens to me… Therefore…” Stileslicked his lips and Derek had to force himself not to watch, “therefore, anything that got you to fulfil my request wouldn't be seen as a
lie…” Stiles said quietly. At least that's what he had gathered from what books he could sneak and read.

“You know what, then maybe I should just grant your wish!” Derek growled eyes flashing red as he raised a clawed hand. But suddenly there was a deafening scream right from the door.

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John hoped the relaxation had fooled Peter for the moment before he brought his to elbow up to Peter’s face. It worked and Peter let him go enough for John to jump for his gun.

“Peter move.” John commanded as he leveled the gun with Peter's head.

Peter wolfed out, “no, don't do something stupid.” Peter growled. Before John could respond though, they heard the door unlocking. Both John and Peter turned to confront the intruder.

The door swung open to reveal Lydia, dressed in a flowery blouse and short navy skirt. “Am I interrupting?” She asked stepping through the threshold.

“What are you doing here?” Peter asked warily as Lydia looked around in interest.

“Heard Derek roar. We sent out a text, the others will be here shortly.” She looked at John with a bored amount of interest. “Mind putting that down?” Mane asked looking at the gun.

“Oh, yeah, right.” He said hastily putting it away.

“Lydia, I know for a fact you live farther away than the amount of time it took you to get here.” Peter said having shifted back.

“What are you two hiding?” She asked ignoring his statement in favor of picking up an old magazine.

“Why do you think we're hiding something?” Peter asked leaning against the wall in an effort to look relaxed.

Lydia looked him up and down and made a nondescript noise. “I had just thought you were passed the point of pointing guns at each other. Guess not. Where's Derek?” She asked changing subjects yet again.

“He's out.” John supplied. He didn't want to feel useless in this. But he had to admit there was something about Lydia that unnerved him.

“Ah… That's the best you could come up with?” She asked with a soft chuckle. “Because, no offense sheriff, you are a horrible liar.” She said and walked into the kitchen. He paused and pursed her lips.

“Lydia, how did you get here so fast?” Peter tried again. They weren't getting anywhere with this line of questioning anyways.

She tilted her head to the right but said nothing, “Lydia.” Peter growled threateningly.

“Alright, I was already on my way here.” She huffed. Lydia turned on her heel and glared directly at Peter. “Now tell me where that idiot alpha is.” She growled.

“How did you get in? The door was locked.” John said trying to intervene.
“I have a key.” She said, the ‘duh’ was implied. She rolled her eyes and looked between them.

“How did you get a key?” Peter said for once actually sounding confused.

“Isaac.” Lydia answered. She looked over his shoulder to the stairs. “He's up there isn't he?” She asked.

“How did Isaac get a key? He's not that good.” Peter said trying to figure out how she got the key as a time waster.

“No, he's not. But Boyd is. Don't ask me how but he got us all keys in case we needed to get in and no one was here.” Lydia explained and started to walk back towards the living room.

“Wait! You all have keys!” Peter asked in disbelief.

“Yes, if we had to rely on you two we'd be in the dark on everything.” She said quietly then her eyes went unfocused, “No…” She whispered.

Faster than either Peter or John could react she darted past them and up the stairs.

“Then maybe I should grant your wish!” She heard Derek growl. She skidded in front of the door. She had to stop this so she did what she did best and screamed.

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to start working on the next chapter immediately! Should be up in the next couple of days. Yes another cliff hanger but I hope you don't hate me for it!!

I've started like three other stories so I would like to post the most popular idea so tell me which one you guys like, along with anything about the story.

1) Pirate AU. Stiles is a Prince and Captain Lydia is trying to get him safely to his fiancé, Princess Malia. Pirate Captain Derek attacks the ship and takes them prisoner.

2) Robin Hood AU. Stiles is Robin Hood and Prince Derek made the mistake of going through his woods. Stiles and Little Scott need to ransom him and his travel party to get money for the starving town of Beacon Hills. Derek doesn't understand why this is happening to him but Stiles opens his eyes.

3 and finally!) Jenifer Blake runs a prostitution house. A Dom/Sub one. Kate is Stiles's regular but her fiancé, Derek, finds out she's been hiring him and gets upset. Kate doesn't stop and 'The Pack' helps him through it. Just like they all help each other. ((Cuteness in a bad situation...))

That's a lot. Those are all mine so if you guys could tell me which ones you like!!! Thanks!!!!!
Derek forgot about Stiles and clamped his hands over his ears, resisting the urge to howl. When it stopped he looked down to see Stiles curled up in a ball covering his ears.

“Now… Who is that?” Lydia asked after clearing her throat for good measure. “It looks like the new kid in my AP Biology class.” Lydia said walking in the bathroom. “But that can’t be because I know for a fact that kid is human.”

Stiles backed away a bit, as much as he could at least being pressed to the wall. “Why do you care? He’s your alpha.” Stiles said sarcastically, curling his lip in disgust.

“Worry about that later, Derek. Leave. Unless you can tell me a reason why you were about to rip out his throat.” Lydia said crossing her arms.

“He’s a hunter, you wouldn't understand.” Derek said standing up, leaving Stiles to watch them both warily.

“Oh, you're probably right. He's just a werewolf hunter from one of the oldest family of hunters there is.” Lydia said looking at her nails. She glanced at both Stiles and Derek who were staring at her in a
kind of shock. “What? I did research. I wasn't going into this thing blind like the others. Argent was mentioned.” She said with a shrug.

“Derek, sorry about her we couldn't stop her.” Peter said skidding to a halt in front of the bathroom door with John right behind him.

“I would've been surprised if you could've.” Derek mumbled. “Lydia I'm not leaving here and leaving you alone with him.” Derek said shaking his head.

“That would be understandable but you don't have to worry about his safety, I'll play nice.” Lydia assured with a wink.

Derek blanched, “I'm worried about you.” He said through gritted teeth. “He's dangerous.”

“Derek, let me tell you what he seems like. Like he's a kitten. Yeah he has little teeth and claws but I could easily push him away.” Lydia said simply.

“Lydia.” Derek said flashing his red eyes at her in an effort to make her submit.

“Derek. That would only work if I was a werewolf.” She said angrily in his face. “Now. Get out.” She said shoving him to the door.

“Derek, you'll be able to hear if anything goes wrong.” John said hesitantly.

“Fine.” Derek snarled. “If you hurt her…” He growled grabbing Stiles by the shirt.

“You'll what? Kill me? I thought that opinion was already on the board.” Stiles said sarcastically.

“No, she will.” Derek said with a smirk and let Stiles drop.

“And I won't be nearly so kind.” Lydia said with a touch of a smile. “Now out.” She commanded Derek.
“Alright, alright. I'm going.” He said begrudgingly. He walked out and Peter and John followed.

“Erica’s not going to like the fact the door is broken! You know she likes to shower here because the pressure is better!” Lydia yelled after looking at the door for a moment.

“I'll get a new one today!” They heard Derek yell back.

“Whatever… Anyways,” she turned to look at Stiles but before she could say anything she stopped. He had an odd look on his face. “What?” She asked innocently.

“How did you do that? Are you his mate?” Stiles asked her seriously.

Lydia laughed lightly, “Hardly.” She said with another chuckle. “I just don't put up with them especially because when he gets in these ‘alpha modes.’ And they normally trust my judgment.” She said putting in air quotes.

“Because you're a banshee?” Stiles asked in a way Lydia might almost classify as eager.

“Yes… How did you know that? Have you come across one before?” She asked with the same guarded eagerness.

“No, I wish, or I should probably be saying thank god because lore says they bring death, but I've read about them online when the beastiary didn't have much and we thought one was attacking a town…” Stiles said in a rush, “wait does this mean I'm going to die? Like now?” He asked suddenly looking terrified.

“Nope, I'm usually drawn towards the dead… Sometimes I get there in time to save them.” She explained. “Like this time.” She indicated to him. “What's a beastiary?” She asked in confusion.

“Uh… It's this book thing that contains all we know on different supernatural beings. And is that what you meant when you said his alpha status wouldn't affect you because you weren't a werewolf?” Stiles asked. “Why didn't they bite you?” He asked grabbing the towel and standing so they were more eye to eye.
“I'm part of the pack and sometimes that will persuade me to do something but I have a very strong will so it's usually something I was going to do anyways. And I was given the bite. But I rejected the effects... I'm immune. We think it's a banshee thing.” Lydia said looking him up and down and frowning.

“I'm Lydia, in case you didn't know. You're Stiles right?” She asked and Stiles nodded. “What the hell is a Stiles?” Lydia asked after a moment.

Stiles shrugged, “aside from me? I have no idea.” He said with a small smile.

Lydia just shook her head. “Well come along then. I'm going to find you some clothes... You look about Danny’s size.” She said absently to herself.

Stiles swallowed nervously. He was still having trouble keeping himself upright as it was. He had no idea how he would make it but Lydia seemed to sense his hesitation. Because she went over to him, “his room isn't far, lean on me.” She said helping support his weight.

“Thanks...” He said with a voice full of emotion. He hadn't expected that. She took a small step forward and he followed suit. Slowly they made there way to a bedroom with two beds, one on each side of the room.

Stiles looked at the beds in confusion. “It's for Danny and Scott. Two other pack members. Isaac and Boyd are next door and Erica and I are across the hall. Peter has one on the floor above us and so Derek. Plus there are like three or four more bedrooms on these two floors alone.” Lydia explained sitting him on one of the beds. “Derek owns the whole building so we pretty much converted these to floors to bedrooms so we could be close to each other when we all slept over.”

She started riffling through a drawer and Stiles stayed quiet. “You're on Danny’s bed. He's human so your scent won't affect Scott as much.” She said absently.

‘Ah,’ Stiles thought. He was right. Scott was a werewolf. Well whole lot of good that information did him now. “Scott McCall?” He asked hesitantly, he had to be sure.

Lydia straightened and looked at him. “I probably shouldn't have told you that... But yes. Scott McCall. And if you make it out of this and use this information against them I'll kill you before they have a chance to.” She said and went back to looking through the drawer as if nothing happened.
Stiles swallowed thickly. “Message received.” He said thickly. He looked around the room and was a little shocked at what he saw. It looked like a normal, human bedroom.

“Surprised?” She asked and Stiles startled a bit. She was right in front of him and he had not noticed.

He took underwear, pants, and shirt she held out to him. “Uh, what do you mean?” He asked shyly.

She turned around, “about the bedroom? It looks regular, ordinary. What were you expecting chains on the walls? Gruesome death scenes? Maybe blood and claw marks?” She asked almost teasingly.

Stiles flushed a little as he pulled on his clothes, glad she had turned around without him asking so she couldn't see him change or flush. “Maybe something like that.”

She laughed, “you good?” Lydia asked and when he said yeah she turned around. “Not bad… But… I may get you a different shirt… Actually yeah I am, stay here.’” She said and. Before he could respond she was gone.

Stiles sighed and sank back onto the bed. He had been about to be killed and now a banshee was dressing him… Well if he does survive at least he'd have an interesting story to tell. In all honesty he was glad Lydia was getting him another shirt. This one was a short sleeve and he wanted to be as covered as possible.

She came back in the room and she was carrying a simple black long sleeve. “Here this should work better.” She said tossing it to him.

Stiles caught it without it hitting him in the face and he counted that as a win. Lydia had already seen him topless so he understood why she didn't turn around this time. “Who shirt is this one?” He asked taking off the short sleeve.

Lydia waited for a beat before she answered, “Derek’s.” Stiles flailed… Which was not good because the shirt was only halfway on. He immediately started to try and take it off. “No! Nope! I'm not wearing it! You can't make me!” He said childishy.

But Lydia was right there pulling the shirt on him while avoiding his limbs. “I'm trying to help you!”
She growled.

“No! He'll think I'm trying to steal it or something!” Stiles said starting to stop struggle because Lydia got his other arm in the sleeve.

“No! I'm helping you.” Lydia insisted pulling the shirt over Stiles’s head. “Shut up and stay down. Just hear me out.” She said and Stiles huffed as he crossed his arms.

“Why am I wearing the alpha’s shirt?” Stiles demanded through gritted teeth.

“Because if you smell like his pack, especially his most docile member i.e. Danny, he'll be less likely to hold less animosity towards you. And if you smell like him it will be even harder to hate you.” Lydia said angrily. “That's why you are wearing Danny’s pants and his shirt.”

“You were never going to let me wear just this Danny person’s shirt were you?” Stiles asked knowingly.

“No.” Lydia said shaking her head and smiling. Stiles groaned and fell back onto the bed. Stiles felt the bed dip next to him and heard Lydia clear her throat.

“Yes?” He asked looking over at her. Lydia just shrugged. “I know you want to ask me something, so ask.” Stiles demanded pushing off the bed.

“Fine. Why did they kidnap you? They don't that without good reason.” Lydia asked critically.

“Wait. They've done this before?” Stiles asked in disbelief. “But you know, I shouldn't even be surprised. They're monsters.” He said getting off the bed to pace.

“Stiles calm down. I can only work on one problem if I know all the variables. And to have that I need to know your connection to the Hales.” Lydia said crossing her arms as Stiles froze.

“Yes… Does that mean something to you?” Lydia asked watching him.

“They… He… The Hales—the Hales killed my parents…” Stiles whispered falling down. “This… I know why I'm here…” Stiles whispered in a daze.

“What? Why?” Lydia asked getting off the bed and going to kneel next to him.

“I-I-I can't-I can't feel my hands…” He whispered looking at his shaking hands. “I can't. Lydia I-I can't…” He's shaking too bad by now to speak.

“Stiles, Stiles look at me and breathe with me. In two three four five… Out two three for five six seven…” She says focusing on him.

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Derek angrily stormed out of the room but he stopped when he hale are Lydia. “Erica’s not going to like the fact the door is broken! You know she likes to shower here because the pressure is better!”

He cringed, of course that was her biggest concern. “I get a new one today!” He called back.

“You're very indulgent of them.” Peter muttered when they reached downstairs. He went back to the wine from last night. “I feel like this calls for a drink. Unfortunately or not I cannot get drunk so I'm going to drink heavily and wish for the effects. Sheriff?” Peter said while pouring two drinks. He knows Derek will deny one but the sheriff won't.

And true to Peter’s thoughts John accepted the drink. “Anyone else think this is going wrong?” John asked sitting in a chair.

“I… This is not what I expected.” Derek admitted. “I just… You two didn’t hear him up there did you?” Derek asked in a bit of disbelief.

“No, unfortunately I was dealing with our dear sheriff and Lydia.” Peter said taking a drink.
“What? What happened with the sheriff? John, what happened?” Derek asked looking back and forth between the two.

“I disagree with your decision to kill the boy. And I was telling Peter that.” John said rubbing his eyes.

“And I was merely informing him to let you be. There was a gun involved but no one, namely me, was shot. Then Lydia came in and said you were about to do something ‘murdery.’” Peter said and Derek glared at him.

“What? I'm paraphrasing.” Peter explained as if it was obvious but held up his hands in surrender. “Anyways that's not what we were talking about. You mentioned Stiles in the bathroom…” Peter said refocusing the conversation.

“He zoned out.” Derek said with no preamble. “I noticed it in his room… Er, cell too. I was talking-” “Yelling.” Peter supplied helpfully.

“Communicating.” Derek relented with a growl. “And he would just zone out. The first time I called him on it and he avoided it and did what I said. But this time it was fairly… Well not short but, not as long.” Derek said struggling to figure out how to phrase it.

“Wait so he just… Didn't respond?” John asked pouring another drink.

“Something similar happened when I went up there. He was having, what are they called… When you freak out… It's on the tip of my tongue…” Peter said shaking his head. “Panic! He was having a panic attack but at least that one is explainable.” Peter said excitably.

“John, could it have been a form of that?” Derek asked glancing at him.

“Not that I've heard of… I might call it a type of seizure?” John said nervously. “But honestly I don't think it was a seizure, it almost sounds like a form of PTSD. Sometimes in, intense situations, a person can be reminded of another time and almost get sucked in… But instead of it being a time he fought it was a time where he didn't… But I don't know, I'm not a doctor.” John said thoughtfully.

“PTSD?” Peter asked incredulously.
“Post traumatic stress disorder.” John supplied helpfully. Peter just rolled his eyes, “I know what it means I just want to know why he has it.” Peter clarified.

“Another attacking wolf?” Derek offered. “But that actually brings me to another thing. He's covered in bruises and slashes and scars. Some I can tell are old werewolf claw marks but some of them... I've got no idea…” Derek said shaking his head. “Something else is going on with that kid.”

“Maybe bullying?” Peter offered. “At his other schools. Being the new kid can be rough and if he went to school with other werewolves then they could've bullied him in a perfectly human way and gotten away with it. He's only been here for what... Thursday until now? It's Saturday. That's three days-” “yes we can count Uncle.” Derek interrupted earning a glare from Peter.

“Three days is not a lot of time to a human. They're so breakable. That reminds me when did you go out this morning?” Peter asked turning to Derek.

“Seven that's when you went to give him food.. It was about seven twenty when the Argents found the jeep.” Derek explained. He had gone out a little before first light. He had been a little worried they had already found the jeep and he missed their reaction. But he hadn't.

“That sounds right. I had just finished the night shift and that ends at six. I went home, changed, and made it here.” John said adding his timeline to their thoughts.

“Wait. Then what time is it now?” Peter asked and looked at the clock. “Eight forty-five… Oh my god it is way too early to be up. I need my beauty rest, this doesn't just happen you know.” Peter said dramatically.

“Yeah, I'll keep that in mind.” Derek said rolling his eyes again. “But that's not what we were talking about. We were talking about Stiles… And I don't think it was bullies at school… What if it was his family?” Derek asked his uncle uncertainly.

Peter's eyes flashed blue, “I knew they were monsters but why do you say that?” He growled.

“He told me killing him would be doing him a favor.” Derek responded, his own eyes turning red.
“Well hunters kill themselves if they're turned. Maybe he's afraid of that.” Peter offered in a cold manner. John didn't know much about hunter werewolf politics so he sat there and poured another drink.

“I thought about that but it… It didn't seem like that. And on top of the scars and fresh wounds I can't stop thinking the Argents aren't just monsters to other people.” Derek growled.

Peter laid a calming hand on Derek’s shoulder. “We know this isn't exactly new to them, abusing a child.” Peter said calmingly. “We'll get to the bottom of this.”

Derek growled at him but Peter was unfazed. “Nephew, remember. We're dealing with a hunter… Don't let your personal feelings change your mind. Use what you're feeling. Hold onto your anger as an anchor, and use it.” Peter said tightening his grasp as a focusing point.

Derek took a breath and closed his eyes. After a few breaths Derek reopened his eyes and they were no longer alpha red. “We’ll get the facts and work with those. Fact is he's a hunter.” Derek said in a forced calm voice.

“Fact is, he's hurt, by you and others.” Peter said earning him yet another glare from Derek.

“Fact is he's human.” John spoke up. “Maybe Lydia can get him to open up again. Another teen, another human in the pack. He could feel better with her around.” John said standing to be by the wolves.

“That… Actually might work.” Derek said tilting his head to the side. “Damn. We forgot to text the pack everything is ok. Erica and Boyd just arrived.” Derek said and finally looked at his phone.

**From Scott:** What's wrong?!!! R U OK!!?

**From Erica:** what happened?

**From Isaac:** Why haven't you answered Scott?

**From Boyd:** Erica is 2 sec away from heading up there.

**From Danny:** the guys said they couldn't get ahold of you. Was that you I heard earlier? What's going on.

**From Lydia:** I'm almost to you.
From Boyd: Ok Erica and I are heading to your place. Erica says if you've been hurt or kidnapped someone's getting a beat down.

From Boyd: Also if you're not you're getting a beat down. This is way too early for a meeting.

From Isaac: We're coming up since no one can reach you.

From Isaac: we're picking up Danny first tho.

Derek swallowed thickly, “shit… They're all on their way here.” Derek cursed.

“Then now’s the time to decide to tell the truth or lie to them.” Peter said sternly.

Derek decided, “truth.” And the heard the door being opened.

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(Friday)

“School just let out. Anyone want to take bets Stiles will be late?” Kate asked her cousins. They were just in town for a few days until they got definite proof of werewolves.

Kate smiled at that thought. She definitely had gotten that proof the last few times. And being back in Beacon Hills just brought back memories of the first time she had proven she could make her dad proud.

She got a few chuckles but no one took her up on the offer. Yesterday Stiles had barely made it home on time and Gerard had thought it would be a good idea to let him rest. Stiles had made himself some toast and Kate had even given him jam.

She remembered how Stiles had licked his lips when he spread the jam. He was on a fast of sorts. Gerard had told him that if he was ever captured then he needed to be able to survive days with little to no food. He started it Wednesday and it would last until Sunday.

But they weren't complete monsters. For lunch he was allowed to make himself half a peanut butter and jelly sandwich with a glass of milk and five chips of his choosing. That had been Kate’s idea after he had passed out in a training session. She had to punish him for it after because in a real fight he would be dead but then had talked to her father about it.
But today she got him for training. Their cousins had just dropped off Stiles’s pets and it was time to acclimate them to the area. Normally she wouldn't do that this early into settling down and so close to a full moon, but because of that full moon she had to. And Kate had to begrudgingly admit he was good with the dogs. They respected him more than her and no amount of punishment would change that. It was just a good thing Stiles was broken to her heel or it could be a problem she would have no problem putting down.

Stiles had to be home by three fifteen, which was plenty of time, too much in Gerard’s mind. But Kate convinced her father that if Stiles made a friend, unlikely as it was, and got caught up in a conversation then he would have a little cushion room to get home. Or if he hit really bad traffic getting out of the school in that awful Jeep, again unlikely.

Kate decided to sharpen her knives for the training. She hadn't done it in a few days and it gave her a mindless task to do while she waited.

Three thirty, that was the time she was done with her sets. Three thirty and still no Stiles. Kate got up and walked briskly to her father’s study.

“Dad. Do you see the time?” She asked barging in.

The two hunters with Gerard glared at her but she ignored them, her father just smiled, “Kate, what's wrong with the time?” He asked cheerfully.

“Get out.” She commanded the other two with a hard edge to her voice. Gerard waved them off with a promise to talk later. Once they were gone Kate sat in a chair, “Stiles isn't home and it's passed his curfew.” She explained.

This made Gerard’s face scrunch in confusion. “Have you received any messages from him?” Kate gave a quick shake of her head. “Alright then… Are the dogs…” He trailed off.

“No sir. They usually go out with Stiles and even if they would listen to me to find Stiles, if he was in the jeep they can't track that.” She said angrily. “Should we involve the local police? Say we have a runaway? That he was kidnapped?”

“No, no.” He said with a hint of a smile. “That will involve paperwork and Stiles will get to talk to them and they'll take pictures of his injuries.” Gerard said logically. “And we can't have that.
Here's what I want you to do. Go up to the school, see if his jeep is there and then call me.” Gerard said as a way of dismissal.

Kate nodded and with that left the room. She had her orders now she just had to execute them. Which wasn't hard. It was a reconnaissance mission, nothing more so she went alone.

Kate drove up to the school and couldn't see the jeep in any of the parking lots. But it did look like Lacrosse had just started practice so she decided to check there.

She went over and sat on the bleachers, it wasn't too long before one of the boys went to get a drink in front of her. “Hi there.” She said politely.

“Uh… Hi.” The boy said with confusion as he checked her out. “What do you want?”

“I'm looking for a boy named Stiles, he's my nephew and he hasn't made it home yet.” Kate said sweetly.

“No, I don't who that is. And I don't care.” He said haughtily.

“I'm Kate by the way, what's your name?” Kate asked. She noticed he was still checking him out so she readjusted a bit so her breasts popped out.

“Jackson.” He shook his head and looked away, “listen lady, your not my type, too old. So get lost.” He said snidely.

She gaped at him, “well you're rude and this was not as pleasant a conversation as it could have been. I'll see you around Jackson.” Kate said in an obviously fake sweet voice. She got up and smiled as she left.

“Did you say you were looking for Stiles?” Another boy asked as she was leaving.

“Yeah I am, sweetie, have you seen him?” She asked with a raised eyebrow. The boy was close enough that him hearing was too out of the ordinary.
“Not sense he left.” The boy said shaking his head. “Do you need someone to help look for him?” The boy offered.

“No, no sweetie it's alright.” She said with a smile and ruffled his hair. “He's new here and probably just got lost. Which way did he turn? Do you know?” Kate asked.

“Yeah he turned left on the way out of school.” The boy said pointing.

“Left? Oh I know what he did. There's a long way, more scenic route and I'm sure he took that way. I'm Kate.” She said extending her hand out for a shake.

“Scott, hope I helped a bit.” He said shaking her hand nervously.

“You have, thanks so much.” She lied. Left was the way to there house so something must've happened on the way there. She didn't see an overturned jeep or anybody walking home so she didn't know what happened.

Kate waved as she walked back to her car and got out her phone. “He's not here. And he left the proper way to go home.” Kate said when Gerard answered.

“Hm… Come back home we need a plan. I have a feeling this was not just a random kidnapping.” Her father instructed.

“Yes sir.” She said and hung up the phone. As she climbed in her car she thought she saw that Scott kid hide, but after a moment realized they were running laps.

As Kate drove back home she almost wished the Hales had somehow come back to Beacon Hills. Or rather wished Derek had because he was the only one left. His sister had been killed and the uncle was either dead or in a coma. But the chances of that were unlikely, her little plaything had more than likely joined another pack away from here or was roaming as an omega.

Kate couldn't keep the smile from her face as she thought about Derek as an omega and the pride it brought to know she had called it. She pulled in the driveway and went inside. The air around her had changed.
People were no longer playing cards and drinking. They were polishing and sharpening weapons and mending hunting suits. Kate ignored them and went to the study.

“You think it's werewolves too.” She said to her father when she walked in. He nodded but didn't look up from the map he was looking at.

“It makes sense… I'm just wondering how they took him. If he was in the jeep he could've just run them over. Yeah it would piss it off but then he could've come here and we could've taken care of it.” She paused when Gerard still said nothing and started pacing. “Or do you think he wanted to take one out by himself. Prove himself which I'm all for but in a more controlled environment.”

“The wolf may have been in the car laying in wait so to speak.” Gerard said after a moment and that made Kate pause. “If that happened Stiles was captured and there is little he could've done to prevent it aside from crashing.”

“So what? He's gone?” She demanded slamming the desk.

Her father didn't even flinch, “for now. We have to wait until we have a lead. There are too few of us to cover the whole city tonight so we'll work in sections. We’ll start on the outskirts of town and the perseve tonight. But remember, if they know who he is his chances of survival are lessening by the minute. Be wise to remember that.” He warned and she straightened up and nodded.

Kate knew she had grown to attached to the boy but she couldn't help it. Gerard had kept his distance, but her? She was with Stiles constantly. It wasn't a motherly relationship with him but she definitely felt a protect flare in her chest when she thought of Stiles with werewolves.

The flare was more of a “that's mine and you don't get to touch and hurt what's mine only I do” type flare. She put that thought out of her mind and got dressed with the others.

Her team, named the Alpha Team, would be going to check out the part of the perseve with the Hale House one it. The team consisted of her and two other guys.

When they arrived she got a sick sense of pleasure at the fact it was still there and charred to a crisp. Kate smiled as they began to search.
Hours later nothing had turned up. All the groups were forced to return to the house when it had gotten too late. No one had found anything and Kate wanted to shoot something, preferably the thing that took Stiles but then they would've solved the problem.

She listened to the reports and when all was said and done it was quite late. She said good night to her father and went up to her bed. They would get Stiles back and whoever took him would be sorry.

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It was early the next morning when she went out to get the mail that she saw it, the Jeep. She went and got Gerard and a few others and they cautiously approached the vehicle.

Stiles, nor his body, was in the car which they felt relief for for a moment until they saw the photos. They were of Stiles but he looked dazed and out of it and bruised to hell. Moreso than normal.

She gritted her teeth in frustration and Gerard put a hand on her arm, “don't worry my dear, we'll get revenge for this. Stiles will be avenged.” He said loudly. Kate new it as in case they were listening and she nodded once. “Pull the jeep in the garage.” He instructed one of them and studied the letter.

“These people are fools if they think we’ll agree to this…” He murmured to her. “They must want us not to cooperate in order to justify killing Stiles.”

“I agree.” Kate whispered back. “I'll have a watch posted so we can see who delivers the next letter.” She told him and walked off.

She told two people to keep watch, one on front and one in back. She needed to blow off some steam so she went to the basement to train.

It wasn't much later that she heard the roar. It was faint and she might have ignored it were she anyone else. The wolves she was currently training with dropped to their knees in obvious pain. She chained them again and ran upstairs.

Everyone else had heard it too. “Well... At least we know they're in the town. And that its a werewolf.” She said when her father walked up next to her.

He just nodded. “We need a plan. As of now this is not a full attack. We are simply looking for clues and evidence on my grandson. Understand?” Gerard asked. He got an affirmation from everyone in
“Some of us will stay here and the rest of you will cover the city. Check abandoned buildings, warehouses, and the usual but also places with lots of space. Do not engage. Those of us who stay here will research locations for the others. Myself and three others will stay here while the other six will go out in groups of two.” A chorus of ‘yes sir’ answered him.

“Good. Now go!” He commanded and Kate smiled, this is what she needed. She got in a car with a guy named Ryan. They weren't all actually cousins but it was easier to explain that than the reality. “Alright then, Ryan. Let's go find a werewolf.” She said and smiled as he pulled out and onto the road.

Chapter End Notes

So it looks like the pirate one is the one I post first. I don't know when as of now but I will be working on it along side this one.

Tell me what you guys thought? Kate's POV was a bit hard to write so tell me if you think I should change it. I'm trying to make her more human right now but don't worry that will change later on. Thanks for reading!
Meeting The Pack

Chapter Summary

Stiles has calmed down just in time to be overwhelmed by werewolves... Lydia has determined he needs to meet them. That's it's the best way for him to stay alive... And she's not wrong.

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry it's taken me so long! School has been rough but that is no excuse. This isn't my longest but I did store chain it out. Hope you like it. So without further delay enjoy.

P.S. I have no beta. All mistakes are my own. Message me if you want to be my beta and I'll get back to you.

**Edit** I need to warn there is non con drug use near the end of this.

“Stiles! Stiles look at me… See it's ok. Keep breathing…” Lydia said still using the five seven count. She needed to keep him calm or he might hyperventilate and pass out. Or worse Derek might come up, although he probably had his hands full with a bunch of betas wondering why they were out of bed so early.

“I-I… They killed my parents Lydia…” Stiles whispered shaking his head. He couldn't do this. They were going to kill him just like his parents. Kate had promised she had gotten justice… Why were they still alive if she had gotten it, Kate didn't do things half ways.

“I'm not going to pretend I know if they did or why but Stiles you need to focus. I'm going to keep you alive for as long as I can but if you accuse them of murder they won't like it… I'm sure it was self defense but I'm sorry anyways.” Lydia said touching his cheek gently. She was glad he wasn't a wolf and couldn't tell he was lying. She had researched long and hard about the Hales and anyone connected to them and she’d never come across anything like that.

“Thank you this…” Stiles whispered pulling away from her. He needs to settle himself and he usually did that on his own. “I-I'm ok…” He lied after a moment and stood. He would be ok, given a few more calming breaths alone.

“Good… Ugh, who is texting me at this time?” She asked when her phone went off. She checked it. It was Danny. Apparently everyone was on their way here. “Really good because we're going to have company.” Lydia said locking the screen to her phone.

“What? I'm not that good!” Stiles said panicking again. He couldn't deal with a whole pack! Wolves usually killed together, what if that's what Derek was waiting for? His parents had been killed by a pack and he was going to be killed by this new pack.
“Keep calm. I'm going to bring the pack up one or two at a time and then we'll discuss what to do. They'll be more willing to listen if they meet you one on one and less likely to bombard you. As a group you’ll tell us your side. So get on the bed and stay there. I'll be right back.” Lydia instructed helping Stiles to Danny's bed. Less irritating to Scott that way.

Lydia looked over Stiles and then took a breath and turned to leave. She arrived to chaos downstairs. The whole pack had arrived and were bombarding Derek, Peter, and John with questions. The three men were trying to answer and deflect most of the questions. Good. The less the betas knew the more open minded they'd be.

“Enough!” She said loudly to get their attention. “All you need to know right now is there is a boy upstairs that they kidnapped and he's terrified right now-” “he's a killer!” Derek growled.

“He's a hunter! A werewolf hunter that would see us dead.” Derek interrupted glaring at Lydia. Thank god looks couldn't kill.

“I don't care. He's human-” “he's human?” Scott demanded. “We don't just kidnap people Derek!” Scott said desperately. Which he could because they'd all stopped talking to listen to Lydia. Usually when she spoke it was important or else she let the wolves take point on the conversation.

“I'm not going to get to finish…” Lydia mused halfheartedly. This was important but Derek didn't seem to think hearing both sides was important as blind faith and ignorance.

“What part of ‘killer’ did you not get!” Derek said flashing red eyes, hoping they would obey him and leave or let the subject drop.

They all shied away a bit and Lydia took the opportunity to speak, “we're going to have a pack meeting after we all meet him.” She glared at Derek when it looked like he was about to interrupt. “Slowly. Danny I'd like you to meet him first. He seems shocked that there are humans in the pack. And I think it would be good for him.” She said motioning to Danny.

Danny, for his part, shrugged and followed her up the stairs. He was usually pretty chill about everything but this seemed important and as much as he loved the pack he sided with the humans, i.e. Lydia, first. He'd learned after years of hanging out with her and Jackson that Lydia was definitely the brains of that relationship and Jackson was an idiot for breaking up with her.

“He's using your’s and Scott's room right now. And also he's wearing your pants, scent and everything.” Lydia explained and Danny nodded before she opened door. Once again Lydia proved herself a genius to them all.

“Stiles, this is Danny.” Lydia said letting Danny step through first.

Danny smiled at the scrawny, pe kid. “Hey man, you were the new guy in my info tech class right?” Danny asked going over to him. “Nice pants.” He said with a smile.

Stiles swallowed nervously, “yeah… Yeah that was me…” He said and looked at his the pants he was wearing then licked his lips. “And sorry about taking your pants I can give them back.” “nah man, they look better on you anyways.” Danny interrupted. The scent thing was a brilliant move on Lydia's part and Danny was not going to be the one to kill that idea.

“Uh… Thanks.” Stiles said nervously. “Can I… Uh, can I ask what your function in the pack is… If that's alright? I-I don't want to intrude…” Stiles looks around, “more than I already am I mean.” He added lamely. Everyone had to have a part for the pack to function. The fact that Lydia was a banshee, as cool as that was, only helped prove his point. He just wanted to know what Danny was.
“I'm just here.” Danny said shrugging, he was only half lying. “I'm not like Lydia, I'm just a human. I'm really good with computers but not like supernaturally good.” Danny said shrugging. His family had known about werewolves before he joined the pack… But that was a story for another time.

“But that shouldn't be possible!” Stiles said exasperated. “All parts of a group have a function and if they don't then the useless part is let go.” Stiles said almost angrily. He wanted something he knew to be true so he could find some of his barings.

“Stiles… Are we still talking about Danny here?” Lydia asked cautiously. He sounded personally affronted and Lydia wanted to know why. Know something about him. Her knowledge of the Argents was pretty limited to the adults and the training wasn't something she could find anything solid on.

“Of course…” Stiles said quietly. “It just… Nothing about this makes any sense! You two should be dead according to everything I know. Well maybe not Lydia but Danny should be. Werewolves shouldn't be able to control themselves and you should be dead!” Stiles yelled at them. None of this was making sense.

“Your information is wrong Stiles. Right now you need to adapt and edit it. Being in a pack…” Lydia started. Later she would get details about what Stiles knows so they could document it. But for now she had to work to get Stiles to be open minded as well as the pack.

“I got this Lydia.” Danny said calmly and sat on his bed. “Being in a pack is good for everyone. It helps give power to the other members. Like on a sports team, I play lacrosse so let's use that.” He paused and waited for Stiles to say ok or nod or some form he was listening. Stiles glanced at him and nodded then continued pacing. “You have the people on the field and then your benchwarmers. If the people on the field get too worn out one of the bench people can go out and we still go strong. Well the werewolves are like the people on the field and we help out when needed because Derek as the coach can count on us. We're not useless and in fact we can be quite helpful.” Danny explained to a still pacing Stiles.

He paused and looked at Danny intently. “It's just… I've been taught that they're killers and it's freaking me out that I'm alive… For however much longer that is. But the fact that humans are in the pack…” Stiles sat next to Danny. He was scared and all this new information was not helping him at all. He just kept being thrown for a loop.

Lydia sat on the other side of Stiles. “I know it'll be hard but later we can discuss a better way to think. Then think of it this way, at least for now. If one of them gets trapped in mountain ash or a wolf’s bane trap then they can't touch it and they need us.” Lydia supplied. She wanted to make this as easy for Stiles as she could because then if he was relaxed then then the wolves were more than likely to stay relaxed as well.

“Ok… Yeah, I can deal with that.” Stiles said taking a calming breath. He needed for them to have a purpose if he was going to make sense of this. Danny and Lydia being able to help if they were hurt and trapped made more sense to him than them just being there.

“Ok… You want to meet Scott and Isaac now? They're a bunch of puppies. You need to meet all the pack if the meeting is going to be fair. Scott is totally against killing. And so is Isaac, well after a brief stint of trying to kill me he is.” Lydia said, which was a mistake.

“Scott? He's here? Wait, Isaac tried to kill you?” Stiles said in a panicky voice. His eyes went wide and he started trying to control his breathing again. Danny put a calming hand on his shoulder.

“There was a… Miscommunication.” Lydia explained searching for the right word. “But like I said
total puppy now.” She assured. “Danny could you go and get them please.”

Danny nodded and left with a smile. Lydia put a hand on Stiles’s shoulder, “Don't worry about Isaac, all the wolves went a little power crazy but now they've mellowed considerably.” She sighed and rubbed his shoulder. “I know this is overwhelming for you. But none of this was agreed upon by the pack. Derek and Peter did this and they'll have to deal with the fallout.” She said giving his shoulder a squeeze.

Stiles nodded and swallowed thickly. By the way the others had reacted he figured it was but before he could say anything Danny opened the door. “Stiles!” Scott said half shocked and half excited.

Stiles, and for that matter Lydia, only had a moment to brace for impact before he got an armful of Scott. “Scotty!” He mangled weakly.

“I'm glad you two know each other.” Lydia said with an actual smile. She had gotten out of the way and was now moving off the bed. She wanted to give Scott and Stiles space. It didn't take long for Scott to make friends and it appeared he had made one already.

Scott pulled back enough to sit next to him and kept his arm around Stiles’s shoulder. “So… Looks like we will be hanging out this weekend…” Scott said lamely with a smile.

Stiles groaned, “really? That's the best you could do?” Stiles huffed playfully. “Man I'm ashamed for you!” Stiles said playfully punching his arm.

Scott’s smile got bigger and he simply touched the back of his head nervously, “well… It was kinda short notice…” He muttered and shifted closer to Stiles. He sniffed curiously at Stiles and Stiles raised an eyebrow.

“Yeah… It was… Why are you smelling me?” Stiles asked and Lydia and Danny shared a smile.

“You don't smell like you… I mean it's there but… It's behind… Pack. Er, I mean you kinda smell like pack, like you're part of the pack.” Scott groaned, “I hate words.” He muttered covering his eyes.

“Thanks… I think? That's a good thing right?” Stiles asked looking back and forth at Lydia and Danny.

“Yes, that was the plan.” Lydia assured. Scott looked up at those words and his eyes fell on Isaac.

“Oh yeah! This is Isaac!” Scott said jumping up and tugging Isaac by the sleeve to shake their hands. Isaac was shy and Scott knew if left up to him he'd never willing meet a new person. He just needed a little encouragement. Stiles and Isaac reluctantly shook hands.

But as soon as they touched Isaac pulled back with a whimper and a growl at Stiles that had Stiles flailed back. Scott put himself in between them protectively, “what's wrong?” Scott asked worriedly facing Isaac. Isaac was in a crouching position and everyone seemed frozen.

Stiles kept shooting worried glances to Isaac then Lydia and Isaac watched him warily. After a moment Isaac straightened up. “Nothing… I… Hi Stiles.” Isaac said keeping his distance. He had a few things to check out and ask Derek about. He had felt something and it had hurt. The reason it scared him so much is because he had felt that pain before.

“Hi…” Stiles said quietly. Stiles and Isaac watched each other for another tense minute, nobody had moved yet until Lydia finally intervened, “well then.”
Everyone looked at her expectantly, “kidnapping isn't how we do things and we need to convince Derek of that at the pack meeting once everyone has met Stiles.” She explained for the other two. Although she figured it was a given but she wanted to know what kind of resistance she would be up against at the pack meeting.

“Yeah, absolutely.” Scott agreed sitting back down next to Stiles. Stiles tensed up but didn't move away. “Why did he kidnap you anyways?” He asked looking at the bruise on his jaw.

“I-I…” Stiles hesitated looking down. He clasped his hands together neevously.

“Wait. Let me go get Erica and Boyd. Then we can hear your side of the story.” Isaac said needing to get out of the room. And with that he was gone.

“Good. Because we all need to hear both sides. I'm sure they'll both be biased but then we need to determine for ourselves.” Lydia said sitting across from them on Scott's bed while Danny sat on the other side of Stiles.

Both boys nodded and Stiles just looked worried. Isaac came back with Boyd and Erica. These two looked apprehensively at Stiles. Derek had been trying to explain what Stiles was while they were downstairs.

“Hey there.” Erica said after a quiet minute. “I'm Erica. This is Boyd.” The black teen just nodded to him. “He doesn't really speak that much. More of the strong silent type.” She said smirking at Stiles.

“I'm Stiles… I would say nice to meet you but…” Stiles trailed off. They all knew this could've and should've been done under better circumstances.

“Wish they were under better circumstances? Yeah, us too.” Erica said with a shrug. “Mind telling us why it isn't under better circumstances?” She asked sitting next to Isaac, who had aimed a seat next to Lydia on the bed. Boyd stood in the doorway, almost like he was guarding it. Derek had seemed rather frantic and they had no idea what Stiles was capable of.

Stiles took a breath, “I have no idea what your Alpha has told you about hunters… But I'm one of those. I'm a hunter. But we have a code. We hunt those who hunt us… We only go after the dangerous supernatural creatures.” Stiles said watching them all. Everyone had gone stiff.

“Explain a little better than that.” Erica said harshly. It was not looking good for him at this point.

“We're only supposed to go after a werewolf or anything else that has killed a human… that's the whole point of hunters, to protect civilians from omegas or rouge packs or something to that nature. You guys are, well should be safe. I don't think you've killed anyone have you?” Stiles asked warily.

“No.” This time Boyd answered. “We haven't.” He almost growled.

Stiles swallowed, “then you're good…” He said weakly. “We were just supposed to be moving through but my aunt wanted to wait a while around here.” Stiles said sadly. Now he knew why. To have him finish his parents justice. The Hale pack was rebuilding and that meant his parents’ killers would get get away with it. That had to be the case. It was the only thing that made sense to him.

“I'd always been taught werewolves always killed humans…” Stiles coughed, hoping they wouldn't hear the sadness or bitterness in his voice, “but I guess I'm a testament to how that's not true…” He said licking his lips nervously.

Stiles doubted any of these kids were older than he was and that meant that they were innocent of killing his parents. But Derek and Peter were old enough to have been involved and probably had
been. They were his targets now. Of course surviving was his first target then killing them.

No one said anything until Lydia stood up, “we’ve heard enough for now.” She said looking at all of them, daring someone to contradict her. “I’m going to go grab you a drink and then we’re,” she morioned to the rest of the wolves, “going to have a pack meeting and get Derek’s side. Alright?” She asked the others. They nodded and stood.

“One more thing!” Stiles said quickly. “I-I’ve never killed anyone either… Werewolf or otherwise.” He needed them to know this. “My-my granddad and aunt have. And my cousins but I haven’t… Please keep that in mind.” Stiles said hastily. If he had any chance of surviving he needed to get on the younger wolves good side.

“We’ll consider everything. Everyone out.” Lydia assured before walking out. She walked downstairs and Derek was nearly growling on the couch. His eyes were red and his claws were out. “I’ll be right back then were going to discuss this.” Lydia said darkly.

Derek didn't say anything but Peter did. “Are you getting something for our young guest?” He asked joining her in the kitchen. they were not on the best of terms on a normal day and this was not a normal day. Today she wanted to re-bury him and this time not revive him.

But she simply glared at him and nodded. Lydia held up a glass of water showing him. Peter nodded and grabbed the water from her faster than she realized. “Hey!” She protested.

“Quiet. Helping the little hunter. I'm pretty sure he hasn't slept in quite a while.” Peter said rifling through the cabinets until he pulled out a little Baggie full of pills and dropped two into Stiles's drink. “It will help him sleep.” Peter said with a smile bordering on predatory.

“Are those roofies?” Lydia asked taking the drink back. She didn't want to know where he got those but she would be taking them from him. A sadistic wolf with roofies was not something anyone should have to deal with.

“Yes, but it will help him sleep as well. Go. He trusts you.” Peter said false smiling. There was no way he could ever give it to the boy directly, he would never drink it but this way Peter knew he'd be out for some hours before he would need to be watched again.

“And now I'm breaking that trust.” She muttered loud enough for Peter, and Derek, to hear it. Lydia sighed going back up the stairs. She knew Peter had heard her even if he hadn't retorted.

Everyone was in the living room except Scott and Isaac who were still in the room with Stiles. “What are you two doing?” She asked going back in.

“Waiting for you.” Scott answered standing up. Isaac stood with him. Stiles stayed on the bed but did look up at them.

“Good. Well you can go now. Stiles drink this. It will wet your throat at the least.” She said holding out the drink. She knew roofies tasted a bit salty but she hoped he would chalk up the taste to not having anything to drink in a while.

Stiles took it and looked at it worriedly. Lydia sighed and hoped Scott or Isaac didn't give her away when she said, “I'm the only one that touched the drink. It's fine.” She assured. Both wolves glanced at her but said nothing. Thank god for the small mercies.

Stiles swallowed around nothing and took a small sip. It was like a dam burst and suddenly he was drinking the whole thing. Before he sheepish my gave the glass back. “I was thirstier than I thought.” He said quietly licking his lips. It was a few moments of silence before he looked up at them and
blacked slowly. “I guess I should be going back to my room?” He kind of slurred.

Lydia shut her eyes and sighed, “no, go to sleep Stiles, you need it.” She didn't look at him for a moment and when she did it was a big mistake.

Stiles looked at her with betrayal in his eyes. “Is drug’d?” He asked already starting to close his eyes. Lydia didn't know how long it was supposed to take but she was going to blame the quick work of the drug on the fact he was malnourished and more than likely dehydrated.

“T'll help you sleep.” She assured brushing her out of his eyes. “Scott would you help put him on the bed, properly?” Lydia asked and Scott nodded moving a weakly struggling Stiles to rest the proper way. He stilled after a moment.

“Alright. Let's go meet up with the others and hope Derek doesn't use me as a chew toy.” Lydia said moving to the door.

“I'll be down in a moment… I have to check something.” Isaac said sadly. He had to know hot sure if what he felt was real or not.

“Isaac? What's wrong?” Scott asked moving to his side. His friend had been acting weird and Scott needed to know why.

Isaac ignored him and looked at Lydia, “would you stay with me. Scott… You need to leave.” Isaac said moving away from his pack mate. Scott was a softie, he couldn't handle this if it turned out to be true and Isaac knew that.

Scott looked hurt but walked out throwing him one more glance on the way out. Lydia shut the door, “Isaac, what's wrong?” Lydia asked seriously.

“I'm not going to hurt him, I swear.” He said going over to Stiles. He quickly lifted Stiles's shirt before Lydia could protest.

She gasped and Isaac growled at seeing Stiles's injuries. “These aren't all fresh.” Isaac snarled. He recognized some of his own old injuries, from a belt, a cane… Things he didn't even want to think about.

