All Hale the College Life Under the Full Moon

by loco4lokisluciouslocks

Summary

Seven years have passed since I’ve seen him. Seven years, and not a single word spoken to me. I’m a college sophomore now at Beacon Hills University. I lost the nerd glasses, curly hair, and awkward walk; completely reforming my former high school self. So you would think that’d I’d moved on from my pathetic crush on the high school jock. But when he popped up outside my class in a black camero and looking all kinds of sexy bad ass; I was instantly in ‘lust’ again. But that wasn’t the only weird thing to of happened in the past few days. Not only has Derek Hale found his way back into my life, but I got bite the other night. And I haven’t felt quit right since; if the animalistic need to do ‘dirty’ things was anything to go by.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
I stared at the text book in front of me. The words where beginning to mesh together as I tried to focus on the damn thing. ‘Stupid history.’ I thought and banged my head on the table. I had never had such a hard time focusing as I did now. It was like my senses where on overload. The sunlight seemed too bright, small noises gave me headaches; I was craving a steak when I’m a damn vegetarian! I wanted to hide in my dorm room under the covers and never come out; but at the same time, the small space made me feel claustrophobic. My roommate breathed too loud and smelled awful. I know she showered, but damn she stunk. For the past few night’s I’ve settled for sleeping in my car, only to walk into the horrid room for clean cloths or supplies. I had been doing my homework and assignments outside on a bench far away from the ruckus of people but even then it didn’t seem far enough.

Giving up on getting anything done I slammed my book closed, instantly regretting it as the sound vibrated through my head, and jammed it into my backpack. I was skipping my English class, not in the mood for lectures today, and headed towards my room. My roommate would be gone; doing what ever the hell it is she did, meaning I would have the room to myself. I made my way across the campus in record time before reaching my building, pulling my key from my pocket, and rushing inside. I kept my head down and tried to avoid anyone who might be wondering the halls. Racing up the stairs to the fourth floor and making my way to my door. When I pushed it open the instant stench of my roommate slammed me in the face; causing me to take a step back. I coughed and took a deep breath before stepping in and slamming the door behind me.

Slinging my backpack on my pink bed I plopped down beside it and stared up at the blah white ceilings. My roomy (guess I should call her by her name), Allie and I actually got along. She was a lot like me and had become my best friend since my freshmen year here. We had decided to get two strands of clear Christmas lights in big bulbs that made the room look like moonlight and string them across the ceiling. The space was big for it to be considered a dorm room. We had matching bed linens, posting boards, bedside tables and jewelry hangers. My bed set on the left of the room while hers on the right. A small fridge decked out in zebra duct tape sat under our desk in the middle of our beds against the windowed wall. We had even had just enough room to bring in two small wardrobes, also painted pink and white zebra, and placed one at the end of each of our beds. Which also served to give us privacy if someone walked into our room.

Reaching into my pocket I pulled out my I-phone and looked at the time. 1 pm. I had at least two hours before people would start filing in to their rooms, giving me enough time to grab a mid-day shower and be out before anyone got back. Sliding to the floor I reached under my bed and grabbed my house shoes, straitener and blow dryer. I dug around in my wardrobe for cloths before settling on a black sweater dress that hugged around my butt and thighs. Normally, I’d pair it with leggings, but I was actually kind of warm. I threw all of my stuff in a ‘Pink’ bag, grabbing my shower caddy, and towel before heading out the door.

I didn’t feel alone as I made my way down the hall towards the ladies showers. My stomach felt like butterflies as I spun around to find no one and picked up the pace to the showers. When I was safely inside I locked the door behind me and made my way over to one of the shower cubicles, choosing the one furthest from the door with a wall on one side. I stepped in, closing the first stall door behind me. Turning the water on so it would create a steam as I stripped my cloths, placing them in the bag and setting my clean ones on the bench with my towel. I stepped into the scolding water, quickly turning it down to luke warm and scrubbing away the butterflies. ‘Damn him for showing up here yesterday.’ I thought as I raked my nails through my hair, digging into my scalp. Seven years and the man still sent me flying off my axis. I stumbled like a drunk, talked funny, and had a case of uncontrollable giggles anytime he came near me. Ah hell, who was I kidding? I had just seen him standing by his extremely gorgeous camero yesterday and I had tripped, dumping my books on the ground and falling face first on the soft turf. I had barley enough time to recuperate
before he was kneeling beside me, stacking my books, and handing them to me as he helped me back to my feet. My toes had instantly curved into the dreaded pigeon walk as I grew nervous looking into those same beautiful green eyes that had made me go ‘goofy’ all them years ago. I stumbled on my words as I tried, ‘T-thanks. Oh, umm Hi! Damn it, I mean thanks for helping me. I-I’ I giggled like a child being tickled to death. That’s what I did. Duh duh duh duhhhhhhh!!! Just like that I was back to being nerdy Juniper Hawthorne. Please, don’t call me that. I go by June. He just stared down at me, his frame towering over me, surrounding me. I liked it, but then again, I didn’t. It felt like he was, I don’t know, trying to intimidate me. To ‘dominate’ me for lack of a better word. But at the same time, I couldn’t help but to take in his much more grown up self. His jet black hair was longer than it had been, but kind of spiked in the front, he had lost any baby look he had had back when I knew him and instead his face was stronger. His cheek bones sharp with a strong jaw. Black stubble covering his jaw and above his deliciously full lips. My eyes trailed down to his wide shoulders leading down to an athletic waist and firm thighs and if I had to imagine, a really firm ass. And his smell! Oh gosh his smell. It was like camping outside in the open woods, with the faint scent of an overnight fire mixed with the cologne ‘Cool Water.’ It had always been his favorite.

He wore a black t-shirt with black jeans and a pair of black sneakers, no jacket despite the declining temps before stalking away. I watched as he walked away from me, and oh Gah; I guessed right; he did have a cute ass. It didn’t take anytime before he had reached his car; and before getting in, shooting me a death glare. Boy, had he changed! Not only did he scream hot and sexy bad ass, but he seemed to have the act down too before he sped off campus. Oh yea, Derek Hale was definitely back. And I was still ‘definitely’ pathetic. Seven years and he still made me go ‘goofy’. Hell, I had spent those seven years rebuilding myself so that someday, when that exact moment happened, I wouldn’t be the sad nerd in love with the jock who seen around her and to the blonde bimbo behind her. The blonde bimbo that I had tried to become in my transformation from Nerd to Flirt.

I had been clean an hour ago; but the water felt soothing and seemed to dull my overactive senses. Stepping out I grabbed my towel, wrapping it around me before leaving the stall with my beauty products. Sitting my stuff on the counter beside the sinks I glanced in the mirror. I had just gone in for a touch up four days ago, before my accident in the woods, and already my brunette roots had started growing out into the blonde. My normally green eyes where streaked with a bright blue. It was really neat looking, but not for me. My creamy skin seemed to darken a shade over night and my lips had gotten fuller. There where zip break outs (at least something positive was happening to me) on my face. I glared at the locked door in the mirror before dropping my towel.

I was no longer in need of a push up bra as my boobs seemed to fill out a whole cup size bringing them to a big fat B! Yes! I had B size boobies! And I thought I’d have to shell out a thousand for each of my girls to reach that blessed size. I trailed down my tummy that had grown taunter with muscle, pulling it in firmly and leading down to my hips that you used to be able to cut glass with. Now, they formed a nice gentle slope, giving me a tighter ass and wicked thighs. My calf muscles where no longer flabby and pulled tight giving them nice shape. I also felt a little taller than my average 5’5”

Plugging in my blow dryer and straitner; I began the daily ritual of becoming cake face. But the more I packed on, the more I grew disgusted with myself before rinsing the stupid foundation off. I settled for eyeliner and mascara that really made my changing eyes pop! I blow dried my hair and straitned it before packing up my crap and slipping on my lacy black panties with matching bra, (that was shrinking! YES!!!) and sweater dress that clung mid thigh.

Gathering all of my stuff I gently turned the lock on the door; the sound echoing through my head. I peeked out through the cracked door before poking my head out and listening for anyone. I decided the coast was clear and made my way down the hall and to my room. Today was Friday, which meant I usually went home and stayed with my parents over the weekend. I really didn’t feel like staying in my old room, which was now turned into my little sisters nursery, and getting up in the middle of the night to fight with a fussy three month old. I’d just rent a room or sleep in my car.
Hey, maybe I could go to the B&H Campground? There wouldn’t be many people camping there since it was late September with school in full swing. I shoved jeans, shirts, under ware, and various other outfits into my duffel along with all the necessities. Grabbing my computer bag, book bag, and duffel I left the foul room and rushed downstairs in a hurry; relieved when I breathed fresh air from outside again.

Chatter erupted as I rushed towards my car and people started filing out of the buildings. They where like cockroaches coming out of the woodwork.

“June! Hey June, wait up!” A male’s voice sounded behind me. Ugh!!! I stopped, still facing towards my car, and rolled my eyes as Sam rushed up behind me breathlessly. “June! Hey! Whoa, where’s the fire?” He asked placing a hand on my shoulder. I didn’t like how he touched me, even as simple as a hand on my shoulder, and pulled away to face him directly.

“Uhh, no fire. Just…anxious I guess. I’m going to visit my parents.” I lied.

“You’re never happy about going to visit your parents. Actually, you sort of like to blow them off.” He reasoned. Ok, so he did have a point. I dreaded going home most times and often opted for spending my nights back here at the really awesome parties, only to return at five in the morning; hung over, and passed out till noon. Of course, I didn’t always get drunk. I mostly just went to dance and mingle with friends. Anything to get away from the annoyance that was family and a three month old named Layla.

“Yea…I know. But they want me to babysit this weekend while they go do whatever other yuppie serenade they like to do.” I was getting really good at lying.

“Just tell them to shove it and come chill with us. I’ll even make you a margarita.” He offered, a huge smile plastered on his fake tan face. He huffed at the stray blonde strand dangling in front of his face. His eyes where blue and he had a dirty blonde scruff. I knew from many encounters of too much tequila dribbled over his washboard abs that he also liked to get stupid and talk girls into licking it off. I myself falling victim to that stupidity of Sam the surfer reject and into waking up next to a completely nude version of him. I might also say that the rug did NOT match the carpet. After that, I could never look at him the same. He was nice, but to damn stupid and saying ‘no’ to his idea of a date was the smartest thing I had ever done. I couldn’t imagine loosing my V-card to him. I think I’d have to take a daily rape shower if that ever happened. “Juanuue! Hey Junie Bear….are you still there?” He waved a hand in front of my face as he replaced his hand on my shoulder.

“Don’t call me that.” I said barely holding my bite back. He stopped waving his hand and looked down at me with wide eyes. “I’m sorry….I just….I can’t. Maybe some other time. Ok?” I offered before turning away and hurrying to my car.

“Yea! Ok! Text you later!” He shouted back. I waved my hand before tossing my crap in the backseat and getting in the drivers side of my Toyota corolla. The solar flowers in my window that danced with the words, Peace, Friend, and Love written on them doing little to make me feel better. And they always made me feel better! I was about to back out but stopped; feeling as though someone was watching me again. I looked around but found no one. The butterflies in my stomach returning as I backed out and rushed away from the school. I turned the radio on low, trying to cancel the stupid fluttery feeling, and rolled down the window as my heart begun to speed up. Really? This was just my luck.
I stared at the line of traffic ahead of me. No way was I getting out of here anytime soon. I had managed to get on the highway; my exit in sight, but was stopped about 200 ft from my destination by a rolled semi. I rolled my eyes and groaned before slamming my head against the steering wheel. ‘Will no one work with me?’ I asked, hitting my head against the wheel again. Damn it! I couldn’t believe the rate at which my week was going. Three days! Three days of pure miserable Hell!!!! What had I done so wrong to deserve this? Did I party too much? Get to many B’s? I was getting irritated listening to the horns blowing around me. Where these people so damn stupid to think that blaring horns and giving people headaches was going to move things any faster? My fist white knuckled as I grasped the wheel tighter as the annoyance of blaring horns continued to echo through my highly sensitive ears right now. I begun to sweat even with the windows down and turned on the air conditioning full blast. Pointing all vents towards me. 49 degrees my ass! It felt more like 79. I rolled up the windows to trap in the cool air and leaned my face closer to one of the vents. ‘Ahhhh’. I let out a deep breath soaking in the cool air as it soothed my rippling nerves. I turned the radio on low and listened to the voice of John Mayer leaking into the small space of my car. Taking in the time, 1 pm, and noting the dead stop of traffic, I leaned back in my seat and closed my eyes. I hummed along with the song before nodding off.

I stared into the pitch blackness of the night. The woods had always been comforting to me. A way to escape; but there was no escape tonight. I stood in the middle of the thick forest surrounding me; searching for the sound of whining I had followed out here. I was afraid that it had been a dog that had been hit and wanted desperately to save it. I shivered as the chilly night air raised goose bumps across my exposed skin. I was wearing my white night shorts and matching tank top that read, ‘Save the wolves.’ I hadn’t thought about grabbing my robe and my house shoes where doing little to keep me warm. Grabbing my nerd glasses off my nightstand to peek out my dorm room window and forgetting the thought of my new reformed appearance. “Here puppy. Here puppy puppy puppy; I won’t hurt you.” I whistled for the mutt hoping to find it in one piece. “Come on…..come here puppy.” I continued to search; drawing further into the woods. I heard the sound of a howl off to my right and stopped. I froze in place and turned my head ever so slightly towards the sound. I couldn’t see a damn thing. “Puppy?” I questioned before backing away slowly. ‘Don’t run. Don’t run.’ I repeated in my head before my back hit a tree. I couldn’t see in the dark but felt the tug on my waist. I started to scream but was cut off by a hand over my mouth when the sharp sting of something chomping down on my neck sent tears in my eyes streaming down my face. I struggled against my attacker but the firm arm around my waist held me close. I screamed against the hand over my mouth and continued to punch at the shadow that had me pinned to it; the clamp on my neck never faltering. The hold on me softened as I slumped against the figure. My eyes closed as the burning in my neck spread throughout my entire body. My attacker held me close to his body and I felt as though I had begun to float. I was still in a daze; my mind foggy with confusion when I felt another hard surface at my back; my attacker disappearing back into the woods.

My eyelids fluttered open as the reoccurring nightmare played out over and over again every time I fell asleep. But every time, I felt like something was missing. Right between the ‘slumping against the figure’ and ‘feeling like I was floating.’ Something else had happened. I didn’t know what, but felt it was a major piece to the puzzle. I knew I hadn’t been raped so that wasn’t it. I think it was something whispered to me? Damn it! Why couldn’t I remember? I had woken up on one of the picnic tables by the school. Actually, the one I had been studying at earlier, before stumbling to my dorm building. I didn’t know what had happened; only that I
wanted nothing more than to sleep. Realizing that I had forgotten my key before wondering to my
car and climbing in the ‘Thank the Lord’ unlocked vehicle. I don’t recall dreaming that night, only
a blissful darkness until someone had rudely knocked on my window. I awoke to one of my college
professors arriving early for school when he gasped at my blood soaked pj’s and instantly taking
me to the school nurse; where I had to try to explain what happened. Not only did they think I was
crazy, but they gave me a round of rabbi shots (that really fricken hurt) and a heavy pain killer.
By the next day I hadn’t needed them as the ‘bite’ seemed to be healing pretty fast and I had felt
great. That was until Derek Hale showed up. Damn him.
The accident had finally been cleaned up enough to open one lane. Cars begun to move as I inched
my way towards my exit. I followed the exit that led to the main road into the area of Beacon Hills.
It was a ten minute drive before I passed the High School. AKA, the suckest four years of my life;
before I drove through the heart of Beacon Hills. I passed one of my favorite places, ‘Beacon Mall’
and a bunch of antique shops, café, and the police station. I saw Sheriff Stilinski climbing into his
cruiser and heading out in a rush. I pulled over out of his way as he blew by me. I liked the Sheriff;
he was actually the one to take down my report. His son Stiles was a real hoot. The kid was lucky
to focus on one thing for any length of time. I used to help him with his homework up till I started
college last fall.
I turned into the B&H Campground only to find an old man Wilkinson shutting up the front gate.
Putting my car in park I climbed out and stalked over to the elderly man. His hair was snowy white
on the side and bold on top. Wrinkles that cut deep crevices through his face and dull brown eyes
that sunk back. “Hey Mr. Wilkinson! What’s going on?” I asked raising my voice so that he could
hear me.
“Ah hey there Juniper! I’m closing down the campground for the year! Too much crap going on!
It’s not safe! Business sucks because of all the damn attacks! No one wants to camp anymore
because their scared!” He yelled back even though I was standing right next to him.
“It’s June.” I corrected. “I was actually kind of hoping to set up camp here. It’s for a school
project.” I lied trying my best to convince him.
He shook his head, “No can do Juniper. I’m sorry, but the B&H is closed until these attacks are put
to rest.” He said still shaking his head and walking off. Well damn. That was the end of that. I
climbed back into my car and watched as the old man shuffled his way back to his cabin on the
B&H premises. What the hell was I going to do now? I wasn’t going to stay with my parents
regardless and I couldn’t go back to my dorm with my over whelming roommate. An idea popped
into my head as I turned around and headed towards the outskirts of town. There was one place that
I could go where no one else dared…..
I was sitting outside the old burnt down ruins of the Hale house. It was still as gorgeous to me this
way as it was seven years ago. Daylight had started to fade casting a beautiful glow around the
shell of a house. I remembered playing outside of the huge two story home. The front porch
wrapped around the entire building and easily sat a bunch of outdoor furniture. I could still see the
three rocking chairs that sat Derek’s family. His dad Isaac, Grandpa Reeder, and Uncle Peter. Peter
was still alive and I visited him every month. He hadn’t made any progress in his condition. One
side of his face was badly scared from the burns as was no doubt the rest of his body. I’d take him
flowers to help brighten up his room and sometimes I’d just go to talk with him. Tell him about
college and the awesome parties or about my annoying family. I had always felt closer to the Hale
family than my own. They had been so connected with their surroundings, different, and
comfortable with who they where. It didn’t matter that they stood apart from everyone else.
Derek’s older sister, Laura, had been my best friend for years. There was a three years difference
between us, one year between Derek and I, bust she always treated me so grown up. She loved to
take me shopping; but she loved more than anything to take me out camping. Laura had a way of
describing ‘her’ woods in such explicit detail that I’d often times just sit and listen to her stories in
awe. I remember wanting to be just like her. Then after the fire she had changed. She pushed me
away. I had tried to help her cope with the loss of her family, family that I thought of my own,
when she just erupted. I remember the fight like it was yesterday. ‘You’re not my friend! You’re a
pathetic excuse of a 15 year old girl. Look at you, how could I ever be friends with that?’ She insulted motioning to my cloths and over all nerdy-ness. ‘You’re just pathetic and needy. How could I be friends with someone like you?’ She had left it at that, turning and disappearing before I even had a chance to defend myself.

She didn’t even have the decency to ‘break up our friendship’ in private. Noooo, she had to do it in front of her brother. Derek had stayed silent behind Laura; only to give me an apologetic look before following her out. That was the last time I had seen either one of them. I went through the rest of high school as being labeled the freak who hung out with the Hale freaks. ‘Why didn’t you go with the other freaks?’ was always the question when I stepped into class. I spent the rest of those four ‘gosh awful’ years slowly morphing into ‘normal’. That included ditching the glasses, dying my hair, figuring out what a straitner was, and wearing dresses with heels versus my t-shirt and gym shoe style I wore for years. I even made it onto the volleyball team just to ‘be’ someone. But I had never forgotten the things that Laura and the Hale family taught me.

I may be girly girl, but I still knew how to get my hands dirty and what it was like to enjoy a hike in the woods. I took a deep breath before stepping out of the car and slowly making my way up the front steps. The door still held some of its red paint that was slightly charred and flaking. The home still took my breath away every time I pushed open the creaky door. I stood in the doorway and took a moment to let my eyes adjust to darker interior. The place was a shame, charred wood, fallen beams, dusty, and over all…trash. I knew at some point the city would eventually tare it down, but as of now, it was my home away from home. I could still see the deep hunter green walls that lined the entrance to the home. Dark hardwood floors giving the space a cozy feel. The stairs had always been my favorite feature of the house. They were wide and long; almost reminding of a modern version of a ‘Gone with the Wind’ staircase. And on each side of sat a stand with a huge bouquet of white roses. Jennie’s favorite….Derek’s mom.

Off to my left the living room. At one point it had been wallpapered with a navy blue that had thin dark brown lines streaked through it. A stone fire place had been the main focal point with the same color brown leather couch. A wall to floor book shelf sat on each side of the fire place and was filled with books. I had dared a peek and found that the Hale’s enjoyed mythology. Mostly to do with werewolves and lore from all over the world.

To my right was the kitchen. Unlike the rest of the house, it was painted creamy white. The cabinets matching. Even the fridge was made to look like a pantry. Sand color granite lined the counter tops with the same color tile on the floor. Jennie had called it ‘her slice of heaven’ and you better not screw with it! I couldn’t even count on my hands and toes how many times Derek got in trouble for making a mess in ‘her piece of heaven’. I distinctly remember one time when she full on gave him a swift kick in the ass. He had let out a loud yelp before turning around and gaping at her. She smiled, flipping her shoulder length hair back, before winking at me. I giggled and noticed Derek blushing. Never in my life had I thought I’d see Derek Hale, king of lacrosse, blush because his mother kicked him in the ass. ‘Pick up your garbage.’ She warned. Derek had reluctantly walked back in the kitchen, grabbing his wrappers, and promptly placing them in the trash before stalking out of the room.

I hadn’t realized how far I slipped into my memories till I felt the nudge of pain making a fist in my stomach. I did a quick sweep of the house before going out to my car and grabbing my crap. Dropping it on the floor once inside before going over to the charred wardrobe that sat in the hall leading to the back portion of the house and taking out my sleeping bag I kept hid there. Grabbing my stuff from the floor I made my way up the stairs to my favorite room of the house. And actually, the safest room in the whole upstairs. It had been Derek’s old room. I thought I could smell the faintest hint of Derek, like I did yesterday, but passed it off as wishful thinking. His old bed had been burned with almost everything else in the room, but the mattress was still somewhat salvageable. I slid it over to the windowed wall so that I could stare at the stars and made my bed. ‘Maybe now I could do some homework.’ I slid my books out of my backpack, the moonlight shown enough to make a good night light. Either that or my vision was getting better. My contacts where starting to bother me, but I left them in anyway. I started on my history assignment but found
myself distracted by the moon’s beauty. It wasn’t full anymore, but beautiful none the less. I felt
the grogginess start to set in as my eyes felt heavy and begun to droop. I looked around at the mess
of papers on the floor and just decided to clean them up tomorrow. Sliding under my sleeping bag,
I used my backpack as a pillow, and drifted off to sleep, instantly regretting it…

Chapter End Notes

Song: Help Me Close My Eyes; by Those Dancing Days
I was fighting against the hold of Sheriff Stilinski; his arm wrapped around my waist as I balled my fist and punched at his arm, trying desperately to get to the family inside of the burning house. The flames roared through the home as sirens echoed all around me. Tears streaked down my ash covered face as the smoke burned my lungs. The sky was a glowing red as the flames devoured Derek’s home.

The sound of Derek roaring in rage and fear as three other cops held him back; pinning him to the ground as he continued to yell, eyes glued to the fire. ‘NOOOO! Let me go!!! I have to save them!’ He pleaded. Laura was frozen in place; her arm badly burned, but hiding it from the paramedics. I watched as she collapsed to the ground beside Derek, ash covering her beautiful face.

“June! Stop! There’s nothing you can do.” Sheriff Stilinski ordered, shaking me by my shoulders and drawing me into his arms.

“NO! NO! Please….I have to…Let me GO!” I pleaded against him before slipping from his grip and making a break for the house; only to be caught by two fire fighters dragging me away and locking me in the back of the police car. I kicked at the door, slammed my fist against the window, trying desperately to get out. I watched as Derek was hauled in handcuffs to another cruiser; fighting the whole way. Tears poured from those beautiful green eyes as he gave in, pressing his head to the window and screaming his aggravation. Two men had picked Laura up and taken her to an ambulance where she sat paralyzed; not once taking her eyes off the burning home.

I opened my eyes; blurred by the tears streaming down my cheeks and begun to sob harder. It had been a nightmare that had haunted me for most my life. I rubbed my sore and puffy eyes and tried to focus on something soothing. I glared at the stars from the floor that were doing nothing to erase the horrid dream. Rolling over on my back, I sighed restlessly, and decided to stretch my legs. If I’d have to guess, I would say it to be around two in the morning. I slowly made my way from the floor; my muscles aching and feeling strained before stepping bare feet to the cold floor.

Grabbing my ‘glory bag’ as I called it and making my way to the bathroom that was right beside Derek’s bedroom. I glared in the mirror through blurred vision before deciding to just remove my contacts. No one was out here with me. I could where my glasses and be comfortable. I grabbed my glasses from my bag and threw my hair up into a messy bun. My bra was digging into my ribs uncomfortably so I opted for a change of cloths too. I settled for a pair of loose fitting gray sweats, rolling them low around my waist and a white tank top with no constricting booby holder. I glanced in the mirror and stared at my ‘old’ self. Though if possible, my boobs seemed even more engorged. Deciding I couldn’t resist, I placed my hands on each one, feeling the new weight balancing in my palms. Well, actually, they didn’t fit in my palm anymore! I clapped and hopped up and down like a child, before realizing that my new and improved boobs bounced up and down too. I bounced again and watched as they jiggled, letting out a squeal of joy. ‘I June Hawthorne; Have BOOBIES!!!’

I made my way back to the room, bounce in my step, and threw my bag on the floor with the rest of my crap. Grabbing my I-pod and speakers; I placed them on the window seal and begun to play ‘Walking on a Dream’ before jumping back and twirling around in a circle; throwing my fist in the air and dancing horribly (What did I care? I was alone.) and singing along.

Walking on a dream,
How can I explain?
Talking to myself
Will I see again?
We are always running for the thrill of it, thrill of it.
Always pushing up the hill, searching for the thrill of it
On and on and on we are calling out, out again
Never looking down, I’m just in awe what’s in front of me.
I continued to sing loud and out of tune as I danced around in circles before jumping at the sound of a gruff voice coming from within the room.
“What the hell are ‘you’ doing here?” the voice demanded. I froze in the middle of the room; facing the dark corner where the voice had sounded from. ‘Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit’ I thought. ‘He’s come back to finish to me off. He’s going to kill me. Oh shit oh shit oh shit!’ My mind raced as did my heart. “Answer me.” They demanded. I struggled with words.
“I-I-I….I…ah…This is my house!” I lied, trying to form a coherent thought. “You’re trespassing on private property.” I spat, trying to sound a little more confident.
“Ohh…you do, do you? And here I thought you were the one trespassing on ‘my’ property.” He shot back. “Turn off the music.” He ordered again. I was so petrified with fear that I couldn’t move. ‘What did he mean this was ‘his’ property?’ No one owned it except the…Hale…family. My eyes widened as the figure emerged from the dark corner, walking around me, and to my I-pod before shutting it off.
“D-derek?” I questioned, spinning around to see the man who plagued my fantasies. He was still wearing the same cloths as earlier. His face was set like stone. My jaw dropped as he spun around to face me. Those eyes…Oh Gah those eyes! They hadn’t changed one bit. I was still as captivated by them as I was at 15.
“Get out.” He ordered a bit harshly. I was still in a hazy fog of lust and shock.
“OH MY FREAKN GOSH! It is! It’s you! Derek Hale! You’re back!” I said over excitedly. It took everything I had to keep from falling over.
“GET OUT!” he shouted. I stopped bouncing and looked at him confused.
“O-oh…s-sorry. I-uh…” I was at a loss for words. I felt the gentle curving of my feet as they started to point inward as I grew nervous. I looked down, wrapping my arms around my middle, and begun to stutter over my words again. “I-I ah…I just thought…I’m really sorry. I didn’t know. S-sorry…I’ll just…umm…yea.” I moved slowly around him and begun to pick up my belongings. I had a tight burning in my stomach as I continued to pick up my things. The burning begun to course through my body when something seemed to snap. My anger took hold and I snapped, standing up to face him, and holding my ground. “You don’t have to be so damn mean! You could have just asked me to leave. Besides, I was here first!” I said definitely lifting my chin. He crept forward and glared down at me. I came up to right under his chin and he smirked at me.
“This is my house. I was here first. Now get out.” He snarled.
“Technically, the state ‘owns’ this house and you haven’t been here in years. And I didn’t see ‘you’ when I came in. So ‘T’ was here ‘First’.” I quirked an eyebrow when he faltered a bit. “So you get out. Or…you can suck it up and stay here with me. Either way, I’m not leaving. Now get your dirty shoes off of my bed.” I ordered feeling a rush of confidence as it coursed through my body. He glared at me, nostrils flaring, before turning abruptly and huffing. I smiled and returned to my bed; crawling under the sleeping bag and curling my arm under my head to stare at him. “So?” I inquired. He turned to look at me. Clearly pissed off that I wasn’t going anywhere.
“What?” He bit.
“I don’t know. I figured if you’re staying, we might as well talk.” I reasoned.
“Fuck you.” He offered in response.
‘Only in my dreams.’ I mumbled under my breath. His eyes went wide as he stared at me before a smirk settled on his lips. ‘No way he could have heard that.’ I thought. But by the way he was looking at me, I’d bet my bottom dollar that he had. Damn it. Ok, it was no secret that I had had a ‘HUGE’ crush on him, but I didn’t want to be that pathetic girl again who chased after the dream boy that would never give her the time of day. No, I was reformed. I was new and improved. Not the girl he used to know. But the creep of heat in my cheeks signaled that I hadn’t changed all that much.
“Juniper Hawthorne.” He stated sitting on the ground and propping himself against the wall.
“It’s June.” I corrected.

“Ah yes. June…hey weren’t you best friends with my sister?” He asked. I felt the pang in my stomach when he mentioned Laura and I’s friendship. I swallowed the lump in my throat and replied…

“Yes.”

“Hmm.” Was his only reply.

“Why do you ask?” I questioned.

“Nothing…just remembered that’s all.” He said flatly. He was still staring at me with that smirk and I knew there was more.

Sitting up I glared at him, “There’s more.” I prompted. He shook his head and I was beginning to get agitated. “Yea, Laura and I were friends. She was my ‘best’ friend. Key word was!”

“Calm down. No need to get to bitchy.”

“Bitchy? You haven’t seen bitchy! You’re a dick!” I spat back. He shrugged his shoulders and seemed amused. “I don’t know what your problem is, but get a fucking grip! You think you can just march right back here to Beacon Hills and disrupt people’s lives? Visit them at their schools, give them butterflies, and then be an asshole and try to throw them out of a house you haven’t lived in for years while continuing to sit there all sexy bad ass! Oh hell No! Fuck You!” I yelled back getting out from my sleeping bag and swinging the door open, hard enough I head it bust the wall. GOOD!

I was about to march down the stairs when a strong hand wrapped around my bicep, holding me in place. I turned to glare at him. “You’ve changed.” He commented.

“Thanks. I have you to blame for that.” I snarled back and tried to pull out of his grip only to be pushed against the wall.

“How am I to blame?” He asked. His voice was low and tinged with desire. Wait…Desire? Oh, I really needed some rest. I felt his warm breath brush against my lips as his face hovered near mine.

“Hmm” he pushed.

“I-I…umm…shit.” I cussed myself for going ‘goofy’ again. “You where never interested in me. I was the nerd. When you left and people made fun of me, I changed.” I explained with a little more confidence. His body pressed hard against mine, pinning me to the wall. My hips jerked forward involuntary. He growled before smashing our lips together.

Chapter End Notes

Song: Walking on A Dream; by Empire of the Sun
You're A Wolf

I melted into the kiss. My lips gliding over his as he pushed harder separating my lips with his tongue and delving into my mouth. He explored my mouth, his tongue tracing my cheeks, tickling the roof of my mouth and then over my teeth. I tasted his blood, sweet and masculine, as he tangled his tongue with mine. I hummed into his mouth and tried to suck his tongue deeper. I couldn’t get enough of how he tasted.

One of his hands traced down my side and cupped my ass, drawing me closer to him. His other settled on my waist and creeping up under my shirt. I fist a hand in his hair while my other grasped at his shoulders for support; despite the fact of being pinned firmly between him and the wall. ‘OH MY FREAKING GOD! DEREK FREAKING HALE IS KISSING ME!’ was the only thing running through my head, followed by, ‘Oh shit that feels good!’ I whimpered at the loss of his lips on mine, when I felt his lips pressed to my neck and over the healed bite mark. I let out a groan as he sucked on the place for several minutes. His hips ground into mine, creating a delicious friction.

I heard him growl again, but this time it was in agitation, when he abandoned me all together and stepped back to glare at me. His nostrils flared, his fist balled together, as he stepped back even further; only to be stopped by the wall. “What the hell?” I asked a bit agitated at the loss of his touch. My woman hood was aching with need. I had never felt so turned on by a man in my life as I did now. ‘Why had he stopped?’ I glanced over to the broken window that sat at the top of the stairs and seen my reflection. As quickly as I had seen the odd color change of my eyes it disappeared. ‘Oh boy! You’re loosing it June. You’re extremely turned on and it’s making you imagine things.’ I reasoned in my head. Wait, could that even happen? Being turned on to the point where you hallucinate? It’d be my luck that I’d become some new sex case study for all the people who had hallucinations from being turned on to the point it hurt before the man of your dreams ripped himself away from you. My thoughts of turned on hallucinations was wiped away as I stared at the horrid person looking back at me in the glass. I tugged my hair down and shook it around my face and wrapped my arms around my middle.

“Don’t.” Derek ordered from his place against the other wall. “What?” I asked still holding myself. “Don’t worry about your looks.” He clarified. I looked at him a bit bewildered before tucking my hair behind my ear and placing a hand on my hip.

I looked at him a bit hesitantly before asking, “W-why…why d-did…why did you stop?” He looked me over, his eyes stopping at my breast, before meeting my gaze. He seemed nervous as he scrubbed a hand over the back of his neck and squirmed. “Derek. What is it?” I pushed off my wall and crept towards him. He grabbed my shoulders and spun me around so that the moonlight shown in my face. He stared at me for a long time, his eyes holding mine. I stood there quietly, mesmerized by him. The he did something un-expected. He leaned in close, his face hovering over where the bite used to be, and sniffed. I tried to lean away from the accusing nose but he held me firmly in my place. “Umm, Derek?” I asked a little hesitantly. He pulled away from me, hands still grasping my shoulders, and stared at me. I seen the glimmer of terror flash in his eyes before he pulled himself together and let me go. He begun to pace before slamming his fist through the wall. I yelped and jumped back; Derek reached out and pulled me away from the stairs that I had almost fallen down. “Thanks.”

“June…we need to talk.” He stated flatly staring me in the eye again. Butterflies danced in my stomach again as I continued to stare at him.
“Ok?” I agreed in a hazy fog of lust. He tugged me back towards the bedroom and the butterflies turned into a tornado of nerves storming through me. ‘Oh my Gosh! Is he? Are we?’ My hopes where shattered when he sat me on the bed and begun to pace back and forth in front of me. Damn it! “Derek, what is it?” I asked a little let down.

“You’re…June…there is no easy way to tell you this.” He tried. Panic coiled inside of me and I couldn’t help it…

“Oh My Gosh! Are you married? Oh no, I just kissed a married a man…I don’t wanna be a home…”

“No! I’m not married.” He stopped pacing and glared down at me. “It’s just…you’re not going to believe me.” He tried again.

“Try me. I’ve been through some pretty weird crap the past couple days, I’m sure I can handle what ever you have to lay on me.” I stated confidently. Really, how much more ‘unbelievable’ could being bit by a raging psycho path be? Or ‘me’ kissing ‘Derek Hale’? No body would believe either.

He looked me over, giving me a contemplative look, before jumping strait to it. “Fine. June, you’re a werewolf.” He stated. I was shocked. I knew my eyes looked like saucers and I could feel my jaw sitting in my crouch. Wow! Werewolf? Really? OOOOK. He clearly had a few screws loose.

“June, say something.”

I gaped at him before saying what I thought without thinking it through. “I-I I think your nuts. Clearly you’ve got a few screws loose. I think that I’ll just pack up my stuff and go. You can have the house. I’ll just go sleep in my car. Or hey, maybe I’ll go howl at the moon. My choice right?” I started to edge myself off the bed only to be shoved back down. Derek hovered over top of me, his legs on either side of my hips, his arms pinning me to the mattress. I was getting pushed up against a lot of walls lately.

“Listen to me Juniper.”

“June.”

“What ever! You are a werewolf.” He stated slowly, making sure that I was grasping what he was trying to say.

“Ok, yea, I’m a werewolf. Can I go?”

“No! Look, I know it’s hard to believe.”

“Believe? Derek, you’re telling me I’m a monster. That I’m going to sprout hair, claws, and eat people’s hearts. I appreciate that you’re trying to…help? But I really don’t think that’s my problem.”

“You were bit three nights ago. Already the bite has healed. You can’t wear you contacts because they bother you. Any amount of noise gives you a headache, lights are too bright, people aggravate you, smells are heightened, you can’t focus on any one thing, small spaces make you claustrophobic, and you’re horny. You’re body is changing too right? Gotten more curves, bigger breasts, eyes are changing color, as is your hair.”

“You’re quite observant. Touché. Now let me go.” I said still un-believingly. Sure he had pretty much hit the nail on the head, but ‘werewolf’? It was completely NUTS! He growled again and I watched as his eyes shifted from green to an ice blue. GLOWING Ice Blue! ‘HOLY MOTHER FUCKING JOESEPH!’ I closed my eyes and turned my head as he growled in my ear.

“Now do you believe me?” His voice was low and gruff.

“Mmmhm mmmhm.” I managed.

“Look at me June.” He ordered. I shook my head not wanting to believe what I was seeing. “Look at me. You need to see this.” I didn’t want to see it. If I held my eyes closed long enough maybe this would all go away. “It won’t go away June.” He mimicked my thought. I peeked one eye open, then the other, and turned slowly. I stared into the ice blue eyes of Derek. I hadn’t noticed he’d released my shoulders till he traced a clawed finger on my cheek. “You’re a werewolf June. I’m you’re maker.” Regret weighed heavy in his tone. But he couldn’t hide the tinge of desire still laced in. I dared to move for the first time, lifting my hand to his face, I traced an outline. A canine pocked out over his bottom lip, and I couldn’t help but to trace a finger over it too. He let me
explore, another burst of confidence ringing through my body, I lifted my head and darted out my
tongue to trace over his canines. He had opened his mouth when I followed it with my finger,
permitting me easy access with my tongue. I licked one, then the other, before nibbling at his lip. It
was amazing how fast I went from being scared shitless to being horny enough to hump his leg.
He didn’t move; but let me continue my exploration. I twined my fingers through his and observed
his claws as my other traced down his chest. I heard a low growl as he focused his attention on my
face. I leaned up and nibbled at his bottom lip again before locking my lips to his; twining our
tongues together and sucking it deeper into my mouth, pulling him down with me. I intentionally
kept our fingers locked and placed it above my head so he was pinning me down. Some how it felt
like the right thing to do; like I was taking orders from someone else. My other hand was busy
feeling over his torso and creeping under his shirt. He slid a knee between my legs, urging them
apart, and settling it right against my crotch. I rocked back and forth feeling the friction against my
clit and let out one of my own growls.
Derek pulled back, moving his knee away from my V, but kept me pinned. Not this again! I let out
a needy groan and pouted. ‘Since when did I become such a slut?’ I thought. ‘When you became a
werewolf. Duh!’ I answered. “I was right about being horny.” Derek smirked.
“Yea, what ever. Kiss me.” I demanded and tried to pull him down.
“I think I’ve created a monster.” He teased before pulling out of my death gripe on his hand and
going over to his corner of the room.
“Excuse me! What do you think you’re doing?” I asked a bit outraged he had done it again.
“I’m sleeping over here. We both know if I sleep over there, it will too much to handle.” He
reasoned.
“I don’t give a damn. You did this to me! In both senses. And as my ‘maker’ aren’t you supposed
to...I don’t know...help me cope?”
“I am. From over here.” He was still smirking as he leaned against the corner where he had stalked
me from before.
“Please. I’ll be good.” I tried again.
“Go to bed June.” He ordered. “First lesson; as a bitten werewolf, you must do what your maker
tells you.”
“You’re making that up.”
“And how are you to prove it?” He challenged. Damn it. I flopped over on my side, turning my
back to him, and decided to focus on something else other than the asshole behind me. Great! I
was not only a werewolf! But I was also an extremely horny one. And of all the werewolves to be
turned by, Derek Hale was my maker. The Derek Hale who blew me off when we were kids. The
Derek Hale who I haven’t seen in seven years. The Derek Hale that I was still hopelessly attracted
to. The Derek Hale...
“Stop repeating my name and go to sleep June!” He ordered again. I was about to question him on
how he knew I was repeating his name, but thought better when he gave me a warning growl. Well
fine! Spoil sport! Sour Wolf! Meany! Stupid...sexy, scrumptious, make me wet...
“Ahhh! Go to bed!” He shouted. Haha! So he could read my mind! Damn it! I wonder if I could
read his? “The answers no! Now please, go to sleep. I’ll answer all your questions tomorrow.” He
pleaded.
“Only if you come and sleep with me. Well, not sleep sleep, just sleep, like sleep…” I stopped
when I felt Derek’s chest pressing against my back, arm wrapped around my waist, and the other
sliding under my head as he pulled me closer to him.
“Now go to sleep.” He growled into the back of my neck. My heart raced as I realized that Derek
was cuddled up behind me. Never in a million years had I thought... “If you keep thinking, I’m
going to hit you on the head and make you sleep.” He threatened. Fine. But really, how was I
supposed to sleep? I’d just found out I was a freaken werewolf for crying out loud! And did I
mention Derek Hale was sleeping behind me? “I would be sleeping behind you if you were
actually sleeping!” Again I say, HOW? “Clear your thoughts for starters and focus on something.
Like the sound of my heartbeat. It’s a soothing sound.” He directed. ‘Ok, I can do this. Clear my
mind. Clear my mind. Clear my mind.’ I closed my eyes and the steady sound of Derek’s heart thudded in my ears. Wow, he was right! It is calming! I heard him snarl and forced my attention back on his heartbeat. Slowly, I felt the world start to slip away. My thoughts cleared and eventually the soothing sound faded into nothing. Oh yea, I was sleeping with Derek Hale. Werewolf Derek Hale.

Chapter End Notes

Song: You're A Wolf; by Sea Wolf
Electric Feel

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

There was an awful buzzing noise sounding off in the distance. I squeezed my eyes tighter but couldn’t drown out the damn noise. No. Just. Want. To. Sleep. The buzzing stopped and I sighed a breath of relief, quickly settling into my pleasant dream of being kissed none stop by Derek Hale under the full moon; when the sound of buzzing begun again. “Arrrrghh!” I grumbled, rolling over and grabbing my phone from the floor. “What!” I asked a bit grumpily.

“Don’t you use that tone with me. And what do you mean ‘What’? I’ve called you five times Juniper Marie Hawthorne. Where are you?” My mother’s voice rung through the other end of the phone. Ugh! It was too early for this shit! ‘When did I start cussing like a sailor?’ I sighed into the phone knowing that Monica was growing impatient on the other end. “I’m staying with a friend.” ‘A really hot friend that I almost got to third base with.’ I thought.

“You where suppose to come home last night! What, after that brutal animal attack? I thought we agreed to have you checked out by Dr. Williams.” I could hear her tapping her foot in the background.

“Mom! Dr. Williams was my pediatrician. I’m 22 flipping years old for crying out loud!”

“Juniper, I want you home.” She stated completely blowing off my explanation.

“Yea, well, that’s just too bad. I’m staying with my friend. Besides, don’t you have some stupid golf thing this weekend?”

“Golf is not stupid. It is a very appropriate game. No man handling or vulgarity….”

“It’s a bunch of men chasing a ball around with their huge sticks screaming ‘HOLE IN ONE!’ How is that not vulgar?”

“Don’t talk that way! Now are you coming home or not?”

“Not. I’m staying here mom. And I might even watch a few guys here chase a ball around with their huge sticks.” I taunted. I heard her gasp on the other end and could only imagine the look of shock on her plastic surgified face.

“Awake?” Derek’s voice sounded from the doorway; causing me to jump. I glared at the tall, dark, bare chest, ripped abs, mmmmmm…. “Yep, you’re awake.” He stated shaking his head and walking into the room; plopping down on the bed in front of me. His eyes roamed over my body before settling on my face. “Well?”

“Well. I’m a werewolf.” I stated, drawing my knees to my chest again and hugging them. He nodded and continued to stare at me with questioning eyes. “Is it normal to feel a tingly sensation up your spine?” I asked because the damn tingling wouldn’t stop.

“It’s a sign for bitten’s that their ‘makers’ are close. Well, for most any way. Some get it, some don’t. It really just depends on the wolf.” He explained rather well. Great! Not only did he give me butterflies and make me ache in a very erogenous zone; but now he also caused my spine to tingle. Wonderful! I looked over to see him smirking at me and remembered what I learned last night. Dammmnnn Itttt!!!!!

“Ok, question two! Is there anyway you can turn off your werewolf mind reading thing? You
know, tune out of my head; because I’m really not going to like you in my head all the time. And I’m pretty sure ‘you’re’ not going to like it in my head all the time.” His smirk turned into a smile before he shook his head no. Well Fuck a Gosh Damn Duck! I rolled off the bed and stretched when I stood; my arms held high above my head as I closed my eyes and waited for the ‘POP!’ instantly forgetting about the chilly air’s effect on my growing boobs. I peeked open an eye to find Derek staring shamelessly at my breasts in the paper thin white tank that no doubt was giving him an excellent preview of my nipples underneath. I felt the return of my new found hornyness and smirked.

“Don’t even think about it.” Derek warned. Clearly reading my mind. ‘Well no shit!’ ‘He just told you he couldn’t turn it off.’ I rolled my eyes before reaching down to grab my bag and walking out to the bathroom. I groaned when I looked in the mirror. My hair had done a complete 180 over night and was now a nice dull shade of light brown. I could see for the first time in my life without the use of glasses or contacts and stared hopelessly at my appearance. My eyes appeared more blue than green. Any sign of stray cellulite gone from my arms, butt, and thighs. My body was tight, stomach pulled taunt, with nice hips and boobs.

Grabbing the brush from my bag, I begun to try to tame the wild mess on my head. Deciding that it was as good as it was going to get I grabbed my makeup bag and dug around for eyeliner. Werewolves wear eyeliner right? “No.” Derek said appearing in the bathroom doorway. Damn he was good at that. I wondered if I could sneak up on people like that too? “I’ll teach you.” He said flatly. “You don’t need to put on all that shit.” He said eyeing my makeup bag.

“Yea, I do. And it’s only eyeliner and mascara.” I defended. He rolled his and grumbled before pushing behind me and sitting on the toilet to watch me. “Oh aint that a pretty picture?” I teased staring at Derek who was hunched over on the porcelain toilet with a cup of coffee. Wait! Where did he get coffee? When did he get coffee? I want coffee! He rolled his eyes before offering me his cup. I stared at it like it was a foreign object. ‘If I drink it, I’ll have to pee. And the toilet that sour wolf was currently throned on didn’t work. I don’t pee in the woods for no one! Werewolf or not. My ass was not pissing in the woods.’ Derek chuckled and I glared at him. Damn it! While I was sitting here debating on peeing in the woods, thinking that it was in the security of my own head, DEREK had been listening in. DAMN IT for the hundredth time! It didn’t matter if ‘he’ peed in the woods. He was well equipped to! Another burst of laughter echoed through the bathroom as Derek placed a hand on his knee, the other around his waist, abandoning the coffee to the ground, as he laughed even harder. DAMN IT! I had just gone over this! DAMN IT all to HELL! I scowled and turned back to the mirror to apply my eyeliner. Derek didn’t stop laughing until I had successfully done my makeup, gathered my shit, and walked out the room to the bedroom.