The growl didn't stop as he turned Stiles over gently and Lydia had to look away. Isaac’s eyes went to his gold wolf eyes and quickly put his shirt back on. “Isaac-” Lydia began, but he was already out of the room. She ran to catch up with him and the rest of the pack, leaving stiles to sleep and his nightmares…

Chapter End Notes

Oops... Was that another cliff hanger... Kinda? But this one wasn't as bad as the others! Please don't kill me...

Any who... So I'm writing the pirate story along side this one and it's going to be shorter but have more stories. It's turned into a series without my consent but I'm running with it.

I hope to have the next chapter up within the next few days but who knows. Thank you all for staying with me!
Stiles... Was Abused?

Chapter Summary

Isaac figured out what happened. Now he has to convince everyone of this while Stiles faces his nightmares.

Chapter Notes

I'm back!! Yay!!! And I made this chapter a lot longer than the others. I was averaging about seven to nine pages... This is thirteen pages!! AHHHH!!! We meet a bunch of new people in this chapter so hope you like it! I hope I didn't confuse anything by lengthening this. I would like to blame finals for the delay but that was only half of it. I passed them all! By the way! I'm one semester away from getting my associates degree!! Yay!! But now I'm off for a month and so I can write a lot more!!

Now... ATTENTION: TW! This chapter gets bad. Stiles's past is experienced in a flash back. At the bottom I'll give you specifics. His dreams are in italics.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Isaac didn't stop until he was right in front of Derek who was now standing up. “How could you!” Isaac demanded shoving the alpha back his eyes golden. Derek was so surprised he actually tripped backwards. This stunned Erica and Boyd out of their whispering and the others into stillness.

“How could you not see it?” Isaac demanded about to go at Derek but this broke them out and Erica and Boyd caught him and pulled him back to the couch. Scott helped pin his shoulders. Isaac struggled and thrashed against them. “Let me go!” He demanded but the others ignored him watching Derek.

“Enough!” Derek growled from the ground. “Isaac what are you talking about?” He asked harshly getting up and flashing his alpha eyes at them.

Isaac subdued only a little but it was enough the others could let go of him, his eyes didn't change back. “You really don't know, do you?” Isaac asked sounding disgusted.

Derek merely raised his eyebrows. “So enlighten me.” He said trying to calm himself enough not to attack his beta for attacking him.
“He’s been abused!” Isaac spit out harshly. “I saw his skin and he’s got markings like I did! How could you not see it!” Isaac asked almost sounding desperate. Like he needed to understand Derek’s motivations for hurting Stiles more.

All of them stopped, especially the humans. “What do you mean?” John asked slowly. This was edging into his territory of law enforcement. He sat on the coffee table in front of the boy. He may have been involved but if he could get the Argents for abuse then that would help him sleep at night. Not that he was hoping for that but busting bad guys was his thing.

“No, he told me he got that from hunting.” Derek growled. “And it wasn't a lie.” He got up and stood right in front of Isaac. It wasn't an intimidation tactic so much as just a focus tactic. He didn't need the others distracting Isaac. If what he said was true then this was another thing they were not prepared for.

“Then he's a really good liar.” Isaac hissed. Stiles had to be to hide how much pain he was in to everyone. “I felt… Something when I touched him.” Isaac began.

“His pain?” Scott interrupted. Derek wasn't one for teaching them things that wasn't life or death but Deaton had shown Scott a little and in turn Scott had shown the others. When they asked Derek, Derek showed them how to take each other's pain. But they hadn't worked with much else other than themselves and animals.

Isaac nodded slowly, assuming that's what had happened, and this seemed to intrigue Peter because he took a step off the wall and closer to Isaac. “Explain.” He said and merely shrugged when Derek turned to glare at him. Peter was thinking along the same lines as Derek, how they hadn't even begun to think of something like that. But unlike Derek, Peter was thinking more along the lines of revenge. Not for himself but for Stiles. No child, even a hunter’s child, should have to go through that. He was actually sad that Isaac’s dad had been killed before he could have his revenge.

“He… We were about to shake hands and make nice, you know, like Scott said. And at first I thought he did something to me because when we touched it hurt, like a lot. And I was going to lash out but… But he seemed just as confused and scared as I did. And Scott didn't think anything was wrong… so maybe he is just a really good liar then I saw the bruises and cuts on his stomach… Someone used a belt on his stomach…” Isaac shuddered.

His dad hasn't done that often, he was more for psychological torture than physical. But he knew how much it hurt. He put his arms around himself, like he was trying to hold onto control. Scott put a calming hand on his shoulder and squeezed. Isaac looked up at him and smiled shakily.
“But then…” John spoke up again cautiously, “why could none of the other wolves feel it. Especially Derek and Peter? Shouldn't you guys be better at it?” He asked trying to figure out what to do. He'd have to get Stiles to talk to him so he could figure out what to believe.

“I'm thinking intent.” Lydia said, speaking for the first time since they'd come down. She was standing behind the couch with an arm over her chest and her other hand on her chin. “Derek and Peter didn't want to feel it, he's the enemy, it would make sense to dehumanize him to where they blocked it out. I can't feel it, I'm human and so is Danny. Stiles is doing his best to hide it and since Scott sees the best in everybody he wasn't expecting anything and therefore didn't feel anything…” Scott looked embarrassed, like he should've been the one to feel it. “But Isaac…” She turned and looked at him.

He used to want all of her attention. He had a huge crush on her but now it was weirding him out. Isaac felt like she was seeing a math problem instead of an actual person, something to solve instead of someone to consul with.

“You know the feeling of abuse.” Lydia said this in a softer tone. “You were probably open to it from anyone, even a random stranger, because you know what it felt like yourself. Since none of you are very good at the whole pain touch thing,” she glared at Derek, blaming that on him entirely, “I'm guessing your pasts will kind of control it for the time being.” Lydia finished looking at Derek then Peter. “Am I wrong?” She asked.

“No.” Peter spoke up, “you're actually quite right, lovely Lydia.” She scoffed at the term and turned to Derek. “Now we decide what to do with him. And killing him is off the table.” She said sternly. “That is definitely not nonnegotiable.”

“Yeah Derek. We don't kill people.” Peter said sarcastically and that caused Scott and Lydia to glare fiercely at him. Both of them either almost having to kill or be killed in his presence. Peter had the decency to look sheepish, well as sheepish as he could with a smirk. They both knew Peter wasn't sorry. No one would be there if Peter hadn't done those things.

“He's kinda cute, why don't we keep him as a pet?” Erica spoke up after a minute of silence. She had been debating speaking up now or later but when no one spoke she took the opening.

“Then we could at least use him for training.” Boyd said with a shrug. He looked back at Erica, after giving his two cents he was content to sit back and let her explain their case.

Scott and John looked horrified, Lydia looked like she was calculating the chances it would work, for that matter so did Danny, Peter looked amused, Derek looked annoyed, and Isaac just glared at
his two more bloodthirsty pack mates. Boyd just shrugged and Erica smiled, “think about it.” She said simply. “You want us to be prepared for a hunter attack and what better way to do that than with an actually hunter. Plus Isaac, this now has the added benefit of getting him out of his house and away from the abusers. Lydia and Danny would have access to more knowledge, him probably knowing a lot of trade secrets than any of us could even think about, and if anyone wanted to blow off some steam well… It's not like he could stop us if we took a few swings.” She finished.

She and Boyd had been discussing this since they'd been down. It seemed like the best solution short of killing him or letting him go, which Isaac would probably veto now anyways. They had been trying to think logically about a situation no one was prepared for.

“Well whatever we choose I'm quite impressed.” Peter spoke up. He smiled at Erica.

“I may be gorgeous but that doesn't mean I can't also be just as logical as the rest of you.” Erica said with a smirk, earning an eye roll from Lydia.

“Guys! No we can't be considering this!” Scott said looking at the others. “He's human! We don't hurt those remember? Is everyone forgetting that?” He asked shocked by their reactions.

“Then what would you propose Scott?” Lydia asked slowly, she was thinking it through and this was one of the best options she could think of, although she wouldn't have phrased it that way. “Because that sounds reasonable or as reasonable as it can be. With a few minor changes, of course.” She said slowly, watching Derek, who had been strangely quiet.

“We could make him pack, he could crash my house! Mom wouldn't mind!” Scott insisted almost frantically. This suggestion earned a warning growl from Derek.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa.” John said holding up his hands, wanting to calm them down. “One, I don't want Melissa involved unless it's life or death Scott.” He told the boy sternly. “Two, he's a human being, you can't keep him as a… A pet.” John said trying not to sound horrified. This was not something he was used to and he was trying to be the voice of reason.

“Well yeah.” Danny said as if it were obvious they couldn't. “I'm assuming those are the minor changes Lydia mentioned. The whole, beat him up whenever thing, would have to be scrapped. Training with him would probably be a good idea, though. And he wouldn't be a prisoner. At least not to a room. He'd be able to walk around the loft and go out with an escort… Did I miss anything?” Danny asked looking up at Lydia.
“No… I think that about covers it.” She said taking out her phone. “I'm going to document this so we have a reference for later.” She said starting to type.

“We need to do this legally. I'll get a statement-” John began but Lydia sighed, “and then he'd get lost in the system. We can do this legally later but for now he needs a place to stay for now. And this is the best place for now. Until we get rid of the Argents.” Lydia said looking at him.

Isaac, who looked like he was going to burst while listening to the others finally spoke, “are you forgetting the part where he's been abused?” He demanded. “Like really badly! Keeping his caged isn't going to help.” Danny looked like he was about to say something but Isaac stopped him, “Even a gilded one he can walk around in.” Isaac snarled. Danny raised his hands in an appeasing gesture and didn't say anything.

John took a breath, this was a lot to take in but before he could calm the boy Derek sat next to him on the coffee table. “Isaac,” Derek said softly. More softly then any of them expected given the circumstances. “We need to do what's safest for the pack. Right now that means keeping him under lock and key. But, for your sake, no unnecessary harm will come to him… How's that sound?” Derek asked.

Isaac looked at him suspiciously, as if his words were lies, but they weren't, there was no flutter or uptick in his heartbeat. Isaac nodded cautiously, then flung himself at Derek, wrapping his arms around Derek in a hug. “We need to protect him.” He said quietly into Derek’s neck.

Derek just nodded and hugged the boy back. He wasn't very good at this alpha thing but he was getting better and learning. All his bitten betas liked to be touched, Isaac, as well as Scott even though he wasn't technically his bitten beta, liked to be hugged. Erica did occasionally but she liked more subtle touches, on the arm, shoulder, back of the neck, places like that, whereas Boyd usually just needed a grounding hand on his shoulder or a pat on the back. Lydia and Danny were different, they couldn't feel the bond as much of the others but usually being in Derek’s presence was calming but if not, small touches and smiles could go a long way. Peter and John were closed off but Derek tried to be open to John, he figured Peter was a lost cause.

Peter stiffened behind them and scented the air, “hate to break up a touching scene but do you smell that nephew?” Peter asked tensing.

Derek pulled back enough to where he wasn't just breathing in Isaac. “Wolfsbane. Gun powder. Hunters.” He growled and the betas tensed.

“The building isn't listed in your name is it?” Peter asked looking at the door. He really hoped Derek
hadn't been dumb enough to put it in his own name but he wouldn't put it past his nephew.

“No, nothing that could be traced back to us either.” Derek assured. Sometimes he really wished Peter would have more faith in him, but it was almost understandable after Derek had killed him. He shook his head to clear the thought. He needed to focus on the threat at hand now.

“Then this is random.” John spoke up. “Everyone hide. Go to a different room I don't care. The owner reported a break in and I was the closest to check it out.” When no one moved he rubbed his face, “Go!” He said and a moment later they heard a knock on the door.

That broke everyone out of their trance and they dashed to other rooms.

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**Stiles knew that it was drugged the moment he drank it. He didn't know why Lydia drugged him but he knew that it was a smart move, he wouldn't have taken the drink from anyone else. But he had been so thirsty. The drink from the shower hadn't been enough to sustain him.**

Stiles hated sleep. One, it was difficult without his pillow, or drugs of course. And two because of the nightmares. He had enough shit to deal with during the day and now at night he had to deal with memory nightmares.

Stiles knew where he was when he opened his eyes. The first raid he was allowed to go on. He had mainly just stayed at the back and watched but he'd been there, and he'd only been ten.

His Aunt Kate came out of the house and called, “Stiles? Honey I have a surprise for you.” She motioned him over and he walked over to her.

“Remember me telling you about a puppy in trying to get? And how he could help us find the bad killer werewolves?” She asked kneeling down next to him. He nodded and she continued. “Well. I found two puppies and I want you to pick which one you want.” She explained holding out her hand to him.

He took her hand and they walked towards the basement. “Now baby, you need to be a big boy about this, got it?” She asked him. He nodded again, not actually sure what he would see.
“Kate.” A man said coming up from the basement. “This isn't right, they're children.” He said sounding angry.

“Well that's why we didn't kill them Chris. Stiles here is going to train one and Allison can train the other. A new breed of hunters with pet wolves.” She said sounding excited.

Stiles had seen this man before but not often. He didn't know his name, or who this Allison was but he looked angrier at the thought of Allison getting a puppy too.

“No, give them both to him. Allison isn't going anywhere near here. I'm done, with you, with da-with Gerard. I'm out.” He said stomping to the front door.

“Chris. Chris! You can't do that! Get back here! We will hunt you down Chris! Mark my words!” Kate yelled after him. Apparently the man’s name was Chris.

“Sorry sweetie, this way. I guess you get both of the puppies.” She said nudging him through the basement door. Stiles walked down the steps slowly, giving his eyes time to adjust to the darkness.

When he got to the bottom he was shocked to see two boys huddled in a corner. They growled at him but didn't try anything. “Can I go closer to them?” He asked Kate quietly. They didn't look dangerous and Stiles was too young at that point to understand how dangerous werewolves were.

“Not too close sweetie.” She said but nodded. If the werewolves tried anything she’d be able to put them down before they hurt Stiles. Apparently Chris didn’t think the little ones were not dangerous enough to need restraints. Kate was not so liberal but now wasn’t the time for that.

Stiles walked up closer to them and waved. “Hi. I'm Stiles… You guys got names?” He asked quietly. They looked scared and Stiles didn’t want to cause them more distress so he tried to seem not threatening.

“I'm Ethan.” The one being covered by his brother said quietly. The one covering him growled. Stiles stepped back but not all the way to Kate. He still wasn’t actually that afraid.

“Hey!” Kate snapped stepping at them. She cocked her gun in an obvious warning.
“I’ve got this Aunt Kate.” Stiles said waving her off. She had always told him he didn't have a strong survival bone in his body. “It's ok.” He turned back to the wolves, this time sitting in front of them. “Hi Ethan… Are you guys ok?” He asked.

“We're fine.” The one whose name he didn't know snapped. Then he looked at his brother and back to Stiles, he looked pained for a moment then. “And… I'm Aiden.” He said softer this time.

“Hi Aiden. I'm gonna keep you guys safe… Ok? If you let me.” Stiles said gently. Kate had told him they were his to care for and that's what he was going to do, no matter what.

They looked over at Kate, she shrugged, “do what he says and don't hurt him and I'll leave you guys alone.” She said with a false smile. “You belong to him now.” She added still smiling.

Cautiously they went nearer to Stiles. Stiles held out a hand to each of them, they shared a look but after a moment they each took a hand. He stood with them and turned to go with Kate. “We're ready to go.” He said gripping them tightly. He was going to keep this promise.

This memory wasn't so bad but subconsciously he knew they'd get worse.

From past experience he knew the drug induced dreams wouldn't stop and the probably wouldn't get better knowing his luck.

The next time he woke up it took him a minute to orient himself. Then he looked at the clock and after seeing the time and date he knew exactly where he was. The first night he'd get to be with Ethan and Aiden during the full moon. At least it was the day before and not the day after.

It had been roughly three years since they'd had the twins and each full moon Kate had been with them but since he's just turned thirteen he convinced Kate to let him be there without her for the first time. He had started coming with her about a year before hand but now he wanted to try it on his own.

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“I've been thinking…” He began, “I think I can teach them how to change at will.” Stiles said the day after his birthday. He'd been training with them and they could shift at will, not that he'd told Kate that yet. He still didn't think they were ready for intense field work and stiles was pretty sure Kate would insist on it.
“Sweetie, they’re animals. It doesn’t work that way.” She insisted. Pausing her gun cleaning to look at him. Stiles looked up at her and she was smiling that fake smile she got whenever she had to deliver bad news. Stiles held back a shiver, last week still fresh in his mind.

“Just hear me out, we’re working on it and they’re getting better. I just… I want to try it during the full moon. By myself. Please one full moon, they’ll wear the shock collars.” He promised.

“Please.” Stiles begged. He only promised the shock collars because Kate always insisted on them even though he had red used them for at least a year. But if the burns on the twin’s necks were anything to go by then someone was.

“Honey, are you sure… Your cousins were just here a week ago…” Kate trailed off, knowing the threat was there. She knew she should hate how ok she was with letting Stiles be used but she couldn’t bring herself to actually try to stop it.

Stiles winced and stepped away. “I-I know…” That’s why he needed to be able to trust Ethan and Aiden, his protection. “Please… One night.” He insisted.

She sighed, “ok, sweetie, one night with them. They wear the shock collars though in case it’s too much.” Kate said smiling at him. “Go, go play with your puppies.”

Stiles smiled and ran down stairs. Ethan and Aiden were pacing in their cage, feeling the full moon’s pull. The snapped their heads up and stopped pacing to look at him rushing down the steps.

“Stiles?” Ethan said surprised. Usually Kate came in first to make sure they were secured.

“Yeah. Happy birthdays!” Stiles said excitedly. They didn’t know when their actual birthdays were but one day they had decided to make it easy and say a day after Stiles’s. They had also determined they were probably three years older than him, at least, meaning today was their sixteenth birthday.

“Where’s Kate?” Aiden demanded. He always felt the full moon stronger than his brother. He was happy Stiles was here but he was worried at what that would mean for them.

“It’s just us tonight. I’m going to help you guys… Stay human. So that Kate will let you guys out
more. We've been doing so well.” Stiles said getting close to the bars. Their cage was really a cell that spanned most of the basement so Stiles didn't have to go far.

“How Stiles?” Ethan asked as they both went up to the bars. Stiles put his hands through and they nuzzled him.

“I'll tell you in a minute. But first…” He pulled his hands back through the bars and Aiden and Ethan whimpered at the loss. Stiles ran to the space under the stairs and pulled out a to go box. “I smuggled this from my cake.” He said excitedly.

Stiles hadn't been able to get them treats in a while and he put the box through the bars. They opened it and gasped. It was a piece of chocolate cake. A fairly big piece actually and Stiles beamed when they looked at him with adoration. “Go on, I'll explain while you eat.” He said putting his hands back through the bars. The twins nodded and since they had no utensils the dug in with their hands.

“I remember one of them saying Kate had killed his anchor…” Stiles began as they ate, “I looked into it and that's what keeps wolves from shifting. That's what I've been telling you guys. Focus on me not the shift.” Already he knew distracting them was working. They hadn't even realized the moon was starting to rise, judging by the clock. He knew it was dangerous to keep his hands in the cage but he didn't remove them. They were busy eating and he knew that his presence kept them calm.

“What if we can't?” Aiden asked, his eyes golden now. He was still leaning against him and rubbing Stiles though. Stiles had come a long way in three years. He knew he was their alpha, even if he let Kate think he was their master. He had to prove his faith in them so they'd have faith in each other.

“You can, just focus on me and how I won't let anything hurt you and you can't let anything hurt me.” Stiles insisted. “And how good the cake is. Because if people solved the world’s problems with cake there would be no fighting except over recipes.” Stiles said with a laugh.

They both heartily agreed in between bites of cake. Stiles smiled at them brightly. Lit was working. They weren't shifting.

He talked to them throughout the night. And all that happened was their eyes glowed. No further shift and Stiles was so proud. The next morning he woke up and realized they had all actually fallen asleep. He pulled his arms back and rushed to open the cage. The twins startled awake and Stiles hugged them. They hugged and scented him in return. it became a thing for them. Later he found out Kate watched the whole thing. But for now he was content to be with his betas.
Stiles didn't know if the drug was wearing off but he briefly became aware of himself. Or at least enough to know he choked out a sob. Who knew what Kate was doing to Ethan and Aiden now that he couldn't protect them. He knew she never got her “puppy” and had always been jealous of the proud way Gerard looked at him whenever they were successful. Soon the darkness took him over to much to think…

Stiles opened his eyes and realized he was naked. In the basement at age fifteen. He raised his head and could make up Ethan and Aiden on their knees, hands bound behind their back, and a gag in their mouths.

“Aiden… Ethan…” He called in confusion. Stiles tried to move but a voice halted him from trying too much.

“Oh hush, your dogs aren't gonna bother us. I've been waiting to get you like this all evening. Your granddad says, remember never take a drink unless you saw where it was made.” An English accent said off to his right.

Paul. The hunter visiting them. The one that had been leering at him all night. He offered to grab a drink for Stiles when everyone retired to the living room after dinner. Stiles had wanted to come down and train for a bit. The twins were getting good and now they could almost always form Vulcan Wolf. But Paul had a story he wanted to tell and Gerard told him not to be rude and to listen to it.

Stiles had sat down and out of habit taken the drink handed to him. He now figured it had been laced with something to put him out long enough for this. Stiles tried to turn and look at Paul but he spun with the chain, which was apparently attached to the ceiling and his wrists. He was kneeling, chains keeping his feet back so he couldn't stand.

“You see, I had come here to make a deal with the Argents. Been having some trouble and they were just the folks to help me fix it.” He walked into Stiles’s view. He's average height, muscled, with blond hair in a Mohawk.

“Did you make a deal?” Stiles asked quietly. He knew the drill. If they did make a deal, then he seals the deal. If they didn't then he gets them to reconsider. He just wants to know if he has to actively participate or if he lets them do whatever.

“Oh, we made a right fine one.” Paul said taking a hit from his cigarette. He blew the smoke back
into Stiles's face and Stiles wrinkled his nose. He glanced at the twins who were desperately shouting and growling at the man, their eyes an icy blue. They hated this almost as much as Stiles did.

Stiles stayed silent. “So they said they'd let me take you for a spin.” He grabbed Stiles's face and forced a brutal kiss onto his lips. Paul blew smoke into his mouth and Stiles coughed and spit out. “Open your mouth.” He demanded.

Apparently Stiles didn't do it in time because Paul backhanded him. Making him lose his balance and careen to the side, only the chains kept him up. Aiden charged the man to no avail. His hands had been chained to the ground so he couldn't get far. Stiles looked at the twins and tried to portray with his eyes not to fight. He'd be fine. He always was, but he wouldn't put it past this guy to shoot either Ethan and Aiden because they were a distraction.

Stiles righted himself and quickly opened his mouth. Paul’s smile twisted into something more like a sneer as he grabbed his jaw hard, forcing it to stay open. He lined up up his cock and started thrusting.

Stiles knew just to go limp. He'd just endure it while it lasted, but knowing what to do and doing it were two different sayings. Paul started thrusting in a rhythm and that made it a little easier for Stiles to relax his throat. But Stiles started to gag when, after just a few thrusts, he didn't pull out, choking him.

Paul finally allowed Stiles air and Stiles gulped greedily at it. Paul never let off his mouth and now he understood why. Without any warning Paul shoved his cock back in Stiles’ s mouth. This guy must have been pretty sadistic because he did that a few times before he must have made Stiles pass out because Stiles came to as he hit the floor, the chain tension released.

Stiles gasped and choked now that he could breathe properly for a time. “That's a nice mouth but let's see if that nice hold is really as good as they claim.” Paul said grabbing Stiles’s ankle.

Stiles couldn't help the whimper of fear and pain as he was pulled back onto the guy. It took Paul a minute to line his cock up but when he did he wasted no time. Stiles cried out as the Paul thrust into him. He didn't know if Paul had prepped him or not but if he had it certainly hadn't been enough. Stiles couldn't help it, he tried to get away weakly but Paul held him easily. He seemed to be enjoying Stiles’s futile attempts to get away, and Stiles couldn't even find the strength to be angry at that.

Stiles didn't know how long it lasted, he never did, but he knew that they'd done it in at least three different positions by the time Paul was done. None of those positions had ever been for Stiles.
seemed like each position was done just to see if Paul could ram his dick farther into Stiles. Stiles laid on the ground, limp, and Paul got up. He actually dusted off his hands as if Stiles was a chore he was glad to be done with.

“Oh yeah, the deal was totally worth it.” Paul said stretching. “And I must say, virgin or no, that ass of yours is as sweet as they promised.” He said with a smile like a sneer again. Stiles just curled in on himself as Paul put on a robe and headed back up the stairs.

Stiles tried to undo his hands feebly but he knew it would be a pointless endeavor. These chains were made for werewolves. Only a key would unlock them or him at full strength and his lock picking kit. He and the twins had practiced enough that all three of them could do it blindfolded.

Stiles crawled over to the key box, made of Rowan wood, and opened it with only a little struggle. He slid the keys in to Ethan, who grabbed them and undid Aiden’s chains, then Aiden undid Ethan’s. They both ripped out the gags.

“Stiles!” Aiden said at the same time Ethan said, “Stiles we’re coming!” Ethan unlocked the door and rushed out to Stiles. He unlocked Stiles’s chains as Aiden went and got a towel to clean him up from the little shower they had.

Stiles’s wrists and ankles were raw and he had obviously been torn. Both wolves growled and Stiles winced. They both immediately stopped, “sorry. It’s-it's not that bad…” Aiden lied dabbing his wrists, all three knew that had been a lie. They’d have to clean the wounds before getting the first aid kit and Aiden cleaned his wrists and ankles as Ethan held him.

Stiles whimpered as Aiden cleaned him up and Ethan just held him tighter. “Stiles… I need to move you. It’s going to hurt… but I-I can't um, can't clean the blood otherwise… I'm sorry.” Aiden choked out. He hated when Stiles was hurting even more so when he was the cause.

“It's-it's ok…” Stiles assured him touching his knee and giving it a gentle squeeze. Aiden nodded and tried to move him gently but it hurt too much and Stiles woke up with a scream.

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“Go!” John yelled and the others dashed from the room. John turned and saw Derek slid into the kitchen. Just out of view.
John opened the door and a pretty blond stood there, “Can I help you?” He asked in sheriff mode. He needed to get this girl, woman, out of here as soon as possible if she was as dangerous as they claimed and Stiles trusted their judgements.

“Sheriff? Hi, I actually thought these buildings were abandoned.” She said with a laugh. “But this actually works. Have you seen a kid around here? Like sixteen years old, buzz cut, the cutest Amber eyes you have ever seen?” She asked sweetly.

“No, no I haven't. Why? Is he missing? Because then you should file a formal report, Ms…” John asked. He was used to having to withhold information from a suspect or the papers on a case and this was no different. Well maybe a little more immediately life or death than his usual cases but he was fairly good at lying.

“Kate. You can call me Kate.” She said holding out her hand. “No Ms. Or Mrs. either, that makes me feel old and I am definitely not old. But I'm sure you know all about that.” She said smiling sweetly. John shook her hand feeling a little embarrassed by her comments but he just coughed and smiled back at her. Luckily the wall blocked their view of the kitchen and they couldn't see Peter having to pin Derek to the wall at the name.

“About your missing kid…” The sheriff asked just wanting the attention not on him anymore.

She laughed again, “He’s not my kid, he's my nephew. And he was just out with a friend and missed curfew this morning. No biggie. You know kids, I'm sure he'll turn up.” She waved it off as if the disappearance meant nothing.

“Alright well… I'm going to have to ask you to leave.” John said stepping out of the room and next to her. He didn't want her to see anything that could give away who lived there. She didn't look too dangerous but he knew looks could be deceiving. “This is private property.”

“Right, right, of course. Like I said, I thought it was abandon. Thought I might find him here. If you see him tell him his Aunt Kate is looking for him.” She said and turned to walk off, “Oh, and his name is Stiles.” She said with a wave and sauntered off.

The sheriff waved and walked back in, shutting the door just in time because he heard. “Derek!” Peter finally growled. “Derek calm down! This is the whole point of having Stiles.” There was a thud and John ran around the corner to see Peter slamming Derek into the wall.
“Hey! Hey! What's going on?” John demanded going over and putting a hand on each of their shoulders. He didn't want to have a werewolf fight with a bunch of teenagers around, especially with three humans around. Well four if he counted himself but he had a gun for protection.

“That's the bitch that burned our family. I don't mean just the family I mean the one that burned it to the ground!” Derek growled his eyes were burning red. John was actually surprised by Peter being able to hold him. He knew alphas were stronger and Peter hadn't even shifted.

“Then take it out on Stiles.” Peter growled slamming him against the wall again. “Until the Argents are out of town we're not safe. That's the whole reason we took him. The betas even agreed.” Peter said shoving Derek towards the stairs. The teens gathered around their alpha trying to figure out what was going on.

They didn't have long because there was a scream from upstairs and all the teens turned rushed up the stairs without hesitation. “What the?” Derek demanded in confusion following them to Stiles.

Scott got there first and wrapped his arms around Stiles, trying to calm him down. “Stiles! Stiles it's ok!” Scott was yelling. But Stiles wouldn't or couldn't calm down. The others were standing around trying to do... Something but they couldn't do anything because of the thrashing.

“Scott, Isaac, Erica Boyd! Hold him down!” Derek yelled after watching the chaos for a moment. They moved to hold him, trusting Derek for once, and for that Derek was grateful. This was not the time to fight him. Scott looked hesitant but after seeing the others moving Scott let him go to pin his other.

“What are you going to do?” Scott demanded as they struggled against him. He wasn't going to help Derek hurt Stiles but right now it was more like not letting Stiles hurt himself.

“I'm going to take his pain.” Derek growled, ok so not all his betas trusted him, but baby steps. Even if it meant just trusting during stressful situations he could work with that. Stiles's shirt had racked up enough in the struggle to expose his stomach. Derek pressed his hand to the exposed skin and he immediately felt the pain and brought it to himself.

The pain actually brought Derek to his knees but he kept pulling. His veins blackened and slowly Stiles stopped thrashing and the screams subsided to whimpers. He had no idea how Stiles was able to hide that much pain but he was going to get to the bottom of it.
“Peter…” He gritted through the pain. “Take the next note… To the house…” Derek panted. “The rest of you… Out. Finish working… This out. I won’t hurt… Him.” Derek panted. He needed the others out so he could get a read on Stiles with a new outlook. And the others would just get in the way of a clear headed judgement.

Peter didn’t hesitate to leave but the others did. “Go.” He growled and he realized he had wolfed out. The pain wasn’t lessening as much as he would’ve liked but he wasn’t going to stop. They scampered out of the room and down the steps. Derek adjusted his grip on Stiles stomach and sat on the bed next to him. For now he just had to wait this out.

Chapter End Notes

TW: In the third flashback it goes into detail of a rape of Stiles at fifteen. The others are not that graphic.

I realize I'm taking some writer liberties and I'm hoping that doesn't turn anyone off. But it will be explained. Kate had to have kept Derek alive for a point and everyone has theories. Well this is my universe's theory. It will be explained later, promise.

Ok... So how did you guys like it? We met a bunch of people and don't worry they will be back. And there will be more explanation. I know I asked a lot of questions here and only a few got answered. Tell me what you guys thought! Also I hope this wasn't confusing to read. The time with the pack happed at the same time as when Stiles's thing happened. I was going to make this two chapters but decided to give you guys a treat.

Also the pirate is story is in the works. Promise.
You Ask a Question then He Asks a Question.

Chapter Summary

Stiles calms down and he and Derek have a talk. It goes quite well... For the most part.

Chapter Notes

Hi!! Another one so soon? I know right!! I'm amazing! HAHAHA!!! Sorry it's really late and I spent most of the day finishing up my Christmas shopping so I'm a little hyped up right now. AND! I stayed up until 3 last night and wrote the next chapter!! YAY!! I'm hoping to have it posted before Christmas as a gift to you guys but if not Merry Christmas! And to my non-Christmas celebrating readers Happy Holidays to whichever Holiday you chose to celebrate!!

Ok sorry about that little rant. Now about the story. Let me say... The majority of the comments I've been getting are along the lines of "POOR STILES" while the other majority has been "WHEN WILL THE SHERIFF FIND OUT STILES IS HIS SON?"
Well... I have a huge plot twist. What would you do if I made Stiles really an Argent? Hmm...? Actually... There would probably be rioting now that I think about it but leave me your thoughts on the matter below... Now on with the show!

TW AT THE BOTTOM!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took at least five more minutes for Derek to get as much pain as he could. There was one pain he couldn't pull and at first it he thought it might've been a severe internal injury. But he lifted Stiles’s shirt a little more and saw no damage. That's when it hit him. Hunger. Stiles had major hunger pains and had still refused the food.

Derek released Stiles and the boy settled. Derek was glad the boy wasn't thrashing anymore. Derek may not have been the best alpha in the world but he wasn't going to let the boy starve to death. Isaac’s claims were becoming more and more probable. He left the room and headed downstairs to the kitchen.

All his betas looked at him as he made his way down the steps. Their eyes were freaking him out, “what?” He demanded slightly on edge. He didn't want to tell them about Stiles yet or they'd never let him alone with Stiles.

“How’s Stiles?” Scott asked timidly. He was sitting on the couch next to Isaac. Erica was next to
Isaac with Danny and Boyd in two of the chairs and Lydia standing in the middle. They were all watching him, Scott was just the first one to speak.

“He’s… I’ve taken all the pain I can for now.” Derek paused. He didn't want to alert his betas to Stiles’s distress just yet. “Isaac? Do we have any of those little snack sized chip bags?” He asked as if it was normal. It wasn’t. But he was going to play it off as normal until one of them brought it up. Derek really hoped they wouldn't.

Isaac looked away from Scott in surprise, “uh, yeah. Shelf under the island.” Isaac said looking at the others. They looked as surprised as he did. Finally though, when no one else asked he did, “why do you need them?”

“They're… They're for Stiles.” He said. That was one of the first times he'd used Stiles’s actual name and not the little hunter. He had been debating telling them or not but he believed this would actually get him less questions. They would demand to see Stiles and to go easy on him. Derek couldn't do that right now.

“Ok.” Lydia said and bit her lip, “Peter drugged Stiles.” She said hesitantly. The others looked at her in shock. Only Isaac and Scott looked guilty, even Lydia didn't look as ashamed as they did. “He said that Stiles needed sleep and they would help and I shouldn't have but I did-” Derek held up his hand and she stopped her increasingly fast apology.

“After I talk to Stiles, tell him. Not me. That will get you further than if I told him.” Derek said calmly. He had been wondering what had happened that made him fall asleep. But Derek had thought exhaustion and finally having a bed had taken its toll. He'd have to have a talk with Peter about that later though, he couldn't have his uncle randomly drugging his betas or anyone else.

Derek found the chips and knew he was being watched as he grabbed two bags, but he kept his eyes away from the couch and the watchful eyes. The last thing he needed was to lose his nerve because they were watching him. Next he went to the refrigerator and got out two waters. He wanted them to think one of each was for him, it wasn't but they didn't need to know that.

No one said anything until he reached the steps and he turned towards them. They were openly staring, really was him being nice that big of a shock? He really needed to do that more often if that was the case. “What… Uhm, what are you guys doing?” He asked wanting to be kept in the loop. But he didn’t really know how to do that and talk to Stiles.

“We're drawing up a contract for Stiles. For him to stay here for the time being.” Danny said, surprising him by actually speaking. Derek knew he usually let Lydia talk and worked behind the
scenes. But it seemed like Danny thought this was actually important enough to actually give his opinion directly to Derek and not through Lydia. That put Derek slightly on edge but he tried not to put too much stock in it.

“Oh… Ok. Good.” Derek said awkwardly. He wanted to get out and go back to Stiles. He didn’t know how long the boy would stay asleep now that he wasn’t in as much pain and Derek didn’t want to take a chance of Stiles wandering around in hopes of escape. “I'm going to read it before it's given to him.” Derek began, hopefully going to put his foot down on whatever they had planned but Lydia stopped that.

“Naturally.” Lydia said nodding. They had already discussed this and they knew Derek would have to ok anything they wrote. That’s why they were writing with both Stiles and Derek in mind.

“Alright.” Derek said a little surprised at the lack of resistance. “I'm going back up… No one come up.” He said before they could say anything else. “I won't hurt him but I want to talk to him alone. Investigate Isaac’s claim.” Derek said and Isaac growled. Derek was trying to assure them all that Stiles would be fine but that just seemed to put them on edge.

“I'm not lying.” Isaac assured in a growl. Scott put a hand on his shoulder to ground him again and Isaac looked over at him gratefully.

“I'm not saying you are.” Derek said believingly that was the whole reason he wanted to talk to Stiles alone. The others were too close to this, granted he was too but he was the only one who could do this. He didn’t trust Peter with this and John… “Where is John?” He asked looking around.

“I think went out to his car. He wanted to tell Parish about something that came through on his radio.” Scott said thinking for a moment.

Derek nodded, “Not about Stiles though, right?” Derek asked only slightly worried.

“No, just a random call.” Scott assured and Derek nodded again. And with that confirmation he turned and walked up the stairs. That was probably one of the calmest talks he'd had with them in a long time.

Derek made his way up to Scott and Danny’s room and opened the door but instead of Stiles resting peacefully he was twitching and muttering “no” over and over. Derek set the things down on the floor and went over to Stiles. He reached out and was about to take the boy’s pain when Stiles bolted upright.
“Ethan! Aiden! No!” Stiles yelled hoarsely, as if he was or had been crying. He started frantically looking around. This outburst stunned Derek so much he actually took a step back. “Alpha?” Stiles squeaked when he realized where he was. He didn’t think it was a good thing he had been unconscious with the alpha who had no problems hurting him in the room.

Derek took a moment to realize Stiles was actually talking to him and not the dream. “Who’s Ethan and Aiden?” Derek demanded acting as if nothing had changed, but he could smell the slight fear that had bled into his scent instead of just pure adrenaline.

“No one.” Stiles said almost sadly. “Why are you here? Decide you really don’t need me. Hope you can explain it to your betas.” Stiles said pulling his knees to his chest. “Although I’m wondering why you didn’t kill me after drugging me. Very smart getting Lydia to do it. I have to give you props for that.” Stiles admitted with a smirk. “Or maybe you decided you needed me a lot and that’s why you drugged me. I have to say that was courteous of you. I don’t even feel sore.” Stiles admitted suspiciously.

It seemed to Derek that Stiles’s nap had done nothing but solidify the smartass attitude and idea that they were going to hurt and abuse him. Way to go Peter, Derek thought angrily. “I didn't drug you. And I didn’t harm you while you were asleep.” Was all Derek could say. Stiles just rolled his eyes and that irked Derek more than if he would've responded.

“I brought you these.” Derek said tossing him the chips and waters, all four items sealed. He wasn’t going to try and trick Stiles that way. There was no trust between them and Derek wanted Stiles to be able to eat without throwing it to the other side of the room, mainly because this wasn’t his room.

“Really? You think I'm that dumb?” Stiles asked not even touching the items. “You know the saying fool me once shame on you fool me twice, shame on me?” Stiles shook his with a chuckle.

“Check, they're unopened.” Derek said nodding to the items. This did make Stiles look surprised for a second then he schooled his features but Derek caught it. “Unless you think I poisoned them in the factory. In which case you're too kind, but even I'm not that good.” Derek said with a mocking chuckle.

Stiles leveled a glare at him and felt the bags of chips, “Cool, but I'm not hungry.” Stiles assured flicking a bag of the chips away. His heart didn't stutter and Derek growled. This had Stiles pressing against the backboard before he knew what he was doing.
“That's a lie.” Derek growled calming a bit. “When I took your pain-” “you did what now?” Stiles interrupted. That sounded… Not like anything he’d ever heard before. Stiles needed to find out more about this and if there were any side effects. He didn’t really like the idea of like… Becoming a slave or something because of that, as unrealistic as that sounded.

Derek ignored him and his slightly elevated heart rate, “I could feel your hunger pains.” He finished. “And considering for I'm not going to kill you I can't have you dying of starvation either.”

Stiles looked stunned for a moment hit with all this information. “You… You're not going to kill me?” Stiles decided to start with since that seemed to be the most life altering… Considering it would mean he would actually have a life.

“No, my betas have convinced me you're more use to me alive. But you will become an orphan.” Was Derek trying to throw Stiles off his game by throwing a lot of information at the boy, yes. Was it working… Derek wasn't sure yet.

“Makes sense. Revenge of revenge.” Stiles said softly and sadly. Derek had not expected that reaction. He had expected rage, anger, or even fear not… Acceptance.

“What?” Derek asked confused but Stiles just shook his head and grabbed a bag of chips.

“So… Mr. Alpha Man… If I'm going to be staying here what am I going to have to do?” He asked cautiously. Stiles was expecting the worse even though they hadn't sexually assaulted him yet. It could still happen. It wouldn’t be the first time he’d seen one species enslave the other and sex be an outcome.

“Research, training, and chores.” Derek responded with little thought. So they hadn't discussed chores downstairs but Isaac would appreciate the help. He had stayed over at Scott’s yesterday but now Derek was sure he probably wouldn’t be able to pry the boy away from the hunter. So Derek was going to put his to work helping.

Stiles nearly choked on a chip in shock. Derek handed him a bottle of the unopened water bottle and Stiles popped the bottle open and drank from it. When he had stopped choking he looked at the bottle again and began to sip it. “That's all?” He asked. “Or is that all you're going to tell your pack?” Stiles asked, not accusingly, just acceptingly.

“That's all. Period.” Derek growled again. Stiles’s attitude was pissing him off. He didn't like that
Stiles had been so concerned about rape but judging by what Isaac said it was a very real possibility that Stiles had been. “Now. Tell me about your injuries.” Derek said gruffly. He realized right after he’d said it he probably could’ve been a bit more tactful when asking but it was too late now.

Stiles just laughed, surprising Derek. “If you want information I need information. You’ve already told me I’m not leaving, so what could it hurt?” Stiles asked eating a chip slowly, savoring the taste. He didn’t want to look too eager but it was hard not to. “So one question per one question.” Stiles bargains.

Derek debated a moment. He shouldn’t give in, shouldn't let this kid have any power. “Fine.” He said completely contradicting his train of thought. Derek pulled a chair over and say it by the bed. He sat in it apprehensively. He knew there was a million and one things Stiles could ask and he was worried about what the first question would be.

Stiles smiled, “Me first, you said you took my pain. What does that mean?” Stiles asked before Derek could get a word in.

Derek sighed, at least the boy was talking. And of all the first questions this wasn’t a bad one or particularly revealing either. “A werewolf can take another thing’s pain. Human, animal, or another supernatural creature. And when we take the pain they no longer feel it.” Derek explained. That was the short version anyway.

“Whoa. Can anyone or does it have to be an alpha?” Stiles asked eagerly but Derek held up his hand. Stiles huffed and waited for his question. He was having a lot of the same fears Derek was having without even knowing it. Derek could ask anything about his family. And although he could probable lie and get away with it there was still the off chance he couldn’t and Derek would most likely react violently.

“My turn.” Derek said sternly. “Why were you thrashing in your sleep?” He hadn't meant to say that. He'd meant to ask about… Anything basically.

“Bad dreams. I get them when I sleep. I can't sleep well without my pillow.” Stiles said not caring if he sounded childish. He was mostly relieved that the question wasn’t about his family, anything else and Stiles would be fine. “Can any werewolf take another's pain. Or do they have to be an alpha?” Stiles asked again now that it was his turn.

“Anyone. Alpha, beta, or omega.” Derek said quickly. “Who are Ethan and Aiden?” He wanted to know. But he didn't know why. Were they friends? Enemies? He had said ‘No, Ethan, Aiden’ but had he been trying to defend them or stop them?
“Friends… Friends of mine I left behind.” Stiles said, his voice breaking with emotion. Even if he knew he hadn’t really had a choice in the matter. He knew Kate was most likely still training with them and probably wasn’t feeding them. That had always been Stiles’s job.

Derek almost felt bad for him. He could feel the guilt and remorse pouring off the kid. Until the next question however, “How did you get your alpha? Inherited or did you kill?” Stiles asked. He knew his aunt had killed most of the Hale pack yet here was an alpha. It was unlikely he had been the alpha at the time given how young he looked but there was a chance he had gotten it after the last alpha was killed if he had been next in line,

“I-I killed. How did you know there were two ways?” Derek asked. Most hunters he came across didn’t know about that. They figured one way or the other. Or they just didn’t care enough to find out how the things they hunted came to be. Stiles was rapidly proving himself smarter than the average hunter though.

Stiles licked the salt off his fingers before answering, and for some reason Derek couldn’t look away from his mouth. He really hoped Stiles didn’t see that though. “Well there’s actually three ways but I researched as much as I could. I wanted to be prepared.” Stiles said with a shrug. “Did you bite all your betas?”

“No, Peter is my uncle, Scott was bitten by a rouge,” no use explaining that story now, “but the other three I bit.” Derek said slowly. He really wanted to move the focus off his pack. And maybe back onto the third way? That was just a legend. True Alphas didn’t happen but Stiles seemed to be convinced it was.

Stiles was opening the other thing of chips when Derek spoke again. There was time for that later. He had more immediate concerns to deal with, “why were you thrashing right before you woke up? You said Ethan and Aiden’s names.” Derek said trying not to be so gruff like when he had asked about the wounds.

Stiles bit his lip, lost in a memory…

“So Stiles. You’ve grown awfully attached to these mutts.” Kate said after training with them one day. Stiles had been happy and showing Kate a lot of what they’d learned. Not all of it of course because she wouldn’t approve but enough to show he wasn’t incompetent.

“They’re my responsibility.” Stiles said and shrugged. He didn't want Kate to know how much he
cared. That would be dangerous for all of them. He was thirteen. Since he'd been allowed to stay with them that full moon he'd begun to take over their training seriously. Stiles realized they could know he was lying and he decided he needed to get good at them not knowing. They'd been working on him lying to them for about a month and a half and he was getting good at it. His heartbeat only went up if he was doing something else. But if he was sitting he could pass a lie straight faced.

Kate smiled and then with no warning backhanded him. Stiles fell to the ground and the twins growled. Stiles looked up at her to see the smile never left her face. "They've grown very attached..." She mused putting a foot on his chest keeping him down.

Stiles could see her hand slide in her pocket but before he could say anything she whipped out a remote and reprimanded, "bad dogs!" As she pressed the shock collar remote.

The twins fell to their knees and ultimately to the floor in convulsions. "No! Ethan! Aiden!" Stiles yelled trying to get Kate off him as she stepped down harder on his chest.

Stiles snapped out of it gasping. He looked up to see Derek’s worried expression. "Ethan and Aiden were hurt because of me." Stiles said quietly, his voice still rough. It wasn't a lie.

“What happened?” Derek asked. He knew it Stiles's turn but the boy looked as If he needed to talk. Plus it could give him some insight into Stiles’s thoughts and background.

Stiles chuckled darkly, "I'm a hunter and they got to close. My aunt... I had to push them away."
Stiles said then he looked up at Derek. He didn’t want to mention Kate if he could help it. “Why do you care? Killing me would be so much easier. Say it was self defense. Or I could even attack you so it wouldn't be a lie.” He closed his eyes and shook his head. “It would be so much easier.” He said almost to himself.

“I was informed you have faced abuse.” Derek said trying to be blunt and tactful at the same time. Since calling them injuries hadn’t worked Derek decided to state what he had really been told. Although he doubted that would go over well considering he remembered how Isaac was after Derek had confronted him.

Stiles froze for a full second before straightening, “They were mistaken. Training is hard and hunts are even harder.” He rolled his shoulder in a shrug. He sat up straighter and tried not to appear intimidated in the face of his past. He had no idea if it would work so he was just going to go with it. “I don't heal like werewolves do.” Stiles explained.
“How do you do that? Lie without your heartbeat changing?” Derek asked suddenly. Maybe a rapid change in topic would throw Stiles off his game enough to actually give up some useful information and not well rehearsed lies.

“How said I was lying?” Stiles smirked. He was still banking on that confidence to make Derek doubt himself although that didn’t seem to be working.

“Because one of my betas has first hand experience with this and I trust him.” Derek said easily. And he did trust Isaac but he wanted to know what Stiles was willing to tell him.