“Where something comfy.” He ordered, trying to gather himself. Unsuccessfully hiding his smirk as he leaned against the wall.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because you have werewolf training.” He stated, taking another sip of his stupid coffee. ‘That’s right. Sip your coffee. Go ahead. Then you can pee on the trees like a good boy.’ Derek’s smirk turned into a smile as he took another, long, drink of coffee, keeping his eyes locked with mine. ‘You’re doing that on purpose.’ I turned and dug around in my bag for a pair of jeans, zebra print bra, and plain white t-shirt. ‘Turn around.’ I ordered. But how hot would it be if he watched you? I could give him a strip tease. Maybe then I’d finally get to tap that ass. The sound of Derek choking on his coffee echoed behind me as I listened to him leave the room. SPOIL SPORT! Why was I the one trying so hard? ‘Because you’re a horny werewolf slut.’ I chastised. I should be the one playing hard to get. Grrr. I changed quickly, but not without the feeling of being watched, and ran out the bedroom; smacking into Derek’s chest. I hit with a loud ‘umph’ before stumbling backwards when Derek reached out to steady me.

“Sorry.” I apologized.

“Come on.” He ordered. What no kiss? No lingering eye contact? No romantic music? This clearly was not going to be a fairy tale. Or even a bad porn movie. Well hell.
Chapter End Notes

Song: Electric Feel; by MGMT
I sat on the steps outside his house as I waited on Derek to get back. He had told me to wait here. ‘DON’T MOVE!’ So to be an asshole because, well because I could, I moved down a step. Whoop! Don’t stop me now! I’m on a role right? Derek had freshened up his coffee, (I still had no fricken clue where or how he was doing it. I searched everywhere for coffee) and handed it to me before heading out into the woods. I didn’t bitch too much since I really didn’t feel up to a run at 8:00 am in the fricken morning. Stupid parents! Why must they feel the need to call you at the crack of dawn on a Saturday, knowing damn well it’s your day off? I was really tempted to go back upstairs and crawl under the covers, but that idea died when Derek came traipsing out of the woods with a….Oh GOD…a deer leg? I cringed as he brought it over with him, setting it next to me on the porch and looked at me expectantly. I looked back and forth between him and the severed leg, before settling on his face with a look of disgust. “What the hell is that?” I asked.

“It’s your breakfast.” He stated with a stone face, hands shoved in the pockets of his leather jacket. Oh that jacket was sexy. It added to his whole sexy bad ass werewolf mystic. I licked my lips imagining eating him for breakfast instead. “June! You have to eat real food.” He said harshly. “I don’t eat meat Derek! I’m a VEG-E-TAR-IAN! I have been since, ohhhh, I don’t know. Since I’ve known you!” I matched his harshness.

“You’re a werewolf now. This is what we eat. If you don’t eat some protein, you’re going to get weak. You’d change a whole lot faster and less painfully if you would eat it.” He reasoned.

“I don’t care. Guess I’ll be the first vegetarian werewolf.” I said stubbornly.

“Ahhhh! Just eat the damn deer!”

“NO!”

“JUNE! I swear….I’ll shove it down your throat if I have to!” He threatened. He didn’t even hint at a smile and I could tell by the way he said it, he meant it! I wanted to retort with a snide, ‘Oh please. Please baby. Don’t shove your meat down my throat!’ But managed to stop myself. Derek grumbled and rolled his eyes, jaw tightening, as he glared at me. Ha! Told you, you wouldn’t like being in my head all the time.

“You wouldn’t!” I challenged.

“I wouldn’t?” He asked, picking up the meat off the porch and ripping a chunk off with his claws before shoving it in my face. I squealed and pushed it away before successfully falling back on my ass.

“Stop!” I shrieked from the ground.

“If you don’t at least try it, I’m not going to take you to get anything else.” He threatened again. He straddled my hips and crouched down, holding the chunk out in front of him. My stomach growled as he urged it closer to my face. And it smelled fricken amazing! But 22 years of eating nothing but veggies was a hard habit to kick. I swatted the meat from his fingers before grabbing him by the shoulders and tossing him off; and making a mad dash to my car. I had my hands on the handle and tugging it open when Derek slammed into my back and pressed me against the car.
“You shouldn’t have done that.” He hummed into my ear. His hips ground against my ass as he traced his lips down my collar bone and nipping. His hands where planted on the car and I could hear the squealing of bending metal. His tongue pressed against my skin as he begun to suck on that spot; alternating between nipping and sucking. I threw my head back and pushed my bottom harder to his crotch as he rutted against me. A tiny moan escaped my lips as he grinded harder and moved his lips to a different place on my neck. He had moved his hands to rest on top of mine, pinning me to the car. I was so lost in the overwhelming sensations of Derek’s assault that I didn’t hear the car pull up. The sound of two teenage boy voices floating from the vehicle.

“Oh My GOD! JUNE!” They both shrieked as they stepped out of the blue jeep, half hiding behind the doors. I stared at them with wide lust filled eyes before an ear splitting growl erupted from behind me. I tried to shrink away from the noise of a clearly angered Derek, but couldn’t get far enough away as he still held me pinned to the car. I felt his erection pressed to my butt and dared to peak over my shoulder. I was horrified with what I met. Derek wasn’t Derek anymore. He had gone full wolf. Black hair covered his face; eyes had gone glowing ice blue. He seemed bigger. And more muscled.

“Oh….Scott! I think we interrupted. Uhh, you wanna go before he rips our throats out?” Stiles offered as he slinked back into the car.

“Derek! What are you doing? Dude, don’t hurt her!” Scott shrieked obviously not knowing what was really happening. He wasn’t the brightest bean in the pot. Derek roared again in rage, but kept himself planted against me. “Derek, leave her alone! You can’t do this man! You don’t want to hurt her.

I rolled my eyes and blurted it before I thought, “He’s not! It’s the opposite!” I blushed when I realized what I had said. Scott stopped in his tracks and looked a little confused.

“Dude! He’s not hurting her Scott! He was dry humping the shit out of her! Seriously Scott, come on!” Stiles shouted from his jeep. The kids face just as red as mine. Only difference; he had a huge fucking smile. Scott seemed frozen in his place as he stared at Derek and I. ‘This aint a free show!’ I was about to retort, but was cut off by yet another growl from Derek before he took off quickly into the woods. I was left there, leaning against my car, eyes wide and dazed. I heard the thud of Stiles door as he slammed it shut behind him, edging his way up beside Scott; smile still plastered to that stupid buzz cut head of his. “Well, that’s something you don’t see everyday.” He said shrugging his shoulders and looking innocent.

“June….what are you doing here?” Scott asked drawing closer. I tried to gather my thoughts for a reasonable explanation that wasn’t going to put me in a padded room.

“June….are you…”

“Seeing Derek! Or ah, dating Derek I mean. Yea! Yea, I am.” I cut him off.

“What I think Scott means is, ‘Are you a werewolf?'” Stiles blurted out. I looked at him stunned before stammering.

“Wha…? Nooo! That would be just nutty ya know? Werewolves. Pshh. Right.” I said rolling my eyes. “Me? A werewolf?” They stared at me in amusement as I tried horribly to play it off.

“Are you aren’t you?” Stile pressed.

I looked down at me feet and kicked at an imaginary pebble before nodding my head. “Yea.”

“Hey what do ya know! Scott is too!” Stiles said a little over enthusiastically. I looked at him and Scott before it finally dawned on me what he said.

“Scott! Oh my gosh! You’re a werewolf?! Dude, that’s so freaking cool! We can be werewolves together!” I exclaimed, wrapping him in a big hug. He grunted and pried himself from my embrace. “Uh, yea. Sure I guess.” He replied looking at the ground.

“So what are you guys doing here?” I asked.

“More like, what are you doing here?” Stiles said waggling his eyebrows. He was such a weird kid. I felt the heat creep back up to my cheeks and settled for the truth.

“Well, apparently I got bit. And Derek’s my maker. So yea. He promised to teach me how to be a werewolf.” I explained.

“Dude, why doesn’t he offer to teach me to become a werewolf? Without threatening to beat the
“How do you normally get boobs and a vagina.” Stiles spat. I giggled when Stiles blushed after realizing I was still here.

“Seriously you two. What are you doing here?” I asked again. Realizing that they had gotten me off track.

“Oh, uh…Scott wanted to see if Derek could help. Before the next full moon.” Stiles responded.

“It’s the least he could do after turning me into…this!” Scott huffed. I felt a strange emotion twisting in my gut. Jealousy coiled inside of me, threatened to spill to the top, but I tamped it down.

‘Why did he bite Scott? I thought maybe I was special.’ I felt disappointed and tried hard not to take it out on Scott. ‘I have no right to feel jealous. Scott is a sixteen year old boy. Derek’s a grown man and can do as he damn well pleases. Besides, it’s not like him and I were dating. Or that he had even meant to bite me. Did he?’

“Juuuuune. Hey, are you in there?” Stiles asked slapping my arm playfully.

“Huh? Oh uh, what did you say?” I asked trying hard to pull myself together. I was never the jealous girl. Sure, I envied other people, but I had never really felt jealous or…possessive? ‘Derek’s not mine.’ I chastised.

“Juuuuune! You sure you’re ok?” Stiles asked again, a little more concern laced in his tone.

“Yea. I’m just tired. It was only last night when I found out I’m a werewolf. Wait, how’d you find out?” I asked Scott.

“Stiles.” He stated simply.

“Yep! And he didn’t believe me till he woke up in the woods and jumped into some random guy’s pool.” Stiles affirmed. I let out a relieved sigh. ‘Thank God I haven’t done that yet’.

“When did you get turned?” I asked a bit curious.

“Four nights ago. Idiot here talked me into going out in the woods to look for the other half of the dead person’s body.” Scott explained his nose wrinkled up. He was staring at Stiles who just shrugged and made a ‘pshh’ sound. I mimicked Scott and wrinkled my nose.

“Why would you want to…you know what? Never mind. Knowing you idjits, I don’t want to know.” I waved my hand when Stiles was about to put his two sense in and changed the subject. Since Derek wasn’t around, as I didn’t have that tingling sensation, I decided to put the two or well one really, jug heads to use. “Hey Stiles.”

“Hmm” He hummed as he tried to focus his attention back to me. He had been looking around like a skittish rabbit before he straightened his back, licked his lips, and planted his hands on his hips.

“Can you help me with some school work? I’ve tried to but I can’t focus. Maybe you can help me study? Well, at least till Derek gets back to help Scott?” I asked a bit shyly. Usually it was the other way around. Stiles would call me when he had a hard time focusing because of his ADHD. The kid lived on adderall.

“Uh, sure. Scott?” He turned to Scott, who just shook his head before going to Stile’s beloved jeep, (Read: If Stiles could lose his virginity to his jeep, he would! He loved it that much. I think he named it, ‘Sheila’. I could be wrong.) and pulling out his back pack. “You think Derek will mind if we go in his house?” I asked a bit shyly. Usually it was the other way around. Stiles would call me when he had a hard time focusing because of his ADHD. The kid lived on adderall.

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“I’ll go get my books and we can work on the front porch.” I smiled before running into the house, grabbing my work, and sprinting back downstairs to the front porch. I found Scott and Stiles staring at something on the porch with wrinkled noses and confused looks. “What’s up guys?” I asked. Scott pointed to the ground where the severed deer leg was still sitting. “Oh, OH! Oh my gosh! You know he tried to make me eat that?” I stated, dropping my books, before going over the repulsive and yet so delicious smelling piece of meat and kicked it off the porch. It landed with a thud on the ground but seemed to make the boys feel better. “Alright. Can we get to work?” I sat against the wall to Derek’s house and pulled out my history book. Stiles planted himself next to me and gave me a big grin before taking the book from me. There really wasn’t anything wrong with the kid as far as looks go. He was taller than my current 5’5”, slender but surprisingly pretty ripped, (I know because I can’t tell you how many times I’ve walked in on him doing ‘things’). I had a hard
time looking at him the same after that.) round face with brown eyes, thin but nice lips, and dark brown buzz cut hair. I also knew that he had a major crush on Lydia Martin. The red head, preppy snob, bitchy attitude, but plays dumb for attention chick that he went to school with.

Scott took a seat in front of Stiles and I. He was slightly more attractive than Stiles, although I think Stiles has a better sense of humor, with a full head of deep chocolaty, curly brown hair. His eyes where the color of mocha and he had a really nice tan year round. I think he may come from a Mexican or Native American background. He was nicely built, where you could actually tell he had muscles, and was also taller than myself. ‘BUT HEY! I’m growing!’ I pulled my attention back to Stiles who was shaking his head reading over my notes. “What?” I asked defensively.

“We have our work cut out for us. These are a mess and I can’t even make sense out of any of it. Seriously June, I’ve never seen you so disorganized.”

“Bite me.” I spat. He was about to retort when I continued, “You outta try being a chew toy for a werewolf then becoming one yourself. It aint fun! I really need your help without the back sass. But I suppose, if you can’t do that, I can always gnaw on you. That should make Derek happy.”

“OooK! Chill. Sheesh, between you and him I’m doomed.” Stiles whined before going back to my notes. We sat there for a good hour before we were finally able to sort out the notes and move on to actual work. I grumped the entire time and more than once I’d been slapped on the leg or bumped in some way to pull my wondering attention back to school work. Several times Stiles had thrown down the books to yell at me to pay attention. I had never known Stiles to get agitated or loose his patience but I seemed to be wearing both pretty thin. “I’m supposed to be the one with ADHD! Did you suddenly inherit that when you got bit because I don’t think you’ve heard a word of what I just went over.” Stiles spat.

“I don’t know! How am I supposed to know? It’s not like I majored in Werewolf history Stiles! I just can’t focus. My mind keeps wondering and I just can’t! Arghhh! Do you know how hard it’s been for me? I skipped class yesterday because I couldn’t focus or even stand to be in a room full of people! I NEVER skip class!” I ranted and fell over on the porch, curling up into the fetal position. I felt a hand on my shoulder as Stiles rubbed in circles to calm my withering tolerance. Scott had abandoned his books on the floor to come over and sit next to me. I sat up and leaned against Scott for support. Stiles left me abruptly, running to his jeep and rummaging through it, before rushing back to me.

“Here. Try these. Normally I wouldn’t give these out, but it might help.” Stiles urged a tiny round blue pill towards me. I stared at it in the palm of his hand before taking it. “It’s adderall. It helps me to concentrate. Maybe it’ll help you.” Stiles offered. I continued to stare at the tiny adderall in my hand.

“What’s the side effects?” I asked seriously considering it.

“Mild insomnia-dizziness-euphoria-and maybe restlessness.” He rushed out in one breath. He scrunched up his face and looked at me hesitantly. ‘Ah, what the hell?’

“You have something to drink?” I asked. Stiles was already holding out a bottle of water.

“Stiles. Are you sure this is a good idea?” Scott questioned.

“Too late.” I interrupted. “How long before it kicks in?”

“Half hour…” Stiles said before relaxing back onto the porch. “So what do you wanna do until it kicks in?” He asked. I thought for a minute when my stomach sounded, making the decision for me.

“Let’s go get some Yagoot!” I yelped before jumping up and practically bounced in place.

“What about Derek?” Scott asked.

“He’ll be here. Besides, if he expects me to eat that…” I motioned towards the leg, “then I’m defiantly not sticking around. And he can always call me. Let me go grab a different shirt and then we can head out.” I reasoned before bounding off upstairs, not giving either of them time to answer. I dug through my bag and settled for a gray sequined shirt and changed my pants to a black ruffley skirt and paired it with a black blazer. I had pulled my hair back into a neat bun and decided to pull it free. I switched to a pair of black flats and bounded to the bathroom where I did a quick makeup check. My curls had started to return to my hair as it darkened. But unlike the nerdy frizz
curls, these where smooth and actually looked good. Huh, maybe becoming a werewolf wasn’t so bad. I felt a burst of energy and my skin tugged, like something inside me was trying to get free. Tamping it down I rushed down stairs, past the boys, and hopped in the back seat of Stiles jeep, practically bouncing as I waited for them to get in. Maybe taking that adderall wasn’t such a good idea. Oh well. I briefly thought about Derek and what he’d do when he found out I was gone, but figured he could probably track me down if need be.

“Hey, turn that up!” I erupted, not waiting for Stiles to obey, and leaned over the front seat to crank up my favorite ‘Fun’ song. I belted out the lyrics to ‘We are Young’, ignoring the looks from the front seat, and started to move to the music as we started down the drive. I was feeling freaking AWWWESOME!
Sweet Sour

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

One large regular yogurt frozen treat topped with yomace and mochi later I was sitting in the back seat of Stiles jeep bouncing up and down like a little kid on a sugar rush. Adrenaline coursed through my veins and I felt restless. Ok, I knew that that could very well be one of the side effects of the adderall. ‘SHOOT ME!’ But my body felt amazing. I knew that I should really get back to Derek’s to do my homework that I so willingly drug Stiles in on; but I wanted to do something fun. And college history was NOT fun. “Hey, do you guys wanna go to a party?” I asked leaning up in between the seats. Stiles and Scott looked at each other and then I seen the ‘I told you this wasn’t a good idea’ on Scott’s face. It was somewhere between a smirk with a confused cocky gleam in his eye.

“Uh, June…I thought we were going back to Derek’s so that I could talk to Derek and Stiles could help you with work?” Scott asked looking at me carefully.

“But we don’t have to right now. I mean, come on, a party does sound better ah Scott?” Stiles slapped Scott on the arm and nodded with a smile on his face.

“Did I mention it was a college party?” I added

“Oh hell yea! Scott, we are defiantly going!” Stiles had started the engine and was heading in the direction of my college.


“Ah, you can talk to him tomorrow. Besides, Derek made it clear that he didn’t want to talk to ‘youuuu’.” Stiles voice raised a notch as he said ‘youuuu’. Kind of like he was singing it. Scott sighed, giving in to Stiles before resting his head back. I wanted something to focus on so I focused on the curls on Scotts head. They were really amazing. Like each one was carefully curled to look slightly messy. Intriguing it was. Then a marvelous idea hit me. I removed the hair tie from my wrist and carefully started pulling at his hair. He tried to jerk but I held his head down.

“JUNE! What the hell are you doing?” Scott asked as he fidgeted trying to move away from me.

“Oh stop moving. I’m getting you ready for the party.” I stated as I gathered his hair to the top of his head and wrapped the hair tie around the small bundle of curls. I smiled and looked at my handy work. It was ‘sooooooo’ fricken adorable! Little curls streamed over the sides of the hair tie, while half of his hair had fallen back to lye on his neck. It was more of a half up half down type of do. But still, ‘sooooo’ fricken cute none the less. Stiles was laughing hysterically as he looked at his best friend, trying his best to keep from running off the road. Scott on the other hand scowled when he looked in the passenger mirror.

He rolled his eyes before tugging the tie out and flicking it in the back seat. “Haha.” He mocked Stiles who was still chuckling.

“I think it looked man.” Stiles teased. “Kind of suited you.”

“Shut up.” Scott slapped Stiles on the arm before cracking a smile. “June, where’s the party going on at?” Scott asked trying to change the subject.

“Oh, uh, keep going strait.” I replied and continued to point the way till we reached a two story house, white paint chipping away, with a beer pong table set up on the front porch, an old blue leather couch, and numerous lawn chairs strewn through out the yard. A small white Pickett fence with half the rails missing outlined the small front yard. The front of the house didn’t look much, but I happened to know that they had a heated pool in the back yard with a hot tub and in general, everything to get a girl topless and wet. It was the typical college bachelor household.

“This is it?” Stiles asked a bit skeptical as he looked at the general state of the house.

“Yep!” I confirmed before hopping out of the jeep. The party wouldn’t be for another hour or so and most of the guys in the house would be passed out from last nights serenade. “Ok, so here’s the
deal. You two are with me. You’re college freshmen but you don’t live on campus. Got it?” They exchanged another one of those looks before nodding. “Good. Now you two really need to blend in.” I added before walking towards the front porch. I let myself in and immediately spotted Sam. He was lying half on half off of the couch; bare ass. ‘How is it he always managed to wind up naked? And why is it he didn’t seem to mind who seen?’ I wondered over to the couch; confidence and hormones running on high.

“June? What are you…?” Stiles trailed off when I smacked Sam on his tan bum and he jumped. “Wha the hell? Who…?” Sam stared up at me with a confused and tired look; an overnights growth sprinkled over his chin. “June? Well I wasn’t expecting to see you.” He stated trying to roll over and sitting up half way. I handed him a pillow and he stared at it for a second before seeming to realize what it was meant for. “Come on, have a seat.” He patted his thigh.

“Dude…put some pants on.” Stiles and Scott both said at the same time. Sam looked around me to the two dweebs that held their faces in a cringe and tried desperately to focus on anything other than Sam’s exposed ego.

“Who’s the douche bags?” He asked; ignoring their pleas to cover up and focused his attention back on me.

“These douche bags are college freshmen. Their with me. I thought you said that this party was going on all weekend?” I reasoned.

He grumbled before standing up and throwing an arm around my shoulder. “It was, but we ran out of beer.” He smiled before walking and dragging me with him. “Parties moved Junie Bear.” I elbowed him in the ribs when he called me that ridiculous nickname. “Ow. Damn you got stronger and you look different too.” He observed as he bent over to grab his jeans from the floor.

“Oh oh Oh God! That’s just wrong.” Stiles huffed. I heard Scott making a gagging noise and smiled at their immaturity.

“What’s your name again?” Sam asked; turning to Stiles.

“Stiles.” He stated simply.

“Well Stiles…” Sam placed a hand on his shoulder, “Maybe when you grow up; you’ll get big boy balls like mine.” He teased. I chuckled when he turned back towards me. “And you sweets; have you gotten a boob job?” I stopped laughing and blushed before resting my hands on my hips and pushing them out.

“Nope. You like?” I asked adding a bounce so that they jiggled. He quirked an eyebrow and stared intensely at my chest.

“I do. Do I get to take them for a test drive later?” He smiled devilishly before slicking his hair out of his eyes.

“Depends on how drunk I am.” I lied, but couldn’t help the rush of flirting with him gave me. I don’t know why I was enjoying it so much. Usually I avoided anything that even hinted at flirting with him.

“Well come with me and we’ll see what we can do.” He didn’t bother with a shirt and tugged at my hand and out the door. He tried leading me towards his mustang but I insisted on taking Stiles jeep. “We’ll be too drunk to drive. Stiles is our designated driver.” I reasoned.

“Why do I have to be the designated driver?” Stiles whined but shut up when I gave him a dirty look. Sam huffed in annoyance before climbing in the backseat and dragging me in with him. He directed the way in between touching my leg and whispering in my ear. Scott and Stiles remained silent the whole drive. I glanced over the front seats to see both glaring at me. ‘Stop glaring at me fucktards.’ I scolded before turning my attention back to Sam. He leaned in and kissed my cheek and begun to trail his lips down my neck. He paused before placing a kiss and saying…

“My. Where’d you get these? I thought you were babysitting this weekend.” He reattached his lips to my neck.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” I really had no idea what he was talking about.

“Hickeys sweetie. You’ve got four on your neck.” He stated before latching onto me again. Hickeys? When did I….DEREK! Oh My Gosh! Derek Hale gave me hickeys? My body quivered at the thought; causing goose bumps on my arms. I heard Sam hum and could smell his growing
arousal. Shit! I shoved at his shoulders and pushed him away. “What the hell June? I thought you were into it.” He asked clearly upset.

“Oh…uh…yea but…I’m not drunk yet!” I rushed out. He stared at me unbelievingly and was about to retort but I was saved by Stiles.

“We’re here!” He yelped from the front seat. I hopped out and took in the party that was in full swing. Stiles danced in place as he took in all the slutty girls that were stumbling about. Scott’s eyes were wide as saucers and wore a silly grin. They were clearly in heaven. I felt Sam’s hand on the small of my back as he pushed pass the ‘twat stricken teens’. It wasn’t long before I was pushing my way pass half drunken bimbos and intrigued stares from guys gawking at my breasts.

“HEEEYYY Sam! Oh and….June? Oh my God! June! Wow! What happened to you?” Janice shouted over the blaring music drink in her hand. I could hear her just fine and flinched as someone cranked the music louder. Janice was slender, bordering on anorexic, long red hair, and pale blue eyes. She wore a black low cut top with an open back, paired with a floral print skirt and black pumps.

“I uh…decided to change!” I hollered back. “Yea, I died my hair and got different color contacts.”

“You look great! Did you get a boob job too?” She asked serious.

“Oh uh…No! They just kind of grew over night!” I wasn’t lying. They really did. She giggled, satisfied, before turning her attention back to Sam.

“So! Are you two…you know…dating?” She asked noting Sam’s arm around my waist. I tried to inch away from him but he tightened his hand on my hip and pulled me closer.

“Yes!” He answered for me. I was about to open my mouth to protest when he cut me off, “I finally managed to snag this one.” I looked up and noted that stupid grin that made me feel uncomfortable.

“Well, you may have to wait on the bedroom! Renee and Tommy are using it!” She winked at me before she spotted someone else and bounced away; leaving me alone with Sam. I looked around for Scott and Stiles but couldn’t spot them anywhere. Damn High schoolers!

“I’m going to go to the ladies room.” I said prying myself from his grip.

“I’ll be here.” He stated winking at me. I tried to pull away but not before he planted a kiss to my cheek and letting me go. I rushed towards the bathroom, grabbing a beer on my way, before locking myself inside. I sat on the side of the bathtub and took a long sip of the bitter liquid and stared at the ceiling. My body shook from lack of movement. I was restless and paced around the bathroom before jugging the beer. I glared at my appearance in the mirror. My eyes flashed ice blue, deep brown curls swept around my shoulders and face. I stared at the newest version of me. I felt the tug of something buried deep within me as it pushed closer to the surface. But it wasn’t like you think. It felt more like I was in a daze or a trance. Taking a step from myself and letting it take over. Adrenaline pumped through my veins as the toxic daze took hold. I couldn’t think, only feel. My eyes changed back to that greenish blue as I decided to flee the bathroom, winging the door open, and heading strait for the dance floor and grabbing a shot of tequila on my way. I shoved myself into the middle of the wriggling bodies that meshed closely with mine and started to move slowly; rolling my hips and twisting as I danced to ‘Sweet Sour’. I felt two warm bodies press against my front and my back as they moved with me. Have you ever seen those movies where it shows what a person feels like on drugs? Where they slow everything down and the movements become like a trip and sensual? Perfect example: The Runaways movie. It’s like that. I leaned my back against the solid chest as they ran a hand over my by body. I couldn’t remember a time when I had ever felt this way. It was weird and strange but I felt awesome all the same.

“Hey there Junie bear.” I heard the whisper of Sam’s voice as he took the place of the guy who was behind me. His hands traced over my shoulders as he removed my blazer and tossed it away. I was too lost in my daze to think better of it and leaned my head back against his chest. I heard the deep rumble of his chuckle as on hand slid under my shirt while the other rocked with my hips. I peeped open an eye to see Stiles sitting off to my right with a bunch of drunk women crowding around him. He was frozen solid as a blonde placed her hand on his leg and moved it towards his crotch while another chick ran a hand over his chest. I used my new werewolf hearing to pick up
on their conversation.
“Oh you’re too cute.”
“Yea he is.”

“Hey, what do you say we go upstairs and talk?” The blonde whispered in his ear. ‘Oh lord! Please help him. He’s bitten off way more than he can chew.’ He looked like he was about to jizz his pants right there as a doofy smile ceased his face followed by one that could be construed as his possible O face. He tensed up even more and leaned back panting as she traced a finger over his crotch.

“Oh oh oh Gawwwwd! Yessss!” he panted. I could smell his arousal all the way from across the room. I found Scott as he bumped into me being led around by a black haired chick. I chuckled at the look on his face. It was his own version of doof mixed with an ‘Oh Shit!’ look.

“What’s so funny?” Sam asked as he ground his hips against me. I hadn’t been paying attention to him. “Do you not like my dirty talk?” He urged. I couldn’t respond through such a hazy mind.

“GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM HER!” I heard the gruff and angered voice that sounded an awful lot like Derek. I felt a hand grab my arm, jerking me abruptly away as he shuffled me behind him.

“Dude! What the fuck is your problem?” Sam asked.

“You better mind your fucking mouth.” Derek snarled.

“Or what bro?” The question barley passing his lips when Derek punched him. Sam went flying backwards and smashing into two other guys causing them to spill their beer. Derek moved quick as he grabbed Sam by the throat, lifting him off the ground with one hand, before smashing him into the floor.

“Don’t ever touch her again. You got that…bro?” Derek threatened still holding Sam by the throat.

“Ya…yaaaaa!” He chocked out when Derek released him before he grabbing me and throwing me over his shoulder.

“Der…” I was cut off when he bounced me on his shoulder.

“Scott! Grab Stiles and get in the jeep. We’re leaving.” Derek ordered.

“But…”

“Now Scott!” He barked before kicking the front door open and toting me down the steps.

Ohhhhhhh I was in TROUAAAAABLE!

Chapter End Notes

Song: Sweet Sour; by Band Of Skulls

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE, COMMENT! I LOVE COMMENTS. THEY'RE WHAT KEEPS ME GOING!
Derek had me slung over his shoulder as he fiddled with the keys to his car. I took the chance to admire his really nice ass highlighted in tight black jeans. Oh it was GOR-G-OUS! He adjusted me on his shoulder and I bounced, knocking my head against his back as I was slid further down. ‘I wonder if he’s wearing underwear.’ How much fun would it be to give him a wedgie? I pulled at the hem of his shirt and tried to peek under his waist band when I felt a cold breeze brush across my ass and up my skirt. ‘Oh shit!’ I was wearing a skirt. I reached one hand behind me and tried to tuck my skirt between my legs. ‘I really should have changed my underwear to boy shorts instead of the green neon thong I was currently displaying. Derek had stopped moving right about the time I had tried pulling my skirt down so that I wasn’t mooning everybody. ‘Was he staring at my ass?’ I felt the rush of excitement at the thought of giving him a peep show and the heat that gushed between my legs. I gave up on holding my skirt down before turning my attention back to Derek’s fine ass and giving into the urge to reach down and give it a squeeze. I felt him tense under me and smirked through my intoxicated dazed brain before squeezing it harder; enjoying the feel of the taught, firm muscle.

“Hey!” Someone called out to me. With my free hand I pushed my hair out of my eyes and smiled like an idiot at Scott as he and Stiles stumbled across the lawn.

“HI YA….Guuuys!” I slurred as they slowly drew closer. Stiles stumbled and drug Scott down with him before he chuckled and slapped Scott on the back.

“Cuume on wooolf buddy.” He slurried before dragging Scott up with him. Scott wore a goofy smile as both boys leaned on each other for support. The next thing I knew the world spun as Derek turned on his heels to greet the drunken idiots. I was staring at my reflection in the beautiful black car’s perfectly unstreaked window. ‘So he was staring at my ass using the reflection!’ Ha! Haha! Ha Ha! I cooed as I patted myself on the back for being able to put that much together for being in the drunken state I was in.

“What the hell?” Derek grouched. “Scott, you were able to walk five minutes ago! What the fuck happened? And you! You’re lucky I don’t beat you to death right now!”

“Dude! Chill outtt…sour wolf.” Stiles bargained.

“Yeaaa, mellow out some Der. You could use a drink man.” Scott slurred.

“Or two….maybe five. Loosen up dude…just trying to haave a good time.” Stiles added.

“You two are fucking drunk. Great! Now what am I supposed to do?”

“Have a drink! Maybe buy me another…and I’ll let you take a peek at my new boobies! Their really big Derek! Every one likes them! Werewolves ROCK!” I offered and hiccupped.

“You, shut up. You’re in trouble!” He warned. ‘Well duh! I didn’t expect NOT to be.’ Sheesh.

“I dooon’t think I can drive.” Stiles stated. I listened to Derek sigh before he turned around to tug the car door open.

“Hi!” I said and waved to them. They smiled goofily as they supported each other.

“Get in!” Derek ordered. They staggered towards the car as I played the bongos on Derek’s firm ass.

“Let’s get this party on the road tight ass!” I ordered. ‘Why can’t my butt be this tight?’ Derek pulled me down off his shoulder as he stood me on the ground. I wrapped my arms around his neck before tugging his lips down to mine and kissing him ferociously.

“OW OW!” Scott rootted from the backseat.

“Dammit! That’s what I was doing! Damn you Derek! I was going to lose my virginity!” Stiles shouted in a drunken outburst. “Now I have to go home and do it the old fashion way.” He mumbled. Derek pulled away from the kiss and dislodged my arms from around his neck. His face
was still set of stone and he was clearly agitated. ‘He’s agitated and I’m hormonally flustered. It ‘tis’ sex that could solve both our predicaments.’ I mussed as Derek shoved me in the car before slamming the door. ‘Oh! This was sexy.’ I rubbed my bare butt over the black leather seats. It was smooth and cool and smooth and…and…COOL! I traced a hand over the dash; feeling the tiny bumps under my fingertips before tracing it over the radio. My fingers itched to push the button that was glowing blue.

“No.” Derek put a halt to my exploration. I pouted before turning to stare out the window at all the people having fun before ’Voosh’ we were off. I leaned my head against the cool window and amused myself by writing ‘Derek’s my bitch’ in the fog from my breath. I heard a snarl from the driver’s seat and quickly erased it.

“Hey, can we pull over? I don’t feel good.” Stiles asked from the backseat.

“No. We’ll be at my house in a few minutes. Hold it.” Derek ordered. I heard the ‘Vwuck’ as Stiles spilled the contents of his stomach in the back floor.

“Oh COME ON!” Derek shouted before pulling over on the side of the road and dragging Stiles out over the driver’s seat. I felt someone hitting the back of my seat and turned around to find Scott covering his mouth and panicking for me to let him out. I wasn’t quick enough before his vile joined Stiles on Derek’s back floor. “What! OH HELL NO! Get the fuck out of my car!” Derek ordered before grabbing Scott by the shirt and dragging him out. ‘Oh this was sick! And it was making me sick!’ I rushed out the car and around the front to sit on the hood as I inhaled fresh air. Deep breath in and out; I practiced as I tried to focus on anything but the mess in Derek’s car.

Stiles and Scott were somewhere in the ditch puking their guts out. Derek was looking for something, anything, to pound his fist against that wasn’t his beloved car. I rocked back and forth on the hood as I tried frantically to stay still. The adderall was still pumping strong through my system and I couldn’t stop moving as I became restless. I need something to focus on. Something to keep my hands busy.

“Derek?” I asked meekly.

“What?” he snarled trying to calm his rage.

“I don’t feel good. I can’t stop moving and my body feels all jittery. Can werewolves take adderall?” I continued to rock back and forth when Derek came over and stood in front of me. ‘Oh, I could focus on that. It’d keep my hands busy too.’

“June. Why did you take adderall?” He asked a bit more calmly.

“I don’t know. I couldn’t focus on my school work and I was flustered because I’m not used to NOT being able to concentrate. I had a mini break down on the front porch of your house while you did what ever because Stiles was trying to help me and I couldn’t pay any attention and then he got upset because I couldn’t focus before he offered me an adderall thinking that it might help. I was desperate and didn’t see any harm in it so I took it. And now I can’t stop moving, I feel dazed, even before the beer, like I wasn’t really the one who was there. But at the same time I felt awesome. And all I seem to be able to think about is you and sex! My hormones are off the charts and I’m about ready to bang anything that moves. I think that may also be a side effect of the adderall. Stiles said it could cause a feeling of euphoria. And what’s more ‘euphoric’ than sex?” I rambled on as I tried to grasp hold of my thoughts and step back to myself. I felt two solid hands on my shoulders as they stopped me from rocking before one tipped my chin up to meet his green eyes.

“Adderall isn’t for werewolves June. It affects us differently. And your hormone problem isn’t the adderall. You’re in heat. It happened when I bit you.” He explained. I took a moment to mull over what he just said. ‘Heat?’ What the hell was a heat? And why is it I had a funny feeling I wasn’t going to like it?

“What’s a heat?” I asked. I knew he had heard my thoughts but he wasn’t offering. He sighed before taking a seat next to me on the hood of his car and rubbing the back of his neck. I felt my stomach sink to my toes as I waited anxiously for his reply.

“A heat cycle is when a female wolf is ready to be bred.” He sighed and stared at the road stretched ahead of us. “I…god this is hard to explain.”
“Well you better explain better than that.” I threatened. I was already cringing at the thought of where this was going. He inhaled a sharp breath before continuing, “It’s just like when a female dog goes into heat. It sends males into a mating frenzy and females too. You’re going to feel…more alive, euphoric, and more importantly…horny. Not only is it your human side that’s in heat, but your wolf too; which could be dangerous and powerful.” He stopped and turned to stare at me. I hopped off the hood of the car and began to pace in front of him. “So what you’re saying is I’m going to be a ‘horn dog’ and try to hump anything that moves. Like a Chihuahua?” I stated. He smirked and fought not to laugh before nodding his head. “And how long does this last?” He looked down to the ground before saying, “Two weeks.” “What? Two Weeks? Oh no no no NO! Two weeks! That’s longer than my period!” I yelled. “It is your…period.” He added. “WHAT?” “You will still…you know…during the second week.” He added. I stopped pacing and turned to face him. I was seriously debating on whether I should kick him in the nuts or punch him in the face. Both sounded really good right now. “Great! That just ended four nights ago and now I’m thrown back into that hell for the second time this month!” I bitched to myself forgetting that he could hear me. “Youuu ASSHOLE!” I screeched. To my annoyance he didn’t say anything and that’s when I decided to just shove him off the car. He landed on the ground with a thud before jumping up and growling. “Don’t you growl at me!” I pointed a finger at his chest, “I’m a werewolf on a hormonal rollercoaster from hell right now! I’ll tear you a new ass if you screw with me.” I threatened. He stopped growling to stare at me with amusement before desire flashed in his eyes; which ignited my own as the beast within me pawed to jump his bones now that it knew what the all the feelings were. Scott and Stiles stumbled up the ditch looking like forty kinds of hell. Their faces were turned down into a sick frown and smelled horrible of vomit. Derek turned an angered expression towards the two. “Take off your shirts and clean up the mess in my floor.” He ordered. They both grumbled and looked at him with pure hate before removing their shirts to clean up the vile; obviously to sick and tired to protest. Derek moved around to the trunk and dug around through it before emerging with a grocery bag. “When you’re done, put your shirts in here. You can take them home and clean them tomorrow. Along with my car.” They mumbled something indistinguishable before placing the gross shirts in the bag and climbing in the backseat. Derek and I reluctantly climbed in, rolling down both windows, before speeding off again. Stiles held his arms around his waist as he concentrated on the back of Derek’s head; while Scott leaned his face against the small triangular shaped back window, mouth open with drool dribbling down the corner as he closed his eyes and rubbed a hand over his stomach. I leaned half way out the window like a dog trying to breathe the fresh air while Derek leaned as far out his window as he could without wrecking. Ten minutes later we had pulled into Derek’s long dirt drive. I felt weak, no longer being able to support myself, and just laid half way out the window like a ‘dead’ dog as we made our way to his house. When we finally pulled up outside his house and he put it in park; I opened my door and fell out before dragging myself up. I walked like a zombie towards the front porch while Derek helped Scott and Stiles out before they joined me in the zombie march. I had made it the porch and noticed that all my books I had so willingly abandoned were nowhere to be found. I briefly panicked before Derek placed a hand at the small of my back. “I took them upstairs.” He stated. I relaxed and allowed him to guide me inside. I looked at the stairs I had admired all my life and suddenly seemed to loathe the idea of having to walk up them. I felt Derek sweep an arm under me before lifting me off my feet and toting me up the stairs. It sort of felt like that night when he bit me. Speaking of; ‘Why did he bite me and then leave me on the picnic table?’ I wanted to question him on so many things that I had meant to ask today, but decided tomorrow was another day. It’d just have to wait. I curled up in Derek’s arms and placed
my head on his chest. I heard Scott and Stiles lugging themselves up the steps behind me but focused my attention on the soothing sound of Derek’s heartbeat. Just like he taught me. It wasn’t long before I felt the tug of fatigue before something soft hit my back. Scott and Stiles had made it up the stairs and absent-mindedly laid down next to me. Stiles laid on my right, towards the window and draped an arm around my middle while Scott took a spot at the bottom. His head resting on my legs. I looked up to see Derek staring at us; though his face hinted at anger, his eyes gleamed with…admiration? I could be wrong.

I patted the open spot next to me and said, “Lay with me. I need ‘you’ to sleep.” I reasoned. He looked at me consideringly before taking a spot next to me and pulling me flush against him; forcing me to roll over on my side so that my head was buried in his chest. Stiles moved closer so that his back pressed against mine before two sounds of snoring rung out in the room. ‘Oh dear lord! Please, spare me from shoving a sock down their throats.’ And also, ‘OMG! I’m sleeping with DEREK HALE for the Second time in a row!’

“June…go to sleep. We have a lot to cover tomorrow and don’t think your getting out of it either.” He threatened. I groaned and mentally cussed myself before tuning out the snoring and focusing on his heartbeat again. It wasn’t long before I slipped into sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Song: Reasons; by She Wants Revenge

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE, COMMENT! I LOVE COMMENTS. THEY'RE WHAT KEEPS ME UPDATING!
I felt giddy as I ran through the dark woods. The moon was full and I felt free as my bare feet crunched the dry leaves. My heart soared as I looked to the sky to see a crow cawing as it flew above me. I answered its ‘caw’ with a musical howl as I danced in and out of the trees; the moonlight making my body feel electrical. Another lone howl answered in the distance as I sped towards the cry of my mate. Derek wasn’t far. I howled again and waited for his answer when another howl joined in. ‘That wasn’t Derek’s.’

I pushed harder; feeling another presence that scared the hell out of me, before I seen Derek standing in a clearing in front of his house. My heart beat faster as I rushed to him before being enveloped in his warm embrace. He was dressed in his usual black attire, but his features were wolfed out. ‘Beauty and the Beast.’ I thought, forgetting that I too was a beast.

“No. You are beauty.” Derek whispered into my ear. A menacing growl erupted behind me and I turned to face the huge black snarling beast. Its eyes bled red, massive head and body, and looked like a wolf in every sense. It lunged and I shut my eyes. I didn’t feel or hear anything; but the smell of blood filled my senses. I opened my eyes to see the wolf had disappeared before checking over myself. My hands tracing frantically up and down my body. Blood splattered all over my white summer dress; covering my arms and legs. I licked my lips and found the taste of the putrid liquid. ‘It’s not mine.’ I thought before spinning on my heels to find Derek lying on the ground with his throat torn out.

“DERK!” I shrieked and slumped down beside him. “Derek? Derek, no! No.” I cried as I placed a hand over his neck trying to stop the bleeding. I stared into the lifeless green eyes and begged him to come back to me. I couldn’t figure out what happened. Why? Why was Derek dead? I tried to fit the pieces together but couldn’t.

“June. June. June!” Someone called out. I glanced over to my right to find Scott lying face down, choking on his blood, as the light left his eyes.

“Scott!” I yelped trying to scurry over to him only to hear my name once more.

“June.” It whispered. I spun on my heels to face Stiles lying in the same position, his side ripped open, as the light faded from his eyes. I stood in the circle of the lifeless blood soaked bodies before sinking to the ground and screaming as the crow sent out another caw.

I sat up quickly as I gasped for air; pushing my sweat drenched hair away from my face I took in my surroundings. Stiles was lying on his side facing me and snoring up a storm. Scott was lying on his stomach, arm wrapped around my ankle, as he too snored. I glanced to my right and found Derek passed out. His arm was around my waist as he tried to edge closer. He looked different when he was asleep. His face was relaxed and peaceful looking; instead of set of stone. His jet black hair that was always perfectly gelled lye in a messy slept in do. For the first time I didn’t see him as the hot, sexy, brogue werewolf that he wore so well; instead, I found him simply adorable.

My dream came floating back to me as I looked at the circle of men, resting peacefully, around me. My stomach churned and I felt sick. I eased my way out of the circle, managed to recapture my ankle from Scott, before tip toeing over Derek and out of the room. I chanced a glance back to make sure I hadn’t disturbed anyone and was happy to find Stiles and Scott readjusting themselves to the improved amount of space. More importantly, Derek hadn’t moved. I didn’t think I was up to a chat with him right now.

I tiptoed bare foot down the steps; stopping and squeezing my eyes shut listening for any sign I had woke them when one of the boards would accidently creek before continuing. When I reached the bottom I scurried out the front door and to my car; easing the car door open and searching frantically for my hand sanitizer and napkins. ‘I never should have drank. Now I have to do exactly
what I said I would never do.’ Damn it!
Finding what I needed I eased the car door shut before crossing my legs all the way to the woods. Oh it was spooky! The moon didn’t provide much light in the dense woods as I trailed in and out, making sure that the house stayed in view, before finding a thick brush spot. ‘Question; Derek’s a dog basically right? Will he be able to…you know…if I really go through with this?’ I mulled the question over trying to decide weather I should wake him and have him take me to a bathroom or just pee here. ‘No way am I going to make it back to the house let alone to a gas station. Grabbing a stick I dug a hole before proceeding.’ ‘Oh yea June. You are definitely a dog.’ I thought to myself when I heard the snapping of twigs off in the distance, causing me to jump. ‘Oh, I’m sooo done!’ I yanked up my underwear and skirt before tiptoeing away, only to stop when I heard another ‘snap’. ‘Oh no. This was going to be like one of those scenes out of a bad horror movie.’ You know where the girl leaves the campsite to go pee before innocently being attacked by something. Only difference; I wasn’t going to die with my panties down.

I took a step back, facing the direction from which the creepy sounds evoked from, before tripping over a tree root. ‘Oh yea! This is sooo cliché. Way to go June! Now you’ll be ‘bigfoot’s’ chew toy! Wasn’t bad enough you were already a werewolves.’ Werewolves. Werewolf! Oh my freaken gosh! I’m a werewolf! Why should I be the chew toy? I felt something crawl across my leg before jumping up and freaking the hell out! I ran towards Derek’s house; screaming, and throwing my hands in the air like a mad woman. “GET IT OFF GET IT OFF GET IT OFF!” I squealed. I didn’t mind werewolves, but SPIDERS! Now they were a different story. I smacked into something hard as I jumped in place and tried frantically to wipe away the feeling of something crawling on me. “JUNE! June! What is it? Stop…stop moving!” Derek ordered as he grasped my shoulders. “SPIDER! GET IT OFF GET IT OFF GET IT OFF!” I squealed again.

“June! There’s no spider! Stop.” He ordered again. I glanced up for the first time and seen Derek smirking with an ear to ear grin as amusement filled his eyes.

“Is it off?” I asked

“Yes.” He stated simply. “What were you doing in the woods?” He asked trying to keep the chuckle out of his voice.

“Oh, uh…” I was about to lie when I realized he could hear my thoughts. I groaned and felt the heat rush to my cheeks before staring down at my feet. “I had a bad dream and I wanted fresh air. But then I realized I had to pee and well…you can figure out the rest.” I admitted.

“I thought you said…”

“I know what I said!” I waved away from his embrace and took a step back. “But I didn’t want to wake you. Besides it wouldn’t have done much good. I was practically busting at the seams.” I explained. I dared to look up at him and found that he had a hand pressed over his mouth trying hard not to laugh.

“And what did we learn from this?” he asked smugly. I rolled my eyes, ignoring his smug question, and moseyed over to my car. The images of my dream flashed through my head like a bad slide show. “June? What was your dream about?” He asked a bit more serious. I tried to push the images out of my head so he wouldn’t see and forced myself to focus on anything but. I looked at Derek, avoiding his eyes, and scanned over his body. How sad I had to use his body to force out any lingering nightmare images. I forced myself to curve tail my thoughts to those of the x-rated kind. This, lucky for me, wasn’t a hard thing to do right now. I heard him sigh before he moved towards me; I took a step back without realizing till I seen Derek’s chest huff out and a flash of worry cross his features. “What is it?” He pressed.

“Nothing. I don’t want to talk about it and I don’t want you poking around my head to find it neither.” I stated as I turned away from him.

“I told you, I can’t control what I hear in your head. I don’t know how to shut it off.” He explained.

“So you’ve never had this problem before?” I asked a bit skeptically. I turned to glance over my shoulder and seen him shaking his head. “What about Scott? You can’t hear his thoughts?” I pressed.

“No. It only happens for the ‘maker’.”
“So you didn’t bite Scott.”
“No.”
“Oh.” I felt a wash of relief flutter through my body and let out a deep mental sigh. ‘I was his only.’ I thought. ‘Only werewolf.’ I corrected.
“Wait…was you…?”
“No!” I cut him off. My heart pounded in my chest knowing he had caught my lie.
“You were jealous.” He stated and I heard him creep closer. Sure it’d be easier to just admit to it but I couldn’t bring myself to.
“No! I was not!” I defended.
“You were.” He hummed in my ear as he wrapped a hand around my waist drawing me closer. “No. I-I-I…” I stumbled over my words as he ghosted a kiss over my neck before spinning me around in his arms and capturing my lips. I molded myself to his body, wrapping a hand in his messy hair, as he took control of the kiss and forced me against my car. We stayed locked together in an array of kisses from hungry passionate to slow and sensual as he leaned me back on the hood of my car and meshed our bodies together. His hands traced along my sides and to my hips as he kept me pinned; restricting himself from wondering further. I couldn’t take it, my hands wanted to explore his body, as I wanted him to explore mine. Heat pooled between my legs, creating an aching need, as I tried to thrust my hips upwards. “Derek…please…I need more.” I begged as he moved to my neck and sucked. ‘Yes! Another HICKEY by DEREK HALE!’ I cheered. I heard him chuckle as he sucked harder on my neck and added nips. I ran my hand through his hair and tugged lightly while my other traced over his bicep.
I heard a ripping sound before a cool breeze grazed my chest; causing goose bumps over my skin as he trailed kisses down my chest before taking a breast into his mouth over my bra. I groaned and arched up into his mouth while the other lightly squeezed my other breast. “Oh God Derek. That feels soo good.” I panted as he switched to my other breast. He moaned around a mouth full, creating a vibration that absolutely drove me nuts before unclasping my bra, (it clasped in the front) and shoving it away to reveal bare boobs. I felt the wet heat flick across my nipple before the cool night air wisped over it, making my nipples pebble even harder as he took it back into his mouth and sucked. ‘Oh God! He was torturing me in a delicious way.’ One hand moved down and under my skirt to graze my clit over my panties. “Ohhhh.” I moaned as his hand worked me while his mouth pampered my breast.
The cool air rushed across my breasts as he abandoned them to trail down my tummy. I felt his hands hook in my panties to tug them down. I hesitated for a minute when the smell of his arousal wafted through my senses; making me tingle all over and the aching need to be touched unbearable. I lifted my hips and he tugged them down my legs before tossing them away. He trailed kisses back up my legs, pausing at the inside of knees and licking sensually before moving up and licking the inside of my thighs. My body was on fire with want as he teased me mercilessly. I whined and thrust my hips trying to get closer to him. I watched as he knelt on the ground and drug me with him so that my bum was off the hood while he slung my legs over his shoulder. He let out a warm breath causing my clit to tingle before he drew me into his mouth. His tongue working in circles as he alternated between sucking and nipping before delving his tongue deep inside me. “Ahhhh Derek! Ohhh gahh! That’s…..sooo fucking GooooooD!” I moaned as he continued to ravage me. The heat pooled low in my belly as the fire started to spread. My muscles clenched as I bucked wildly; Derek never once faltering. My body erupted as I screamed Derek’s name. Every nerve danced with a satisfying buzz as my toes curled, eyes squeezed shut, and hand digging deep into Derek’s scalp. ‘You are mine. So pure. Untouched. Mine.’ Derek’s gruff voice echoed through my head as I rode out the last bit of my orgasm. If I wasn’t so light headed from sheer force that was still humming through my body; I may have questioned it. Derek traced his way back up my stomach before capturing my mouth in a deep kiss. I tasted myself on his tongue as he battled me for dominance before pulling away and beckoning me to meet his gaze. “Do you taste yourself? So pure, untouched. I can taste it, smell it, and drives me wild.” He didn’t give me time to answer before capturing my lips again. His erection strained
against his jeans and jabbed into my pelvis as he ground against me. My hands worked frantically to get his belt and zipper undone as he groaned into my mouth before reaching down and helping. I watched as he shoved his pants down and used my feet to help push them the rest of the way to his ankles before wrapping my legs around him and pulling him forward. He gave me a low chuckle as he pried my legs off. “Not tonight. I’m too close to loosing control. I don’t want to hurt you.” He wrapped a hand around the long hard length of his cock as I stared in awe at the sheer size of it.

“Well hell, I may be virgin, but that didn’t mean I was innocent.’ He growled before moving his hand up and down on his cock. I placed a hand around his base and pulled it slowly up his length. He growled again and watched as I pumped my hands adding a twist. A bead of pre-cum formed at the head and I couldn’t resist; I flicked my tongue over the slit and lapped it away before taking just his head into my mouth. He let out a deep feral growl as he fists a hand in my hair and rocked his hips. “Ohh God Juuune. Fuck that feels good. Let me fuck that pretty little mouth.” He ordered. I had never gotten into the dirty talk; but when Derek did it, I felt the heat between my legs again. Derek pumped his hips in and out of my mouth, forcing me to swallow down his huge member. His thrusts became erratic as his orgasm grew nearer. “June…fuck I can’t hold on much longer.” I groaned around his cock which sent him over the edge. I swallowed him deep into my throat and tasted the salty load that he shot down my throat. “That’s right…swallow it all.” He demanded cupping a hand under my chin while the other ran through my strands. He pulled out slowly and I made sure that not a drop was wasted before he pressed me flat against the car hood and locking our lips.

The sun had started to peek over the wood line casting a reddish glow in the sky. I felt the weight of fatigue tug at my spent body as Derek’s warm one pressed against me in the chilly morning air. Derek kissed my cheek before standing upright and tugging up his pants. I lye there too tired to move and watched as Derek turned away and walked off. I used what strength I had to sit up on my elbows to see Derek fetching my discarded thong.

“Wow. These are neon. Hurts my eyes to look at them.” He teased before shoving them in his pocket and sliding me off the car. He gave me a long slow kiss before picking me up and toting me up the porch. My stomach growled as we passed the deer leg from yesterday and suddenly eating seemed more important than sleeping. The smell filled my nose as something inside me stirred. I lost control and had that funny feeling of stepping back from myself before I lunged at the delightful smell. I felt someone tugging at me, knew it was Derek, but at the moment, nothing was more important than sinking my teeth into the hunk of meat. I pawed desperately at Derek’s arms, tried to shove him away and even growled a warning to let me go before being tackled to the ground. My back hit hard as Derek tumbled down on top of me; but I just couldn’t stop fighting. I lashed out with my teeth and tried to bite him as he pinned my arms to the ground before howling my agitation.

“Let me go!” I growled. “I. Need. It!” I huffed out as I still fought. “June! Look at me!” He ordered. My eyes were glued above me to the deer leg as I tried to flip over. “June. Stop! Look at me! As your maker I order you to look at me!” He growled. ‘Fuck that.’ I heard the sound of something cracking before an ear splitting growl erupted from above me. I stopped fighting and faced the much scarier side of Derek. His eyes pierced mine as he pressed his canines close to my face and growled again. The thing inside me stepped back and allowed me to take the wheel again as I whimpered under him. Something inside me told me to bare my neck and I did. Derek stopped growling and I felt his tongue dart out to lick my neck. I stared at him out of the corner of my eye and watched as he gradually shifted back.

“Derek?” I asked in a low whimper; afraid that he was still mad at me. “I’m not mad June.” He stated before dragging me to my feet and spinning me around so that I faced the busted window. I stared at the glowing ice blue eyes peering back at me: my canines protruded over my bottom lip. Derek raised my hand in front of my face to reveal the long sharp claws that had sprouted from my finger tips. I gasped; taking in the beast that was me and stepped back away from my reflection; only to hit Derek’s chest. “Now do you see why I had to do that?” He asked. I nodded my head as tears formed. I could handle glowing eyes and raging hormones;
but I hadn’t really thought I’d shift like that. “That’s not even your whole shift.” Derek stated, spinning me around and cradling me in his arms as I sobbed into his chest. “I don’t know what happened. I just went…”

“I know.” He soothed by rubbing my back and wrapping my hair around his fingers. “It happens to all of us; but its worse for females when their in heat.” I nodded as he led me to the porch steps and sat me down. “The same way you just felt; like you were stepping back from yourself, that’s when your wolf is taking over. That’s also why I drug you away from the party last night.” I looked at him questioningly before he continued. “I could pick up on some of your thoughts last night. The bond weakens the further you are away from me; but as I got closer, I could hear bits and pieces. You realized that you were stepping away from yourself; thought a beer or two could help. But the wolf is stronger than that. You may have felt…’euphoric’ but that’s how it begins. You don’t realize that you’re losing control. The wolf wanted free, wanted to breed, and then all hell would break loose as your apatite, just like now, would take over. I don’t mind that you go out and have fun; but you have to learn how to control your wolf first.” He took a deep breath and sat down next to me.

I stared at the morning sky for a long while as a comfortable silence filled the space around us; taking time to digest everything. From learning control to beating the shit out Derek to get to the disgusting leg. From last nights adderall trip to beating the shit out Derek to get to the disgusting leg. From last nights adderall trip to beating the shit out Derek to get to the disgusting leg. From last nights adderall trip to beating the shit out Derek to get to the disgusting leg.

“Why didn’t you go all the way with me? I mean, I know you said ‘lack of control’ but really, why?” He sighed before settling his gaze back on the rising sun. “Well…another catch to the whole ‘heat’ thing.” I rolled my eyes and sighed. Damn werewolf Heat! Does everything going on in my life revolve around it now? “Mostly.” He answered before going back to the first question. “Yes, I am afraid of hurting you. I don’t want to hurt you June and if we went all the way; I would never have been able to control myself. Werewolves when they breed, the more dominate tends to get more aggressive. Especially when the females in heat. It affects us in a deep way that we can’t control.” He took another deep breath and seemed to be contemplating on telling me more. ‘Don’t surprise me with more ‘Heat’ related info down the road. Spare me the agony later so that I don’t…you know…do anything stupid because of the stupid ‘heat cycle thing.’ ’ He nodded before continuing. “I can’t go all the way with you while you’re going through this. When werewolves do, it binds us for the rest of our lives. Especially when we make the mating bite. But as a ‘bitten’ that’s already been done. Besides, we weren’t exactly ‘prepared’.” I gave him another questioning look, “Condoms June. I don’t exactly carry them with me.” Ah! So that’s the real reason! I had totally forgot all about ‘safety first’. Oh, that could have been a total cluster fuck; considering I’m not on the pill. (Note to self: Go to gyno immediately and get birth control.) (Side Note: Buy condoms!) Derek chuckled and added, “Birth control isn’t really effective for wolves. And most who do go on birth control; well their mates don’t like it.”

“Why?”

“Because wolves are pack animals and when they mate, their wolf side takes over and the need to procreate becomes the priority. Also since we are covering this topic; females tend to have three to four pups at a time.” My eyes grew big and my jaw dropped to my lap. WHAT! Three or Four pups! Holy shit! I knew I wanted kids someday but I preferred one maybe two. But three or four! That’s suicidal! And no fucking way was I going to be the one to stay home and take care of them while he goes out and works! “It doesn’t work that way. Both partners work.” I buried my head in my hands and seriously considered just offing myself now. Its official! If he had any hopes of getting laid that just ruined it! I was going to become a nun!
Chapter End Notes

Song: Take The World; by She Wants Revenge

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE, COMMENT! I LOVE COMMENTS! THEY'RE WHAT KEEPS ME UPDATING!
A Sweeter Side of Derek

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Two hours, three cups of coffee (still don’t know where their coming from), a change of cloths, and two pissed off teenagers later, Scott and I were standing in the middle of the woods; waiting on Derek to teach us how to become ‘werewolves.’ Stiles was back at the house sleeping off his mega hangover. Derek and I never did go back to bed; instead he woke Scott and Stiles up at 7 to clean his car. Both boys had cussed him out and refused to get out of the bed before Derek grabbed them by the back of the neck, drug them downstairs, and threw them off the porch screaming, “Get my fucking car cleaned now or you’ll both be scrubbing blood off my floor when I beat your stupid asses to death. Got it?” To which Stiles replied, “How are we going to clean the blood of your floor if you beat us to death?” Smart ass. I couldn’t help but to laugh as they scrambled to their feet when Derek threw a bucket and towels at their heads. “Go to the stream and get water to scrub it with”. They hustled into the woods and reappeared fifteen minutes later; only because Derek had had some fun stalking them and making them freak the hell out. It was funny watching them running out of the woods screaming to get in the house before Derek emerged from behind them laughing his ass off.

I stared at Scott who leaned against a tree, his head resting on his chest, as he dozed in and out of consciousness. His hair was a mess, cloths crumpled, eyes blood shot. I had managed to change into a pair of jeans and Derek’s oversized black t-shirt that he insisted I wear. I was going to question him about it, but he cut me off with a kiss while no one was watching before grabbing Scott and marching into the woods. So, here I stood, stomach growling like a rabid dog as I waited on Derek to get back. He wouldn’t let me eat the deer leg, claiming that it wasn’t fresh enough for first timers.

“What are we supposed to do?” Scott asked from his slumped position by the tree.

“I don’t know. He just said wait here and that we’d know what to do if we listened to our wolf.” I replied. Really, why couldn’t he just tell you something strait out?

“Damn sour wolf.” Scott grumbled. I joined him in leaning against the tree as I waited for whatever it was I was supposed to be waiting for. I listened to the sounds around me. A blue jay sang in the distance as leaves rustled when I heard the sound of a crow ‘cawing’ from above me. I stared up at the trees trying to spot the damn bird as my dream flashed back to me. I shuddered trying to ignore the resemblance when the sound of thundering footsteps rang through my ears. I felt the pounding heart of the frightened animal beating with in me as it drew nearer. My wolf pressed closer the surface as I felt an adrenaline rush. I glanced over to Scott who was slowly fading from himself; his eyes glowing hazel, claws extending, and canines poking out from his mouth. Once again I felt myself stepping away as the wolf took hold. Scott was circling around the area slowly as he listened to the thundering hooves. I crouched down behind the tree as I waited for the terrified deer to get closer. I could smell the delicious scent of its blood and fear. Its fear only provoking the wolf even more; when finally it came into view as it blew by us. I felt the tingling in my spine and knew Derek was close but I couldn’t wait for him.

I darted out from my hiding place and sprinted after the deer. Scott was off to my left in hot pursuit. I growled and Scott seemed to understand as I veered off right so that we running beside the doe as I eagerly threw my body into the air and lunged at the animal when I felt something impact into my side. Scott and I went rolling down the hill before landing with a grunt at the bottom. Anger burned inside me like a raging forest fire consuming me. I roared my rage, unable to reel it back in, before grabbing Scott by the shirt and pinning him to a tree. He let out a yowl as I shoved him harder before baring his teeth at me. I felt claws dig into my shoulder as the trickle of blood ran down my arm; but I couldn’t pry myself away, the pain only serving to fuel my fire before I
delivered a blow to Scott’s ribs. A loud roar sounded from behind us but I couldn’t let go.
“Enough June. He’s learned his lesson. Let go June.” Derek ordered as he moved down the hill. I
kept Scott pinned to the tree as I tried to take hold of my wolf. “June, use the pain to bring you
back. Focus on the pain, how much it hurts, and come back to me.” His voice slid through my ears
like velvet. I couldn’t focus on the pain; it just served to fuel my anger further. ‘I can’t Derek.’ I
felt him step behind me as he wrapped an arm around my waist, his chest pressed firmly against
my back. I could feel the drumming of his heart on my back as he lowered his head close to my ear.
“Then focus on something soothing.” I listened to the rhythmic beat of his heart; calming my
anger. “Good. June, I need you to look at Scott.” I forced my attention back to Scott’s face. “He’s
no threat anymore. He’s frightened.”
“I am n…” Scott was cut off when Derek gave him a low warning growl.
“You don’t want to hurt him anymore June.” Derek soothed. ‘I don’t.’ “Scott’s your friend.” ‘He is
my friend.’ I felt myself start to fade back as the red haze of anger seized. I focused my attention on
Derek’s heartbeat and the smell of fear coming from Scott. I didn’t want him to be afraid of me. I
liked Scott. He was a sweet kid. My claws receded and canines retracted as I stepped back to
myself. I released my hold on Scott, not realizing that I had pinned him off the ground, before he
landed with a thump on the ground. I leaned back against Derek as I continued to focus on his
heartbeat. “Scott, go back to my house.” He ordered without any real bite. I tried to force a smile of
apology as Scott picked himself up from the ground and headed back up the hill towards Derek’s;
not once looking back at me. He was pissed at me for good reason; but I couldn’t help the tinge of
hurt I felt as he shunned me. I felt Derek tug down my shirt over my shoulder before a warm wet
tongue darted out over the claw marks. I jumped, taken by surprise, but he held me in place as he
continued to lick over the wound. His saliva burned but in a good way, causing a moan to escape
my lips; but ended all too quickly when he tugged the shirt back over my shoulder. “Come on. I’ll
take you to get something to eat.” He offered, grabbing my hand and tugging me up the hill with
him. I looked around for any signs of the escaped deer but found nothing but a scent trail. Damn it!
“There’ll be other chances. But for today, we’re taking a break.”
It wasn’t long till we reached the old house. I could hear Scott grumping to Stiles but was quickly
being cut off. “Dude! My dads going to kill me! And I have to pick up my jeep! What the hell am I
going to do?”
“I don’t know.” Scott added un-helpfully. I had made it upstairs with Derek and Scott refused to
meet my eyes.
“Scott, I’m sorry. I’ll make it up to you, I promise.” I pleaded. Stiles was about to intervene. “I’m
sure he’ll explain everything later. And as for your problem, just tell your dad that you were in an
all night study session with me; helping me for an exam on Monday. I’ll even go with you to help
you explain. No way can your dad be mad over that.” I explained. I heard Derek huff behind me as
Stiles stopped pacing and shook his head in acknowledgment.
“By the way, your phone has been ringing off the hook.” Stiles added. I groaned in annoyance
before going over to my crap and grabbing my phone. Ten new text messages, eleven missed calls,
and nine new voice mails. The first message was from Sam and read, ‘wht the FUCK hppnd lst
nite?’
“Ignore it.” Derek ordered. I looked at him a bit skeptically. He gave me one of those looks that
said, ‘I’m your maker remember the first rule I thought you.’ It was a cross between disgust,
cockiness, and something else I couldn’t identify. Oook. I flipped to the next text, ‘Pick up your
phone June.’ It was from my mom as where the next seven. ‘June come home.’ ‘June we need to
heading to the Hale house.’ I gasped and frantically pushed send. The phone rung once before she
picked up.
“Juniper Hawthorne! Finally! I’m on my way young lady.” She informed. I groaned and rushed
out.
“No mom. That’s ok. I don’t need you to visit me really. I went for my morning run through the
woods, had my I-pod in and cranked up.Really I’m fine. Just go back home.”
“Too late. I’m here.” I dropped my phone and rushed to the window to see the black SUV pulling in behind my car before my stepped out wearing a white tennis skirt and t-shirt, with a white sweater tied around her shoulders. What was the point of the sweater? It looked stupid and I never understood why people wore a sweater like that. She wore her coco brown hair in a bob that didn’t do much to hide her aging face. She had more Botox than little and would soon be scheduling for a touch up. I blew past Derek and the boys and rushed down the steps and out the door.

“Mother! What are you doing here?” I asked meeting her at her car before she could move any closer to the house.

“Why do you like spending time in such a…disastrous house? They should really tear it down.” She stated looking at the dilapidated home.

“I think it’s beautiful and I’m glad that no one has. Now can you please go?”

“You lied to me Juniper.”

“Don’t call me that and I’m 23; I’m allowed to lie and ‘LIVE MY OWN LIFE!’” I bit.

She looked at me for the first time with a judgmental eye, “June! What did you do to your hair? It looks awful dear.”

“Thanks mom.” I said sarcastically. “And I haven’t had time to shower today.”

“Clearly. You smell like a sweaty guy. Honey, it’s unbecoming. Did you get a breast job?”

“Yea mom, I scheduled it for in between classes. In and out procedure you know. Yep, I’m able to run and touch them. New procedures, high tech stuff. You envious?” I smirked.

“Fake breasts are not something to be proud of Juniper.” She snapped.

“Mom, everything about your face is fake. It’s no worse than fake boobs. And I was being sarcastic.” She gasped when I called her face fake before dropping the topic. ‘Score one for me.’ I heard the sound of a screaming Layla coming from the backseat which forced me to take a step back as it rung through my ears. My mother pulled open the backdoor to produce a red face baby.

“If you’re not coming home, then you can watch your sister while I go to my tennis meeting. I’ll be back by five.” She shoved Layla into my arms before taking out the baby seat and diaper bag and handing them to me as well. I struggled to hold everything at once when my mother hopped in the driver’s seat with a wicked smile and backing out.

“Mom! You can’t do this! I h…” She had already pulled away and was speeding down the drive. I gave up on holding everything and dropped the contents of my arms, minus my sister of course, who thank the lord had stopped screaming and stared intently at me. Derek and the boys emerged from the house. Derek had a strange look on his face as he approached me. My sister giggled as I shifted her in my arms before twirling her tiny fingers through my hair.

“And who do we have here?” Derek asked. It was a little strange hearing him so mellow as he reached out and placed a hand on Layla’s head. Her hair was starting to come in the same coco brown as my mothers, green eyes that at one time, looked like mine. She was dressed in an orange dress with black pants, socks, and a black under shirt.

“Layla. She’s my little sister.” I stated and couldn’t help but to admire Derek as he traced a soothing hand over my sister’s head, while one finger tickled under her neck. She giggled unstoppable and was soon reaching for him, squirming like a worm, as she fought her way out of my arms. Derek wrapped his hands under her arm pits and carefully removed her from my arms as she stared at him in awe.

“Well look at that. The big bad sour wolf has a soft side after all.” Stiles poked.

“Shut up.” Derek ordered half heartedly as he curled her closer to his chest. I was still in shock at how quickly he took to her. I thought for sure I’d have to beg and plea and cry to let her stay. “Why would you think that?” He asked a bit offended.

“Oh…uh…I guess you just never struck me as the ‘baby’ type of guy.” I said honestly. I heard Stiles chuckle in agreement. Scott’s face was still shaped into that of a ‘holy fucking shit! Am I really seeing this?’ look. Derek rolled his eyes before grabbing the car seat and heading towards my car. “What are you…”

“You’re still hungry right?” He pulled open the back door to my car and shoved the seat inside. I hurried over to grab Layla out of his arms while he fastened the car seat. ‘Wow! He knew how to
fasten a car seat?’ “Yes June, I’m capable of hooking up a car seat.” Well hoorah to you! ‘He’s doing better than you.’ I chastised. I admit I knew nothing about babies. It was a wonder my mother trusted me at all with Layla. Derek grabbed a very willing Layla from my arms and strapped her in. “What are you all looking at? Get in the car!” He ordered. Scott, Stiles, and I were staring with wide eyes, open mouths, and in general shock when Derek growled; sending us into a frenzy. I took the drivers seat while Scott and Stiles fought over who sat in the middle in the back seat as Derek took a spot in the front passengers.

In no time we were on the road and heading into town. No one dared to speak as we made our way; instead both boys had settled for staring at the back of Derek’s head still in awe. Stiles had wound up being the ‘monkey in the middle’ and was sitting at an awkward angle. I watched as he crinkled his nose before erupting, “Oh Dear God! What is that…Ohhh that’s rank!” I giggled till the smell hit my sensitive nose and began to gag me. I coughed and pulled the shirt over my nose to block the stench. “Fewww! I can’t believe all that smell is coming from you!” Stiles poked at Layla who giggled at Stiles facial expression. Scott had his head buried so far down his shirt he looked like the headless horseman. The only one who didn’t seem too bothered by it was Derek. ‘Oh I’m soo drilling him later.’ I seen the corners of his mouth try to tug up in a smile that he was fighting to hide.

“Where do you guys wanna eat?” I choked out. “Fuck! Who cares? Whatever’s the closest.” Scott spoke for the first time. I pulled into Becky’s Diner; Scott and Stiles bolted out the door before I even put it in park. I slid out of the car and grabbed my sister before Derek came around and took her from me. Huh, that was strange. “I’m not toting the diaper bag.” He stated without looking at me. No! He was too busy entertaining my sister as she gurgled and made funny noises for him. ‘Oh she was going to be easy when she grew up.’ Derek smirked at me while I grabbed the diaper bag out of the floor before following Derek as he led the way inside. ‘Why is it he didn’t mind toting my sister, but refused to tote the diaper bag? It should be the other way around right?’ We had made it inside when an all too chipper hostess greeted us. She had blond curly hair down to her shoulders, bright blue eyes, and a teeny waist. “We’re with them.” I pointed towards the two morons already sipping coffee sitting in one of the booths. “Ok. Have a seat then and your waitress will be right with you.” I was about to follow Derek when she caught me by the arm, “You know your breast wouldn’t be so swollen if you breast fed. I know when I had my son it made them feel a whole lot better.” I stared at her in amazement before pulling my arm from her grip. “She’s my little sister.” I said flatly. Her face fell and she moved around nervously before adding, “Oh, I’m sorry. I just remember graduating with you and you never had…you know.” “Yea, well, my boobs just missed out on high school. When I hit college is when they finally decided to come in. But thanks for the tip. I’ll keep it in mind for when I do have a kid of my own.” I snapped before heading to my table where two guys were smiling like assholes because they had ‘SUPER WEREWOLF HEARING’ and heard everything that just went down. When I reached the table I greeted them with an automatic, “Shut up.” Before grabbing my sister from Derek and taking her to the bathroom. Gah I hated changing diapers!

I had successfully managed to gag, puke, and take care of my sister as I re-dressed her. “You know, if Derek likes you so much and you like him, you should have made him do the diaper change.” There was nothing like trying to put the pants on a squirming infant. “By the way, hands off sister. I called dibs first.” I teased finally dressing her. I placed her back in her carrier and washed my hands. “Do you know long I’ve tried to bag him? I’ll tell you…since I was seven. That’s right. Seven.” Layla cooed as I talked to her and honestly, I was having fun talking to her so I stood there for an extra five minutes. “You know, I have a secret and you can’t tell anyone because they’ll think I’m nuts.” I lowered my voice and got closer to her face. “I’m a werewolf.” She wrapped her fingers around one of my stray curls as I sugared her face and giggled. I did a quick check in the
mirror, my jeans had dried mud on them and I used a damp paper towel to remove it. There were five holes in the shoulder of Derek’s shirt but easily covered by my hair. Sure I looked a lot like my old self but at the same time; I couldn’t imagine what I looked like before. My blonde had completely disappeared from my hair; leaving a deep chocolaty brown. I grabbed Layla before heading out and sliding into the booth beside Derek.

“What are you so happy about?” Scott asked from across the table.

“I don’t know.” I answered honestly. Derek was smiling as I pulled Layla from her carrier and sat her in my lap. “What?” I asked looking at Derek.

“Nothing.” He shook his head and took a sip of coffee. “I went a head and ordered for you.”

How…? “You practically lived at my house when we were younger. I just added a side of steak.” He grinned. ‘Oh.’ I couldn’t decide weather that was a good thing or bad. I felt sort of embarrassed because really, I did live at his house most of the time. I had never wanted to go home to my stuck up, prime and proper family. I looked down at my sister who was currently intrigued with the never ending jabber that was Stiles; who I really wasn’t paying attention to. I couldn’t help but feel bad for her. Monica and Dillon would be sure that she grew up to be what I never was; a yuppie. They’d be sure that she hung out with the snobby kids of the neighborhood, force her into medical school; and if you were anything less than a doctor, so lord better help you because it wasn’t up to their standards. Never would she know the joy of getting close to nature or what it felt like to be the biggest nerd and have a crush on the high school jock that never noticed you or what its like to have a family that really loves you and accepts your flaws even though your not blood. She’d never know what it was like to loose that family either. The pain of watching everything that ever mattered to you, that made you feel good about yourself, disappear.

I hugged her tighter to me as she stared up at me with those big green eyes. I hadn’t realized I was crying till Derek put a hand on my arm and Scott and Stiles stared at me. I smiled at Derek who also looked pained. I had forgotten he could read my thoughts; once again, before excusing myself from the table (Layla in tow) and rushing back to the bathroom where I clung to her to like a baby doll. I heard the knock on the door as Derek poked his head in and looked around before coming in and locking the door behind him. “Derek I’m sorry.” I automatically apologized because I knew I was the reason for the pained expression. He should be angry with me and yell at me for being so inconsiderate; instead of wrapping me in his arms with Layla squashed in between. And she seemed quite happy about it too.

“June, you’ve gotta stop thinking that way. I’m not angry. How could I be? You loved my family as much as me. I know that.” He tipped my chin up to meet his eyes and stroked his thumb over my cheek wiping away the tears. “And you’ve really gotta stop calling me the high school jock.” He offered to lighten the mood. I found myself being constantly amazed with him today. “Why are you amazed?” ‘Damn it.’

“I don’t know Derek.” Really I didn’t. He hugged me again before taking Layla and capturing my lips with his. My sister whined and pouted her lip, (She may be young, but awe be damned if she wasn’t an expert manipulator) before burying her face in Derek’s neck. He responded by pulling away and chuckling before unlocking the door and leading us out. Our food had arrived and I couldn’t wait to shovel it in my mouth. Derek held Layla while he ate; which made Stiles and Scott keep quite while they ate and stared at him. They seemed to be having as hard of time believing this as me. I took note of the time and honestly, it felt so fricken late, but was only 10am. Sheesh, I’ve had a long day and it was no where near being over.

Chapter End Notes

No Song.
As Always! Comment! I'm needy people! I need comments! Please......pretty please.
:D
By 10:30 we were on our way to drop Stiles and Scott off to pick up his jeep. Assuming that it hadn’t been towed. ‘Gah, I prayed that it hadn’t been towed.’ Layla was safely tucked in her car seat, sucking on a bottle that Stiles held for her. Stiles had decidedly moved the carrier to the middle so that him and Scott could sit on either side; this didn’t go down without its difficulties either. The boys had managed to figure out how to undo her seat, but hooking it back was a chore. “Scott! You’re doing it all wrong!” “How should it go then huh Genius?” Scott spat back at Stiles. “Like this! I think.”, “Give it here!” “No! I’ve got this Scott, get off.” Between the two idiots bickering and Layla throwing a wholly hell hissy fit, Derek was ready to pull his hair out or at least kick someone in the ass; before pulling Scott out of the way, growling at Stiles, and hooking the car seat properly. It was kind of cute watching him go into ‘daddy’ mode over my little sister. I heard Derek snarl from the backseat where he just decided to stay since Layla seemed to like his company. (She had shut the hell up as soon as Derek took over) I smiled meekly in the mirror but I still couldn’t get past how cute he looked sitting in the backseat, a hand rocking her car seat, as he stared out the window.

I felt a ping tugging at me from the inside as something feral took hold. It wasn’t the stepping back feeling that signaled my change; this was more like a magic switch had turned on and made me long for something, though I don’t know what. It was strange to me. I tried to wipe away the feeling by focusing my attention on something else. Scott still hadn’t really spoken to me and I felt the chill as he looked everywhere but at me. ‘He deserved it; he’s weak’ a tiny voice niggled at my subconscious. As soon as the thought hit, I pushed it out. It was wrong to think that. He didn’t deserve it and I knew he wasn’t weak. “Scott?” I whispered his name. He turned his head to meet my eyes for the first time and I seen the underlying anger he still held towards me. “Scott, I’m sorry. I never meant to hurt you; I just lost control.” I tried to reason.

“I know June. Now can we just leave it alone?” He snapped. I was a little taken back by it, but there was something in the way he said it that made me think that there was another reason he wanted to drop it. Fine, I would drop it for now; but he was going to face me at some point this week. I turned onto Madison Dr. that housed the party before pulling up in front of the house. Scott hopped out without even so much as a ‘good bye’ and jogged towards the light blue jeep. Stiles relinquished the bottle to Derek before giving me a hug and joining Scott. Layla started whining as Derek removed the bottle from her lips, “You have to…” ‘burp her.’ I didn’t get a chance to finish the sentence as he had already removed her from the car seat and put her over his shoulder. I pulled away from the house as Stiles tooted his horn heading the opposite way and waving bye.

“June, where are we going?” Derek asked as he patted Layla’s back.

“My house.” I offered simply. I wasn’t about to have my mother drive out to Derek’s again. For some reason; it felt like she was invading a part of me. Like her arrogant presence would taint the beauty I found in the old Hale house. Besides, I could really use a shower.

“Ahh, the real reason for going to your house.” Derek teased from the backseat as he buckled Layla back in. Ok, so that may play a big part in my decision as well. Shoot me! The rest of the car ride was silent as I navigated my way using back roads instead of the highway to get to Beacon Hills before turning into Pleasant Springs Club House Community. I had never liked the subdivision made of houses worth no less than $500,000 and up. You couldn’t be just any average Joe with money to live here. You had to dress like you were made of money. (Anyone who seemed different, say Emo, would be shunned by the community. Legally, they couldn’t force you out because of it, but they could treat you like shit and make you want to move. Or die.) We passed
mansion after mansion before pulling into residence 6431. My home resembled that of everyone else’s. It was painted plain white, royal blue shutters, tiny porch, three car garage, and a small bare front yard. Lord forbid anyone should plant a tree. ‘It might make the value of your neighbors house go down.’ Pssh! Fuck that. The house itself consisted of five bedrooms, three full baths and one half bath, two stories tall, and with all the modern day appliances.

I got out of the car, grabbing my sister and making Derek tote the diaper bag and car seat before I headed to the garage and punching in the combo. Sure I knew Derek was watching and Monica would throw a whole bitch fit about it, but who gave a shit? Not me. “You can just put her carrier by the van.” I ordered. I waited on Derek before shutting the garage door and walking inside through the wreck room. Derek stopped in the door way and looked out into the hallway leading to the kitchen. “Come on in.” He looked at his feet and then back at me. Oh! “You can leave your shoes on. The house is hardwood. We had the carpet removed because of my allergies.” I stated. He nodded before trailing behind me. I wound my way through the tan colored kitchen, through the living room, and up the stairs before reaching my old room. They had turned it into Layla’s nursery, since the two other bedrooms were turned into my mother and fathers ‘separate’ offices, and the other lye downstairs as a guest sweet. The room had once been painted a lime green, though you would never have been able to tell through all the posters of hot guys and favorite boy bands that I had stuck to the walls. I remember my mom would walk in before automatically walking back out. The next day after school, I would come home to find my walls stripped of all my posters. This happened five or six times before I got fed up and just hot glued them to the wall. Boy was she PISSED when she tried to rip them off but wouldn’t budge. I suffered a weeks grounding, no phone, no TV, no computer, no friends, you know the normal grounding. But it didn’t matter because I had won the ongoing poster war; besides, that didn’t stop Laura from busting me out every night during my week of being punished. She took great pride in helping me to rebel against my family; she hated them as much as I did.

I placed a sleepy Layla in her crib and turned on her ‘dream machine.’ She didn’t fuss as her little eyes drifted closed when Derek and I snuck out the room and closing the door behind us before Derek grabbed my shoulders and pushed me against the door; locking his lips to mine in a heated hungry kiss. His tongue darted out, separating my lips, before swooping deep into my mouth and taking control. His hands had wondered down my back before cupping my ass and tugging me upwards as I wrapped my legs around his waist. I ran my hands through his hair and tugged lightly as he ground his hips against mine; making me feel his ‘need.’ I tugged on his hair, drawing his lips away from mine, before grabbing the hem of his shirt and dragging it up and over his head. I felt the heat pool between my legs as the aching need to be touched hummed through my body. “June…we can’t…” He panted into my neck as I cut him off.

“I know. But there’s other ways.” I added hopefully. Sure we could have oral all we wanted; it was practically an all you can eat buffet. But I wanted more. “You said we couldn’t go all the way right? But that just includes your dick and my vagina right?” I asked to hot with lust to care how I put it right now. He chuckled before answering.

“I guess.”

“But anal’s not considered going all the way?” He pulled away from my neck to stare at me for a long moment.

“Are you…?”

“Serious? Yea.” I huffed out. “Look, you already know I’m a virgin, so why not be my ‘first’ everything?” He didn’t say anything and I thought maybe I had overstepped my boundaries before nervously adding, “If you’re into that I mean.” I bit my lip before I seen a wicked grin cross his face.

“How long do we have?”

“Oh…Uh…” That was a weird question. “Well, my dad gets home from work at 6:30 and my mom won’t be home till 5. So that just leaves us with the ticking time bomb that would be my sister.”

“I think we can make that work.” He smashed our lips together again as he toted me towards one of the bathrooms. I felt butterflies in my stomach as I grew nervous before he pulled away again. “Do
you have lube?” My head was buzzing from the loss of contact as I meekly nodded my head. He sat me down on wobbly legs and gave me a quick kiss. “Where?” It took a minute to register the question before I turned and shuffled down the hall to my parent’s room. ‘How do I know my parents have lube? And why is this not bothering me right now?’ A. Because earlier this year my mom had sent me upstairs to get a book for her. She told me it was in one of her dressers. Stupid me tugged open the wrong dresser and found the lube. Needless to say, I didn’t explore any further. And B. I was way too turned on to care. I drug open the dresser drawer before grabbing the lube and rushing back out to Derek who was standing in the doorway to the bathroom waiting with a sexy smirk, ‘Damn that sexy smirk’, before grabbing me by the waist and dragging me inside. He kissed me till my toes curled and my panties were soaked before stripping me of all clothing and placing me in the preheated shower. I watched as Derek stripped out of his pants and boxers before stepping in and pressing me against the tiled wall. His cock pressed against my belly as he molded himself closer; the water beating down over both of us and making it easier to grind against one another.

Derek lapped at my neck while one hand massaged over my breast. I wrapped an arm around his shoulder for support before sliding a hand between us to stroke his member. Gah I couldn’t get over how big he was. He gave a strangled chuckle that came out more of a moan than anything. I circled my thumb over his plump head before massaging it back and forth over the tiny slit. “Ohhh fuck June…if you keep that up…this’ll be over before it begins.” He groaned before grabbing my arms and pinning them above my head as he trailed down my chest and tummy. He threw one of my legs over his shoulder when he tugged at my other. I tensed up and tried to keep from falling. “Trust me June…I won’t let you fall.” He pushed his shoulder between my legs before lifting up so that both legs were settled over his shoulders and off the ground. I felt his tongue dart out trace a long lick over my clit; causing me to buck my hips against his face.

I moaned and tangled my fingers through his wet hair. I glanced down to meet his green eyes as they held me in a stare when he flicked his tongue over my hot spot over and over. My body was on fire and I felt myself quickly coming undone as he held my gaze and continued to ravage me. My orgasm washed over me with little warning as I slumped against the wall. Derek sat me down, making sure that I stayed pinned to the wall for support, before he traced his way back up to my lips. “Are you ready?” He asked in a husky tone. Hell, I was lucky I was even standing, but I felt the aching need between my legs again as my desire came creeping back. I nodded my head before he spun me around so that my breast pressed flat against the wall and bent me over in a half bend position as he kissed down my spine and bite my butt cheek as he kneaded them apart. I felt the warm press of his tongue against ‘one’ of my virgin holes as he traced it in circles. The feeling was weird, but in a good way, before I felt a finger press against my entrance. “Relax.” I took a deep breath before I felt it penetrate causing me to jerk my hips forward. He didn’t move as he gave me time to adjust before I rocked my hips. He let me fuck his finger before I felt him add a second as he sissored me open. ‘Oh fuck! That felt so fucking amazing.’ I continued to rock my hips over his digits before he pulled them out. I groaned at the loss, but there was no mistaking the ‘pop’ of the lube lid as I peeked over my shoulder to see Derek slicking his dick with plenty of lube before rubbing it over my entrance. ‘Oh gah! I could get off just watching him touch himself.’ He smirked before stepping behind me and gripping both of my ass cheeks and using a foot to nudge my legs wider. “Take a deep breath.” He ordered as he leaned over me and nipped at my shoulder blade. I could feel his erection gliding between my cheeks before it nudged at my entrance. I took a deep breath as he inched himself in slowly and winced at the burning. “Relax your muscles June.” He soothed as he pushed further before he was fully sheathed. He gave me time to adjust but the ‘not’ moving was killing me.

“Move.” I ordered as he grasped my hips and placed another kiss to my shoulder blade before pulling out till only the head of his penis remained inside me. I thrust my hips back as he thrust forward and repeating in slow motion; the burning started to subside as pleasure pooled hot and heavy in my stomach and licked at my lady bits. I reached a hand back to grasp onto Derek’s arm for support as he tugged lightly on my hair; sending a pleasure pain coursing through my body as
he thrust deeper using long strokes. I pulled Derek’s arm around my front, so that his chest pressed to my back, as he stroked my aching clit. “Oh Gawwwd Derek! Fuck…” I moaned. The sound of bodies slapping echoed through the room as he picked up pace and tugged harder on my hair; I hadn’t realized I was losing control till I scraped my claws down the tile creating an awful screeching sound.

“That’s right…loose control as I fuck you senseless.” He growled before biting down into my shoulder. Heat warmed my entire body before pleasure danced on every nerve sending wave after wave of ecstasy as my orgasm ripped through like a tornado; making my head spin as I screamed Derek’s name followed by a bunch of profanity. “Oh fuck June! Do that again.” Derek ordered as I tightened my muscles around his dick as he came. “Ohhh fuck….Juuune!” He moaned my name as I milked every last bit of his seed; before he wrapped both arms around my waist and pulled me back against the wall with him as we fought for air. My legs felt like jell-o as I clung to the arms around my waist for dear life. I couldn’t form coherent thoughts as I tried to come down from my orgasmic high. A deep throaty chuckle filtered through my ears and vibrated against my back.

“What’s so funny?” I asked through gasps of air.

“Nothing…it’s just been a long time.” His voice was low and deep as he pressed his lips to my shoulder and sucked on the bite mark. I felt my claws recede as I tried to figure out what he meant by ‘it’s been a long time.’ My body ached in a whole new way as I discovered new and unused muscles. Derek’s cock had softened before he pulled his hips away and reached over to turn the water on warmer as it ran down our bodies to help relieve the aches. “So much for getting clean”, but I’d take this over a normal shower any day. “So would I” Derek chimed in. I leaned my head back against his shoulder and buried my nose under in his neck as he leaned his head against the wall, letting the water work its magic.

“JUNE! Are you home?” Derek and I both snapped forward as a gruff voice echoed from outside the bathroom. “June honey, is that you in the shower?” I looked to Derek in panic but asshole was no help as he just smirked and shrugged his shoulders. Great. “Honey?”

“Yea dad, it’s me.” I hollered back. I squirmed as I tried to pull free from Derek but he wasn’t having that and tugged me closer.

“Ok sweetie. I seen your car parked outside and wanted to make sure you were alright. How’s your sister?” He asked. I groaned and wished he would just go away already…

“She’s fine. I just put her down for her nap before I hopped in the shower.”

“Alright, I’ll be in my office if you need anything.”

“Yea, Ok!” I listened to make sure that he actually left before letting out a breath I hadn’t realized I’d been holding and collapsing against Derek. “Well you were no help.” I mumbled.

“Would you of preferred I told him that you were too busy to answer because I was fucking your brains out in the shower?” I looked at him in shock and he just smiled that arrogant sexy smile that made me weak at the knees. ‘Oh now your being sarcastic.’ He spun me around in his arms and locked me in a slow and sensual kiss as his tongue mingled with mine before pulling back and locking me in a stare. “Now, shall we get clean?” He offered. ‘Why, it’s been more fun getting dirty.’ I was about to retort when he kissed me again before pulling away and grabbing a bar of soap.