“He. Was. Wrong.” Stiles said in a deadly quiet voice. If one of the betas knew that he must’ve seen Stiles without a shirt on. And that never ended well for him.

“Your defense of your family is… Foolish at the moment.” Derek said searching for the right words. “You're surrounded by werewolves. Why would you defend and brag about killing werewolves. That isn't a self preservation instinct I've ever heard of.” Derek said honestly. “I’m sure if you tell us what happened then we could help you get your own revenge along with ours.” Derek said tilting his head to the side a bit.

“Tell me, alpha, if you were caught by hunters, and they were going to keep you as a pet for information and play… Would you be trying to stay alive? Or would you want to die or escape?” Stiles asked putting his hands in a Sherlock position, fingertips touching under his chin.

“I think I'd try to escape.” Derek said in a calculated voice. He knew what Stiles was getting at but escape wasn’t an option for Stiles and Derek wasn’t going to kill him. He really hoped that Stiles wasn’t going to do something stupid but every bone was telling him it would be sooner rather than later when he did do something stupid.

“Failing that, since I can't get past five werewolves and three humans, at least, I think I'll take death. Or you know, let me go. Like I said, I'll get my family to leave and you'd never see us again.” Stiles said suggestively. He was really hoping the alpha would change his mind and let him go, even if it was just to hunt him down at least then he would have a chance.

Derek growled from the chair, “I don't think my betas would let you go now even if you wanted. Isaac’s concerned for your safety, Scott is also but he wants to see the good in all, and Lydia and Danny are glad to have a source of information close on hand.” Derek said trying to calm down and act like he didn't care. It wasn’t working and this was edging into dangerous territory of discussion.
Derek had to admit, even he had his own reservations about letting Stiles go now. He wanted to find out more about this hunter. How could he defend the people who hurt him like this? If nothing but for his own sick fascination he knew he was going to keep Stiles. That was another thing to add to his ever growing list of things not to tell his betas.

“And what about you alpha?” Stiles asked. If Derek didn't know any better… He would've said the tone was seductive. “There has to be special… Privileges to being the alpha… And what better than to have a hunter at you heel.” The tone suddenly turned into a sneer.

“I’d rather die.” He said before lunging at Derek. Derek acted on instinct. He grabbed the wrist that was stretching to claw or punch him and twisted at the same time as he pushed Stiles back to the bed. At the same time his other hand went to Stiles’s throat and pinned him to the bed. His eyes were red but Stiles didn't look nearly as afraid as he should've.

Stiles’s eyes were wide with fear but his jaw was set defiantly. Derek growled lowly in Stiles’s face, “there are fates worse than death, boy.” Derek warned. If Stiles hurt one of his pack he would kill the boy, but considering that was what he wanted Derek wasn't going to threaten that.

Stiles said nothing, he was just breathing hard and Derek noticed a scent. Wolfsbane, gunpowder… Unknown werewolves which made sense, and… A scent that seemed familiar, but it was covered by another overwhelming scent. Kate… Even after the shower he could smell her on Stiles now that they were so close.

Derek growled and his fingers went into claws without his conscience effort. It wasn't until Stiles’s face contorted with pain did Derek realize he had drawn blood from both the boy’s neck and wrist. He pulled back quickly and Stiles put his free, uninjured hand to his neck and the other hand under his armpit. “Guess there are privileges.” He sneered backing up, until he hit the headboard.

_Derek said nothing as he stomped out of the room. He needed to get a first aid kit from the bathroom and cool off._

Chapter End Notes

TW: There is child abuse to Ethan and Aiden in a flashback and Stiles defends the people who hurt him. Read with caution.

SO... What did you guys think? I hope the tie in with Ethan and Aiden doesn't seem too force. It will all be explained so please bare with me. And this chapter was airing on the longer side of things so I hope you enjoyed it. Next time we will see what Peter was up to in this time frame... Yay. Leave me your thoughts below! Until next time!!!
Peter Leaves the Note

Chapter Summary

We see what Peter does after Derek dismisses him. And who he meets...

Chapter Notes

So I meant to post this last week but then I couldn't because I was busy on Christmas and then I visited some family and couldn't get to a computer... But here we are now!!

Before we begin I just want to say a great big thank you to all the people that have reviewed and kudosed (not sure if that's a word but oh well...) I never thought this fic would be this popular and I'm overwhelmed at the feed back!! Thank you all of you!!!

This is a chapter from Peter's POV. I had debated putting this in but then I'm like actually yes. I need this. So here it is!!

Oh, and PS, Stiles will not be an Argent. So don't worry! He will be as he is supposed to be!

TW: child abuse, not in a flash back talked about.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter left as soon as he was dismissed. Kate was currently out searching for Stiles so it would be unlikely she would be heading home. And anyone else he could evade.

He had decided against using a car once he got outside. A car on the Argent’s road would be easier to spot and identify than a lone person. Plus it wasn't cold out and it had been a while sense he'd really just enjoyed the weather.

Peter couldn't help but be thankful the sheriff had just gotten off night shift and not been able to change yet. Especially when he saw Kate over at the other appartment buildings in the area. He couldn't hold back the growl and he thought of finishing her off right now.

She definitely deserved it. Derek may be mad at him for not allowing him the satisfaction of killing the bitch but even that would be forgiven. In the end he decided against it. But... They were in a bad part of town, if her car got keyed while they were inside the building no one could blame him.

Peter smiled as he walked away from the car and the appartmentts. He knew where the Argent’s house was. He had looked for it after Derek had left for it the first time. He wasn't sure he wouldn't need to plan a rescue mission and was pleasantly surprised when it didn't need to be organized. But he still memorized the direction there.

It didn't take Peter long to reach the house. He had started running in the alleys and in the woods, mainly because he could. Derek kept too tight a leash on him in his opinion and he would definitely
be doing some more late nights out after the Argents were gone. When he arrived he paused for a moment. It was a big house and he wasn't sure where he should put the ransom note.

They'd only had Stiles for... Less than a day. It felt like more than that by now but it was almost noon on Saturday so it would be under twenty four hours until about three. Peter just sighed. Derek had put them all in a weird position, but he couldn't fault his nephew too badly. He did have the biggest guilty conscience Peter had ever seen. And if this was his way of making it up well... Then they would cross the bridge for this guilt later.

Peter got himself out of the thought and circled the house. There was a basement with a storm cellar opening but he didn't really want to be down there without knowing who or how many were home. Plus he wasn't sure how well or not well the basement was used and that could mean they didn't even see the note until way later.

He jumped to the roof as silently as possible. There was actually a window opened. Peter would've suspected a trap if he hadn't seen the gun pointing discreetly out. It was obviously a sniper position and judging by the way it was pointing at the woods, target practice had been recently. He smiled, possibly kidnapping Stiles had made them rush out and forget protocol, and for that Peter was thankful.

Peter opened the window only to have it catch on the safety locks, not allowing it up very high. He growled and debated whether the noise it would make being broken would be worth it. He decided it would be when he listened carefully and only heard a few people. Surprisingly the window didn't make as much noise as he thought it would.

Peter had always been an opportunist, and seeing as the gun was loaded with wolfsbane bullets, he felt no pity when relieving them of a few bullets. And then a few more when he found a box of them. That was just practical.

Derek hadn't told him where to put the note but the bathroom seemed as cliche and as good a place as any. He made his way to the bathroom and put the note on the mirror. He was about to turn and leave when he'd heard an interesting conversation... Or at least one side of it.

"I know, I know, Victoria... Yes, I will send a card but will Chris allow Allison to actually open this one?" A man was speaking. He sounded elderly. "Oh, ok. Well be sure to tell Allison it includes money and I'm sure she'll demand to open it, you know how kids are..." He paused again. "Will the tickets be a gift from me or you?" Another pause. "Alright. Shall I send three or will you and her make the trip alone?"

"I don't like deceiving my son Victoria. Even if he wants nothing to do with me." The man said sternly. Then there was a chuckle. "A lie of omission is still a lie even if he is away on business." The man said in a much lighter tone.

Peter resisted the urge to growl. More hunters in the area was definitely not good.

"No, no I completely agree. She needs to start learning. Stiles hasn't improved much but from what I've heard Allison is already more skilled with a bow and hand to hand combat. But does she have the will to make the decisions required of her? Wait, no, I'll make that call when she's here. Stiles has some mutts backing him but on his own he's useless. Together they will make a great hunting duo."

This caught Peter's attention. Mutts? Did he mean actual dogs or werewolves...? Peter was suddenly much more interested in the basement.

There was a pause then a sigh, "alright, but I'm not getting him a ticket, I don't care how skilled he is.
If Allison wants her boyfriend out here with her then he'll have to find his own way.” He said sternly. “Because neither Kate nor I actually like Matt. So I'm still not getting him a ticket.” He said sounding exhausted, as if they'd had this discussion before.

“Then I'll put them both through a test. A small search and rescue, really test if they are as good as they think.” Another pause, “no, no. No one’s missing. I'll just have Stiles or Kate hide and send Allison and this boy Matt after them. It will be fun.” He assured and it worried Peter he could only hear the slightest change in the man’s heart. Barely a blip.

“Alright, alright I'll let you go for now. I'll send her birthday card after I get the tickets... say Monday? And you be here Monday night? Tuesday at the latest? Alright, Tuesday it is. Very well, give Chris and Allison our love and if anything changes do not hesitate to call me.” He said and after the other person, Victoria, responded he hung up.

Peter decided to get out quickly after that. The old man was probably Kate’s father, Gerard, now that he thought about it. And that was not something he wanted to confront on an even playing field. Or an uneven one unless it was tipped in his favor, and this was definitely not in his favor.

He quickly went the way he came and put the now broken window in the same spot, more or less. Kate was still gone when he jumped down and breathed a sigh of relief. But that mutts comment wouldn't leave him alone. And the fact Gerard felt no reason to tell other that Stiles was missing also bothered him. But for a different reason.

It bothered him because it meant the hunters were way to cocky and believed they have Stiles back soon. Or at least would have a good enough idea of where to send to inexperienced hunters. Which would also probably mean the pack would be gone by then, and Peter wouldn't let that happen.

He took a breath and focused on the more likely and that was getting Stiles actually back. Which meant they were going to give into Derek's commands and were going to get him that way. But that plan seemed far too much like submitting and there was no way the Argents would bow to their demands.

Or the far more likely they thought was they would burst in and save him. Stiles had been sure they weren’t going to come for him but it was seeming like more of an option now that he'd heard definite plans for Stiles in the future. Both options worried Peter but he could think on those later.

Either way he needed to get back home but he couldn't deny his curiosity of the basement. Which now that he was near to it he could smell… Fear, hurt, anxiety, and definitely werewolf. All that combined meant he could no longer deny the growl building in his chest. The sick bastards had been hurting werewolves!

He broke the lock easily which meant the stench he smelled was old and there were no werewolves down there. Or again, the more likely option was they were restrained or incapacitated and couldn't get to the hatch.

He opened the door slowly and was greeted by growls. Two werewolves! Peter had to say he was impressed. These hunters knew what they were doing. Or had gotten very lucky.

“Who are you?” A voice demanded. It sounded young. But the blue eyes accompanying it made it seem more experienced. Peter crouched down to look at them.

“I'm the one who's going to get you out of here.” Peter responded causally. Another growl greeted
him as he stepped in. It was dark down there but he didn't want to show them his own blue eyes… Just yet.

“We can't leave.” The second voice said. It, he, also had blue eyes and Peter vowed to find out how this had happened, later. For now he wanted to know why they couldn't leave.

“And why is that?” He asked going closer to the bars. The boys backed off a bit, he hid his smirk. These two were all bark and no bite. “And shouldn't you be quiet? Don't really want to get myself trapped.” Peter said softly. He would book it before that happened but they didn't need to know that.

“We're waiting for someone.” The first responded. They were each watching him closely but because of the lack of lighting he couldn't see them. “And it's sound proof down here. They don't like the others to be… Disturbed when the full moon is out.” The voice said.

“Who? Stiles?” This made the growling stop. Peter's hunch had been right. “He's not coming back. The hunters you're trapped by are currently looking for him. But they won't find him. I, on the other hand, can take you to him.” Peter said handling the lock. It didn't even have mountain ask on it or around the cage.

“What have you done to him?” The second voice demanded, full of aggression. Peter could feel the worry pouring off them. He smirked a bit, this was a very interesting development. Why would two trapped wolves care about a little hunter, he wondered.

“Nothing, well nothing permanent anyways.” Peter said with a shrug. “I'm with the local pack. I can get you to a safe place and you can see Stiles again. I just need an answer. Do you want out?” Peter asked seriously.

“Yes.” They both responded at the same time. Peter's smirk turned into a full on grin. This was going much better than he had hoped.

“Excellent. Now, when I let you out I don't want you to attack me. And you'll have to follow me to my house. There will be other werewolves there including my alpha. You can not, under any circumstances, attack me or them. Or I will make you wish you were still in a cage.” Peter vowed with a growl, he finally let his eyes glow blue to show how serious he was.

The wolves looked uneasy and shrank back but nodded, “yes sir.” They said at the same time again. Peter nodded and broke the lock on the door.

It broke easily which led Peter to believe it might have been more for show than actual necessity, depending how long the hunters had had the wolves.

Peter stepped back to allow the other two out, and into the light that shown it from the open cellar door. And when he saw they he had to stop himself from gaping. Not because they were incredibly fit, he had expected that even from prisoners. But the fact that they looked human.

And by that he meant they were pale to the point of sickly and very skinny. Nothing like the bulk they should have. No, these two, brothers or maybe even twins, were so malnourished that had they been human they wouldn't have been able to stand. Again Peter felt the urge to go up and kill everyone in this house.

They growled at the scrutiny but Peter merely scoffed and turned around. He had to keep up the air of indifference. Peter hoped they wouldn't draw to much attention to themselves… But two dirty, obviously underfed teens in nothing but basketball shorts would be hard to miss. They'd have to take the long way through the woods.
Peter sighed, “Can you two walk?” He asked and they nodded, only slightly leaning on each other. “Good. Because I'm going to have to take us through the woods so we don't attracted attention.” Peter explained. He heard a car on the road. Probably someone returning from the hunt for Stiles.

“We need to go, now.” Peter said firmly. He couldn't see the car when he peaked out of the door which probably meant it was on the other side of the house coming at them. “Let's go.” Peter said harsher than he meant to. Every instinct was telling him to run and save himself but now these pups would most likely follow him, and get them all caught. He needed to be smart about this and get them all out to save himself.

Peter got out and stuck to the side of the house and got to the back. The door to the cellar shut and Peter was grateful they didn't let it slam. He had been correct and could now see the car driving to the house. It disappeared in front of the house and there was a sound of the garage door opening. This was the best chance they'd get so Peter made a bolt to the woods. The others followed silently. Peter was glad they didn't have shoes, even if it would be cruel to them in the woods, but they made less noise this way.

He only slowed once they were safely in the woods, far enough they couldn't be seen from outside. “I'm Peter? And you boys are…?” He asked in a trail off question. He didn't want to seem to interested.

“Ethan. And that's Aiden.” The first voice said hesitantly. It was obvious they didn't trust him and he couldn't blame them. A strange man just promised to take them to the one person they wanted to see. It was suspicious. “Did… Did you…” Ethan sighed angrily and his brother stepped in, “are you the reason Stiles is gone?” He asked angrily.

Peter held back a smirk now they could see him clearly. Aiden seemed to be the more abrasive of the two. But Ethan seem to be the one more willing to share anything, he would need them both to like him if he was going to be able to get any information. “Yes. Well part of the reason.” Peter admitted.

“Why?” Aiden growled. Ethan put his hand on Aiden’s arm in warning. Peter could take them both in a fight and it was obvious Ethan was trying to make sure that didn't happen and Peter could respect that.

“Because his family owes us a debt and we're simply getting our revenge or payment for that.” Peter said calmly. If he needed he could overpower these two but he really didn't want to have to. He wanted to get them to the house. Not for Stiles, although that may help the boy open up, but because he wanted to hear the story behind these two, and their blue eyes. He was many things and curious was definitely one of them.

“My turn for a question, why is Stiles so important to you?” Peter asked after letting his answer sink in. It was only fair if they answered him and, depending on how long they'd been captured for, they wouldn't know the proper way to act around another wolf not in their pack. Or since these two appeared to be omegas they wouldn't know how to deal with another wolf period.

Peter could only guess these two had been captured for a long time. The fact a simple lock kept them in meant they had been conditioned to fear the lock and door. Whether that meant because of pain or wolfsbane or something else Peter couldn't be sure of. He only knew Stiles had a lot more issues than they realized if these two were anything to go by.

“He's our alpha.” Ethan answered almost without a thought. He seemed to realize he gave away too much because both he and Aiden started growling, as if to dare Peter to use the information in some way or another against them.
“Calm down pups.” Peter reprimanded. “I have no plans on using this information against you. I'm simply trying to learn about our young guest.” Peter assured. Well he wasn't planning anything yet but of course that could change.

“He's been quite an anomaly with us.” Peter mused. “How did you come to have a human alpha? If I may ask.”

“We, or actually he took care of us for a long time. And at first we didn't trust him.” Ethan began looking at the ground, “But then there was this one time… Kate decided we weren't training fast enough… And-and she started whipping us. But then Stiles rushed down and pushed Kate off balance. He couldn't have been older than like twelve at the time. And he defended us. Kate got angry and lashed out at Stiles with the whip.” Ethan took a breath.

But before he could continue he tripped and Aiden caught him. Then Aiden continued instead, “Then we both had this feeling like we couldn't let Stiles be hurt. And we lunged at Kate. But, we didn't get far. Gerard was slowly walking down the steps as if he had all the time in the world. He had the control to our collars and was shocking us so we couldn't move. Kate kept bringing the whip down on Stiles until what felt like forever. Then Gerard told her to stop and she did. He didn't stop shocking us until they were both up the stairs. Immediately we limped over to Stiles… He was trying so hard not to cry and we tried to stay strong but…” Aiden shook his head. His voice overcome by emotion. Even Peter was having a hard time to keep his face blank.

Ethan nuzzled his brother slightly and Peter found it odd, until he thought of at least how long they had been held captive. These two had only each other and a human for comfort.

“We curled up around Stiles and he hugged us close and we fell asleep like that. The next morning he bandaged us and we bandaged him and from then on.” Ethan said swallowing thickly. “From then on we vowed to protect him as best we could and he did the same.” Ethan finished. They were both looking at the ground and Peter realized he needed them to not be smelling of such sadness by the time they got to the house. If they did it would put the whole pack on edge.

“May I ask how you came to be with Stiles and the Argents? Or would that be too… Uh, painful?” Peter asked looking back at them. “I don't want you to think I'm commanding you or anything though.” Peter assured. He had no idea if they would take it that way and he didn't want them to shut down because of that.

“You're not our alpha!” Aiden growled. “You couldn't give us commands anyway!” He growled shaking his head.

“We…” Ethan sighed and looked to his brother but seeing no resistance he continued, “we were with our old pack and they had attacked the hunters-”

“Likely after the hunters had attacked them.” Peter interrupted. “Sorry, continue.” Peter said when he earned twin glares. Really he was starting to like these two more and more.

“Anyways,” Ethan growled before he continued, “they attacked us but we were spared by this man and then this lady, Kate, gave us to Stiles as pets. We weren't okay with the idea for a long time, like we said, but when we realized he was our best chance of survival… And he actually cares about us. He protects us… And we protect him.” Ethan said quietly.

Peter was slightly amazed. This kid had all sorts of hidden talents. He have to tell Derek of course. And if they hadn't decided to keep him yet then Peter would make them. “Well, I'm glad he was good to you.” Peter said glancing back again, he hid a grimace, the damage to their bodies spoke of different treatment. Although that was probably the other hunters. Judging by the way these two
spoke with love about Stiles but their voices held nothing but contempt for Kate and the others.

“When we get to the house you'll see Stiles. And also the alpha, Derek. I would greatly appreciate it if you would let me explain what's happening and you not speak to Derek until I do…” Peter said. If scented himself from earlier so he knew they were getting close to the apartment.

“I'm sure you'll go straight for Stiles but just in case Derek intercepts I want to be prepared. He's been under a lot of stress and you know how it is. One more stressful thing and it'll be too much.” Peter said trying to play it off. He wasn't doing that well but he was trying.

“We won't say anything.” Ethan assured with a nod. He could tell the seriousness of this.

Aiden on the other hand was having none of it, “We won't submit to him.” He said angrily. It had taken them too long to trust Stiles and from what they'd heard this alpha had hurt their’s so it wasn't a big shock he’d said that.

“Understandable.” Peter agreed. “But we'll just cross that bridge when we come to it won't we?” Peter said lightly. The slow pace was making him nervous and it seemed they run out of things to say. The walked the rest of the way in silence.

He was becoming more and more worried the closer they got but he tried to hide it. He hadn't planned on Stiles but now he was adding two new wolves. Two werewolves! He was asking for Derek to kill him… Again. That was unpleasant.

They got to the edge of the woods and Peter led them through the alleys and to the appartment. He didn't see the car Kate was driving or anything else suspicious but he still made the two wait while he looked around.

Peter motioned for them and they followed him to the door. Peter led them to the door and he didn't bother knocking. He could hear Derek growling and the twins did too. They growled as he opened the door. “Hello nephew.”

Chapter End Notes

Wow... That was... Well... We met the twins! And hey Allison's alive!! I added Matt but I must be honest that was spur of the moment and if you guys don't like it I can take it out...

The next chapter is going to go back to the others and merge at the ending. So two more to find out what happens...

But hey! Tell me what you think! Anything you guys want to see happen or what not! Let me know!!
Breakthrough?

Chapter Summary

The sheriff goes to Stiles after Derek and him get in to it. Then they go downstairs, Stiles and Isaac talk... And maybe they're getting somewhere.

Chapter Notes

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!! I decided to give you guys a New Year's Day present and since I got done with this early I decided not to make you wait.

Here we go back to Stiles and the others. This takes place while Peter is away. Like the last half of the journey home. I was going to have the twins and Stiles reunite in this one but alas... It is the next chapter.

TW: Mentioned Child Abuse, nothing to severe though. Details at the bottom.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

John walks back in the apartment grumbling. He was glad Parish called him but why did people have to be stupid. Someone had attacked one of his officers and she was now in the hospital. She was just getting stitches but John still hated he couldn't go and personally see to her.

He opened the door to a fuming Derek. “Sheriff. Here. Go take care of Stiles.” The alpha said shoving a first aid kit into his hands. “They're superficial cuts. As I explained.” He growled this at his betas. They looked defiantly at Derek.

John just shook his head, “what happened?” He asked tiredly.

“He needed to be put in his place.” Derek growled from where he had retreated to.

“And you need to work on impulse control.” John chastised and headed up the stairs. He would need to have a talk with Derek later, but for now he had to get to Stiles. Superficial for a werewolf was different than to a human.

John hurried up the stairs and knocked on the door before entering. The sheriff saw Stiles on the bed. He ripped off part of the shirt and tied it around his neck. John could see the blood from here. Derek had been wrong on the superficial part.

“Stiles.” John said but the boy just looked up with his eyes. He was currently tying his wrist with another part of the shirt, one side in his mouth and the other in his hand.

After he was done Stiles looked up. “Uh… I-I forgot this… This wasn't actually my shirt for a moment.” He said indicating the ripping.

The sheriff finally made a move to him after seemingly being frozen. He stopped when Stiles flinched. Stiles tried to cover it up though, “Sorry, moved weirdly and it…” He just waved at his
neck. “I'll replace the shirt. Or at least repay some way.” He said when John said nothing.

“Don't worry. I know it's Alpha H-Derek’s shirt.” He couldn't say that name yet. He could still feel the overwhelming anger.

John cut him off by shaking his head, “it's fine. He has more shirts… But I'm going to have to bandage you properly.” John said and couldn't miss the panic on Stiles’s face.

“I-I can do it!” Stiles said quickly. If the sheriff bandaged his neck it meant Stiles would have to trust him putting something around his neck. He'd already been unconscious around these people enough. And he knew what hurt and what didn't. He'd done it enough to know how to stop the bleeding, whether it was on himself or another person.

John saw the panic and realized what he had offered and where. Bandaging someone wasn't a big deal but around the neck… That would mean Stiles would be exposing his most vulnerable part to him. “Fine, yes, here… At least let me stay in here so you aren't more injured than you think.” John said handing over the first aid kit.

Stiles scooted back, “you have the power here.” Was all he said looking at the chair next to the bed. John winced but sat down.

Stiles watched him but soon he opened the kit and began searching through it. There were a lot of creams and rubs he had no idea of what they did, so he kept searching until he found three things he knew about: Neosporin, bandages, and pre-wrap.

He slowly untied the cloth around his neck and winced as the dried blood pulled. He took one of the water’s Derek left and wetted the cloth. He wiped the cuts and they were bleeding sluggishly. They were short and thankfully not very deep. He wiped away the blood and quickly applied the Neosporin over them, his fingers still came away with a little blood.

Stiles grimaced but then put a bandage over them, securing them with pre-wrap. He took a shaky breath and looked over at the other man. He seemed to be in an obviously forced calm and it put Stiles on edge. “S-sorry… I just wanted to be thorough.” He said weakly to the other. “Could you… Would you do my wrist? It's difficult one handed…” Stiles offered. He didn't want it to seem like a command but he equally didn't want to offend him by refusing help.

John on the other hand was thinking of all the ways there was to kill, then skin a werewolf. Because the sheriff wanted to kill the alpha in that moment. The worst thing that had been done to Stiles before this point had just left a few bruises, which was deplorable in itself and John felt horrible that he had contributed to it and would spend the rest of the time making it up to the boy, but now Derek had left claw marks on the boy. Which could scar!

Derek had possibly left scars if they were not taken care of. So when Stiles offered his hand John leapt at the offer, “yes.” He said immediately.

Gently John took the cloth off his wrist and saw that these weren't as bad. But that also may have been because the cuts were on his wrist and not his neck. These just barely broke skin and John was grateful and upset that he couldn't do more.

He slowly and as gently as he could applied some Neosporin to the area and then bandaged it. He had seen pre-wrap used in sports but copied Stiles to secure the bandages.

“Where did you figure out how to use the pre-wrap like this?” John asked tying it off.

“It's cheaper than gauze so we kept it in stock. And if always have to bandage myself or… Um,
sometimes my friends would help me but it was usually just me.” Stiles said quietly. He was back to sounding like he had before, with no fire in him.

“Why… Why did you need to bandage yourself?” John asked carefully. He didn't want to miss an opportunity to get some information but he didn't want Stiles to close down either.

Stiles shrugged, unconsciously touching his neck, “if a hunt went bad… If one of our partners went too far… My own clumsiness.” He shrugged again not looking at John.

Which John considered a good thing. He was rigid in his seat, “partners?” He asked trying not to grit his teeth.

“Hunting partners. We would make alliances and I'd be the one to seal the deal.” Stiles explained softly. “I'm sorry, you probably don't care. It's not that exciting.” He said shrugging.

John gritted his teeth together then forced himself not to growl like the wolves he hung around with as he said, “no, no… I definitely want to hear about this. Later, though.” He took a breath. “Now, I'm going to take you downstairs and you're going to eat something. No.” He said when Stiles started to speak. “Don't argue. Derek will be fine.”

Stiles wanted to argue. He really did. But the chips he had eaten had only stoked his hunger… Not satisfied it. “Alright… Thank you.” He said quietly.

John nodded and stood up. Stiles copied him and swayed slightly on his feet. The sheriff offered him a hand but Stiles refused to take it. Instead he took a moment but then stood on his own.

John put up a hand in surrender and went to the door. He opened it and walked out first. He highly doubted Stiles would like someone at his back.

It was slow going but eventually they made it downstairs. All the people downstairs had their eyes trained on them as they came down. Stiles's heartbeat skyrocketed but he kept going. “Stiles is going to get some lunch, and Derek, I need a word with you.” John said in his sheriff voice, which meant there was no arguing.

Derek gritted his teeth but said nothing. Lydia on the other hand took one look at him and strode over to them. “Go talk to Derek Sheriff, we'll take care of Stiles. Com'on.” She said taking his arm. She ignored the way he flinched but felt horrible on the inside.

She led Stiles to the kitchen and the other betas shuffled in as well. “Are you ok?” Isaac asked.

Stiles touched the bandage, “yeah… Had worse so it's not a big deal.” He shrugged, uncomfortably.

They all could see he was uncomfortable but no one said anything. Lydia couldn't take it after only about a minute. “Scott, Isaac, go get him a shirt to replace this one. Erica, Boyd, go find something meaningless to watch. Danny I was thinking we could help make Stiles and the rest of us something to eat.” She said smiling as the others went to go do what they'd been ask to.

Danny pursed his lips and shrugged, “sure.” He agreed easily. “What did you have in mind?” He asked.

“I'm thinking sandwiches. Peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, ham and cheese, and baloney. How's that sound, Stiles?” She asked turning to him.

“Fine… I'd like… I mean can I… Can I make my own please?” He asked quietly. Lydia reminded him of Kate more than he liked to admit. She could take control of any situation before and better
“Oh, yes of course. And Stiles… I'm so sorry I gave you that drink… Peter said you needed some sleep and I thought it would help and I should've poured it down the sink but I didn't and I'm so sorry…” Lydia said hesitantly. She wasn't usually one for apologizing.

“It… It's fine… Nothing happened and I got some sleep. It's fine.” Stiles said quietly. She didn't need to know about the nightmares yet, know of them did. “I… You were doing what you thought was right…” He shrugged, it was misguided but she tried.

Lydia reached out a hand for him and he couldn't help flinching away. She took a sharp intake of breath but instead of reaching for his shoulder she grabbed his hand. “You're safe here… And we are going to prove it.” She said firmly.

“Now, let's make some food before the hungry wolves descend upon us.” Danny said from where he was quietly riffling through the cabinets.

Stiles swallowed thickly, but Lydia just huffed, “alright. Stiles, would you grab the bread from over there. I'm going to grab the ham, cheese, and baloney.” She said turning to the fridge.

Stiles looked around and spotted the bread. He knew how to make sandwiches so he let his mind drift. What could the sheriff and the alpha be talking about? Was it him? The sheriff seemed upset at his cuts but really they were nothing compared to what he normally got.

He hoped they wouldn't be fighting over him. He was already trapped in the house, he didn't want to cause tension more than he already was. Stiles closed his eyes for a moment but the other two didn't notice or it they did they didn't comment.

Scott and Isaac got one of Isaac’s’s shirts this time. They were still mixing the scents because it seemed like Derek hadn't noticed. Again Isaac was a good choice because another docile member but it would also bring up Isaac's past along with Stiles’s.

They came back down stairs with a long sleeve and went to the kitchen, “hey, Isaac thinks you'll be able to fit in one of his shirts.” Scott said as Isaac held it out to Stiles.

Stiles took the soft shirt timidly. “Thank you.” He said softly. He started to take off his shirt right there but Isaac gasped and pulled his shirt back down.

“I'll show you to the bathroom. Don't worry.” Isaac said gently guiding him out of the kitchen. “I didn't mean to startle you. Sorry.” Isaac said when they were out of the kitchen. Stiles had flinched when Isaac grabbed him but no one commented.

“It's fine… I'm just… Not used to people touching me… Uh, nicely I mean.” Stiles said softly. Isaac nodded and let Stiles go into the bathroom.

Stiles tried to calm down as he put on the shirt. He could do this. He just had to not screw up. They didn't seem to want anything yet but he was waiting for the other shoe to drop.

He changed and went out holding the ruined shirt. “Where can I put this?” He asked.

Isaac wrinkled his nose, “just throw it away.” Stiles did as he was told with a bit of hesitation. “Stiles… can I tell you something?” Isaac asked. Stiles nodded slowly watching him.

“You don't have to say anything. In fact I don't want you to say anything.” Isaac began. “Follow me.” Isaac said leading him to a small office. It had giant windows over looking the road and Stiles
couldn't help but stare.

Isaac chuckled at Stiles reaction. “I had that reaction too… Which is kinda what I wanted to tell you about.” He motioned for Stiles to sit and he did. “Don't… Don't say anything just let me talk.”

Isaac looked uncomfortable but began, “Before I was bitten I lived with my dad… He-he wasn't nice. And he hurt me. If I didn't do the dishes then he'd throw some at me… If I got bad grades… He would lock me in a freezer it the basement. It wasn't on or I'd be dead. But it was hard to breathe and I'd panic…” Isaac almost looked lost in a memory but then Stiles touched his hand and Isaac shook his head.

“Anyways, that's not right. A family shouldn't do that to one of its members… I-he used to beat me with a belt if I didn't go willingly to the freezer. And that's abuse. And that's not ok.” Isaac said shaking his head.

“If your family hurt you… You-you need to tell us. That way we can… We can help stop them.” Isaac said struggling for the right words.

Stiles removed his hand from Isaac’s, “stop them? Stop them from everything, including hunting werewolves?” Stiles demanded. “You want to make me OK with you killing my family!” He growled, almost sounding like a wolf himself. Stiles stood up angrily and got closer to Isaac.

“Well maybe your father was bad but my family protects me! I'm only punished for my mistakes! I know my place and obviously you didn't know yours!” Stiles snarled angrily. He turned to storm out but Isaac grabbed his shirt and pulled him back.

Stiles fell onto the couch and Isaac ripped his shirt up over his head. “Then what did you do for this?” Isaac demanded poking Stiles in the back. Stiles gasped in pain and Isaac knew he should stop but he was not going to watch someone else get abused when he could try and stop it.

“I went against my grandfather.” Stiles growled out. Which was true.

“How? What did you do?” Isaac demanded still pinning Stiles down. That couldn't be the whole story.

“I questioned his orders.” Stiles gasped out. Isaac had unconsciously started pressing down harder so Stiles couldn't fight his way out.

“Tell me what happened!” Isaac demanded roughly.

“I wanted to go to school and he had said no before but I asked anyways!” Stiles cried out. That threw Isaac a bit and he let Stiles go.

Stiles turned and pulled his shirt back down. “What do you want me to say!” Stiles pleaded. For some reason he could feel his eyes getting wet with unshed tears. “I don't want my family dead! I learned my lesson! Going to school got me here! I should've just listened!” Stiles yelled at Isaac.

“Stiles…” Isaac said quietly. He put his hands up in a surrendering gesture. “Stiles it's ok.” He knelt down in front of Stiles.

“I-I should've listened…” Stiles whimpered. Isaac shuffled closer to Stiles and put his head on Stiles's knee. Stiles couldn't help himself and he started crying. He hugged Isaac tightly, pulling him up.

Isaac allowed Stiles to cry on his shoulder. He didn't know what happened but Stiles was now crying
on his shoulder. Isaac just kept muttering soothing words to him.

Stiles on the other hand kept muttering, “I tried to be good,” and, “I did my best,” and just, “I'm sorry.” Isaac just held him and let him cry.

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John and Derek went to an office upstairs. John knew the teenagers would be able to hear them but this way gave him more semblance of privacy.

“What?” Derek asked in a huff after John shut the door.

“What? What! You used your claws on him!” The sheriff yelled pointing at the door as if it were Stiles.

“His scent was… Distracting.” Derek said sheepishly. He shifted from foot to foot, uncomfortable being chastised by the older man.

“It doesn't matter. I hear Scott and all of them talk about your great control and one boy manages to throw that off? What kind of alpha are you!” John demanded. That made Derek pound his fist into the wall.

“Don't!” He snarled. “Don't call me being an alpha into question. There are background pieces here you don't know about.” Derek warned.

“Then why don't you tell me? Hmm? You told me when we made this deal that you would tell me any relevant information. This seems relevant.” John asked glancing at the dent in the wall now. Well it was actually a hole but just a small one.

“Stiles is from the Argent family.” Derek began, “his aunt Kate, the lady at the door, killed my family, burned them alive!” He snarled. “His presence just brought back bad memories when I got close to him. He smelled like a hunter: gunpowder, wolfsbane, and werewolves… Come to think of it that was a really strong scent… And it wasn't one of ours.” Derek said confused.

The sheriff snapped his fingers, “Derek, focus. What other scents?” He asked keeping Derek on task.

“Kate. She was a strong scent on him. I-I knew Kate before the fire. Not well, but the Argents were in town and she'd come to my basketball games.” He lied. “She was going for a friend of mine on the team but she must've found out what we were somehow and-and they made a circle around the house in mountain ash. Trapped everyone in the basement and set it on fire. He only reason I wasn't in it is because I had a game. Normally I got a ride with a friend to the game but he happened to be sick so Laura took me… We were the only ones not in the fire.” Derek said. Somewhere during his explanation he had slid down the wall to talk. This was taking a lot out of him.

“Ok. I'm sorry for bringing it up. Ok. You said there were other scents… Anymore?” John asked wanting to distract him.

“There were a few more… What I can only assume is his natural scent… Like… Like spicy vanilla… With something almost familiar to it… I can't place it though. And that's about it. Then of course the pack.” Derek said shaking his head.

“It was a little overwhelming so I overreacted. I'll apologize to him later if it will make you feel better.” Derek huffed.

John sighed, “I just want the boy kept safe here. I don't want to fail him too badly. I can't help him as
a cop but… The more I think about it the more I know Claudia would be so ashamed at how I treated him.” John said rubbing a hand over his face.

“Do you hear that? Wait of course you don't.” Derek said suddenly. He was out of the room and down the stairs before John knew what was happening. He stopped in front of a door and John caught up with him.

Now John could hear it. There was a struggle on the other side of the door. But instead of Derek bursting in like the sheriff expected Derek was keeping Scott out.

“He could hurt Isaac!” Scott growled trying to get around his alpha.

“But Isaac is fine. You can hear it's in his favor.” Derek insisted blocking the distraught beta. Erica and Boyd were hovering around but Lydia and Danny were worrying from the kitchen. But seeing as how they couldn't help they decided to have lunch ready… Even though it was quite a time after noon.

“Wait… I think they stopped.” Erica said suddenly. Scott stopped struggling and he had to agree it sounded like it. Until they heard the crying.

“Let me go in there.” Scott demanded, once again trying to push past Derek.

“No. Isaac has got this under control and you will just make it worse.” Derek growled. He had had enough of this and picked Scott up and threw him across the room.

Derek was so distracted by Scott that he hadn't heard the door open. And there stood Peter as he threw Scott. With… Two strange betas. Derek growled at all three of them but Peter smiled with ease, “Hello nephew.”

Chapter End Notes

TW: Isaac tells about his past and makes Stiles confront his. After doing this Stiles has a breakdown that is not discussed in detail.

Whhhhaaaaaattt!!??!? The exact same cliffhanger?!? The answer is yes. This chapter needed to be put in but instead of making in ginormous I left you at the same spot. I'm sorry... Please don't kill me!! *hides behind a bush* I promise in the next one Stiles and the Twins will be reunited and it will be cute between them!!

So tell me what you think. We saw a bit into Isaac's past so that was new. And Derek's. That one I hadn't planned on but hey it decided that John needed to know.

Thank you all so much for reading!!
The Reunion

Chapter Summary

Stiles is reunited with Ethan and Aiden!

Chapter Notes

Ok. I'm giving you guys fluff!! You can eat my attempt at fluff and love it!! I really hope you like this chapter because it was really hard to write. I wanted you guys to enjoy the reunion and I hope I wrote it well!

WHAT DID YOU GUYS THINK OF THAT PREMIERE?!?! MY REACTION WAS MOSTLY SCREAMING AT MY BABIES!!!!

TW: brief discussion of Stiles but nothing too bad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hello nephew.” Peter said smiling. He took a step in the room and Ethan and Aiden trailed nervously behind him, growling slightly.

Derek took in the two underweight betas with a snarl, “who are they?” He snarled.

“Friends I found along the way.” Peter said motioning them closer. The twins took a half step closer to Peter then they stopped.

“What's that?” Ethan asked with a growl. Derek snarled when the twins started to take another step.

They looked at each other, “that's Stiles!” Aiden said in a panicked voice. With that both wolves took took off into the house before any of the others could react.

Isaac had heard someone come in but he didn't recognize the scent so he stood in front of a now not crying Stiles. He growled at the intruders but even in their weakened state they knocked Isaac to the side. Stiles stood up when Isaac went to the side.

“Stiles!” They cried and tackled him to the ground. The others ran in to the room ready to help Stiles but they heard him laughing.

“Stiles?” Derek asked slightly concerned for the boy’s safety. He hovered in the doorway.

“Guys, guys, I'm ok. I'm ok. I missed you are you hurt?” Stiles asked as they maneuvered to sit up. The twins were on either side of him scenting his neck. Everyone but Peter was very confused at the sight.

“Stiles!” Derek barked, “what's going on!” He growled taking a step at them. At that Ethan and Aiden jumped into crouching positions in front of Stiles.
Stiles stood up behind them calmly. Then he stepped in front of them, “You asked who Ethan and Aiden were? This is Ethan,” he held out a hand and Ethan took it standing next to Stiles. “And this is Aiden.” Stiles did the same to Aiden.

“You have werewolves?” Derek demanded sneering. He suddenly had a lot less respect for Stiles than he had before.

“I have… yes. I have werewolves. I take care of them and they take care of me.” Stiles said angrily. He glared at each of them, daring them to comment.

“We're a pack.” Ethan said in defense.

“Stiles is our alpha.” Aiden growled. This took everyone back for a moment.

“A three person pack?” Scott asked, mostly to Derek. “Is that possible?”

“How can a human be an alpha?” Erica asked from the back startling them a bit.

“Peter.” Derek said. Meaning he was to answer the questions.

“As long as there is more than two people in a group it's a pack. So yes it's possible. And as for the human alpha… I think you have your proof right there. They obviously care a lot for Stiles and he for them.” Peter said with ease.

“Ok,” John said stepping in between the two groups. Ethan and Aiden growled but Stiles put a hand on each of there shoulders and the calmed slightly. “Thank you.” He said to Stiles, who just watched him warily. “I think we should take this into the other room. That way we can talk and nobody will be trapped… Sound good?” He asked them.

“Works for me. Although you still have the advantage with the fact we can't leave.” Stiles said sarcastically. The twins glanced at him uneasily but he moved his hands to the backs of their necks as comfort.

Derek saw this gesture and tilted his head slightly. But he nodded, “yes. Let's talk out here. Someone go grab the sandwiches from in the kitchen. These three need to eat.” Derek instructed.

“Not Peter!” Lydia said hastily.

Derek sighed, needed to start thinking like an alpha instead of a revenge fuel kid. With Stiles having these two back with him Derek wasn't sure how'd he would react but he knew threatening the twins was not an option.

Derek forced the others to leave to the living room and Stiles followed after them. He had changed. Just slightly. He seemed just a bit more relaxed than he had been, and just a little bit more powerful.

“Here.” Danny said once they were all settled on the couch. He held up a tray of sandwiches then say it on the coffee table.

“Is there any drugs in this?” Stiles asked giving Peter and Lydia a hard look each.

“No.” Danny said with a small smile.

Stiles looked at Lydia and she too said, “no, they're clean.”

When Stiles glance at the twins Aiden said, “there telling the truth… And they smell fine.” Stiles nodded and handed them each a sandwich before he took one for himself. They are slowly while
Derek’s pack looked on.

“Ok, now talk.” Derek said after they were mostly done with their first sandwiches.

“What do you want to know?” Stiles asked. He finished his sandwiches but even as the other two reached for another sandwich he did not.

“How did you get two betas?” Derek began.

“I take care of them. They take care of me. It's a give and take thing. You should try it sometimes.”

Stiles suggested earning a snicker from the twins.

“Don't test me. You are still just a prisoner here.” Derek growled. He flashed his eyes at the now growling twins. The backed off but only slightly.

“Don't! They are not your beta so they will not submit to you. Stop using that.” Stiles said standing. “And since you so helpfully reminded me I'm a prisoner we'll be going up to my room now.” Stiles said grabbing a few sandwiches before heading to the stairs.

Derek stood and watched them leave but said nothing. “That went well.” Peter said pursing his lips. “Really thought it was going to come to blows.”

“Well it didn't.” Derek growled at his uncle. “What were you thinking?”

“Well it didn't.” Derek growled. “What were you thinking?” Derek asked sinking back into the chair. His betas gathered around to listen, grabbing some sandwiches for themselves.

“I was thinking that hunters having less ammo and no werewolves in cages was better than having it.” He said emptying his pockets. “What was I supposed to do? Hmm? Leave them in the cage? There were in a dirty basement with no lights in a cell. They've been there for a while. At least five years. There wasn't even mountain ash or wolfsbane blocking the exit and they didn't leave.” Peter explained.

The betas looked slightly sick but Peter shook his head, “I wasn't leaving them there. And now that they're here Stiles has a reason to behave-”

“No!” Derek growled making them jump. “I'm not going to torture or threaten them. We are not the hunters.” He lip curled up at the word.

“Well. I need to take pictures of them. All of them.” John said standing up. “This needs to be reported. I can't just sit here when I know these boys have been tortured for doing who knows what.” John said looking at the stairs.

“I know…” Isaac said quietly. Scott put a hand on on Isaac's in support and Isaac took a breath. “His shirt got pulled up and I saw marks. So we were talking and he tried to storm out so I grabbed his shirt and saw the marks.” He swallowed thickly and shook his head. “When I demanded what happened… He finally told me it was because he had wanted to go to school…” Isaac said quietly.

Scott’s thumb, which had been rubbing Isaac's shoulder, froze. As did everyone else in the room. “That got him hurt?” Scott asked in a whisper.

“If-if you go against an abuser without help it just gets worse.” Isaac said with a shrug. “It's worse than I thought. I'd be willing to bet he's been mostly only exposed to his family… Not anyone else.”

Isaac said trying to stay calm.

“Hey,” Erica said gently. She knelt in front of him almost like he had been for Stiles. “It's okay, you're ok. Your dad can't hurt you anymore.” She said touching his face lovingly. He leaned into the
touch and closed his eyes.

“Well, that is probably enough for today. Nephew, sheriff, a word if you wouldn't mind.” Peter said motioning to the stairs and the office upstairs.

“I loave to agree with Peter but we weren't prepared for this.” Lydia said standing. “And Danny and I have a date with Jackson. And we really need to get going.” Lydia looked to Danny who smiled sheepishly.

“You know it's your date right? I don't have to come…” Danny started but Lydia laughed.

“No, no. You do have to come. I don't want to see this movie but Jackson will want to talk about it. So you have to go so he won't get lonely while telling me about it… Right after we watched it.” Lydia said still shaking her head.

“Ok. Yeah you're probably right. Can you give me a lift?” Danny asked since he had ridden there with Scott and Isaac.

“No, I'm going to make you walk.” Lydia said rolling her eyes. “Yes of course. We have to stop by my house but that won't take too long. We should be back tonight.” She said waving as she walked to the door.

“Or at least I will be.” Danny said with a smiled as Lydia glared at him until they were out the door.

“Why is she still with Jackass?” Boyd asked breaking the tension as the others laughed.

“We don't know, honey. But when we figure it out we'll let you know.” Erica said laughing and letting her hand drop from Isaac.

“I have to go too.” Scott said sheepishly. “I have to pick mom up and then we're having a family dinner.” Scott explained. “You guys are invited…” He offered to the other betas.

Derek spoke up at this, “go. You guys need to get out of the house and Stiles isn't going anywhere. Come back tonight if you can. But if not don't worry and just come back tomorrow.” Derek said gently. They'd been couped up here all day and only nibbled on the sandwiches.

The betas looked at him in surprise but then nodded. Scott smiled at them then looked at Derek in suspicion, “you're not going to do anything to Stiles or the betas are you?” He asked.

“No, I promise nothing will happen to them tonight. Ok? Is that good enough that you all will not worry and have fun at the McCall’s house?” Derek asked rubbing his face in slight irritation.

“I'll kill you myself if something happens to them.” Isaac said quietly from the couch. He didn't want to leave but he knew the others would want to go. And Melissa’s cooking was awesome.

Scott put a hand on his shoulder and smiled at Derek. “We'll be fine.” He assured, then checked his phone. “But we have to go now or we're going to be late picking up my mom and I really don't want to get yelled at for being late… Again.” Scott said sheepishly.