Ten minutes later we were finally clean as we stumbled out of the shower, wrapped in each other’s embrace; before wrapping a towel around our bodies as I peeked my head out the bathroom door, checking to make sure the coast was clear. I stepped out first before grabbing Derek by the hand as we made a mad dash for the downstairs bedroom. I gotta say, it was a lot of fun as Derek and I hustled down the steps knowing that we could get caught at any minute. ‘UNTIL!’ My foot caught on the step, sending me face first as I drug Derek down with me. Somehow he managed to wrap his arms around me as we landed at the bottom of the stairs with a huge ‘THUMP!’ I was lying flat across Derek’s chest as he grumbled trying to get up before, “JUNE! JUNE! What happened?” My dad hollered as he ran out of his office. ‘Jigs up!’ “June? Ju…” He trailed off as he stood at the top of the steps and looked down at Derek and I sprawled out on the floor. I picked myself up from the floor as Derek shuffled behind me quickly. ‘What the hell?’ Was he afraid of my dad? I heard him
snarl behind me automatically crushing that mussing.
“No, look at were my towel is.” He whispered harshly into my ear. My eyes trailed up the stairs to reveal a green towel scrunched up on the eighth step. I smiled realizing his embarrassment as my father stared sternly down at us.
“What the hell is going on here?” he asked as he walked down the stairs. I felt Derek press his body closer to mine and could only imagine the look on his face. Probably somewhere between embarrassment and a scowl. “I’m waiting Juniper.” My dad stated crossing his arms over his broad chest. My dad was dressed in his black work pants, blue stripped shirt, and loafers. His hair was dark brown and graying on the sides as he wore is slicked back.
“I-we…were just…” I sighed knowing there was no point in playing innocent and decided to go with a different tactic. “Derek was showing me good time. I’m 23 after all; about time a girl experiences…” My dad cut me off as he put a hand up and shook his head; I knew Derek was doing the same and heard him sigh behind me.
“And is…Derek here…your boyfriend?” He asked. Huh. I never thought to ask myself that. I mean, we had never made that official; and he didn’t ask me out or anything. We were just having sex right? Well…almost sex anyway. But we haven’t went out on a date or actually talked about dating. Was this just because I’m a werewolf now and that’s what they did? Maybe he really didn’t have any real feelings towards me and we were just fucking around because of animalistic need.
“Yes sir. I am. I’ve been dating your daughter for a while now.” Derek spoke up for the first time; clearly saving my ass.
“Oh? She’s never mentioned you before.”
“Dad, no offense, but I’m 23 years old. My love interests are none of your concern. And things didn’t get serious till a few weeks ago.” I lied.
“I see.” He stated, rubbing a hand across his jaw. “And do you have a last name son?” Good sign, he called him son!
“Hale.” Derek said flatly.
“Hale? Ah yes, I remember. June used to be good friends with your sister right?”
“Yes sir.”
“I remember my Juniper had the biggest crush on you…used to come home and draw hearts all over the place with your name in the m…..”
“DAD!” I shouted cutting him off.
“Oh really…she never mentioned that.” Derek teased as I slapped a hand over my face.
“Can we go now?” I asked in desperation.
“Yes you can go now. I’ll pretend that I didn’t see anything.” My dad offered with a chuckle. My dad was so much cooler than my mom. He had turned and headed up the steps when I called out…
“Can we not tell mom about this?”
“About what?” He replied as he continued up the stairs; never turning to look at us. I smiled when I felt a tug on my arm as I was drug to the bedroom and the door slammed behind us.
“What the fuck where you thinking? Telling your dad that I was showing you a good time.” He stood in front of me, naked as a jay bird, and upset.
“What? As I recall, you asked if you should chime in from the bathroom and tell my dad you were busy fucking my brains out.”
“I was being sarcastic! Now he’s going to think I’m a bad influence on you and…” He trailed off as it was my turn to smirk. “What are you smirking about?”
I dropped my towel and sauntered past him to the dresser with my cloths. “Nothing.” I answered coyly and begun to dig through the drawer. He growled letting me know he was annoyed and clearly not up to games right now. Oh well.
“What? As I recall, you asked if you should chime in from the bathroom and tell my dad you were busy fucking my brains out.”
“I was being sarcastic! Now he’s going to think I’m a bad influence on you and…” He trailed off as it was my turn to smirk. “What are you smirking about?”
I dropped my towel and sauntered past him to the dresser with my cloths. “Nothing.” I answered coyly and begun to dig through the drawer. He growled letting me know he was annoyed and clearly not up to games right now. Oh well.
“June.” He used my name in a menacing way trying to bully the answer out of me. Not going to happen this time. He could just sit there and stew for a few minutes. “June, I can hear you thoughts. Now answer me or I swear…”
“You’ll what?” I cut him off and turned to face him; planting one hand on my hip. He couldn’t stop his eyes from wondering over my body; or the response that it provoked. I smiled sweetly before
stepping closer to him and tracing my fingers over his chest. He froze in spot and forced the anger expression on his face. “You’ll what?” I repeated as I leaned closer so that our lips were inches apart as my breast grazed his chest; before the next thing I knew I was being pinned to the mattress with Derek’s body pressed tightly against mine, his erection pressing between my thighs. Oh I liked the ‘you’ll what’ response as I felt heat pool between my legs again with renewed lust.

“What do you want from me June?” His voice lowered to a low husky whisper as he held my gaze. Those gorgeous greens held something deep behind them that I couldn’t figure out; as I tried to mull over the odd question that had taken me by surprise. “Do you want to be my girlfriend? Go on dates and be mine.” My stomach dipped and butterflies danced. Did he really not know that answer by now? “I want to hear you say it June.” My voice caught in my throat before I cleared it and tried again.

“Derek, I think it’s pretty obvious I’ve had a crush on you for the longest time. Hell I used to make wishes on pennies and shooting stars that you would ask me out. That hasn’t changed now. And do you honestly think I’d let you fuck me up the ass if I didn’t want more from you?” He couldn’t hide the grin that formed on his lips.

“What a thoughtful way to put it?” He teased before kissing me. “But you would still want to date someone like me? The guy that turned you into a monster or is always sour or an asshole?” “Do you want to ‘date’ me? Because it seems like you’re trying very hard to talk me out of it, when I would have you no other way.” “I want so much more than to date you.” He replied before smashing our lips together again; leaving me no time to question or think about it as lust burned through me again, leaving my mind in a foggy haze. ‘Oh, he was good.’

Chapter End Notes

Song: Turn Me On; by Nikki Minaj (I apologize if I spelled her name wrong.) Too tired to look it up.

COMMENTS ANYONE? Please! I will nag the hell out of you for a comment! ;D
Animals

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I stared out the windshield from the passenger seat of my car, one hand held tightly in Derek’s, as we drove back to his house. I had decidedly told him to take the long way home, using back roads with beautiful scenery, because I wanted to take the time to get used to being someone’s girlfriend. It’d been three years since my first and last relationship with a guy from my senior year of high school; and not once had he even offered to hold my hand. And when ever I had tried to hold his, he would pull away and look all squamish. I’d asked what was wrong, and for a long time thought it was me, before he opened up about being OCD about germs. ‘Funny how he never mentioned that when we made out or touched my boobs or touch my…’ “Uh hmm.” Derek cleared his throat loudly, cutting off my thoughts. I smiled apologetically; forgetting once again he could read my thoughts. We had the windows down and sun roof open as we twined down the back roads with daylight fading ahead of us. I felt anxious for the night to fall; realizing that I was slowly falling in love with the night and dreading the suns rise more and more.

Derek and I had wasted our time piddle fucking around at my parent’s house; and several times had been ‘put in check’ by my dad. I had successfully given Derek a hand job in the bedroom before he had fingered me when my dad knocked on the bedroom door yelling, “I can hear you two upstairs from my office. Might I mind you, she’s still my little girl and I won’t allow any of that under my roof while I’m home. And June, I know your not innocent in there, and for the love of God, STOP STROKING HARDER!” Derek and I had shuffled off the bed and scrounged for cloths; forgetting that his had been discarded in the upstairs bathroom. Needless to say, I was sent on a trip upstairs to retrieve them. After all, we wouldn’t have wanted another moment like that of the stair escapade. After that, we had settled for junk food and a movie on the couch. I had gotten the privilege of choosing the movie and settled for Underworld: Rise of the Lycans. Derek bitched through the entire movie about what was complete ‘bullshit’ and that I wouldn’t turn into that. ‘Aw damn. I thought they were kinda cute.’ But when the sex scene came on, it hadn’t taken much for Derek and I to feel horny again, before grinding each other on the couch when my dad ruined it. “Your mother’s on her way home!” That was our signal to leave as I drug Derek through the house in a blaze, making sure that I forgot ‘NOTHING’ that would give away my or Derek’s presence, before kissing my sister and dad bye and fleeing the house.

I leaned my seat back so that I could look out the sunroof and to the stars that never seemed to move as we drove along. The moon casted a low glow in the sky as my mind side tracked to more important issues. Derek had covered the whole ‘heat cycle’ thing; but other than that, I still didn’t know much about my current situation. And I suppose that was my fault; seeing as how I’m usually the one to be side tracked by my hormones. I felt Derek squeeze my hand tighter as he waited patiently for me to ask. I sorted through my list of questions to ask before settling for the easiest. “Do we change with the full moon?”

“Yes. Every full moon…we go through the change. But control is the most important thing to remember. Your first few changes, you won’t have control of your wolf. That comes with practice.” His voice was low and cool as he explained the process to me.

“Will it hurt?” My mind traced back to all the werewolf movies I had watched over the years, and you never seen any where they didn’t scream or hunch over in pain as their bodies morphed. He nodded and stared strait before answering, “I wish I could tell you that it’d be different than what you see in the movies June, but I can’t. You’ve seen me ‘changed.’ I don’t know if you’re wolf will resemble mine or if you’ll look more…wolf…like.” What… “Does that have to do with anything?” He filled in. “The more wolf like you are, the more your body has to shift, and the more pain will result.” I mulled that one over and went back to staring at the stars.
“Who bit Scott?” His grip tightened over mine; if I had been human, my hand would probably have been crushed. He took a deep breath and his expression went sour wolf again as he tried to put together his answer. ‘Nope, I still wouldn’t have him any other way.’ I thought as the pissed off expression turned into a frown.

“I returned to my house in Beacon Hills a week ago. When I came back…I wasn’t the only werewolf.” He let out a breath before continuing. “There’s a neighboring pack to us. The Holloway Pack. Their not a problem pack and never have the Hales had problems with them…” he trailed off deep in thought. I sat forward and stared at him as he thought. “But their pack has grown a lot since I lost mine and it’s become more than their alpha can handle. Some of their members have challenged the old alpha and lost; before deciding to go rogue and create their own. One of the young males had wondered into my territory, obviously not realizing that a Hale had returned, and bit Scott on the full moon. Technically, Scott’s wolf family is the Holloways, but he was bitten in Hale territory, so he’s Hale Pack member.”

“So werewolves go by that too? Being considered a pack and ranks I mean?” He nodded and continued.

“Werewolves are almost the same as regular wolves in the sense of how things work. Alphas run the pack or family. We hunt together, work together, and help each other.” He had lost some of the sour wolf as he explained as best he could.

“What are we? I mean in sense of ranks. Are you an alpha?” I nibbled on my bottom lip and stared intently at him. “No. Beta.” He replied shaking his head. He looked like he had something more to add, but kept quite. I knew that there was something he wasn’t telling me; but the hard look on his face told me I wouldn’t pry it out of him. Instead I thought about Scott being bitten by another pack member and how he must feel. Lost and disconnected from them? If it was anything like what I felt with Derek, minus the wanting to fuck his brains out, then he was all sorts of screwed up. “That’s why I don’t click with Scott. He wasn’t bitten by me, therefore he don’t feel like my member. I don’t share that connection with him that I do you. You’re my…progeny I guess you could call it. A part of me runs through your veins…..my wolf created yours. That’s why I can read your mind. But that’s not the extent of it. You’re mine to protect, to teach, and take as my own. I’m responsible for you. Last night at the party, when ‘he’ was putting his hands all over you, I felt your discomfort; and if your human side could have broken through the haze, you would never have been anywhere near him.”

He tapped a thumb on the steering wheel before he sighed and confessed. “I felt your reaction to him the other day…when you were leaving school. You didn’t like how he touched you or tried to call you a cute name. You didn’t like it and you wanted to get away from him….I felt all that and it took everything not to beat him to death right there.” He looked at me for the first time; his expression somewhere between apologetic and pissed. I couldn’t quite place what the glimmer in his eye was though; but it sent a shiver down my spine and sparked an aching need. ‘Well, this conversation has gotten a little to serious for me tonight.’

Silence filled the space between us as we cruised at a comfortable 45, taking time to enjoy the night, as a cool breeze filtered through the car. The sound of crickets and road side frogs as I called them echoed outside as we passed. I gawked at Derek, sitting side ways in my seat, and couldn’t help becoming aroused as I took him in. He had managed to find some gel in my house to style his hair in that really sexy bad ass look that only he could pull off. The same jet black color as his hair shadowed his cheeks and chin in an overnight gruff adding to the sexy bad ass appeal. Though I liked the ‘clean’ look on him, I found that I liked the rough look too. In fact, I wanted to feel it scratch over my skin as he went down on me. I watched as those gorgeous full lips corked into that sexy smirk and licked mine subconsciously thinking about the wonders they could perform. My eyes trailed down over his muscled shoulders, muscled arms, and strong hands. Gah, the things he could do with his hands. My breath caught as I watched his chest rise and fall, pulling the t-shirt tight over the fabulous pecs that lye beneath. Then a fabulous idea struck me. “June?”

“Hmm.” I hummed as I leaned over and traced a hand across his jaw before twisting my fingers through his hair.
“What’s this idea got to do with?” He asked a little concerned; more so for himself as he tried to focus on the road.

“If you can read my thoughts why don’t you tell me?” I whispered in his ear as I nibbled on his lobe.

“You’re getting better at hiding your thoughts…which you’re not getting out of answering my question from earlier.” He threatened as I kissed down his neck before sucking on a spot. If he could give me hickeys, I could give him hickeys. I nibbled lightly, nipping at the skin, before sucking again. I felt him shudder as he tightened his grip on the steering wheel. I had abandoned his hand to trace over his chest.

“I want to play a game.” My voice laced with desire; completely ignoring his threat.

“And what game is that?” He forced out through gritted teeth as I ran my hand along the inside of his thigh.

“You keep talking about control; I wanna see how well you can control yourself. If you keep from driving off the road or from exceeding 60, I’ll do what ever you want. Your…kinks…” I circled a finger around his crotch, “your…fantasies….your deepest desires…What. Ever. You. Want.” He hissed as I cupped my hand over his growing erection and put light pressure on it as I rubbed.

“And if I loose?” He asked not backing down from the challenge through gritted teeth. I smirked before nipping at his neck again.

“You won’t. You have excellent control.” I hummed against his neck. “But possibly death, maybe a wreaked car and you have to go to the Halloween party with me.”

“What? What H….?” I cut him off when I unzipped his pants and dipped a finger in the small opening to stroke his straining cock. I leaned over; placing my knees in the passenger seat with one foot braced on the floor, butt in the air, as I scrunched up his shirt. He leaned forward so that I could push his shirt up under his armpits before settling back against the seat. I nipped at an exposed nipple before running my tongue around the pebbling peek and sucking as I teased my hand along the inside of his thigh. His muscles twitched each time I got closer to his package before sliding back down as I worked my lips lower, my tongue gliding over each dip and ripple of his abs. I had never got to feel the rigid plains on my tongue as I took my time exploring the virgin territory. I listened to the engine rev and pick up speed.

“We’re going faster Derek. Focus.” I ordered before nipping at a ripple in his stomach where he was slightly bent over. He took a deep breath and I listened to twisting of his hands on my steering wheel as he grasped tighter. I traced my tongue over his happy trail while I worked his belt loose and button undone. He tilted his hips but I wasn’t ready yet and pushed his hips back down. He grunted as the hardening length in his jeans rubbed painfully against the rough fabric; begging to be freed. I pushed his left leg tighter to the door so that they were spread wider before sliding a hand between them and under so that my palm pressed against his balls over his jeans as I begun to rub back and forth. The car swayed as he tried to correct his actions. “Careful, you may not want to do that when I take you in mouth and suck every last drop from you.” He groaned as he tried to press himself further into the seat and breath deep. I heard his quickened heartbeat and gasp as I mouthed him over his jeans. He twisted slightly in his seat as he tried to readjust, causing the car to sway again. The engine revved higher as we gained speed. I smirked before nipping at his neck again.

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“Oh Fuck June….” He moaned as he jerked his hips forward trying to get more friction. I pulled away and peeked up at the speed…65. I smirked before grabbing his jeans and tugging down as he lifted his hips frantically off the seat so that I could bunch them behind his knees. His dick slapping his stomach, free from its confines, as a tiny bead of pre-cum formed at the tip. I flipped my tongue over the head of his cock, lapping away the bead, before placing my tongue on the underside of his penis at the base, licking up and slipping just the head in my mouth and sucking, then repeating the action. He groaned as he added tiny little thrusts as I continued my torture.

“Juuune…ah fuck…please…” He begged as he tried to lift his hips to meet my mouth. ‘Oh gah, it was fricken sexy when he begged.’ I teased the tip of his penis again, running my tongue over the tiny slit, and sucking on the head; before taking him fully into my mouth. “Fuck…..keep that up,”
He pressed a hand to the back of my head as he tried to force me to move. ‘Huh uh. I’m in control.’ He withdrew his hand before I started to bob my head up and down, pausing at the tip to swirl my tongue, and then taking him back in. I used my hand to press against his balls as I gently rolled them back and forth. I hummed around his length, letting him know how much I was enjoying myself, as the car begun to sway again. ‘Mmm…focus Derek….gah, you taste so good.’ “Shit.” He cussed as he tried to control his driving. I felt the heat pooling between my legs as the smell of arousal thickened in the air around us. I reached my free hand between my legs and under the white fabric of my dress to stroke my clit as I worked Derek. I knew he was watching as I moved my hand rhythmically with my sucking motions as the car began to sway. ‘Derek, you’re not focusing.’ I teased as I worked us closer to climax. I tasted another bead of pre-cum on my tongue and knew it wasn’t long before he lost all control. A growl sounded from above me and the sound of something shredding as Derek rocked his hips and panted. “Ah….fuck…Juuune.” My name ripped through the car as Derek came in my mouth. I tasted his salty sweet seed as it landed on my tongue and swallowed it down as the car swerved before halting to an abrupt stop.

Derek pulled my head away from his softening cock as he smashed our lips together and delved his tongue deep in my mouth while reaching a his hand under my dress and helping to work me along. His hand covering mine, guiding my actions to what he wanted. I moaned in his mouth as the fire burned through my body sending me over the edge as Derek swallowed my scream. I started to collapse before Derek grabbed me and drug me over to sit in his lap. The horn blew as my ass pressed against it, but neither one of us cared as he tangled his tongue with mine in a lazy kiss as he held me close.

Something banged hard against the window; causing us both to jump and knocking heads. I was about to move when Derek tugged me back quickly, holding me in place. I looked at him in confusion when he shifted his hips; telling me exactly why I couldn’t move. “June?” A man’s voice echoed on the other side of the window as Derek pressed the button, rolling it down. I lolled my head back and out the window to stare at an upside down Sheriff. ‘Oh, this was not good.’ I smiled innocently as he crossed his arms and gave me a stern look. Normally, he was a really sweet guy and loved that I could sit still long enough to talk or watch a football game in quite; opposed to Stiles who couldn’t shut up for five minutes during a game.

“Hi Sheriff Stilinski.” I said sweetly; smile still on my face.

“June, I must say, I’m surprised to find you out here and with a boy at that.” He said disappointedly. I knew he thought of me as the daughter he never had. After the Hale fire, I had sought refuge and solace in the Stilinski household. Stiles had been more than enough to help me keep my mind occupied and busy tutoring him as the Sheriff helped me cope with the deeper issues. He would listen as I spilled my feelings and comfort me; Stiles helped to lighten the mood and bring cheer into my life again.

“Honestly…I can’t even come up with a lie for this one.” I admitted honestly. I glanced at Derek who stared strait forward, a slight red tint to his other wise flushed skin, as a bead of sweat dripped down his forehead. Now if you think about it, that’s the second time he’s been caught with his pants down today. He that didn’t happen much. “Are you going to give me a ticket?” I asked. He thought about it for a minute before answering, “I’m not really sure what to give you a ticket for. While it may…appear that you two were…you know…I can’t prove it. And parking on the side of the road isn’t illegal either. So I guess not. But I’m officially scared for life and that does carry some consequences.” He smirked and I knew I was going to dread what ever he had in mind. “I’m putting you on Stiles duty for a week.” ‘Ohhhh No! Not Stiles duty!’ I groaned at the thought; I knew what Stiles duty involved. “Can just take the ticket instead?” I asked seriously. His smirk turned into a smile as he shook his head no. Well Damn!

“You two have a good day.” He left us with that before going to his cruiser and pulling away. Derek and I sat there for a minute in silence. Derek I think from shock and embarrassment, (Oh, he was going to be pissed when he came to his senses) and I from dread as I thought about a week on Stiles duty.
“What is Stiles duty?” Derek spoke for the first time still looking straight ahead. His voice was low and laced with his usual pissed off.

“You don’t want to know.” I replied, looking out the passenger window and nibbling on my lip. Fuck me running! This sucked. What sucked worse; I had school tomorrow, no work done, and I had to go back to my dorm. Not only that, I had to face Sam who I’d been ignoring, listen to my professors bitch at me, keep my mind off sex, replace my steering wheel since it was now shredded, and then go on Stiles Duty; all while I try to learn control and how to become a werewolf. Yep! I had a long week ahead of me. Oh, and I had to go costume shopping for both Derek and I since he had, after all, broken one rule. He looked at me for the first time, his expression sour, (SURPRISE!) and I could tell he really wanted to knock my head off. “Well, you did!” I defended. I felt a pinch on my ass, making me jump up and over to my seat as he pulled his pants back up and started the car. ‘WHORA!’ I turned the radio on to fill the uneasy silence when a Florence and the Machine song filtered through the car. “Derek, I’m sorry we got caught… again.” I apologized. He didn’t look at me, but extended his hand to mine and held it as we made our way to his house, listening to the music.

Chapter End Notes

Song: Animals; By-Nickleback

COMMENT! COMMENT! COMMENT!
I stared up at the moon from my place by Derek’s side; lying on the floor in his old room. The car ride home had been pretty quite as we listened to the music and mulled over our thoughts. I wasn’t so much dreading Stiles Duty the more I thought about it. I reminded myself that he was grown now and had his own life; though I doubt that meant it’d be any less annoying. The last time I was on Stiles Duty was when he was and eleven year old boy and had yet to understand his condition. His hair was considerably longer than the new buzz cut he seemed to favor these days and hung down in his eyes like a skateboarder. He had always been sort of scrawny, and his lack of cellulite helped to add to his never ending movements. Newton’s Law: A body in motion tends to stay in motion, couldn’t apply better than to an ADHD boy. Back then Stiles Duty involved finding activities to keep him busy and several games of chase Stiles down the street because I sat down for five minutes. AND DEAR LORD! Never make the mistake of taking him out for ice cream and a movie! ADHD does NOT mix well with a sugar rush. Stiles Duty also involved being put in situations that I didn’t particularly find enjoyable. Hence, going to the hospital because Stiles managed to super glue an action figure to my face. I can’t even begin to tell you how many times I’ve been super glued to something and vise versa. Or there was always the time where he talked me (the boy had massive power of persuasion skills) into sled riding (no snow) into a pile of leaves; only I didn’t land in leaves and instead flew off into the tree and got stuck. Stiles ran around like a chicken with its head cut off before finally calling the fire department to get me down. And then I got an idea; Scott (whose hair had been shorter and looped in tight curls, Oh he was a cutie pie when he was little) would be able to keep Stiles busy and out of trouble. HA! Stupid me! I walked out to find Stiles on a skateboard, tied to a dirt bike, and counting down before Scott took off. Six hours in the hospital, thirteen stitches, and mass money favor from my parents; I decided that that was the end to my Stiles Duty days. The Sheriff still had no idea what really happened as we all agreed that Stiles fell out of a tree in one of his fits.

I continued to stare at the night sky, not able to sleep, as I traced a finger over Derek’s chest and down the dips in his stomach. My mind side tracked to the annual Halloween party that was coming up in three weeks. Last year I had gone with my roomie dressed as sexy nurses. But this year I had a date that also happened to be male and I wanted to show him off for the sexy beast he was. I heard a deep rumble in my ear as Derek chuckled before he spoke. “You know, I don’t dress up right?” I huffed before sitting up and giving him my most pitiful look. He crooked a smile and rolled his eyes as he shook his head no.

“But Derrrek…you don’t even know what I had in mind.” I pouted.

“No.” He answered sternly. Well fine! I guess I’ll just go as little red riding hood and find another big bad wolf. His smirk turned sour and serious as he sat up and cupped my chin. “June. No. You’re not going to have someone else play the big bad wolf.”

“Then you’ll do it?” I asked hopefully. He groaned and laid back down while scrubbing a hand over his face. “You know…” I walked my fingers up his belly before straddling him, “If you don’t want to go as the big bad wolf; which i.e….you wouldn’t have to dress up, just half wolf out; I have another idea.” I said temptingly. He removed his hand from his face to stare up at me in intrigue, a smirk gracing his features. “We could always go as the sexy Nerd and Sexy Jock.”

“So what? We’ll just pretend to be our old selves?”

“Almost.” I smiled and leaned down close to his face before continuing, “Just reverse the rolls.” I licked the shell of his ear as he purred underneath of me, before flipping me over on my side and cuddling me closer to his chest as he kissed the top of my head.

“I’ll think about it.” He caved before adding, “Now go to sleep. You have a long day.” I felt
butterflies in my belly thinking about the possibility of Derek going dressed as a sexy nerd. Oh I had it all planned out. I’d buy him a pair of cute nerd glasses, a plaid shirt that he could leave open in the front to reveal his sexy chest, and a pair of light blue jeans. He groaned, “June. Get it out of your head now; I am not wearing that.”

“But that’s the whole fun of Halloween! You get to dress like an idiot and NOBODY cares!”

“No….now go to sleep before I choke you.” He threatened. ‘Oh, I might get into the whole being choked thing… “JUNE! Sleep!” ‘Whoops.’ I tried to stop my thoughts and the butterflies but unsuccessfully; I wondered back to the sexy big bad wolf which led to other ideas which then led to more pornographic thoughts before I felt something pressing over my face as Derek threatened to smother me with the pillow. I half ass fought against the pillow as he pulled it away from my face and asked, “Will you get control of your pornographic thoughts and sleep?” I was about to retort with an ‘I can’t help you can read my thoughts’ but was cut off by the pillow over my face again. “I ‘will’ suffocate you.” He threatened playfully before I yelled against the pillow…

“OK OK OK! I’ll try.” Derek removed the pillow from my face and settled back down beside me as he tried to pull me into his embrace. I pushed him away, pretending to be mad, and rolled over so that I wasn’t facing him when I felt the hard press of his growing erection against my backside as an arm snaked around my waist and under my head before he tucked his chin into my neck and kissed lightly. ‘Now how am I supposed to get control of my pornographic thoughts while he’s doing that?’ I edged closer to him as the fatigue tugged at my tired and worn out body; pulling my racing thoughts down with it. I listened to the sounds of frogs and crickets outside while the steady rhythmic heart beat of Derek drummed me to sleep.

I was sitting in my first and only class of the day, half listening to the professor ranting on about the wars I didn’t give a shit about, as my head dropped in my hand and I doodled on the paper in front of me. What had started out as a circle with round eyes, turned into an animated version of a wolf giving you puppy eyes and a gun held under its chin. ‘Wow. A bit morbid, even for me.’ I stared at the creature that I had drawn and swore I seen a tear stream down its cheek. ‘Your loosing it June. Get a hold of yourself.’ I really needed to get some sleep. Derek had woke me up this morning at seven to give me time to get ready before taking me out to breakfast and finally driving me to school with all my books and cloths piled in the trunk of his camero. He’d helped tote my crap to my dorm room before giving me a kiss good bye and promising to be back in time to take me over Stiles house. YEAAAAAA! I couldn’t even begin to tell you how excited I was for that one. NOT! I continued to study the little wolf, with its sad little face, and its sad little gun before BOOM! Actually, I wrote the word BOOM over his head before chuckling to myself. ‘Oh I was loosing it.’

“Miss Hawthorne?”

“Huhhh?” I looked up from my drawing lazily and stared down at a disgruntled Mr. Witway. ‘Have I failed to capture your attention? Is World War II not interesting enough for you?” He asked. ‘Kiss my ass.’ I thought as I stared at the balding man with a fat face and white facial hair. With my new sense of smell I found the overwhelming odor of Old Spice and pig sweat from eleven rows up. I glanced around the room that consisted of twelve people all together; all eyes cast up at me in disgusted stares. ‘What the hell is their problem?’ “Miss Hawthorne, did you hear me?” Mr. Witway snapped. I felt the tiny flame of anger start to burn in my belly as I stared at the disgusting man and found that I didn’t like the feeling I got from him. I had never had such a feeling about the man before, and often times thought of him to be a nice guy; but this was different and I didn’t like it. Something felt off about him. He tapped his foot on the ground impatiently before erupting again. “Miss Hawthorne! Answer me!” That was all it took before I finally reached my breaking point.

“Yes Mr. Witway, I can hear you! And as much as I’d like to say that I find this interesting, I’d be lying! So yes! You’ve failed to capture my attention because you’re an old geezer with no actual motivation for teaching except that you get to stare at young girls and threaten to fail them if they don’t give you something in return!” I bit back. I wasn’t entirely sure if I was right about hitting on college students was true, but I got the feeling it was when he just stepped back and didn’t say
anything. I felt several different emotions coming from the women in the room as they stared with gratitude which only helped to conclude my speculations. The whole room gasped in amazement and continued to stare at me with awe on their faces. “What the hell are you all looking at? Huh?” I asked as I threw my hands up in the air. I felt the stepping back feeling again and decided that was my queue to get the hell out before shit really hit the fan. I snatched up all my books before making a mad dash out the doors and down the halls; when I finally burst out to the fresh air and sunshine. I sped walked and managed to get about half way to my dorm room when the sudden worst case of cramps hit me; causing me to double over in pain and drop my books. My eyes burned and I felt the jabbing of my claws in my gut as I tried to soothe the cramps. ‘Not Now!’ What the hell was happening?

“JUNE! Are you ok?” Sam’s voice echoed from across the way and I grunted in pain or maybe dread as he sprinted towards me. “Junie bear…what’s wrong.”

“Ugh! STOP CALLING ME THAT!” I screamed.

“Alright. Calm down. June, what’s wrong. You look like you’re in pain.” He observed. ‘NO FUCKING SHIT SHERLOCK!’

“Sam…what do you want?” I asked through gritted teeth as I hid my claws under my hunched over position and kept my head turned so that he wouldn’t see my eyes.

“You fucking led me on the other night and then left with another guy. What the hell is up with you?” He scolded.

“I think you should leave Sam.” I warned, feeling the tiny flame of anger spread through my veins again.

“The hell I am! What the fuck is wrong with you? I’ve been nice, haven’t pushed, and treated you pretty damn good. I even offered to take you out on a date. I’m about tired of your games and next time I won’t be so nice when you want attention. I’ll give you exactly what you ask for and I have half a mind to just take what I want from you now.” He said before grabbing my arm and trying to haul me upwards. I pushed him away before he tackled me to the ground and landed on top of me.

“Sam! Get off!” I shouted as I fought against his hold. He was strong; stronger than… ‘human’? I opened my eyes to meet glowing hazel ones staring down at me with only one goal hidden in them.

“Werewolf.” I muttered still in shock as I continued to fight against him.

“That’s right sweetheart…I’ve had my eye on you for a long time.” He growled against my neck; I felt the razor sharp of his canines graze my skin and about to puncture before something hard slammed into him and rolled him off me. I sat up quickly and looked to my right to see Sam fully wolfed out and slashing at another huge figure. It took me a minute to realize that Derek was the one fighting against Sam. Both men where almost a perfect matchup with Derek being only an inch or so taller than Sam. Derek delivered a powerful blow to his side before grabbing him by the back of the head and kneeing him in the face and dragging him backwards by his hair into the woods. I stumbled to my feet, hand still grasping my stomach, and scurried towards the woods where they disappeared to. ‘HOLY MOTHER OF FUCKING GANJA!’ I thought as I rushed into the woods; following their scents before stopping dead in my tracks. There before me I seen Derek standing above Sam who lye on the ground in a bloody heap, arm reeled back and claws curved; ready to slash at Sam again. I squealed as Derek went to slash Sam before dropping to the ground.

“DEREK NO!” I yelled as tears streamed down my face. He stopped mid strike and turned to look at me; his expression was furious as I stared at the fully wolfed out version of him before grabbing Sam by the throat and dragging him up to a standing position.

“Get the fuck out of my territory before I kill you.” Derek warned through a menacing growl and shoving Sam backwards into a tree. “She’s mine…and if you ever touch her again I’ll rip your fucking throat out.” Sam shot me a dirty look before heading Derek’s warning and hustling away with a limp. I sat there still in shock before Derek came over and picked me up; carrying me out of the woods and using his speed to get us back to my dorm room in record time. He sat me down on my bed before sitting next to me and rubbing a hand over his face. “June.” He whispered. “Are you alright?” He asked concerned. Considering I had almost been raped, had a case of the killer cramps, and walked in on a wolf fight where he almost killed a person….sure I’m just peachy! He
was about to open his mouth again but I stopped him with a hand before leaning back against the wall.
“I don’t want to stay here.” I stated as I looked around the room. I hadn’t seen Allie all day, which was just fine by me, but I noticed that something seemed odd about her side of the room. Where was all her stuff?
“June…there’s something you need to know.” His voice was low but matter of fact-ly. Oh I didn’t like that tone. “Do you remember our conversation from last night? About the Holloways?” He asked. I nodded my head before he continued, “Scott’s not the only one to of been bitten by one of their pack members.” He let out a deep breath before getting up and pacing the floor. “Sam’s one of them….but there’s others…who are closer to you June.” He stated. I stared up at him confused before I followed his gaze to Allie’s bed. I shook my head in disbelief. She couldn’t be…I just seen her a few days ago. And she hadn’t been bitten. “She’s been mated to one of their rouge members June. He bit her during their mating binding on Saturday.” He confirmed.
“How do you know that?” I asked in disbelief.
“I met with their pack today after I dropped you off; to let their alpha know about the rogue members creating new wolves on Hale territory. You’re friend…she was there.” I didn’t know weather I wanted to scream, cheer, or cry from the craziness today. But one thing was for sure…I was going to die of cramps! My stomach twisted like a knife being jammed through my center as I doubled over on the bed. ‘Oh gaw!’ “June, are you ok?” Derek asked, kneeling down beside the bed and stroking a stray strand from my face.
“NO! GAH! I’m fucking cramping like a you know what!” I shouted from the bed. “My best friend’s been turned into some wolves fuck toy, I was about raped by a guy who used to be my friend and oh by the way, he’s a fucking werewolf too! And let’s not get into the melt down I had in class today.” I added through gritted teeth. Holy shit! I’ve never cramped so fucking bad in my life.
“You’ve never been a werewolf until now.” Derek informed with a slight smile. I glared at him with pure hatred, ‘YOU did this to me!’ I snarled. “I apologize for that.” He added still smirking. Damn him! ‘Why didn’t you tell me I was going to go through miserable hell? Better yet! Why am I going through miserable hell?’ “I didn’t tell you because I didn’t know how bad that…this…would be. I’m not a woman.” ‘No but you lived with five fuck face.’ “Yes, but they never discussed that with us males. The guys in the family were always sent away for a week, remember?” Yes yes, I remembered. Every month all the guys in the Hale family would pack up and go camping for a week. I’d always thought it was strange. And then I remember Laura telling me how all the women tended to ‘sync’ up and PMS was a real bitch in their household, so they’d send the males away so that they wouldn’t have to ‘Put up with Men’s Shit.’ I’d always thought they were joking around but come seven years later…I now know the truth. ‘Sheesh!’ “What can I do?” He offered. I gotta say that was more than I expected from him. ‘Don’t men usually shy away from a woman on the verge of a PMS break down?’ Then a fun and revengeful idea struck me. His face automatically went from smirk to worried in a flash as he cringed at the thought of what I had planned for him.
I was sitting in his camero with the music on low as I watched out the window with an evil smirk on my face. I stared through the front window of the ‘Grab and Go’ from my seat and watched Derek wonder up and down the isle before stopping in front of the ladies section, turning to glare at me, and backing away. I chuckled thinking about how overwhelmed he was looking at the ‘choices’ and with my new werewolf sight I could actually see the tiny beads of sweat on his forehead. ‘Aww. Big bad wolf was afraid of tampon shopping.’ You should of seen him on the way here when I was giving him the run down of tampon choices. I swear! He looked like the little boy having the big talk with his mom; you know that ‘oh dear lord this is embarrassing please shot me now’ look. It was very entertaining to say the least. I couldn’t help but to laugh even harder when the tiny white haired cashier came sauntering over to Derek and tapped him on the shoulder. He spun on his heels, barely keeping from knocking her over, as he shoved his hands in his pockets and looked down. I watched as red tinted his cheeks and strained my ears to eavesdrop on their
“Hi there young man. Is there anything that I can help you with? I couldn’t help but notice you were lingering in front of feminine needs; did a young lady send you?” She asked. I literally thought he was going to drop over from embarrassment or at least dart out the front door; but I had to give him kudos for standing his ground as he nodded his head slowly. “Aw, such a sweet boy.” She commented before tapping a wrinkly hand on his cheek and wondering over to the wall of ‘Derek’s greatest fear.’ “What kind did she send you after?” She asked as she looked the wall over. Derek blushed harder, if possible, before clearing his throat. “T-t…Oh Jesus I can’t do this.” He huffed and rubbed a hand over his face.

“Tampons?” She asked, overlooking his agitation. He nodded when she grabbed a box off the shelf and handed it to him. He took it with hesitation before rushing over to the counter, throwing the money and grabbing the tampons, and rushing out. I was laughing hysterically when he threw the box in my lap before speeding off. ‘Who woulda thunk?’ He was focusing hard on the road, ignoring my laughing, as he turned the radio up.

“Derek?” I asked through chuckles. He didn’t look at me, but I knew he was listening. “You forgot the pampern.” I informed. He smacked the wheel and groaned in frustration. “Don’t worry, we can stop at the ‘Quick Stop’ and get them.” He shot me a death glare which only made me laugh even harder.

“You know you don’t actually need those right now! We could’ve waited.” He shouted. “First, I find it a bit creepy that you know all this about me. It’s not something that women like to publicize ya know. And second, I do need the pampern. You oughta try cramping; it aint fun. Third, you did this to me, so it’s only fair that you suffer some consequence.” I stated. He groaned again before pulling into the ‘Quick Stop’ and repeating; only this time it wasn’t near as embarrassing before off to Stiles house we went. I knew I had a lot to think about; but at the moment, I just wanted to get through the rest of the day and focus on Stiles duty. Besides, I was having way too much fun embarrassing Derek.

Chapter End Notes

Song: The Sound of Winter; by Bush

COMMENT!
My Moon, My Man

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I was sitting on Stiles couch, flipping through the stations on T.V., while waiting on the idiot to get home. I was finally able to function and form coherent thoughts after downing five pamperns; but decidedly chose mindless entertainment to keep my mind busy. I’d settled on an episode of Supernatural, which coincidently happened to be the werewolf episode (how fucking covenant), and watched in disgust of their portrayal of a werewolf. Pssh! ‘The women was an insult to us ‘real’ werewolves!’ I rolled my eyes before being taken aback by own thoughts. ‘When the hell did I become so picky over the portrayal of werewolves?’ I found myself nit picking the show apart; well except for the part where the really hot guy gets it on with said werewolf. I found Derek staring at me from the other end of the couch, gleam of desire in his eye, before shooting him a dirty look that said, ‘Don’t you even fucking think about it.’ Well that snuffed his fire before he focused back on the TV with an exasperated sigh. I was steadily growing more irritated with the show before flipping the channel to Lingo. ‘Hey! I admit! I still had my nerdy ways.’ I started guessing along with the contestants aloud and actually sat Indian style on the couch, hands splayed over my ankles, and rocked back and forth with excitement. “Brick.” Derek said flatly. I stared at him in awe before ‘Bill Engval’ (the host) shouted ‘BRICK is the right answer!’ followed by a whole bunch of rambling.

“You watch Lingo?!” I asked in amazement as I continued to stare with wide eyes.

“No…it doesn’t take a nerd to figure out the answer.” He said flatly before turning to face me.

“How dare you call me a nerd?!” I gaped teasingly before mumbling “Jock” under my breath. He smiled before staring back at the TV. ‘Oh, it’s on!’ No way am I going to let a Jock beat a Nerd in their own area of expertise.

Thirty minutes later I sat there with my jaw dropped open and staring at Derek in awe as he flipped the TV off. ‘Oh he had WHOOPED MY ASS!’ Defeating me in every round, even the Bonus round where there were no fucking clues! He turned his attention back to me, smirk on his lips, as he sat quietly letting me wallow in my own defeat. “Nerd!” I spat at him before tucking myself back into the couch.

“Jock.” He retorted. We sat there quietly, which allowed my mind to wonder, before I poked Derek in the thigh with my toe. ‘No way am I thinking about everything right now.’ He grabbed my ankle and drug me down the couch towards him; before dragging me up to sit in his lap, a leg straddling each side of his hips.

“You know…just because we can’t actually do anything x-rated, doesn’t mean we can’t pretend like we’re in junior high and just make out.” I offered as I sunk deep into those gorgeous green eyes.

“Only if you put these on.” He pulled out my glasses from his jacket pocket and held them out. I looked at him questioningly before giving him a ‘you’ve got to be kidding me stare.’ “You agreed this morning that I proved control well enough last night that you’d let me work out my fantasies.” He reasoned. I groaned and threw my head back before grabbing the glasses and shoving them on my face. “Really? This is one of your fantasies?” I asked in disbelief. Why didn’t he find this attractive seven years ago?

“I did…now shut up. You’re ruining my fantasy.” He warned before covering his lips over mine. I was still caught up on the ‘I did’ part and felt the butterflies in my stomach return. ‘DEREK HALE LIKED ME?’ I couldn’t believe it! I was in complete shock; so much that I wasn’t even paying attention to the begging tongue in my mouth. “June! Maybe you could reciprocate?” He huffed,
pulling away from the kiss. ‘He LIKED me?’ It was all I could think about. “Yes I liked you… ok?”

“NO!” I shouted before taking my glasses off so that I could see Derek properly. “You liked me? You actually liked me? Why the hell didn’t you say anything or at least hint that you did? You obviously knew that I had the biggest crush on you! I wasn’t exactly subtle about it either. I mean I’m pretty sure when I blurted out ‘Will you marry me?’ when I was ten you got the idea I LIKED you. Or when I asked you to the winter dance in eighth grade? And if that wasn’t subtle enough; there was always my stuttering any time you came near. Oh and when Laura told you to ‘just give me a kiss already so I’d shut the hell up about you.’ Gah, I drove her up a wall about you…she actually slapped me once because I was stuck in the ‘Oh my fricken GOSH! Your brother actually noticed me and wrapped an arm around my shoulder!’ Pathetic, I know, but still! You knew I liked you and you liked me? So why not say something? I mean…” I was cut off by his lips over mine in a heated kiss as he tugged me closer to his body. ‘Not fair!’ He was soo not getting out of answering my questions. Might as well make it easy and just answer them now because I wasn’t about to let this one go.

“Ahhh! Yes June I liked you! I had a crush on you. Now can we move on?” He asked aggravated. I stared at him for a moment, blinking my eyes, as I tried to comprehend what he just said.

“But…you…” I stammered.

“I didn’t ask you out or flirt with you because of being what I am. Every one in my family made sure that I was always on a tight chain around you. I tried to get you alone so that we could talk; but I always had a fucking chaperon. Laura was the only one who supported me and several times had arranged for me to talk to you alone, but my family never let that happen.” He explained frustrated before sitting me off to the side so that he could pace the floor as one hand rubbed the back of his neck. I sat there quietly and digested everything.

“But they didn’t care if you dated other women?” I asked, trying to put together the pieces. It was true that he was never alone with me. No matter what, there always seemed to be someone around. But if the problem was because he was a werewolf and I was human and his family was afraid he’d hurt me, then why did they not care that he dated other women? Human women.

“Because they didn’t mean anything to me…they were just sex.” He stopped pacing the floor to look at me. Well if that didn’t just make me feel great. ‘What about the one chick he dated that was like nine years older than him? He dated her for like three months when he was sixteen. Was the sex that good?’ I shook the thought from my head as the tiny spark of jealously simmered through my veins. I always knew that he wasn’t a virgin and that never really bothered me; but now that I actually thought about it, I sort of felt like a child’s dream had just been destroyed. It’s kind of like…he gets to take my virginity, something that I’ve held special. But do I get anything special in return from him? If he’s gotten to experience everything from someone else; where does that leave room for me? ‘Ugh! I sound like a whiny brat! Why can’t I just be grateful that I finally got what I ever only dreamt about?’ I felt a hand on my back as Derek sat down next to me, “June…” I cut him off with a kiss as I tackled him to the couch so that I straddled his hips and fused our lips together as I mingled my tongue with his; trying to drown out my thoughts. He liked me, I liked him, that’s all that mattered and he was my bf now. I should be happy. Derek pried his lips away from mine as he stared up at me. “June…”

“It doesn’t matter. Let’s just forget about it…ok?” I asked hopefully. He held me in my place by my shoulders and continued to stare up at me; his eyes holding mine. I started to get lost in the sea of green before shutting my eyes and pulling away. My stupid mind was working on overdrive as I tried to focus on my dying lust before climbing off his lap and heading to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. Coffee makes everything better.

I had managed to get the coffee maker started before I felt strong arms wrap around my waist. “I’m sorry.” Derek’s voice was soft as he kissed my neck and added a gentle rock as he kept his arms wrapped around me.

“For what?” I asked as I leaned back into his warmth and turning my head so that it cradled into neck.
“For everything…it’s unfair that you have to deal with all this. And I’m sorry that I never told you about how I felt.” He whispered before kissing my forehead.

“Derek…don’t be sorry. To tell you the truth…this is the most fun I’ve had in years. Not only has it done amazing things to my body, like actually give me a rack, but it’s opened my eyes to a whole new world. I finally feel like I know you and your family. I was close with them before…but now? I feel like I finally belong. And as far as the whole Allie thing…it’s none of my concern. She’s my best friend; but she’s allowed to date or mate with whom ever she wants; even if they are on the other side of the werewolf track as us. I’m a werewolf too and I’m dating a werewolf; so really, I have no room to criticize or worry about her. And Sam’s been taken care of. Who knows what would have happened if I was still human and he decided to pull that stunt then? Derek, I can’t be mad at you or blame you for anything; except for the whole throwing me into a miserable heat cycle. But what’s the past is the past and I can’t change that. I’m glad to finally know that you had feelings towards me; but I’m also glad that you didn’t tell me sooner because then I may never have become the person I am today.” I reasoned as I spun around in his grip, wrapping my arms around his shoulders, and holding his gaze before kissing him.

“Hmmhmm.” Someone cleared their throat loudly behind Derek. I pulled away from his lips slowly before staring over his shoulder to Stiles who was smirking and leaning against the door frame. “I’m pretty sure you’re supposed to be on Stiles Duty?” He questioned as he pointed one finger at himself. “But hey! If you two wanna play kissy face, I’ll just go into the other room and…ahh who am I kidding? I’ll sit here and watch.” He offered before pulling out a kitchen chair to sit on. “Well! Commence the kissing!” He ordered as he whipped his palms off on his jeans.

‘Such a weird kid.’ Derek growled and tucked me closer to his chest when Stiles threw his hands up in the air dramatically. “Down boy.” Stiles ordered. In a flash Derek had Stiles pinned to the wall and canines bared as he sent out another warning growl. ‘See! What did I tell you? I was already being put in a situation I didn’t want to be in!’ Gah he was good at finding trouble. “Don’t ever talk to me that way again.” Derek growled and shoved Stiles harder into the wall. Stiles whimpered and kept his hands pinned to the wall in the ‘Stop! Freeze and put your hands up!’ pose.

“Alright alright alright…I got it…please…don’t kill me.” Stiles pleaded as he shook his head and bared his neck.

“Hey! You’re not making Stiles Duty any easier on me!” I complained as I worked myself in between the trembling teen and Derek.

“Ha!” Stiles shouted from over my shoulder, “I’ve got the she wolf on my side pal and I’m pretty sure she could kick your little werewolf ass if prompted!” I slapped a hand to my face and groaned as Derek growled again and Stiles ducked behind me.

“Really Stiles? Really?” I asked before abandoning him to fend for himself against Derek as I went to claim my cup of coffee that was calling my name. I poured me a cup before turning to see Derek smirking in satisfaction, arms crossed over his chest, as Stiles stood strait and moved slowly around Derek. Just to be an asshole, Derek jumped at Stiles who jumped backwards and screaming ‘OH MY GOD!’ I chuckled at him as he scurried to the other room before cringing as I took a sip of the coffee that I had worked so hard for. ‘Oh, I’m getting spoiled on Derek coffee.’ I thought before pouring the cup down the sink in disgust and heading into the living room. Stiles had the TV flipped on and game remote in his hand; ready to play Halo 4. “What do you think your doing?” I asked.

“Umm…playing Halo 4…wanna play?” He offered and patted the spot on the floor next to him. “Ah…NO. Don’t you have homework?”

“I’ll do it later…”

“No, you’re doing it now. I’m supposed to be on Stiles Duty; which means the Sheriff actually expects me to make sure that you ‘DO’ your homework.”

“Oh come on June….just one game?” He whined.

“No.”

“Dude…I’m 16…”
“And still a pain in my ass. But guess what? I’m 23 and in charge….home work…now.” I ordered. I know I sounded like a prude; but if I let him slack or play one round…I was sure to lose the battle against the kid’s massive power of persuasion skills. He groaned from the floor before flipping the TV off and dragging his ass upstairs with his book bag in tow. I plopped down on the couch and closed my eyes when the powerful smell of coffee wafted through my sensitive nose. I popped open my eyes to see Derek sipping on a cup while holding another one out for me. I looked at him questioningly before taking the cup and breathing in deep the smell of caffeine before taking a sip and delving into caffeinated bliss. “Mmmm….how the hell do you make coffee? Better yet…what did you do to improve my shit brew?” I took another long sip and sat back on the couch to enjoy it. Derek smirked before taking a seat next to me and shrugging. He was never going to tell me his secret to orgasmic coffee or where in the hell he kept coming up with it at his house. ‘Damn him.’ We took a moment to just relax and enjoy the strong brew when I started to grow fidgety. My mind tracked back to one of our earlier conversations and couldn’t help but to ask, “What’s a ‘mating binding?’ I mean I get the gist of what it means. I’m not that dumb…but what happens? How does it work?” Derek stared at me for a long moment before sitting his coffee down with a sigh and leaning back against the couch and focusing on the cup as he spoke. “A ‘mating binding’ or ‘binding’ is when a wolf finds their mate and….” “Yea yea yea…I got that. But what’s involved?” I pressed; sitting forward so that I was only inches away from him.

He took another deep breath as he tried to gather his thoughts before explaining. “It’s complicated June.” ‘I don’t care…try.’ “It’s rough, bloody, and possessive. When a werewolf decides to ‘bind’ with their ‘mate’ there’s nothing that will stop them. Males become aggressive and dominate over their counterparts…it’s not pretty.” He offered hoping that it had sated my curiosity as he stared at me hopefully. ‘Oh hell No! I was more intrigued now than ever.’ He sighed again and continued. “June…you have to understand that it’s not something to take lightly. When males loose control….“ He looked saddened, “Their mates tend to get the worst end of it. Broken bones, open wounds, and gruesome bites. That’s why we don’t take human mates very often. The risk for injury or even death is too high.” I heard the ping of longing in his voice and couldn’t help but to gloat on that; weather it was longing to mate with me (which sent my heart fluttering at the thought) or someone else, I didn’t know.

“So when werewolves ‘bind’ the more dominant of the two goes off their rocker?” I asked trying to make sure I understood. He nodded and I couldn’t help but to ask the next question, “Do wolves ever mate with the same sex? Like ya know? Gay? How does that work if say two males mate? Do they fight it out or what? And what about the whole, ‘need to procreate’? How does that work?” He looked at me in amusement before shaking his head and considering an answer. “How does this apply to our situation?” He asked. ‘Our’ situation? Wait! Does that mean he’s calling me his mate?! ‘OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD! ’ I’m Derek Hale’s mate?’ Butterflies knotted in my stomach and I barely contained myself from jumping in his lap and smooching his face to death in excitement; before taking a cool, calm, and collective breath to play it cool. Seriously, I couldn’t be the ADHD version of a werewolf every time something positive happened to me.

“That’s besides the point…now dish.” I replied calmly. Derek’s smirk widened into a smile as he looked me over. ‘Duh! He knows what your thinking retard!’ Grrrrr! I gave him my best, ‘out with it already’ look and crossed my arms.

“I don’t really know how that works June…I’m not into other guys to know.” He explained. I pouted before he asked with a wicked smile, “Why do you want to know so badly?” ‘BUSTED!’ I felt heat creep to my cheeks and looked away from his amused stare. “You’re into guy on guy?” He asked. I blushed harder, if possible, before smiling shyly. “You are.” He stated slapping a hand on his knee and chuckling. “I can tell you this…I’m not going to fuck another guy no matter what.” I glared at him for mocking my fantasy before he added, “But I think we can find an alternative.” He offered with another sly smile. ‘Oh, he was cooking up something.’ My mind raced with the endless possibilities as the flame of desire heated between my thighs. Derek reached out and pulled...
me into his lap as he lay back on the couch so that I was straddling his hips and pulling the damn glasses out of his pocket again. Damn those glasses! I took them reluctantly, placing them on my face, before he tugged me down into a heated make out session which turned into grinding against each other until I couldn’t take anymore. I fumbled with my jean zipper, desperate to be touched, before finally getting them undone and shimmying out of them.

Derek growled as I straddled his hips again and pulled at his belt to free the throbbing erection; before tugging his jeans down to mid thigh as his cock slapped his belly. He slid a hand between my legs to stroke my aching clit as I pumped my hand up and down over his dick and adding a twist. It wasn’t long before the fire between my thighs burned through my whole body as I threw my head back and moaned; which caught somewhere between actual moan and howl. Sort of like a dying cat; but whatever. I was in too much bliss to care. Derek fisted a hand around mine as he guided my strokes which I had sort of forgot about in my orgasmic state; before his free hand tugged up my shirt as he came over my stomach with an actual howl. ‘Show off.’ I thought as he rode out the last of his orgasm and dragging me down into a slow kiss before mingling with my tongue. I tucked myself in between him and the couch and rested my head on his chest; threatening to dose if it weren’t for the thundering heart beat that sounded from the door way. “What the…? Oh hell No! Not on my couch!” Stiles whined and backed up. “Seriously guys? You can’t wait to do that somewhere else? Oh Jesus! I’m scared for life.” He covered a hand over his eyes and ducked behind the door.

I felt Derek’s growing agitation as he tugged at his pants with a flushed face. ‘Oh shit! That’s the third time in two days he’s been caught with his pants down! Oh he was on a roll. I wonder if I could make money from this.’ I should charge something, since I wasn’t the only one to know what Derek’s dick looked like. Oh Oh! Fun observation! All three times he’s managed to flash men! I chuckled at the thought when he glared at me. “He seen you’re bare ass too.” He added dryly. I glanced down before shuffling off the couch to my discarded jeans and tugging them on. ‘Oh Ha ha. Jokes on me.’ Why is it we never have time to lay in the after glow post orgasm?

“Stiles! I’m going to fucking kill you!” Derek growled as he marched out of the living room. I heard the thundering of footsteps as Stiles tried to scurry up the stairs in a hurry before he whelped when Derek caught up to him and drug him down the steps again. ‘Son of a bitch!’

“Derek! I’m sorry! I didn’t mean it…don’t…kill me!” Stiles screeched. I rushed out to find Derek perched above Stiles and baring his canines, one hand wrapped lightly around his throat, and hand drawn back. Stiles squeezed his eyes shut as he struggled to get free before Derek released him. “Next time you decide to be a peeping Tom, I’ll rip your throat out…with my teeth. Got it?” Derek threatened. Stiles nodded quickly before easing down the steps and grabbing the keys to his jeep.

“Where are you going?” I asked

“Scotts…he uh…”

“Go.” I ordered; sparing him from having to lie. Stiles didn’t think twice before rushing out the door and backing out of the drive in record time. I turned to face Derek who stood on the bottom step, arms crossed over his chest, and satisfied smirk on his face. I shook my head before going into the kitchen, grabbing a piece of paper and pen from the junk drawer, and leaving a note.

‘Stiles went to Scotts…8:30…I’m leaving for the night. Be back tomorrow…same time.’ I drew a little heart and signed my name before placing it on the kitchen table and grabbing my jacket as I headed out the door and to Derek’s car. I thought Derek was right behind me but when I turned to look for him I found him standing beside the house and staring into the woods that ran behind the Stilinski household. “Derek?” I questioned as I walked over to him; about to step in front when he grabbed my arm and shoved me behind him. I peeked over his shoulder to stare at what ever he was staring at but found nothing. I noticed he had his nose lifted towards the sky as he scented the air; so I did the same and apparently my sense of smell wasn’t as good as Derek’s (I hadn’t smelled a damn thing besides the norm) because he started growling loud and warningly.

I heard the crunching of leaves as something drew closer to us. My heart raced and I grabbed onto the back of Derek’s shirt; waiting in anticipation for what ever was going to lurk out of those woods. Derek’s growls doing little to calm my fleeting heart and nerves. I felt his muscles tense
under my fingers as he hunched forward; ready to attack whatever it was. ‘Oh he was on an ass kicking roll today.’ I felt the stepping back feeling as my wolf tried to take hold of the reins but focused my attention on Derek’s heart beat. It was strange; he was ready to fight whatever it was; but his heart beat was calm and soothing. How did he control his heart rate? I watched as a figure emerged from the woods, slow and cautiously, before a woman with blond curls and hazel eyes stepped out into the open. It took me a minute to realize who it was. “Allie?” I questioned, stepping out from behind Derek who grabbed my arm and drug me close to his side. Wow! She looked amazing! Like me, her body had completely reformed; nice rack, thin waist, curvy hips, and shapely legs. She was dressed in a light blue dress that was tight at the top and flow-y at the bottom, stopping mid thigh. She wore her hair half pinned up with long curls flowing over her pale shoulders. The only trace of makeup on her face was mascara. ‘Gah she was beautiful!’ I felt the tiny ping of jealousy as she seemed to glow in the fading moon’s light. ‘Why couldn’t my hair stay blonde instead of going back to chocolate brown?’ and ‘Did I glow like that in the moon light?’ Probably not; knowing my luck.

“Allie?” She questioned back as she crept closer and looking me over. ‘Great!’ I’m dressed in ripped jeans, white tank top, with a black leather jacket over top and black heeled boots that laced up the front. I felt like a rock standing next to a diamond. ‘What happened to all the confidence I had a few days ago?’

I pulled away from Derek’s grip and crept closer; another growl sounding from the woods as Derek warned back. ‘Holy shit! Who the fuck was that?’ My question must have been splayed clearly on my face as Allie apologized, “Sorry…that’s just Gyles.” She stared around me with her head held down to the never ending growl that was Derek.

“Oh…uh…sorry. That’s Derek…he’s just really protective of me.” I offered; kicking at an imaginary rock and trying to figure out why I wasn’t hugging my best friend. “Why aren’t we hugging right now and jumping up and down; telling each other about our new boos?” I asked as I subconsciously squared my shoulders and stood straighter.

“I don’t know.” She answered in a low voice before wrapping her arms under mine as I wrapped mine around her shoulders. There were two loud angry growls that sounded at the same time; causing both Allie and I to chuckle. “Gah I missed you June.” She whispered.

“I missed you too. Jesus there’s so much I want to tell you.” I whispered back as she clung tighter. Something inside me stirred as she pressed herself closer to me; making me feel uneasy. I pulled away from the embrace to stare at her eye to eye.

“Allie! It’s time to go.” A stern voice sounded from the wood line. “June…” Derek ordered from behind me; still glued firmly to his spot and staring at the woods. Some how I could imagine…Gyles? doing the same.

“I guess its time to go…text me?” She asked stepping back. “Yea.” I replied; though somehow I doubted I would and I think deep down she knew it too as she waved bye before darting back into the woods. I stood there for a long moment; listening to their footsteps growing further away as I tried to make sense of what just happened. I had felt something different; something stronger between Allie and Gyles when they reunited before running off. It was deeper and felt like something I was missing; something that I wanted more than anything in the world and awe be damned if I was going to forget about finding it. What ever it was.

“June…let’s go home.” Derek offered as he grabbed my hand pulling me towards his car. I followed behind him; but couldn’t help but to peek over my shoulder in hopes of finding that ‘something’ that disappeared with my best friend. ‘Good bye Allie.’ I offered in a silent whisper before climbing into the car; a stray tear escaping my eyes while I stared out the window as Derek pulled away.
Song: My Moon, My Man; by Feist

COMMENT! Please.
I stared at the projection on the wall displaying a series of slides of ancient art. I didn’t find art particularly interesting; but I had little choice after a long talk with the school’s dean and Sheriff Stilinski. Mr. Witway had demanded I be dropped from his class yesterday after I’d left and if not for three girls from the same class coming forth about his ‘dirty’ ways; I would have been dropped from the school all together under false accusations against a school employee. All though both men found it hard to believe that I just went off of a gut feeling without any real proof. 

Class was dismissed as I gathered up my books and headed to psychology; it still counted as being a doctor right? Even though Monica disputed the idea because I wouldn’t be working in an actual hospital or medical facility I still counted it as a doctor without the headaches of sickness, blood, and dirty situations that I really wanted no part of. But then again; that was back when blood squeaked me out and I don’t think werewolves can get sick, the Hales never were. I wondered the halls, pushing past people and cringing at the overpowering scents, dreading going to class; before making the quick decision to go to the library instead to do some research. Derek wasn’t to pleased that I decided to go to school today and getting him to agree was like prying teeth from a kid; and only then was I allowed to go under special circumstances. One: If I get another gut feeling, fucking listen to it. Two: Actually put up a damn fight if someone tackles me. Three: USE MY GOD DAMN WOLF SENSES! I was forced to shake on it and with a promise that he wouldn’t step outside of mind reading range. I groaned realizing that he was probably reading my thoughts now. Damn it!

I chose an abandoned corner of the brightly lit library; next to a row of huge windows, before dropping my books on the table and wondering down the isles of floor to ceiling books encasing both sides of me when I reached the Mythology section. I scanned over the choices when I hit the mother load of Werewolf Mythology and grabbing a stack before rushing back to my table and delving right in. 

I felt giddy as I ran through the dark woods. The moon was full and I felt free as my bare feet crunched the dry leaves. My heart soared as I looked to the sky to see a crow cawing as it flew above me. I answered its ‘caw’ with a musical howl as I danced in and out of the trees; the moonlight making my body feel electrical. Another lone howl answered in the distance as I sped towards the cry of my mate. Derek wasn’t far. I howled again and waited for his answer when another howl joined in. ‘That wasn’t Derek’s.’

I pushed harder; feeling another presence that scared the hell out of me, before I seen Derek standing in a clearing in front of his house. My heart beat faster as I rushed to him before being enveloped in his warm embrace. He was dressed in his usual black attire, but his features were wolfed out. ‘Beauty and the Beast.’ I thought, forgetting that I too was a beast.

“No. You are beauty.” Derek whispered into my ear. A menacing growl erupted behind me and I turned to face the huge black snarling beast. Its eyes bled red, massive head and body, and looked like a wolf in every sense. It lunged and I shut my eyes. I didn’t feel or hear anything; but the smell of blood filled my senses. I opened my eyes to see the wolf had disappeared before checking over myself. My hands tracing frantically up and down my body. Blood splattered all over my white summer dress; covering my arms and legs. I licked my lips and found the taste of the putrid liquid. ‘It’s not mine.’ I thought before spinning on my heels to find Derek lying on the ground with his throat torn out.

“DEREK!” I shrieked and slumped down beside him. “Derek? Derek, no! No.” I cried as I placed a hand over his neck trying to stop the bleeding. I stared into the lifeless green eyes and begged him to come back to me. I couldn’t figure out what happened. Why? Why was Derek dead? I tried to fit
the pieces together but couldn’t.

“June. June. June!” Someone called out. I glanced over to my right to find Scott lying face down, choking on his blood, as the light left his eyes.

“Scott!” I yelped trying to scurry over to him only to hear my name once more.

“June.” It whispered. I spun on my heels to face Stiles lying in the same position, his side ripped open, as the light faded from his eyes. I stood in the circle of the lifeless blood soaked bodies before sinking to the ground and screaming as the crow sent out another caw.

“June? June…June! Wake up.” A voice echoed through my groggy head as a hand shook my shoulder.

“Huh…arrrrgh.” I grumbled as I pried my face out of the book and shoved at the hand still rocking me. The scent of Axe body spray mixed with young ‘maleness’ (I have no other way of explaining it) and curly fries wafted through my nose assuring that it was Stiles. “What do you want?” I asked watching as he took a seat across from me with a worried look (Oh that was never good; coming from Stiles that is.)

“Uhh…you never showed for Stiles Duty.” He stated like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Stiles Duty? Dude…it’s only like two o’clock. Stiles Duty doesn’t start for another hour and a half.” I reasoned.

“Nooo….it started two hours ago.” He shoved his phone across the table as I stared at the time; in big bold white numbers it read 6:00. ‘Where in the hell did the time go?’ I looked down to the book open to a page on how it’s common for werewolves to fight over mating rights and that werewolves tend to take more than one mate. I remembered pausing after reading that section as I tried to digest the info; though weather it was true or not, I had no flipping clue. But I found that a deep part of me felt sad and angered at the thought of Derek taking more than one mate; when I felt light headed and decided to just lye my head down and shut my eyes for a few minutes. I hadn’t realized that I’d fallen asleep.

“Are you alright?” Stiles asked pulling me out of my thoughts. I nodded my head and slammed the book shut before leaning back against the chair to stare up at the ceiling. My nerves felt frazzled as that stupid dream played over in my mind and I was seriously considering texting Allie; though I’m pretty sure Derek would protest to that. We’d had an exasperating talk last night when neither of us could sleep. I was having a hard time accepting that my best friend was a werewolf and mated; but a deeper part of me was having a hard time recognizing her as a ‘friend’ instead of an ‘acquaintance’ or even, dare I say, a ‘rivalry.’ It killed me to think that her and I might never have the same closeness we’d had before. Allie had been the first person, besides Stiles and his Dad that I’d really trusted since the Laura epidemic. Derek did little to soothe my worries as he plainly stated, ‘She’s not the same person and neither are you; you’re friendship won’t be the same as before June. You’re both just too changed.’ I had openly cried after he made that clear and chose to sleep ‘away’ from him; meaning the other side of the mattress with a pillow tucked in between us. After that he managed to ramble on about being in separate packs and the fact she was mated to a rogue werewolf before I just tuned him out; knowing that what he was telling me was probably important. But I just couldn’t and eventually fell asleep, only to awake cuddled into Derek’s chest as he slept with his chin propped on top of my head and snored lightly. I realized then that I couldn’t stay mad at him for telling me the truth. “June….are you in there?” Stiles asked as he snapped his fingers.

“Yea….sorry. I was just lost in thought.” I reasoned. “What were you saying?”

“When I walked in and found you sleeping; you were talllllking. Actually it was more like a panicked cry.” Stiles offered and stared at me with clear worry on his face.

“What?”

“Yea…you were screaming ‘Derek’ followed by ‘Scott’ and before you came too, you screamed my name. Normally, I’d just like to write it off as a wet dream, but seriously? Are you ok? You seemed pretty scared.” His voice was filled with concern that I’d never heard from him; even when he tried to lighten it.
“Where’s Derek?” I asked trying to change the topic so that maybe I’d stop thinking about my dream. Stiles face fell as he knitted his eyebrows together before catching on and shrugging. “I don’t know…he called me and told me to come get you from the library and that he has some ‘business’ to tend to.” Stiles voice brightened to the hyper adderall addictive teen that I knew him to be. I was thankful that he’d taken the hint and was able to gather himself; making me feel instantly brighter too. “Hey! You wanna get some ice cream?”

“NO!” I shouted in a rush; instantly remembering the sugar rush. “Sorry…I’m just not in the mood.” I tried to recover myself. Stiles sat back in his seat with his eyebrows raised to his hair line as he held his hands up in surrender. “How about Yagoot and a movie?” I offered. He smirked clearly catching on before nodding his head and jumping up from the table. I followed; gathering my books into my backpack, forgetting to check them out, before hustling after Stiles who had already made it half way through the library. “Hey! Wait up!” I shouted after him and tossed my book bag to him. He huffed as I walked ahead and asked, “Did Derek tell you what ‘business’ he had?”

Two hours later; Stiles and I were sitting in his bedroom listening to music as he jabbered on about his own werewolf research. I was thoroughly pissed off at Derek for his unexplained ‘business’ and refusing to answer his stupid phone; I’m also pretty sure he was out of ‘mind reading’ range as I faked a panic attack. I was sprawled out on the small bed staring up at a poster of a swim suit model with blonde hair, fake boobs, and pasted on smile that reminded me of a girl Derek once dated in eighth grade. And now that I think about it; she was the girl that he took to the dance after I’d asked him out and been turned down. I distinctly remember crying in the bathroom almost the entire dance until Laura came to pick Derek up and ‘found’ me before smacking the shit out of him and taking me home instead. I shook my head, remembering my awkward apology the next day to Derek for being the reason why his sister thumped the shit out of him. I’d managed to stumble my way through the entire thing while looking at the ground before glancing up at him hopefully. He’d been about to say something when Jada (his bitch of the month) cut in with a ‘What the hell are you doing talking to my boyfriend freak? Go plaster your nose in a book you four eyed pathetic nerd.’ And being the obedient, mindless, shy, and passive person I was; I hurried away to class and only barely managed to keep from loosing it by biting on my lip until lunch so that I could drown my troubles in cafeteria ice cream while sitting alone at a table far away from people. Normally I would of sat with the Hale’s since they were my ‘friends’ but Jada sat hanging off of Derek’s arm like a pretty perfect ornament.

Stiles sighed as he propped his hands behind his head while spinning in his computer chair. “June…are you sure you’re alright? I mean….I know that you’re a werewolf and everything now; but even Scott doesn’t seem to have the attention span of a nat. Hell! I don’t even get side tracked like you….so seriously…what’s eating at you?” Stiles pressed before getting up from his chair and sitting on the edge of the bed.

I rolled over on my side to make more room and stared at him hopefully. I don’t know what I was ‘hoping’ for; but Stiles always had a way or at least a doofy smile, that managed to help me in some way. “Honestly…I’m not even sure. My mind’s just been all over the place and ever since I found out about Allie I can’t seem to pull myself out of my slump today.” I sighed as I tried to explain. Stiles sat with bated breath as he waited for me to continue. “Stiles….can I tell you something and you promise ‘NOT’ to take it too serious or ‘TELL’ Derek?”

“Sure!” Stiles answered all too enthusiastically.

I took another deep breath, “I’ve been having this dream…”

“Dude! If you tell me about a sexual dream….Der…”

“NO!” I cut him off. “Do you wanna hear it or not?” I asked. He nodded vigorously before I continued. “Like I was saying….I’ve been having this dream…and it’s really bothering me. The first night I just thought it was a nightmare….a really horrible one…but then I had it again at the library. It all starts off the same way…” I went on to explain my dream in vivid detail; afraid to miss anything in case Stiles could be of any help. I’d managed to swallow the lump in my throat as I let Stiles digest everything; and he was eerily silent for a long time before clearing his throat and
rubbing a hand over the back of his neck.
“Umm…I’m completely lost!” He offered. I groaned and shoved a pillow over my face before he tugged at it as I stared at him in desperation. He gave me that goofy smile which helped…a little… before grabbing my arm and tugging me up to stand in front of him. ‘Ah be damned if he still wasn’t taller than me!’ Stiles hurried over to his I-pod and changed the song before Bruno Mars (Lazy Song) blared through the speakers when he grabbed my wrist and spun me around before pulling me to his chest; one hand around my waist while the other held my right as he begun to move. It took me a minute to realize that we were dancing as he swung me out again and drew me back in to him.
“Stiles…”
“Shut up….we’re dancing. It’s what you always made me do when I was having a bad day to make me feel better; now just move to the damn music.” He ordered. I was so taken back by his new found bossiness that I blindly moved with him as he spun me around the room before finally letting my mind go blank as I listened to the music and giggled as he added his own tacky moves to the get up. It wasn’t long before we were both laughing as we did a stupid jig in the middle of his bedroom and falling down on his bed. I felt better and took a deep breath as the song changed over to The Naked and Famous and closed my eyes when I felt a warm breath hovering above my face. I peeked open an eye to see Stiles staring down at me with a look in his eye that’d I’d only seen once; and only for one person.
“Stiles…” I tried to warn before warm wet lips pressed tightly against mine in a sloppy kiss. I shoved at his shoulders lightly, afraid to hurt him with my new found strength, when he backed away slowly with a deep red tint over his cheeks.
“I’m sorry…I-I couldn’t help myself. You were just…and I…then I had this funny feeling….and I couldn’t…I had to! And you know when I feel like have to do something….I DO IT! I did it and I’m really sorry….No! That’s a lie. I’m not sorry…that…that…that was…..” Stiles stuttered before tackling me back against the bed and covering his lips over mine again and pulling away just as fast. I was still flabbergasted at how quick he was. ‘He was kind of like a dog; you know the ones were you bend down to love on them and they sneak attack you with a slobbery kiss across the chops.’ Yea! It was kind of like that. I pressed myself against the headboard trying to make sense of what was going on as Stiles jumped up from the bed like a jack rabbit and high tailing it out of the bedroom when the sound of running water filtered through my sensitive ears. ‘What the hell was that all about?’ Guess there’s only one way to find out. I scooted off the bed and cautiously moved down the hall towards the sound of the water before stopping at the bathroom and tapping on the door.
“Stiles? Are ‘you’ ok?” I asked through the locked door. I heard his mumbled ‘shit’ followed by a string of ‘shits’. “Stiles?” I pressed.
“Fine! Fine! Totally fine June! Just…uh…give me a minute. Actually, just….you should go home. Defiantly go home!” He ordered as I listened to his racing heartbeat.
“Stiles? Are you…”
“Just go!” He snapped. I backed away from the door and walked back to his bedroom to sit on his bed and wait. I know what he told me; but I was going to get to the bottom of this.
A half hour later I heard the water shut off as Stiles stepped out of the shower. I waited patiently as he took his time before finally creeping down the hallway and jumping back when he came around the corner to find me sitting on his bed. “Holy Fuck June! Don’t do that!” He ordered as he grasped the towel wrapped around his waist tighter when a disgusted look settled on his face. “I thought I told you to leave.”
“You did. But do you really think I was just going to leave after…that? You’ve never snapped at me like that either and ah be damned if I’m going to leave and there’s something wrong with you. Now spill or I’ll pry it out of you with my awesome werewolfness!” I threatened half heartedly. Red tinted his cheeks again and I couldn’t help but notice the growing tent under his towel. ‘OH NO! NO NO! He can not…Oh he was! So not good!’ I shut my eyes abruptly and turned away as heat crept up my cheeks.
“Shit…not again.” Stiles mumbled as he hightailed it back to the bathroom. I hurried after him and banged on the door.

“What the hell is going on Stiles? That’s….oh god! I’m scared for life!”

“YOU! How do you think I feel?” He bit back.

“Wh…”

“I don’t know! I don’t know! I don’t fucking know! Seriously…will you leave now?” He asked out of desperation.

“OH MY GOSH YES! I’m leaving…sooo totally leaving! I’ll just…..um…yea….call you tomorrow!” I offered before running down the stairs, grabbing my bag, and rushing out the front door. I’d just walk…yea…a walk sounded real good. ‘Even though Derek’s house is a good six miles away.’ I’m a werewolf; I should be fit enough to walk six miles. At night. Alone. And weighed down with a book bag. ‘I can do this!’ I reasoned and cheered myself on as I pushed on. ‘I’ll take the woods. Short cut! Yes, short cut sounded good.’ I darted off into the dark woods as my vision adjusted to the pitch black around me and a million different thoughts swirled in my head; making it that much harder to focus on the path ahead of me as I stumbled over twigs. Something snapped behind me; causing me to whirl around in a panicked rush when I felt a throbbing pain in the back of my head before crashing to the ground as nothingness clasped me in its clammy embrace.

I awoke with a major headache as a throbbing pain in the back of my head played like a banging drum. The smell of stale blood mixed with mildew weighed heavy in the air around me as the sound of dripping water echoed from somewhere in the dark. Blackness surrounded me as I groaned trying to push myself off the hard surface I was lying on. I managed to stand on shaky legs as I stumbled in the direction from which a light draft blew. ‘This is what I get for taking the short cut while being mentally distracted. KIDNAPPED!’ Ugh! Fuck me running….this is just not my week.

“Where do you think you’re going?” A deep voice sounded from somewhere in front of me before I smacked into it. My vision was still somewhat blurred from the hit; and I was having a hard time switching to ‘werewolf night vision’ as I tumbled backwards into a jagged wall. ‘Jagged?’ Oh Shit! Where in the hell was I?

“Seriously? You have to ask. You kidnapped me so I’m pretty sure I’m ‘going’ away from ‘you’.” I shot back without really thinking it through.

“You’re not very bright are you?” The voice asked.

“You ought to try to think strait when ‘you’ve’ been coal cocked on the back of the head and lets see how ‘bright’ you are.” I snapped. Sure I was flirting with danger; but stupidity was the only game plan I had. I’m ninety nine percent sure that my kidnapper was werewolf by the feeling I got from him; which meant he was probably ten times stronger than I. “Look….I’m sure you’ve worked out some psychotic mental reason why kidnapping me is a good idea; but I can assure you it’s not.”

I heard a deep chuckle before ‘he’ grabbed me by the arm and shoved his body against mine. My back pressing painfully against the jagged surface as he leaned into my ear to whisper, “You think that wolf of yours is going to save you? He won’t have any say after I’m done with you.” He teased the shell of my ear with his tongue as I tried to shove him away unsuccessfully. I felt panic well up inside me as I struggled against his strong hold when a strong thigh slid between mine; pinning me tighter to the wall. “Go ahead and fight…I like a challenge.” He purred before sucking on my neck.

“Get the fuck off me! Or I swear!” I threatened

“You’ll what? I’m stronger and you know that. You’ll be ‘mine’ before Derek ever gets the chance to fully claim you.”

“What?” I asked trying to put together what he was saying. “Oh sweet heart…he didn’t tell you?” He asked and pulled away so that his face was right next to mine. I felt myself shake my head self consciously when he continued with a chuckle. “He turned you for a reason sweet heart….he wanted you as his ‘mate.’ Pity he didn’t claim you fully. Or else you would never be in this mess. What with males chasing after you and trying to force you to mate
with them…”
“Like you.” I bit.
“I won’t need force sweets….you’ll give in.”
“I will not you monster.”
“Oh you will. You know why?” ‘No but I have a feeling you’re going to tell me.’ “Because your wolf begs for it…wants to be mated to any male willing to give it to her. You’re a bitch in heat and you want it. All I have to do is stroke that pretty little wolf the right way.” He stated confidently. I felt vomit begin to rise in my throat as panic gripped me tight. ’No June…don’t let him see your fear….keep him busy….make him work for it….give me time….stay strong….I’m almost there.’ Derek’s voice whispered through my head in a pleading voice. I could hear him! His thoughts! ‘Focus June….make him work….don’t give up June….fight….you’re mine…..mine…..not his….mine.’ I felt lips covering my throat as a tongue darted out to suck on my pulse point.
“You like a challenge….right?” I asked as I fought back the urge to chuck. He pulled away from my neck to look at me again; my vision finally coming back to normal. I saw the smirk on his thin lips, glowing hazel eyes, and long brown hair down to his shoulders. He was muscled but thinner in the waist than Derek. He wore a black leather jacket, black t-shirt, and black jeans paired with black cowboy boots. He wasn’t bad looking but he was no competition to Derek.
“I do.”
“Then let’s make this a bit more interesting.” I offered holding my ground. ‘Give me a five minute head start and if you catch me…..’ I gulped before continuing, “then….I’m yours.” I breathed out. He considered it for a moment before stepping away and releasing me.
“Three minutes…”
“Five. It’ll be more of a challenge then.” I tried. He crossed his arms over his chest and I watched the flash of excitement on his face as he took on a more wolfish appearance. His canines lengthened into shiny white points and I heard the pick up of his heart beat while the smell of arousal and excitement wafted heavily in the air.
“Run.” He ordered. He didn’t have to tell me twice as I darted out of the…..ugh…of all things…a cave and into the blackness of the night. Moon light trickled through the trees like a nightlight. I used my nose and followed the familiar scent of food. Food equaled civilization which equaled safety. I forced my feet to move faster as I weaved in and out of trees; the sound of a menacing howl echoed from the cave which spurred me faster. ‘Derek! Where are you?’, ‘Keep running June….head towards water….wash away your scent….run June….run!’ I listened to his reassuring voice and veered left towards the sound of running water. I pushed harder…faster…beckoning my wolf to the surface to give me strength and speed. The water wasn’t far off now. I could smell it; but at the same time, I knew I was caught when I heard the deep chuckle coming from…..above? me before he landed about five feet in front of me. I skidded to a stop, barely keeping form smacking into his chest, and hustled backwards as I tried to run again before strong arms wrapped around my waist and threw me to the ground. “Nice try sweet heart….but you’re mine now.” He howled before clamping down on my neck in a ferocious bite. I screamed as his claws dug into my hip.
“DERRRREK!” I screamed his name as tears streamed down my face.
“You’re mine….” He chuckled darkly again before attaching his canines to the other side of my neck.

Chapter End Notes

Song: The Ghost Inside; by Broken Bells

PLEASE! Somebody COMMENT!!!! Please!
I felt dizzy and faint as ‘he’ kept his lips attached to my neck; while blood flowed freely down my chest. Sharp claws dug deeper into my hips as he rutted against me. Tears streamed down my face at the thought of what he was going to do to me. ‘NO! I can’t! Fight June! Fight!’ my own voice echoed through my head. ‘Don’t give up! Never give up!’ I repeated the whiskey as anger boiled deep inside me before spilling over as I let out a loud roar of rage. I reached a hand backwards, grasping at what ever I could, before tangling my fingers through his hair and tugging with all my strength. He let go of my neck as he howled in pain; before I used my free hand to shove as hard backwards as I could. His claws still dug deep into my hips as we went tumbling backwards; but the pain only added to my rage. I felt myself stepping back and gladly welcomed my wolf to the surface as I dug my claws into his wrist and pried it off. I was able to flip over so that my chest pressed against his as he howled in the nuts several times. He yowled again in pain as he tried to shove me off before I dug my claws into his side in a slicing motion before I went flying backwards into the dirt. I jumped up quickly, barely feeling the impact, and turned to find ‘him’ rolling on the ground and grabbing at his crotch when he turned blazing red eyes on me. ‘Holy shit! I thought they were hazel!’ He growled at me which I took as my cue to ‘GET THE HELL OUT!’ I turned on heel and used all my strength to run as fast as I could; the sound of his footsteps gaining on me. My spine tingled….DEREK! He was close! ‘Run June….’ Derek’s voice echoed through my head and spurring me faster as the tingling grew more intense. I felt him on my heels as he reached a clawed hand out and sliced at my ankle; causing me to go tumbling face first into the ground. I turned in time to see a huge brown color wolf lunging in air towards me. I ducked into the dirt and waited for the brutal impact but none came; when the sound of ferocious growls and roaring made me look up. I watched stunned as two huge wolves fought against one another. The second wolf was a darker shade of brown than that of my kidnapper and had a good 30 pounds on him too. The tingling in my spine was intense; ‘Derek?’ I questioned, expecting the other wolf to turn or acknowledge me in some way but didn’t as he kept on fighting. “JUNE!” Derek’s voice erupted from behind me before I was being drug up abruptly as I continued to stare at the dog fight in front of me. Derek held tight to my shoulders as he looked me over; but I was too busy watching in awe before he left me with a growl and lunged into the pile of flying fur and blood spatter. “Derek!” I yelled after him. There was so much going on that I had a hard time keeping up as wolves danced and lunged at each other in lighting speed. But somehow or another the dark brown wolf had tugged the lighter one backwards so that his chest was exposed before Derek plunged a clawed hand through the wolves chest only to pull out something. ‘OH GOD! Was that…was that his heart? Oh fuck.…’ I felt faint as I sunk to the ground; my eyes glued to Derek holding the slowly dying heart in his hand as blood covered his arm and dripped from his hand. ‘Oh my god….oh my god…ohhh…’ The vile that I’d successfully managed to hold back was slowly rising again. The other wolf backed away from Derek and stood by me as we both watched a red glowing light swirl around Derek from the dead wolf’s body before fading into Derek’s. The wolf beside me inclined his head towards Derek before meeting my gaze and nudging my cheek. There was something familiar about his eyes…I just couldn’t place it. A roar erupted as I snapped my attention back to Derek to see something rippling under his shirt as he hunched over and ground his teeth when another pained roar erupted. The wolf beside me darted away before I scrambled to my feet and over to Derek. “Derek?” I asked as I placed a hand on his face when he grabbed a hold of me and pressed me back
against the ground so that he perched above me.
“Juuuune…I’m sorry….ahhhh” He growled again when something else rippled under his shirt. “Don’t…I’m not mad. Derek…what’s going on?” I asked concerned as he dug his claws into the ground beside me and turned his head away.
“Alpha…I killed…an alpha…his power has shifted to me.” He explained through gritted teeth. ‘Power?’ I questioned before Derek let out another pained roar as the sound of cracking echoed around us. I trailed my eyes down his body to where the awful sound was coming from and tugged his shirt up; before gasping in shock as I watched bones shifting under his skin. “June…I can’t…you smell like him…you’re mine…” Derek gritted as he looked at my rapidly healing neck; his eyes switching between green, electric blue, and red. His hand tugged at my jeans and without thinking twice I lifted my hips and unsnapped the button as his arousal wafted around me in a dizzying whirl. I felt his want…his need to rid me of any sign that another touched me as he ripped away my jeans and slashed at my blood soaked top and attacking my lips in a heated kiss. I ran my tongue over his elongated canines, cutting my tongue, before he sucked it deep into his mouth and flipped me over so that I was on my hands and knees as he trailed his tongue down my spine. His hands separating my butt cheeks before he flicked his tongue out to lick my tight hole. I moaned, caught off guard, when he purred and repeated his talented tongue. “Derek…ohh gawd” I moaned as he slid two fingers inside me and scissored. “We don’t…have any…luuuuube.” I worried as I rocked back on his digits.
“We’ll create our own…fuck June…I need to be inside you…” Derek ground out before spinning me around so that I was facing him. ‘How…’ “Suck.” He ordered as he guided my head towards his throbbing dick. ‘When did he take his pants off?’ Jesus the man was talented. I flicked my tongue over his head before taking him into my mouth; realizing quickly that I wasn’t the one in charge as he held my head still and pumped his hips, giving me little time to take in air before the next thrust. I tasted the salty sweet essence of his pre cum before he pulled out of my mouth and flipped me over again. ‘Jesus! I was getting tossed around like a rag doll a lot tonight.’ He urged my thighs further apart as he spread my cheeks; the tip of his cock pressing at my hole. I barely had time to inhale a deep breath and relax when he thrust his hips forward. I yowled in pain as burning spread through my lower half in a blaze. “Relax.” He ground out before inching in further and nipping at my shoulder blades; a clawed hand digging into my hip while the other wrapped around my rib cage and dug in, his chest pressed against my back as he fully sheathed himself. He gave me a moment to get use to it before pulling out and slamming back in; knocking me off balance and repeating in quick strokes and latching his teeth into my neck over the other bite marks. The burning sensation had faded into a pleasure pain as he thrust quickly in short strokes. I felt the heat pool low in my belly as my clit ached to be touched. I reached a hand between my legs, supporting myself on one, when Derek grabbed my hand and tugged it back to pin between his chest and my back. “No.” He ordered before sliding his hand between my legs and stroking me into orgasmic bliss. I felt the ground below me disappear as I shut my eyes and screamed as my body tingled before I buried my face in the ground. Derek thrusted his hips again before howling as a hot stream of cum filled me and collapsing on top of me; shoving my hips down to the ground as we both tried to pull in air.
I heard myself snoring lightly and the deep rumble of Derek’s chuckle vibrated in my ear; causing my eyes to flutter open. I stared into the dark woods still surrounding us and cuddled into Derek’s side even more. I didn’t want to think about all the shit that’d gone down tonight. Instead, I rolled on top of Derek’s chest to stare at him. His face was covered in a dark five o’clock shadow; giving him the ultimate badass look. His eyes had settled back to green and his hair was a mess; but in a really cute way. “June…I’m sorry.” He apologized in a low voice. I couldn’t help but to tug him up into a kiss and running my fingers across the rough stubble.
“Don’t be…you saved me. Again.” I reasoned. “You’re kinda like superman. Or a really hot version of the Wolverine.” I teased. He chuckled before wrapping his arms around me and rolling over on his side. We lied there, staring at each other, and I couldn’t help but think something was different about him. I seen something stronger; more dangerous dancing behind his eyes. It scared
the shit out of me; but at the same time I couldn’t feel any safer than I did now. I knew he would never hurt me, but I feared for anyone who dare cross him.

“June…please don’t be afraid of me. I know this is a lot to take in; but I don’t want you ever to fear me.” He pleaded. I seen the hurt and fear dancing in his eyes which pinged my heart.

“I’m not.” I soothed a hand over his face. “Derek? What did happen to you?” I asked; unable to keep my curiosity at bay any longer. He kissed the palm of my hand and the inside of my wrist before sighing.

“The wolf that kidnapped you…he was an alpha. When I killed him…his power shifted to me.” “So you’re an alpha now?” I couldn’t keep the excitement out of my voice as the butterflies danced in my stomach. He nodded before I tackled him to his back and straddled his hips and sugared his face to death. He chuckled as I attacked him like an excited dog, (Shut Up! You know what I mean!) I had no clue why I was so excited; but something just felt right. It just felt like he deserved it; like he was destined to be alpha. ‘But I’m just a beta….does that mean I can’t be his mate?’ Derek grabbed my shoulders and pulled me away from his face and stared at me in that, ‘I’m in serious sour wolf mode now listen to me or else I’m going to choke you’ look.

“You’re my mate June. Nothing will ever change that. Just because I’m an alpha doesn’t change things between us. You’re mine…and that’s that. Don’t ever think that you’re not worthy.” He ordered; eyes locked with mine when a smirk crossed his face. Oh I knew that look; there was something he wasn’t telling me. ‘Spill Damn It!’ He tugged me down into a kiss before whispering, “You know; as an alphas mate, you also become alpha yourself.” I blinked in disbelief. ‘I get to become alpha? HOLY SHIT!’ I pulled away from him and found myself staring, with a slack jaw, at him in complete disbelief. ‘Me? An alpha?’ I was having a hard enough time being a beta; let a lone an alpha. And really…I’d learned nothing on becoming a werewolf; except that I was horny, having the ultimate heat cycle, and every guy within twenty feet of me wanted to jump my bones. Now that I thought about it; I felt like a big neon sign screaming ‘SEX! Come get your freak on with a horny werewolf today!’ Derek snorted before rolling me off of him and standing up as he tugged on his jeans. “Come on.” He ordered before tugging me up and carrying me bridal style. ‘Dun dada da dun dada da.’ Ok, so maybe I was getting a little ahead of myself. Sue me! I glanced over Derek’s shoulder; instantly regretting it when I seen the corpse of my kidnapper. I tucked my head into Derek’s neck and gripped tighter; memories flooding back to me. I didn’t want to remember….I just wanted to forget. But something that ‘he’d’ said rung through my head and I couldn’t shake it off.

“Derek….he said that you hadn’t fully claimed me….that you turned me because you wanted me as your mate.” I stated and drew in a deep breath. Derek stopped walking and waited for me ask. “I’m not upset that you turned me….but why haven’t you claimed me? Lord knows I’ve offered enough.” We stood there for a few moments before he finally sighed.

“June…I want to claim you.”

“Buuuut…?” I pressed.

“I don’t want to hurt you June. It took every thing I had just now to keep from taking what I really want.” His eyes begging for me to understand. ‘Oh, I wasn’t about to make it that easy.’ He rolled his eyes as his jaw tensed.

“And what is it that you….really want?” I asked with a smile and kissed the tip of his nose. He chuckled lightly before going serious again.

“I want to be your first June…” He kissed me and I couldn’t help but to think there was more to that statement; but wasn’t given time to prod as a pained cry erupted from behind us. Derek planted me on my feet and spun around so that I was protected by his back. He hunched over in the ‘attack’ position; ready for anything. I tried to peek over his shoulder and around his back but was quickly gathered into his embrace; his hand holding my head to his chest so that I couldn’t see.

“OH MY GOD! NOOOO….OH GOD PLEASE PLEASE….WHY…” A women screamed in between sobs. I couldn’t see who it was but felt my heart drop to my knees when I caught wind of her scent. I’ve lived with that scent for the past two years. Rose mixed with lilac. I pushed away from Derek’s death hold; managing to squirm my way out before stopping a good six feet away
from my best friend and completely ignoring my nudity. I couldn’t pry my gaze away from the scene. Allie was kneeling beside the dead wolf; her arms and face covered in blood as she tried frantically to shove the discarded heart back into ‘his’ chest. I was so confused; but everything in my body told me to comfort my friend.

“Allie?” I questioned as I eased my way over to her; placing a hand on her back.

“YOU! YOU DID THIS YOU BITCH!!!!” She screamed before tackling me backwards to the ground. Something snapped in me as I struck out at her and knocking her off of me. Anger raged through me as I lunged forward; only to be caught by strong arms around my middle and dragging me backwards. I fought against Derek, my eyes glued to the target in front of me.

“June! Stop…you don’t want to do something you’ll regret.” Derek ordered with a growl. I was still pissed; but apart of me recognized the order, unlike before, as I relaxed against his hold and took a deep breath. Derek roared before winging me behind him as he stood with squared shoulders. I briefly thought he was upset with me but realized all too quickly that I was the least of his worries. I heard the squeal of a whimper and hurried to stand beside Derek. Allie slinked backwards; the look of a killer gleaming heavily in her eyes as she kneeled down next to the body again. “June didn’t kill your mate….I did. She was too busy running and fighting for her life against him. You should know he wasn’t a loyal mate.” Derek informed a bit cold heartedly. Allie growled before turning her attention back to her…mate? Wait…did he just say mate? ‘OH MY GOD!’ The vile I’d been holding back refused to rest any longer as I stumbled over to a bush and pucked. Gyles was my kidnapper? The wolf who tried to rape me….the wolf who bit me twice? I felt dizzy and weak as my heart pained for Allie. I tried to stumble towards her and apologize before falling face first when Derek caught me. The world seemed to fade away into black as the earth tumbled away from my shaky feet before there was nothing.

I leaned my head against Derek’s chest and curled into his side as my English professor rambled on. She was a sweet old lady with red frizzy hair, black framed glasses, and horribly dressed. Ms. Bellsworth was about as eccentric as one could get for a college professor. Her cloths never matched, for example today she was wearing a turquoise top paired with yellow pants that had an odd design. A blue and green scarf draped around her neck was embellished with cookie crumbs from her morning coffee and cookie routine. Derek and I sat comfortably way back in a shadowed corner as Pride and Prejudice played out on the enormous projection. She was big into movies; which I liked and rarely gave out quizzes on them. How had she ever become a professor; I would never know. But I was grateful she was who she was as she didn’t seem to mind my snuggling up to my new ‘bodyguard.’

It’d been two days since my kidnapping incident and I’d refused to think about it; though that was next to impossible. Derek had taken me back to his house after I’d fainted; when I woke with tears in my eyes as Derek rocked me gently. We’d spent the rest of the night talking about what had happened and him reassuring me that it wasn’t my fault Allies mate was dead. I still couldn’t help but to feel guilty for what happened. If only I’d just waited at Stiles house instead of letting him boss me around or my own embarrassment make decisions for me; maybe then Allie would still have her mate.

Derek’s arm coiled tighter around my shoulder as he drew me closer. I shut my eyes and focused my attention on his heartbeat as I drowned out the movie. The scenes from that night playing over and over in my head; but the one image that haunted me the most was watching my best friend try to shove Gyles heart back in his chest. I tried texting her yesterday, explaining everything, but received nothing back. I wasn’t expecting to either; but I couldn’t help the tiny ounce of hope that still gleamed in me.