He others nodded and got up with him. As they walked out the door Erica started chatting animatedly about how she loved Scott’s mom and how much she loved her cook. The others seemed to be agreeing with her.
Once they were gone Derek let out a breath he'd been holding in and slumped to the couch. “Since they're gone we can talk down here.” He said rubbing his whole face. He was starting to get scruffy and needed a shave but there hadn't been time.

“Very well then.” Peter said sitting in a chair. John sat on the other side of the couch and Peter began, “I heard Gerard, the leader of the Argents, talking to someone. I believe her name was Victoria. He was talking about inviting more hunters up here. Chris, and two young hunters, Allison and Matt. He causally mentioned Allison, Matt, and Stiles would be going on a hunt… A hunt for us I'm assuming. My thought is they believe they think they can get Stiles back before the others come up.” Peter explained.

John kept silent but he started thinking. The names Chris, Victoria, and Allison were ringing a bell from way long ago. When he went on duty again he was going to look into them. He knew them from before Claudia died and he almost hoped they weren't the same people but he also kind of hoped they were and could help.

“Wait, they want to take Stiles back and you brought two betas to him?” Derek demanded, looking at his uncle like he was an idiot. “If they're loyal to the Argents they could help brake Stiles out. They could hurt him!” Derek growled. He doubted they would hurt Stiles but the fear was there. Stiles seemed to be very happy when he saw them but if they were more loyal to Kate than Stiles then they all could be in trouble.

“It is my belief they are completely loyal to Stiles. He spoke no good words about Kate, but they did call Stiles their alpha. That would give me a bit more loyalty to my alpha than my kidnappers… And you know how fickle my loyalty can be.” Peter said with a shrug. Derek gave him a hard look and Peter raised his hands in surrender. “But we'll keep an eye on them, dose that sound fair?” Peter asked with a smile.

“Yes,” John answered with a grimace. “I have a question. I I told you I was using someone to seal the deal with partners, and they got a little rough where this person had to bandage themselves what would you believe was happening?” John asked. Both wolves started growling.

“Did he say he had to do that?” Derek demanded, eyes glowing red. John nodded slowly.

“He's a child!” Peter growled. His eyes were glowing blue in a rare moment of less than perfect self control.

“He didn't come out and tell me… But honestly I don't think he thinks there is anything wrong with… Uh, forced sex… I think he thought it was his place.” John finished, clenching his fists in rage.

“I'm going to rip every single fucking Argent’s throat out.” Peter growled and Derek rumbled in agreement.

“Unfortunately it has to be later. Stiles needs to recover… You taking him may have actually been a good thing.” The sheriff said. “That boy, all those boys, need love and compassion because I'm sure they haven't had any for a long time. So let them reunite, then bring them some dinner. And let them sleep. I start work in an hour and I'd like to change before I go in again.” John said rubbing his hands together. He had little crescents from his nails on his palms.

“Oh course.” Peter said taking a breath. “Now go, wouldn't want our lawman to get into trouble.” Peter said standing as well. “I need to look into some stuff.” He said nodding to the other two and disappearing into the study, Isaac and Stiles had been in.
Derek sighed, “thanks Sheriff. I think you should talk to Melissa… We may need her since we decided to keep them.” Derek said extending his hand for John to shake, which he did.

“Right, because this will go over well.” He said with a sad smile. Derek just tried to smile back as John left. Then he sunk back onto the couch for a nap. He was too tired to go to his bed.

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Stiles calmly took the twins to his cell. He didn't think Danny or Scott would like them in their room again. So he just took them to the cell. They growled at the cage and sparse surrounding but soon Stiles wrapped them in a huge hug.

“I missed you guys so much. I-I'm so, so sorry. I didn't want to leave you alone. Are you ok? Are you hurt?” Stiles asked in a rush, trying to hold back tears.

“We're fine. It was nothing we couldn't handle.” Aiden said snuggling up to Stiles. He lowered them all to the ground.

“Are you ok? Did this pack hurt you?” Ethan asked touching him gently to find anything wrong.

“A few new bruises but nothing too extreme.” Stiles assured petting them gently. He didn't like when they stressed about him.

“I'll kill them if they did.” Aiden swore clenching his fists. His claws had come out and Stiles gently squeezed his hand. Aiden breathed deeply and focused on Stiles. His claws retracted and he smiled weakly at Stiles.

“And besides, they could take you in a heartbeat.” Stiles said rolling his eyes. “We've talked about this, pick your battles. Taking on a pack or the alpha of that pack is suicide. It's like how we don't fight Kate. We don't fight this pack.” Stiles said slowly.

He nuzzled each of them and they eagerly breathed in his scent. “But let's not focus on that now.” Stiles said putting on a smile. He pulled back a bit and held out the sandwiches he had taken.

“Dinner!” He laughed.

“Only if you eat too.” Ethan said holding his sandwich as well. “I'm sure you haven't eaten either.”

“Fine, we'll all eat. You said it wasn't drugged.” Stiles handed a sandwich to Aiden and Aiden grinned.

“Yeah they're good.” Aiden said biting into his sandwich and nearly purring. Stiles laughed, an actual and real laugh. Aiden blushed, “they're really good…” He said embarrassedly.

Ethan laughed and ruffled his brother's hair, “Yeah they are… But, we can't get too used to it… we-we're going to get out of here aren't we?” Ethan said unhappily.

“I-we-I'm a prisoner here… Being guarded by a pack… This isn't like the last time… That was one omega and this is a pack… We haven't faced a pack before.” Stiles said sadly. He petted Aiden gently as he ate his sandwich.

They finished eating in silence then Stiles spoke again. “I-i think I may have been… Wrong…” The twins looked up at him. They had moved to putting their heads in Stiles’s lap.

“'Bout what?” Ethan asked sleepily.
“I think they may come for us… Kate and maybe Gerard… Right before you guys showed up… As I was talking to that beta, Issac, I saw a car I thought I recognized…” Stiles said yawning.

“I'm sure there are a lot of cars out there like that.” Aiden said standing up. He grabbed the pillow and sheet and helped Stiles lay back. It wasn't the first time they fell asleep in the floor, so it wasn't too uncomfortable.

Stiles laid back on the pillow and Ethan crawled up beside him and Stiles put his arm around him pulling him close. Aiden pulled the blanket over them and snuggled close to Stiles with a whine.

“Yeah, yeah… Let's sleep… We've all had a lot to eat and a lot of stress. Let's sleep and tomorrow we can find out what to do. With the pack, escaping, and everything else.” Stiles yawned again and pulled them close. He was asleep within minutes from sheer exhaustion.

Neither twin knew how much later it was when the door opened to the darkened hallway. They're eyes glowed blue as they growled at the intrusion.

Alpha eyes glowed back at them with a snarl. “I want an explanation tomorrow.” Came the cold voice of the alpha. Both boys cast their eyes to the ground. They knew he was talking about their eyes.

“But… For tonight.” The alpha sighed. He held up a blanket, “may I?” He asked nodding towards them. They nodded and watched as he draped the blanket over them.

“And here’s some water and more sandwiches… For when you guys… And for him when you wake up… For when all of you wake up in the morning… They're not tampered with. I swear.” The alpha said setting down a tray of food and bottles of water.

“You guys… You're safe here… I-I know you don't believe me. That he doesn't believe we mean him no harm. Because at first we did… But now we don't. We want to help him. And you.” The alpha said. His heartbeat stayed steady. He was telling the truth. Or what he believed was the truth.

“We'll talk tomorrow. Don't worry. You are safe.” The alpha said before he shut the door. Ethan and Aiden looked at Stiles but he didn't wake up the entire conversation with the alpha. They snuggled back down with Stiles and fell back to sleep, feeling a little better by the acceptance of the alpha.

Chapter End Notes

I HOPE THAT WAS GOOD FOR YOU GUYS!! Fluff isn't really my thing but I hope you liked it...

The next chapter is going to be more fluff. We're going to go on the date with Lydia, Jackson, and Danny. And we're going to join the betas at the McCall's house!

Unfortunately I have some bad news. I'm starting to write a book to get published. So that comes first but I will never abandon this. Updates will still come! But I was telling my mom about this fic and she convinced me to pick up an old original story I had started. She wants me to start that up again and I have the drive to again and writing that, along with full time college, and a part time job I'm going to be swamped.

That's why I'm giving you two fluffy chapters as apology. So thank you to everyone for
sticking with me!!
Lydia didn't say anything until they got in the car, which was just fine with Danny, he was more of a listener anyways. “Do you want to see the movie? I can drop you off at your house if not. I don't want to force you to see it.” She said pulling out of the parking space.

“Nah, it's cool. Jackson invited me and as long as you're good with it.” He said with a shrug.

Lydia nodded vigorously, “very ok with it.” She agreed. She had no interest in whatever movie they were going to see but Jackson had begged to watch this instead of The Notebook.

They pulled up to the theatre and Jackson was already there waiting. “Hey Jackson.” Lydia said going up to him and kissing him.

“Hey Lyds. Where'd you disappear off to this morning?” He asked looking slightly hurt, slightly worried, and slightly mad.

“Got a page from my mom. It was nothing, my dad was going to be in this weekend and I needed to be in my bed when he got there.” Lydia lied easily. She almost felt bad for lying but ever since Jackson had gotten suspicious of Scott they had to be extra careful so he wasn't poking around too much.

“Oh, do you need to be home instead?” He asked ever the concerned boyfriend.

“No.” She said sweetly. “I told dad I had plans and he said it was alright for me to go.” She smiled and slid under his arm.

Jackson nodded and looked at Danny for the first time, “Danny my main man, you ready for this awesome movie?” He said excitedly. Jackson knew Lydia didn't want to be here but she hadn't asked to skip so he had mentioned Danny so she wouldn't actually have to pay attention.

“Oh yeah, definitely. I read the reviews and they were awesome.” He said smiling at his friend.

“Cool! Let's go get the tickets and some popcorn.” Jackson said turning with Lydia to go in.
“And sour gummy worms.” Lydia said sweetly. That was the one candy Lydia always demanded, whether it was for The Notebook or another movie.

Jackson nodded quickly, “oh yes, of course.” He agreed. He gave Danny the money for the tickets so his friend could go and buy them while he and Lydia waited in line at the concession stand.

Danny got back as they were ordering: two medium popcorns, two large drinks, four things of gummy worms, Lydia refused to share and could eat two packs by herself, and a bottled water.

They made they're way into the movies and Jackson muttered something about poor service when there was no one waiting to tear their tickets. Lydia just patted his cheek and directed them to the right theatre.

It seemed like there was an hour long thing of commercials for movies much more interesting than this one, but she didn't comment on that, even though it seemed Danny and Jackson hadn't taken that approach. After each of the commercials they would say if they would see it or not. Lydia chuckled and not a gummy worm in half as she listened to them.

Luckily there was only like six people in the theatre, including them. So if they spoke in hushed whispers they were less likely to get in trouble.

When the movie started they shut up. It was a dumb action flick and they nearly cheered at all the violence. Lydia rolled her eyes at the fakeness. With all the battles she'd been in this was really nothing to her.

Around the middle of the movie she had finished her first bag of worms and rifled through her purse to find another. She pulled out her little notepad with a wolf puppy and glitter pen that she always kept with her for whenever her power struck and sat them on her lap. She found the gummy worms and opened them during an explosion.

By the time the movie was over she had finished the second bag and was absently drawing in the pad waiting for the last bad guy to die. She almost cheered with the guys as he was pushed out of a helicopter.

The lights started to come back up as the credits roll and immediately Danny and Jackson were lost in conversation. She shook her head and looked down at her notebook, expecting to find random swirls and circles. Instead, all over the page, was 55==55 55=/64.

Her eyes widened in shock. She hadn't been… She hadn't been trying to do anything. She shut the notebook and shoved it back into her purse as Jackson turned to her. She rolled her eyes at his puppy looking expression.

“What'd ya think Lyds?” He asked smiling ear to ear.

“I thought it was as testosterone filled with explosions as it promised.” She said trying not to sound worried. She had no reason to worry Jackson and she could talk to Danny later.

“I know, awesome right!” Jackson said as they started to leave. “I'm hungry, you guys want to get something to eat?” He asked putting his arm back around Lydia as they walked out to Lydia's car.

“Sure, I could eat.” Danny agreed and Lydia was half tempted to tell them to have fun without her but she realized she actually was hungry.

“Sounds good. I'll follow you guys, so you can discuss the movie some more.” Lydia said rolling her eyes at them. They high fived and Jackson kissed her cheek.
“IHOP?” Jackson asked hopefully. Lydia looked between them seeing their hopeful faces and nodded.

“Only if your buying.” She said patted his cheek. He whooped in triumph and high fives Danny. “Good. Bet I can beat you there.” She said kissing his cheek again and pulling away to get in her car. She unlocked it and got in hearing them call “not fair” and seeing them run to Jackson’s car.

She laughed and pulled out of the parking lot. Once Lydia had become a member of the pack she mostly gave up the dumb act. Sure she didn't rub it in Jackson’s face but she certainly let him know when he was wrong and out of line. She didn't want to get boring, and a race would certainly keep them on their toes.

Lydia turned up the radio as she drove, feeling in a good mood. And of course she beat the guys there even though, if the way Jackson skidded into the parking lot was of any indication, he probably drove seventy.

“I won. That means we get dessert as well.” Lydia said walking over to there car.

“What else?” Jackson asked knowing he wasn't getting off the loser hook that easily. Danny too looked dejected, knowing he was on the same hook as his best friend.

“And since I had to watch that stupid movie, we're going back to your house and watching The Notebook.” She said smiling as they sighed.

“Let's go.” Lydia said, the smiling never leaving her face. They followed, dragging their feet.

The three ate and laughed for a couple of hours. Lydia and Danny actually felt normal for that time and Lydia forgot about the numbers. After dinner Danny drove Jackson's car and Jackson drove Lydia's back to Jackson's house.

Danny begrudgingly set up the movie as Jackson got some stuff out for brownies, and Lydia changed into some sweatpants and a tee shirt she always kept at Jackson's. Lydia always insisted on brownies being made fresh so they would make them before the movie. They goofed around as they made the brownies and when Lydia got the brownie powder in her hair they all froze.

Jackson and Danny watched her closely but she started to laugh and flung powder at them as well. Soon they were all flinging more ingredients than were actually going in the bowl. But somehow the brownies did get made. And, after changing again, they settled on the couch with a tray of brownies, ice cream, and popcorn, because you couldn't see a movie without popcorn.

They had eaten so much sugar that by the time the movie was over they had crashed hard on the couch and were asleep. Lydia and Danny leaning against Jackson in the middle, they ended up staying the night.

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The three betas piled in the back of Scott's car with Scott as the driver. First rule of the car was Melissa McCall always got the front. Scott turned on the radio, hopefully so they wouldn't be tempted to talk about Stiles. It was horrible but he didn't want to put his mom in a bad mood then not tell her why.

After Melissa had found them patching up Boyd and Erica couldn't control herself and growled with glowing eyes and hangs, Melissa had demanded an explanation as she took over stitching up Boyd. After the painful and frightening telling of what they were and what happened she had demanded to see Derek. So they'd called him and he showed up to frightened betas and a pissed off mother.
The beta watched as Derek had hesitated but walked inside only to be smacked in the face. Everyone had been too stunned to react but then Melissa slowly put her arms around Derek in a hug. It took a minute but then he snapped out of it and hugged her back. “You better keep them safe or alpha or not I will hunt you down and those healing powers won't mean anything.” She threatened so quietly Derek barely heard her.

She pulled away with a smile and he swallowed apprehensively, “yes ma'am.” He managed to choke out. The smile never faltered even as she invited them to dinner. They all agreed and helped her make the food. Derek even called Peter and invited him.

He came because of the free food but when he saw Melissa the pack watched warily. Peter ducked his head, not looking at all like his cocky self. “You're not a Doctor are you.” Melissa said looking at him closely.

“Oh, no, unfortunately I am not…” He said clearing his throat slightly.

“Oh…” Was all she said and went back to finishing the meal. Derek took Peter out to help his with the burgers as the betas helped make homemade Mac and cheese, baked beans, and set the table.

The awkwardness had dissipated quickly once they had sat down and started eating. Melissa had insisted they do it at least once a month. And they had. When the sheriff, Lydia, and Danny had joined the pack they had come too. The McCall's had dinner once a week though, and Scott would catch her up on the goings on of the pack. The other betas would sometimes join his so she didn't even question it anymore.

By the time they pulled up to the hospital they were all singing a very off key version of Adele’s Hello. Melissa walked out and rolled her eyes at them. They sounded worse than howling wolves.

“Hey! MnM!” Erica squealed from the back seat, hugging her around the seat.

“Hey, Erica.” She said affectionately. Erica had begun calling her that when Melissa had insisted on not being called Mrs. McCall and instead being called Melissa. Soon though all the betas were calling her that, except Scott of course.

“How are you guys today?” She asked all of them. They responded with vaguely happy answers as Scott drove them to the house. When they pulled up and got out Melissa announced, “we're having spaghetti and meatballs.” And the group cheered.

Melissa made homemade meatballs and froze them for later and they always tasted amazing. They ran in the house and Melissa rolled her eyes as she followed.

“I'm going to change, can you guys start preparing everything?” She asked glancing at them. There was a chorus of agreements and she walked up to change.

Scott started boiling some pots of water and Erica and Issac raced to see who could get the most ingredients out while Boyd calmly dodged the runners and set the table. They had each pretty much claimed a spot that was theirs once these had become regular.

Melissa came back down in loose jeans and I soft tee shirt and was greeted by quite a sight. Scott was threatening Erica and Issac with a spoon, meatballs were everywhere, Boyd was setting on the counter nibbling on some dry noodles and trying not to laugh, and Erica and Issac were frantically picking up the meatballs shouting at Scott about the ten second rule. “Guys?” They didn't hear her. “Hey!” She shouted and the others flinched.

Boyd was still trying not to laugh but had covered it by taking another bite of the noodle. Scott
looked frozen to the spot, spoon in mid threat. Isaac and Erica quickly picked up the rest of the meatballs and stood up to look at Melissa.

“What happened?” She asked. Which was a mistake. Because three of them started talking at once and this time Boyd couldn't help laughing. She raised her hands, “Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hey! Shut up!” She yelled and they stopped, looking like kicked puppies as they did.

“Boyd?” Melissa asked looking at the bigger teenager.

“Yes, MnM?” He asked taking the noodle out of his mouth, where he’d had it like a cigar.

“What happened? Just Boyd! Not you three.” Melissa clarified when it looked like they were going to launch back into the yelling match.

“Well, Scott got some water, and I set the table while Erica and Isaac brought Scott what he needed. But when it came to the meatballs they both wanted to bring them out and were fighting over the bag… And well, with werewolf strength it didn't take long for the bag to rip and meatballs go flying. Then Scott started yelling because he got hit with one, I caught one.” He held it up proudly coughing to hide his laughter. “And he started yelling and Erica and Isaac tried to pick them up then you came down.” He finished smiling.

Melissa nodded. She really wasn't surprised, although she was surprised Boyd said it all with only a question and not some prompting. She had gotten close to the betas and whenever things were bad at home they would come over and she would make some sort of sweet and they could talk or just watch tv. Boyd came over a lot, almost always when Scott wasn't there so they made a lot of things together and she gradually got him to open up.

“Ok. Rinse off the meatballs if there is something on them if not let's get cooking.” She said clapping her hands together. Scott handed over the spoon and Melissa took control of the situation. They made garlic bread and cheese bread as well as a salad to go with the meal.

Once everything was ready Boyd carried the giant pot over to serve them, Isaac scooped out portions, Scott and Erica brought the breads over, and Melissa brought the salad over.

They all sat down and Melissa began her questions. It didn't take more than about two for them to launch into a story and Melissa listened and only asked when one of them took a breath. Boyd seemed to have said his quota of words for the night because he only grinned and nodded along with the others.

It was nice and easy but they all carefully avoided the topic of Stiles or new kids or anything that could lead back to him. Melissa didn't notice though for which they were grateful.

Slowly everyone ate their fill but they stayed at the table talking. Melissa was kept up to date on how training was going, how Lydia was doing in her training, if Derek was treating them right, how their grades were, and anything else they decided to tell her. She enjoyed these meetings and it kept her in the loop.

Eventually they got up and put the dishes away. Melissa put everything into Tupperware and insisted they take the rest to Derek so he and Peter wouldn't starve. The betas looked uneasy for a second but agreed.

“Do you guys have to go back tonight?” Melissa asked. “Or could we watch a movie? It's been awhile since all of you crashed in the living room.” Melissa asked once everything was put away. Scott looked at the time, time had really gotten away from them. “No… We can stay mom, that
should be fine.” He hated the fact he wasn't going back to his new friend, but Stiles was probably reconnecting with those other wolves and he didn't want to come between them. The others looked at him suspiciously for a moment but then they agreed as well.

Scott wanted to help Stiles but he didn't know how… And he didn't know how to discreetly ask his mom either. Maybe he could say he was writing a paper, that was how he explained looking up all the werewolf stuff in the beginning that he and Isaac did. He told his mom it was a paper about a legend and everyone had gotten a different creature. Isaac said he got Cthulhu. When Scott asked why he'd chosen that for the lie Isaac had shrugged and said, “everyone loves Cthulhu.” Scott had rolled his eyes and they'd continued searching for answers.

They'd agreed on a movie and everyone settled in. Erica and Boyd cuddled on the loveseat while Melissa was on one side of the couch and Scott and Isaac were on the other side. Melissa didn't comment on how close Isaac and Scott had gotten but when she caught Isaac's eye and raised an eyebrow Isaac blushed.

They'd talked about Isaac's crash on Lydia and how that was going away and being replaced by someone else. He had refused to say who but, unlike Scott, Melissa wasn't blind. She also didn't have a problem with it. They worked well together and as long as they were happy so was she.

They started Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone because Erica had only read the books never seen it and Isaac hadn't done either. Boyd, Scott, and Melissa had done both. They got through the first two and Melissa decided it was time for bed. The betas could barely keep their eyes open. She stopped the movie and put a blanket over Isaac and Scott who had ended up laying down, Scott protectively around Isaac. Then a blanket over Boyd and Erica. Erica looked up with golden sleepy eyes. Melissa just kissed her forehead and wished her good night. Erica settled back against Boyd and was back to sleep in seconds.

Melissa krept up the stairs and got into her own bed. She had a day off tomorrow so the late night didn't bother her that much but she was glad about not having to go in early. She too was asleep in seconds.

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After leaving the sheriff went home and changed before heading back into work. He told Parrish he didn't want to be bothered unless it was an emergency. He had some calls to make. Parrish agreed to run block on people.

That's how John ended up in his office with his phone, staring at the name of someone he should've deleted a long time ago. But he needed help. He pressed the call button before he could change his mind.

He was just about to hang up when on the last ring it answered. “Chasseur here.” A familiar voice said.

“Chris?” John asked. It was possible that he'd gotten a child of Chris, they hadn't spoken since Claudia had died.

“Who is this?” The voice asked, sounding suspicious.

“Stilinski.” The sheriff asked and there was a sigh on the other end of the line.

John heard the guy excuse himself from whomever he was with and finally he said, “Yeah, it's Chris. It's been a long time, John. I would say nice to hear from you but I'm assuming you're not calling to
catch up.” Chris said.

“Unfortunately it's not under the best of circumstances… But it's good to hear from you. In your… Line of work I wasn't sure if I would.” John said smiling slightly.

“There have been a few close calls but I'm still here.” There was a chuckle when Chris spoke.

“That's good… But you were right this isn't a pleasure call. There's a pack in Beacon Hills-” John began but Chris cut him off, “how many deaths?” Chris asked in a hard voice, instantly in business mode.

“No, they're not the problem. Beacon Hills has had a lot of attacks from everything else and they protect it. We have an agreement. I know you told me not to trust them and it took a while but the alpha has saved my life and I've saved his. It's working. The problem is…” He paused. The sheriff could practically hear the hunter thinking the information over. “The Argents… They're back in town. The alpha kidnapped Gerard’s grandson and… And he's been horribly abused… They're hunting for him and the pack and the boy won't trust us. I-I need a huge favor and I'm sorry to ask but this boy needs to see another hunter trusting them so we can help him. And I know you have history with the Argents so that might help.” John finished. He waited with baited breath for an answer, but he didn't hear anything from the other end, not even breathing.

It seemed like hours but it was probably just a minute or two before before Chris spoke again, “is the boy named Stiles?” Was the only thing he asked in a tight voice.

John nodded before he realized Chris couldn't see him, “yes.” He answered sadly.

“I'll come.” Chris said immediately. “You can assure my safety with this pack? Who are they?” He asked already having a hunch. There weren't many packs that would go to Beacon Hills… Unless they were already there.


“This is a big risk… And it could get everyone involved hurt John… I have a history with the Hales… But for Stiles's sake I will.” Chris promised. “I can be there tomorrow. In the afternoon.” Chris assured.

“Oh, thank god. You remember how to get to the station?” The sheriff asked.

“Yeah I remember. I'll see you sometime tomorrow afternoon.” Chris said.

John could hear the tiredness in his voice, “yeah, just call me on this number when you land. I'll see you then.” John said and Chris hung up.

The sheriff just sighed and locked his phone. He looked at the clock and sighed, he seemed to be doing a lot of that lately, this was going to be a long shift.

Chapter End Notes

I promised fluff and I hope I delivered! The next chapter should get back to actual plot but I wanted to give you guys a little treat!

As always tell me what you think! Was Jackson or Melissa OOC? I really hope they
weren't but I want to know what you guys think!
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

It's the next day... Sunday. Apparently that means a big brunch with the pack. Stiles and the twins don't really know what to do. Chris and the Sheriff talk about Stiles and Chris wants to figure some things out.

Chapter Notes

I'M NOT DEAD!! I NEVER PLANNED ON LEAVING YOU ALL FOR THAT LONG I SWEAR!! But then this season of Teen Wolf kinda put me off it and then three people at my work suddenly needed surgery and I went from two to three days a week to five... As well as full time college. Needless to say I've been busy then I wanted to give you guys a good and long chapter and I did. 14 pages and 7090 words. I think that's the longest chapter to date. Thank you all for the encouraging words!

The ending of this was really hard to write but first I want to thank Sowusgoin and their review on chapter 6. I went back and fixed it. For anyone who read it the first time the only thing I changed is Roofies are not tasteless they are apparently salty. Lydia hopes Stiles will chalk up that taste to not having anything to drink in a while. He does and the story continues on.

Now... As for this chapter. It's a little rough at the beginning. Then there's some fluff then its back to rough. It's basically two chapters in one. You'll see where I could've made the stop but I wanted to give you guys a treat. It's an I'm sorry present.

With the ages just bare with me because I'm trying to figure that out. But just keep that in mind. At the end if there are any suggestions I would greatly appreciate that.

Standard warnings, past child abuse, character death is referred to in here a lot so be warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The next morning Stiles woke up with the twins wrapped around him. He momentarily forgot where he was and just basked in the presence of the twins. Then everything crashed down on him and he pulled them tighter.

“St'les?” Aiden mumbled waking up. Ethan raised his head waking up as well.

“Hey, morning pups.” Stiles murmured kissing their foreheads. They smiled and sat up. Stiles got up with them, “what's that?” He asked pointing at the tray.

“The Alpha.” Ethan said stretching. “He came in here last night wth a blanket and the food and water…” Ethan licked his lips when he looked at the sandwiches.
“Alrighty… Then let's not waste his hospitality.” Stiles said rolling his eyes. He pulled the sandwiches nearer to them and counted them. There was enough they could each have three if they so chose. “These can't all be for us?” Stiles said glancing at the other two in case Alpha Hale had given instructions.

“He said we could eat them.” Aiden answered glancing at Stiles to make the first move. Stiles reached forward slowly unwrapped the plastic wrap and took a sandwich and took a small bite. He nodded to the other two to take one as well. The little dinner had only increased their appetite so they tried to eat slowly but much too soon the food and most the water was gone.

“How have you guys been? I'm sorry I wasn't there.” Stiles said not looking at his betas. They should be mad at him. Both could smell the self-hatred on him so they leaned in and nuzzled him. “Don't worry.” It was Ethan who spoke first.

“We know it wasn't your fault. Gerard wanted us transported separately. You couldn't have done anything anyways.” Aiden said smiling at him.

Stiles let out a laugh that sounded like a sob. He pulled them closer and tried to keep his emotions in check as he said, “tell me what happened.”

The twins sighed in unison but Aiden began talking. “The travel was the usual. We weren't zapped as much because we know the drill by now. The they dragged us down to the cage set up in the basement. Kate brought us some fresh Waterbury no food.”

Stiles hugged them tighter, “they wouldn't let me down there to feed you.” He explained through the hiccups.

“We know…” Ethan assured. “Then, then you went missing. Kate took it out on us. We were sparring but it was more like Kate finding new ways to taze us…” he finished quietly.

“It's ok. It's ok. You guys are safe now… No matter what happens to me I will keep you safe.” Stiles said petting their backs soothingly.

“I-I don’t think anything is going to happen to you…” Aiden said leaning into the touch. “The-the alpha… He said we were safe… And he wasn’t lying.”

“I’m sure we’re safe for now… They don’t have what they want yet. But after they do it’s going to go downhill quick. They might let you guys stay though. And you have to promise me that you’ll stay with them, at least until better options come out.” Stiles said seriously.

They both looked upset but nodded. There was a knock on the door just then and Stiles eyed it suspiciously. “Come in?” He called carefully. He didn’t know if it was one of the betas being nice or one of the humans but he was very surprised when the alpha walked in.

“I'd like to formally introduce myself. I'm Derek Hale, the alpha. And I’d like to extend my welcome and a place to stay.” he said really formally and it had the other three blinking owlishly at him. After he had said that he slumped a little. “That’s all just formality, of course. Until further action is taken you’ll be staying here… It was decided by the pack last night. But as my uncle Peter pointed out, you three are technically a pack and therefore I need to start treating you as such.

Stile didn’t say anything at first he just leaned back a little. Finally he took a breath. “What does that entail?” He asked. He’s never heard of werewolf politics but this was sure sounding like some. He needed to know what he was getting into by identifying as a pack. Would Derek, Alpha Hale,
challenge him and that’s how he would get away with killing Stiles.

“Well… It means basically… You’ll be treated better than you have been treated. You three will get a room and, although we can’t let you leave you will have some freedoms around the loft.” Derek said scratching the back of his neck. “I don’t think any of them are going to let any of you be harmed so don’t worry too much about m pack. although they have a tendency to be nosy.” Derek shrugged.

“But as of now we have a common… Problem.” Derek said and he could see Stiles getteing ready to defend his family but Derek raised a hand in surrender. “But we can talk about that later. I want to know more about you three. Specifically when you got the blue eyes and how you became a… pack.” Derek said “pack” like it pained him to use the word.

“Why?” Stiles deadpanned. He wasn’t going to give up their secrets just because they hadn’t been killed yet.

“Honestly? I want to know if you’re a threat to my pack? Like if you’re going to kill us in our sleep.” Derek said truthfully. He rubbed his eyes and silently wished he’d gotten more sleep. Instead he’d been up half the night making sandwiches and then after delivering them he’d watched the webcam to see what they did. All the three did was cuddle and sleep.

“I’ve made some mistakes in my past and I just don’t want anyone else to be hurt because of another one.” Derek admitted. He had no idea why he was saying this but since the pack was still out, he’d gotten various texts saying they would be back in the morning, he didn’t have to worry about them eavesdropping.

“So you’re saying kidnapping me was a mistake?” Stiles asked sounding vaguely interested now.

“No. I’m saying the way I went about it was wrong. You, all three of you were being hurt, and I’m glad I got you out.” Derek took a breath. This was not going as planned he needed to get the focus back on Stiles and the twins. “But we can talk about that later.”

“Oh trust me, we will.” Stiles said. Derek couldn’t place the emotion in his voice though, he sounded like a mix of sad and angry.

“You wanted to know when our eyes changed?” Aiden said, trying to get the focus off Stiles.

“Yes… I don’t need to know the details just… just the major parts.” Derek said. He knew he wouldn’t have wanted to talk about Paige in detail so he wasn’t going to force these two to.

“Well… you need a little background first. We were… taken, from our pack as kids. Kate started training us but she gave us to Stiles and he raised us, even though we’re pretty sure he’s younger than us.” Ethan said with a little smile.

“But Kate… She wanted us to help on hunts, hunt werewolves for them. We, we of course did.” Aiden said when his brother didn’t continue. Stiles placed a hand on their necks and Derek wondered if he realized what he was doing, although he doubted it and probably did it because the twins took comfort in it.

“It happened on our second time out. We-he… we were chasing this guy down, because Kate had told us to stay on his tail so we did. But what we didn’t know was he was leading us into a trap. There were two other guys in this dead end he led us to. They jumped us and attacked.” Aiden shivered at the memory.

Stiles spoke up then, “They defended themselves. The others wouldn’t stop and Gerard wouldn’t let me interfere. They survived and were badly hurt. I didn’t even know their eyes had changed colors
until we got back. Gerard let me get them home and care for them. They woke up dazed and confused and they said they felt different. I held up a mirror and they saw their eyes were blue.” Stiles said quietly. “It wasn’t their fault.”

Derek sighed through his nose. “I’m sorry that happened to you.” He said after a moment. “And I hope you won’t try and kill us.” He added with a small smile.

The door opened with no warning and there stood Peter. “Good morning my dears. I’m sorry to spring this on you nephew, but the sheriff just called and said he’ll be around later today. He also said he’s bringing someone that might be able to help. I have no idea who it is or where he got the person but he seemed quite adamant to bring him.” Peter explained before anyone said anything.

The other four stared at him in silence. Until Derek shook his head, “No. We are not bringing anyone else in on this.” Derek said standing from where he had sat on the floor. “Tell him not to bring whoever it is.” Derek insisted. “I don’t even want Melissa or Deaton to know so I sure as hell don’t want a stranger.”

“Unfortunately I don’t think he was really giving us a choice…” Peter murmured as Derek stormed passed him. He watched his nephew go then turned to the three still seated. “Come along. Sunday is funday and the pack always has brunch together. I think this is going to be an interesting bonding day.” Peter said with a glint in his eye. Stiles didn’t even want to try to understand it.

They walked down to find Derek angrily waiting for his call to be taken. When it finally did get taken Derek started off on a tangent about how no one was coming over, no one else needed to know, the less people that knew the better, less of a chance for the Argents to find them. Peter was almost sure he pointed did not look at Stiles when he said that.

He finally paused to take a breath and the Sheriff calmly said he was a trusted, old friend and he was flying out so there was no way he wasn’t coming over. Then he hung up the phone. Derek gaped at it like it had started talking on it’s own. He briefly debated crushing it or throwing it but end the end just shoved it back in his pocket.

“Well… The pups will be here soon so I’m going to start the hash browns, home fries whatever they’re called. You know they take the longest and it’s a pack favorite.” Peter said with a smirk,

“Why don’t you two help me. Let the alphas chat for a bit.” Peter said touching them gently. They leaned out of the touch and looked to Stiles for guidance.

“Go on… Alpha Hale and I probably should discuss somethings.” Stiles said purposely putting his hand over where Peter had touched. Both Hales noted that with interest. Maybe Stiles did know what he was doing.

They followed Peter into the little kitchen and Peter began having them help him get stuff out. Stiles could still hear them when Derek motioned for them to sit on the couch. It brought Stiles some level of peace at least.

“So… What is it Peter wants us to discuss Alpha Hale.” Stiles asked when the other had sat down across from him.

“Call me Derek.” He said immediately. “You’re going to be here for awhile... “ Derek said then he coughed uncomfortably. “I-I was… I treated you wrong.” Derek said looking down. “I-we’ll treat you better… But I need to ask, what are some of the things you’ve gone through?” Derek asked,

“That’s not important. You don’t care about me, or them. You just want my family to leave, so you
can kill them. Then you’ll kill me. And maybe them. I don’t know. They’re not part of your pack so I don’t know what you’ll do.” Stiles said quietly but angrily.

“I won’t hurt you or them. Your-no, no the Argents are free game. They need to be taken care of us because it’s us or them.” Derek said shaking his head. “Tell me I’m wrong. They wouldn’t hesitate to kill us would they?” Derek demanded.

Stiles didn’t answer he just looked away. Derek rubbed his eyes tiredly. “Tell me why I shouldn’t try and kill them since they’re trying to kill me and my pack. Or tell me that you don’t want them gone. That you don’t want Ethan and Aiden to be safe. That you don’t want to be safe.” Derek insisted.

“Derek, they’re my family.” Stiles said sternly. “I will never want you to kill them.” He said seriously.

Derek was going to respond but then he heard the pack in the hallway. “They’re back.” Derek said and stood up. The door opened and the others came in. The wolves stopped when they saw Stiles and they could smell the twins in the kitchen.

“Guys, Stiles and his pack will be staying with us. I’ve explained what’s going on.” Derek said giving them a hard look. Stiles sighed and rolled his eyes.

“Hey Stiles.” Scott said breaking the silence. “How’d you sleep? You know, since you got,” he looked at the kitchen, “the twins back?” Scott asked sheepishly.

“Good. I slept well. Derek said he’s going to give us a room. Like a real room.” Stiles said happily. Scott kept the smile on his face even though the genuine happiness in Stiles’s voice broke his heart.

“Awesome!” Scott said trying to be supportive.

“Do I smell food?” Erica asked pushing through them. “Because I’m hungry and Melissa didn’t have anything.”

“Uh..., Derek... That reminds me, mom wanted to come over here... She’s off today and I couldn’t tell her no.” Scott said nervously.

“Scott no. The sheriff is bringing someone around today and I don’t know who it is. If things go sideways I don’t want your mom hurt.” Derek said seriously.

“Who’s coming?” Lydia asked tilting her head at him.

“I don’t know. The sheriff wouldn’t tell me. He only said they’d be here this afternoon.” Derek shook his head. “He said he may be able help Stiles. Whatever that means.” Derek said rolling his eyes.

“Help me? What does that even mean?” Stiles asked no one in particular.

“Stiles... Remember what I was saying yesterday?” Isaac asked quietly going up to Stiles. He put his hand on Stiles’s shoulder and Stiles shrank back a little so Isaac immediately let him go.

“He might be able to help you, you know, realize some things about you and your-uh-family.” Isaac said quietly.

“I don’t want help so this guy can just leave.” Stiles said. “But Derek already tried that. The sheriff wasn’t listening.” There was some silence where no one knew what to say to that. Stiles was hard to figure out and they hadn’t really had time to try and figure him out.
“Well that was…” Peter said from the door frame to the kitchen. “I don’t even care. Anyone want to make the pancakes? Because if not then you’re not getting any, I’m teaching the twins how to make different types of eggs.” Peter said excitedly.

“Boyd and I will help.” Erica said tugging along the silent beta as she skipped to the kitchen. Danny followed them muttering how even after all this time no one knew how to make a decent omelet and he refused to let the newest two end up the same way.

Lydia looked at Stiles, sizing him up. Then she looked at the other two betas in the room and the alpha. “Stiles and I will need to go shopping soon. He can’t just wear yours.” She said turning to Derek, “Even if you like it he needs his own. And so do Ethan and Aiden.” She added tapping away at her screen on her phone.

“He can wear some of my stuff until then.” Scott said stepping in front of a very confused Derek.

“Good. Let’s go get all of you some proper clothes, even if they are Scott’s.” Lydia said walking off without looking to see if they were following. Scott and Isaac shared a look then sighed and with Stiles they went up the stairs, leaving Derek in the living room.

He shook his head, trying not to read too much into what Lydia had said. He walked in the kitchen to a welcoming sight. Erica and Boyd it seemed decided they needed to make three boxes of pancakes without checking to see if they were the same type. Derek heard them debating whether the one that said ‘just add milk’ would be okay if they just added one egg to the one that needed ‘two eggs and milk.’ Derek was going to let them decide on their own even though Peter was getting them the ingredients for them and putting them back when they disagreed.

Danny appeared to have found some chocolate chips and the twins were taking turns eating one, and savoring the taste, and throwing one up for Danny to catch in his mouth as he was making an omelet.

Derek just stood in the door for a moment then let them be. It was amazing how much the pack had already taken to these three strangers. Derek never wanted this to happen. He had planned on the boy being dead by today but that plan was scrapped forever. Derek doubted any of them would let him lay a hand on their guests and honestly… He didn’t think he could.

Ethan and Aiden had obviously gone through trauma and were as damaged as bad as Isaac… or actually more than likely they were more damaged because at least Isaac had people to interact with. These guys only had Stiles. And that was a whole other problem in itself.

Stiles was an Argent, a sworn enemy but here Derek was being nice to him. And… after hearing a bit, a very small bit, about Stiles’s life he didn’t feel bad for it. He knew about Kate’s cruelty from personal experience but at least then he could get away if he really wanted to, school, his sisters, his family in general were all excuses he could use. But Stiles was forced to live that cruelty with no escape.

Derek rubbed his eyes and took out his phone. He needed to make this right. Not just with Stiles but ending Kate like he should’ve done all those years ago. He opened his contacts and found Melissa’s number. He’d take Stiles to her but springing it on her would be the opposite of a good idea. He walked out of the loft and hit call.

She picked up after one ring, “Derek? Honey is everything ok? Is Scott alright?” She asked and Derek cringed. He really did only call her when they needed to be patched up.

“Everything is fine Melissa. I’m calling because Scott said you may be stopping by later?” He phrased it like a question.
“I’m not sure. I mean I know you guys always make a good brunch but I have cinnamon rolls I’ve managed to hide from Scott and a warm bubble bath calling my name… So I may not but I didn’t want to make Scott think I didn’t want to be with you guys.” Melissa said and Derek could picture her sheepish smile as she revealed her secret plans.

Derek chuckled, this worked out better than he could’ve hoped. “No, no. You’re fine. Enjoy yourself and indulge. You deserve it. I’ll be sure to keep Scott out of the house all day.” Derek promised and Melissa sighed in relief.

“You’re a life saver Derek. Give my best to the pack but I must go. Me Day is calling and those cinnamon rolls won’t make themselves.” Melissa said.

“Bye Melissa.” Derek said with a fond smile before they hung up. That was good. One less thing he had to worry about as of now. He would take Stiles to her tomorrow, when everyone was in school. Or bringing her to the loft would probably be better, even if it would mean she could yell at him more.

Derek walked inside and Stiles was in the living room. He was wearing one of Derek’s shirts and Scott’s pants. Derek was taken back for a moment. Stiles filled out the tee shirt better than Derek thought he would’ve.

“Derek. It’s rude to stare…” Lydia muttered walking up next to him. He turned to glare at her and she just shrugged. “Don’t look at me like that. You know I’m right. And I know you like seeing him in your clothes. They fit him the best, nothing more. Don’t go getting ideas. He’s too damaged right now. But he’s strong. Maybe one day both of you can start healing together.” Lydia shrugged and Derek gaped at her.

“Being a Banshee does have its perks.” Lydia smirked as Scott animatedly tried to tell Stiles something.

“I thought that was only with death.” Derek countered.

“Oh Death is the only thing I can hear. But I’ve got… intuition, about other things. I’m just hoping I’m not getting these feelings because there will be death.” Lydia admitted.

“I don’t think that will be avoidable with the Argents here.” Derek admitted almost sadly. “But I am going to make it better for him. And the twins. Ethan and Aiden need a stable pack.” Derek said.

“You’re going to offer them a spot in the pack?” Lydia asked startled for the first time by what he said. “Even Stiles?”

Derek sighed, “I don’t know yet. I’ll have to see more interaction but Scott and Isaac have taken an instant liking to Stiles and Danny seems relaxed around Ethan and Aiden and that keeps them calm. I’m just keeping my options open here. I’ll talk to everyone before I make the decision but if things keep going well I don’t see another solution.” Derek admitted.

It was easy talking to Lydia. He didn’t know when he consciously made the decision she was his second but she definitely had been since the beginning. Maybe he knew had to acknowledge this after she killed him to bring back his uncle. Granted she hadn’t been in her right mind at that point but after she was back to herself and Derek had told her what happened and she took it in a stride. She had known a little about the pack having been helping out Scott but then she was officially in and didn’t even flinch at a growling Erica just asked what she could do to help.

Maybe that was the time she became his second but he didn’t know when it became official. The most likely time when it became official was when she screamed and ended up saving them. After
that they all gave her more respect. She had always been slightly terrifying but now even Erica
respected her instead of challenging everything she said.

“Brunch is almost done!” Erica called poking her head out of the kitchen.

“I like the idea.” Lydia said before she walked off and over to Stiles. Derek knew she wouldn’t say
anything to anyone so he wasn’t worried about that. So he just followed after her as she dragged
Stiles to the kitchen.

“I have no idea how these pancakes will turn out. If they’re good I made them if not Boyd did.”
Erica said flipping a pancake.

“Peter did.” Boyd corrected her with a smirk.

“Right. Right.” She drew out the words, “It’s Peter’s fault.” She agreed and Peter just snorted and
rolled his eyes.

“Oh, and Ethan put chocolate chips in them.” Danny said nudging the werewolf next to him. Ethan
rubbed the back of his neck nervously, trying to think of something to say.

Derek decided to help him out, “Good thinking. We don’t want them to go to waste and some people
won’t make homemade cookie dough.” Derek said playfully. Ethan looked taken aback but smiled
shyly at him.

“Alright, there's enough here but be nice and small portions first.” Peter said waving a spoon around
that had just been in some orange juice. He knew none of the pack would listen to him and he wasn't
sure what Stiles or the twins would do.

What he hadn't expected was for all three of them to back off once people started getting food. They
each took a step or so back away from the food and we’re just watching.

“Don't you guys want some?” Ethan and Aiden. They just looked at Stiles as he slowly made his
way over.

“We can wait.” He said quietly. “We had sandwiches and you guys didn't. If there's some left over
we can take that.” Stiles said. He knew all the wolves could here him easily and even Lydia stopped
what she was doing.

“Stiles, you and Ethan and Aiden take some first.” Derek said setting down his food. He wanted to
try something and he didn’t even know if it would work. But before Stiles could object like he
looked like he wanted to Derek said, “You’re a guest. Don’t people usually make sure the guests
have enough before they eat?” Derek asked. “We have enough food, just take a little in case you do
want to eat. All of you.” Derek said.

Stiles glanced at the others quickly. They had all set their food down as well. Isaac and Danny held
out plates to them, still Stiles said in a hoarse voice, “You don’t need to…” He looked away from
them.

“We want to.” Isaac said going closer to him, gently making him take the plate. “Even if it’s just a
little.” Scott came over and moved them closer to the food. He scooped a little eggs onto Stiles’s
plate, then a pancake, and a piece of bacon. Danny was making a move to do the same but Lydia
took a plate and touched Aiden’s arm to motion to follow her and she made a plate for Aiden. Danny
smiled and made a plate for Ethan. The others moved out of their ways as they worked.

Lydia turned to Aiden and handed him the plate, “Now, if you three can wait a moment then we’ll
all go into the living room and have a nice little meal.” She said shooing them to the edge of the kitchen.

The three of them looked stunned at the amount of food. The twins, understandably, had more than Stiles but it was also more than they’d ever had in one meal. They looked at Stiles but he was watching the pack move about the room, slightly more subdued but otherwise as if nothing had happened.

Stiles couldn’t help if the whole “they were shocked” thing was an act. They seemed awfully ok with their alpha kidnapping someone. Maybe this was a regular thing for them. Stiles wondered if that was the case how the others turned out. And did they really trust their alpha not to screw up too badly.

Scott met the over there and motioned for them to follow him. They did so and went to the living room. “We always have brunch in here. It helps us be less formal.” Scott said setting down his plate that was piled high and went and grabbed some more chairs while the three stood there awkwardly. Scott brought them over some chairs and they sat timidly down. This was not something any of them were comfortable with.

Usually Stiles would bring whatever scraps he was allowed to feed them and bring that down. The twins would eat quietly and talk a little before they had to train. Scott didn’t start eating so neither did Stiles or the twins. The others started to file into the room and everyone was quiet, Stiles had a sinking feeling he and the twins were the reason why it was quiet.