I forced my thoughts in a different direction when I felt the sting of tears begin. My mother had called me yesterday after Derek and I had filed a report with Sheriff Stilinski about Gyles brutal death; claiming that he’d kidnapped me and I’d managed to get away when something huge attacked him. ‘Could have been a wolf, maybe a lion, or tigers or bears! OH MY!’ Point being; Sheriff bought it, (he was gullible) but he’d failed to mention contacting my mother after the report. I’d caught more hell than little about staying in the Hale house, skipping classes, and being
kidnapped. She’d tried to talk me into coming back home and going to a physiatrist just to…ya know…make sure I wasn’t permantly damaged. Yea. I could see me trying to explain the whole situation. ‘Um yea doc…I was kidnapped by my best friends mate, who also tried to rape me and if it wasn’t for my boyfriend Derek ripping out his heart, I’d be someone’s number two bitch. By the way; I’m also a werewolf in the middle of a heat cycle which is why I was kidnapped and could sense that my professor was a creep. But I’m fine. Derek’s agreed to be my bodyguard and go to classes with me until we consummate our ‘mating claim.’ Now if you really want to fix my problem; tell him to put out already. Like his dick in my vagina!” Derek snorted which drew the room’s attention upwards. He held up a hand in defense before everyone settled back down and stared at the movie. I sighed and closed my eyes again; hoping that maybe a little nap would help. I was thankful that Derek didn’t take ‘No’ for an answer. We’d had a long talk, which turned into a pissing match, about being under his protection no matter what. And that meant he went where I went. Hence the reason he was sitting in class with me and taking notes for me. Sure I was glad that I didn’t have to actually pay attention to the movie and take notes; but I was glad that I had his shoulder to lean on. I felt the strength that radiated off him in waves; even humans could sense the power Derek held. When he led me through the halls, (more like drug me through the halls) everyone seemed to part a path for him before merging together again once we’d passed. Few guys dared to look him strait in the eye and females seemed to flock to his brogue. Not only had I noticed a change about his heir, but he’d also changed in looks. He’d packed on muscle; guns the size of cantaloupe, impeccably cut in every attribute, and a gruff five o’clock shadow never seemed to cease. Even after he’d shaved. But perhaps the most undeniable change was the size of his goods. This morning before getting ready for school (which involved a bath in a chilly stream) I’d waken up to Derek’s morning wood. He was conked out; so I took the chance to peek under the cover. And LORD ALMIGHTY! I thought he was hung before! Ha! What I was greeted with wasn’t even fully erect and still monstrous. I’d taken the time to stare at it for a good five minutes in awe. ‘That’s why it burned so fucking bad the other night.’ Sheesh. No doubt when he did finally manage to bust my cherry it was going to hurt like a bitch! But oh gawwwd it made me quiver thinking about it. I peeked open an eye to see Derek staring strait ahead with that sexy devilish smirk; before trailing my hand up the inside of his thigh. He jerked and I felt the nerves jump under my touch as I slid my hand closer the gold. “Juuune…” He drug my name out in a barely there whisper as he fisted the pen in his hand tighter. ‘I was going to need a new pen after this.’ I didn’t pay no mind to his warning as I circled a finger around his package in a light touch. The pen snapped with a loud ‘POP’ causing few sly glances from around the room as Derek clasped the edge of the desk. Oh I loved how I could make him squirm with something as simple as a touch. Derek glared at me but made no moves to stop me as I unzipped his jeans and dipped my hand inside to stroke his growing member. He let out a low moan as I traced my finger up his length and shifted in his seat so that I could gain better access. ‘Sure it was risky, we could get caught and be publicly humiliated, be thrown out of the university, and maybe even arrested…..but it was worth it.’ Derek had slid the front of his jeans down so that his erection bobbed against his stomach. ‘Thank the heavens for tall desks and pitch black rooms.’ I fisted my hand around his cock, barely, and tugged up in long slow strokes. I watched in satisfaction as Derek fought to keep his mouth shut and taking in deep breaths as he leaned his head back. I added a twist when I neared the plump head before kneeling over to flick my tongue over the tip. Derek jerked forward and pulled my mouth away from his cock before whispering, “Bathroom…now.” I sat there for a minute before it finally dawned on me. I watched as Derek shoved my crap in my book bag before placing it in front of his crotch strategically and exiting out the back of the room in a flash. I waited until everyone settled back to watch the movie before stealthily sliding out of class and wondering down the hall towards the bath rooms. Before I ever had my hand on the door to push it open, Derek reached around the door and pulled me in by my arm before pressing me against the door and kissing me in a frantic rush. The smell of perfume wafted heavily in the air and I briefly panicked thinking that someone was in
here. “It’s clear.” Derek assured as he pushed down his jeans. Arousal over powered the stench of perfume as I slid down the door and pulled his hips closer to me before slipping the tip of his cock in my mouth and running my tongue in a circle around the head. Derek groaned as he braced himself against the door with two hands and stared down at me; causing our eyes to meet as he held me in a tantalizing stare. I felt a deep connection to him as he held my gaze; his eyes flashing red and settling back to ice blue as I traced my tongue over the bulging vein on the underside of his dick before licking at his balls and rolling one in my hand gently.

Derek groaned loudly as he threw his head back and separated his legs more as I sucked the other into my mouth. “Oh fuck June…” He groaned as he fisted a hand in my hair as he leaned his head against his other arm and watched intently. “That’s right….take all of me….let me fuck your mouth.” Derek ordered as he thrust his hips forward setting a slow rhythm. I swallowed his entire length each time and clutched onto his hips; trying to make him go faster. “No June…I want you to taste it all.” Derek ordered as he continued to pump his hips slowly; enjoying fucking my mouth. His arousal seeped through me as he continued his slow torture; causing an aching wet need between my legs. Derek grabbed my hands and pinned them above my head so that I couldn’t stroke myself as he took long strokes in and out of my mouth. I felt his muscles grow tense as he tried to hold back and keep from jack hammering. I moaned around his length and pressed my tongue firmly to the underside of his cock as he growled low and connected our eyes again. His hold on my wrists tightened and I felt the snapping pop of my right before pain zinged down arm; but quickly recovering as it begun to heal. Normally it might scare me; but I felt the throbbing need between my legs tenseify as I tried to squeeze my thighs tighter to get some friction. Derek howled above me as he thrust his hips forward; forcing me to swallow him down as he shot his seed down my throat and gently pulling out as he continued to cum. I lapped desperately at the salty sweetness; needing to please him before he pulled all the way out of mouth and I tried to suck on the head again. A finger curled under my chin and tipped my head up to meet spent glowing blue eyes as desire and post orgasmic bliss danced behind them. Derek lifted my cum covered hand off his softening member and to my lips. Without thinking twice I flicked my tongue out to clean up the mess as Derek popped a finger in his mouth and sucked. I opened my eyes for the first in what seemed like ages to find a very pleased Derek staring back at me with a content look as he sucked on my fingers. If my body wasn’t still rocking from the first orgasm; I might have melted again. My body felt weak and I doubted I’d be able to stand on my own two legs without Derek’s help. “Rest your head against my chest. I’ll support you.” Derek whispered and I happily obliged.

It felt like ages when one of school bells rang; bringing me out of my post orgasmic nap against Derek’s chest. He’d been holding me, just like he promised, without even adjusting as he kissed my cheek. I hummed my approval as I looked up at him through a sleep covered haze. His smile was so sweet and unlike him that I had to close my eyes and blink to make sure it was real. ‘Oh he was cute….adorable even.’ It reminded me of our second night together when I watched him sleep. He chuckled but the smile remained as he eased his thigh out from between mine and set me down
on shaky legs. It took me a minute to gather my balance as I clung to his shoulders before a familiar feeling pulled at my bladder. I looked up to Derek who had managed to pull his pants up when he wrapped an arm around my waist and toted me to one of the stalls. “You have it from here or do I need to hold your hand?” He teased with a wink. I pushed him out before locking the stall and taking a ‘seat’; realizing that I couldn’t pee. Why? Because Derek was no more than five feet away.

“Umm Derek….can you step outside for a minute?” I asked hesitantly.
He chuckled before adding, “No.”

“Why?” I asked offended and crossed my legs.

“Because there’s people out in the hall. If they see ‘me’ leaving the ladies room then they’ll think something’s up. Besides…I go where you go….remember?” He said mockingly. I groaned before there was a sound of running water.

“What are you doing?”

“Trying to make you feel better.” He offered as more sinks turned on. A part of me melted while another part of me bust loose. I sighed in relief before pulling up my skirt and heading out to find Derek smirking at me as I washed my hands. “Better?” He asked. I glared at him but nodded before he wondered over to one of the stalls. I turned off the water and waited on him to return before we snuck out the bathroom.

The Sheriff had canceled Stiles Duty but I was determined to figure out what the hell happened the other day with him. Derek had been fuming mad when I’d told him before he explained that not only did my heat cycle effect other wolves; but also humans. Teen age boys were more sensitive to it since their hormones were running rampant in the first place. Still didn’t change the fact I wanted to make sure Stiles was alright and that Derek didn’t kill him.

Chapter End Notes

Song: Edge of Desire; by John Mayor
My eyes flew open as I sat up in a hurry; a light sweat covered my skin and dampened the hair at the back of my neck. My chest heaved as I tried to pull in more air when two strong arms wrapped around my shoulders and tugged me into Derek’s chest. I cuddled in closer to his comfort as he swayed gently and kissed the top of my head; a hand soothing the curls from my face. “What is it June?” He whispered. I listened to the words rumble deep in his chest as I pressed tighter against him. It was the third time that my stupid dream haunted me. But this….this time it was so intense. “June?” He pressed as he tangled his fingers through my hair and pulled my face away from his chest to meet his eyes; his thumb stroking my cheek soothingly. I took a few moments to just stare into the deep sea of green that I loved so much. I wanted nothing more than to be able to get lost in them and never return. I don’t think I’ll ever get tired of looking at his eyes. “I feel the same about yours.” He returned the compliment and kissed the tip of my nose and then my lips. I realized that it was moments like these, when he was so tender and so unlike himself, that was making me fall more in love with him everyday. He pulled away from my lips to just stare at me; a series of emotions dancing in his eyes. But I felt it too; the tangling of fear and anger followed by sadness before finally settling to an unmistakable happiness and content as he pulled me over onto his chest and kissed me till my toes curled.

I laughed at his sudden playfulness as he sugared my face and neck in a shower of chicken pecks and mauled me all over the ground. Derek managed to flip me on my back as he continued to shower me in affection when I felt fingers dance over my hips and up my side. I giggled as he tickled me like a child and growled playfully. I returned it with one of my own playful growls and tackled him backwards so that I straddled him; before pinning his arms above his head and kissing his cheeks. “You win.” He chuckled and latched our lips together. His tongue sliding in slow strides against mine as we rolled around the floor.

There was nothing sexual as we rolled around and just made out. There was no frantic rush to get undressed or aching pains; just pure contentment to be so close with each other.

I awoke to the sound of light snoring in the back of my neck as Derek held me close. We were lying in the middle of the burnt down room, comfortable in our underwear, with no blankets. But who needed blankets when you were a werewolf? My head was lying comfortably on his arm while his other wrapped around my waist. I stared out the window at the morning sky filled with storm clouds as a light breeze blew through the window bringing the smell of rain with it. Today was supposed to be unseasonably hot; topping out around 80. I was getting better at telling the time of day too; it was like my body could feel the change and became in tune with the time of day. It was somewhere around 7 am….to damn early to get up on my day off. But none the less; I had things to get done and an early start would only make it easier. I kissed the inside of Derek’s elbow as he curled his arm around my neck and rubbed my shoulder. I felt him lick the back of my neck as he snuggled closer and groaned. “Juuuune….it’s your day off. Let’s sleep in huh?” He hummed and buried his face further into my neck and proceeded to suck.

I giggled and shoved at him; unsuccessfully, as he nipped at the place. “Deeeeeeerek….I have to get a bath. And we have a full day.”

“Aaaaarrrrrgghh.” He complained and rolled on top of me; his morning hard on pressing against my butt as he rubbed against me.

“Huh uh mister….I’m still sore from the other night.” I warned as he ground his hips harder into my backside. He groaned again before rolling off so that I could sit up. “But you can come with me to take a cold morning bath in the stream. I might even let you fondle my breasts if you’re good.” I teased playing coy.
“Mmmm…only if you fondle mine.” He teased and rubbed his amazing pecs. My mouth drooled at the thought as my mind raced with a thousand pornographic ideas before I wondered over to my dwindling bag of clean cloths and chose a cute pair of short ripped jean shorts, white lace top that hung loosely, and a pair of strappy silver sandals. I already decided to pull my hair into a side fish tail braid with a braided rope that had a cute white daisy on it. I grabbed my towel, tooth brush, and general beauty necessities and threw them into the bag with my cloths. I waited on Derek who simply carried his tooth brush in his mouth, towel slung over his shoulder, and soap. ‘I wish I could do that.’ He grinned before tugging me down the steps and out the front door as we hiked to the stream in our underwear holding hands. ‘It was funny how routine this seemed to be anymore.’ I was sitting in the driver’s seat of Derek’s fucking gorgeous camero; white knuckling the wheel as Derek patiently taught me how to drive a stick shift. I’d managed to stall the car three times and cause a serious case of whip lash no more than 20 ft from our starting point. I was getting aggravated with myself as I tried to listen carefully as he directed me what to do once again. “Put your left on the clutch and hold the brake down with your right….good. Now look at the chart on the stick and follow it to first and ease off the brake and clutch.” I took a deep breath and followed his directions when the car started to move. ‘Oh MY GOD! I DID IT!’ I threw up a mental cheer and gathered myself as we made a slow stroll down the drive. I felt Derek’s hand cover mine over the stick as I awaited my next direction. “Are you ready to go faster?” He asked with a smirk; knowing full on I wanted to go a hell of a lot faster.

I’d steadily worked my way up to a whole 45 miles per hour as we cruised down the ridiculously long drive before reaching the main drag. I pulled to a stop and did a Chinese fire drill with Derek; letting him take over from here until I got more practice. But Hey! I was more than happy that I’d made it as far as I did and barely kept from bouncing in my seat. I felt the butterflies in my stomach as the engine revved and he showed off by peeling out of the drive and speeding down the road. I watched in fascination as he shifted gears without a single glance and a wicked smirk crossed his features. ‘I think I finally found Derek’s guilty pleasure.’ Driving fast and breaking laws; and oh gawd it was sexy. There was just something about a sexy man and a sexy dangerous car that made my heart race and my lady parts ache. And that’s when I realized I didn’t want to drive his car anymore; it was his and only his. It didn’t seem right for anyone else to touch it or invade his territory. Kind of like how Stiles had his jeep; he loved driving it, it made him happy, and it fit his personality. I’m sure if Scott had a car it’d be the same way. As of now, his bike fit him and only him. But nothing was as sexy or more fitting than the man sitting next to me driving ‘his’ baby.

“With my beautiful mate sitting in the passenger seat thinking naughty thoughts.” He added with that body melting smirk that turned me to putty in his hands. My heart fluttered recognizing his comment as heat crept up my cheeks. My body tingled as I gloated and cruised down the road to my parent’s house. Derek and I both had dirty cloths in the trunk to wash; he’d suggested we go to the laundry mat, but my parents wouldn’t be home and who could beat free wash in this economy? It hadn’t taken much persuasion when I said he’d get to see Layla since she had a babysitter during the day. He’d tried to hide his excitement with his usual sour stone face but there was no hiding it in his eyes. I felt my heart clench as I thought about Derek and his general like for kids.

I remember sitting on the back porch of the Hale house, playing cards with Peter, before getting distracted by Derek playing in the yard with his younger sister who was no more than three. I stared out the window to the balding trees as the memory played like a newly discovered home movie. The leaves had just started to turn and the smell of wood smoke wafted heavily in the air as Isaac and Laura started the bon fire. The sound of Jeannie’s humming from the kitchen while she busily cooked for her huge family filtering through the open backdoor. I’d given up on playing Rummy with Peter; he was kicking my ass anyway, and settled for watching Derek. He dodged to the left and then to the right as Clair hugged air before scooping her up in his arms and tickling her. Her dark curls washing around her face as she struggled to get away from the assaulting hand; only to be held up like an airplane and spun around as Derek ran through the yard with her and dodged past relatives. Josh, his cousin, had talked me into dancing with him during a slow song before Laura stepped in; claiming he was trouble and to stay away. I’d settled myself back on the porch
and watched as the festivities continued until after dinner before challenging Derek to a game of corn hole. Surprisingly, I did pretty well only to be blown away at the end. Story of my life right? ‘And if I thought about it; I guess he was still the one winning at ‘corn hole.’”

Derek groaned before displaying his exasperation, “Only you could find something sexual in an innocent memory.” He meant it to be teasing; but there was too much weight to his tone as he looked strait ahead. I hadn’t realized we’d arrived at my house; but I couldn’t budge from my spot as a stray tear escaped from his eye. Guilt and sorrow tugged heavily at me as Derek turned away trying to hide it. I hadn’t meant to cause him pain; but once again I forgot about mind reading. I placed a hand on his only to have him jerk it away. I was caught off guard and felt like I’d done something wrong before saying the hell with it and wrapping my arms around his shoulders.

“June…please get off.” He whispered; trying to keep agitation out of his voice. Apparently I’d taken too long to register his warning before he shrugged away from me, “June Get Off!” He was out of the car before I recovered myself from the sudden chill he’d given me as a tiny flame of anger started to burn through me. I hopped out of the car, slammed the door, before walking around to the open trunk where Derek was pulling cloths out.

“I’ve got them!” I huffed and yanked them from his hands. “Just…just…I don’t know! UGH!” I stuttered before marching up the front steps and ringing the door bell.

“June…”

“No. Go be an asshole to someone else.” I ordered and rung the doorbell again.

“June…I’m…”

“Did you not hear me? I’m sorry Derek for bringing up the memory and trying to comfort you like you do me. I’m sorry that I can’t control my stupid thoughts or what my thoughts do to you. I never meant for them to hurt you and I never meant to invade your space while trying to make you feel better.” I explained before ringing the doorbell over and over and over. ‘Ah the hell with it!’ I dropped my bags and dug around my pocket for the key.

“June!” Derek yelled and stopped my further progress.

“What?!” I snapped back. Derek grabbed my arm and drug me backwards behind him. ‘What? Oh great….what now?’ I peeked over Derek’s shoulder as he turned the knob and pushed it open.

‘Huh….it was unlocked. My house never stays unlocked.’ I followed Derek inside as my gut clenched in a bad feeling when I had told me to go upstairs. I flew past Derek in a panicked rush; knowing something was wrong before slamming into Layla’s locked door. Derek grabbed me and shoved me out of the way before kicking the door open; the smell of blood smacking me in the face before growling erupted. Derek’s cloths ripped and fell away from his body in a rush as something huge took his place. He fell over onto all fours as the wolf took hold. I didn’t have time to stare before he lunged into the room in super alpha speed. Layla’s cries pulling me back to earth as I rushed into the room behind the two fighting wolves. I grabbed Layla from her crib, tucking her head into my chest, and darting towards the door; only to be blocked by a grey wolf rounding the corner. His eyes glen yellow and filled with hunger as he focused his attention on me; backing me into the corner of the room. Derek was still fighting the red wolf who yelped as he eased closer before he lunged. I ducked under him as he crashed into the wall before darting out the door and downstairs. I heard another loud yelp and prayed that Derek was ok fighting against two. If I could get my sister to safety then I could help; but I soon realized that he wasn’t fighting two as the grey wolf landed with a thud at the bottom of the stairs. I stumbled back against the steps as I turned to scurry back up them. I felt the clamp on my leg and screamed as I grabbed a hold of the railing with my free hand and tried to drag myself up. ‘He’s going to fling me.’ I knew it and there was no denying it as his hold on my leg tightened and he yanked back; my grip on the railing starting to slip. I made a quick decision and sat Layla down on the step. “Don’t move.” I ordered
before yelling in pain as he yanked again; freeing my grip and sending me flying back into the wall. The pain fading rapidly the more pissed I got as another growl erupted; turning his attention back on me. ‘Good…focus on me.’ I glanced up to my sister who hadn’t moved an inch as I crawled up the wall and limped while my leg healed. “Come on big boy…show me what you got.” I taunted; feeling braver and extremely pissed off. He lunged again as I dodged it and shuffled towards the kitchen; knowing he was on my heels. I jumped over the center island; my eyes fixed on the butcher knife in the sink, before being grabbed by the arm and tossed into the cabinets. My shoulder burned as pain roared through my arm and chest from being dislocated. The wolf stood on the island, snarling, as I picked myself up again. He liked playing with me; watching me suffer. The realization spurring me into a rage as I said fuck it and lunged forward; taking him by surprise as we went tumbling to the floor. We landed with a thud before I slashed at him with my claws, aiming for anything I could, only to be tossed backwards. I skidded back into the foyer; the exact place I was trying to avoid and shuffled to my feet. Layla sat on the step, finger in her mouth, as she continued to stay put. I felt a powerful hit to my side that sent me to the floor and knocked the wind out of me. I gasped for air as I clawed my way towards the steps when a loud roar echoed from above. I looked up to see a jet black wolf with glowing red eyes and the look of death standing at the top of my stairs before leaping into the air and landing with a thud somewhere behind me. I hustled up the stairs and gathered Layla in my arms and watched as Derek tore into the grey wolf. Blood soaked both wolves and the floor as Derek showed no mercy and ripped into the other. I sat on the steps watching the blood bath; unable to move as pain singed my body as I slowly faded back to myself. It didn’t take long before the fight was over as the grey wolf crashed to the floor; throat ripped out with a hole in his chest. Layla squirmed for the first time; sending an electric shock of pain through my shoulder and chest. I grunted before laying her back on the step, one hand holding her in place, as I leaned over on my side to relieve the pain. “June.” Derek’s voice whispered into my ear in a panicked tone. “Hmm.” I hummed back; too tired to reply with much else. “Oh thank God June….…” Derek replied. I opened my eyes to find him human again. “Grab your sister.” He ordered. I groaned in protest but otherwise did as he told me; unwilling to argue over it. I held Layla tucked into my chest when two strong arms slid under me. I grunted in pain as Derek lifted Layla and me off the steps and carried us into the guest bedroom where he laid us on the bed. I rolled over onto my side with my sister cuddled in my arms and shut my eyes. ‘What had happened?’ I was still trying to make sense of it all. It was like one minute, I was scared shitless, and then the next everything seemed to fade away as I morphed into something else. My head hurt as I tried to make sense of it all; as did my body. I hadn’t noticed that Derek slipped out of the room until I heard the door shut and jumped. “Shhh…” Derek soothed as he crawled into the bed so that Layla rested in between us. She immediately rolled over and grabbed at Derek who pulled her closer to his chest. ‘You clever little booger.’ I teased and grunted as Derek drug me into his side so that I was flush against him. I rested my head on his shoulder and stared at Layla who was snuggled up on his chest, twirling a finger through her hair, as she begun to dose off. Nothing that just happened seemed to make sense; it all felt like a bad foggy dream. But this…here and now…this made sense. The same thing inside me that became so protective of my sister and told me to fight; seemed to purr in contentment as I wrapped my hand around hers with Derek’s rubbing my sore shoulder trying to soothe it. Everything felt right for the first time in a long time as fatigue weighed heavy on my body. I ignored the fact there were two dead bodies in the house, blood every where, and that my parents would come home to a massacre. I ignored that Derek and I had had an argument; this had more than made up for it. And I ignored how scarily right this all felt as I shut my eyes and drifted off. I rolled over onto my back and groaned as I tried to stretch out the kinks. My body felt like I’d gone ten rounds with Mike Tyson as I eased off the side of the bed and rubbed the sleep from my eyes. I rubbed at my ankle that was fully healed with the exception of a huge nasty black and blue bruise. I
felt like death warmed over when everything came flooding back to me at once. Layla! I spun on the bed to find no one there before jumping up and darting out the room; ignoring the pain that it caused me. I followed the sound of hums and giggles to the kitchen before coming to sliding stop in the doorway. Layla was sitting in her highchair; clapping her hands together and making an O with her mouth as she waited for Derek to give her another spoon full of baby food. Derek didn’t seem to notice me in the doorway as he focused on feeding Layla and grinned as she slapped her hands to his cheeks. ‘Oh this was too fricken adorable.’ I pulled my cell phone from my back pocket and snapped a picture; quickly setting it as my new wallpaper. Derek shot me a serious glare before standing strait and walking over to me; tugging my phone from my hands and dragging me over to Layla. “Smile.” He ordered before snapping a picture. “This is your new wallpaper.” He justified as he showed the picture to me. Derek and I were sitting on either side of Layla’s highchair as she gave a big toothless grin; Derek actually flashing teeth in a heart stopping smile. I on the other hand looked like a deer caught in the headlights. But it was a cute picture none the less and defiantly wallpaper worthy.

Derek tugged me up and hugged me to his bare chest as he kissed the top of my head. “Derek….what happened?” I asked still trying to fit the pieces together; none of it seeming real. “Rogue alphas…they’re pissed.” He whispered. I was about to question when he cut me off. “I killed their friend June. But they think you’re to blame.” I mulled that over before feeling pissed again. ‘Fucking with me was one thing; but fucking with my family was another.’ No way in hell were they getting away with this. “I took care of it June. I called the old alpha and gave him permission to come pick up his dead. They just left a half hour ago.” I pulled away from his chest to stare up at him in disbelief. ‘When? How?’ “You were conked out….a bomb could of went off and you never would of known.” He teased and kissed the tip of my nose. I smiled at his attempt to make it light hearted. We stood there in silence before my stomach roared causing both Derek and Layla to giggle. Derek pulled out a chair and sat me down before wondering over to the refrigerator; I watched as he tugged it open, the fridge light casting a glow over his perfectly built and delicious body. Oh he was gorgeous and I found myself drooling over something entirely different than food. He grinned at me and shook his head before pulling out two raw steaks and digging through the kitchen cabinet to produce a bottle of Jack.

Layla was watching in fascination as he spilled the contents of his arms on the table in front of me. Derek worked on removing the wrapping from the steaks as I grabbed two plates and a couple of glasses before pouring the golden liquid and taking a swig; enjoying the slow burn that it caused before taking another. ‘Oh Gawwd this was really good today.’ Derek slid the plate to me and I wasted no time picking the meat up and taking a big bite; moaning as I chewed before shoving another bite in my mouth. ‘Oh GAWWWWD! This is better than sex.’ I cooed. Derek smirked as he joined in on the lyrical eating. Amazing how I went from vegetarian to carnivore in a matter of days.

I licked my lips as a stray trail of blood dripped down my chin and landed on the plate; shocking me back to reality. ‘OH MY GAWWD! People had died in my house!’ The realization dawned on me like a brick to the face as I dropped my steak and rushed to the foyer. I stared at the clean floor in amazement as I tried to piece that together. ‘There was blood; lots of blood…..Derek!’ “Yes…” I spun on my heels to find Derek standing right behind me with a smile. “I took care of that too June.” I stared at him with wide eyes before wrapping my arms around his shoulders. He’d taken care of everything; without waking me, including feeding my sister. ‘Oh he was a keeper.’ Derek chuckled before pulling away and rubbing his thumb over my cheek. “Let’s finish eating.” I leaned my seat back as I listened to the sound of rain beating down on the roof of Derek’s camero. Layla was passed out in her car seat in the back; hugging a tiny rabbit to her chest as she lightly chewed on the ear. I dreaded making the phone call that I was so willingly putting off; but better to just get it over with. I pressed send on ‘M Devil’ (my mothers name in my phone book) and listened to some stupid song that sounded like annoying elevator music before she finally picked up. “June…you know better than to call me while I’m at work.” She hissed in a low tone. “Mom….” I sighed as I forced the words out of my mouth, “I-I…I’m sorrrry.” Phew! I was already
exhausted. Damn her! “But there’s been an accident at the house.”
“What? Oh My Gosh! Your sister…”
“She’s fine mom. She’s with me.”
“Oh thank Heavens.”
“Yeeaaa…look, I think she should spend the weekend with me. The babysitter wasn’t at the house when I arrived. I don’t know what happened to her.” ‘Except she was some werewolves chew toy. But hey! Derek had taken care of that too.’ I was now a co-conspirator in covering up someone’s murder. ‘But it’s for a good cause right?’ I mean the lady was older anyway with no family; who was going to miss her? I gave myself a big mental kick in the ass for thinking something so horrible before continuing. “The school gave me a few days off to get my stuff strait. Thanks to Sheriff Stilinski.” This wasn’t a total lie; when Derek and I went over to meet Stiles yesterday we’d had a chance to talk to the Sheriff who understood perfectly. “And I think it’d be good for Layla and me to get in some sister bonding time.” I lied and let out an exasperated huff. I could literally hear the wheels turning on the other end as Monica chewed that over.
“Fine. But you stay at my house.” She hissed.
I groaned before answering; “Moooooom, please. I don’t want to stay there. I thought it’d be fun to take her camping. This week is supposed to be nice and I’d really like….”
“Fine Juniper! You can take her camping; but just this once. I’ll call you when I get off work.” ‘Oh I can hardly wait. She hung up the phone without another word as I let out a breath I hadn’t realized I’d been holding before turning the radio on low as the latest Justin (gag me) Bieber song came on. I started bobbing my head along with the beat and found that I was slowly falling for it. ‘OH GAWWWWD! PEOPLE! KILL ME NOW!’ I shuttered at the thought of being called a Bieber fan and quickly changed the station. ‘Oh dear lord….please never let Derek or the idgts find out that I like a Justin Bieber song!’ I shook my head and slapped myself; trying to pull it together as I scanned stations and settled for country. Not really my cup of tea; but it was the complete opposite of what I was listening to and I hoped that some hill hick twang song would get stuck inside of my head instead of the ‘If I was your boyfriend…duh duh duh’ lyrics I was currently singing none stop.
“I swear if you get that song stuck in my head; I’ll kill you June.” Derek’s gruff voice boomed through the car; causing me to jump out of my skin. I gave him a look that said, ‘Don’t you dare say what song’ as I scooted my seat forward and smashed my boobs into the dash so that Stiles could climb in behind me.
“Oh great! Stinky’s back….I swear if she has a repeat of the last time I will puke in your floor again.” Stiles huffed as Scott climbed in behind Derek’s side. Layla yawned before balling her fists around the rabbit and tearing up. ‘Oh great! Now look what you did Stiles.’ I rolled my eyes before digging through the diaper bag sitting between my legs and pulling out her pacifier. Monica was slowly trying to break her from it; ‘It’s not good for a child’ she would so often preach. Oh she was going to hate me after this. I popped it in Layla’s mouth as she quieted down.
“OH MY GOD! Derek! This is sooooooo our song!” I yelped as I cranked up Taylor Swift’s ‘You belong with me’ and bounced in my seat. ‘Oh I sucked….but I was trying to drown out Bieber Fever.’ Scott and Stiles snickered in the backseat as Layla giggled; watching me hop around and do a stupid jig before Stiles chimed in followed by Scott. The three of us song allowed and out of tune as Derek rolled his eyes. ‘Oh you can put on the sour wolf expression….but admit it. You like it. You know you do.’ I taunted as he shot me a pointed look; trying to hide the smile tugging at his lips and turning the station.
“HEEEEEY!” All three of us yelled at the same time.
“My car my music. Driver picks the music; shot gun shuts their cake hole.” He quoted from the latest Supernatural episode we’d watched; I’d been pulling them up on the computer since Derek didn’t have a T.V.
“Dude really? Supernatural? Wow….I never pegged the big bad wolf as the brother hunting Supernatural fandom kind.” Stiles teased.
“Yea really….hey who do you like better? Dean or Sam?” Scott added. I giggled as I watched Derek growing more infuriated at their teasing before settling for a Nine Inch Nails song and cranking the music to drown them out. I glanced back to make sure Layla was alright with the volume; she seemed content enough as she smiled a toothless grin around her pacifier and clapped her hands.

“She’s got good taste in music.” “Unlike her sister.” Derek mumbled under his breath as I smacked his shoulder playfully; before everyone settled down and just listened to the music as we wound down the road towards Derek’s house. I wasn’t particularly looking forward to it either. After the whole morning beat down with rogue wolves this morning; Derek and I (and when I say Derek and I; I mean Derek) decided that it was time to get serious about werewolf training. After all, he was an alpha now which apparently meant that he needed a pack. A strong one; meaning Scott and I. And if I was to become alpha material myself I was going to have to get really fucking serious about self defense and getting in tune with my wolf. ‘Ahhh…no more getting distracted by sex. Play time was over.’ Derek coughed and gave me one of those sexy smirks that he had perfected; telling me other wise.

‘Oh! Fun news! Stiles and Scott were also spending the entire weekend with us!’ It was going to be a long weekend if we all had to share Derek’s old bed again. “OH SHIIIIIIIT!” Scott and Stiles erupted from the backseat as they tried to stick their heads between the two seats. ‘What are….Oh fuck!’ I cracked the window for fresh air, ‘Yep….looooonnnng weekend.’

Chapter End Notes

Song: Boyfriend; by Justin Bieber. (I will only say this once, I AM NOT A FAN.)
“UMPH!...Shit!....Ow!....Dammit! UNCLE….UNCLE!” Scott choked out as I pinned my knee on his chest and held him to the ground by the throat and smiled wickedly. ‘I was getting a hang of this.’

“UMPH!” I groaned as Scott kneed me in the back and went rolling head over foot on the ground before jumping up.

“Don’t get distracted!” Derek directed from the sidelines as Scott and I circled around each other. “Focus and use your damn senses to pick up on the other’s vibes!” He bit. I took a deep breath; inhaling Scott’s vengeful scent. He was in full on ‘Get even with June’ mode; which played to my benefit. He wasn’t thinking his moves through and lunged at me as I side stepped out of the way and used my foot to kick him in the ass as he face planted into the ground. I heard Derek chuckling as Scott groaned from the ground and offered him a hand up; he took it and dusted himself off before taking me by surprise and wrapping his arms around my middle, throwing me over his shoulder and spinning me around. I giggled and felt woozy as I smacked at his back when it all came to an abrupt stop as Scott sat me down gently and moved away. I stared at Derek’s tattoo on his back as he stepped in front; a low warning growl vibrating around me. The air thickened; making it hard to breath as heat radiated off Derek like an oven and making the already humid 85 degree weather that much more unbearable. ‘Damn this heat wave in the middle of fall.’

I had already stripped down to a white tank top as soon as we got back this afternoon; but that didn’t stop the sweat from clinging to every body part covered on me. I watched as a tiny bead of sweat ran down between his shoulder blades and on down his bare back the angrier he got. ‘Well Hell!’ I wrapped my hand around his bicep and squeezed before he finally backed off. Scott was looking at the ground; breathing heavily as he whimpered away. Stiles had risen from his place in the shade with Layla to watch before double checking she was alright and sprinting over to Scott. “I think the heat’s getting to us all. Why don’t we all chill in the shade?” Stiles offered; trying to create peace again. I hummed in agreement and tugged at Derek’s hand towards the shade; but aw be damned if he wouldn’t budge.

“Mind your business Stilinski. This doesn’t involve you.” Derek warned with a growl. I took note of his glowing red eyes and the shutters running through his body as he tried to reel in his anger. “Stiles….you and Scott go babysit Layla in the shade for a little while.” I ordered. Stiles nodded and tugged at his best friend who followed with little encouragement. I knew that it wasn’t the smartest thing to do; or so I’d read and stepped in front of Derek who’s eyes followed Scott the entire time. “Hey, I think Stiles is right. Let’s call it a day and go cool off in the stream ok? I don’t know about you; but I’m roasting my nuts off.” I teased; trying to lighten the mood. Derek looked at me for the first time before picking me up, slinging me over his shoulder, and sprinting off to Scott. “I think the heat’s getting to us all. Why don’t we all chill in the shade?” Stiles offered; trying to create peace again. I hummed in agreement and tugged at Derek’s hand towards the shade; but aw be damned if he wouldn’t budge.

“I can Breathe! I can Breathe!” I cooed and inhaled a deep breath as the wretched cloths disappeared from my body; making me feel cooler all ready. I watched as Derek shucked his jeans (no underwear; damn him for going commando. I wish I could) before tugging me into the chilly stream. I jumped back; instantly awake before being drug into the deeper part that reached just above my knees. I crouched down in the water before leaning back and sitting against a rock so
that only my breasts and up where exposed as the water soothed me.
I felt Derek’s lips cover over one of my nipples as he sucked it deep into his mouth and lapped at it
with his tongue. I moaned; keeping my eyes shut to enjoy the wonderful sensations he was creating
as his hand roamed down towards my aching lady bits before he switched to the other breast. I
tangled my fingers through his hair and continued to moan as he worked me into orgasmic bliss;
teetering on the edge before he lifted me up to sit on the rock and swung my legs over his
shoulders. I was about to open my eyes to watch when he cut me off, “No….just feel.” He ordered
in a rough voice as I leaned my head back against the rock and shut my eyes again. I felt his tongue
lick over my clit before delving deep inside me; causing me to buck against his face as he guided
my hips to the exact motion he wanted.
“Oh shiiiiit Derek….that f-feels so f-fucking gooood.” I moaned as he hummed in approvement;
causing a vibration against my clit. “Ohhh Gawwd do that again.” I ordered and fist my hands
deeper into his hair as he hummed again. It wasn’t long before the fire in my belly spread through
my entire body as I came undone at the seams; causing my body to tingle and shutter as I came
down from my orgasmic high.
Derek’s lips covered over mine as he slipped up my body; tangling our tongues together as I tasted
myself on his lips. I felt the hard press of his erection between us before he disappeared. I rolled
over on my side and drank in the site of Derek’s bare ass as he dug around through his jeans. Oh it
was super tight and round as the muscles flexed. My eyes roamed upwards, stopping at the two
dimples above his butt before taking in each dip and ripple as muscles flexed. I was still fixated
with the tattoo between his shoulder blades; it was some sort of symbol with three spirals. I felt as
though I should recognize it somehow; like its meaning was right on the tip of my tongue. I
watched Derek’s black leather wallet drop to the ground between his legs before he spun around
with two packets in his hand, ‘Now that was interesting’ as he traipsed back into the water. I stared
absent mindedly as he ripped open the first pack using his teeth before producing a condom. My
heart skipped a beat and butterflies danced in my stomach. ‘Oh my God! Were we…’
“No….it’s so that I don’t hurt you again.” Derek informed huskily as he rolled it down the length
of his cock. My heart dipped before quickly speeding up as he ripped open the second pack and
poured the lube onto his hands and slicked it over the condom. ‘I thought they already had lube?’
Derek smirked before leaning over and kissing me as he slid his lubed hand under my butt and
between my cheeks. I gasped as he penetrated a finger unexpectedly and tensed up. “Relax.” He
ground out as he eased another finger inside me. I ground my hips against his fingers as I tried to
roll over to give him better access. He chuckled as I squirmed in desperate need of more before
removing his fingers and grabbing my hips as he lifted me up. I wrapped my legs around him as he
took a seat on the rock; his cock already pressing between my cheeks. ‘This was different.’ I stared
into his eyes as he slowly eased himself into my tight entrance; lust clouding over his eyes as they
flashed between blue and green. I held his head still as he fully sheathed himself; not wanting to
miss an emotion on his face. I’d never got to be face to face with him before. Usually it was either
one our heads was on totally opposite ends or facing away; but this….this was different
and….ohhhhh…fantastic. I ground my hips against his as he thrust in slow motion; his pubes
brushing against my clit. ‘BUT OH FUCK DID IT FEEL GOOOOOOOD!’ Derek pressed his lips to
my throat as he licked several places before sucking above my pulse point and then dropping to my
breasts as we rocked in slow motion enjoying the sensations. I felt the burning in my eyes and my
canines elongating; before leaning back and placing my hands on his knees as he continued to
thrust in long slow strokes. My body felt on fire between the burning sun and the increase of body
temperature as my wolf pressed closer to the surface and pleasure singed through me.
Derek growled low in his throat as he tugged me up and pressed our bodies closer together;
burying his face into my shoulder and nipping lightly. “June….” He ground out as I pulled his head
away from my shoulder so that I could look at him. His eyes glowed red as his face scrunch up and
body shook. At first I thought he was about to loose it when he completely stilled under me
and pulled away from my grasp. My body ached at the loss of movement; his dick still planted
firmly inside me. “June….I can’t….” He trailed off as his claws pressed deep into my hips; the
smell of blood and sex permeating around us.

“Can’t what?” I asked confused; wrapping my hands around his head so that he was forced to look at me.

“I’m too close….to close to loosing it. You. This. I can’t.” He managed before letting out another pained yell and wrapping his arms around me so tight I thought he was going to crush my ribs. I didn’t know what to do; I was so beyond confused at what he was trying to say before he let out another pained yelp. “Ahhh shiiiiit….fuck.” He cussed. I was instantly alarmed when he whimpered as things started to crack. I pushed at his shoulders; forcing him to lay back on the rock as I hopped off his lap and panicked. ‘What do I do what do I do?’ “AWWWW…..OH FUUCK!” He cried again and crunched up on the rock; ripping away the condom on his still erect dick. I was simply stunned that he was still hard before he let out another pained cry; forcing me to think quickly before darting over to the embankment; grabbing my shirt and dipping it in the cool water. ‘If he was fighting a shift then maybe lowering his body temp would help? Right?’ It seemed logical enough. I rung it out over his body before it finally occurred to me; I’m in a fricken stream! Just dunk his ass in!

I pulled at his arms and tugged him down into the water; forcing him to lay back in it while I supported his head and ran a soothing hand over his chest. He stared up at me as he yelled again; his eyes doing that odd flashy thing between colors before grabbing onto my hand and clutching it tight. I did my best not to wince as his grip tightened with another pained tremor. “Derek….it’s ok.” I soothed; not knowing what else to say. “Take a deep breath and relax…..or focus….what ever you do to bring yourself back.” I offered; knowing I was little help.

“Paaaain.” He ground out; his chest heaving as he tried to fight off another tremor. “Hurt. Me. June.” He ordered. I stared at him in disbelief. ‘No way was I going to hurt him when he was already in so much pain. How would that help?’ “DO IT!” He snapped. My head spun as I hesitated and debated on how exactly or better yet; what the hell was going to be more painful than what he was going through? ‘Would a bite hurt him? If I really sunk my teeth in deep?’ The deep part of me told me it was the right thing to do, that’ll it’ll help; while the other part feared I’d only hurt him further. “JUNE!” I stopped stalling as I stepped away from myself; my canines becoming fully erect before a very primal feeling took hold as I tilted Derek’s head to the side and chomped down. I buried my fangs deep into his neck as his sweet blood flooded my mouth. My wolf purred in ecstasy as my world tilted off its axis; I wasn’t supposed to be enjoying this, but everything felt so right the harder I bit down. My arms curled under his; wrapping around his chest and pulling him closer as my breasts pressed flat against his back.

I heard the distant sound of Derek’s growling approval as I clung tighter before prying my lips away and lapping at the dripping blood; the wound on his neck already healing. Derek grabbed my arm and drug me around to sit on his lap as he licked around my mouth before separating my lips with his tongue and delving in. I was still confused as to what really happened just now. ‘Is he better? Did I help him? What the hell was the whole stepping away about? And why did it feel so right to bite him?’ Derek pulled away; his ice blue eyes staring strait into me before wrapping his arms around my back and pulling me into a tight embrace. I didn’t know what to think; but when Derek refused to let me go the only thing I could think was how right everything felt. The sun had started to set in the sky during our slow, completely naked, walk back as Derek had tried to explain what happened in the stream. He explained that since he became alpha the need to mate and fully claim someone was becoming more unbearable each day. And since I was nearing the end of my heat cycle; ‘1 fricken day to go baby! Whoop whoop!’ his wolf was being even more persistent and is trying anything to fully mate with me. I on the other hand didn’t think that would be so bad; I mean he was going to ‘fully claim’ me anyway right? So why keep putting it off? Then I had remembered something he’d told me over the weekend; about how he couldn’t actually de-virginities me while going through a heat cycle because it would bind us forever. The thought only served to hurt my feelings; which had led me to tears and a strong embrace from Derek’s reassuring hold. ‘Did that mean he didn’t want to bind with me forever? Or maybe he did want another mate besides me?’ He’d reassured me that he did want to bind forever; he just didn’t want
to hurt me since my pheromones were running so high that he’d only lose control. That and a snippet of info he had forgotten to mention when we had the whole ‘heat cycle talk.’ Turns out my chances of getting pregnant; even with a condom went up a whole hell of a lot. Something about the effects of a werewolves mate on the males that basically makes condoms useless against their semen. Confused? Yea, me too. You should have seen the look on my face as he tried to explain that. I’m pretty sure I looked like a vegetable. My mouth dropped open, hazy confused eyes, and drool dripping down my chin. Yep, all I was missing was the crash helmet so when I went into convulsions from information overload.

I stared up at the barren tree branches filled with brightly colored leaves that slowly turning into brown crisps. All five of us where lying on a blanket under the tree as the day faded away; waiting on the night to bring us some relief from the heat. Derek was laying long ways on the blanket; I used his stomach like a pillow as Layla tucked herself under Derek’s arm and between me. Stiles was using my leg as a pillow as he sprawled out so that he looked like a star. Scott had found a place on the other side of Derek; who apologized when we got back, with his back turned towards him. Every one of them was asleep too as I lye here awake. My body was tired and sore; but my mind wouldn’t shut down. The sun had fell low behind the trees as darkness begun to set in. I briefly worried about Layla until I glanced over and found her conked out like a light; using Derek and mine warmth. I couldn’t believe I’d been a werewolf for a whole week already. It seemed like only yesterday that I’d found out; and really I hadn’t managed to accomplish anything. Unless being kidnapped, fighting two other werewolves, and covering up a murder was accomplishment? Sheesh. Layla stirred for the first time as she begun to ball her fist and whimper. ‘Oh boy! I know what that meant. Water works were about to start in like five seconds!’ I sat up quickly, eased my leg from Stiles, before grabbing Layla and easing her away from Derek who tried to curl his arm tighter. Layla fussed as I tiptoed away from the guys and tucked her head against my shoulder; rubbing her eyes before she opened her mouth to let out a wail. “Don’t you even. Not till we get to the house little lady.” I whispered in her hair. She quieted down; giving me that sad yet angry look until we were safely out of hearing range (‘as if’) when she let all hell break loose through her mouth. I grabbed her diaper bag before darting up the stairs to the bathroom, setting her on the toilet and changing her diaper. Uncle Derek (Yes I know…he would be considered brother in law, but he decided that Uncle Derek sounded better) had gotten diaper duty earlier today; boy the look on his face was worth it too. Scrunch up face as he gagged and backed away before covering his nose with his shirt and proceeding. I stood in the doorway and laughed hysterically at him. He may have no problem feeding her, playing with her, and letting her sleep on him, but he sure as hell seemed to mind changing her diaper.

I took a minute to admire my handy work before snapping her floral print jumper back together, discarding the diaper in the trash can Derek had invested in, and taking her back into the old bedroom before popping a bottle in her mouth. I leaned against the window seal and stared at the night sky. The stars twinkled and the moon casted a light glow. But even through the dark I could see the boys lying under the tree in their slumber. Stiles had rolled over and scooted closer to Derek who seemed to inch further away but closer to Scott who lye flat on his stomach; half on half off the blanket. Stiles had ninety percent of the blanket to himself and not an inch went to waste either. I chuckled; a smile ghosting over my face as I stared at them. They seemed to bring me peace and make me smile; a deep part of me humming in contentment and love for all three as I watched them sleep. I realized then that I thought of them, Layla included, as my family….my pack. More than I ever thought of Monica and my Dad as family. I spent the rest of the time mauling that one thought over as I fed Layla the rest of her bottle; fatigue finally tugging at my mind before going back outside and joining the guys on the blanket. I nudged Stiles over with my bare foot as he scooted away and took my place back beside Derek so that my head lye on his shoulder; Layla resting on his chest with her head tucked by mine and my arm slung over her body as I faded off into sleep.