Derek and Peter were the last two in and when Derek sat down he looked expectantly at the younger wolves. “Well? Tell me about school? Anything good or bad or whatever happening?” Derek asked taking a bite of the eggs, he was wary of the pancakes. Stiles was sitting nearest him so he didn’t see Derek’s eyes flick to him and back to the group but everyone else did.

“I had test in chemistry…” Isaac offered. “Don’t think I did well but I took it.” He shrugged eating a slice of bacon. That was all it took for Scott, and occasionally Boyd, to start off on a rant about how Mr. Harris was “eviler,” as Scott put it, than anything they had ever faced. Lydia and Danny didn’t agree, but Erica said they were bias because they were geniuses and they meant their opinion didn’t count.

Stiles couldn’t help but get caught up in the stories. He even found himself laughing at something some guy named Greenburg did as told by Isaac. He and the twins relaxed and eat a little. They didn’t go into their week’s but a few times they would be prompted to break a disagreement which they did with a smile.

Stiles hadn’t planned on enjoying it. He had figured this meal would be different from the ones he was used to but actually having a good time… He hadn’t counted on. But he did have a good time. And he even ate about half of his small meal. It may have been small but still more than he would’ve eaten on a normal day.

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If someone would’ve told Chris Chasseur that on an early Sunday morning he would be getting off a plane with his wife, daughter, and his daughter’s boyfriend to go against his family, yes the Argents, to go help his abused nephew that is currently with a pack of werewolves that blamed their family’s faulty wiring on his family, he would’ve told them why they were wrong for multiple reasons. But here he was, getting off the plane with them behind him.

Apparently Victoria was regularly in contact with Gerard and they had been planning a trip to come down. Victoria had listened on the call and told Chris they were coming too. Allison and Matt were on the couch and Matt said he was going too. Gerard booked their tickets early and Chris said he
would help look for Stiles.

Victoria hadn’t heard everything, only the bit about going to Beacon Hills, the part she was interested in. She told him about the tickets and called Gerard again before Chris could try and talk her out of going. Not that it would’ve done any good, but it would’ve given his some peace of mind.

He hadn’t talked to his father in years. Not directly but he knew Victoria would on holidays and special occasions. Now he figured out it was a lot more than that. He shook the slight feeling of betrayal from himself as they waited on their bags.

After getting them he had planned on calling a cab but that idea was quickly changed when he heard Allison shriek, “Aunt Kate!” Apparently they were getting picked up.

“Allison! You gotten so big sweetheart!” Kate said as Allison ran and gave her a hug.

“That’s what happens when you don’t see people often.” Allison snarked playfully.

“I know, work always ruins everything… Is this the boyfriend you’ve emailed about?” Kate asked pulling back and looking Matt up and down.

“Yeah… Uh, yes, hi… I’m Matt.” He said awkwardly holding out his hand.

Kate seemed to be sizing him up and Allison groaned loudly to show her annoyance at the inspection. “I’m kidding.” Kate said with a smile and shook his hand. She let it go and put her hand to the side of her mouth as if that made the conversation private. “I like him.” She whispered loudly, “Good job.” Both Allison and Matt blushed and looked away.

“Hey Victoria. How are you?” Kate asked giving the woman a light hug.

“I’m good dear. You?” Victoria said with a smile. Kate just laughed at the question. She let go and turned to her brother.

“Hug for your brother?” Chris asked, even if he really didn’t care. She smiled and gave a girlish giggle as she wrapped her arms around him. “We need to talk.” He said in her ear so only she could hear.

“I know we do.” She whispered back with a sinister grin the others couldn’t see. “But not here.” She pulled back and clasped her hands together. “Alright guys. Let’s go to the house and get you settled in.” Kate said excitedly.

“I have to meet my contact first.” Chris said and Allison’s excitement died a little.

“Really dad? Couldn’t it wait? For a couple of hours at least?” She asked trying not to sound too upset. She knew her father didn’t get along with his family. That was why they only saw Kate once or twice a year and she’d never met her grandfather.

“Sorry kiddo. It’s urgent and this was as close as far as he could go and not be out of his district.” Chris explained. “I’ll meet you guys at the house in a couple of hours.” He promised.

Allison hugged her dad, “Be safe.” She said like she always did whenever he had to go out. Chris hugged her back with a smile and whispered, “Always am.” Into her hair.

Chris didn’t feel the least bit sorry that he was deceiving his daughter. She thought he was a weapons dealer. That wasn’t exactly wrong but he wasn’t going to correct her more than necessary.
He gave his wife a kiss on the cheek and a hard look to Kate before hailing a cab. “Beacon Hills Sheriff Department.” He told the cabbie.

On the road to the department he was starting to doubt this plan. The sheriff didn’t know he was originally an Argent but any surviving Hale would and with the pack being named that he didn’t doubt there was at least one. He probably wouldn’t get very far, not far enough to help Stiles at least. He needed to talk to his family, including Victoria, to get to the bottom of that boy. Chris had done some digging and there were quite a few things that weren’t adding up.

When he arrived he realized he probably should’ve called ahead but hindsight was 20/20. He got out, thanked the cabbie, and paid. He stood in front of the building for a moment before he finally walked in.

“Hi, can I help you?” A nice looking blond man said.

“Yes, I have a meeting with the sheriff, Deputy,” He smiled and read the nametag, “Parrish.” Chris smiled and chuckled a little bit. “Is he in?” He asked sweetly. He may have been laying it on a little thickly but he hadn’t been in Beacon Hills in a while but the risk of someone recognizing him was still there and he didn’t want to talk with anyone before he knew what was going on.

It must’ve worked because the deputy looked away at his slightly seductive tone. ‘Yeah, yes, I’ll page him.” Parrish said, his cheeks were slightly pink. He pressed a few buttons on the phone and looked up, “You can have a seat and he’ll be out in a moment.”

Chris thanked him and sat down. Did he feel guilty for flirting, not that that was really flirting, while he had a wife and daughter? Yes. Was he going to do it anyways? Also yes. He’d make up for it with chocolates and flowers later.

The sheriff walked out and the relief on his face was evident. He hugged Chris tightly and Chris hugged just as tightly. “You’re looking good.” The sheriff said, “But let’s go into my office.” Chris nodded and followed him back.

“It’s good to see you John.” Chris said when the door was shut. “It’s been too long. Honestly I wasn’t sure you kept my number.” Chris took a seat when the sheriff did the same.

“I have a list of… uh emergency contacts. Some people I’ve met, some numbers… some numbers Claudia had written down…” John shook his head, “Some days are better than others. I’ve been doing better and Melissa helps a lot.”

“Melissa’s still here? Did she get away from Rafael?” Chris asked. He knew that Rafael had been a drunk, for that matter so had Stilinski. Chris knew it hit him really hard after his wife and child were killed… By the Argents.

John didn’t know Chris was an Argent when he had called the first time. Teary eyed and sniffing he’d called and asked for Chris. Chris answered and John asked to meet him. Chris had warily agreed but when he was greeted by a sad deputy he let his guard down. Claudia had been Chris’s friend from a case right after he had given up the Argent name. Not when he’d left the Argents because he didn’t do that until years later.

Chris was in shock when he’d heard it was the Argents. He demanded to know how John knew. John had told him because they had moved into the area and Claudia was worried. She and Talia Hale had always been good friends and Claudia knew Talia was a werewolf for years now. Claudia and their son, had been over a barbeque while John was at work. He got the call about the fire but it was too late.
The fire had happened too far out on the preserve for the fire department to get a call from anyone near the house and when the smoke was seen it was too late. He had begged for news of anyone surviving the fire but the only one that had was Peter Hale, in a coma. That name had brought back memories, but Chris had been too focused on Claudia to worry about an old fling.

John had tried not to break down especially when two teenagers pulled up. Laura Hale in the driver seat, and Derek Hale in the passenger seat. John had taken them home because his boss said he and the kids needed to process what had happened. John drove the beat up blue jeep, Laura had taken her mother’s Camaro, while an under aged Derek drove the little beater car to John’s home.

The two werewolves seat on the couch and John had numbly made soup. Which he dropped when he heard Laura scream in pain. Not emotional pain, the physical kind. He ran to the living room and found her on her hands and knees and Derek trying to sooth her back. John had stood there dumbly for a moment before her ran and got some cold water and damp towels.

When he came back in Laura was back on the couch, looking up at him with glowing red eyes. She and Derek were both crying again. John came in and for the rest of the night he took care of the distressed little alpha and her brother.

The next morning John had asked why becoming an alpha hurt so much. Laura could only theorize it was residual pain her mother had felt as the pack had died. They stayed with John for about three days but then another pack, friends of the family, in New York said they could stay there and the next day John put them on a plane. Then he called her contacts ending with Chris. When Chris asked why he was told all of that John had said Claudia still trusted him and John needed someone to just be there.

Chris had agreed and stayed around after the funeral. That’s how he met Melissa and Rafael. But eventually Victoria wanted him home and he had to admit he missed his wife and daughter and he bid them all farewell. After making Stilinski see he needed help and threatening Rafael after he’d hurt Melissa and Scott.

“Yeah. He left. ‘Bout the same time you did. We’ve been taking turns raising Scott it seems like. A little support group,” The sheriff admitted. He sighed, “Memory lane is fun but there is a boy that needs your help right now. His name is Stiles and he’s been horribly abused, but he doesn’t trust me or the pack that took him.”

Chris tensed at hearing this. “Have they hurt him?” He demanded.

“At first… but then the rest of the pack got involved and one of the boys was abused by his father and recognized it. And now they just want to help him but they can’t because he won’t stop thinking they’re going to kill him. Oh and apparently he has… a pack of his own.” John said in a confused way.

“I’d heard about that. That Kate was trying to use werewolves to hunt werewolves… You’re telling me she was successful?” Chris asked, leaning forward a bit.

“Yes… although they’re closer than probably what she was expecting. Like I said they were-I mean they are a pack. They’re, the werewolves, are at the Hales place as well. I know you’re a hunter but I’m asking you to try and get along with the wolves and help the boy. If it doesn’t work I’ll pay you the fee and you can go.” The sheriff said sadly.

“Woah, John, no one said anything about payment. I’m not here on a hunting job, you’re not going to owe me anything. I swear. I’m here as a friend helping a friend.” Chris assured standing up.

“When can I meet him?” He asked.
“As soon as we leave. I’ll tell Parrish I have a thing to do and he’ll cover for me.” The sheriff said looking about ten years older than when he started talking. John grabbed his coat and told Parrish to cancel his appointments and only call if it was an emergency. The man agreed and John took him to his police car. Chris got in and they were on their way to the Hale’s place. Not the burned down one though, Chris noted as they drove.

Chapter End Notes

So... It's not really a cliffhanger and I'm sure you guys are glad about that!! I don't know when I'll post again but I'm hoping it's a lot shorter than this time. I'm writing it now so it should be a shorter wait time.

Now. Did you see what I was meaning with the ages? If not don't worry about it. If you did and have a way for this to work drop me a like if not I'll figure it out.

Also, I love Chris, don't get me wrong but the next chapter will not really be showing that love... There you got a teaser for the next chapter! Reviews and Kudos are amazing and very appreciated! Thank you to everyone who has!
After the meal they turned on the tv for background noise while they went to do their own thing. Erica wanted to start a game of poker but the twins didn't know how to play. So they started teaching them and Lydia got out a chessboard and challenged Stiles to a match. He accepted and the sat up next to the poker game so they could all talk.

Derek and Peter went off to try and figure out a few things, namely who or what could be helping the sheriff. The packs talked about safe topics and it was generally going well for the day.

Until, “the Sheriff’s here.” Scott announced standing up.

Derek and Peter came back from the office just as he said that, “everyone but Stiles and the twins upstairs. This isn't going to be good and I don't want him to see you.” Derek growled turning on the door.

For once no one argued. They shot encouraging smiles to the three but they all when upstairs with no arguement. There was a knock on the door then the sheriff opened it.

“Sheriff whatever happens trust me on this.” The man said as the door opened.

“Derek, Peter this is Chris-” before the sheriff could finish the introduction Peter had jumped up and pinned the man to the wall.

He couldn't really hear anything except shouting and his own blood in his ears. He hadn't thought he would ever see this man again.

“Hi, Peter…” Chris said gasping for air slightly. He was trying to relieve the pressure on his windpipe to little avail.

“You're supposed to be dead…” Peter growled. That's what he had heard anyways. Chris Argent had died. But here he was.

“I'm not an Argent…” Chris managed, “for all intents… And purposes… He is dead…” Peter squeezes tighter until home hears Derek growl his name. Peter lets Chris drop. Chris rubs his neck and sucks in lungfuls of air while he had the chance but stayed on the ground.
“And besides, I could say the same thing about you. I heard there was a new alpha after your power was… Stolen.” Chris said glancing at Derek but completely avoiding Stiles and the twins.

“That's no concern of yours.” Derek said directly. Chris chuckled as if that gave him all he needed to know.

“Wait… I know you…” Stiles said glancing around Derek, ignoring the conversation he didn't understand.

“Yes… I worked a case with the Argents…” Chris said when the adults shot him a glance. “I haven't been in contact with them for a while though.” He assured.

“I-I was there the day you left…” Stiles whispered. Chris nodded, knowing where this was going. “You left them…” Stiles said sounding angry. “You left them in the basement!”

Chris had been expecting an accusation but not that one. “I didn't hurt them.” Chris said looking up at Stiles.

“You didn't help them either!” Stiles yelled, darting around Derek to Chris. Before any of the wolves could move Stiles attacked Chris.

Chris expected it of course, he had no idea what lies his sister had been feeding the boy but he knew she was going to make it out to be his fault.

As Stiles tackled Chris he used the boy’s momentum against him, throwing him off to the side. Stiles wasn't even phased, he'd had worse and went right back at Chris. Only this time the twins jumped to his aid as well.

Derek and Peter simply watched, not really inclined to help either of them because Ethan and Aiden looked like they had it under control, while the sheriff wanted to but knew better than to interrupt a fight when werewolves were involved.

Finally after a minute or two of scuffling each of the twins had one of Chris’s arms pinned to the floor. Stiles reared back to kick Chris but Chris yelled out, “wait! Wait what did she tell you?” Chris asked panting hard.

“She told me you raided the den!” Stiles shouted. Then he leaned down closer to Chris, panting as well. “She said you raided the den, because one of them attacked your hunting group… But instead of going after just the guilty party you got ambitious.” Stiles punched Chris in the face and this time the sheriff did jump in.

“Woah, no, hold up.” He said grabbing Stiles’s fist as he goes in to punch his in the face again. “Stop, we are not going to attack him.” Stiles wrenched out of his hand and the sheriff let him go.

“What else did she say?” Chris said licking his lip where it was bleeding.

“That when it came down to it you couldn't even finish the job. That you left her to clean up your mess.” Stiles growled. “Let him go.”

Ethan and Aiden let Chris go and stood up to walk over to Stiles. They stood behind him like bodyguards. “It didn't happen like that.” Chris said wiping his mouth.

“Liar!” Stiles snarled making a move at him. This time both Peter and Derek step in the way.

“As I'm sure this is a wonderful story I think we should save it for another time.” Peter said. He was
standing slightly in front of Chris in a slightly protective stance, while Derek was standing closer to Stiles.

“How do you plan on helping Stiles?” Derek demanded wanting to change the subject. He was already on edge and having Chris talking about Stiles’s past wasn't helping.

“I'm going to try and show Stiles that not everyone is what he thinks.” Chris said standing up.

“What?” Almost everyone in the room asked at the same time.

“Right now, Stiles has a very real experience with both werewolves and hunters. And so far we aren't doing anything to change his ideas about either of us.” Chris said standing behind Peter.

“I'm right here!” Stiles said angrily. “Stop talking like I'm not!” This time Derek has to physically restrain Stiles from attacking Chris.

“I know. I'm sorry. But not all hunters are like Kate or Gerard. And the fact you and I are alive means not all werewolves are evil.” Chris said stepping around Peter.

“I'm sorry I didn't try and help you. I'm sorry Kate and Gerard used you. I'm sorry that was your position. That they made that your job.” Chris said knowing how his family worked and how they taught. “But now, here with the Hales, you've got a new job.” Chris said cautiously laying a hand on Stiles's shoulder.

Stiles tensed but didn't try to shake him off. “What is our job?” He asked through vetted teeth.

By this point the pack had been listening to the commotion from upstairs, relaying what was said to the human members. They had heard everything.

Isaac burst down the stairs with the rest of them trailing after him. “To be taken care of!” He said quickly. “That's your job!”

“What?” Stiles and the twins asked at the same time Chris’s eyes widened and he said in disbelief, “you have a pack?”


“Stiles's and the twins’ job is to be the ones we look after. You know how there is always like the youngest and the babies of the family that everyone takes care of? But like they don't have a job in the family or pack until one of the older kids gives them one they no longer want to do?” Isaac asked. “That can be them. They're still doing something. Because they'll have to listen to us complain, go shopping with Lydia, and help cook the meals and stuff but they won't have to go out of their way for that.”

The adults looked at him in shock, the rest of the pack was nodding their support and Stiles and the twins just looked uncomfortable with having that thought.

“I like it.” Scott said after total silence for a minute. “It’s a compromise. You guys have a… Uh… Job.” Scott didn't sound very comfortable with that phrase but he used it for lack of a better one.

“And you can be taken care of like pack.”

This seemed to break Derek out of his shock, “they aren't pack.” He said gruffly.

Scott and Isaac growled at that, it appeared they had already accepted these newcomers. Ethan and Aiden flinched at the disdain they could feel radiating off Derek and moved closer to Stiles.
Lydia just pursed her lips and moved closer to Derek, “Derek’s right.” She said surprising everyone, except Chris. He didn’t know how big of a deal it was for her to agree with Derek.

“Right now, they’re not pack. And none of you can deny that. You feel protective of them like you would an abused animal.” She sighed, “I’m not trying to be mean or harsh but I am being blunt. You have to get to know someone before you know if they would be good friends, or packmates. So I think we should handle this as a test.” She said looking from Derek to Peter to stop her.

When they said nothing she continued, “a testing period where they can stay within the loft or go out with us until we decide if they want to stay. Or if they want to go.” She made a mental note to make sure they didn’t decide to leave while still brainwashed.

“Sound fair? In that time we will train with them like they are in the pack, we’ll eat with them, and we’ll spend some nights over here. All the while,” she pointed at Chris, “what’s your name?” She asked.

Chris was dumbfounded, he knew Derek was the alpha but this girl had taken control with ease. He wondered if she was his girlfriend, mate, whatever they were called briefly, then he answered her question, “Chris.” He said.

“Chris, over here will be teaching Stiles, Danny, and me how to be proper hunters and defend ourselves.” Lydia said with a smirk.

“What?” Chris demanded at the same time Derek growled, “no!”

“Why not?” Danny asked honestly sounding like he wanted to know. He appeared to be thinking over all that Lydia had said. “Because of you say because he’s a hunter then you don’t trust him. And if you say because we’re part of a pack you don’t trust us and this whole show is for nothing.” Danny explained.

Chris let out a breath, “I have a teenage daughter… She could help with the training. She’s not a hunter… Would that work?” Chris asked honestly trying to find a starting point.

Derek hated the fact at least two of his betas, one being his own second, were smarter and craftier than him… Peter probably was too but he’s never admit that to anyone. He had to concede this or they would get nowhere. He nodded once, “fine. But any of my pack can be there.” Derek said in a grumble.

“One. Any one wolf can be out there.” Chris amended. “Three humans and one wolf.” He restated. “Until we get to know each other more.” Chris smirked.

“That seems fair nephew, don’t you think?” Peter asked moving closer to Chris.

“Yes, fine, whatever.” Derek grumbled, looking away from them.

“Good, I’m assuming the rest of you go to school? My daughter just enrolled there. My wife wants us to stick around for a while so you’ll be meeting her and her boyfriend tomorrow.” Chris said stepping back. “But as of now I need to go. Family matters to attend to when I get home.” Chris said smirking.

“I’ll be around in the next few days, I need to get my family settled in. It was nice meeting you… And glad to see you’re alive Stiles.” Chris said nervously glancing at them. Ethan and Aiden had only just relaxed from there defensive positions and a few of the betas Chris didn’t know the name of looked at him like they would rip into him for fun.
“I'll give you a ride home, Chris.” The sheriff said but Peter raised his hand to stop him.

“Sheriff, I don't think that is a good idea. I'm assuming Chris here wasn't forthcoming with where he would be. Showing up in a police car wouldn't be a good idea…” Peter said laying a hand on John’s shoulder. “I can take him. And not in your flashy one nephew.” Peter said when Derek started to argue. “I just think that would make more sense than walking.” Peter finished.

“Fine.” Chris ground out. He motioned for Peter to go in front of him and the others nervously watched him go. Peter led the way out and Chris followed.

But when the got into the elevator Peter hit the stop button and Chris pinned him before he could move again. “How are you alive?” Chris demanded. One hand was on Peter’s throat the other held a gun to the werewolf’s head.

“I healed when I killed my niece, tragic death. Then my nephew killed me but the banshee brought me back. It is quite wonderful not being dead.” Peter said smirking. “I'm upset you didn't even say goodbye.” He jerked forward a little but Chris held him tight.

“We had to leave.” Was all Chris said.

“Because you burned down my house.” Peter said evenly.

“We didn't do that. We followed the code.. And you were in a coma. I didn't think you'd want me to visit you.” Chris said. He'd meant to visit but his father had said they had to leave quickly. Chris always meant to go say goodbye to his boyfriend at the time it just never happened.

“Followed? Are you saying you no longer do? Or they don't?” Peter asked not missing a beat.

Chris looked away from him, “I stil follow the code.” He said as a way of explanation.

“Ah… Tell me, when did you realize they didn't?” Peter asked moving his hand to tilt Chris’s head up to look at him.

“I-I'm still work-working on that part.” Chris stuttered. His grip on the gun wavered while looking into Peter's soft eyes.

“You'll let me know the answer though won't you?” Peter asked softly.

“Yes… When I find it.” Chris sighed.

Peter smiled and gently moved the gun from his head, “good… Now you owe me something…” he purred leaning in.

Chris jerked back and shook his head, “stop. I moved on, I'm married and I have a daughter. There isn't anything between us. Not anymore.” Chris growled taking a step back and putting the gun on Peter’s forehead.

Peter smirked, all softness gone, “very well then. Shall we get you back to you wife and daughter then?” Peter asked as he pressed the go button on the elevator.

Chris stepped back and put his gun away. He refused to meet Peter’s caculating gaze. He never knew why his father had told them to get close the the Hale children. Not that Peter was a child but he was the alpha’s brother.

Chris had chosen Peter, and Kate had chosen Derek. They had been really young, Derek had only
been twelve when they first met. Kate had befriended him and met up with him on and off for a while. Then the fire happened. His father knew they would be blamed so a week later they had left. Kate had gone off on her own and he'd been called back by the sheriff.

Chris didn't want to admit to Peter that he'd met his wife while they had been a thing. Victoria had never like him going out with Peter and had thought about ordering him to stop and let Kate take over the whole thing, but somehow Gerard had always convinced her it was necessary.

Chris followed Peter out to the car. It was a beater car but Peter held the door for him like it was a limousine. Chris rolled his eyes and got in, hiding a smile.

“I'm going to need directions.” Peter said evenly as he got in as well. Even though he'd already been there. Peter didn't want Chris to know that.

Chris just sighed and told him where to go as they started to move.

When they pulled up in front of the house a girl opened the front door excitedly until she saw Peter. She glared at him and Peter just smiled, “oh, I like her…” He mused as Chris started to get out.

“That's my daughter, tough her and I will end you.” Chris threatened before stepping out.

The girl gave him a hug and Peter heard her ask, “who was that?”

Chris just soothed her head, “my new client is looking for a bit more long term than I had planned. Looks like your mother is getting her way and we're staying.” Chris said turning his head to look as Peter drove away.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked that! The next chapter will focus on the Argents and what Chris does and doesn't know. I think I've figured out the timeline thing but if it's confusing I'll try to make it clearer.

Any comments or suggestions are greatly appreciated!
That Night

Chapter Summary

Chris goes home to confront his family. Things don't really go well.

Stiles and the others deal with what happens after Chris leaves... Maybe they had a breakthrough?

Chapter Notes

I AM SO SORRY! I DID NOT MEAN TO WAIT FOR 4 MONTHS!! I don't want to make excuses but I'm going to. People at my work had to get surgeries so I went from three days to five days a week. Then school and college. I graduated!! From high school with my associates degree!! Then I went to Germany!! IT WAS AMAZING!!! But now I'm back and this chapter was a bear to write. I didn't like this chapter... But I think I made it work. I'm so sorry this took me so long and thank you for whoever is still with me. Please enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chris shut the door and Allison looked up at him, “long term? Dad what do you mean? Is he bad? Are you in danger?” She asked with concern.

“No, no… I'm fine. We reached an agreement for now. I'm just going to be extra careful on this one. But don't worry, everything will be fine.” Chris assured.

Victoria came over to her husband and hugged him, “Don't be mean.” She whispered in his ear. He pulled back in confusion then saw his father.

“Christopher, it's good to see you son.” Gerard said shaking his hand firmly then drawing him into a hug.

“Good to see you dad.” Chris lied. He really didn't want to be here.

Kate walked up beside Allison with a smile, “Allison, why don't you go settle in your room. I'd love to catch up with my brother. And don't you start school tomorrow?”

Allison rolled her eyes, “yes, technically…”

“Then go.” Her mother said rolling her eyes. “And I want Matt out of your room by ten tonight.” She said as Allison huffed.

“And keep the door open!” Kate called up to her.

“I changed my mind! I liked it better when only two of you would parent me!” Allison called down with a laugh.
“Uh-huh, keep dreaming kiddo!” Kate called after her. She turned to Chris, “she turned into a beautiful and talented young lady.” Kate mused.

“And smart too. I'm sure she'll make a wonderful head of the family one day.” Gerard said rubbing his chin.

“No.” Chris said immediately. “I've kept her out of this and I'm going to keep it that way.”

“Let's discuss this downstairs. You're here now and we really could use your help here.” Gerard said putting a hand on Chris’s shoulder.

Chris gritted his teeth but didn't pull away from his father. He didn't want to be here and he didn't actually want to help them. It would definitely be difficult with helping the wolves. They seemed to be better for Stiles than his own family… Or the only ones he'd ever known as family. Now that he was thinking about it he didn't know who Stiles’s parents. Just that they had been killed…

Chris just nodded and Kate clapped her hands, “Great, this way brother dearest.” She said leading the way to the basement. The four of them walked downstairs to the war table. Gerard and Kate on one side, Victoria near them, and Chris on the other.

“Now, first off who is really your client?” Gerard asked getting right to business.

“He’s a hunter in the area and he wishes to remain anonymous, so unfortunately I can’t give you a name or even a family name.” Chris said crossing his arms over his chest. “Where’s Stiles?” He asked also getting right to business.

“We believe he’s been kidnapped by the local pack.” Kate said slowly. “And from the research I’ve done I think it’s what’s left of the Hale pack. I can’t be sure but medical records show that Peter Hale was in the hospital and now he’s not. He was visited nearly daily by his nephew.” Kate said watching for a reaction Chris at hearing the name of his old boyfriend. “Isn’t it nice both of our old flames survived the fire?” Kate asked teasingly.

“Yeah, amazing. What makes you think it was them?” Chris asked wanting to know as much as they knew. “I mean any pack could’ve moved in right?” He asked.

“True, they could. But wolves are territorial and if they’re able to they’ll defend what’s theirs and also,” Kate turned around and grabbed an old newspaper clipping. “this.” It was a news story on half a body found. The body was determined to be Laura Hale’s body.

“Ok, I see your point. But why do you think they are the ones that have Stiles?” He asked.

This time Gerard answered, “To get back at us. They believe we set their house on fire all those years ago.”

Kate snorted, “Smarter than they look.” She muttered stifling a chuckle. Chris had to keep the stun off his face. They really did do it. “And we think it’s just revenge they want.” Kate said rolling her eyes. “And it’s for that reason that we want Allison and Matt to work on. They can get in with the young werewolves. And with the full moon coming up Tuesday it will be even easier.”

“It’s a good idea, Chris.” Victoria said speaking for the first time. “Allison can handle herself. This can be a test for her. Matt is already a hunter and he can keep an eye out for any funny business but she needs to join the family. Officially.” Victoria said sternly. “And that won’t happen if you keep treating her like she will break every time she asks a question.”

“I’m protecting her. This isn’t a live I want her to live.” Chris argued. They’d been through this
“Com’on Chris, Allison is old enough to make her own decision.” Kate said tapping on him on the shoulder. “She just needs all the information before she can.”

Chris took a breath and closed his eyes for a moment. “Fine.” He said after a moment. “Allison and Matt can look for the pack. But only while they are at school, if they go looking after school someone needs to be looking after them. Is that acceptable?” Chris asked looking at his father then his sister.

“That seems reasonable.” Gerard said nodding. “I’m glad you are seeing this how it should be seen, son. We’ll need someone to be head of the family for the next generation. Victoria can’t do it forever.”

Chris turned sharply to his wife. “You’re the head of the family?” He asked in surprise.

“Yes I am.” She said sternly. “You foolishly walked away from them but I couldn’t. How could you think I would leave them without a leader?” Victoria asked coldly.

“Come along Kate, let’s leave these two to discuss some things.” Gerard said starting to leave. Kate hugged Chris even though he didn’t hug back then hugged Victoria.

“Good night you two.” Kate said waving as she danced up the steps.

Once they were gone Victoria settled her hard gaze on her husband. “You always go on how much family is important and when I stick with your family more than you do you think it’s wrong.” Victoria said evenly.

“I don’t want Allison to have to grow up to kill things.” Chris countered. “This is why I didn’t want her to be involved with Matt. He came to me for help on a case then suddenly he’s wooing Allison. I didn’t like it but you just encouraged them.” Chris said trying not to get angry.

“They are a good match.” Victoria countered him. “This isn’t about them though and you know it. You’re still not over that petty dispute with you had with your father.”

“It’s not a petty dispute.” Chris said finally sounding angry. “They were breaking the code.”

Victoria sighed dramatically, “They were not breaking the code they were rewriting the code. Why do you care? The only thing affected is the werewolves. They deserve it.” She said coldly.

“That’s not how this family works Victoria.” Chris said sternly. “We follow the code.” He said in a low voice before turning around and going upstairs. He needed time to think. He went out of the house to the back woods. He remembered these woods from when he was a kid.

He spent the rest of the time in the woods until dark. He wished he had taken his gun but instead he just reacquainted himself with the woods. Then when he got back to the house he just went up to his room and got ready for bed. Victoria was reading in bed but Chris just said, “Good night.” And rolled over.

Victoria sighed but didn’t say anything. She turned off her light and put her book down. “I already made sure Matt was in a different room. Good night.”

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Peter smirked to himself as he drove back to the apartment. Things had just gotten a lot more interesting on every front. There was a new connection to Stiles’s past, his old flame, no pun...
intended, was back, and the newcomers were getting a testing period in the pack. Not even Talia was that merciful.

When he pulled back up and walked upstairs it was to shouting and things breaking and he seriously considered not opening the door… For about three seconds until the curiosity got to him and he opened the door. And then quickly jumped to the left to avoid the plate that was thrown at the door.

“What’s going on?” Peter asked loudly. He hadn’t been gone for more the twenty minutes but it seemed like everything had dissolved into chaos.

“Stiles… Not really sure what set him off,” Danny said. He was near enough to Peter that talking normally wouldn’t have been heard by the others because of the shouting. “I don’t have werewolf hearing but someone muttered something and Ethan and Aiden got all defensive and then Stiles threatened everybody if they didn’t back off. Derek didn’t so Stiles started throwing things, mostly at Derek. Which is why he is now crouched behind the couch for protection. Also, Erica and Boyd started a betting pull if Derek would get hit or not. You in?” Danny asked with a smile. Peter noted no one but Derek, Stiles, and the Twins seemed upset.

Peter considered for a moment. “Yeah sure, I say he gets hit. I’ll double it if it’s by a cup instead of a plate.” Peter said. Derek must have heard this because he turned to glare at his uncle even as he was trying not to be hit. Stiles had really gotten good with his aim. He was getting them over the couch back and closer to Derek.

“You’ve got this nephew, I have money on this, take one for the team.” Peter tease.

“He does that and Lydia gets the money. So good luck with that.” Danny informed him.

They watched the display for another minute or so then Stiles got in a good throw and a bowl hit Derek on the back when he curled up to avoid it. It seemed like that was all Stiles really wanted because the rain of kitchen ware stopped. “Apologize.” Stiles said angrily.

“No I really want to push you in the face but I also don’t want to break it.” Stiles said crossing his arms. “We’re waiting.” He said as if he had all the time in the world.

“I’m sorry Ethan, Aiden.” Derek said through gritted teeth. “I won’t speak like that again Stiles.” Derek said. It sounded like the words cause him physical pain to say.

“If I might ask… What was said?” Peter asked. “Some of us are just tuning in.” He smile innocently at Stiles.

“Just a very unkind thing. It doesn’t need to be repeated.” Ethan said stepping in front of his brother to stop the other from responding.

Peter pouted but didn’t press the matter. That would come later. Lydia stepped forward in the silence. The glaring stopped and everyone looked at her. “This mess needs to be cleaned up.” She said matter-of-factly. “I think now would be a perfect pack bonding time.” She glanced over to Derek. “Wouldn’t you agree, alpha?” She asked in a sweet voice that told him if he didn’t agree he’d regret it.

“Yeah.” He said tossing an angry glare at Stiles then he took a break. “No human touch the glass. Go get brooms and dust pans. We’ll take care of the big pieces and you guys can sweep up afterwards.” Derek said hoping this would be fine with everyone.
Lydia nodded and walked gracefully in between the glass and took Stiles by the hand. “This way. You are the one who made the mess after all.” Stiles had the decency to look away in embarrassment but he didn’t say anything.

Derek didn’t look up to the others but it sounded like Erica and Boyd were collecting money. Scott was picking up the far reaching pieces and Isaac went to join him after getting his money. Derek tried not to get annoyed at how many of them bet against him.

Aiden went to get some of the nearer pieces and Ethan moved closest to Derek. Derek didn’t say anything but he could feel the twins watching him. They were waiting for the fallout of what had happened. Stiles had his time to work out his anger and now they were waiting for Derek to have his. And maybe if they hadn’t been through hell to get there Derek would have.

Instead Derek just sighed. “I was out of line.” He said it quietly but Ethan and Aiden froze. “Chris being here threw me off and put me in a bad mood. Insulting your pack, your first pack was… beyond heartless and cruel. Stiles was within his right to be angry… Although I wish some of my dishes would’ve been spared.” Derek said taking a deep breath. The others pretended not to hear as they spoke.

“You were out of line.” Aiden began sitting back on his haunches, “But we shouldn’t have reacted like that.” He murmured looking at Derek with a little bit of fear… But also maybe relief. Derek couldn’t quite tell.

“It was a long time ago. But his being here made it seem more recent… Normally we would’ve just growled at you… but Stiles can’t do that… But he still wants to protect us.” Ethan agreed with his brother.

“He seems good at protecting you guys.” Derek admitted. Talking to the twins wasn’t bad when they weren’t at each- others’ throats. The twins just smiled and Derek swear he saw them blush. Even if it was just a little bit.

Lydia came back in followed by Stiles carrying a vacuum and a Swiffer floor polisher. He didn’t say anything as he went back to Scott and Isaac. They had gotten most of theirs up and Isaac had even gotten a trash bag.

“Now, Derek you’re going to need new dishes. Stiles is going to need new clothes, as well as the twins. So I suggest that Danny, myself, and Stiles go shopping Tuesday. That will be the full moon and you can keep Ethan and Aiden here. That way humans can bond and you wolves can bond.” Lydia said smiling.

“Do you think that’s a good idea?” Derek asked looking up. “I don’t know how well they can control the shift.” Derek said glancing at them.

“I would not have said it if I didn’t think it was a good idea.” Lydia said settling a hard look at him. “And you are going to have your pack with you and the fact you’re an alpha. If you can’t control them then you shouldn’t call yourself an alpha.” Lydia said harshly.

Derek stood up quickly. The low growl Derek was emanating didn’t scare Lydia but everyone else shrunk back a bit. “Lydia, know your place.” Derek snarled at her. He was close to her but she didn’t back down.

“Then act like I should.” Lydia said in a deadly quiet voice. She leaned forward until she was right next to his ear, “Act like a fucking alpha. These boys need this, let them act like they are supposed to be here. You and I both know this pack isn’t going to let them go easily. Make them not want to
leave.” She said so only he could hear.

Derek stood frozen as he listened. Lydia pulled away and for once didn’t have her snake-like smile. Instead she looked disappointed at him. Everyone was staring at them. Derek was glaring at her for another moment then he looked down in shame.

Derek let out a breath but before he could say anything Stiles stepped forward a bit. “I’m sorry… There… There was other ways I-uh-we could’ve handled this.” He mumbled.

Derek looked up at him in shock. Stiles wasn’t looking at Derek, he wasn’t looking at anyone, just the floor. Lydia pointedly looked at Derek. Derek shrunk a bit under her gaze. “No… No, it’s okay… It’s my fault. I shouldn’t’ve said anything. I was out of line.” Derek said quietly.

“Not to step on this moment,” Peter said stepping forward after pocketing some money, “What happened?”

“Derek insulted Ethan and Aiden’s first pack.” Erica said glancing at the others. “But that’s all I’m gonna say.” She mumbled after the fact.

“Ah…I see. Say no more.” Peter said smiling sweetly. “But now that we’ve all calmed down I think we should discuss something more important.” The twins bristled. “Not that your pack wasn’t important, and what happen to them truly tragic we just need to focus on the present right now. As that is more likely to kill us…” Peter paused and thought for a moment. “Although at the rate things are going we might just run into somebody from your past.” He said with a chuckle.

“And what should we discuss?” Boyd asked startling everyone. Boyd was getting tired of everyone acting like children. And even though Lydia could put everyone in their place sometimes he liked to keep everyone on track as well as in their place.

“Quite right. We need to discuss the children at school. Chris said he has a daughter and I’m sure some of you will have some classes with her. We need to befriend her, and the boyfriend if possible.” Peter explained. “But before that you all need to finish cleaning and I’m going to make coffee.” He said and walked away without another word.

Lydia rolled her eyes at him but snapped her fingers. “Chop-chop. We need to get this glass cleaned up. These heels are cute but I refuse to wear them all night.” She complained.

Erica snorted a laugh, “I’ll go get some of my fuzzy socks for you.” She offered. Lydia nodded with a smile. The vacuum started up and Lydia went to go see what cups were left.

It was only a few minutes later and everything was done. Peter had poured them all some coffee and, after Stiles tested his drink for drugs, they all sat to discuss the Stiles and the twins were sitting close to each other on the loveseat, Lydia, Danny, Scott, and Boyd took up the couch with Erica, now in fuzzy socks., on Boyd’s lap, and Isaac at Scott’s feet in between his legs, leaving Derek the chair, and forcing Peter to pull a chair from the table.

“Now, what did you have in mind?” Danny asked. Planning had always been a thing he was good at.

“Well, I’m proposing you all make the girl feel welcomed. And her boyfriend if you must, but mostly her. Lydia, you are one of the-actually the most popular girl at that school.” Peter corrected himself when she glared at him. “And dating the most popular guy. I’m sure getting to know them wouldn’t be too hard.”

“And if he plays lacrosse then Scott, Isaac, and I can get to know him really well.” Danny said
thinking it over.

“And Boyd and I will do some sleuthing. We’ve always been better at the undercover stuff anyways.” Erica said patting Boyd’s cheek. Boyd just rolled his eyes but didn’t object.

“Good. But don’t get to close.” Derek warned, like always. “She is a hunter. Or she was at least trained by them. Don’t let your guard down while we don’t know much about them. Stay safe out there. With this many hunters we all need to be more cautious than normal. This is a threat like we’ve never faced before.” Derek stood up after that. “It’s getting late and I know all of your parents would be worried if you were late for curfew. So everyone have a safe night.” Derek said as a way of dismissing them.

“Yeah mom-” “Wait a minute!” Peter interrupted Scott. “Where’s our dear sheriff? His car is still here and I don’t think he walked anywhere!” Peter said finally realizing that he hadn’t seen the sheriff since he’d left.

“Umm…” Erica said looking at the door to the office. “He started freaking out when things got heated and Boyd and I calmed him down and let him rest on the couch in there.” She said shrugging.

“Has he been out for that long?” Danny asked worriedly.

“No, of course not. Boyd and I knock him out again when I got the socks.” She said looking at the door. “And his hands are handcuffed behind his back so…” She trailed off at the glares. “I’m sorry.” She said as if that solved everything.

“I’m going to take him home. Isaac?” Scott said standing up. “Can you take Danny home? I’ll take the police car to the sheriff’s house then run home. It’s not too far… Just cover for me until I get home. I don’t think mom would like the fact we incapacitated the sheriff.” Scott said stretching.

“Incapacitated?” Erica asked. “Using the word of the day calendar I got you for Christmas?” She was smirking at the blush on Scott’s cheeks.

“Yeah… I’ve been using it since you got it to me.” He said shrugging. “But I don’t always get to use them around you guys.” He shook his head. “But that’s not the point. We need to get him home and get him some painkillers.” Scott said going to the office.

The sheriff was on the couch with one hand cuffed to the arm of the couch. He was still out but Scott could see he was breathing so he counted that as a plus. Erica didn’t really know her strength sometimes. “Do you have the key?” Scott asked looking over his shoulder.

“Nah, it’s still on him.” Erica said collecting her things.

Scott searched for the key for a moment and found it. He unlocked the sheriff and lifted him up. “Hey… Scott?” The sheriff asked, waking slightly. “How much did I drink?” He asked Scott holding his head.

Scott shook his head, “Not too much…” He said, not really lying. The sheriff didn’t drink any so Scott wasn’t lying but he also didn’t want to tell the sheriff what really happened.

They walked out and the others had stood up by this point and were getting ready to walk out with Scott. The sheriff stopped short though, staring at Stiles. “Claudia?” He asked almost in a daze. Stiles froze, not really knowing what was going on.

“Sheriff? You’re out of it, you need to go home.” Derek said gently blocking his view of Stiles. The sheriff shook his head then nodded and started walking with Scott again. Everyone waved good bye
and soon it was just Stiles and the twins and Derek and Peter.

“Who’s Claudia?” Stiles asked quietly after the door had finally shut.

“That’s the late wife of the sheriff. He lost her when he lost his son.” Peter said studying Stiles. Stiles squirmed uncomfortable under the weight of his gaze. “But that’s a story for another time I assure you. Now you three should shower and go off to bed. It will make you feel better and a good night’s sleep is still needed for you pups to recover.” Peter said smiling innocently.

Derek looked between his uncle and the small pack but didn’t say anything. Stiles swallowed then nodded, “Yeah… we’ll go do that. Good night.” Stiles said Ethan and Aiden mumbled “good night” and followed Stiles up the stairs.

“What are you thinking?” Derek asked when they were gone.

Peter simply let the smile dance across his lips again. “Oh nothing of importance now, nephew… Nothing of importance.” He sauntered off to his guest room without saying anything more.

Derek watched them all go. He took a breath and looked at the living room. Pretty much everyone had left their cups out. He shook his head. He’d deal with it tomorrow morning. Right now he just wanted to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be up either this week or sometime next week. I swear it won't be that long again. If any of you guys have any ideas or suggestions or theories or whatever you guys are thinking just leave a comment. OH AND I HAVE A TUMBLR!! I meant to put this up earlier. It will be easier to contact me there. Its "gbkoda" hit me up!
Schemes, Plans, and New Students, Oh My!

Chapter Summary

Stiles schemes with Derek, Peter's got a plan, and Scott meets the new students.

Chapter Notes

"What? A new chapter? So soon? Really?" Yes... I'm sorry it wasn't when I said it would be but I'm going to try a tentative schedule of every other Thursday. But that's just want I'm going to try see how it goes.

Now for the story, there's a bit of dub-con in this chapter, if you want to know more check the end notes. Otherwise enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles woke up the next morning and looked down at the twins. They were still asleep. He kissed their foreheads and they blinked up at him. “Go back to sleep. I’ll be downstairs.” Stiles ruffled their hair and pulled on Derek’s shirt. He needed to know where he stood with this pack and more importantly their alpha.

Stiles got downstairs to see Peter making coffee. “Here you are Stiles.” Peter said handing him a mug of coffee. “There is some sugar and milk is in the fridge if you want any. I must be off, a few errands to run and Derek can be such a chatter box.” The older werewolf said chuckling to himself.

Before Stiles could get a word in Peter had already grabbed his coat and was nearly out the door. Stiles just stood there in slight shock as he watched Peter leave. It wasn’t until the door was shut that Stiles moved to make his coffee. Derek entered the kitchen about a minute later but didn’t say anything as he poured himself a cup and put just a little bit of sugar in it while Stiles loaded his up.

“Morning.” Derek said after taking two long drinks. Stiles took a long drink to avoid answering. This was the first time he was alone with the alpha and not being hurt. “How’d you sleep?” Derek asked after another moment of silence.

“Fine.” Stiles answered. The bed in the room was comfy and the twins like it because they had to cuddle up to him so they all would fit. “But I want answers.” He added after thinking about how to do this. “Just you and me, without the others around to influence you, I want to know your plans for us.” Stiles said leveling his gaze with Derek’s.

“What do you mean?” Derek asked. He needed to tread carefully. He pretty much agreed with Lydia but he couldn’t tell Stiles that, it could make him look weak or make Stiles feel trapped.

“I know Lydia wants us to join this pack. The others do too, well I don’t actually know about Peter but the others do. That can never happen if the entire time you’re secretly plotting to kill us or kick us out. I just want to know if you’re on board or not.” Stiles said evenly.
Derek was a little shocked. This was the most he’d heard Stiles say that wasn’t yelling or pleading. This was a boy he could believe was an alpha to two scared betas, this boy seemed in control. “It was actually my idea. Lydia and I discussed it. I had a different way about it but that is out the window.” He muttered the last part.

“I think you and Ethan and Aiden would be good additions to this pack, as long as you can follow our rules.” Derek said clearly. He didn’t want to confuse Stiles, letting him know where Derek stood was an easy enough gesture.

“Even me? An Argent? Can you really bury the hatchet deep enough that you can forgive what my family has done to yours?” Stiles asked. He knew he was treading on thin ice here but this needed to be addressed sooner rather than later. “I know about the fire.” He said watching for a reaction.

Derek’s fist tightened around the mug but he didn’t respond at first. “Do you know the truth?” He asked trying not to grit his teeth.

“That the Argents set it? Yes. I was too young to remember it but I’ve heard it referenced enough to figure out what really happened. I wish they hadn’t… I… There should have been another way.” Stiles said quietly. “That’s not the Code… They follow it now.”

“Stiles, lying to yourself is just as bad as lying to others. Take it from someone with experience.” Derek sipped his coffee a bit more. “Where’s Peter?” He asked after a moment.

“He left. Something about running errands.” Stiles answered with a shrug. “You still haven’t answered my question.” He reminded Derek grimly. He wasn’t going to let Derek get off topic.

Derek took a deep breath before answering. “Yes. You weren’t apart of the team that murdered my family… I-I shouldn’t blame you…” Derek said quietly. “I’m learning that people can surprise you.” He said almost to himself.

“Well you’re not doing very well with the whole ‘not blaming people not involved’ thing. Ethan and Aiden were ready to rip you apart last night. And I almost let them.” Stiles spat. “Alpha or not.” He looked Derek up and down with a sneer.

“I already said I was out of line.” Derek snarled. “I apologized.”

“Saying sorry doesn’t make up for the fact you said their pack was better off dead if they couldn’t even take care of a few hunters. Your pack couldn’t kill them either.” Stiles spat.

Derek didn’t think as he shoved Stiles against the refrigerator. “We weren’t hunting them. We didn’t know.” Derek growled their faces inches away from each other.

“You mean you didn’t know.” Stiles was expecting the blow. He knew it was coming so being knocked to the other side of the kitchen didn’t really surprise him. Landing at the feet of a merged Ethan and Aiden did but only until the pain registered.