My body felt stiff as I stretched against Derek; at some point last night I had managed to climb my way on top of him so that I was lying on his chest with my head tucked against Layla’s side and her
body tucked under his chin. Sure it didn’t seem like it’d be comfortable but neither one of ‘us’ were complaining. Derek on the other hand was motionless as he waited for one or the other to un-pin him. I slid off the side, pulling Layla with me, as he stretched. Stiles grumbled beside me as he rolled over on his stomach and buried his head under his arms. Layla quickly realized she was no longer sleeping on top of Derek and started to squirm; trying to get back to Derek’s comforting heat. I pulled her closer to my body; the morning bringing back a chill when soft wet lips kissed my cheek. I hummed before lolling my head to the left to meet Derek’s beautiful green eyes; his hair in a cute mess and a rough nights’ gruff covered his face. He smiled before covering his lips over mine and saying, “Good morning.” Layla squalled and pouted when he leaned down and kissed the top of her head before pulling her into his arms, “And good morning to you too precious.” My jaw dropped as I stared at the two of them before squinting my eyes at my little sister. ‘Why you little turd….all ready getting the boys. Why did I never get called precious or cute or sweet or….or… any cute name at all!’ Derek smiled before standing up and tugging me with him, “Come on ‘sweetie’…we have a morning routine to get to.” My stomach dipped to my toes as the butterflies crept back; and I knew I was blushing. ‘How is it he still managed to do that to me?’ Fully bathed, one diaper change, and two grumpy teenage boys later we were sitting at ‘Barbs Diner’ waiting on our food to arrive. Layla was sitting in her high chair; entertained with some stupid duck that was driving me up a damn wall. ‘The thing would not stop quaking!’ I rolled my eyes and grumbled before face planting into Derek’s shoulder as she bopped it on the table again. ‘Quak Quak Quak….stupid fucking Quuuuuuuak!’ Derek chuckled before lifting his arm so that I could scoot closer and rest my head. Stiles had managed to pop two Adderalls this morning and was now all bright and chipper as he drabbled on to Scott about some stupid video game while they played a game of ‘angry birds’ on their phone. I stole a sip of Derek’s coffee; to lazy to reach for my own when my phone started buzzing. I dug around through my purse before pulling out the annoying device only to cringe at the name. I was about to press ignore, “Answer it June.” I looked up to see Derek staring down at me with that serious look on his face again before groaning and pressing answer. “Hell-O….” I mumbled; not bothering to remove myself from Derek’s comfort. “June….how is Layla doing? Is she filthy? Ugh…probably smells like the ‘outdoors’. June….June! June! Answer me June!” “She’s fine Mom. Now can I get off?” I asked; knowing it would never be that easy. “No. Where are you?” She asked; her voice raising a notch. “I’m eating breakfast. Why?” “Alone?” I was thrown off by her question before sighing when everything told me to look outside. I glanced out the window by our booth and shut my eyes immediately. There! There she was. Standing across the street in her tennis outfit with that stupid sweater thrown over her shoulders by her car and ‘staring’ strait at me. I gave her meek wave before slinking back into the booth. “I’m eating with friends.” I offered; knowing it was too late as she started to cross the street. I hadn’t realized she hung up until I heard nothing on the other end. “Can someone please stab me now with this butter knife?” I asked; holding up a butter knife as Monica came bounding in through the front entrance. I didn’t look back, I didn’t want to look back, I didn’t have to look back, before BOOM there she was. Standing at the end of our table, tapping an impatient foot, with her hands planted on her hips. “Well June. Are you going to introduce me to your… ‘friends’?” She asked with fake politeness. Before I ever got a chance to speak there were three hands in front of my face. “Stiles, Scott, Derek.” All three introduced at the same time before Derek pried himself out of my lazy grasp and half stood, still offering his hand. “I’m Derek Hale. Your daughter’s boyfriend.” He offered with the exact same fakeness. I smiled wickedly as I stared between the two of them while butterflies knotted in my belly as he said ‘booooyfriend!’ My mother hadn’t budged and looked at his hand like it was infected.
“So you’re Hale?” She looked confused. “June….I thought you told me they all died in that ‘awful’ fire.” She sneered. I gapped at her before standing up and meeting her with my own sneer. “Mother!” I shouted before glancing back at Derek who’s face turned to stone the instant the sentence passed her lips. I grabbed her by the wrist; anger boiling deep inside me at her attempt to purposefully hurt my mate and drug her out of the diner while she screeched the whole way. I stopped by Derek’s camero before spinning around and pinning her against it. The look of shock, horror, and confusion perfectly worth it as I smirked and inhaled her frightened scent. ‘Oh it was a good match for her too.’ I felt my wolf pressing at the surface; egger to give her a taste of what ‘it’ really wanted to do to her right now. I closed my eyes as I tried to calm my anger and searched for the sound of Derek’s heartbeat; finding that he was standing by the diner ready for anything. ‘Just as long as your there…..I’ll be fine.’ I assured; knowing he was reading my thoughts. Monica was about to open her mouth when I cut her off waving my free hand in front of my face. “NO! I don’t want to hear it Monica…..you were out of line back there.” I warned and kept my eyes shut; feeling the burning sensation that signaled they were glowing.

“How dare you….aaa” She gasped out meekly as my grip tightened on her wrist.

“Mother! Why can’t you just be nice for once? Hmm? Maybe give Derek a chance before you judge him? I’m tired of being stepped on by you. I’m a grown women and I’m not going to take anymore of your crap.” I warned; a growl lurking dangerously close to erupting.

“Juniper Hawthorne….what has gotten into you? Let me go June….you’re hurting me.” She ground out and tried to slink further away from me. I could hear my wolf chuckling a deep sinister laugh as the smell of her growing fear engorged my senses. I could feel her shutter and shake as she tried to compose herself. ‘Good…it’s not even half of what you deserve’ the wolf sneered. ‘I’m not sure this is what Derek had in mind when he said I needed to get ‘in touch’ with my wolf.’ I bargained. Oh sure….I sounded like a crazy person arguing with myself; but then again, what would you consider fighting for control so that some animal didn’t kill your own mother? “June?” She whispered. My eyes snapped open; instantly recognizing the fear in hers.

“I think you should go Mom…..” I said trying desperately to keep hold of what little control I had left, “we can talk about this when we both can compose ourselves better. I really do want you to get to know Derek….please.” I begged. My wolf growled in disagreement as I backed down and stepped away from her. But really; the human part of me still wanted her approval. I already had my Dads….but I wanted my Mothers. I watched as she rubbed her wrist; finger shaped bruises already forming as she leaned against the car and stared at me. She was still stunned and confused if her wide eyes and slack jaw were anything to go by; before she nodded her head slowly in agreement.

“Layla?” She choked out before clearing her throat and trying again. “I want….” I cut her off with a wave of my hand.

“No….we haven’t finished our camping trip yet.” I reasoned with a half smile; trying desperately to keep from snapping at her again as my wolf growled at the thought of Monica taking Layla away. I knew things had changed since yesterday’s incident; the possessiveness and need to protect my little sister was slowly consuming me further. And any one outside of my ‘pack’ touching her seemed like they were stealing her away from me. This was also something that had dawned on me last night as I watched out the window and fed Layla; I felt as though a deeper part of me had taken on a bigger role than just her ‘sister’ and that she also meant something more to Derek as well than just Uncle. I knew that I was going to have to give her back at some point; but I wasn’t about to have my weekend cut short with her.

“June.” Monica muttered as she tried to stand her ground.

“Mrs. Hawthorne….if it’s all the same to you, I suggest you take your daughters offer and leave Layla with us. She’ll be fine and I know she enjoys Junes company. They’ve become quite close and I’d hate to see that bond broken…..wouldn’t you?” Derek’s voice was velvety smooth as he stood beside me and wrapped his arms around my shoulders; dragging me into his side where I rested my head and looked up to see his glowing ice blue eyes as he held my Mothers gaze. I glanced towards her to see her swaying and eyes clouded over in a hypnotic daze as she nodded her
head and supported herself against the car. I was so confused as to what was happening before Derek’s sugary sweet voice broke the air again. “Now….would you like to have breakfast with us?” He offered. I gaped at him before I seen the tug of his lips and his arm curl tighter around my shoulder. She shook her head ‘no’ as she wooed back and forth. “I already ate.” She whispered.

“Alright. It was nice meeting you then; hope that we can do it again soon.” He offered before spinning around and dragging me with him; my jaw dragging the pavement behind me the whole way. ‘What the hell was that!?‘

Chapter End Notes

Song: Spank; by The Naked and Famous
“YESSSSSS!” I shouted from the fitting room as I examined my boobies in the mirror resting comfortably in their new C cup bra that wasn’t digging into my rib cage for the first time in a week. Derek decided that after the whole Monica Diabolical this morning, (and more than likely to shut me up from asking him a thousand and one questions about his new power) that he was going to take me shopping for new cloths since mine weren’t exactly fitting right. Boy he had no idea what he was getting himself into. Derek and Layla were sitting on the bench inside the small cubical; watching me as I tried on outfits. Derek had more of the primal ‘I can’t wait to bend you over and fuck you’ look; verses my sister who watched in awe as lots of pretty colors flashed before her eyes from the sun dresses (they were on clearance now) I was currently trying on over my new fitting bra. “What do you think?” I asked her as she clapped her hands; reaching out to touch the soft yellow cotton material. Her eyes widened and shined up at me as a huge toothless grin covered her face before erupting into a fit of giggles. Was it me or did it actually seem like she understood me? I know it’s crazy since she’s only three months old; but still, she did take orders pretty well.

“Your wolf connects with her on a deeper level June. She understands what your wolf is asking of her; like a mother wolf and her pups. They communicate through body language, feelings, and sounds.” Derek summed up before bouncing Layla on his knee as she giggled uncontrollably, “And I think that’s a yes to the dress….on my part too.” He added grinning up at me. I took another glance in the mirror before stripping away the dress and replacing it with a sky blue maxi dress that fell to the ground. I turned again to my critics who wrinkled their noses. ‘I’ll take that as a no.’ Derek nodded in agreement before leaning back against the wall. I repeated the process over and over; each time waiting for their opinions as silence filled the space.

“Soooo…..” I offered to break the agonizing silence; before turning around to face them. Derek cocked an eyebrow as he waited for me to say something more. “That whole thing with my Mom earlier this morning….what was that all about?” I asked, unable to hold it in any longer. He sighed before signaling for me to try something else on.

“I’m not completely sure….I just sort of discovered it at the last minute.” He offered.

“You mean the whole hypnotize my mother into doing what ever you wanted?” I asked as he nodded slowly. “So you’re saying that you never knew Alphas could do that?”

“What do you want me to say June? That I know everything that’s involved with being an alpha….cuz I don’t. This is all new to me too; I just did what my wolf told me to do.” He snapped; leaning his head against the wall again and massaging his temple with his free hand. I wasn’t exactly sure what had sparked the mood change and I wanted desperately to prod and bitch him out for being an ass just now. But I knew that it wouldn’t help. I inhaled a deep breath as I doused the flame of anger growing inside me before removing Layla from his lap and opening the stall door. “June…” Derek jumped up and tried to stop me as I turned and placed a hand on his chest to push him back on the seat.

“Shh….stay here. I’ll be right back.” I ordered with a smile before closing the door behind me and roaming over to the male’s selection of cloths in Kohl’s; finding Scott browsing through graphic t-shirts. “Scott!” I called out. He spun around; holding a Family Guy tee in his hands. “Can you watch Layla for a second?” I asked as I shoved her in his arms. She smiled up at him as he looked back and forth between the two of us with a dumb founded look.

“Why can’t Derek watch her?” He whined as he juggled Layla on his hip. “Because….I’m making him try on cloths with me.” I lied and walked off. I heard Scott mumbling under his breath before telling Layla he had to go find a cart. I made my way back across the store
and to the fitting rooms where I found Derek waiting in the same position I had left him in. He jumped up as I shut and locked the door behind me; cutting off his apology with a kiss as I shoved him back down onto the seat and straddled his hips. ‘We never did get to finish what we had started yesterday.’

“June…we can’t…”

“I know.” I whispered before stepping back and slowly undoing the zipper in the back of my dress and letting it slip to the floor. I ran my hand over my body slowly and sensually; feeling the taught skin under my touch before dipping a finger inside my bra and stroking my nipple. I closed my eyes and bit my lip as Derek growled low in his throat and shuffled on the bench when I felt his hands touching my legs. I gently slapped them away as I returned to touching myself again and peeking an eye open to see Derek with a confused longing look as he eyed his prize; unable to actually touch it. “You don’t get to touch ‘me’.” I taunted. He looked even more confused before it finally sank in as he unbuttoned his jeans and shoved them down his legs; exposing his hardening cock.

“Mmmm” I moaned as I watched him wrap a hand around his member and begin to stroke it to its full potential as I dipped my other hand under the pink lace of my thong and stroking my clit. I decided to taunt even further as I took a step closer so that I was standing between his legs. “Ohh Derek….that’s so hot watching you stroke yourself.” I whimpered; enjoying the low feral growl I got in response as the smell of arousal thickened the air around us. I listened to the sound of Derek’s pumping fist around his cock as he picked up the pace while I slowly worked myself to ecstasy. I felt the heat in my belly start to pool as my fingers slicked across my clit before falling to my knees in front of Derek as I came; shutters running up and down my spine as my body tingled before coming back down. I could smell how close he was in front of me as a bead of pre-cum formed at the head of his cock. I flicked my tongue over the plump head; lapping away the tiny bead before separating his thighs further so that I could lap at his balls; sucking each one into my mouth as they drew closer to his body before he finally erupted with a loud roaring moan. I released his testicals and drew his cum covered hand away from his softening cock so that I could clean up the mess as he slumped back against the wall and drew in deep ragged breaths.

I glanced up while I sucked two of his fingers into my mouth to find him watching me intently with clouded lust filled blue eyes before releasing his fingers and placing them between my legs.

“Mmmm….do you feel how wet you made me just now?” I taunted; enjoying being the one to do the dirty talking for once as I felt the renewed ache of my lady bits. He tugged me down into his lap; so that my legs straddled either side of his as he begun to stroke, moving my thong off to the side as he dipped a finger inside and curled it. “Ah shiiit….Deeerrek.” I moaned as he found my G-spot as he continued to stroke it over and over. I thrusted my hips against the assaulting fingers before tugging him up into a deep kiss and tangling our tongues together. I felt my orgasm hit without warning as it sent shutter after shutter of pleasure surging throughout my body when something hot and wet hit my stomach.

“Ohhhh Fuuuuuck…..Juuuuune!” Derek cried out as he came again all over my stomach. I collapsed against him as I waited for my world to stop spinning as we both tried to catch our breath. Derek curled his arms tighter around me before a deep throaty chuckle vibrated against my chest and echoed in my ear.

“What?” I asked through gasps of air.

“Nothing ’sweetie’…” My stomach lurched as butterflies danced when he called me that name, “I was going to apologize for being an ass…..but if this is what happens….Ow.” I smacked his shoulder before he was able to finish.

“Excuse me….are you alright in there Miss?” A ladies whiny voice echoed through the dressing room door. “Someone said they heard a cry from this stall?” She proceeded. My mind raced with the appropriate lie; unable to fully function after such bliss…and oh Gawwed it was fricken fantastic! ‘Ow!’ I felt a pinch on my ass as Derek stared up at me expectantly. Oh right….I was supposed to be lying right now. “Miss?”

“Everything’s fine! I just…ah…tried tripped trying on cloths!” I lied as I stood back up on shaky legs so that Derek could pull up his pants up as I hustled around looking for my cloths.
“Are you sure? Miss can you come out here for a minute?” She asked again.

“Oh…uh…yea….I’ll be out in a minute. Just trying to get my cloths back on and gather up the ones I want.” I replied back as I struggled getting my leg into my shorts again; hopping on one leg before falling backwards against Derek who caught me easily enough. He held me until I successfully pulled up my shorts before handing me my pink floral top. I slipped on the matching flip flops before gathering all the cloths I’d tried on (and there were a lot) that I liked as Derek eased the door open for me. I was greeted by a light red haired women in her late thirties; staring at me with a questioning look before Derek appeared behind me. Her face instantly turning to disgust as she crossed her arms over her flat chest. “I think we are just going to go pay for these.” I offered with a small smile before bolting past her; leaving Derek there to fend for himself. Sure, it wasn’t the most ‘grown up’ thing to do; but I didn’t want to be thrown out before I was able to get the cloths. I’d just text Scott and Stiles to hurry the hell up once I was out of the store; my cloths safely secure in bags.

I spilled the contents of my arms on the counter; which included seven new dresses, four pairs of jeans, two pairs of shorts, ten new bras and matching panties, eight pairs of shorts, ten new bras and matching panties, eleven shirts, and a pair of flats when I glanced over to see Derek stalking my way with a sour and more pissed off look on his face. ‘Ohhhhh, I’m in trrrrrouble!’ I felt my wolf whimpering as it too acknowledged my mates clear disgust with me as I whipped out my credit card in hurry to pay. I’d barely been able to swipe my card and sign my name when Derek grabbed the bags and me as he drug me out of the store.

“That is the last time June!” Derek yelled at me through the rear view mirror. I was sitting in the back seat, letting Stiles take the front, as I stared down at my hands sheepishly. I didn’t dare glance up to meet the angered expression on his face; I knew what I did back there was wrong and he had every right to be pissed with me. I had already heard the big spiel about how ‘we’ were supposed to be mates which means I wasn’t supposed to just leave his ass. ‘Even if it was just to face down a puny human women which he could easily defend himself against. And come on; I was just defending my CLOTHS!’ I understood that he was more embarrassed having to explain why he was in the dressing room and the true source of all the ‘screaming’ (not to mention the women had radioed security on him too.) But couldn’t he have just used his new super power? “Uhhh! I told you June….I don’t know how it happened! I can’t just magically turn this shit on!” He yelled again; clearly reading my thoughts. Damn it!

“I’m sorry Derek…I didn’t mean…I just…I’m sorry.” I apologized trying to keep calm. It would do no good for both of us to lose our tempers in a car, stuck with two other people (who seemed just as scared of him as I was right now. Not even a snarky comment from them) and a baby who was already teetering on a temper tantrum.

“June…” He ground out, “don’t be….afraid….of me.” I glanced up for the first time to see him physically trying to calm himself down as he inhaled a deep breath and white knuckled the wheel. “Derek…I’m not. I just don’t want you to be mad at me.” I sucked it up and apologized; even as my wolf continued to argue that he was being an unreasonable ass! But I also knew that I was temperamental and my emotions were easily stepped on; sparking my anger into a full out rage. Or so I’d been told by Derek. And really; my apology was sincere. While my wolf wanted to fight, the human part of me realized I was in the wrong. “I know what I did was wrong and immature; and also a bit selfish. I thought you’d be right behind me. I seriously didn’t know that the bitch had already alerted security.” I huffed out; giving him my best puppy dog eyes.

“Awwww Derek….how can you be mad at her man? I mean just look at that face.” Stiles chimed in as he slapped the back of his hand against Derek’s shoulder. ‘Probably not the smartest move.’ The car whipped around a corner before coming to a stop. I had my seat belt undone; ready to save Stiles from the ultimate ass chewing of his life as I feared for his safety, before being taken by surprise when Derek whipped around in his seat and tugged me forward between the two and over Layla’s seat. I felt his warm wet lips cover over mine as he forced his tongue between them. It took me a moment to register the fact he was kissing me instead of tearing me a new one. “And she completes you.” Stiles added as he made a circling motion with his fingers. Derek pulled away with a smirk, “Holy shit! Dude you’re smiling! Scott look; he’s smiling! I can’t b-….OWWW!
Shit.” Stiles mumbled when Derek reached over and smacked his head against the window. “Come up front with me.” He ordered with a smile. I shuffled over the seats; pressing my butt against the windshield as Stiles crawled in the back. Together we’d only managed to kick Derek….oh…..about eight times.

“Hello Stinky.” Stiles greeted Layla as he finally situated himself in the backseat. “Nice to see you man….the back was getting over run with Estrogen.” Scott said in a way of greeting as he slapped Stiles on the shoulder. Layla’s face crumpled up as she eye-bawled Scott before whining and grabbing at him. When he didn’t really pay no mind to her she bawled her fist and wailed.

“SCOTT! She wants you ‘you’ idgit!” I yelled at him as I spun in my seat and tried to soother her. It finally dawned on Scott before he reached his hand down and rubbed her chest. Layla stopped wailing and settled for a quiet cry as she wrapped her tiny fists around Scott’s fingers. ‘It was soooooo cute seeing her bond with my pack.’ I couldn’t help but to smile inwardly as Stiles grabbed her toes and tickled. It wasn’t long before she had started giggling as the two boys showered her in attention.

“Uh Humm…..” Derek cleared his throat drawing my attention back to him as he smiled and nodded towards….well….I hadn’t even paid attention to where we stopped. I followed his gaze behind me as I realized where we were. ‘HALLOWEEN NATION!’ It was only like the biggest Halloween store in the U.S. and only opened every October. I spun back around to face Derek with a shock stricken face as I squealed and clapped my hands with joy.

“Oh hell…..why did you have to bring her here?” Stiles and Scott whined; knowing full on what they were getting themselves into. I’d only made them go trick-or-treating with me like a bazillion times; even now that they were teens. ‘What could I say; I was never growing up.’

“Derek….dude….you have no idea what you just got yourself and US into!” Stiles informed.

“I have a pretty good idea.” Derek replied; eyes still glued to my over enthusiastic self as I bounced up in down in my seat.

“No….I don’t think you do.” Scott chimed in, “Last year she picked out our costumes and made us go as ‘The Three Musketeers.’ Like with the huge hats and poofy pants.” Stiles added a shutter as he remembered last years costume. I spun around in my seat as I corrected them.

“As I recall; it was ‘The Three ‘SEXY’ Musketeers.’ You ‘only’ had to wear the poofy pants and huge hat.” Derek snorted as he shook his head and climbed out of the car.

“You better get a move on before I change my mind.” He informed. I hopped out of the car eagerly as I waited for Scott to hand me Layla. ‘OH MY GOD! I get to pick out Layla’s Halloween costume!!!!!!’ I barely contained myself from flinging her in the air with joy and settled for bouncing her in my arms. If it weren’t for Derek’s arm around my shoulder; I would have been skipping right now. ‘Oh….I wanted to skip. OH OH OH!!!! Costume Idea! What if I went as Little Bo Peep with Stiles, Scott, and Layla as my sheep? Then Derek could be the Big Bad Wolf!!!!!’ Oh I was super pumped now! “June…I warn you; I’m not putting on a wolf mask.” Pshhh! I may not make him wear it to the party; but he was soo trying one on.

Chapter End Notes

Song: Oops; by Tweet
“Derek.” I whispered; knowing full on he could hear me. I was standing inside the small dressing cubicle with a black current for the door; staring in the mirror while I tried to lace up the back of the pink checkered corset. I quickly gave up on doing it myself before summing Derek’s help. He had carefully chosen to sit outside while I tried on costumes; making sure to avoid a repeat of earlier. ‘Not that you could really do much in the elbow to elbow space.’
“And how may I assist you?” Derek asked; peeking his head in the curtain while he held onto Layla.
“Sow me up?” I offered; pointing to the corsets lace. Derek stepped inside; shutting the curtain behind him before handing me Layla. The already too tight space becoming claustrophobic with his huge build as Layla and I were crowded against the back wall. My little sister didn’t seem to mind as she huddled closer, laying her head on my shoulder, and twisting her fingers through my hair as she drifted back to her nap. My eyes trailed up and down the racy costume as Derek laced me up; when my gaze caught on the loose curls on my shoulder.
I remembered standing in front of the full length mirror as I played Laura’s Barbie as she dressed me up in various costumes. She had managed to tame the mess of curls on my head into a half up half down do while dressing me in the various dresses she had bought or made for the annual Hale Halloween party; that years’ theme being Masquerade. Laura had made sure to cinch a corset around me so that it gave me more curves; but nothing could help the lack of boobs, until she got creative. She had managed to shove an array of things down my chest including; tissues, rolled up papers, balloons and her moms water bra before getting really creative and putting pudding in water balloons and shoving it in the corset. I’ve got to admit though, I had really nice tits that year. I heard the distant chuckle from Derek as he continued to cinch me up; but I was too lost in the memory to question him. Laura had also done my make-up with a smoky eye before handing me the black and red mask with feathers and jewels decorating the sides.
I remembered seeing Laura dressed up in her white and black old fashioned dress as she let her light brown hair fall in loose ringlets pulled into a side ponytail and pinned with a jeweled beret. We had created a challenge for that night; who ever danced with the most men had to get the other drunk. It was a win win situation for both of us; but as usual she had won and was all too eager to get me drunk. I think I wound up passed out on their couch that night.
I had always loved the Hale Halloween party; each year’s theme was different. But the thing I enjoyed most was their decorations. The entire house; in and out had been decked out to the hilt. And I don’t mean with the crappy décor people do now; with fake skeletons and bullcrap. No….the décor I’m talking about could have come strait out of a ‘Home and Gardens’ magazine. Pumpkins and Jack O-lanterns everywhere. Scarecrows and spider webs. Fake crows and mice silhouettes. The place was absolutely gorgeous; and every year they would have the traditional games of ‘Bobbing for Apples’ and pie eating contests. After the huge dinner they would start a game of ‘Hide and Go Seek’. Laura had helped hide me; but even the best hiding spot couldn’t go undetected by Derek. I had been the first person found and ‘Oh those few blissful seconds alone had been wonderful.’ Standing alone with him by the open stream and only the small glow of the moon casting light; he had been dressed in all black; his costume sort of reminded me of Antonio Bandaras’ in ‘The Mask of Zorro.’ ‘But oh gawwd did he pull it off.’ The moment was short lived as his dad barged in and called the game to an end; but those few seconds with him felt like a life time.
I felt Derek’s lips ghost over my collar as he trailed upwards and placed a kiss on my cheek. I hadn’t realized I’d started to cry as I remembered Laura and the Halloween party. Layla stirred in
my arms as she begun to whine and tuck herself closer to me; my arms wrapping around her tighter as I rested my cheek on her head. Derek spun me around to face him before leaning against the wall and dragging Layla and I into his chest; his arms wrapping around my shoulders tightly. I don’t know how long we stayed like that; but it didn’t seem long enough before Stiles voice broke the silence. “JUNE! I’m not wearing this ridiculous outfit!” He squealed.

“That makes two of us!” Scott chimed in. I chuckled as I listened to their fussing two stalls down as they rambled on about how ridiculous they looked. I pulled away from Derek’s chest so that I could stare up at him; his features softened by the pain of my memory. Regret and sadness tugged at my heart; instantly remembering the impact my memories had on him.

“Der…” I was cut off by a soft kiss.

“Shh…don’t worry about it. I’m not upset June.” He soothed before placing another kiss to my lips. “I had forgotten about that memory too.” He offered as he wiped away the stray tear running down my cheek. “Now what do you say we go poke fun at the idgits.” He offered; stealing my name for them. I smiled back and nodded my head as Derek tugged the curtain back and led me out.

I couldn’t help but to laugh hysterically as Stiles and Scott drew their curtains back; revealing the white poofy lamb leg bottoms that led up to their bare torsos. Their faces painted a bright red with anger at A. They were wearing poofy pants again and B. Derek and I were laughing hysterically. I had glanced over to my side to find Derek chuckling so hard he was bent over with his hands resting on his knees as he sneaked glances at them between fits. “Dude! Shut up….it’s not that funny.” Scott defended.

“Ohh…but it is.” Derek offered back as he continued to laugh.

“We’re not wearing these June.” Stiles stated with his arms crossed over his chest.

“Why? I think they look adorable.” I defended through chuckles. Layla had woken from her slumber; none to happy at first as she started to throw a fit. But then she had caught onto the rumbling laughter around her before turning a grumpy face to Scott and Stiles when she broke out in giggles.

“The answer is no.”

“Well that’s too bad. ‘WE’…” I motioned in a circle to all of us, “are taking Layla trick-or-treating this year.” I stated confidently; setting my words in stone. “My Mom and Dad don’t believe dressing up and going out ‘begging’ for candy; and I’m not about to have Layla miss out on it. We are going trick-or-treating in a theme; and this years theme is Little Bo Peep and her sheep. Derek’s going to be the Big Bad Wolf, I’m going as Little Bo Peep, and you three are going to be my sheep.” Derek grumbled beside me; clearly in agreement with the boys, but that was just too damn bad. “Now after we take Layla trick-or-treating then we will drop her off at my parents house, were we can all change cloths into our ‘other’ costumes before going to the college Halloween party.”

“OTHERS!?” All three hollered at the same time. I nodded my head with a smirk. “Ohhhhhhh!”

All three groaned again. It was kind of cute how the three guys seemed to speak the same language at the same time.

“I told you Derek….don’t bring her here. Now look what you’ve done.” Stiles groaned.

“What would it matter? If I didn’t bring her today; she would have just drag us out later.” Derek defended. I cleared my throat loudly and tipped my chin up.

“I’m standing right here you ‘tards’.”

“So?” Derek mocked. ‘Well if you aint just become three peas in a pod.’ I offered. Derek’s grin widened as he signaled for Scott and Stiles to change.

“Wait wait wait….before you leave….what ‘other’ costume do you have in mind?” Scott asked just as I was about to turn away.

“I’ll leave that up to you….you guys can go dressed as whatever you want….as long as you actually ‘wear’ a ‘costume.’” I said in response before going back to my stall. I could hear the wheels turning in Derek’s head as he undid my corset before turning around and handing him Layla. “No Derek….you don’t have a choice.” I smiled wickedly before pushing him backwards
“I’m an alpha and a grown man; I’m pretty sure I’ll do what I want.” Derek replied as he peeked his head in the curtain with a grin.

“Yes….you sure are. But I’m the alpha’s mate; so I do hold some power no?” I glanced over my shoulder as I dropped the corset to the ground before undoing the white undershirt. “And since I’m the alpha female, or so you said, then I should be able to hold some power over the ‘womanly’ issues. Hence; Costumes.” I shot back.

“Ohhhhh….I’m going to regret this aren’t I?” Derek groaned.

I was sitting comfortably between Derek’s legs; using his chest as a backboard while I leaned the back of my head against his shoulder. Layla was snuggled up in my arms, asleep, while Scott and Stiles lay on either side of us. By the time we had left the ‘Halloween’ store and stopped for dinner; night had fell and we all decided to call it a day. Derek was a little….dare I say….flustered after I had sent him to the car and picked out the second costume of choice for the college party. So far I’d been able to keep it successfully under wraps in my head; I was getting better at keeping certain thoughts private, much to Derek’s dismay. I’m pretty sure he had been enjoying being inside my head more than he probably should. Though I still couldn’t hide the dirty thoughts I had of him or the still occurring shock that I felt every time I seen his and I reflection in a mirror or window, holding hands or with his arm around my waist, as we walked by. ‘I mean come on…..ME!? With DEREK FREAKING HALE!’ It still felt like a wonderful dream; and I was afraid that I would wake up all too soon from it, and that all this would vanish. Maybe I had turned into Alice and fallen into a rabbit hole? “June…..we’ve had this discussion.” Derek informed. The words sounding hollow as they rumbled through his chest and vibrated against my back. I decided then that I liked listening to the sound of his voice echoing in his chest. ‘Strange?’ Probably…..but it just sounded neat and I realized that it was just another thing about Derek Hale that I loved.

Derek chuckled behind me and suddenly I didn’t feel close enough to him.

I eased Layla away from my chest, reaching over Derek’s thigh, as I placed her on the mattress next to Scott; who curled an instinctual (or so Derek told me) arm around her and pulled her close. She seemed content enough as she snuggled closer and buried her face in the crook of his neck. I sighed in relief that she didn’t squirm or cry as I spun in his lap; throwing my legs over one of his thighs and wrapping my arms around his ribs. ‘It felt good to have Derek to myself for a little while.’ I felt his arms tighten around me as I buried my face into his neck and listened to the steady beat of his heart. My thoughts trailing back to that first night we’d spent together; when he thought me how to soothe my thoughts by focusing on his heart beat. It felt like so long ago; like Derek and I had been together for years and that I’d been a werewolf this whole time. My mind begun to itch at a question that I had meant to ask then; but had never got around to. “Derek?” I whispered.

“Hmmm?” He hummed in my ear; again I listened carefully to the hollow sound in his chest. “Why did you bite me; instead of just trying to kill me?” I whispered in barely there voice as I choked the last part of the question out. Derek sighed before resting his cheek against mine and shifting his legs so that they bent; pinning me closer to his body.

“It was the full moon when I bit you….” He said recalling that night before taking a deep breath, “I’d been…..watching you…..for a few days prier to turning you. I never had any intentions to approach you…..” My heart hitched at the thought that he hadn’t really wanted me; that I was just his responsibility. “June stop it. You know better than that.” He warned with a low growl before taking another deep breath and continuing, “like I was saying…..I had no intentions to approach you because I didn’t want you involved with something like me. I didn’t want you to get hurt……but I just couldn’t stay away. And when the full moon rose; I lost all control. My wolf took over and instantly ‘found’ you. It’s mate….my mate.” He trailed off and I knew he was lost in thought. I hugged him tighter; threatening to break ribs. But I just couldn’t get close enough to him. I loosened my hold around him when he winced before he continued, “I was in your dorm building hiding around the corner; following your scent when you flew right by me and down the stairs. I followed you into the woods, listened as you called for a puppy, before Sam frightened you.” ‘Huh? Sam? What was he….?’ “Sam was in the woods June. He was the one that lured you out
there in the first place; before he seen me in the shadows behind you…..that’s when you heard the howl. He was trying to warn me to back off, that you were claimed; when I instantly became territorial and bit you. The thought of some other…..I just couldn’t. When you stopped fighting me I thought I had accidently hurt you too much and was going to take you back to your room when Sam challenged me. I had no other choice but to place you on the table. I fought Sam, pushing him deeper into the woods and away from you. When I returned; you weren’t there. I followed your scent to your car where I found you lying in the backseat. I was about to grab you when some guy yelled and pulled out a can of mace.” He stopped talking as I digested everything. My mind boggled with everything he had told me before I settled for a chuckle at the thought of my College Professor raging towards a bad ass werewolf with mace. Derek chuckled with me before he shoved Stiles who grumbled and slid over. Derek was about to reach for Layla when I stopped his further progress with a hand on his arm.

“DEREK!” I shrieked and slumped down beside him. “Derek? Derek, no! No.” I cried as I placed a hand over his neck trying to stop the bleeding. I stared into the lifeless green eyes and begged him to come back to me. I couldn’t figure out what happened. Why? Why was Derek dead? I tried to fit the pieces together but couldn’t.

“June. June. June!” Someone called out. I glanced over to my right to find Scott lying face down, choking on his blood, as the light left his eyes.

“Scott!” I yelped trying to scurry over to him only to hear my name once more.

“June.” It whispered. I spun on my heels to face Stiles lying in the same position, his side ripped open, as the light faded from his eyes. I stood in the circle of the lifeless blood soaked bodies before sinking to the ground and screaming as the crow sent out another caw. My chest heaved and I begun wheezing as I collapsed to the ground; my hands covering my face as I screamed before there was a snapping pain inside me. I hunched over, digging my claws into the ground, as bones contorted in my body. I stared at Derek’s lifeless body; my heart aching for the loss of my mate as I let out another pained scream; screaming for Derek. Finally the pain subsided…..the cracking
ceased and the air drew quit again as I stood on four legs and faced the ‘thing’ I had become; staring at the sheer black wolf in the broken window when another black wolf crept beside me in the reflection. I searched around me for the second wolf but couldn’t find any before glancing back into the busted window to find it standing beside me. I watched the reflection as the other wolf begun to fade into me; rage filling my veins before a howl erupted from my throat.

“DEREK!” I screamed as I sat up quickly; the chilly night air ghosting over me. My eyes adjusted to the darkness around me as I searched frantically for warm bodies; finding none. I begun to panic; I had no idea were I was or how I had gotten here, just that my pack was no where to be found. I stood on shaky legs, leaves crunching under my bare feet, as I tried to focus my eyes on one spot. ‘Leaves?’ I glanced up to find thick tree branches covering the sky above me; only allowing slivers of moon light into the forest around me. My mind searched frantically for any reason as to why I was out here; coming up blank. My chest heaved as I tried to pull in enough air, feeling lightheaded, as I stumbled backwards against a tree. ‘Why can’t I remember?’ I felt a tingling in my spine; alerting me that Derek was near instantly making me feel better, but that wasn’t the only thing I felt. Something pulled on my tail bone while something soft and fuzzy tickled between my knees. ‘What the Hell?’ I jumped away from the tree, ignoring my dizzy state, as I danced around in a circle to find what the hell was attached to me before reaching my hand backwards, grabbing the fuzzy thing, and yanking it around towards my front. I winced in pain as it pulled on my tail bone before it finally occurred to me.

I stared down at the black fuzzy thing with a white tip in my hand; fingers stroking the soft fur absent mindedly as my head buzzed with confusion. “JUNE!” Derek’s voice rung through my ears; but I couldn’t turn and face him. I was frozen in place as I continued to stroke the fur. I felt his hands on my shoulders as he spun me around and pulled me into his chest. “June…are you alright? What are you doing out here?” I couldn’t bring myself to answer him as I stared at the tiny patch of moonlight over his shoulder; captivated by it’s simple beauty. “June?” I still couldn’t wrap my head around what was happening. My dream came floating back to me; but it was different this time. Derek pulled me away from his chest as he stared into my eyes; but I felt far away. I was growing further and further away the more I stared into the deep sea of green of Derek’s eyes; like I was looking at him through a tunnel. “June?” Derek questioned again. “Honey….what’s wrong?” ‘Honey? He called me honey?’ Tears welled up in my eyes as my body shook. ‘Why couldn’t I focus? Why was Derek so far away?’ “June, I’m right here.” He assured; placing a hand to my forehead. ‘But he’s dead?’ a tiny voice niggled into my head. “June….I’m here. I’m not dead.” ‘He was. I seen him. I seen his bloody throat….his lifeless body. Derek was dead.’ Tears streamed down my face as I tried to pull away from the man holding me. ‘He’s not Derek. He can’t be Derek. Derek’s dead. Just like Stiles and Scott. Their dead….their all dead.’ “Stiles and Scott are fine. I’m fine. June….you’re not making any sense. June?”

“How do you know my name? Stop….you’re not my mate…..you’re not Derek. Stop! Stop!” I screamed as the man threw me over his shoulder. ‘He’s not Derek. He’s not. Derek’s dead. He’s just an imposture that looks like Derek.’ My head spun as I broke out in a cold sweat as the taste of blood over flowed my mouth. I felt the warm liquid spilling out of my mouth as I licked my lips. ‘Mmmmm.’ I hummed before something inside of me snapped. It felt like a raging forest fire through my veins; then there was nothing but blackness and raging roars.

Chapter End Notes

No Song.
Please Comment!
“Ahhhh!” I screamed; sitting up in a frantic rush. My head spun and felt like a bee hive was humming through it as I tried to focus my eyes while shielding them from a bright light. I felt a hand pressing to my back; causing me to jump.

“June? Shhhhh…..I’m here June.” Derek’s voice soothed as he rubbed his hand in a circle against my back. “Lye back down…..you need to rest.” He insisted as he tried to ease me back down. I wrapped my hand around his and squeezed tight as I tried to remember what had happened. My body hurt to the extremes; I felt like I had been run over by a semi repeatedly and I swear it felt like my head was going to blow off my shoulders. I shook my head; trying to clear it of the foggy haze as bits and pieces floated back to me. Derek kept insisting that I lye back as he tugged lightly on my shoulder when I shrugged him off.

“I don’t want to lye back down Derek…..I’m not tired.” I defended.

“You…..you remember me again?” Derek asked hesitantly. I whipped my head around to stare at him; even though I was seeing doubles right now. I settled my attention on his face; instantly recognizing an emotion that I never thought I’d see from Derek. Fear. It weighed his shoulders down as he stood slightly slumped; dark circles highlighted under his tired and slightly swollen eyes. His normal nights gruff was thicker and his hair a ruffled mess. As my sight begun to straiten out I trailed my eyes down his chest to find a ripped and bloody shirt; the tears extending from above his heart and down to his right hip. He looked like I felt; I became instantly worried as I traced my fingers down his chest, Derek jerking slightly under my touch. I glanced back up to meet his eyes; tears filling my own as I stared at my poor mate who seemed to step away from me.

“Derek…..of course I remember you. Why wouldn’t I?” I asked; focusing back on his question. His hand fell from my shoulder before taking another step away from me. ‘What? What was wrong with him?’ “Derek?” I asked as I tried to throw my legs over the side of the….table? Why was I on a table? A metal one at that. I glanced around the plain white room with the blinding light above me. It smelled heavily of antiseptic and dogs. My eyes caught on the metal tray of examine tools beside me; striking fear strait through me. I tried to ease off the table as something crinkled the more I moved; before glancing down to find the paper dress I was sporting. ‘What the hell?’

“Miss Hawthorne…..you’re awake now?” A mans voice echoed through the creepy room as a door shut behind him. I watched as the man with dark skin, bald head, and slightly over weight entered the room and inserting himself in front of me; Derek standing behind him as he squared his shoulders and tried to straiten out his features to stone. “Miss Hawthorne, I’m Dr. Lawrence. It’s nice to meet you.” He said offering his hand. I shook it hesitantly before he directed me to scoot further back on the table.

“What am I doing here?” I asked; not to him so much as I was to Derek as I stared past Dr. Lawrence to my mate.

“You were sick Miss Hawthorne. Derek brought you in so that I could…..examine you.”

“EXAMINE ME!? Why the hell did I need to be examined? And more importantly…..I’m not sick!” I shouted; trying to wrap my head around the situation as panic begun to claw at me.

“I’m sorry hun, but I’m afraid you were…..are.”

“Are?” I questioned again. He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose as if to ward off a headache.

“Yes…..I’m afraid so.” He offered as he glanced down at the clipboard in his hands. Oh that was it…..I was hyperventilating as I begun to rock back and forth. ‘Sick? Werewolves didn’t get sick. What’s wrong with me? Was I going to die? Oh my GOD! That’s what he’s trying to tell me. I’m sick with some sort of rabies that was going to kill me or something!’ I felt strong arms wrapping
around my waist and tugging me backwards; before my back was pressed firmly against Derek’s
firm chest as he placed his head against my neck and kissed. “Miss Hawthorne…..please calm
down.” ‘How am I supposed to calm down? I’m going to die!’ “Miss Hawthorne…..relax. You’ll be
fine. I promise. You just ingested something toxic; that’s all. I’ve got an anti-toxin in you now and
I went ahead and pumped out your stomach. But I will need you to spend the night.” I stopped
freaking out momentarily as I digested that bit of info before shaking my head.
“No…..that’s impossible. What would I have eaten that was toxic? I haven’t had anything other
than lunch yesterday.”
“Since lunch five days ago.” He corrected. I gaped at him in shock as I fought back against the
panic attack trying to claim me. “You’ve been out of it for five days now.” I felt Derek’s arms
wrapping around me tighter as my breath hitched. “You’ve been suffering from a rare
poisoning…..what ever you ate had a toxin in it that comes from the plant called ‘Bloodroot.’ It’s
commonly used as a dye for cloths or paintings; but it’s also highly poisonous to werewolves.” My
jaw dropped as I stared in shock. ‘Did he just say werewolf?’ He chuckled at my shocked
expression as he waved a hand in front of his face, “I’m a veterinarian Miss Hawthorne. Not only
do I treat dogs and cats, but I also treat werewolves. Hell, I took care of the Hale family for years.”
My head begun to hum again as I swayed before slumping further into Derek. “Point is; you were
poisoned by someone who knows their stuff. The toxin causes hallucinations, spewing of blood,
delusions, uncontrollable changes, and in general…..rabid behavior. Werewolves can’t get rabies;
but if you’ve ever seen a dog with it, you’d know what I’m talking about.” He sighed as he glanced
between Derek and I before adding, “Mr. Hale here has been quite the man…..even dared to go in
the same room as you when you were……..well…..rabid for lack of a better word.” I felt my heart
skip as I thought about all the possibilities of what happened while I was out of it. ‘Did I hurt him?’
My stomach sunk to my toes at the thought of hurting Derek. It sickened me to think that I would
do such a thing; he had every right to despise me if that were true, maybe even ‘un-mate’ me.
“Don’t you even think that June!” Derek snarled for the first time before hustling around the table
so that he stood in front of me.
“I’ll leave you two alone.” Dr. Lawrence offered before taking his leave. Derek stood between my
legs before placing both hands on my shoulders and gripping tightly. I stared up into his angry
expression as tears welled in my eyes before trailing them down to his chest as I traced my fingers
over it. I felt the tiny ridges of the already healed wounds that were now scars; the feeling of
‘knowing’ that I had done that to him sinking in deep to my very bones.
“June….you were sick. You didn’t mean to. I know that and I’m not angry or upset with you. I’m
upset that you still don’t find yourself worthy of being my mate. I’ve told you I don’t want no
other; just you. I don’t know what else to do to prove that to you. You’re my mate; for worse or
better and you ‘are’ mate worthy! You’re alpha worthy! You ‘are’ worthy June. I’ve told you to
stop thinking that; it pisses me off when you do. Now either you except that it was an accident that
you did what you did or I swear…..” He didn’t have time to finish as I wrapped my arms around him
and tugged him down into a deep passionate kiss before pulling away to stare up at him again.
“I’m sorry. I promise I’ll make it up to you.” I urged as I tugged playfully at his belt and trailed
kisses down his scared chest, through the rips in his shirt.
“Mmmmm…..damn right you are, but not right now. There are cameras and I’m not into making a
sex tape for the doc.” He teased as he tipped my chin up to look at him. I saw the fatigue tugging
heavily at him as he fought to keep his eyes open. “Not to mention some of us are tired.” I smiled
up at him before placing a gentle kiss to his lips and pushing him backwards. He didn’t fight;
instead, he stumbled as I eased off the table on wobbly legs and led him slowly towards the door
that Dr. Lawrence had disappeared through. I followed the docs scent down a short hallway before
turning the corner into his office.
“Miss Hawthorne…..what can I do for you?” He asked with a smile.
“I was wondering if there was somewhere that Derek could lye down before he falls down.” I
inquired. Dr. Lawrence motioned to the shiny leather couch sitting off to my left as I drug Derek
over to it. I pushed Derek down with little effort as he went tumbling backwards onto the couch,
“June….I’m good. But you…..”

“Oh hush! You are so ‘not’ good. You’re beyond tired and I’ll be fine. The doc said so. Now go to sleep.” I directed. He only fought to keep his eyes open for another minute before they finally closed and he begun to snore. It took all my strength to lift Derek’s legs off the ground and prop them up on a pillow (that’s not even an exaggeration, I was weak and drained) before removing his shoes. I begun to search around for something to cover him up with when I turned to find Dr. Lawrence holding a white hospital cover and offering it to me. “Thanks.” I replied before taking the cover from him and spreading it out over Derek who didn’t falter in his snoring.

“Poor guy…..he’s worn out, as he should be.” Dr. Lawrence offered as he shook his head. “And how are you doing Miss Hawthorne?” He asked; taking a seat in the chair behind his desk as he motioned for me to sit down. I took a seat in the leather chair with wheels closest to Derek before placing my head between my knees.

“You can call me June and I’m living right?” I offered as I ran my hands through my hair; feeling like death warmed over.