They offered him a hand up and Stiles took it with a hiss of pain. Derek’s eyes were wide as he stared at the twins. Stiles vaguely remembered Derek, or any of the pack, didn’t know about this. Ethan and Aiden were growling and pushing Stiles behind them. They were going to rip Derek apart if Stiles didn’t stop it.

But why should he. He was here against his will, if he let the twins rip into Derek he wouldn’t have to stay here. And the twins would be alphas, or at least one of them would be… That would change the power dynamic a bit but they would still listen to Stiles. Stiles couldn’t think of any reason not to let them kill the alpha. Derek had wolfed out at this point but wasn’t moving. It was obvious he was
thinking of either a way to kill or escape without dying in the process.

“Ethan, Aiden stop.” Stiles said in a firm voice. He couldn’t let them. The rest of the pack would come after them and Stiles wasn’t worried about his family in that moment. Derek may have been the one that brought him here but the rest of the pack was keeping him here… and safe.

They looked back at him and didn’t move, but they didn’t stop growling. “What is that?” Derek demanded through fangs.

“Ethan and Aiden. It’s a neat little trick we learned.” Stiles explained. He ignored the pain he felt when he spoke. Stiles had no doubt he was going to have a bruise, or already had one starting, on his cheek and jaw.

This was a delicate situation now. If Derek got killed then the rest of the pack would come after them, and his family would wipe the pack out… Like hunters were supposed to. But Stiles for some reason didn’t want that. Maybe because they’d been nothing but kind to him, maybe he like having this over the alpha, for once he wasn’t the powerless one.

“How can they do that?” Derek asked. He hadn’t moved from his defensive position and honestly Stiles couldn’t blame him. Ethan and Aiden had done it on accident while training one day and Stiles had freaked out for a longer time than he’d like to admit. Luckily Kate and Gerard hadn’t been there and they started to train in secret.

“We don’t know. All we know is they can.” Stiles said crossing his arms. “What now?” He asked trying to sound brave still.

“Now?” Derek asked. He shifted back to fully human but he didn’t raise from his defensive crouch very far. “Now I need time to think. You’re not actually trapped here, are you? You’re humoring me-I mean my pack. You could have them do that and get out of here.” Derek scoffed.

This was why Stiles didn’t want to show anyone what they could do. He shrugged. “We don’t kill when it’s not necessary.” Stiles said getting back onto their original topic. This time he didn’t include the twins. If Derek would really give them a place in the pack then Stiles couldn’t ask or make them come back to a place where they would just get hurt trying to protect him. “Ethan, Aiden, go upstairs and separate. I still need to talk to the alpha. It will just be another few minutes.” Stiles assured turning around he cupped both their cheeks so they could feel it.

“But…” They said in a rough voice.

“No, please go… I swear I wouldn’t be asking you to do this if it wasn’t very important. He won’t hurt me again. It was an accident. Wasn’t it, Derek?” Stiles asked using his name this time to illustrate the importance.

“Yes, I’m sorry I hit you.” Derek said doing his best to sound sincere. The twins growled at him again but listened to Stiles and backed out of the room, glaring at Derek as they did so. Derek waited until they were gone before he spoke again, “What do you want?” He demanded staying away from Stiles.
“Same thing I’ve wanted. I want to go home. They need to stay her though. Let me go but keep them as a kind of insurance. I would never put them in danger and therefore I could get my family to leave.” Stiles took a breath, “This is the best possible outcome for you. I’ll tell them to submit to you and you can solidify the bond during the full moon. I’ll be gone before the others get back and they’ll never need to know what happened.” Stiles said reasonably.

“They’ll ask questions.” Derek said as a lousy argument. What Stiles was saying made sense. And that scared Derek a bit.

“Then come up with something. I’m sure Peter or Lydia could help you. They seem like the craftiest and most logical of the group.” Stiles crossed his arms. “Tomorrow is the full moon. I can slip away during shopping. It wouldn’t be hard.”

“I-I need to think about this.” Derek said shaking his head. “Clean up this mess. You can eat anything in the fridge. Don’t leave. I’ll be back later. I’ll know if you leave.” Derek grabbed his coat and stormed outside.

Stiles breathed a sigh of relief. He was finally getting through to the alpha. He hated using Ethan and Aiden as bargaining chips and the thought of leaving them made him feel sick but it was for the best. He bent down to pick up the shattered mugs.

“Derek said he’d be back later.” Stiles told the twins without looking up. “We need to clean this up then we can eat and watch some TV. Sound good?” He asked with a smile. The twins nodded and moved to help him.

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When Peter left the house that morning he had a very dangerous place in mind. He needed to confront the man he once knew. It wasn’t hard to guess where Chris would be. He would need to set up where the kids could train without being interrupted.

Peter smiled when he got to the clearing where he and Chris used to hang out and make out. Chris hadn’t seen him yet. That much was obvious, or Peter would have a gun on him right now. Peter decided to just watch for a moment. It was early and in the dim light Chris wasn’t too concerned with people seeing him.

Chris was wearing a tight black wife beater shirt, showing all his muscle in detail. Peter smiled watching Chris set up the targets on a tree. Now that Chris was focused on getting the target up Peter decided to have some fun. He snuck up on Chris and pinned him to the tree.

He pressed up against Chris and quickly trapped his hands where they were above his head. “Hey there…” Peter nearly purred in a struggling Chris’s ear.

“What are you doing here?” Chris asked, not stopping his struggles.

“I need information. And if I try to talk to your darling sister I’ll end up ripping her throat out and I kind of promised that to Derek.” Peter said with a chuckle. He moved Chris’s hands to one of his and with the now free hand he grabbed the back of Chris’s neck.

“What do you want that a civil conversation couldn’t solve?” Chris asked stilling. Peter was dancing his fingers over the back of Chris’s neck. Feather light touches which were ticklish.

“It’s about Stiles.” Peter hummed. “Some things aren’t really measuring up with that boy.” He didn’t stop his fingers the whole time he spoke. “You knew him before you got out right? Because that’s the only reason I’m here.” Peter chuckled. “And remember I know when you’re lying.”
“Yes, I knew his as a boy.” Chris admitted after a moment.

Peter smiled, “Good… Who are the boy’s parents?” Peter asked in a light tone. Chris doesn’t answer. Peter waits for about a minute before his fingers stop. Peter brings out his claws and lightly pushing them on his neck. “I’m waiting.” Peter said not yet breaking skin.

“I don’t know.” Chris bit out. “What’s this about?” Chris demanded.

“You don’t know? But you know who it’s not, don’t you?” Peter asked not acknowledging Chris’s question.

“I know it’s not any Argents.” Chris admitted. That basically confirmed Peter’s thinking, or at least made his theory a lot more probable. “Aside from that I don’t know anything.” Peter could hear he was telling the truth. “What do you know?” Chris asked.

Peter smirked and quickly flipped Chris so he was facing Peter. Chris let out a breath at the strength of Peter’s force. Peter forced his leg between Chris’s legs keeping his hands over his head. “I’ve got a theory I’m working on. Thank you for your help.” Peter whispered getting closer to Chris’s ear.

“Get off me.” Chris growled trying to force Peter off him, unsuccessful as he was. “You’ve made you’re point.” Chris bucked his hips trying to dislodge Peter’s leg but all it did was rub his crotch on Peter’s leg.

“Hmm… I don’t think you really want me too.” Peter murmured nipping at his ear. Chris let out small groan. “It’s been a while since I’ve heard your noises.” Peter moved down and started sucking and lightly biting a mark on Chris’s neck.

Chris moaned and stopped struggling. Peter took that as a sign to keep going. He pulled back and saw the mark on Chris’s neck and started nipping Chris’s jaw. “I’m… married…” Chris moaned.


“My daughter.” Chris said breathing heavily.

Peter smiled against Chris’s jaw. “Alright…” Peter pulled back and smirked. “But first…” He leaned forward and kissed Chris on the lips. Peter was actually a little surprised when Chris kissed back with little prompting. Peter let the kiss go on for about a minute or so before he pulled back.

Peter stepped back and Chris fell forward. Peter smirked, “I’ll see you later, Chris.” Peter gave a little wave before running off. Chris barely saw him leave the clearing. He looked up and saw his back. Chris licked his lips; he could still feel Peter’s lips. He touched his lips then neck. He was definitely going to have a mark. That would be hard to explain. He’d borrow some of Allison’s makeup before she got home. It wouldn’t be the first time. Idly he thought he should just buy his own.

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Scott was totally dumbstruck with the new girl, Allison. He was less impressed with her boyfriend. But that wasn’t the point, the point was it is now lunch and Allison and Matt were sitting with them.

Allison was listening to Lydia and Jackson discussing plans and Scott was watching Allison. “No, Jackson, I’m busy tomorrow.” Lydia said once again.

“With what? You’re doing something without me?” Jackson asked. Scott couldn’t hide his smile at how big of a moron Jackson was because he couldn’t get it through his thick head that Lydia’s life didn’t revolve around him twenty four seven.
“I’m going shopping Jackson, and unless you want to carry everything you’ll let it drop.” Lydia said crossing her arms.

“Where are you going?” Allison asked, she seemed like this was actually interesting to her. Scott didn’t see it but this was a common thing for the power couple.

“There’s a strip mall around. I need to get some new clothes for my cousin. He’s staying with me and honestly his style is totally lacking.” Lydia scoffed at the very idea.

“Fine go do your thing. Danny you and me though right?” Jackson asked. Jackson’s parents were making him go out to dinner to celebrate something his father tonight and Jackson wanted to not go. But he wasn’t getting out of it and therefore was going to be out of the house as much as he could for the rest of the week.

“Who do you think is going to make sure he only picks out the best clothes?” Lydia answered for Danny.

“Seriously dude?” Jackson demanded. “Fine then I’m going too.” He announced.

“Can you do it without complaining?” Lydia asked with a knowing look. Jackson didn’t answer and Lydia nodded. “How about you hang out with Matt?” Lydia offered.

“What?” Both males asked at the same time. Even Scott was confused, which wasn’t really a new thing for him but because so was everyone else he didn’t feel so bad.

“Well I’m going to invite Allison to go with us and that would solve both of your problems.” Lydia said smiling at Allison.

“Seriously! I need so new clothes that would be great!” Allison said gripping Lydia’s hands. Lydia and Allison did the girl thing of shrieking in excitement, Scott never understood that but it was apparently a thing.

“I was going to see if I could get on the lacrosse team… I heard you’re captain-” “Co-captain.” Scott muttered. Matt ignored him, “Maybe you could show me some pointers?” He asked.

Everyone at the table turned to look at Jackson for his answer. Lydia and Allison were paused in the shrieking, Danny paused in his eating with his fork half way to his mouth, even Isaac who’d been characteristically quiet turned to look at Jackson for his answer.

“Fine with me.” Jackson muttered not looking at Matt’s pleading eyes. Lydia and Allison went back to their shrieking and all the boys cringed. Scott and Isaac were the only ones that had an actual reason to cringe, werewolf hearing wasn’t a gift next to them.

“Lydia you should come over tonight. You can help pick out what needs replaced.” Allison said when the bell interrupted them.

“Oh that’s a good idea. And if your outfit today is anything to go by I’ve got a lot of work to do.” Lydia said looking her up and down trying to look disapproving.

“Hey!” Allison objected and they both broke into smiles and laughs. Scott stopped at his locker and kept watching them. He didn’t register Isaac beside him until he spoke.

“She seems nice.” Isaac said in a disgusted voice that Scott would have caught if he hadn’t been dreamily staring at Allison and Lydia giggle.
“Yeah…” Scott breathed grabbing his book. “She does.”

“Don’t forget she comes from a family of hunters. You know those people trained to kill us?” Isaac reminded him harshly.

“What? Her dad’s on our side.” Scott said looking at Isaac for the first time. “What’s your problem?” Scott asked looking at a discontent Isaac.

“Nothing. We need to get to class. Let’s go.” Isaac said pushing off the locker and starting off to class trusting Scott to follow him. Scott stared after his friend before following him to class.

Chapter End Notes

Warning: Peter touches and kisses Chris without his permission.

Well... A lot happened in that chapter... Don't you think? Tell me what you think!
Things are finally heating up! I'm getting back into this so updates will come faster!

I have a tumblr, gbkoda (I don't know how to create a hyperlink but I'll figure it out later) and I've started a Patreon http://patreon.com/user?u=956224. If you sign up, it's monthly, for a dollar you see a preview of the chapter of the Sunday before, and for three or more you can see the full chapter that Sunday and get cool stuff I've written. As well as any originals I post, with the same Thursday/Sunday schedule.
Revalations

Chapter Summary

Peter and Derek, as well as Stiles, all reveal and learn a bit from each other...

Chapter Notes

Well... I was going to set this for Thursday but I didn't know how. So enjoy this early because I can't ever post on schedule. But I can't post when I say because I'M ON VACATION!!!! I won't be able to reply to comments or anything until afterwards.

Ok, lots happen in this chapter. I had planned on making this longer but I didn't have time before we left. Enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles, Ethan, and Aiden all decided TV was the best thing to have ever been invented. Sure Stiles knew what it was but they’d never been able to just watch it. It had taken them time to figure out what to watch but they settled on Supernatural. They couldn’t help laughing at the seriousness of the brothers and the dorky angel because they knew exactly what they were going through.

Next they watched Bones. Peter came back in the middle of the episode and they were all focused on the TV. “Where’s my nephew?” He asked the three.

“I don’t know. He left this morning now shush we have to see who the killer is.” Stiles said not looking at Peter. They’d been debating to see who could guess the killer. So far Stiles had been winning. But the twins were catching on and this episode they had all chosen strong suspects.

“Well hurry up your show, the rest of the pack will be here after lacrosse and trust me you will not get quiet when they’re here.” Peter warned going back out the door. “I’m going to look for Derek.” He called before shutting the door again.

The trio barely looked up as he left. By the end of the episode Ethan had figured it out and the next one Aiden won, with Stiles still at two wins. The twins heard the pack starting to make their way up so they turned off the TV so they wouldn’t be distracted.

“Hey guys!” Scott greeted when he opened the door, “How was your day?” He asked starting to strip out of his sweaty clothes, right there in the open room.

“Whoa! Scott what the hell?” Erica asked walking in on him half naked.

“It’s hot in here and you didn’t just run here.” Scott complained holding his shirt.

“We did offer you a ride.” Boyd reminded him with a small smirk.

“But you wanted to talk to Allison.” Isaac sneered. He ignored Scott’s hurt look and went to his room to grab a spare change of clothes.
“What’s wrong with him?” Stiles asked hearing the hostility in Isaac’s voice.

“I don’t know!” Scott said desperately. “He’s been like that all day!” He insisted.

Erica scoffed, “You are clueless.” She mumbled, “Come on Boyd let’s go talk to Isaac.” Erica said pulling a willing Boyd upstairs.

“Did I do something wrong?” Scott asked sounding sad. Stiles just shrugged. He didn’t want to get involved in their drama if he was just going to be getting out of there tomorrow. He knew it was a risk telling Derek he could get away from the humans easily. If Derek decided he didn’t want Stiles to leave he could be on alert and catch Stiles before he got out the building. His plan hinged on Derek agreeing it was for the best.

“Where’s Derek?” Scott asked suddenly, breaking his longing gaze at the staircase.

Stiles rolled his eyes, “He’s popular today, and I’m not sure. Peter went out to look for him.” Stiles answered. “Where’s Lydia and Danny?” Stiles asked realizing they weren’t here or coming up the steps.

“Jackson has a dinner with his parents and Danny’s helping him get ready. The new girl Allison, Chris’s daughter, invited her over. So Lydia is there.” Scott said with a bit of a love struck look but Stiles froze.

“Lydia is over… With Chris, at the Argent house?” He asked in a tight voice. The twins had also stiffened.

“Yeah, don’t worry she’s-”

“A known enemy.” Stiles interrupted him. “Chris knows she’s with the pack and if he decides that he doesn’t want to work with you guys then now he has a hostage.” Stiles said half in anger at their stupidity and half in fear for Lydia.

“Chris wouldn’t do that.” Scott said sounding unsure.

Stiles let out a cruel laugh, “He turned his back on his family, do you really think turning his back on a bunch of werewolves would be as hard as or harder than that?” Stiles scoffed at him.

Scott shrank back a little. He’d not seen this powerful and crueler part of Stiles before and it worried him a little. “I-I didn’t… I didn’t think of that.” Scott admitted.

“Stiles, she’s fine.” Isaac said rushing down the stairs, followed by Erica and Boyd. “Lydia did think of that.” Isaac stopped protectively in front of Scott while the other two stayed at the base of the stairs. “Lydia is smarter than all of the pack. She told me before she left with Allison. Danny is going to be texting her the whole night, if she doesn’t reply within five minutes with the word they came up with Danny will call us and we wait by the house while he goes to the front door. He has a lie ready to use, that there is some emergency and he needs Lydia. If she’s unavailable Danny asks why and if there isn’t a real answer we move out and get her back.” Isaac said a growl low in his throat.

Stiles took a step back at Isaac harsh tone. Ethan and Aiden were at Stiles’s sides as soon as Stiles stepped back. Erica and Boyd were next to Isaac when the twins moved. All of them were about a half second from wolfing out.

“Stiles, why do you care?” Scott asked quietly. He was still behind Isaac but now he was standing up straight.
“What?” Stiles asked swallowing hard.

“Why do you care about what happens to Lydia? She’s not your family… She’s with our pack… You may not actively want us dead but…” Scott bit his lip, “shouldn’t you be ok if your family does something?” Scott asked sounding a bit frightened of the answer.

“I-I…” Stiles paused and thought about the answer, “Aside from Peter and Derek all of you have been nice to us. I have no reason to want any of you hurt.” Stiles said looking down. He bit his lip and he was sure the wolves could smell his nervousness.

“Stiles…” Scott began but then Peter pulled in the big door and walked in, followed by Derek.

“Found him.” Peter announced. “What’s going on?” He asked seeing everyone in their battle ready stances.

“We were just talking.” Isaac said before anyone could say anything else. It wasn’t technically a lie either since it hadn’t come to blows, yet.

“Wonderful. That’s what I would like to do too. Ethan, Aiden would you both mind accompanying me outside for a moment?” Peter asked with a smile that was clearly hiding something.

“What do you want?” Stiles asked, the twins didn’t move.

“Just to ask them a few questions, then I swear I will return them to you.” Peter crossed his heart like it was a promise.

“We’ll be ok.” Ethan said softly.

“Yeah, there’s two of us and only one of him.” Aiden said with a playful smirk.

Stiles sighed and nodded and Peter led the two outside. Everyone watched the exchange in silence. “Stiles, may I have a word with you as well?” Derek asked and everyone gaped.

Stiles swore he heard a collective gasp when he said yes with no fighting it. He followed Derek up the stairs and to a nice bedroom. Stiles realized it was Derek’s from the fact there was a laptop with the screen showing his old room, or more like cell.

“Shouldn’t you send something to my family? Showing I’m still alive or fake my death?” Stiles asked scoffing at the screen a bit.

“I believe Peter took care of that this morning. He went to go see Chris.” Derek said not caring about Peter’s baggage.

Stiles just nodded. “So did you decide?” He asked after looking around the room for another moment.

“I have a question for you first. Could you submit to me? Let me be the leader instead? If you could do that then I could let you into the pack.” Derek said carefully. He’d been thinking it over for the better part of the day and realized that yes, he could let Stiles in. But it would be hard and Stiles would have to submit or they would always be at odds and it wouldn’t work.

Stiles laughed and shook his head. Strangely Derek decided Stiles needed to laugh more, he looked more relaxed when he did. Then Derek mentally slapped himself as he wondered where that thought came from.
“No, no can do, Derek.” Stiles bit off the name with a snap of his teeth after he stopped laughing. “There’s no way I can let a werewolf tell me what to do. It is just too in the face of what I’ve been raised as. In fact if I could I’d kill you right now. You would never be able to trust me with anything sharp.” Stiles mused the last part almost sadly. “But I’ll still leave the twins with you. They need an actual pack and I know I can’t be that now that I’ve seen how you guys act with each other.”

They stood there looking at each other. Each with a bit of sadness in their eyes but neither wanting to look away. “So are you going to kill me?” Stiles asked breaking eye contact first.

“No. I’m going to let you go. But not tomorrow. I have a feeling Lydia would hunt you down if you messed up her shopping trip.” Derek shook his head fondly. “Wednesday during the day. I’ll drop you off near the house and then I’ll wash my hands of you. Then you’ll have until the end of the month to get out of town. Sound fair?” Derek asked and Stiles thought it over.

It was more than he had ever hoped of getting and Stiles couldn’t really see anything wrong with that. Chris hadn’t contacted them for their first self-defense class so he would be able to get out of seeing him again. And if he really wanted to stay then he could and teach the others.

“Yes, that’s fair. I’ll tell the twins tonight to submit to you tomorrow. I’ll wait until we’re in our room or else we’ll have a scene on our hands.” Stiles said fighting the smiling on his face. He was going to be able to go home. The mini vacation was fun but he had work to do. He didn’t like the fact it would be two days but he did understand the reasons.

“Good. We should join the others before they decide to try and make dinner on their own. Without Lydia or Peter to manage them they are worse than a pack of wolves.” Derek muttered opening the door.

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Peter led the twins down to the floor level then into the fresh air. They followed him warily, a lot less cocky than they were inside. Peter smiled and but decided against messing with them too much, he was on a mission after all.

“I have a question about Stiles.” Peter said flashing his blue eyes. It would be the first time the twins saw them and they both shrank a little in response.

“What… what is it?” Aiden asked timidly.

“Don’t worry boys. I’m not going to hurt you I promise. I swear you murder one niece and suddenly everyone thinks you’re the bad guy.” Peter lamented while he shook his head. The twins took a noticeable step back. “Oh, don’t worry I’m not that person anymore.” Peter assured waving his hand. “Derek killed me and got my alpha power. Then Lydia brought me back using Derek and I guess some of his goodness and kindness leaked into me because the urge to murder is nearly gone.” Peter assured.

He took a step towards them and the stepped back, “Now about Stiles.” Peter began. “Has his scent changed?” Peter asked seemingly out of the blue.

“Wh-what do you mean?” Ethan asked shyly.

“Does he smell more like this?” Peter handed them a shirt they had never seen before and the smelled it. “Or does he smell more like this.” Peter handed them a woman’s blouse. They smelled it and growled.

“Where did you get this?” Aiden demanded in a low growl.
“I went to speak with Chris and drop off another ransom not and I saw it and said ‘what the hell, you only live once right?’ Or in my case twice so far.” Peter pondered that for a moment. “But I needed someone, or someones, who know what he smells like to make this work.”

“Whose shirt is that?” Ethan asked.

“That is the Sheriff’s shirt. I’m working on a theory you see and it must be kept a secret until I can figure out one more thing. But from what I’ve managed to dig up from a full day a research is Stiles doesn’t exist in the Argent family. I’ve managed to find everyone else’s birth certificate aside from his. I even found dear little Allison and she’s not even listed as an Argent.” The twins were listening with rapt attention.

“Why are you telling us this?” Aiden demanded when it seemed like Peter wasn’t going to go on.

“I’m glad you asked. My idiot nephew is going to give Stiles a choice to stay or leave. You two will stay whatever he chooses.” The twins started growling. “Don’t bite the messenger just hear me out? He has already made that choice and unfortunately I agree with him. You two going back is not an option. Derek is going to put you in the pack tomorrow at the full moon. I know, I know.” Peter said raising his hand when Aiden looked like he was about to interrupt.

“This is going a lot quicker than planned. You were supposed to be on a trial run. And you still will be, but it will be more like probation than a trial. This was Stiles’s idea and for some reason Derek agrees with him. The main reason I’m telling you this is so you are able to convince him not to go. You are all a lot safer here and no matter what loyalty you have to the Argents you have more to Stiles right?” They both nod.

“Good. Also, don’t tell him about the sheriff. I’m still working out a few details but I did need your help with that. Thank you both very much.” Peter nodded his head. “Now let us return. I’m sure everyone is hungry from practice and without Lydia or Danny I need to take point on cooking or Derek is going to have some fire triggered PTSD.” Peter ignored the fact he probably would too if the betas managed to set something on fire.

Derek had gotten the betas started on the cooking and Peter smiled to see Stiles trying to help a hopeless Scott with something Peter couldn’t see. Peter nudged the twins into the cooking fray and they were welcomed and put to work. Peter motioned for Derek and walked a little bit away.

“What did he decide?” Peter asked in a low tone.

“He’s going back.” Derek growled. “He said he would never submit to me.” Derek bit out the reason.

“It would only have to be a one-time thing.” Peter reminded him. “I mean Lydia hardly ever submits. And even she has tried to kill you so that excuse doesn’t work either.” Peter said before Derek could mention trust.

“I’ve got the twins working on it and I think we should tell Lydia before the shopping trip. That way she might be able to talk him out of this suicidal loyalty.” Peter informed him. “You have two days to make him stay. What are you going to do?” Peter asked.

“What? Why would I want him to stay? Wasn’t the plan to get the Argents to leave?” Derek asked.

“You mean why should he stay aside from the wealth of knowledge he has of hunters and techniques? Ok, how about the others have really taken to him? You’ve taken to him.” Peter said with just a hint of a challenge.
“You’re crazier than we thought.” Derek muttered watching Stiles interact with the others.

Peter made a noise that could have been interpreted as agreement and waved his hand dismissively before he continued, “You have. I haven’t figured out how far it’s gone yet but you do care for the boy. Otherwise you’d kill him or because that would upset your betas you’d dump him in the woods and let him find his own way out. But instead you are trying to do what’s right and let him leave, which is completely wrong by the way.” Peter finished with a smug smile that Derek had the urge to punch off his face.

“He wants to leave. That’s his choice.” Derek said firmly.

“You know… Taking away his choice in this instance doesn’t make you like her. You had no control when you needed some but Stiles needs that control taken away from him…” Peter took a step away. He’d talked as far as he was comfortable without fearing for his life. “I’ve got the twins working on it.” Peter said walking to the kitchen before Derek could respond.

Derek was barely holding back from knocking Peter down a peg or two. His betas were glancing over at him worriedly and Derek tried to flash a convincing smile. His phone buzzed and he received a reply from Lydia. She told him where she was and he angrily replied with a bunch of warning and finally a ‘Be safe.’ She sent back a smiling face and ‘I’ve got condoms, I’m always safe.’ He huffed a laugh and shook his head.

They had agreed that each of the replies would have something to do with the gag gifts that she had gotten them for Christmas. It was a way for them to be sure it was actually Lydia. Derek put a winking face back and looked back to the kitchen. Peter was trying to get them to do as he said but it was basically just Peter telling them something and the others ignoring them.

Derek noticed the twins were doing as they were told but they kept glancing at Stiles. Derek didn’t doubt they would try to get Stiles to stay, but Derek wasn’t sure if they would be able to. Stiles seemed too stubborn and loyal to just change his mind even if the twins wanted it.

“I’ll get out some plates.” Derek said going over to the group. They agreed with him and laughed as he tried to get through their bodies.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter is Allison and Lydia's night and Stiles and the twins talking.

And... I guess you guys didn't like my last chapter... Sorry about that I guess... I didn't get very many comments... Not complaining or anything I'm simply making an observation... PLEASE DON'T HATE ME!! I LOVE YOU ALL!!!!
Decisions

Chapter Summary

Allison comes to a decision. Stiles comes to an even bigger decision.

Chapter Notes

Few things on the Notes today. 1) I think you guys have learned by now that deadlines are not my thing, please disregard the notes that say I'll try for every other Thursday... So not going to happen.
Which brings me to my 2) I just moved to college!!! Yay!!!

Now a little bit about my situation. I did a program that is offered in Ohio, my home Woot!, call post secondary or now called college credit plus. Which means instead of high school I went to college. In fact I finished two years!! So I'm now not taking general classes but classes geared toward my major. This is also my first time living on my own. So there’s that. That means that I need to manage my time well. I'm going to write as often as I can but I may not be able to as often as I'd like to.

Updates may come slower, although I was erratic beforehand so you may not notice, but I wanted to give you a heads up. Enough of my ramblings though, go up to the top and read the tag that says, “almost everyone is gay” and keep that in mind when you read the first part. Now... Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lydia and Allison drove separately to Allison’s house. Lydia, ever the strategist, started thinking of different ways to get to the house that the wolves could take that would offer them the most cover. She didn’t want to think of the house as dangerous but it was if they discovered the pack and the fact she was a part of it.

They walked inside and Lydia was impressed. It was nicely furnished, homey without being tacky. Allison called to the house she had a friend over and they’d be up in her room. She heard a few replies from both male and female voices.

“So, this is my room.” Allison said flopping onto the bed. Lydia looked around and sat her purse on the floor.

“It’s so cute.” Lydia decided looking around. “Now, is this your closet?” She asked stepping around the small corner to look in the small closet.

“Yes, not all my clothes are bad though.” Allison said rolling her eyes.

“Uh-huh, I’m sure you would think that.” Lydia said opening the closet. “Pass… pass… pass, pass, pass, pass, pass… Oh… This is cute.” Lydia pulled out a sparkly black top. “Wear this when we go shopping to replace your entire wardrobe.” Lydia said trying to be serious.
She had to laugh at Allison’s sad face. Then Allison was laughing too. “Fine I’ll wear it.” Allison conceded and took the shirt and held it up to herself. Her dad decided to walk in at that moment.

Lydia smiled wickedly at him, luckily Allison didn’t see. She flopped on the bed, one arm holding up her arm the other on her hip, “Hi there Mr. Argent.” She said flirtatiously.

“Uh, hello… Allison, I didn’t realize you had a friend over.” Chris said nervously.

“Yeah… So what do you need dad?” Allison asked slightly impatient.

“Oh, right, I just wanted to tell you that tomorrow I’m going to be out with Kate and some of the guys. I need you to stay in with your mother.” Chris said. He was slightly nervous to be saying that in front of Lydia but he figured the pack would’ve guessed there were hunters out.

“But dad, Lydia and I were going to go shopping. Please, I’ll be home before my curfew I swear.” Allison begged.

“I just really don’t think it’s a good idea. What if you need me and can’t get ahold of me? I’d feel better if you just stayed in.” Chris insisted.

“Don’t worry Mr. Argent. It’s just going to be me and my gay friend Danny and my cousin. My boyfriend couldn’t make it and I don’t want to be stuck with two guys all night. Please? I promise to return her safe and sound.” Lydia cut in.

Allison looked at her dad with big pleading eyes. Chris sighed, “Fine, I guess you can go.” Chris said closing his eyes in defeat. Unfortunately that meant he didn’t see Allison launch herself at him.

“Thank you thank you thankyouthankyou!” She said in more of a squeal than actual words.

Chris let out an “umf” of breath and patted his daughter’s back. “Yeah, yeah, ok. Nice to meet you Lydia.” Chris said disentangling himself from his daughter.

“You too Mr. Argent.” Lydia said giving him a little wave. Allison turned around to Lydia with an eye roll. “You didn’t mention your dad looked like that.” Lydia said licking her lips playfully.

“Ugh, Lydia! That is my dad you are talking about! Don’t say that.” Allison begged. “Think of Jackson.

“Jackson who?” Lydia teased.

“You are awful.” Allison said throwing the shirt at her.

Lydia just laughed, “Speaking of boyfriends is there anyone who has caught your eye?” Lydia asked.

“I have a boyfriend, Lydia. Matt? Remember.” Allison pointed out.

“Yes, yes, that’s why you window shop. Com’on it’s a new school. Someone had to have looked appealing.” Lydia said pulling her to the bed.

Allison made a noise but didn’t get up. “I mean… If you’re going to force me to answer,”

“And I am.” Lydia cut in.

“Then I would have to say that Scott was kinda cute… In a dopey sort of way.” Allison admitted. “But it’s only been day. So I don’t know.”
Lydia thought for a moment. “He is kind of like a puppy.” Lydia admitted answering a text. “So if you like that sort of thing.” Lydia shrugged.

“But I’m with Matt.” Allison countered. “So nothing could happen.” She finished.

“Sure, nothing yet.” Lydia said grinning at her.

“Ugh, you are the worst.” Allison flopped back onto her back. “Who’s that guy that follows him around? The one at lunch today?” Allison asked suddenly. “He was kind of cute too…” She admitted.

“That my dear was Isaac. And I’m going to let you in on a little secret. Isaac has a crush on Scott… So I’d stay away from that.” Lydia did not want to have to deal with a heartbroken Isaac. She had gone through it once when she’d finally turned him down, and that was not something she wanted to go through again,

“Oh, so they’re gay?” Allison asked shyly.

“No… If I had to guess I say they were probably both bisexual. So I mean you might have a chance but Isaac’s pining is not something that I want turned into jealously.” Lydia shook her head gently. “What’s with the blushing? Not used to bi-boys?” Lydia teased.

“No… Not really. I mean I’ve known of some at my other school but I’ve never been friends with them. Not that I have a problem with them it’s just…” Allison trailed off.

“Not something you’re used to.” Lydia finished. “What about yourself?” Lydia asked looking down at her.

“What about me?” Allison asked sitting up. Lydia moved so they didn’t bump heads.

“Are you strictly straight?” Lydia asked gently. She didn’t want to scare Allison off but she had piqued her curiosity.

“Umm… I’m not sure… Matt is my only relationship.” Allison admitted blushing.

“Well let’s fix that shall we.” Lydia said sliding onto her lap.

“Lydia!” Allison squeaked in surprise. “What are you-” Lydia put her finger over Allison’s lips.

“If you want me to stop then say so and I will.” Lydia said gently. “If not, then stop talking.” Lydia said sternly.

Allison looked like she was about to say something else but then shut her mouth. Lydia smiled and placed a gentle kiss on Allison’s lips. “That ok?” She asked.

“I could barely feel it. How am I supposed to figure anything out if you don’t kiss me like it’s real?” Allison said. Lydia could hear the challenge in her voice and was fully prepare to meet it.

Lydia leaned closer and pressed her lips to Allison’s, harder this time. She let it go on like that for a moment, letting Allison get used to it. Just before she licked Allison’s lip wanting entrance. Allison gasped and let Lydia in her mouth. Lydia smirked into the kiss. She was kissing her in earnest now. She pushed Allison back onto the bed feeling Allison pull on her hair lightly.

Lydia moaned and moved to nip Allison’s lip. Just then Lydia’s phone beep. Allison pulled away from Lydia panting. Lydia smirked down at her, also breathing hard. “How was that?” She asked
grabbing her phone. She rolled off Allison to reply to Danny.

“Intense…” Allison said still trying to catch her breath.

“But you didn’t feel anything?” Lydia finished.

Allison shrugged, “No… Except for the fact you are an amazing kisser I didn’t feel anything.” Allison flopped back on her bed.

“No worries sweetie. You either are or you aren’t. And if I can’t stir something in you no one can.” Lydia said with a wink. “Now, I’m thinking we should work on a bit of homework so your dad doesn’t think I’m too bad an influence on you.”

“Are you not affected by that kiss?” Allison asked with a laugh.

“I’m just better at hiding it than you.” Lydia explained with a laugh as well. “Now come on, homework so I don’t have to stare at your hideous closet any longer.”

“It’s not that bad!” Allison shrieked indignantly. Lydia simply waved her off an grabbed her math book.

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That night when Stiles and the twins were getting ready for bed Ethan brought up the conversation with Peter to Stiles. “Hey… Stiles?” Ethan asked. Both Aiden and Stiles looked over him.

“What’s up?” Stiles asked. Dinner had gone well and he and the twins felt even more relaxed around the pack now.

“What would you say if we told you your scent was changing?” Ethan asked. His eyes flitted to Aiden but Aiden was watching Stiles.

“I’d say that’s what happens when you spend time with different people.” Stiles answered cautiously.

“No, no not like theirs… It smells cleaner. If that makes sense…” Ethan said shaking his head. Stiles gave him a smile, but it was a sad one.

“Did Peter tell you I’m going to go back with the Argents? Is that what this is about?” Stiles asked sitting on their bed.

“Yeah… And we don’t want you to.” Aiden said sitting next to him. “Peter gave us two shirts to smell today. And you normally would’ve smelled like Kate but you smell like the other one… The sheriff.”

Stiles let out a harsh laugh. “The sheriff? I don’t think so. His family is dead.” Stiles said it with such finality that they almost stopped trying to convince him.

“We don’t know the details. You’ll have to talk to him.” Ethan said after a moment. “All we know is you think you have to go back and leave us here. And you don’t have to. I’m sure Derek will let you in the pack. Everyone likes you… We can smell and see that you are happier here.” Ethan said, his tone was pleading.

“They’re my family… I can’t just abandon them.” Stiles said quietly. He didn’t look at either of the twins.
“What about us?” Aiden suddenly demanded. “Aren’t we your family? Why are you leaving us then?” He said jumping off the bed. He rounded to see a very stunned Stiles and a slightly stunned Ethan. Ethan was wondering the same thing.

“I love you both, that’s why I’m leaving you here. With other werewolves that won’t hurt you. You’ll be safe. But I have to go back to make Kate and Gerard leave so that your safety is guaranteed. Otherwise any suffering you two face will be on my hands. Anything that happens to this pack will be on me!” Stiles said getting louder and louder as he stood up. “I don’t want this pack to suffer! Ok? I don’t know why but they are going to if I stay here and I really don’t want that.”

Ethan and Aiden looked down in slight shame, Ethan spoke first. “But then you’ll suffer…” He said quietly as if to remind Stiles of that fact.

“Listen… I’ve never gotten a choice of anything. I didn’t get to choose if I trained as a hunter, I didn’t get to choose you guys, I didn’t have a choice in coming here…” Stiles took a breath and sat back down. “Please… Let me choose to protect you… Please…” Stiles whispered.

He was trying not to cry. But this was too much. He didn’t want to leave the twins, or even the new pack… They hadn’t really been that bad too him. After all even what Derek, Peter, and John did wasn’t as bad as anything he’d been subjected to.

Ethan and Aiden could see the moment the fight drained out of Stiles. The scooted closer and laid him back. They put their heads on his shoulders so his arms were them. “Then let’s spend our last night here together comfortably…” Ethan whispered nuzzling him.

“Yeah… I’ll be leaving the day after tomorrow… I want you all to join Derek’s pack tomorrow… Ok? I don’t want you two to be omegas even when I leave… Ok? Promise me you will.” Stiles said quietly.

“We promise.” The twins said in unison.

“Good… I love you both… We should get some rest… You’ll need your strength for the full moon.” Stiles said closing his eyes.

“Wait, Stiles… how will we get through it without you? We’ve never done it without you?” Aiden said leaning up and looking at him.

“Focus on Derek… Or on me if you need to, have Derek call me and I’ll talk to you for a bit to calm you down.” Stiles assured petting his hair. “But try to get over this without me.” Stiles kissed each of them on the head. “Now, we need sleep.” He pulled them both closer and was glad they had a higher body temperature because they were laying on the sheet not under it.

Stiles, Ethan, and Aiden fell asleep in each other’s arms that night, each of them not wanting to think about the next few days.

Chapter End Notes

Ok... I'm not happy with this chapter but I wanted to give you guys something. It is a bit shorter than normal but the next chapter will be the day and night of the full moon so a lot longer. I'm so sorry about the wait but like I said life has been crazy lately and I'm hoping to settle in a routine in college once it starts on Monday!
PLEASE READ:

Now I have a question. I'm thinking of doing a live Q&A sometime in the next couple of weeks. Would you guys like that? I haven't thought of what medium yet, e.i. tumblr, google chat room, facetime(?), but it's something I want to do if you guys want me to. Or would you rather leave questions for anyone in this AU to answer and I'll post those in between next chapter, 19, and the one after, 20. Or I could do both. If that's what you guys want.

Just leave your answers in the comment, or questions for the cast(?), and I'll do what the majority wants. Or even if the minority wants something and the majority doesn't want anything I'll do it. I'll answer anything, as long as there are no spoilers, for either of the choices even about myself. Thank you so much for reading than I know it was probably a pain, the notes not the chapter...

As always whether you have an opinion on the Q&A please review/comment! I truly love hearing from you and it always makes my day! I'm going to need that in the upcoming college days! Thank you all so much!
The next day started a lot like the day before. Only this time Peter was out doing his thing instead of Derek. Stiles and the twins were in the living room watching Supernatural. And they wanted to just enjoy the show but they couldn’t. Derek was there but he kept peeking out of the kitchen and pacing behind them.

“Derek.” Stiles finally said, “would you like to join us to watch some TV?” he asked.

“If you guys would like me to, sure,” Derek answered. He sat on the opposite of the couch. Stiles was on one side with Ethan leaning next to him and Aiden on the floor leaning on his leg. Ethan glanced over to Derek then shifted closer to him.

Derek was about to say something when Aiden also shifted closer to Derek. No one said anything but Stiles smiled sadly. He knew it was the full moon affecting them. He wanted them to go over to Derek and this was the first step. He couldn’t complain now that they were doing what he wanted.

They spent most of the day like that. Peter came home and made them lunch then sat in his chair. He didn’t say where he had been, he only complained about the shows they were watching, even if he made no move to change it. They enjoyed the few hours of peace until the others got back from Lacrosse.

“Hey Stiles, you ready to go?” Danny asked setting his stuff down. “We’re going to meet up with Lydia at the mall. She wanted to get a head start, I’m sure she’ll have things for you to try on once we get there,” Danny said with a laugh.

Stiles stood up, “Yep, I’m ready.” Stiles stood up and so did Ethan and Aiden.

“Stiles,” they said in unison. They went over to him and hugged him.

“I know. I know. But you guys are going to have fun tonight. I’m sure the others will help you guys
have a blast tonight,” Stiles said squeezing them tightly.

“Well then don’t put your stuff in my way.” Erica growled at Scott. “Then I wouldn’t step on it.”

Stiles and the twins glanced over at her.

“I always put my Lacrosse stuff here. You’re the one who purposely stepped on it.” Scott growled back.

“Stiles? We should go.” Danny said glancing at the wolves. Erica and Boyd were on one side and

Scott and Isaac were on the other.

“See, good fun.” Stiles said with a small chuckle. “I’ll see you guys tomorrow.” Stiles squeezed them

one more time then went over to Danny. “I’m ready.”

“Awesome. Have a good full moon guys,” Danny called waving as he walked out. Stiles followed

him out nervously. Once the door shut again Stiles paused. He could make a run for it once they

were outside the building. Danny may be able to take him but he wouldn’t be expecting it.

“I wouldn’t,” Danny said pausing on the steps. “Whatever you’re planning I wouldn’t risk it. We’re

still close enough to the apartment they would smell you and then you’d be right back to square

one.” Danny didn’t even look behind him as he was talking. He took another few steps then looked

back to Stiles, “If you want to run wait until we get to the mall, a lot more people to get lost in that

way.” He smiled and started walking again.

Stiles was taken aback. He hadn’t expected Danny to think of him like that. He seemed like the

trust ing kind of guy, apparently, that didn’t mean he was foolish. Stiles followed him to his car, and

if he was being honest being outside felt great. He’d been trapped in that apartment longer than he

would’ve liked.

There were big windows so he did see sunlight but feeling it was something else entirely. He stood

outside of the car for longer than he’ll ever admit. Danny didn’t say anything, nor did he rush Stiles,

and Stiles appreciated that.

Stiles got in the car and Danny started off to the mall. He turned the music on softly to fill the silence

and Stiles started getting into the music. He didn’t know the words of course but he hummed along

to the beat and started moving to it.

He didn’t catch Danny’s smile and Danny didn’t want to interrupt him He already seemed so much

less tense than he had been. And Danny couldn’t help glancing at his smile as he drove. His attention

may have been caught by someone else but he wasn’t blind.

It didn’t take them long to get to the mall. Danny texted Lydia to find the girls and they met up in the

food court. Lydia looked perfect as always but Stiles didn’t recognize the girl next to her. He

assumed it was Chris’s daughter, Allison.

“Hey Danny, took you long enough.” Lydia said looking at a perfect nail.

“I’m sorry if I don’t drive seventy on a forty-five.” Danny said with an eye roll.

“I’m safe, enough. Anyways, Allison, this is my cousin, Stiles. Stiles this is Allison from school.

Stiles is staying with us for a few days but his wardrobe is worse than yours.” Lydia said to Allison.

“So you two will be our priority tonight. Now, off to the clothes.” Lydia said turning on her heel.

She hooked her arm around Allison’s and drug her off before either Allison or Stiles had a chance to

say hello.
Danny just chuckled and brought Stiles to follow her. They stopped at a store Stiles didn’t know, not that that really surprised him. What did surprise him was that they stopped in men’s clothing first. He had thought that they would’ve helped Allison first.

“Alright Stiles, I think we need to start with jeans, do you know what size you are?” Lydia asked turning to him.

Stiles imagined he looked like a deer caught in the headlights. “Um… no?” he answered.

“Alrighty, no problem. We’ll start smaller sizes and move up.” Lydia said dragging Allison to the stand of jeans. He heard Allison ask if they should look for dark or light jeans and Lydia answered both.

“Danny?” Stiles asked timidly. He looked around at the giant store in amazement.

“Danny?” Stiles asked timidly. He looked around at the giant store in amazement.

“Yeah, yeah she is man.” He agreed. “And if you don’t want her to come back over here I suggest we go over there.” Stiles nodded and they went over to Allison and Lydia.

“Here.” Lydia said shoving a bunch of jeans of various sizes into Stiles’s arms. “Go try these on and we can go from there.” Lydia said. This time she took him by the arm and let Allison keep up as they walked to the dressing room.

The working lady gave him a sympathetic smile as she opened the door for him. He felt nervous about undressing in that small room but got on with it when Lydia said she wanted them modeled on him.

Stiles let out a sigh and pulled off his borrowed jeans. He looked at his body and the bruises were started to turn yellow and green so at least they were healing. He let his shirt drop and slid on a few different pair until he found a pair that fit. They were the least snug so far so he went out to show Lydia and the others.

“How’s this?” He asked. The others were speechless. Stiles took that as a bad thing. He didn’t think the dark jeans looked all that bad on him but he assumed he was wrong. “I’ll go change.” Stiles said sheepishly.


“They feel good.” Stiles said with a small smile. “Maybe a little tight.” Stiles admitted.

“We’ll get those, they’ll stretch a little bit. But go try on the size bigger too. Those will probably feel better.” Lydia instructed waving him back to the dressing room.

Stiles sighed and went back into the dressing room. He had never thought trying on clothes would’ve been this tiring. He wiggled out of the jeans that made his butt look good and picked up a pair of slightly bigger ones. They fit a lot better.

“How about these?” He asked walking out to show them.
“Perfect.” Lydia said standing up. Stiles took an unconscious step backwards and Lydia rolled her eyes. She went behind him and pulled the tag to see the size. “Alrighty, we’ll get you a few more jeans in this size and find you some shirts. Then onto Allison’s horrible wardrobe.” Lydia said with a wicked smile. Both Allison and Stiles shuddered. Danny just sighed, he had known this was going to be a long night.

“Now then, go change back and we’ll find some more clothes for you.” Lydia said already heading back to the jeans.

Stiles sighed and went back into the dressing room. He took a few minutes to put his hand-me-down clothes back on. When he left the dressing room he didn’t see anyone. He didn’t like the way he started to panic. This should’ve been the perfect time to escape, his deal with Derek be damned. But he couldn’t. Half his mind was telling him to yell for Lydia or Danny, and the other half was saying stick to the shadows until he was out of the building.

“Hey, Stiles!” Luckily the decision was made for him. Allison bounced over to him. “Sorry, Danny went to get a cart to put the clothes in and Lydia couldn’t reach the jeans she wanted to.” She explained coming up to him.

“Oh, okay.” He said more relieved than he’d like to admit.

“I don’t think we’ve ever properly met. I’m Allison.” She said holding out her hand.

“Stiles.” He said tentatively. He reached out and shook her hand.

“I’m guessing from the confusion in your face this is the first time you’ve shopped with Lydia too?” She asked with a laugh.

Stiles nodded with a slight smile. “I was warned it would be a lot but I was not prepared.” He admitted.

“At least you got a warning.” She laughed and pushed him playfully. “I just had to imagine. Hey, you okay?” She said turning serious.

Stiles tensed when Allison pushed him. He braced for another hit but it didn’t happen. Allison didn’t step closer to him either, in fact she took a step back to give him space. He took a breath and straightened up and gave her an embarrassed smile. “Yeah, sorry, I… I wasn’t expecting that.” He said scratching the back of his neck.

“Oh, as long as you’re okay.” Allison said stepping closer to him and taking his hand gently. “Let’s go meet-“

“Allison?” A voice that sent shivers down Stiles’s spine asked.

“Aunt Kate? What are you doing here?” She asked turning to the voice.

“Well some of my shirts got ripped earlier and I was hoping to get some new ones. What are you doing here?” She asked finally turning the corner to see them. Her smile faltered a little then lit up when she saw Stiles.

Stiles felt like a dear in the headlights, he didn’t even think he was breathing. “I’m out shopping with some friends.” Allison answered. She squeezed Stiles’s hand gently but Stiles couldn’t bring himself to look at her.

“Who’s your little friend?” Kate asked. Allison didn’t like the way Kate was looking at Stiles, or
“Just a friend from school. We’ve got to go, I’ll be staying with Lydia tonight, I’ll see you guys tomorrow.” Allison said physically pulling Stiles away.

“Bye Allison, bye friend.” Kate called as they rounded the corner.

Allison didn’t stop when they got to the shirts. She kept pulling a barely responsive Stiles until they were in the bathrooms at the other side of the mall. She pulled him into the family stall with her and locked the door. “Stiles look at me.” Allison said gently.

Stiles fell to his knees and put his head between his knees. His breathing was coming out in short breaths. He could hear Allison but he couldn’t really hear what she was saying. He felt her take his hand and put it on her chest. “Breathe with me.” He heard her say.

She took a deep breath and held it while he worked on doing the same. She let it out slowly and he shakily let out what little breath he had. They did that for a few moments before Stiles started to breathe with her. After they were in sync they kept breathing like that for a few minutes.

“You okay?” Allison asked when his breathing was back to normal.

“I will be… Sorry about that. She looked like someone I used to know.” Stiles lied. He sat back and dropped his hand from her chest. “Thank you.” Stiles said after another breath.

“No problem.” Allison said sitting down as well. “You want to go back out or just wait in here for a bit?” She asked.

“I’d like to stay in here…” He said closing his eyes for a moment.

“Stiles! Allison!” He heard Lydia shout. “Where are you guys? Are you alright?” She yelled. Her voice sounded about an octave higher than normal.

“We’re in here!” Allison yelled back. “We better get out there to them.” Allison said standing up.

“Yeah…” Stiles stood with her and she opened the door.

Lydia looked panicked, “Stiles, you’ve got a call.” She said.

Stiles’s eyes widened and he took the phone. “Hello?” He asked shakily.

“Stiles? Are you okay? The twins started going berserk! They said you were in trouble.” He heard Derek shout.

“I’m okay.” He ran out of earshot of the girls even though he heard them calling him. “What happened?” He demanded.

“We were along fine, then all the sudden the twins said you were in trouble and they had to get to you.” Derek told him. Stiles thought Derek sounded distracted. “What happened?”

“I had a panic attack. I’m fine though.” Stiles said after running downstairs and stopping in the kids’ section.

“Why? Are you okay?” Derek asked. Stiles wasn’t sure what Derek was doing but he seemed to focus on Stiles now. “Do you need one of us to come down there? I can be there in a moment.” Derek asked.
“No, no. I’m fine. It was… It was nothing, an overreaction where are the twins?” Stiles asked. “I need to talk to them to calm them down.” Stiles said.

“I’m putting you on speaker phone. They won’t calm down and even after I used my alpha eyes on them.” Derek called. “Ethan, Aidan! It’s Stiles!” Derek yelled.

“Stiles?” He heard to growly voices

“I’m here guys, I’m here.” Stiles said loudly. “You guys need to calm down. I’m okay. And you guys were supposed to bond with Derek, you shouldn’t have been able to feel me.” Stiles chastised.

“Stiles!” They said excitedly. “Sorry… We… we were going to… later we will but you… you were upset, we couldn’t just abandon you.” Aiden said.

“I know, but you can’t go crazy every time I get hurt. We all know that’s not a new thing for me.” Stiles said with a sad laugh.

“We know.” Ethan said sadly “But… we won’t be able to know when you’re in trouble when Derek is our alpha.”

“I know… When we hang up I want you two to join Derek’s pack.” Stiles said seriously. “Please, promise me. As the act of your alpha, join Derek.” Stiles really wanted the twins to be safe. And Derek was the easiest way to do that. This was just the way to do that.

“We will.” They said in unison.

“Good, I’ll be there tomorrow to say a real good bye.” Stiles said smiling. “Now, the girls are looking for me. I need to go. Have fun.” Stiles said. “Love you guys.”

“We love you too.” The twins said before Stiles hung up. He clutched the phone to his chest, trying to hold back the tears.

“A real goodbye?” He heard Kate ask. She was leaning on a rack with her arms crossed.

Stiles jumped up. “Kate, I-I-You can’t be seen with me!” Stiles whispered in a shout.

“Why not, sweetie?” She asked causally.

“Because if they see you… Allison is going to going to wonder why her aunt is talking to a random boy.” Stiles said thinking quickly.

“Fair point. Two questions and that will determine what happens next. Why are you going to say good bye to them tomorrow and why are you out with Allison?” She asked stepping closer to him. He took a step back until he hit the wall.

“Because I’m leaving tomorrow. I made a deal with the alpha… I’m leaving tomorrow. But there are a few conditions, for me to be returned safely.” Stiles said trying not to freak out. He took another breath to calm his breathing. He hadn’t intended to see Kate and it had thrown him.

“Oh? What conditions are those?” Kate asked stopping just short of him.

“We have to stop looking for the pack and we have to leave town.” Stiles said sternly.

“Oh? Is that all. Well don’t worry we can do that.” Kate said with a smile.

“What? Really?” Stiles asked. “I thought I was going to have to convince you.” Stiles said in relief.
“No, you know where their little den is so we don’t have to look for them and after we wipe them out we’ll leave.” Kate said with a shrug. “Easy.” Kate said with a shrug.

“What? No, they’re not hurting anyone. I’ve spent time with them. They don’t need to be killed. Please Kate, we can just let them go on peacefully and if they become a problem Kate we don’t need to do this.” Stiles said standing completely up. He looked nearly eye to eye with her.

She raised her eyebrow, “Do you not know how we work? If they become a problem that means they’ve killed people. We want to stop them before that happens. The fact that the alpha has a pack means that he’s bitten people. And that alone gives us enough of a reason to kill them. Everything else is just extra incentive to kill them.” Kate said as if that was the most obvious thing in the world.

“How… how did you know that?” Stiles asked. “How did you know the alpha was a male and that he had made more. They could’ve been already made.” Stiles asked.

“Oh sweetie… Derek and I have a lot of history. I know about his family and their deaths. Biting them would’ve been the only way for him to have a new pack.” Kate explained. “But that is a story for another time.” Kate said with a laugh. “I’ll give you until tomorrow to come back. Otherwise I’ll tear that school apart to find the two you’re with. Then I’m sure the others will try and rescue them but they will fail. The end result is the but that way could get a little messy.” Kate shrugged.

“Messy like killing a family of werewolves and innocent humans in a house fire?” Stiles snapped before he could stop himself. He braced for a strike.

“Ah… So that’s what this is about.” Kate said taking a step back. “You don’t know the whole story, Stiles. And I’ll be happy to tell it to you when you come home. As you pointed out if your little friends see me it could raise some questions neither of us want to answer on a whole moon.” Kate with a smirk. “So I’ll be off. I think I hear them coming. I’ll see you tomorrow Stiles.” Kate said patting his cheek. She disappeared around a different rack before Lydia ran around the corner.

“Stiles! Don’t run off like that!” Lydia said storming up to him. She looked him up and down wrapped her arms around him. “Are you okay?” Lydia asked in a whisper.

“I’m fine… I’ll… I’ll tell you later.” Stiles said hugging her back. Allison and Danny rounded the corner a minute later.

“Are you two okay?” Danny asked. He was pushing a little cart full of clothes.

“Yeah… We’re okay.” Lydia said rubbing Stiles’s back. “Stiles just got an important, private call. He reacted strongly. Now… Onto shirts and then onto Allison’s clothes.” Lydia said letting him go.

“Sounds good to me.” Danny said with a smile. Lydia started walking off. Allison waited a moment looking at Stiles in concern before she followed Lydia. Stiles followed after her and Danny squeezed his shoulder comfortingly. “Don’t worry. Whatever happens we can get through it together, as a pack.” Danny said with his little half smile.

“I know.” Stiles said and turned his head away. They rejoined the girls and it wasn’t long before they had found new shirts, both long and short sleeve, for Stiles. After that they moved onto Allison’s wardrobe.

Stiles stayed out of that one as much as he could and kept back a bit. Danny was not so lucky and was the deciding factor on more than a few choices. Her wardrobe took a lot longer to decide but once Lydia was satisfied they went to check out. They had agreed to stay at Lydia’s for the night. Allison didn’t want to wake her folks by coming in late and the others didn’t want to interrupt wolf
pack bonding time.

They set up a sleeping area that looked more communal than Stiles or Allison had been expecting. “Aren’t you two going to come down here?” Lydia asked when she settle in the pile of blankets that was to be their bed.

“Umm… Why isn’t there an actual bed?” Allison asked. She and Stiles were standing off to the side in their sleeping clothes.

“Because this is more friendly. I just spent the last five hours insulting both of your clothing choices. This is my way of making up for it. Trust me it is comfy. Allison, are you cool sleeping next to Stiles and me? Or would you rather be on the end?” Lydia asked making some room.

Allison shrugged, “What the hell. If Stiles is okay with it then so am I.” Allison said sitting down next to Lydia.

“I’m okay with it… But Lydia, can I make a call really quick… it should only take a minute.” Stiles asked.

“Sure, here. We won’t start the movie without you. Danny’s still making popcorn so it’s cool.” Lydia assured handing him the phone.

He smiled and nodded his thanks before stepping out on the front steps to call. He pressed the name and waited for him to speak. “Hello? Lydia, are you alright?” He asked.

“Derek? It’s me. We need to change the plan.”

Chapter End Notes

PLEASE READ!

Hello again everyone! I know I have been gone for a long while. In fact I missed the first birthday of this. By now we’re at like a year and a half so… YAY! Thank you to everyone who has stuck with me through the lack of updates and the reveals and crappy grammar. Seriously! I’m going to go back and re edit those first few chapters, because… oh my gosh, how did any of you survive that?!

But I digress. College started happening then I started writing an original book. That has been where most of my focus has been. But now it is done and I am editing it, which I swear is taking longer than writing it. The summary of it is

"A Mage, a magic user named Korrin, is hired by the king to help find an ambassador with the prince, Zayne, and prevent another war. Along the way to finding the ambassador they must deal with a killer who is only killing Mages, his mother and Death, and an ex-lover that doesn't want to let him go, all the while he is trying to keep his own secrets at bay when they may be the only thing that will keep him alive. Can he do it, probably. Can he do it in five days so a war doesn't start? That’s where things get difficult."

I know that was a lot but does it sound interesting to you guys? It's a fantasy adventure with a hint of mystery and gay romance. The lead is gay and there are all sorts of genders and races and just a whole bunch of diversity in the book. It will be called "A
Loving Wrath" by Roxanna Hart.

But now that it's mostly done I can go back to this one without having other things to worry about. Thank you for reading... Both this and the fic. YOU ALL MEAN SO MUCH TO ME!!
Full Moon

Chapter Summary

The wolves' night of the full moon starts off a little rough but puppy piles solve everything.

Chapter Notes

PLEASE DO NOT HATE ME!! I'm so sorry for how long it took me to update. I was in college and that was more important I am sorry to say. Now I'm out for the summer and starting a new job so I should have more time to write. I'm going to post them as soon as they are written. We are getting down to the final stretch here and this is a nice chapter before all hell breaks loose... Enjoy.

No TW for this chapter...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Derek rolled his eyes, “Erica watch where you’re walking. Scott pick up your stuff. There, problem solved.” He walked over to Ethan and Aiden and put a hand on their shoulders. “The humans are out for the night to bond and we’re going to bond with our new wolf pack mates. So let’s start dinner.” Derek squeezed their shoulders then let go and turned to the kitchen.

No one followed Derek into the kitchen at first. “Whoever doesn’t help, doesn’t eat.” Derek said calmly. That made the kids scramble to the kitchen. Peter lazily walked up to the twins and watched the young wolves in the kitchen.

“Wonder what we’re going to have…” Peter mused and the twins looked at him.

“What do you mean? Don’t you guys know?” Ethan asked.

Peter shrugged, “It helps get out some aggression if we argue about the food firstly. I’m sure we’ll end up doing all of it.” Peter walked by them and into the kitchen, “I’m in the mood for steak, anyone else?” Peter called to the wolves who were searching through the cabinets.

“I’m thinking pasta.” Derek called out instead. That started out a conversation of whether steak or pasta would be better. The argument for steak was it was delicious and they were wolves, that night more than most, and the argument for pasta was they would need the carbs after lacrosse and for the full moon. Ethan and Aiden stayed to the side of the kitchen without voicing an opinion.

Until Scott asked for their opinion, him being on the pasta side of the argument. Ethan was all for pasta but Aiden then said he could go for a steak, he’d never had a cooked one. All of them got real quiet and Ethan elbowed him in the ribs.

“No, Ethan, we get a say in this too,” Aiden said instead of the apology Ethan probably expected.
“He’s right,” Derek said with a soft smile. “Which means we’ll make both.” He assured pulling out the noodles. Peter opened the fridge and pulled out quite a few steaks. “Let’s get started.” Derek said which made the others jump into action.

They started pulling out pans and pots and all sorts of spices. Ethan and Aiden didn’t know what to do so they just moved out of the way when the others moved around them. That was until Erica grabbed Aiden and pulled him over to help her and Boyd season the steaks. Scott then started handed Ethan a bunch of spices and started instructing him on what and how much to put in.

It wasn’t necessary for them all to stay in the kitchen once things were under way but none of them seemed like they were leaving any time soon so the twins stayed in the kitchen as well. One of the things they noticed was how touchy everyone had gotten.

Erica kept brushing against everyone. Scott would give a dopey smile and touch their arms. Isaac was more skilled at being discreet and would brush up against people’s shoulders. Boyd seemed to be the most obvious in the fact he would just reach out and touch people. The older wolves were skilled at hiding it the best though. They would guide one of the younger ones and move to the next. Ethan and Aiden were not excluded from this touching either. The others would touch them the most.

Soon enough they started relaxing and joining in on the conversation. They asked about Lacrosse and they were more than happy to oblige. As the food was cooking it was agreed that later the twins would be taught Lacrosse and they would have a match in the woods.

When the food was done they all piled into the living room with their respective food. They made Ethan and Aiden sit in the middle of the couch. Derek sat on one side of them and Erica sat on the other side. Boyd sat on the floor resting in between Erica’s legs. Scott sat on the floor as well with the twins on either side so they were touching. Isaac was on the other side of Scott touching both Ethan and Derek. Peter sat in a chair with his foot right next to Isaac.

They settled in to watch a movie while they ate. Derek figured something calm like this would be good for the twins, this being their first full moon without Stiles. They seemed to be a little agitated but nothing too bad. Stiles mentioned they could control it but they usually used him as an anchor and Derek was curious what they were using now, or what they would use. But that was a conversation for another day.

Scott put on the first Harry Potter after Erica learned they had never seen or even knew who ‘the boy who lived’ was. Derek wasn’t surprised at this but the fact Erica made it seem like a big deal actually seemed to put them at ease. Derek wasn’t going to complain that Erica always put them into houses and he never got a say in the fact she always put him in Hufflepuff.

Things seemed to be going well. The twins were engrossed in the movie and hardly seemed to notice that the moon had risen until they were into the second movie. Then they started shaking their heads and rubbing their chests.

“Stiles…” Ethan muttered his eyes closed. Derek glanced at him, then to Aiden.

“He’s… he’s hurt.” Aiden said, his eyes were also closed.

“We have to go,” they said at the same time. Their eyes snapped open, glowing blue.

“No, I’m sure he’s fine,” Derek said putting a hand on each of them. He let his eyes bleed red. That didn’t seem to help. If anything it only made it worse. They jumped up, knocking over Scott and Isaac, growling the whole time.
“We have to go, now.” Aiden repeated through fangs. He and Ethan started edging their way towards the door. But the others were up in an instances. Gold eyes and fangs bared to stop the other two. Peter slipped out of his chair and stood in front of the door. He wasn’t wolfed out in the slightest.

Derek stood up, “Enough.” He growled. The gold eyes all glanced at him then back to the blue eyes. The twins seemed less certain now but they didn’t back down. “I’ll give Lydia a call and she can hand the phone to Stiles and that’ll prove he’s fine.” Derek said grabbing his phone.

He called Lydia, she was number two on his speed dial. It rang twice before she picked up, “Derek what’s wrong?” she asked immediately.

“The twins say Stiles is in trouble and I just want to assure them he is fine.” Derek explained calmly.

“Of course…” Lydia said then paused. Derek did not like the silence on the other end of the line.

“Lydia? What’s up?” he asked and all the others tensed.

“Stiles isn’t around…” she answered. Then a little quieter they heard her ask, “Danny, where’s Stiles?” Derek couldn’t hear Danny’s reply but then Lydia said, “No I didn’t get him from the dressing room. I went to go get more jeans. I thought you stayed back with him.”

Danny must’ve been closer because this time Derek heard him faintly say, “No, I went to put up the clothes we weren’t keeping.” The twins started to try and get to the door now. They hadn’t attacked anyone yet but they seemed to be more agitated now.

“Shit…” Lydia swore. Derek knew if Lydia swore something could be majorly wrong. She only swore in desperate times. “He must be back by the dressing rooms. Give me a moment. Danny, is Allison with him?” Lydia asked.

Derek’s breath caught. It was seeming more and more like maybe something had happened to Stiles. He didn’t like the fact the twins said he was in trouble and now no one had eyes on him. That was the wrong thing to do. The twins lunged for the doorway and the others jumped to stop them. The twins weren’t in their right minds or Derek had no doubt they would’ve won. The twins had been trained to fight and they had used that training whereas his beta’s had only had some training.

He was glad Lydia wasn’t shy when he heard her shout, “Stiles! Allison! Excuse me ma’am have you seen two dark haired teens around here? We’ve lost our friends…” There was a pause where the lady was probably answering. Then Lydia said, “Thank you.”

Derek was watching the fighting carefully. It didn’t look like the twins were going for the kill, they were more likely just trying to get away. “Ethan, Aiden, stop this!” Derek growled. He was hoping to calm them enough they could talk to Stiles but it didn’t work.

“Stiles! Allison! Where are you guys? Are you alright?” Lydia yelled. She was probably trying to panic but Derek could hear her voice was higher.

There was another pause, then Stiles was on the phone, “Hello?” He asked and sounded nervous.

“Stiles? Are you okay The twins started going berserk! They said you were in trouble.” Derek shouted over the growls to be heard.


The twins must’ve realized he was talking to Stiles because they stopped fighting for the door and
started trying to get to Derek. “We were getting along fine, then all the sudden the twins said you were in trouble and they had to get to you.” Derek said focusing on avoiding the claws going for his legs. “What happened?”

“I had a panic attack. I’m fine though.” Stiles explained. Derek didn’t like that at all.

“Why? Are you okay?” Derek asked. He knew this was a bad idea. He also knew that giving Stiles up was going to be a lot harder than he first thought. Seeing the twins desperate to get to Stiles stirred Derek’s own protective instincts, especially on the full moon. “Do you need one of us to come down there? I can be there in a moment.” Derek assured.

“No, no…” Stiles dismissed him, “I’m fine. It was… It was nothing, on overreaction where are the twins? I need to talk to them to calm them down.” Stiles explained.

“I’m putting you on speaker phone. They won’t calm down and even after I used my alpha eyes on them.” Derek put the phone on speaker then threw it closer to the twins, “Ethan, Aiden! It’s Stiles!” he called. His betas let the twins go as they started to softly talk to Stiles.

Derek walked closer to Peter and the door wanting to give them some privacy. He should’ve known that was a bad idea but somehow he thought his uncle was going to not going to comment. He was wrong of course. “Well that was fun…” Peter muttered watching the twins. Derek grunted but didn’t actually comment. “You know… letting the boy go might not be a good idea.” Peter said actually looking at Derek now.

“And why’s that?” Derek asked. He needed someone to justify it to him because there was no way he was going to be able to convince himself.

“Aside from the fact they are murderous, abusive psychos the twins will need him. They can obviously still feel him as their alpha and you know better than most that that feeling doesn’t just go away. He’ll need to be around for them to transfer over to you. Unless you both were alphas here but that seems like it would be pushing it this soon.” Peter said more to himself.

“What do you mean?” Derek asked. He wanted Peter to explain. Whenever Peter had an idea it was best to get the details before something happened and it was too late.

“I mean that I saw that look when Stiles was speaking. You were frightened. You think you can let the boy go but it’s not going to be that easy. You have already become so attached to him in the short time he’s been with us. There’s no way you’ll be able to get those amber eyes out of your mind and I refuse to let you relapse into a deep depression when I can stop it this time.” Peter explained putting his hand on Derek’s shoulder.

Derek didn’t respond. The twins seemed to be saying good bye to Stiles and they would need to settle back down. He would’ve suggested a run if it weren’t for the Argents more than likely hunting them.

Peter squeezed his shoulder and leaned in to whisper, “And there’s the small factor of Stiles being the sheriff’s son,” before he walked back over to the couch.

“What?” Derek asked in shock. But Peter was already over with the others and taking the phone back from the twins. He walked over as well and wondering what Peter knew.

Derek couldn’t deny that Stiles was smelling different. And yeah, maybe it was a slightly familiar scent but how could Peter say that with such certainty. Peter wasn’t one to say things lightly. He would rather keep quiet than say a theory he believed in, most of the time. Derek didn’t believe this
was one of the times he was saying a theory.

“We’re sorry,” the twins said in unison. They had their heads bowed.

“It’s fine. You were worried about Stiles. I’m glad you two have such a close bond with him.” Derek said with a small smile. He ruffled both of their hair. “Let’s get back to movie. Maybe afterwards Erica can tell you what house you’re in or you can explain why I’m a Hufflepuff.” Erica burst out laughing at that and the tension seemed to lift.

Scott brought over some blankets and Isaac and Boyd went to make a bunch of popcorn. This time they settled down differently. Derek sat on the floor with his arms around Ethan and Aiden. Boyd came back in the lay on the couch and Erica laid on him. Scott snuggled up to Aiden and Isaac came back in and snuggled up to Ethan.

Ethan and Aiden felt a little out of place, especially after their outburst. But the others seemed not to mind. They were all happily munching on popcorn and watching the movie. Ethan and Aiden watched the movie but didn’t dare ask for popcorn until it was offered to them. But after that they had to be given their own bowl because they liked it so much.

They were on the fourth movie when they started dozing off. The twins seemed like they wanted to continue watching but they had both curled around Derek and were blinking very slowly. Derek smiled and was petting them gently.

It seemed like they were going to have a quiet night in until Derek’s phone rang. It was Lydia’s ringtone. They all looked at him with concern as he got up carefully. Scott moved in to his place and the twins curled around him. Isaac moved to lay in between his legs with his head on Scott’s stomach.

Derek gave a reassuring smile and went out the door. The night was cool and he didn’t stop until he was outside and could see the moon. He answered the phone but before he could say anything he heard Stiles say, “Derek? It’s me. We need to change the plan.”

Derek let his eyes bleed red, “I’m listening.”

Chapter End Notes

Well... Hope you enjoyed that because ‘fit hits the shan' in the next chapter. A little update on my life to explain why it's been so long. Like I mentioned college came first because I was a junior and now I'm a senior. I'm hoping to have this completed before school starts again. I can't really see that being too big of an issue but anyone who has been here a while knows deadlines and me do not go well together. But that is the plan.

Ok, another little update on my book "A Loving Wrath" I need beta readers or critique partners. If anyone is interested leave me a comment and I'll get back to you. Its a fantasy adventure book with a lot of representation. I believe I posted the summary a few chapters back if you want something more in detail. Any help would be greatly appreciated. It is fully complete and a first draft. I know some things will be changed but I need a diverse opinion.

Thanks and sorry once again for the long wait!
Plans Are Put Into Action

Chapter Summary

Stiles and Derek get into a situation. Lydia, Danny, and Peter put their plan into action to get them out.

Chapter Notes

I'M NOT DEAD! I'm so sorry guys. I just got done with the chapter at 4 in the morning and I pretty much passed out. Now I'm posting it and hoping my computer doesn't crash, again. But I'm hoping to make up the long wait by having this be the longest chapter to date. It is exactly 7,750 words, or 16 pages. I think my last record was 14 pages. But anyways. We are getting close to the climax, like one more chapter. A lot happens in this chapter, but it's all set up for the next few. If my predictions are correct I'm thinking three to four more chapters.

Now, I want to thank everyone who has commented and specifically bloodyhamster and Rocky514. They got into a civilized debate/discussion about my story. I'm glad that I provoked you guys that much to leave the comments then to respond to each other. I didn't want to comment on the thread because it was a discussion. But I hope I can continue to provoke thought and encourage comments on this. I love reading them and answering questions.

Now, enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Derek didn’t go back in until they had a plan all worked out. It was a stupid plan but it just might work. He would go over it with Lydia later to work out any of the bugs in the plan. When he did go back in he saw the wolves were all curled up together and asleep. He smiled and threw a blanket over them. Then he got into a chair next to them and tried to get some sleep as well. Tomorrow was going to be a stressful day.

The next day he woke up as the young wolves had to get ready for bed. Since they all had clothes over at the apartment they waited until the last possible moment to get ready. They all said good bye to the twins and Derek as the headed out the door. Peter just smiled and waved at them.

“I’m going to go pick up Stiles. I’ll be back shortly. Peter, make some more bacon, the betas ate all but like three pieces. I’m sure Ethan and Aiden are still hungry and I know Stiles will be.” Derek said eating one of the three pieces of bacon as he grabbed his car keys.

Derek drove to Lydia’s house. He cursed to himself when he saw he was almost out of fuel. Stiles was expecting him so he didn’t want to stop beforehand but he didn’t like the idea of stopping once Stiles but he didn’t think he was going to get a choice in the matter and he liked the idea of having to walk the distance with Stiles even less than he liked stopping with him.
He had just pulled up to Lydia’s house when Stiles stepped out. He was carrying a lot of bags and Derek opened his trunk for him. Stiles loaded up his bags and got into the car with a huff. “You shouldn’t have made me go… I can’t keep that stuff.” Stiles

Derek shook his head, “We can figure that out later but I was not going to be the one to face Lydia’s wrath by telling you no.” Derek said pulling away from her house. “We have to stop and get gas, or else we’re not making it back.” Derek told him.

“Are you sure that’s a good idea?” Stiles asked looking over at the older man.

“No. But I don’t think you walking in the streets would be better. So for now that’s all we got.” Derek said shaking his head. “I’m going to the one near here. It’s kinda out of the way so we shouldn’t see too many people.” Derek explained pulling in the gas station a few minutes later.

“Because nothing goes wrong in out of the way gas stations…” Stiles muttered sarcastically looking straight ahead. Derek shot him a look but didn’t say anything. He got out of the car and went in to prepay. Stiles laid his seat back, he hadn’t really slept last night. He kept thinking about what he had suggested. He was confident it would work even if Derek was less confident.

Derek walked back out and began filling the tank. So far they were all good, which of course meant someone pulled up right in front of him and right behind him, effectively trapping them. Derek tensed and glanced at the vans. A few guys got out of the vans and Derek knew they were in trouble.

“Hey sweetie, long time no see,” the voice said. Derek’s head snapped to the woman getting out of the passenger seat.

“Kate,” he growled. His eyes glanced to Stiles. He was sitting wide eyed in the front seat.

Kate followed his gaze. “Oh Stiles, why don’t you get out of the car… make this easier on him,” she said lazily. She drew a gun and discreetly pointed it at Derek.

Derek didn’t move even when the pump had finished. Stiles slowly got out of the car. He avoided his cousins and moved over to Kate’s side. “Good boy. And good job in finding the pack. Sending you to school was the best decision we’ve made in a while.” Kate mused rubbing his head. “Now, you’ve just got to tell us who they are and we can clean up his mess.” Kate said with a smile that Derek wanted to look away from but couldn’t.

“Or, we could just kill the alpha and the pack would fall apart.” Stiles suggested quietly.

“Sweetie, if we did that then the alpha power would just go to another one. We’ve got to take out the pack if we want the town to be safe.” Kate explained walking up to Derek. “But… if we didn’t kill you until last then we wouldn’t have to deal with a new alpha and you could feel each of them leave you…” Kate said quietly in Derek’s ear.

Stiles didn’t get a chance to say anything before one of the men hit Derek in the back of the head with a crowbar. “Sleep well, puppy.” Kate said as Derek crumpled. “You too Stiles,” she said glancing over her shoulder. Stiles didn’t have time to react before his nose and mouth were covered with a rag. He inhaled in fear and the world started to go hazy. He really hated chloroform.

Derek woke up with a start and he didn’t know where he was. He whipped his head from side to side and realized he was in a cell of some sort. But that wasn’t what caught his attention. What caught his attention was the figure, chained just outside of the bars.

Stiles’s arms were chained together and attached to the ceiling. Derek couldn’t tell if he was awake or not. Derek could tell that he was stripped to just his boxers and had some new bruises on his face
“Stiles,” Derek said quietly. “Stiles,” he said a bit louder. He tried to get closer but he was chained to the back wall and couldn’t get very much closer.

“So much for our plan…” Stiles mumbled. Apparently he was conscious.

“It was a stupid plan. Are you hurt badly?” Derek asked. He knew it was a stupid question but he needed to know how bad of shape they were both in.

“I’ve had worse,” Stiles answered. He turned to look at Derek now. Derek sucked in a breath. Stiles’s eye was swollen and his lip was bruised, there were bruises around his neck as if someone had grabbed him.

Before Derek could comment on the fact that it didn’t really answer his question the door at the top of the stairs opened, Stiles didn’t look up but Derek squinted against the light and growled at the figures making their way down.

“Well, well, well… I’m so glad my grandson was returned to me relatively unharmed. Thank you Mr. Hale.” Gerard said in a kind voice. It would’ve made a bigger impact if he hadn’t been holding a knife as he said it.

Kate smirked and the other lady had a grim expression on her face. “These are the things Allison has been associating with?” she demanded.

“Well… more than likely just the humans of the pack but yes,” Kate answered.

“It was just the humans,” Stiles said quietly. The lady backhanded him with no warning and Stiles stumbled to the side, held up only by the chain.

“Now, now Victoria, Stiles is only trying to help,” Gerard assured. “He wanted to let you know he’s the only one that has been dirtied by the wolves. Allison is fine.” Gerard then walked over to the bars and Derek growled at him. “You’ve grown up since the last time Derek,” he mused.

Derek didn’t say anything, he only growled and changed his eyes to red. Kate smiled and pressed a button. Derek felt like his body was on fire and remembered why he didn’t like electricity. “Now, now puppy…” Kate tutted as the power was shut off. Derek grunted and tried to stop convulsing.

“You see Derek, I thought Kate and I had taken care of this little problem back in the day but she has reminded me that we let you and your sister live. I know your sister has been taken care of which would’ve just left you but you had to go and drag others into your little mess, children for heaven’s sake. You really are a monster.” Gerard shook his head and turned to Stiles.

Stiles looked down. He didn’t want to do this. “Who are the wolves Stiles?” Gerard asked. Stiles didn’t respond. Gerard put the knife under his chin and made him look up. “We won’t hurt the humans if you tell us the wolves. Otherwise we’ll have to go through the humans to get to the wolves and we both know that would get messy.”

Stiles looked at Derek. Derek looked up at Stiles with wide eyes. Stiles looked back at his grandfather. “I… I don’t know their names…” Stiles said quietly.

“Aww, Stiles we know that’a lie,” Kate said walking up to him. “You were out with the humans… I’m sure Mr. Alpha over there wouldn’t have let you out with them if he didn’t trust you at least a little, I’m sure that means you know names,” she said patting his cheek.
Stiles glanced away from all of them. “Please, Aunt Kate, they haven’t done anything. They should just be left alone.” Stiles begged quietly.

“Stiles, you know we can’t just let them go. They could hurt people. We’ll let you keep your puppies though. I’m sure that’s got to make you want to tell us.” Kate said sweetly.

“Why would he want that?” Derek asked gruffly. “They’re free now.” Derek growled. Kate smirked at him and pressed the button again.

Derek’s body started convulsing again. Stiles refused to look at Derek. Kate pressed the button and Derek gasped. Gerard removed the knife from under Stiles’s chin, “We could always just ask Allison who she’s been hanging around,” he suggested.

“No. Allison is not to be involved in anyway.” The lady, Victoria, said sternly. “We have kept her out of this and even though she’s trained I will not have this be here first mission.”

“Alright… but what about the other one, Matt? He’s been trained as well hasn’t he? And I’m sure he’ll be able to give us names.” Kate asked glancing back at Derek. Derek for his part growled at her. She smirked but didn’t press the button again.

“We’ll have to wait until they get back from school though. His parents entrusted us with him for the time being and I will not have their schooling interrupted because of you.” Victoria spoke again.

“Very well, Victoria. When the children get back we’ll explain the situation to Matt.” Gerard said calmly. He put a hand on Victoria’s shoulder an gave it a little squeeze. “Now, come upstairs. We have some plans to make.” He said turning and walking up the stairs. Victoria followed him but Kate stayed back a moment.

“Eventually Derek, I want to know your thought process when you decided taking a hunter would be a good idea.” Kate said shaking her head. “And Stiles, thanks so much for the info, I know running into yesterday was an accident but I’m glad you were able to give me some clues.” She glanced over at Derek.

Derek was looking between them with distrust. “What? He didn’t tell you we ran into each other? How else did you think I found you? That was the only street he could remember so we started patrolling it. I’m glad or else the rescue would’ve taken a lot longer.” Kate mused as she undid Stiles’s cuffs. “I’m sure you’ll be glad to be out of these.” Stiles fell to the floor. Kate just watched him fall. “I suggest answering Matt’s questions. There is something wrong with that boy… and that should mean a lot coming from me.” She shook her head. “We’ll talk later, puppy.” She waved and headed up the stairs after her father.

Once the door had shut again Derek stopped glaring at the door and turned his attention back to Stiles. Stiles had just crumpled and hadn’t really moved. “Stiles… Stiles, please move.” Derek said quietly.

Stiles didn’t move for another few seconds but slowly he lifted himself to his arms and then to his knees. “I’m sorry…” He said quietly. He started crawling over to the side and Derek watched him curiously. Stiles moved a piece of equipment and pulled out something Derek couldn’t see. He crawled back over this time all the way to the bars. “Here…” He slid the thing over to Derek.

Derek got it with his foot and brought it the rest of the way. It was a key. “Where… Why was this over there?” He asked maneuvering it so it was in his hands. He started trying to unlock the cuffs.

“I… I didn’t like when the twins would have to stay chained up so I hid the key and told Kate I lost
it after a hunt… I was punished but it worked… The key stayed hidden and Kate gave me another that she keeps with her unless she’s given it to me before taking it back.” Stiles explained.

“Oh…” Derek said. The cuff popped off and Derek started working on the other side. Once it was off he shuffled over to Stiles and handed him back the key before he started rubbing his wrists. “You wouldn’t happen to have the keys to the cage would you?” Derek asked looking around.

“No… And it looks like they’ve been changed. Probably after Peter got the twins out.” Stiles admitted, his voice sounding tight. He was gripping the key tightly.

Derek watched him for a moment before he reached out and gently touched his shoulder. Stiles flinched back and looked around wildly. “Stiles, it’s okay…” Derek lied. It really wasn’t. Nothing about this was okay, he was in a cage and Stiles was back in the hands of his abusers. “It’s just me… I’m not going to hurt you…” Derek spoke slowly and softly, the way he would if Isaac would be triggered and be back in the basement.

“It’s not okay…” Stiles shook his head and moved to hide the key again. When he moved back over to Derek he leaned against the bars. “I have to get you out of here. The others don’t stand a chance without you…” Stiles muttered. He wished he had more confidence in Lydia. But he needed to work on getting Derek out no matter what she said. This wasn’t the plan.

“I know… but they don’t know who the others are, do they?” Derek asked. He had been unconscious longer than Stiles so he really had no idea if Stiles had told them. For all he knew Stiles told them and that little display was just to lull Derek into a false sense of security to get him to reveal more. Derek shook his head and regretted even thinking like that. From all that he’d seen Stiles was loyal but hadn’t actively tried to get information, unless it was really obvious of an attempt.

“No… they don’t.” Stiles said. Derek let out a breath, he wasn’t lying. “But… I-I don’t know if I’ll be able to keep it that way.” Stiles admitted. “I… I’ve never dealt with Matt. I know how the others operate.”

Derek was starting to feel sick and he wished he hadn’t eaten all that bacon. “I won’t let that happen.” Derek growled.

Stiles looked over at him and let out a bitter laugh, “Says the guy in the cage.” Stiles muttered. “I don’t think you’ll really get a choice in the matter. Unless you want to tell them who your pack is.” Derek bristled at the thought. “Yeah, didn’t think so.”

“Stiles… I’m sorry.” Derek said, “I… If I hadn’t interfered…” Derek said but Stiles shook his head.

“If you hadn’t interfered I wouldn’t know that werewolves don’t have to hurt people. I would’ve gone on killing innocents without even knowing.” Stiles said interrupting him.

“Oh… Well what are you going to do now?” Derek asked. He leaned against the bars right next to Stiles.

“Oh, I’m still going to have to kill… But I’m going to try to stop them from wiping out entire packs.” Stiles admitted. “I’ve told you, I can’t leave them… But if I get you out you can take your pack and leave. I can distract them to give you guys a headstart. We won’t stay here for long after that then you guys can come back.” Stiles said turning towards him.

“Stiles… This is my home… I ran away once, I won’t do it again.” Derek told him slowly.

“But do they feel the same way?” Stiles said suddenly angry. “Would they be willing to die if all of you were out of danger? Why can’t you just save them?” Stiles demanded turning on him.
“Stiles,” Derek began but Stiles grabbed him by the front of the shirt.

“No. It’s my turn to speak.” He growled pulling Derek right up to the bars so they were nearly nose to nose. “They are depending on you to save them. I’m going to go against my family for you because I believe in them and you want to throw it away for a piece of property?” Stiles shook him harshly. “Show some leadership and save them.” Stiles growled.

Derek looked at Stiles with wide eyes. Then Derek’s eyes softened, “Alright, Stiles, we’ll leave. I’ll keep them safe.” Derek promised. He didn’t tell Stiles that when the pack was safe he was going to come back for him. That would’ve just caused him to argue some more and Derek wanted to keep him calm. Causing him more stress in this stressful environment wasn’t a good thing.

Stiles let out a breath, “Thank you… They haven’t done anything…” He sagged against the bars, Derek moved so Stiles was leaning more on him than he was on the empty air, putting less of a strain on Stiles. “I’ve only ever wanted to help people.” Stiles admitted. “I though that’s what I was doing.”

“I know Stiles.” Derek tentatively reached up and started petting his hair. When Stiles didn’t comment on it Derek had to hold back a smile. Stiles seemed to have exhausted himself. He was still awake but he was just calmly leaning against Derek.

“Do you think I’ve helped anyone?” He asked Derek after a few minutes. Derek wouldn’t have thought about it too deeply if he hadn’t felt the tear drop onto his hand.

Derek turned around and gently lifted Stiles’s head so they were looking eye to eye. There were unshed tears in Stiles’s eyes but his breathing was calm. It briefly made Derek wonder how many times Stiles has had to keep his tears back or silent for him to be this good at it. “Yes.” Derek answered honestly. He used his thumbs to gently wipe the tear tracks from Stiles’s face.

“Yes, you have.” He repeated. “Not all of us are good, just like not all of us are bad. If you got a call about something happening then I’m sure you helped the people out there.” Derek didn’t mention that by going along with his ‘family’ that he was helping himself. That didn’t make him selfish, which made him a survivor.

“But I’ve hurt people too…” Stiles said quietly. He let his eyes fall away from Derek.

“We all hurt people… whether we want to or not.” Derek said quietly. “Before I was an alpha my eyes were blue, like the twins. That means I’d killed an innocent. I had been young and the bite hadn’t taken… she was in so much pain and it was my fault so I ended her pain.” Derek explained slowly. He swallowed thickly. His pack, minus Peter, didn’t even know that story.

Stiles looked back up at him. This time it was Derek’s turn to look away. He looked back up when he heard Stiles chuckle. “Apparently we hurt people.” Stiles said shaking his head.

“Unfortunately that’s called life.” Derek said chuckling as well. He let his hands drop from Stiles’s face. “And we’re all just surviving through it. Sometimes badly… but, sometimes not so much. You wanting to save the pack proves you’re not a monster, not like your family. I promise you Stiles.” Derek said earnestly. “If they even are your family.” Derek muttered as an afterthought.

“What? Derek we’ve been over this. They-” But Stiles stopped when Derek shook his head.

“I know what you’ve said but Peter brought it to my attention. Some things are adding up.” Derek insisted. “You’re scent changed-”

“I already explained that to the twins. That’s what happens when you’re around other people.” Stiles said sitting back a little.
“No, that’s not really how it works. I mean yes but not completely. You’re thinking it’s like someone who wears perfume everyday then suddenly they stop so they smell different. But it’s more like someone’s house. You go into someone’s house and it has a distinct scent. But if that person moved the house would still smell like that for a little while. That’s what seemed to be happening to you. The perfume was coming off and the house smell was coming through.” Derek explained slowly.

“I still don’t see how that makes a difference.” Stiles admitted. He was getting slightly worried. Sure, he was realizing his family probably wasn’t normal but he was still a part of it… but maybe he wasn’t supposed to be. Stiles refused to think ‘hopefully he wasn’t supposed to be.’

“It wouldn’t really except we recognize the scent that is coming through.” Derek explained. He was getting excited. If, and that was a big if, Stiles wasn’t actually an Argent like Peter suspected then they could make at least two people very happy.


“You smell more like the Sheriff than the Argents. And… you even kinda look like Claudia.” Derek admitted. Granted he had only met the woman as a small child but the Sheriff in his drunken confusion had said her name and it made him remember.

She and Talia had been good friends and Claudia was always willing to play with the young wolves. She had such pretty amber eyes… those almost same eyes were now looking at him like he was crazy.

“Who’s Claudia?” Stiles asked with a raised eyebrow. Hadn’t the Sheriff said that name, he wondered.

“She was the Sheriff’s wife before she was killed. Her… and her young son.” Derek took a breath. “Only, the son’s body was never recovered. It was written off as he was so young and small that his body was completely destroyed. Then a couple weeks later… my-my family was killed in a fire so the investigation moved on…” Derek said slowly.

He looked up at Stiles whose breathing was coming in short breaths. His eyes were wide and his hands were clenched at his sides.

“That… that doesn’t prove anything.” He growled. He didn’t want to believe it. But the evidence was really stacking up against him being an Argent. He didn’t get to say more though because the door at the top of the steps slammed open.

Victoria stomped down the steps followed by Kate and… Chris? Stiles scrambled away from the bars when he saw what Victoria was holding, it was one of their high powered shock rods. She violently opened the door and before Derek could react she pressed the rod into his side. Derek seized up but Victoria didn’t let up.

“Stop,” Stiles said quickly getting to his feet. He was caught by Kate and held up. “Stop it you’re going to kill him!” Stiles said louder. He was weakly trying to get away from Kate.

“Who are the wolves Stiles?” Kate demanded. She had one of his wrists in her hand and she started grinding the wrist. “Now Stiles.” Stiles still didn’t say anything. “You think they’re all good?” She asked harshly. “Chris play the voicemail.”

Chris held out his phone and pressed play. “Hello there Argents, I’m one of the humans in the wolf pack whose leader you currently have. And we want him back.” A female voice he knew to be Lydia’s said through the phone. “But we know that’s unlikely so we have a little bit of incentive for
you. We have Allison. And if you don’t believe me try calling her. She won’t answer but she’s unharmed.” Lydia’s voice sounded cold. It was giving Stiles chills. “We want to trade. Allison for Derek. Should be simple enough, but I’m only going to do the trade with Stiles. You see he may be a hunter like you but I know that he’ll at least make sure Derek will make it here alive otherwise you don’t get Allison. Where is here you might ask… Well… I’ll call back at five to tell you. But until then I’d prepare to leave. Because once we have our alpha back you will be leaving.” And then the phone hung up.

“Who was that?” Victoria demanded. Stiles looked at the time on Chris’s phone. It was three thirty. Stiles swallowed thickly and looked at Derek.

“Her name is Lydia. She’s like she said, a human in the wolf pack.” Stiles said slowly.

“How do they have my daughter?” Victoria growled.

“I don’t know, but she did say that Derek had to be alive!” Stiles said once again trying to get out. “So stop shocking him!” Stiles shouted at Victoria.

Victoria pushed the rod harder for a moment before taking it off Derek. Derek lay on the ground convulsing. Kate let him go and he rushed over to Derek. He was still convulsing but now he looked like he was trying to glare up at Stiles. Stiles took a breath, and pushed up Derek’s shirt. His skin was very burned and Stiles bit his lip. He looked over at the others.

“I… I know where they’re going to be…” Stiles said slowly. “We can go early and trap them.” Stiles said standing up.

“Oh? And why would you want to do that?” Kate asked. “You were just against giving us anything.”

“They hadn’t done anything before that. But they just kidnapped Allison, I’m pretty sure that means they’re a threat now.” Stiles said firmly.

“Fair enough, I think Stiles should take point on this one.” Kate said with a smile.

“He knows the most. I think dad will agree.” Chris said putting his phone away.

“Good, com’on Stiles. Let’s go make a plan.” Kate said turning and heading up the stairs. Stiles looked down at Derek one more time before he followed Kate up the stairs. Victoria shocked Derek once more before she followed them up. Chris was the last one up and he shut the door, leaving Derek in pain and in the dark.

Lydia got the text she was dreading around noon. All Peter’s text said was, “They’re not back. Plan B.” Lydia was afraid that was going to happen. She put her phone away and turned to Scott who was talking to Allison and Isaac.

“Scott, is your mom working tonight?” Lydia asked sweetly.

Scott stopped talking and looked at her. “Yeah… she works most nights.” Scott said slowly.

Lydia glanced over at Danny before looking back to Scott. “Let’s all go over to your house and play video games tonight then.” Lydia said. Scott’s eyes widened slightly but then he nodded, they only used Scott’s house when the apartment had been compromised. “Good. We’ll meet you there. Allison, can you come with me?” Lydia said grabbing her hand.
They stood up and Jackson, who had been talking to Matt, looked over at them. “Where are you going?” He asked.

“To the bathroom Jackson, ladies don’t like to go alone. I’ll see you tomorrow. I won’t be able to come over tonight.” Lydia said leaning down and kissing his forehead. She pulled Allison along with her.

“I’ll see you later Matt, see you in chem Scott and Isaac.” Allison called as Lydia drug her out of the cafeteria.

“Or you won’t.” Lydia said taking her to her locker. “We’re ditching the rest of the day.” She said with a smile.

“What?” Allison asked in confusion.

“Yup. Don’t worry it. It’s scarilily easy to leave here. Grab your stuff.” Lydia said. Allison looked concerned but Lydia didn’t really have time to coddle her. The other wolves would meet them at Scott’s house before one. She needed to get there first.

Allison grabbed her things then looked to Lydia for direction. “Come on. The bell’s about to ring, after that we’ll leave.” Lydia explained. They were going to exit out through the field and she didn’t want to risk this being one of the first times Coach was actually in his office to see them.

They went to the bathroom and Lydia started putting on her lipstick again. “Lydia, what’s going on?” Allison asked after they heard the first bell.

“A lot of things…” Lydia said touching up her lips. “I’ll explain everything once we get to Scott’s.” Lydia promised.

“Why are we going to Scott’s?” Allison asked clutching her backpack tighter.

“Because that’s a central location, his mom is cool with all of us coming over.” Lydia assured. The second bell rang and Lydia counted to ten then walked out of the bathroom with Allison following her.

“That doesn’t really answer my question.” Allison mumbled. They walked out the locker room door and they saw Coach yelling at some freshmen to run after than his dead grandma.

“I know it doesn’t. But if I answered you right now you wouldn’t get in my car.” Lydia said walking over to her car. “Get in the car and everything will be explained.” Lydia promised. Allison looked concerned but opened her door and got in. Lydia got in the driver’s seat and pulled out of the parking lot. Luckily the drive wasn’t that long. Lydia didn’t exactly like the glances Allison was throwing her.

They pulled up to Scott’s house and Lydia took out her key, but Scott opened the door. “Scott? How…” Allison looked at the driveway, only Lydia’s car was in the driveway.

“That’s part of the explanation.” Lydia assured pushing her gently into the house. Isaac was sitting on the couch. Erica and Boyd walked in back door, Erica was picking leaves out of her hair.

“What are we doing here?” Erica asked plopping down next to Isaac. Boyd sat on the arm of the couch next to Isaac. “And what is she doing here?” Erica pointed at Allison. Scott stood slightly in front of Allison.

“Where’s Danny?” Lydia asked ignoring their questions.
“He wanted to grab something.” Erica shrugged. “He said he’d be here soon.”

Lydia sighed and shook her head, “Fine. I guess that’s fine. Allison we need your help.” Lydia said sweetly.

“What?” Pretty much everyone in the room asked.

“Derek has been taken. We need to get him back. But to do that we Allison.” She said talking to the wolves.

“Wait, who’s Derek? And why do you need me? And not, like… the police?” Allison asked taking a step back.

“Because this isn’t really a police matter.” Lydia answered.

“Are… are you guys like, the mafia or something? What do you mean ‘isn’t a police matter?’” She took another step back.

“I mean the people who took Derek are hunters. Because Derek and most of the people in here are werewolves.” Lydia explained.

“Lydia!” Erica growled. Allison looked between them, “What are you doing?” Erica demanded walking up Lydia. Lydia barely spared her a glance.

“What? Guys… this isn’t funny…” Allison said in a weak voice.

“It’s not supposed to be. Your family is hunters. They hunt supernatural creatures and they kill them. Scott, show her please.” Lydia said coolly.

Scott looked concerned. But after a moment he turned around and wolfed out. He turned back to Allison. She stared at him for a moment then she started shaking her head. “Nope, no, no, no, this is not happening. Werewolves are not real, this isn’t happening.” She shut her eyes. “Nope, did you guys drug me? Is that why I’m seeing this?” Allison demanded.

“No, we didn’t. And we wouldn’t have shown you this unless it was absolutely important. We won’t be able to save Derek without you.” Lydia said gently. Allison went down to her knees, shaking her head.

Isaac went over to her. He may not like her all that much because she was taking all of Scott’s attention but he knew this was a lot. Derek hadn’t been all the gentle when he was tell Isaac the first time either. He hadn’t meant to but Isaac had freaked out as well. And it looked like she was starting to have a panic attack.

“Allison… look at me.” Isaac said gently. He knelt down in front of her. “We know this is a lot. But don’t worry, none of us are going to hurt you. Look…” Isaac wolfed out as well and Allison looked up slowly.

“Oh…” She said quietly. She reached out and gently touched his face. He smiled and stood her up. “This is a lot…” Allison said looking at the others. Scott was back to normal and went over to her. Isaac stood on one side of her while Scott stood on the other side.

“I know.” Danny said coming in the front door. Allison jumped at his voice. “Lydia and I had trouble with it too. Lydia had a little less of a time grasping the whole supernatural thing than I did. She was attacked by a werewolf and turns out she’s a banshee. You know, females that can find the dead. I had a little bit of a harder time. I wasn’t attacked or anything but Lydia needed some help so
she sought me out.” Danny explained. He handed Lydia a phone. “It’s a burner for when we call.”

“Good. I was just getting to what the plan actually was. Like I’ve said, Derek has been taken, along with Stiles. They are being held with the Argents. But it’s unlikely they will let either of them go without proper motivation… That’s where you come in.” Lydia said turning towards Allison. “Congrats. This is now a hostage situation.”

“What?” Everyone but Danny asked.

“We are going to use you to trade for our alpha. I’m hoping Gerard will want you more than he’ll want Derek.” Lydia explained.

“And… and if he doesn’t?” Allison asked in a high pitched voice.

“Absolutely nothing, like I said. We’re not going to hurt or harm you in any way. This is just a ploy to get Derek back. It just happened to be that using you is the best way to do that.” Lydia explained. “We just need you to chill out here then we’ll make the exchange.” Lydia said taking a seat. She adjusted her skirt and Danny sat on the armrest next to her.

“What are the rest of you guys going to do?” Allison asked. “You know, during the exchange?”

“Lydia and I will be making the exchange.” Danny said. “Then you’ll go over to your father and he’ll get you out. The rest of us either leave peacefully with Derek.”

“Or we fight.” Lydia cut in. “We’re anticipating a fight.”

Erica and Boyd wolfed out. “Those hunters won’t know what hit them.” She said cracking her knuckles.

“No, you guys can’t fight them.” Allison said shaking her head.

“Sorry no can do.” Erica growled. “They’ve hurt our alpha and they will be shown no mercy.” She said glaring at Allison.

“No, I don’t mean you shouldn’t, I mean you can’t. You won’t win. I’m pretty sure I’ve been trained as a hunter and I didn’t even know this was a thing.” Allison insisted. “Basically they’re an army. And you guys are a bunch of teenagers.” Allison said gesturing to all of them.

“We have a bit of a secret weapon. If nothing else it will give us some time to escape.” Lydia said with a shrug. She was seeming nonchalant about this but in reality she was terrified. She, Danny, Stiles, and Peter had come up with this plan. Derek didn’t know and she had no idea how he would react if he thought Stiles was selling them out.

Of course that wasn’t the actual plan Stiles didn’t sell them out. But there was still a wild card element that Lydia didn’t like. She liked knowing what was going on and because Peter insisted on being secretive she didn’t know what he was doing. He had just told her that if Plan B was enacted he would meet them there. Lydia didn’t like that at all.

“I need to go make a call.” Lydia said shaking her head. It was two forty-five. Their plan was supposed to take place in a few hours. She had to set them off for it to work. The others looked at her but no one stopped her as she walked across the room and out the back door.

She took a breath and dial Chris’s cell phone. No one picked up. Good, she had been needing to leave a voicemail anyways. “Hello there Argents, I’m one of the humans in the wolf pack whose leader you currently have. And we want him back.” She began sweetly. “But we know that’s
unlikely so we have a little bit of incentive for you. We have Allison. And if you don’t believe me try calling her. She won’t answer but she’s unharmed.” Lydia said coolly. “We want to trade. Allison for Derek. Should be simple enough, but I’m only going to do the trade with Stiles. You see he may be a hunter like you but I know that he’ll at least make sure Derek will make it here alive otherwise you don’t get Allison. Where is here you might ask… Well… I’ll call back at five to tell you. But until then I’d prepare to leave. Because once we have our alpha back you will be leaving.” Then she hung up the phone. The location they’d agreed on was very out of the way so she didn’t have a fear others would stumble upon it.

She walked back inside and handed the phone to Boyd, “Crush this please, we don’t need them tracing us.” Lydia said. Boyd barely even hesitated before crushing the small phone. “Allison I need your phone.” Lydia said holding out her hand.

“Allison asked clutching it tighter as she stared at the plastic remains on the floor.

“I’m just going to power it down. I’m not going to crush it. We don’t want it tracked.” Lydia assured her.

Allison nodded but instead of handed Lydia the phone she powered it down herself. “That better?” She asked.

“Much. Now, we need to go get ready. I don’t know where Chris is or how long it will take them to get there but we need to be ready before they do.” Lydia said clasping her hands together.

“Where are we going?” Erica asked, back to human.

“It’s a place you all should know well. Derek trained you there.” Lydia said with a frightening smile.

When Derek didn’t come back in a timely manner Peter knew something was up. When he didn’t get a call or text from Derek explaining why he was late he knew something bad had happened. Peter sent the text to Lydia telling her to start Plan B then he sent one to Chris saying they needed to meet up. Peter knew Chris would be wary considering they were most likely behind Derek’s disappearance but he got a reply saying they could meet in their usual spot in about an hour.

Peter told the twins he would be back then left to go meet Chris early. If nothing else Peter would be early but he was almost positive it was in case anyone else got ahold of the phone. They would either think the meeting place was an hour away or they would think he wouldn’t be leaving for an hour.

When he got to the clearing he stayed out of sight. It was only about ten minutes later he heard Chris making his way to the clearing as well. He wasn’t trying to be sneaky and Peter imagined it was because Chris figured he was already there. “Peter, it wasn’t my idea.” Chris said to the clearing.

“I know.” Peter said stepping out into the clearing. “It was luck on their part. We had planned on them to be taken this weekend.” Peter admitted walking over to him.

“What?” Chris asked in disbelief.

He stood still as Peter walked around him. “Yup, you see we know this is going to come to a head, and we want it to be on our terms. So we made a backup plan, last night actually. Stiles had a Plan A which none of us figured would work then a Plan B that was so crazy it just might.” Peter stopped in front of him.

“What was this Plan B of your’s?” Chris asked rolling his eyes. Peter could tell he didn’t believe him.
“It’s simple. A hostage exchange. We get Derek and you get your daughter back.” Peter had barely finished the sentence when he found himself on the ground, a dagger to his throat, and Chris on top of him.

“What?” He growled, pressing it harder into Peter’s throat.

“The others have her. She’s being well treated and informed of your lifestyle. Trust me, Scott at the very least won’t let any harm come to her.” Peter explained calmly.

Chris loosened his grip a bit and Peter took that opportunity to flip them. Chris landed on the ground with a hard, “oof,” and Peter knocked the knife away.

“But ya see… Lydia isn’t expecting this to be anything less than a blood bath and frankly so am I. But unfortunately I’ve grown attached to this little pack Derek and I started so I want to do everything in my power to keep it as intact as I can. That’s where you come in.” Peter explained calmly. Chris wasn’t trying to fight. He was just listening.

“You are going to be our secret weapon. If you truly want to escape or change the Argent name then help me take them out. I don’t really care how you do it either. Whether you sabotage the weapons or make them stand just out of reach of each other I really don’t care. As long as I can finally get my revenge for them taking my first family and prevent them from taking my second.” Peter said with a smile.

“And if I refuse to?” Chris asked with no real heat behind his words.

“If you’re foolish enough to risk Allison’s life, and I know you’re not, then I’ll just take you out of the equation.” Peter held up a hand and watched his claws grow. He put them to Chris’s neck and applied a little bit of pressure. Only the slight uptick in Chris’s heartbeat showed he was afraid. Peter chuckled and shook his head. “Nothing? Really? I liked you when you were a lot more expressive.” Peter rolled his eyes.

“I’ve grown up since then.” Chris muttered. He was starting to be very uncomfortable with Peter on top of him.

“Hmm… I wonder if I can make that stony exterior fall…” Peter mused. He moved his hand so it was no longer just his claws on Chris’s neck but his whole hand. This time he felt Chris’s breath stutter a bit. “Oh, so you still like this.” Peter commented and applied a little bit of pressure.

Chris started to try and get Peter off of him. It didn’t really work all that well though. Peter tightened his grip on Chris until he stopped fighting so much. He let up when Chris stopped. Then he took his hand completely off Chris and stood up. He brushed himself off and held out a hand to Chris.

Chris was breathing heavier than normal but he took the hand. There was no use in being petty with Peter involved. “You know… you’re not really going to have a family after today… I’m sure if you help us Derek wouldn’t be opposed to you and Allison joining.” Peter said with a smirk.

“I can’t. I still have Victoria and there’s no way she would join.” Chris said shaking his head. He moved away and started brushing himself off.

Peter’s eyes flashed blue, he really hated that woman. “Nor would she be invited.” Peter growled.

Chris walked up to him and patted his cheek. “Then you know my answer.” Chris said with a sad smile. He turned to grab his things.

“I know her, Chris. Tell me, do you think she’s going to leave with Allison like you’re probably
wanting? Or will she be on the front lines right next to Kate, ready to die to wipe out the werewolf threat?” Peter asked in a hard voice.

Chris’s grip tightened on his bag. “Do not threaten my wife, ever, but especially when you’re asking for my help.” Chris growled.

“I was simply asking a question.” Peter bit back. “You’re going to get a call from an unknown number. Don’t answer it but play it back later, around three or three-thirty, that is if you’re still willing to help.” With that said Peter turned and ran back to the apartment. He needed to get the twins before they left. He got back to the apartment in record time.

“What’s wrong?” They asked in unison. They were sitting on the couch as if they were watching TV but it wasn’t on.

“Where’s Stiles?” Aiden asked. He stood up.

“And Derek?” Ethan said standing as well.

“We’re going to go get them. He and Stiles have been taken by the Argents.” Both boys bristled at that. “But don’t worry. A plan is already in motion to get them back. I need your help carrying some things down.” Peter said simply. “We’re going to set some traps in a train station.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys so much for reading. We are getting close to the end, and more importantly the climax. Secrets will be revealed and loyalties will be tested... Thank you all for reading please review!

PLEASE READ
My book, which I've now settled on the title of A Hidden Wrath, is very close to being published. If anyone would like to be a beta reader or would like a final copy so they can write a review and kinda spread the name please email me at v.wilson2464@gmail.com.

Summery
Korrin is a Mage for Hire, meaning people can hire his magical talents. One day he is hired by the Royal Family and must help Prince Zayne locate the ambassador from I-Otoore before either side decides to declare war. Unfortunately that gives them a little over five days to do so. Along the way they run into Korrin's mother and her husband, Death, Korrin’s ex-lover, and a group of assassins known as The Seven Deadly Sins. Korrin must keep the prince alive and keep his own secrets hidden for this mission to be a success. Can he do it, absolutely. Can he do it in five days, that will be a bit more of a challenge.
Confrontation

Chapter Summary

Lydia, Peter, and Stiles put their plans into action. Then some others find out about Stiles...

Chapter Notes

PLEASE DON'T HATE ME!! I'M NOT DEAD!!! I'm so sorry guys. I had planned on having this thing fished months ago. But now it's been over two years and we still have two, three chapters at most to go. I'm so sorry it's my senior year of college and school just kicked my butt so I was not able to sit down and write like I wanted to. I hope this chapter isn't too much of a let down. ((You finally get to begin to see why I tagged it BAMF Melissa)) I'm going to try and get the next chapter out within the next few days, I'm sorry. I hope I still have fans out there even though I've been gone for six months. But for now, enjoy...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles didn’t like this. He hadn’t expected Kate to give him control like that. He had thought he would give his opinion and be shut down until one of his cousins said nearly the same thing and was listened to. But nope, Kate had convinced Gerard that he was the best person to lead the group. And the insane part was, Gerard had agreed! That is how they ended up here.

They pulled up to the old train station right around five. It was at that point they got a text from Allison’s phone that said ‘Train Station 5:30.’ Apparently Lydia hadn’t wanted to call and wanted them to know she wasn’t bluffing. Stiles’s plan had also been simple. And for being his first mission to lead they were okay with simple.

Only a few people would even go into the train station itself. The others would be guarding the exits hoping to get the wolves before they got in or after the attack if they tried to escape. The ones going in would be Stiles with Derek on a leash, Kate, Gerard, Chris, Victoria, and three of his cousins. That would leave seven to be out and guarding the perimeter and exits.

Stiles was able to convince them Derek had a small pack, Danny and Lydia whom Kate had seen, and three others wolves. Stiles told them not to worry about the twins fighting because if he told them not to then they wouldn’t. Then he added that they probably didn’t even trust the twins enough to have them there.

They were going to put Derek in a mountain ash circle until they were actually ready for the exchange. Derek of course didn’t know this and was chained and gagged in the back seat of the van. Stiles didn’t like the way Kate was touching him but he couldn’t really tell her to stop. Chris had driven and now they were just checking their weapons before they went in. Stiles had a tranquilizer on his belt and he was the first to get out of the car.

Kate tugged Derek out of the car by the leash. Stiles tried not to think about the painful collar on
Derek made with mountain ash to keep him from shifting. She handing him the leash and grabbed her gun. After checking it she smiled and started towards the station. Derek didn’t look at Stiles and Stiles didn’t blame him. For all Derek knew Stiles had sold them out.

Stiles took a small breath and followed Kate in. He was sure Derek would’ve fought more except for the small hope that this went smoothly. Derek didn’t know things were going to go bad as quickly as they would. Stiles was hopeful that even though the plan was chaotic it would still work. Once they were all in the station Stiles was pouring mountain ash around Derek as slowly as possible. It was going to start any minute now.

“I see time means nothing to you people.” A voice from above said. Stiles stopped pouring, Derek was nowhere near trapped, but he didn’t move yet.

“You must be Lydia.” Gerard said. She was sitting on top of a train car. His cousins trained their guns on her. “We see you don’t like specified times either.”

She just shrugged. “It was my time to set up. I see you brought my alpha.” She said standing. Her outfit looked amazing. She had on a black mini skirt and tight, dark red tank top paired with combat boots. She had bright red lipstick and the wings on her eyes looked sharp enough to kill. She didn’t try to get down, she just stood up.

“We did, alive. Where’s Allison?” Gerard asked. He didn’t want to wait but he also wasn’t used to dealing with a teenage girl like this.

“She’s here don’t you worry. Nice to see you again Stiles.” She called, giving him a wave.

“Yeah, nice isn’t really how I’d put it.” He called back to her. Stiles was near the back of the group. His cousins and Gerard were at the very front, with Chris and Victoria behind them and Kate the closest to him.

Lydia shrugged again, “You win some you lose some. Bring Derek over here please.” She called putting her hands behind her back.

“Not, until we have Allison.” Victoria called. Chris put a hand on her shoulder.

“Fine, Danny would you bring out Allison.” Lydia called over the other side of the car.

Someone who was definitely not Danny said, “Of course,” and then movement was heard. Stiles saw Boyd step out with Allison but he didn’t say anything about it not being Danny. Derek seemed to finally be taking an interest at the inconsistency as well.

“Stop.” Lydia commanded. “Stiles come forward. We want this to be fair after all. You both walk at the same time.”

Gerard, not liking that he wasn’t the one directing interrupted, “Hand Allison to Stiles and you can take the alpha. Then we’ll all be on our merry way.” Gerard instructed.

Allison had her head down as Boyd led her over. Stiles slipped the key to Derek as they started walking. “Get ready.” Stiles mumbled. Derek quirked an eyebrow at him but did his best not to react.

When they met in the middle Stiles noticed that definitely wasn’t Allison. Erica looked up at him and winked. From above something hit the ground and smoke was everywhere, Stiles could see a thing. Erica grabbed his wrist and pulled him towards the train car as shots rang out. Derek and Boyd weren’t over there with them but Scott and Lydia were.
“You okay?” She asked Stiles.

“I’ll live. You guys ready?” He asked pulling out his tranquilizer. Scott and Erica wolfed out and nodded.

“Stiles!” Kate called. “Little bitch is working with them.” Stiles couldn’t say he heard disappointment in her voice.

Stiles heard gunfire from outside too, “Goodie, right on time.” Lydia said with a wicked smirk. Scott and Erica dashed off at this noise leaving him alone with Lydia.

“What’s right on time?” Stiles asked peeking out. The smoke was starting to clear. Stiles couldn’t see any of his family, not that he thought they would be dumb enough to stay in the open.

“Back up… Or at least the distraction until backup gets here.” Lydia said with the same wicked smirk. Stiles shivered, he was glad he wasn’t against Lydia.

Stiles missed one of his cousins coming from around the other side of the car. It wasn’t until Lydia gasped that he turned around. He was holding Lydia around the neck with the gun to her head.

“Drop the gun.” He said pressing harder.

Stiles stood up and sat the gun on the ground. As soon as he was standing straight again Lydia smashed the heel of her boot into the top of his foot. Then she threw her head back crashing into his chin. He cried out in pain and dropped Lydia. Stiles took the opportunity to step in and punch the guy in the nose. This gave Lydia enough time to grab the tranquilizer and turn and shoot him, successfully dropping him.

They only had a moment to breathe before Kate was right in front of him. She grabbed him by the throat and kicked the gun from Lydia’s hands. “Sweetie, you know double crossing us doesn’t go unpunished.” Kate nearly purred. Stiles grabbed at her wrist trying to get her off his throat.

Kate slammed him against the train car and Lydia kicked at her knee. She grunted in pain and staggered a bit but didn’t let up. Instead she turned her gun on Lydia. Lydia jumped out of the way and with what little energy Stiles had he kneed Kate in the stomach. That did cause Kate to lose her grip of both him and the gun.

Stiles sucked in a breath and immediately went for her gun. She tried to slam him back into the car but her grip had faltered enough it was unsuccessful. Stiles wasn’t able to get the gun away from her but he was able to knock it out of her hands.

“I can’t believe after all this time you’ve betrayed us to the wolves.” Kate growled, almost sounding like a wolf herself.

“I had actually planned on this going smoothly.” Stiles growled back. “I hadn’t planned on joining them.” This was Lydia’s ideas. He had planned on getting Allison then going home. But when the chance came he couldn’t just give it up. After everything everybody had said, and the wolves treating him nicer than his own family he couldn’t just go back with them quietly.

“Well, looks like I get to have a bit of fun anyways.” Kate said roughly slamming him to the ground.

“Me too.” Derek said coming up behind her. He was completely wolfed out with his red eyes on Stiles. He grabbed Kate by the neck and slammed her where she had been pinning Stiles.

“Derek!” Stiles gasped in surprise. Derek raised his claws, “Don’t kill her!” Stiles said getting to his
“She doesn’t deserve to live.” Derek said. That was all the warn she and Stiles got before he slashed throat. The blood spray coated Stiles, who sat there in shock.

“Derek, we need to… Crap, I told him we wouldn’t kill.” Lydia said coming back around the train car stopping short. “It doesn’t matter, we need to go.” Lydia said stepping around Stiles and grabbing Derek’s arm.

“What? Why?” Derek asked calming down slightly. He glanced over to Stiles covered in blood spray, shaking on the ground.

“I Isaac just told me the police arrived. And I told the Sheriff that we wouldn’t be here when they got here,” Lydia explained. She tugged on Derek and he went with her. Stiles stayed on the ground.

“Stiles,” Derek began but Lydia shook her head.

“He stays here with the police. Don’t worry. Deaton will take care of it.” Lydia assured. Derek didn’t look happy about it but he let Lydia pull him away.

Stiles on the other hand was in shock. Yes, he had seen people killed and had killed people himself but this seemed different. This was much more personal. He’d never known any of his victims and here his Aunt, maybe Aunt, had just been killed by someone he knew and would hesitate to say even trusted. But with no remorse or care he had just cut her down. Stiles was vaguely aware of people moving near him.

“Son!” He heard someone call as a hand came down on his shoulder. Stiles startle and backed up towards the train car. He saw the Sheriff with both his hands up. “Son, can you hear me?” He help out a hand to Stiles, that was all it took. Stiles scrambled over into his arms. Startled a bit the Sheriff gently wrapped the boy in a hug. Stiles squeezed him tight and buried his face in John’s shoulder.

John gently stood up making sure not to let go of Stiles and started walking them to the door. He walked past the unconscious people and the old man and woman that were being arrested and went to Deaton in the back of an ambulance.

“Deaton…” The Sheriff greeted. Deaton smiled and nodded at the sheriff. He was holding an icepack to his head but looked unharmed otherwise. “Mind telling me what happened here?”

Deaton nodded, “Officially I was contacted by the Argents when Stiles here got injured, knowing that they couldn’t take him to a hospital and draw too many questions. That’s why I was here. They were tracking a…” he paused for a moment, “mountain lion when they ran into a few more. Apparently a few had been using the old train station as a den for quite a while when the Argents showed up.” Deaton explained calmly.

Stiles looked over at this man. He obviously knew what had actually happened but Stiles couldn’t determine why he was lying like this. “And that’s officially your statement?” The sheriff asked, holding Stiles a little tighter.

“Officially.” Deaton said with a smile. “And my other official statement is this boy needs to go to the hospital. By the way, hello Stiles, my name is Alan Deaton, I’m very good friends with Lydia and Derek.” Deaton said holding out his hand.

Stiles tentatively shook his hand, “Hello… and I-I’m fine… I don’t need to go to the hospital.” Stiles assured. The look the adults shared told him neither believed him. He had briefly forgotten he was covered in bruises and blood.
“Stiles, you are so far from fine… but don’t worry, I know the best nurse there and she’s already got a private room waiting for you. Don’t worry, you’re family is being taken care of.” The Sheriff assured. He had nearly snarled the word “family.”

Stiles couldn’t hold back the sob at this. He doubled his efforts of holding the Sheriff and sobbed into his shoulder. “Don’t worry son… you’ll be taken care of.” The Sheriff assured him. He rubbed his back as Stiles cried.

“We can take my car. I don’t think he’s going to let you drive.” Deaton said with a small smile. The Sheriff nodded. “I’ll pull around.” Deaton walked off leaving the two alone.

“Parrish!” John called at seeing the younger man.

“Yes sir?” Jordan Parrish asked walking up to them. “I’m going to be taking Stiles here to the hospital. I want the report brought there.” The Sheriff explained.

“Yes sir. I’ll be honest though sir, we’re all at a loss as to what happened so I hope the witnesses can shed some light.” Parrish admitted scratching the back of his neck.

“Deaton is going to drive us, I’ll get his statement from him there, but from what it sounds like these people are guilty of a lot more than just poaching.” The Sheriff said squeezing Stiles a little tighter. Parrish’s eyes widened slightly after looking at Stiles.

Deaton pulled his car around. “I want you to deliver the report Parrish.” The Sheriff said opening the door and helping Stiles in. Parrish nodded as John go in the backseat with Stiles.

It was a quick, quiet drive to the hospital. Stiles had stopped crying and was now just numbly leaning into the Sheriff. Deaton kept glancing back in the mirror to watch them, he agreed with Peter.

When they arrived at the hospital they were greeted by the alpha and humans. But the one who approached them was a darker skinned lady with her hair in a ponytail. “Hi there Stiles, I’m Melissa, Scott’s mom. We’ve got a room prepared for you hun.” Melissa said holding out her hand. Stiles looked lost but took the hand anyways. Melissa smiled and started walking.

“I’ll be right there.” The Sheriff assured. “Just give me a moment.” He turned towards the alpha. “What happen?” He asked sternly.

Lydia stepped forward, “A lot. But I don’t think right here is the best place to discuss it.” She answered. “We can talk about it in depth later. I’m betting Deaton and Melissa will be wanting an explanation as well.”

“Fine, but where’s the rest of them?” The Sheriff asked rubbing his eyes.

“Scott and Isaac went back to his house to get Allison—”

“Who’s Allison?” He interrupted.

“Our classmate whom we held hostage.” The Sheriff just looked on dumbfounded while Lydia continued as if nothing was out of the ordinary. “Erica and Boyd went with the twins to get everyone some fresh clothes before they’re going to come back here and Peter went to go get Chris.” Lydia said counting off on her fingers.

“Of course. And were any of you injured?” He asked. He figured they could deal with the rest of that when they came to it.
“No,” Danny said putting a hand on Lydia’s shoulder. “Nothing the wolves couldn’t heal from and we aren’t worse than some bruises and scrapes.” Danny assured.

“What do you have to say about all this?” The Sheriff asked turning to Derek.

“They were worse than I could’ve imagined. I don’t care what has to happen but Stiles is not going back with them I will rip out all of their throats if I have to.” Derek growled, his eyes bleeding red. Both Danny and Lydia put a hand on him.

Derek took a breath and his eyes went back to normal. “Don’t worry, they’re being arrested or have been arrested by now. He won’t be going back.” John swore.

“Good…” Derek’s eyes softened. “Sheriff… I think you should get a DNA test or something similar with Stiles. We were waiting for more proof but… we think Stiles is your son.” The Sheriff froze.

“What?” He asked very quietly.

“Everything fits.” Lydia assured quietly.

Derek grabbed the Sheriff right as his knees gave out. He helped John into a chair. “How?” John croaked out.

“There is no record of him, his scent is close to yours, he’s the same age… and the eyes… he has Claudia’s eyes.” Derek said kneeling in front of him.

“I thought I was imagining that…” The Sheriff said in a hoarse voice. Derek shook his head. The Sheriff broke down with his face in his hands.

“I want an explanation… John? Are you alright?” Melissa asked startling them all.

“Yeah… I just… maybe have some great news. How’s Stiles?” He asked wiping his eyes and standing.

Melissa leveled a glare at them, “I need answers.” She restated.

“I think we all do.” Deaton said walking in the front doors. Behind him was Peter and Chris. “And I think this man will help us with that.”

“I’ve got a private room near Stiles’s, follow me.” Melissa said turning on her heel and walking. No one dare argue so everyone swiftly followed her.

Once they were in the room Melissa leveled them with the glare again. Derek sighed and began to tell what he had done to kick all this off less than a week ago. Peter and John put in their two cents here and there but for the most part they let Derek talk.

Lydia took over when it got to the full moon and seeing Kate. She and Peter described the Plan A and Plan B and how they had kept parts of the Plan B from Stiles. They had to see where his loyalties would ultimately lie if push came to shove. And when he joined them with no fuss Lydia knew he could be trusted. Deaton’s part in all this was to show up and help the wolves take out the people up top and to run block with the police. People respected Deaton and would more than likely take his word more than they would Lydia or Danny.

Then they all turned to Chris. He sighed and explained what Peter had asked and ultimately why he had helped. He needed to right the wrong that had been done. He explained his doubts about Stiles being an Argent, which nearly brought the Sheriff to tears again. He lightly touched on what Stiles
had gone through, promising to go into more detail if a doctor needed it. Melissa had a stony expression and nodded. Chris went on to explain that he didn’t want this life for Allison and how no one should have to suffer like that. He wanted to bring his family to justice and planned on helping the police as much as he could.

“Chris, I’m going to have you talk to Stile’s doctor right now. We’ve put him under for now.” Melissa said when everyone was done talking. “But first.” She walked over to John and smacked him right across the face. Everyone was stunned for a moment but Melissa moved on and backhanded Derek. Peter flinched away from her but took the slap a well. Chris stared wide eyed as she moved to him and backhanded him as well. “All of you should be ashamed of yourselves.” Melissa said holding back tears. “None of you did the right thing here.” And with that she turned on her heel and left.

They stood there in stunned silence for a moment. Deaton gave them a once over then left himself. Lydia and Danny followed him out. The Sheriff was the first to recover, “Com’on Chris, we need to go find Stiles's doctor.” He said exiting the room. Chris swallowed and followed the sheriff out.

Derek sighed and walked back to the waiting room. The rest of the pack had arrived. “Where’s Stiles?” Ethan, Aiden, and Scott all asked at once.

“He’s resting right now…” Derek answered. “You can see him later, he’s fine though.” Derek assured. Or as fine as Stiles could be.

“Hi… I’m Allison.” A dark hair girl said. He had hooked her arm with Lydia and pulled Lydia closer when she spoke. “I’m sorry my family has caused you so much harm.”

Derek looked her up and down then he took a breath, “From what I hear you helped rescue me. So thanks.” Derek said trying not to sound hostile. He thought it must have worked because she smiled at him.

“So what now?” Isaac asked. He was sitting close to Scott. He’d been on the outside with Scott, Ethan, and Aiden. He had gotten cut but it was nothing too serious. Even so Scott had been the one to find and save him and since then they hadn’t been very far away from each other.

Derek sighed and fell into a chair, “Now… we wait.”

Chapter End Notes

I hope that wasn't too bad for you guys. I don't remember what my original plan was but I like this way. I've said it before and I'll say it again. I AM NOT EVER GOING TO ABANDON THIS FIC! I know the updates are slow and I'm sorry. I love all of you for reading it. From those who just started and especially those who have been here from the beginning. We're gonna get some recovery in these next two and we'll learn the Argent's fate as well. But there will be a sequel. That will deal with recovery, coping... and probably a pack of Alphas... But we'll have to see. Thank you all for reading. I hope you enjoyed the newest installment and please Review and Kudos.
Derek had never been good at waiting. He wasn’t good when he was waiting for news when his family burned, and Peter was in the hospital. He wasn’t good when he was waiting with his new pack when he bit them to make sure it took, or through their first full moon. And he wasn’t good at waiting now.

They were all in the waiting room. Scott was close and talking with Allison, probably trying to keep the poor girl calm, and Isaac was keeping close to Scott. Lydia and Danny were talking to the twins, assuring them everything would be okay with Stiles. Erica and Boyd were off to the side, closer to the door, keeping watch on the door.

Derek listened to them for a few minutes and when he determined they were fine, shaken up but fine, he stood up. He needed to get up and walk. He felt too antsy just sitting there. He felt the other’s eyes on him but he didn’t say anything and neither did they. He decided to get a snack when he rounded the corner.

He went to a vending machine farther down the hall, he needed a minute to breathe. Everything had happened so fast he didn’t know what to do. And being the alpha meant he had to know what to do. He knew Stiles wouldn’t be going back to the Argents. There was no way the Sheriff would let that happen. John could probably pull some strings and get the boys to stay with him until it was all sorted out.

“What’s the plan, Alpha?” Lydia asked. Derek stood up from grabbing a bag of chips.

“Stiles isn’t going back to them,” Derek said immediately.
“Obviously,” Lydia said as if the very idea was preposterous. “But, even after all of this, or maybe even because of it, there is no way Stiles will submit to you as the alpha. At least not without you acting like the Argents.”

“I know. He’ll challenge me at every turn.” Derek shook his head. “So we give him time. Take this at his own pace. And, I mean, you challenge me, so we know I can handle anything,” Derek said with a small laugh.

Lydia grinned. “That’s because I’m usually right,” she quipped back.

He couldn’t keep the smile off his face. “Fair point,” he agreed then his face fell. “We’ll get through this. We’ll help Stiles get through this,” he promised.

“Derek, I’ve got to ask. Why do you care so much about Stiles? He’s not technically part of the pack,” Lydia asked. He put a soft, comforting hand on his arm.

“I really don’t know. The pack, we’re kind of the poster children for family issues. So we all know what it’s like when no one is there for us. I don’t want Stiles to feel that. I don’t want him to feel alone if there is something we could do about it,” Derek admits. “If Stiles wants a place in the pack, even if he doesn’t know what that place is right now, I want him to have that option.” Derek looked at her. “Assuming you all want him in the pack as well.”

“Oh, of course, we do. It was you we were worried about. Pretty sure Ethan and Aiden aren’t going to give him much of a choice in the matter when it really comes down to it though. Danny and I have had to stop them from charging through the hospital to get to them. And they hate hospitals,” Lydia admitted.

Derek wasn’t all that surprised. Most of them hated hospitals, himself included. The only one he could think that liked them was Scott. He shook his head. “I think John is the same way,” he said with a chuckle. “But this will have to be Stiles’s choice. If he wants to join the pack he can but if he just wants to be friends with you at school and have nothing to do with me or Peter, or anything wolf related he can do that too.”

“Of course,” Lydia assured him. “I’m gonna head back to the others, take your time.” She gave his arm another squeeze and he caught her hand, squeezing it before she left.

“Thanks, Lyds, I’ll be back out in a while,” he assured. Lydia gave him a mock salute and headed back out to the lobby. He started aimlessly walking around. He needed to clear his head as much as possible.

He absently munched on the chips and it wasn’t until he was standing in front of the door did he realize where he had been heading. A quick glance down the hallway showed no one that would stop him and he pushed in.

Stiles was laying on the bed. He looked so… young, so small. Derek knew he was gangly limbs with a bit of muscle under the blankets but it didn’t look that way know. He shook his head to clear the thoughts of not only what the Argents had done to him but also what he had done to the boy. They put him under to run a few tests but also because Melissa said the poor boy looked like he could use some heavy sleep.

Derek sat in a chair next to the bed and threw away his now empty chip bag. Stiles was hooked up to tubes and wires and Derek had to take a breath before he moved again. Derek took Stiles’s hand after a moment and started to pull his pain. He sucked in a breath at the pain. Derek had no idea how long Stiles had been feeling this pain but he vowed then to do something about it.
Derek felt an overwhelming need to protect the kid. Because under the tough exterior and bruises Stiles was just that, a kid. Derek knew what it was like to be a kid and having no one, what it was like to have your life turned on its head. He wasn’t going to let Stiles go through that alone. He would protect him. He wasn’t lying to Lydia when he said it would be Stiles choice whether or not he joined the pack. But his decision would just decide how open Derek was about that protection.

The door opened and Melissa’s small, “Oh,” was the only thing that stopped him from whipping around with an excuse. She rested a hand on his shoulder and Derek was glad for the small comfort. “His vitals changed and I wanted to check on him. You know you’re not supposed to be in here right?” she said softly.

“I know,” Derek responded. He didn’t stop pulling Stiles’s pain.

“Der, I’ve got to ask. Why did you do it?” she asked. Her tone wasn’t angry, or even disappointed like Derek would have thought. She just sounded like a worried mother with hurting children.

“I’ve been asking myself the same question,” he admitted. “I was so angry. I’ve been getting my life back on track, with my new pack and things were looking good. But then Scott mentioned Argent and I saw red. I wasn’t going to let them take my pack away from me, not again. I wanted to hurt them like they hurt me.” He shook his head. “And then I went and hurt Stiles and I’m just like them.”

The smack to the back of his head was not what he was expecting. He glanced up at Melissa with a slightly guarded expression. “Oh, stop, that didn’t hurt but it did get your attention. You are not like them. To be like them you would have to hurt people continuously. You made a mistake. A mistake with quite a few unforeseen consequences but a mistake nonetheless. What those, I’m hesitant to call them people did was deliberate and repeated abuse. I’m sure you could never be that bad, no matter who it was. You are not a monster Derek, and you are nothing like them.” She gave his shoulder another squeeze as she spoke.

He sighed and looked back to Stiles. His breathing seemed more even now and Derek hoped taking his pain was helping. “What are you going to do now?” Melissa asked.

“I don’t know. I really don’t,” Derek said. He shook his head. “He won’t want to join the pack. He made that very clear before. But I don’t really think the others will not make him join. But it has to be his choice.”

“Things are different now. From what it sounded like he was always under the impression he would be leaving or killed so it would make sense that he didn’t want to grow attached. Things are so much different now,” Melissa pointed out.

“I know. But he’s so used to pain and you know I’m not exactly a nice guy,” Derek continued.

“You’re gruff Derek. There’s a difference,” Melissa cut in.

Derek had to let out a chuckle. “I just don’t want to cause him any more pain,” Derek finished.

“Then work on it. You’re not a mean person. Everyone will have to adjust. We were able to do this with Isaac we can do it now. You’ve got the full support of the pack on this, you’re not alone and neither is he,” Melissa assured him.

“It’s gonna be worse than Isaac,” Derek muttered.

“Oh, I have no doubt. But even still, the pack is bigger and better now than back then we’ll all get through this,” Melissa said. And with the way she said it Derek could help but believe her.
“Thanks, Melissa,” he said with a smile.

“Of course. But if you ever keep an injured person away from me again, Derek Hale, I promise you hunters will be the least of your worries,” Melissa warned.

“Yes ma’am,” Derek said with wide eyes.

She smiled. “Good, you can stay for a little bit longer but you really shouldn’t be in here when the doctor comes back.”

“I’ll be out in a few then back to the lobby,” he promised. “I just needed to clear my head.”

“Good, I know. I’ll let the others know you’re okay if I see them,” she said. Then she was out of the door.

He nodded then turned his head back to Stiles. Derek knew he’d have to go back out to them. He couldn’t avoid them and honestly he didn’t want to, he just needed a few more minutes to himself. Then the door opened and Derek once again thought he would have to explain himself but it was just the sheriff.

“Derek.” John nodded to him. “Melissa said you’d be in here.” Derek raised an eyebrow and gently let go of Stiles’s hand. John sat in a chair on the other side of the bed. “I passed her on the way in here.” Derek nodded.

They lapsed into silence for another few minutes. John broke it first. “I need you to be honest with me,” he began.

“Of course,” Derek responded.

“Stiles, you truly, you truly believe he’s my son?” John asked.

It was one thing to hear it from a young wolf, or his lying uncle, it would be something completely different to hear it from Derek with no outside influences. “I do. Everything lines up.”

John just nodded. “I just got done with Chris and the doctor. He’s been through so much. I, I don’t know how he’ll handle it,” John continued.

“Together, with the pack. He’s not going to be alone. I promise. However much or little he’ll want to see me or Peter he likes Scott well enough and Isaac knows a little of what he’s going through. He’ll have all of us,” Derek assured.

“Thank you,” the sheriff’s voice cracked with emotion.

“Of course, I’ll give you some privacy.” Derek stood. John didn’t look up as he left he only held on tightly to Stiles’s hand. This would be hard on him. They were going to have to help John as much as Stiles.

Derek didn’t necessarily want to go back out to the lobby but he needed to. In this time of struggle he needed to be with his pack, he needed to be the alpha of his pack. He walked back out to the lobby and the others glanced up at him. He sat down without saying anything. They all seemed to shift unconsciously closer to him. He took a breath, now all they could do was wait.
Chris didn’t exactly want the sheriff present while he was talking to the doctor about Stiles but he doubted he would be given an option. And he wasn’t. The man was there as he explained what he knew had happened to Stiles. When he was done they said they would have more questions, but for now, he could go. John stayed to speak with the doctor for a few more minutes.

Chris intended to go straight to the lobby where he knew Allison was waiting. He knew she now knew about everything he had been trying to stop her from knowing. He knew she would have questions and probably be a little more than shaken. He intended to answer any and all questions she had about this. But, his intentions turned out to be just that.

His arm was grabbed and he was pulled into an empty hospital room. As soon as the door was shut harsh and biting lips were on him. He responded in kind. After a moment, Peter pulled back and they were both gasping for a breath.

“What was that for?” Chris asked, between breaths.

“We won,” Peter said with a wicked grin. “We’re celebrating.” He went in for another punishing kiss but Chris stopped him with a hard shove. Peter barely stumbled but he did back up.

“You know this is all bittersweet to me, right?” Chris asked. All of this, not just Peter, was dragging up memories he’d been running from for so many years now.

“They’re your family, and they’re horrible people.” Peter shrugged. “Family is tough. And I have no sympathy for them,” Peter scoffed.

Chris didn’t say anything. He honestly didn’t either but he still needed to bring attention to it. He shook his and turned to the door. “I need to get to my daughter. And my wife, god knows what she’s thinking right now.” He shook his head. “You’ve taken down the threat, this is over.”

Chris didn’t have time to react as Peter grabbed his arm and slammed him against the adjacent wall. Peter pinned his wrists above his head in one hand, the other was around his throat, and his leg was between his legs with his thigh putting enough pressure on his crotch to be just this side of pleasure.

Chris struggled for a moment with no real heat until Peter applied more pressure to his crotch. Chris hissed and stilled in his grip. “I’m sure the others will want Allison in the pack. And even if they don’t officially make her a member I’m sure they’ll adopt her, they have a habit of doing that,” Peter nearly purred. “I’m sure Derek would warm up to the idea of letting you in as well.”

Chris’s breath hitched as Peter removed his hand and nipped at Chris’s neck. “My wife,” Chris began.

Peter bit him harshly, Chris sucked in a breath. “She is not invited,” he growled.

“I can’t leave my wife,” Chris insisted.

Peter licked the bite mark, the only mark that would bruise. “Sure you can.” He started rubbing his thigh, he could feel Chris getting hard. He smiled and nipped gently at his neck. “People do it all the time.”

“They’ll look, to Victoria to lead,” Chris began, trying to keep his voice even. “With Kate out of the picture, the mantle of leader falls to her.” He didn’t sound all that sad at his sister’s passing.

“Then let her lead,” Peter purred. She would need to be dealt with. After Chris was on board with the pack and this Stiles thing was settled. He’d worry about that later.
“She’ll need me. She wasn’t trained to lead like Kate was. The rowdier members might go against her. I need to be there to stop them.” Chris pulled in a stuttering breath. “But we will be staying in town.”

Peter pulled back to look at him. “Oh? Staying in town?” He stopped rubbing his thigh on Chris’s crotch but kept the pressure there.

“Allison’s made friends here,” Chris said. He hated both how weak of an excuse it sounded like and how tight his jeans now were. This wasn’t supposed to happen. This was supposed to be a fresh start. He was faithful to his wife, whenever Peter wasn’t involved that was.

“I’m sure that’s the,” the hand not pinning him cupped his crotch, “only reason you’ll be staying.”

Chris sucked in a harsh breath. “It is,” he growled.

“Well, if that’s the truth then we may as well end this on a high note,” Peter said, grinning like a madman. He slid down Chris’s body until he was on his knees. “I caused this, I might as well fix it.”

Chris’s breath stuttered but he made no move to get away. Peter’s hands were on his thighs, ready, but not touching. Not yet. “It’s only right,” Chris said, his voice rough. That was the only go-ahead Peter needed.

Peter swiftly undid the button and zipper and had both his pants and underwear down not a moment after Chris finished speaking. Chris felt like a teenager again. Meeting Peter in the night while he was patrolling or behind the school when they wanted a quickie.

Chris was taken out of his thoughts when Peter’s sinful mouth was on his cock, taking it all. Peter hollowed his cheeks and Chris knew Peter wasn’t going to go easy on him. He let his hand grip Peter’s hair harshly. Peter purred at the contact.

He started bobbing his head, sometimes taking all of Chris, sometimes only focusing on the head. He wasn’t sure when Christ took over, gripping his hair still tightly and fucking his mouth. Peter was more than happy to let that happen. It had been a while since he’d let anyone take control like this.

“I’m close,” Chris panted. At this, Peter took over again. He sucked Chris down and hollowed his cheeks. Then he pulled back and hummed as he did it over again. Only a few more bobs of his head and Chris was coming down his throat.

He swallowed it down, sucking him through it. Chris fell against the wall and Peter couldn’t help licking his lips. He pulled up the pants and underwear then stood. He was painfully hard but he gave Chris what could only be called a chaste kiss on the lips before stepping back.

“What about you?” Chris asked, glancing at his crotch.

“Leave it. This was to be good for you. Plus I like it when you owe me,” Peter growled almost playfully. “Besides, don’t you have a daughter you need to get to?”

Chris raised an eyebrow at him but adjusted his pants. “You coming too?” Chris asked with his hand on the door.

“Oh, I plan to. But I’ll be out in the lobby in a few minutes,” Peter said. He looked so proud of himself and Chris rolled his eyes, he’d walked into that.

Without another word he left the room and headed to the lobby. He was greeted by a pack of eyes focusing on him.
“Daddy!” Allison said. She broke away from Scott and rushed over to him. “Oh my God dad,” she whispered.

“I know baby, I know,” Chris said. He swallowed thickly. There was a lot she would need to be filled in on. He hugged her fiercely.

“Guys?” Melissa said. She peaked her head around the corner. Scott rushed over to her.

“Yes mom?” he asked. He glanced between her and the pack.

“They’re going to wake up Stiles. They say he can have one or two visitors at a time,” she said.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, okay, so thank you guys for reading. I'm so sorry for the wait. The next chapters will not take quite so long. I promise. But then there will be a hiatus before the sequel. I need opinions on that. I'm leaning Alpha Pack but if there are other suggestions then please let them be known. There will also be a lot of recovery in that one because as I'm sure everyone is aware, all these people need some of that!

Also, I'm going to be posting a The Flash fic about Metahumans being known and basically slaves. It will be slowburn ColdFlash because that is the newest thing I'm hooked on. I'm hoping to have it out this week. I've got the first chapter done. It'll be everyone in the Arrowverse, and a complete AU. If that sounds even vaguely interesting let me know.

AND THANK YOU FOR READING AS ALWAYS I PROMISE NOT TO BE TRASH I'M HOPING TO HAVE THIS DOWN BY THE END OF MONTH!! THANK YOU!!

End Notes

This get's worse before it gets better but I assure you it will get better. As always if you have read any of my others, or like Supernatural and want to check them out, I will hopefully be updating soon. Review and Kudos Please!

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