He chuckled before silence filled the space once again; besides Derek’s snoring I mean.

“Hey doc?” I asked to break the silence while nibbling on my bottom lip.

“Yes June?”

“How bad was it? I mean…..me……my behavior?” I asked because I knew if I asked Derek he would try to sugar coat it so that I wouldn’t beat myself up over it. Lawrence (I’m getting tired of saying Dr.) sighed before leaning back in his chair and propping his feet up on the desk.

“I’m not going to lie. It wasn’t pretty. You were pretty messed up.” He offered. I shook my head as I stared down at the floral pattern on the paper gown. “Derek…..he stayed up the whole five days; never left your side. Several times he stepped into the holding room with you; only to get ate up. He refused to fight back; didn’t want to raise his hand to you. He tried to hold you down to talk but I warned him that the toxin only makes you stronger.” He said shaking his head. “Poor guy came out looking like he had got tangled up in a lawn mower.” He said with a chuckle before settling down into a more serious tone and whispered, “He loves you, you know? I’d come in here and lye down on that couch for a few winks. And when I would get up hours later, I’d come in to find Derek fully awake and in the same position as when I left him. I tried to talk him into coming in and getting some rest; but he absolutely refused. He even threatened to rip my throat out if anything happened to you.” I jerked my head up to stare at him as he stared at Derek; lost in thought. My heart pounded and an overwhelming sense of admiration for my mate washed over me. “We’ll let him sleep; come on into the exam room so that I can check you over again.” He offered; breaking away from his thoughts.

I followed obediently; glancing back to make sure Derek was still asleep, before heading into the exam room and taking my place back on the table. Lawrence and I talked about Derek and his family as he checked my vitals before drawing blood samples and then checking for any broken bones. I’d been informed that when Derek first brought me he had had me tied up so that I would stop fighting him. Apparently my wolf had gone mad from the toxins and tried to tear Derek a new one; saying something that I had gone insane because I believed he was dead. Bits and pieces had started to come back to me and as they did I informed Lawrence; even telling him about my reoccurring dream. “Bitten wolves sometimes get that….the reoccurring dreams. I’m not sure why; but it don’t ever seem to be harmful. But the way you describe it before loosing your sanity; I’d say that’s where you came up with the delusion that Derek was dead and that he wasn’t really your mate.”

“So you don’t think I should worry about it?” I asked a bit skeptical.

“I don’t think so.” He stated confidently before patting my knee. “Now June, I do need to ask you a personal question.” I groaned before rolling my eyes and waiting for it. “Have you and Derek been….you know……sexually active? I wouldn’t ask except as your new doctor I need to know and also because of the medicines I need to put you on.”

“If you’re worried about me being knocked up the answers no. But yes, we are. But we haven’t
actually…you know…..gone all the way.” I offered in hopes that that answered his question. I didn’t think he needed to know that we had anal sex.

“I could also offer you a shot of birth control. It’s a stronger dose than that of a normal one since you are werewolf. You do know that condoms aren’t exactly a ‘sure method’ for wolves’ right?”

“I’m aware. Trust me; Derek and I have had this talk. I’m also aware of a ‘Heat Cycle’ in case you want to throw that in there too.” He chuckled before waving a hand dismissively.

“Is the shot something that you’re interested in?”

“What are the side effects? Am I going to gain weight?”

“No side effects for wolves; just what it’s supposed to do.” He offered with a smile.

“Then I don’t see why not.”

“I do.” A deep sleep awakened voice echoed from the door way. ‘Dammit.’ He had snuck up again without my knowing it. ‘Oh you’re good.’ “She’s not getting the shot.” Derek informed as he stepped into the room; running a hand over his face and through his hair.

“Derek. Why not?” I asked a bit confused.

“Because I said so; that’s why.”

“I can make that decision for myself Derek.”

“The answers still no.” He said in a low gruff voice; clearly still too tired to fully function.

“It’s my body; I can do what I want with it.” I said defiantly.

“Excuse us for a moment.” Derek stated before grabbing me off the table and dragging me down the hall, back to Lawrence’s office, before setting me down on the couch. He stood in front me; actually it was more of slump as he tried to square his shoulders but couldn’t quite get them all the way square. He didn’t even seem to have enough energy to cross his arms over his chest as he slightly swayed. The poor guy looked like he was going to fall over any second. Clearly thirty minutes of sleep couldn’t make up for five days lack of.

“Derek; sit down with me before you fall down.” I offered as I tugged on his hand; basically causing him to collapse on top of me. Derek tried to roll off with shaky arms before giving up and burying his face into my neck as we just lye there. I found his weight comforting as I combed my fingers through his hair and down his powerful shoulders.

“June….I don’t want you to take that shot. It’s no good.” He offered in a low whisper after a long moment of silence; trying to fight off the need to sleep. ‘But the doc said….’ “I don’t care what he said June. It’s no good for you.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because……” He trailed off as I waited for him to finish, “Because I’ve seen what it does.” ‘But what does it do?’ If he could me a solid reason….he huffed out a deep breath, the hot air raising goose bumps over my skin as he dug deep and forced himself off so that he lye on his back. I sat up, turning to face him, as I ran my hand over his chest in circles. “June?” He used my name in a question as he spoke in a low voice; locking his sleep deprived eyes with mine.

“Hmm?” I hummed back to lazy to actually answer.

“Do you…..would you…..would you ever want pups with me?” He asked; forcing the question out. I could tell he didn’t want to ask; but at the same time, he wanted nothing more.

“Pups?” I questioned allowed; more to myself as I tried to understand exactly what he was asking. I knew that it should have clicked; since it was such a simple question, but I could feel my mind being clouded with fatigue as I listened to Derek’s heartbeat, skipping a beat every now and then.

“K-kids.” He replied simply. He was asking me if I wanted to have ‘his’ kids? Pups? I moved my gaze away from his to stare at the hand rubbing circles over his chest as I thought. Yes, I wanted ‘pups’; but not right now. I was still in college and I was honestly fighting with myself to actually turn Layla back over to her ‘actual parents’. Speaking of Layla! “She’s fine. I returned her to your mom.” He explained shortly. I sighed a breath of relief; though the thought that my ‘mom’ had her and not one of my pack members was enough to anger me, I managed to resign and force my attention back to Derek’s question. I couldn’t imagine anyone else who’d I rather have ‘pups’ with. Derek was my one and only; he was my mate. And I couldn’t see my life without Derek’s kids. I loved him and I knew he would be a great father. If watching him interact with my baby sister was
anything to go by. I focused my attention back to Derek who was waiting patiently as I smiled and sought his hand; curling it into my chest and placing a kiss to his bruised knuckles.

“Yes.” I replied simply as I imagined watching little black haired children with green eyes and curly hair running around outside of Derek’s house like a fairy tale. “Do you want kids…. ‘pups’ with me?” I asked; trying to make sure that I had answered his question right. He grasped his hand around mine and tugged me down so that I lye with my head on his chest and facing up to him. “I do.” He said before placing a kiss to the inside of my wrist. Silence stretched between us as we just lye there staring at each other; both fighting to keep our eyes open, before he broke the silence. “That shot…..it causes long term damages June. Even after you’ve stopped taking it for five or six months.” He informed; staring up at the ceiling as he became lost in thought. “It’s not safe. It causes miss carriages…..birth defects……..death.” He whispered the last word as he closed his eyes and inhaled a deep breath. I felt the ache of his heart as he tried to fight against what ever he was trying to contain.

“Derek?” I asked; instantly alert when he turned his head to face away from me. I sat up and crawled long ways next to him as I begun to rub my hand over his chest again; trying to soothe him.

“Just promise me that you’ll never take it.” He begged; turning to face me again. “I promise.” I said honestly before leaning down and placing a kiss to his lips. I could tell that he didn’t want to tell me anymore and I wasn’t about to pry as I took my place next to him and cuddled into his side; resting my head on his chest and twining my fingers through his.

“June?”

“Oh?” I hummed against his chest as I begun to dose off to sleep. “I love you.” He whispered. I snuggled closer into his side and squeezed him tight before sitting down and using his butt as a seat. He groaned into the cushion in aggravation,

“Juuuuuuuuune.” I ignored his grumpy warning growl as I begun to massage his back; working my hands in circles, as I tried to work out the massive amount of tension he held in his lower back. “Mmmmmmm” he grumbled satisfied as he begun to relax again. I begun the chore of trying to work out the enormous amount of tension he held in his shoulders as I lightly kissed the back of his neck and nibbled on his earlobe.

“Mmmm….June….I thought you said this was innocent?”

“It is.” I whispered in his ear before kissing down his neck, nibbling on his shoulders before massaging the spot, and finally tracing my tongue between his shoulder blades and over his tattoo. When I was satisfied with the results I moved further down his back before straddling his legs so that I could massage his taught butt and inching further down; over the backs of his thighs, calve muscles, and then settling to his feet. I had never been into feet; and actually they kind of squeaked
me out, but I was willing to give him a foot massage to show him my ‘love’ and ‘appreciation’ to him. “Roll over.” I ordered before sliding off the couch as I waited for him to turn over as he grumbled and groaned the whole time; before he finally rested on his back as I started working my way from bottom to top this time. I rubbed the fronts of his thighs with a firm touch; each time getting a little closer to his goods as he tried to shift to get more friction against his hardening cock. “Innocent massage, Derek.” I reminded him as I avoided his growing want and begun to rub up his sides and over his abs. He mumbled something undecipherable as he inhaled a deep breath and tried to relax again. If I had to guess, it probably had something to do with being a tease. “Just remember; I love you Der and I’m doing this for your own good. We wouldn’t want to make a sex tape after all right?” I asked; my voice dripping with sweet sarcasm.

“Sure you do.” He shot back with a low pleasure growl as I dipped my head to trace my tongue down his happy trail before licking a line up to his abs as I tasted each hard ripple; Derek’s muscles tensing and easing with each slow lick. I rubbed my hands over his chest as I worked my way up to one peaked nipple; drawing it into my mouth and giving it a light playful nibble. I listened as Derek sucked in a deep breath; trying to keep his composure as I focused my attention on his other before pulling away and going back to just massaging his chest and shoulders as he held my gaze. I seen desire clouding his eyes as he relaxed back into the cushion, mixed with some other emotion that seemed to run deeper than water and making me feel tingly as I tried to figure out what it was. I felt his hands clasp over mine; stopping the rubbing motion as he continued to stare up at me.

“June…..I meant what I said earlier.” He whispered. I cocked my head to the side, giving him a small smile, but I wasn’t about to make it that easy on him.

“And what was that?” I asked coyly; fishing for those three little words from him again. I watched as he cracked a tired smile before settling back to serious as he slid my right hand up his chest; just above his heart. I felt the tingling of his skin under my sensitive touch and the fluttering of his heartbeat against my palm.

“I love you June……and I don’t want you to ever doubt that.” He whispered softly as he kept our gazes locked. I felt the weight of his words; the strength behind them as they seemed flood me. It scared the hell out of me that someone actually ‘loved’ me and at the same time, I felt the all-most-too-hard-to-control joy. In a blink of an eye I had crashed my lips to his and was practically eating his face as I showered him sloppy smooches. He chuckled as he tried to gain some control of the amount of spit on his face from me as I alternated between smooching his mouth to his cheeks and throat. I was still in shock that DEREK FREAKING HALE ‘loved’ me; but my happiness and love towards him, drowned out the shock. Now all I had to do was to actually talk him into ‘popping’ my cherry.

Chapter End Notes

Song: I Would Do Anything For You; by Foster the People

COMMENT!
“June!? Derek!?” Stiles and Scott’s voices echoed from somewhere else. I peeked open an eye and grumbled as I cuddled closer to Derek’s side as we shared the couch. After giving Derek the ultimate sloppy sugars; desire had taken hold of me once again as my kisses turned into a heated make out session before I decided to finish what I’d started and ease some of Derek’s growing discomfort. By the time he had rode out his orgasm his body had given up all hopes of functioning fully with out another nap. He conked out mid kiss; resulting in my having to grind against his leg for a little relief, (‘I didn’t see no big deal in it. I mean, he’s let me hump his leg before……and if the small noises of pleasure during his sleep was anything to go by…..I’m pretty sure he was enjoying it’) before passing out beside him. “June!? Derek!?” Scott and Stiles hollered again; this time causing a stir from sleeping beauty who grumbled sleepily.

“Keep quiet. If we don’t answer, maybe they’ll go away.” Derek whispered into my hair as he rolled over onto his side and drug me closer to his body. I stifled a laugh as I buried my cold little nose under his chin. ‘He must really be beat.’

“June?…..Derek? Are you guys in here? Hello? Guys……OH HEY! There you are! Didn’t you hear us calling for you?…..Scott! I found them!” Stiles yelled standing in the doorway behind me. Derek groaned and I could only imagine the looks he was giving right now. ‘Good things looks cant kill; or else half the population, including me, would be dead from Derek’s death glares.’

“Jigs up.” I teased and tried to bury myself deeper into Derek’s warmth.

“Hey! We’ve been looking for you guys. Derek, you said you would call us man. What happened……wait…..June are you alright? Seriously guys, tell us what’s going on.” Scott whined as he entered the room.

“I’m fine! We were just catching up on sleep……haven’t had much the past few days.” I informed; my voice muffled against Derek’s neck.

“Thank GOD!” Stiles groaned. Then I felt the heavy dips of the couch behind me followed by four arms and the press of two more warm bodies. Derek growled lightly as we were enveloped in the dog pile; well I guess the equivalent to a group hug really, just with more people lying on top of you to give you a hug.

“I’m suffocating guys.” I mumbled as I wiggled trying to get some breathing room. I felt Scott and Stiles withdraw themselves and breathed a breath of relief.

“Sorry.” They both mumbled at the same time.

“Yea….just had this funny feeling like I should hug you.” Scott explained.

“Ha, yea, me too.” Stiles chimed in.

“Not to ruin the moment or anything…..buuuuut where’s my cloths?” I asked realizing I was still in a paper dress as it crunched.

“Ruined.” Derek stated. “Your shirt was tore to shreds and your jeans….well they’re shit too.”

‘Huh?’ What was that supposed to mean? Derek sighed before adding, “Scott, Stiles, give us a minute and go wait in the hall.”

“And he’s back.” Stiles muttered as they took their leave. I couldn’t help but to wonder what that meant. ‘And the world may never know.’ I mused.

“There’s something I need to tell you.” Derek informed as he leaned up on one elbow and stared down at me. I nodded in acknowledgment as he continued. “That night I found you in the woods……you were different.”

“Yea, I was a raving lunatic.” I chimed in.

“That’s not what I meant June. I meant that your appearance was different.” ‘Ok? So my eyes glowed and claws sprouted from my finger nails?’ That was no big news to me. “You had a tail
June.” All thoughts stopped as I stared up at him with a blank expression; memories starting to float back to me. I remembered the feeling of extra weight pulling down on my spine; the feeling of the soft fur as I stroked it in my hand. ‘HOLY SHIT! I HAD A FUCKING TAIL?!’ Oh no no no! I couldn’t have a tail! How lame was that? Oh my GOD! Did this mean I was going to be the ‘freak’ amongst my kind now? That I couldn’t participate in any of the werewolf games? Did other werewolf’s have a tail and still look human? I heard the deep rumble of Derek’s chuckle as I continued to stare up at him with wide eyes.

“This isn’t funny Derek! What if I’m some kind of freak amongst our kind!? I don’t want to be the outcast again! You don’t have a tail when you shift, do you?” I asked concerned. He shook his head as he continued to chuckle. I shoved at his shoulder before swinging my legs off the couch to go in search of cloths; or at least another paper gown as Derek watched with a smirk. I wanted to smack that smirk right of his face, but resisted the urge. “I can’t believe I sprouted a damn tail.” I bitched to myself. ‘I just can’t believe my luck.’

I leaned back against Derek’s chest as I sat comfortably between his bare thighs; letting the bubbling water and stream of jets work their magic. I thanked my parents decision to invest in a hot tub for the hundredth time as I sank lower so that the water swirled around my neck as Derek wrapped his arms around my middle to keep me from floating. Sure there were five other seats that I could be sitting in with my own set of jets; but I found the soothing comfort I was seeking by staying as close as possible to Derek. I knew it sounded clingy; but I’m sure if Derek had any protests he wouldn’t have pulled me impossibly closer or be nuzzling his nose into my hair.

The un-seasonable heat wave had long passed; the air around us settled in about 42 degrees, gray looking clouds hovering overhead, adding to the days gloomy appeal. I wasn’t much worried about the neighbors looking in with their judgmental eye before promptly calling my mom since my parents had had the decency to build a privacy fence around our deck. Closing my eyes I listened to the frigid breeze as it whistled around us and through the thin strip of woods behind my house as the sound of Scott and Stiles movie echoed from inside. Monica had found a new babysitter; (don’t even get me started on how I feel with her and Layla) one who was significantly younger than the first and whom also had eyes for Derek. I felt her big brown eyes staring down on us from Layla’s room and anything less than thirty feet away, I was swamped with her uncontrollable envy. The human side of me understood perfectly what she felt; and didn’t want to make her feel any worse by rubbing her nose in it. At the same time, my wolf became possessive, pulling Derek closer to my side and inserting itself between her and him. It was an exhausting fight to say the least as I tried to even out both sides while keeping my conscience clear and my wolf happy. Though, my wolf wasn’t too happy right now, knowing that she was watching, and unable to ‘prove’ who Derek really belonged to. Between my thighs ached with want and need as I forced myself to keep from straddling his lap and riding the shit out of him. Derek chuckled behind me, causing the water to splash as he released his hold around me and propped them on top of the hot tub.

“If that isn’t a pleasant picture?” Derek chuckled again as he leaned his head back. I felt the nudge of his intrigue against my backside and knew he was picturing that thought. I rubbed my butt against his growing erection suggestively as he let out a low groan. We were both skinny dipping since neither of us had a bathing suit, figuring that the moving water and bubbles would hide anything personal. The only problem I found was that my new busty girls seemed to float. ‘Don’t get me wrong, I’m not complaining, it just made it harder to hide.’

I felt her eyes concentrating even harder on us as I teased Derek; the possessive part of me beginning to win out over the caring part as I begun to rub my butt harder against his cock.

“Mmmmm…..June.” Derek groaned before wrapping his arms around me; stopping my further torture as he whispered in my ear. “Do you really want to prove I’m yours?” He asked in a low husky tone while nibbling on my ear lobe before licking a trail down my neck.

“Mmmhhmm.” Was all I could manage as he sucked a spot on my neck. I felt him push me forward before I was being lifted up on top of the hot tub lid that still covered part of the tub as Derek separated my legs with his shoulders. I panicked for a brief moment about intentionally giving the poor girl a show, (and that all my goods were on clear display) before all rational
thoughts flew my head and pleasure took hold as Derek flipped his tongue along my slit. I threw my head back as I curled my fingers through his damp hair and moaned as he sucked on my clit before dragging his tongue painfully slow up my V again; trying desperately from tightening my thighs around his head as he teased me, reaching up one hand to swirl my nipple between his fingers. The slight pleasure pain only adding to my lack of control as I tried to keep steady. “Ahhh. Derek. Oh fuuuuuuck that feels so good.” I moaned as he scooted my hips closer to his face so that he could get better access before dipping his tongue inside me and withdrawing to suck on my clit again. I was slowly loosing control as he repeated his talented mouth and thrusted against his face; keeping my eyes squeezed shut, knowing they were glowing, but oh sooooo desperately wanting to watch him. I felt the tension winding in his shoulders as he tried to keep control as well before slipping his tongue fully inside me. I gasped, unable to draw in full breaths as I thrusted harder against his face as he used his free hand to rub against my clit. It wasn’t long till I felt the tiny pressure begin to build in my pelvis as heat spread throughout my middle; before I wasn’t able to hold on any longer and erupted. Throwing my head back and screaming as my orgasm rushed through my whole body; setting each nerve on fire with tingly overload and causing my head to zing; Derek never faltering from his assault as I rode it out till the very last wave and collapsing back against the lid.

Derek drug my limp body off the lid and down into the hot steamy water with a satisfied smirk as he kissed me slow and sensually; his tongue tangling with mine, forcing me to taste myself on him. He pulled away to stare down at me; his eyes flashing to ice blue with a hint of red swirling deep inside them, showing his desire. I smiled with a renewed longing to satisfy my mate; and the exhibitionist wolf in me was really enjoying the show. Derek planted a kiss to my lips again before spinning me around so that my front pressed against the lid with my tits pressed flat as I bent over; Derek’s finger brushing up my cheeks before lining a digit to my tight entrance and pushing in. I ground my hips against the intrusion as he sissored me open; hot want soaking between my legs. “Are you ready?” Derek growled in my ear as he pressed his chest to my back, removing his fingers and lining his cock up with my entrance. I moaned as I pushed my hips backwards, easing myself onto his massive length. Derek gave me time to get use to the burning as he fully sheathed himself and rolled his hips; causing a sweet pleasure pain as I tried to shove myself further down onto his cock. “Awww fuck June…..you’re so fucking tight.” He ground out before pulling out and slamming back in; my breath catching in my throat when he did it again. His thrusts were long and slow; too slow as I thrusted harder against him, reaching a hand backwards and digging my nails into his ass cheek.

“Faster…..please…..I need more.” I begged as he tangled his fingers through my wet strands and tugged my head backwards; I was able to see up into the window where ‘she’ was standing with a disgusted, yet intrigued look as she watched with a tense jaw. I smiled sinfully as Derek pounded his hard length into me; a series of growls erupting from his throat as he slowly lost control. I felt the lengthening of his claws digging deep into my hip as he clamped down on my neck; causing me to scream and moan out of pleasure as I slid my free hand down to my aching heat and rubbed vigorously. The sound of water splashing and hitting the deck mixed with the sound of wet bodies slapping as Derek thrusted into me. The tiny flame in my belly begun to blaze into a raging fire as I grew closer.

“Come for me June…..I need you to come for me.” Derek chocked out before sinking his teeth into another part of my shoulder; sending me over the edge with a blinding light. “Ahhhh….DEEEEEEEREK!” I cried out as wave after wave of pleasure rung through my body. “Juuuuuuune!” Derek growled out as he stillled; hot streams of his cum filling me up before collapsing against me, both of us trying to catch our breath as we lay against the hot tub lid. I chuckled as I turned my head to stare at Derek’s lying on my shoulder. “What?” He panted before lapping at the wound on my neck.

“Nothing.” I replied with a smile before giving him a lazy kiss, “That was amazing.” I bragged, causing a chuckle from him before I was being dragged back down into the swirling water.
He kissed my neck as we settled back down into the warm soothing water; bathing in the afterglow for once. “You do realize that we’ll have to interrogate the new babysitter right? Make sure she didn’t take any videos for her own pleasure….” He whispered in my ear before nibbling on my neck and lapping at the bite wound. I groaned; the thought having slipped my mind that she could have actually tapped our little act. “For now; let’s relax and bask in the afterglow.” He nudged my head back to lean on his chest as he buried his in my neck; continuing to lap at the marks he left. “Derek?” I whispered.

“How’s he hummed in between licks.

“When are we going to do it for real?” I asked; unable to contain the question any longer. He stopped licking as if to think before going back to his pampering. I felt the sudden weight of fatigue tugging deep inside me as his pampering begun to soothe me to sleep. I knew he was avoiding the question; but I couldn’t muster up enough energy to prod or bitch him out for it, instead, closed my eyes as he ‘licked’ me to sleep. ‘Must be some new alpha power.’ He was sooooo going to get it when I woke up.

I listened to the deep breaths and steady, but slow, heart beat beating in my ear as my eyes fluttered open. I was greeted with Scott’s head tucked nice and neat into the side of Derek, his legs dangling off the side of the bed as he slept facing the ceiling. I noted the fact that I was sleeping directly on top of my passed out mate in nothing more than a sheet covering both of us. I was assuming that Stiles was sleeping on the other side, probably in the same form as Scott, while lying on top of the thin sheet. I was absolutely pinned against Derek’s body as the boys weighed down both sides, pulling the sheet tight down on us. I carefully rotated my head so that my left cheek was pressed to Derek’s chest as I took in the sight on the other side of me. Stiles was as I suspected, while Layla lye tucked up under Derek’s outstretched arm, propped on top of a pillow. She was curled up in the fetal position with her pacifier in her mouth. I smiled, realizing that my pack was complete again; the deeper part of me feeling whole for the first time in days.

I wasn’t really tired anymore. I was more relaxed and everything seemed to just chill out for a while. I propped my chin on my hand smoothed over Derek’s chest as I stared up to my sleeping partner. I felt like a creeper. ‘You know that; I’m watching you while you sleep while thinking dirty thoughts about you, kind of creep?’ I rolled my eyes at my own thought as I continued to watch Derek; noticing for the first time that he had a small scar under his chin. I wondered how he had gotten it; since after all, he was a ‘born’ werewolf and weres don’t scare right? I traced my fingers, subconsciously, down his chest feeling for any sign that the scars still lingered from my attack on him; before coming up with ditto.

My thoughts traced back to the night I went insane from being poisoned; Derek was more than riled up about it too. I had a hard time even mentioning it to Scott or Stiles before Derek would bust out into a holy hell fury. I now had two holes punched into the wall of my living room. It took a lot of clever maneuvering of furniture to try to hide the holes until we could get it fixed before my parents would notice. Which by the way; I had been informed that the new babysitter (guess I should call her by her name; Tammy) was being paid to take care of my sister for the entire ‘week’ that my folks decided to take vacation. Apparently I had shook Monica so bad that she decided it was time for her and my dad to get away from the ‘kids’ for a little while. ‘I know what you’re saying! They should be awarded the worst parents of the year award, right?’ Well I agree. Where was I again? I got off track didn’t I?

Anyway, like I was saying, Derek looses his temper at the thought of what happened. And actually, I think it’s more of the fact that he hasn’t ‘found’ the person responsible. And lord help the poor bastard when he does. I’m not sure that I’ll be able to keep him from killing the S.O.B. this time. Not that I was defending the person who tried to kill me; but I was getting really tired of death. I just wished that all these werewolves and their stupid ‘want’ to claim me would just go away for awhile. Just leave my family and my pack alone; and let Derek and I get on with our lives. I wanted smooth sailing from here to the full moon; deep down knowing that I would never be so lucky, but a girl could dream right?

I kissed Derek’s chest, above his heart, as I slid up his body and to his head; where I was able to
nibble along his jaw line before whispering in his ear. “I’m going to go to the bathroom and get something to drink. Stay with Layla and the guys. I’ll be right back.” I whispered. I didn’t know why I was letting him know; just that it felt like the right thing to do. He hummed his half acknowledgment, “I love you.” I whispered again before planting a kiss to his cheek and beginning my slide back down his body; pulling the sheet over my head as I eased out through the bottom. I briefly thought about stopping for a ‘Derek Snack Pack’ but decided better since he wasn’t the only one I was sharing the bed with. Once to the bottom of the bed, I slid out so that I sat on my knees as I popped my head out and crouched down, covering my breasts as I peeked over the edge of the bed like a cat in hiding. Once I made sure that all eyes were still firmly closed I scurried across the room; grabbing whatever cloths were closest and tossing them on. Realizing once it was too late that both were Derek’s. I was now wearing his black T-shirt and matching black boxer briefs. ‘This was so not sanitary.’ Stiles stirred and Layla too; making up my decision to just go with it before sliding out of the bedroom door and quietly pulling it shut behind me.

I mossied past the stairs and foyer to the kitchen; where I went over to the fridge and pulled out some of the left over Chinese food from earlier and a Coke, before digging through and popping big bites into my mouth. I was half way through the box of spicy chicken when I heard the sound of a timid heart beat as it picked up the closer it got. I sniffed the air; finding the mixture of Chinese food, Derek’s scent, roses, and the hint of jealousy. Though it was nothing like before, Thank God! I rolled my eyes; praying that she would just leave me alone. “Hi.” The small voice said from the kitchen entry way. I gave her a half smile around a mouthful of spicy chicken as I continued to pick at the food. ‘So much for leaving me alone.’ “I just wanted to let you know that I’m leaving.” I nodded my head in acknowledgment as I continued to eat. “S-should I come back tomorrow or no?” I hadn’t thought about that; but it was a no brainer.

“No. I don’t think we’ll be needing you tomorrow.” I stated as I attempted to swallow the chunk in my mouth before grabbing my coke and jugging half of it. “Ok…..oh and…..I just wanted to say, congratulations. You and Derek make a really cute couple.” She said in a hushed tone. I was so taken back by her sudden support that all I could do was nod my head as I blinked my eyes in rapid succession.

“Thanks.” I mumbled back. “I’m assuming that Derek’s already talked to you huh?” I asked because there was really no other explanation to her sudden support than the fact that Derek had already gotten to her first. She nodded her head before turning to leave. I let her go; too lazy to actually drill her on what Derek had said. Besides, I trusted my mate. There was no reason to question.

Layla begun to whine before fully erupting; three heart beats racing as they were awoken from their slumber. I smiled and took a seat at the table while I listened to the guys ranting and grumbling. “Get off the sheet you idiots!” Derek screeched. There was the sound of shuffling and a body hitting the floor before the bedroom door swung open. “JUNE!!!! Where’s my boxers!!?” Derek yelled again. I smiled to myself as Scott and Stiles wondered into the kitchen; rubbing their eyes like sleepy little boys. Derek came trailing in behind them with a wailing Layla in one arm, while the other held onto the sheet wrapped loosely around his hips. ‘I could get use to this picture.’ I thought as my eyes trailed up and down his body; before settling on his frustrated expression. I stood up from the table and poked one hip out to the side while resting my hand on it. “I grabbed the first thing I could find and well…..your boxers were it.” I stated; a sudden unexpected smile crossing his face as he took in my appearance.

“I hope those were his ‘clean’ boxers.” Stiles said as he plastered his face to the table. “Dude, you were sleeping naked? Oh that is so wrong. Why would you sleep naked with two other guys?” Scott scolded.

I grabbed Layla from Derek and took her over to her high chair, ‘Thank goodness she hadn’t awaken for a diaper change’, before going over to the cupboard and pulling out a jar of baby food. “As I recall McCall, June, Layla, and I were already in bed when you and Stiles joined in.” “Speaking of.” I chimed in; breaking up their little dispute, “It seems that you got another new power. I didn’t know that you could also put people to sleep.” I smiled knowingly.
“I can’t.” He defended. I gave him a doubtful look, “Ok. I can’t put ‘any’ person to sleep. Just you.” He offered with a sinful smile before coming over to stand behind me and kissed the top of my head. ‘You’re not getting out of the other question either.’ I informed. He gave me a small grin before giving me another quick kiss.

“I don’t think I’m ever going to get used to seeing him all…..love-y.” Stiles stated with a crinkled nose as he watched Derek rubbing a hand over my shoulder while I continued to feed Layla.

“Ha….me either.” Scott offered as he stole a sip from my Coke. Stiles reached across the table and grabbed my Chinese food box as he begun to shove some into his mouth. I watched as the boys passed what was left of the spicy chicken and coke back and forth while I finished up feeding Layla and Derek wondered over to the fridge; pulling out a bottled water before coming over and taking a seat next to me.

“So?” Stiles asked around a mouthful, “What are we going to do? I mean since your folks are gone for a whole week?”

“How about you two go get a movie? I’ll fix some dinner. We’ll just stay here this week were we have a bed, food, and working plumbing. Besides, Derek and I need to have a little talk.” I added with a smile. Derek’s jaw tensed as he rolled his eyes. Oh he knew what he was in for and there was no way he was getting out of it again. Derek glared across the table to the two teens shoving their faces full of food; giving them a considering look, as if he wondered if there were a way he could go with them. I watched as his lips turned down; realizing that I had caught on to what he was thinking. ‘SCORE!’ I threw up a mental cheer and gave myself a big mental slap on the back. Derek sighed as he sat back in the chair and made a shooing motion towards Scott and Stiles who obliged. I realized that we were all getting better at communicating and understanding what Derek was asking or ordering us to do without words. And I’m pretty sure that was a good thing; less words Derek barked out at the boys, the less temperaments flared.

I listened to the boys leave before standing and going over to the freezer; pulling out some filet minion steaks before going over to the fridge and grabbing some fresh broccoli and salad fixings. I heated up the indoor grill followed by the stove and begun to boil water. Derek sat quietly watching as I maneuvered around the kitchen while Layla clapped her hands on her highchair. I begun to move without thought as I searched for ingredients; gathering, stirring, and slicing as I waited for Derek to make the first move. Which he clearly wasn’t going to. “Derek? I’m not asking for an exact date or time. I was just wondering since the whole Heat Cycle is out of the way. And I’d really like to stop worrying about ‘other’ horny werewolf men trying to claim me. I want to be yours, fully.” I explained as I tossed the broccoli into the boiling water and put the salad together. I seen Derek getting up from his chair; handing Layla his car keys and whispering in her ear, ‘Be good.’ I went back to paying attention to marinating the steaks when I felt strong arms wrapping around my waist.

“It’ll happen when it happens.” He whispered as he sat his head on my shoulder. I looked around for something else to keep my hands busy as I finished up the last of my preparations; finding nothing and settling for adding a little more tomato to the salad. I felt a bit of mixed emotions as I tried to accept his answer. ‘Maybe I was looking for a set date?’ I shook my head as if to clear it; pushing back the frustration I felt. I was so beyond ready to bind with him. I was tired of fighting against wolves who clearly had it out for me; especially if it was another male who poisoned me, weather after revenge against Derek and I, or just plain trying to kill me. I wanted Derek as mine and I was more than ready to loose it already Dammit! Derek chuckled as he kissed my neck before patting me on the ass. I tamped down my disappointment before turning back to face Derek. ‘It’ll happen when it happens’ huh? I’d just do my very best to make sure it happened sooner than later; even if that meant putting on the heavier flirt. I’d just make myself as irresistible as possible. Derek gave me a stern look that warned me not to do what I was thinking. I completely ignored him! He rolled his eyes as he crept to the other side of the island.

“Hey, will you get those potatoes and wash them for me?” I asked sweetly. Derek looked at me with a weary nod before grabbing a handful of potatoes and taking them over to the sink to be washed. I shoved all the cooking supplies to one half of the huge center island and hopped up;
dangling my legs off the edge. I knew I wasn’t exactly wearing the sexist, (ok, sexist for a women. On Derek it was fucking hot) thing; but I’d make do. I lifted my hips and slid the boxers down before throwing them off to the side. Layla was watching out the windows while jingling Derek’s keys; completely oblivious to us. Derek’s shirt hung low enough to make a mini dress; and I planned on using it to my full advantage. Stiles and Scott wouldn’t be home for another thirty minutes. Plenty of time to seduce Derek.

“Don’t even think about it.” He warned as he washed the last potato. I hopped down from the counter and sauntered over to Derek; grabbing the potatoes from his hands and adding a little more sway to my hips as I reached up to the microwave, placing the potatoes inside and causing the shirt to ride up. I heard the pick up of Derek’s heartbeat and smelled his increasing arousal; adding to my own. I wondered into the living room and grabbed Layla’s bouncy swing that hung in the doorways; bringing it back into the kitchens door way and hanging it on the hooks. Derek watched me intently as I stretched to clasp the hooks, not quite tall enough and gave Derek a pathetic, ‘I can’t reach’ look. He smirked and rolled his eyes before coming over to help me; his chest brushing against my boobs as he reached up easily enough and hooked it.

“Why thank you. You’re so tall and strong and mmmm look at those muscles.” I commented with a sly smile and licked my lips for impact. He leaned down close so that our lips were merely inches apart.

“It’s not going to work that easy.” He gave a light chuckle before pulling away and going back over to the chair and sat. I grabbed Layla from her highchair; not discouraged one bit as I placed her inside and she begun to bounce, smile on her face while jingling Derek’s keys.

“Would you mind grilling the steaks while I finish up the potatoes?” I asked honestly. I watched as he got up from the chair, tucking the sheet securely around his hips before going over and placing the steaks on the grill. ‘Was he afraid that I might to try to rape him or something?’ I placed the potatoes in a bowl and covered them with foil; the boys could add their own crap to it. I sauntered over to behind Derek and begun to trace kisses up his spine while my hands soothed down his sides before gripping the firm taught ass muscle.

“June….” He warned with a half hearted growl.

“Oh hush. I don’t expect you to bend me over the counter and fuck me stupid, but I still want to play.” I whispered and nipped at his shoulder blade; a shudder working its way down his spine. I spun him around, wrapping my arms around his neck, and tugging him down into a kiss before he could protest. I trailed my hands down his spine and back down to grip my ass cheeks as I pulled his head back by his hair; exposing the tender flesh of his throat as I sucked on certain spots and nipped. I felt the hardening length of his cock pressing between us and slid my free hand down, teasing my nails lightly over the underside of it. I heard him gasp as I continued to tease the most tender spots on him; and rubbed the pad of my thumb over the slit on his sensitive tip. He rutted against my teasing touch as I nibbled on his nipple and sucked it into my mouth to soothe the sting. Derek growled in pleasure; a gasp catching in his throat as his cock tried to ease some of the tension building within. I kept my thumb pressed over the slit; refusing to let him leak his pre-cum as licked my way down his chest, over the dips and ripples of his abs and down his happy trail. “Juuuuuuu……ahh shiiiiiiit. I n-need…ahhhh” he stuttered, unable to finish his plea as I licked up the underside of his cock; thumb still pressed over his tip as I added to his amounting need to burst. I slid under the overhang of the island and drug his hips forward; keeping him from actually seeing what I was doing. I nudged his knees further apart with my free hand and slid it up to graze against his balls, before sucking one deep into my mouth.

“Ohhhhh fuck.” He moaned and clutched desperately at the island edges. ‘I smell something
burning.’ “Shi…it…..” He moaned again as I raked my nails lightly over his sac while he tried to flip the steaks. I continued to tease him with long slow licks up his thick shaft; adding a very light nibble, causing his hips to jerk forward and adding to the pleasure pain. I swirled my tongue around the tip of his cock, over my thumb, and back down as I gently squeezed his boys.

“Ohhhhhh….fuuuuuck…..” He groaned and thrust his hips against my tongue; trying to get more friction. “Juuuuuuune…..for the love of uhhhhhh…..do that again.” He ordered through a needy growl as I slid my palm further back and grazed my thumb over his perineum. I added a little more pressure as I stroked the virgin ‘hot spot’, the palm of my hand gliding against his sac with each stroke; while I licked up his shaft and prevented him from leaking his arousal.

His thrusts became more stiff, breathing more erratic, and his grip on my counter top tightened; causing a cracking sound from above and mixed with Derek’s heavy labored breathing. The smell of slowly burning steak and arousal filled the kitchen. Derek let out a growl that vibrated the windows as he lost control.

“Derek? Is everything alri…..Ohhhhh GOD! What are you doing to the counter man? Ohhhh…..”

“Get Ouuuuuuut.....ohhhhh f-fuuuuuck……” Derek growled out and sounded briefly pained as he slapped a hand on top of the counter. He was too far gone to give a shit that Stiles and Scott were standing in the doorway. And what did I care? I was hidden under the counter.

“Juuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu
smiled back at Derek as he hung up the phone with a sinister smile. ‘He was in for a surprise.’

Chapter End Notes

Song: Get Some; by Lykke Lee
Please......Comment.
“ARRRRRRRRGGHHHHHHHH!!!!!! He’s so freaking hard headed!” I seethed from the drivers seat of Stiles jeep. It had been two days since the kitchen incident; and still I was a GOD DAMN VIRGIN!!! I had put on the flirt, BIG time. And still I had only managed to get oral or anal. I wasn’t exactly complaining about it, but I still wanted more for crying out loud. I’d even kicked up the kink and slightly taboo and still NOTHING! I decided this morning after crawling out of bed that I would have to change up my routine with Derek. So, here I was, driving Stiles jeep to go meet up with Janice from the party. She may not have been my best friend, (and since Allie was clearly a ‘no’ option), Janice would have to do; she was enough friend enough to me. Stiles had kindly, and maybe slightly forced into, loaned me his jeep for a day away from men. In other words, I was having a long over do girl day; a full on estrogen bath. (My little sister wasn’t quite giving me the girl time I needed.)

I pulled into the College campus where Janice was already waiting for me in her skinny jeans and green poof coat. Her red hair was pulled back into a pony tail and she wore light makeup. She was a real pretty girl; if only she could put on a few pounds to her near anorexic state. “Hey.” She greeted me as she hopped in. “Where’s your car?” She asked, noting the messy interior of Stiles jeep.

“In the shop.” I lied. “My friend Stiles loaned me his for the day.”

“Huh. Well, you wanna head over to the mall? I’m starving and in the mood to spend my non-existing paycheck.” She offered with a smile.

“Sounds good to me.” I smiled back before pulling away from my college. “So, what have you been up too?”

“Not much. Schools kicking my ass, but other than that, partying. And speaking of,” she switched tactics, “why are you not in school? I heard that you were kicked out because you were skipping a lot. Not to mention, I think you told off one of your professors?”

I shrugged, “It’s no big deal. I was thinking about switching colleges anyway. And there’s just been a lot of personal stuff going on. I’m taking the rest of the year off and then I’ll start in the fall again.” I informed.

“Oh.” She stated. I was thankful she hadn’t tried to pry. “So. The last time I seen you was like two or three weeks ago, at the party, with Sam. Actually, I haven’t seen Sam either.” She offered with a thoughtful look. “Anyway, like I was saying, the last time I seen you was at that party before some tall and unbelievably Haaaaawt biker looking guy barged in and knocked Sam the fuck out.”

“Oh.” She stated. I was thankful she hadn’t tried to pry. “So. The last time I seen you was like two or three weeks ago, at the party, with Sam. Actually, I haven’t seen Sam either.” She offered with a thoughtful look. “Anyway, like I was saying, the last time I seen you was at that party before some tall and unbelievably Haaaaawt biker looking guy barged in and knocked Sam the fuck out.”

“Haha…..about that, Derek and I are actually kind of dating.” I smiled, remembering the night Derek barged in and as she put it, ‘Knocked Sam the fuck out.’ As I recall, he also threw me over his shoulder and toted me out. Ah! And how could I forget that was the night I learned about my wolf, mixed with alcohol and adderall, plus being in ‘heat’ led to bad things? The loud sound of Janice’s squeal broke the limited amount of air in the locked drum tight jeep.

“OH MY GOSH! You got a booooooooy friend?! You have to tell!” She said while bouncing in her seat. ‘Wow, just a few weeks ago I had been doing the same thing when Derek (in his own way) asked me to be his girlfriend.’ I forgot how comical a woman companion could be sometimes; even if she wasn’t my closest friend. But what ever, it was nice being around the same gender for a while; able to gush about Derek in a way I wasn’t able to with Scott and Stiles. It was like a breath of fresh air to tell her everything about Derek and I; minus the werewolf business, and have her hang on every word like it was the only thing keeping her anchored to her seat. For once, I felt like the interesting friend with juicy stories to tell about my and my boyfriends relationship. She giggled when I told her about being caught by my dad, Derek exposing himself. She giggled again when I
told her about Derek giving Stiles a peep show and laughed her ass off when I told her about the kitchen incident. She cried when I told her about how I knew Derek from when we were kids and what it felt like to lose a family I called my own. She offered support when I had started to cry and reflect back on those precious memories. And for the first time, I began to think of Janice as a close friend. She remained un-judgmental and kept from prodding. I felt like I could trust her and be myself around her; though I would never expose my true self to her.

She smiled when I begun to tell her about my growing bond with my little sister before we fell back into a laughing fit when I told her about costume shopping with the boys. We fell into stride together as we entered the mall arm and arm like we old close friends and I took a backseat on my life to catch up on hers. I found out that she had come from a family of six with nothing more than the clothes on their back until her Dad hit it big with a million dollar company. I also found out that she openly admitted to being anorexic, but not by choice. Her mom and all her sisters were the same way; skinny to boot. She tried to gain weight, but remained unsuccessful and for the most part she seemed generally disgusted by it. I felt bad instantly for being so judgmental over her body type; failing to realize that she couldn’t help it. We had went into Victoria Secret first followed by a bunch of stores; and came out weighed down with an overflow of bags before sitting down to eat at the food court. “So he seriously won’t give it up to you?” She asked as I told her about my current situation with Derek choosing not to give it up.

“Mmmmmhm.” I murmured around a mouth full of salad and remembering the days when I used to be a vegetarian. ‘Gah, those seemed like so long ago.’

“Huh. That’s different. Maybe he’s one of those really rare guys who actually wants the first time to be special for you. He said he loved you right?”

“Yea. We’re ma……uh partners.” I caught myself. ‘I was getting so used to wolf talk.’

“Right. Oh, maybe he’s one of those really aggressive types of guys and he’s afraid that he might hurt you.” She offered, though I doubt she fully believed it herself. I on the other hand knew she had hit the nail on the head…..mostly. But instead I just smiled and nodded my head as I ate my salad. “Either way, I think you should actually make him want it more. Right now it sounds as though you’re trying too hard to get into his pants and you wind up ‘giving’ it to him. Maybe you should tempt him without actually giving it up?” She offered. I thought about it for a minute; realizing I felt dumb for never thinking that in the first place.

“I can do that…..I think.” I stated as I finished up my salad.

“I know it’ll be hard since he’s like scrump-ti-li-icious and all, but the pay off may be worth it.” She stated. I nodded in agreement. “Just go around the house wearing nothing but your frilly bra and panties…..or his shirt. Guys can never turn down a woman wearing their shirt.” She added with a giggle. I smiled realizing she was right. “Hey, not to change topic or anything, but have you heard from Allie? I don’t know what’s up with everyone at college but they seem to be disappearing. You, Sam, and Allie all just sort of went ‘Poof’ ya know.” My heart sunk to my toes when she mentioned Allie. I still felt really bad about what happened and I wished she’d let me explain. But she absolutely refused to talk to me and I’m pretty sure it would be a bad idea showing up on Holloway territory asking if I could speak to my ex best friend.

I shook my head as I bit back against the growing anger inside me; realizing I felt like I was being shit on by her. We were supposed to be best friends and best friends never turned their backs on each other. ‘What if it was my mate that had bit the dust instead of the other way around? Would I be willing to forgive her?’ I knew the answer to that and found that I couldn’t actually be angry with her. I knew what I would do if anything were to happen to Derek. I would go insane and probably hunt the fucker down to kill him. Only resulting in my own death. And the sad and terribly clichéd thing about it was, I would rather die than live without Derek. My nightmare came floating back to me; though I hadn’t had it in a few days, it still left a nauseating feeling in my stomach. I couldn’t kick the thought that there was something more to it than what Dr. Lawrence believed. “June? Are you alright? You look sort of pale all of a sudden.” She asked and placed her hand on my arm.

“Yea, I’m fine. I’m just not really feeling too well. Do you mind if we cut the day short?” I asked,
withdrawing my arm from her hand.

“Yea, that’s fine. I’ve actually got some studying to do for an exam tomorrow.” She said as she rose from the table. We threw away our trash and gathered our bags before heading out to my….I mean Stiles jeep. I dropped her off back at the dorms and waved goodbye before heading home. I parked the jeep in the drive and walked to the front door loaded down with bags before pushing it open and walking in. I heard the loud sound of some stupid video game coming from the living room followed by a stream of curses and groans. I stopped in the doorway to be greeted with the site of three men sitting on the floor and staring intently at the TV screen. “NOOOOO No NOOOOOOO! Dude! You are soo cheating!” Stiles squealed.

“Am not.” Derek defended as he shot another creature down.

“I thought you said you never played before.” Scott asked as he took another shot, missing his target.

“I haven’t.” Derek stated again. I smiled watching the three of them bonding while having a friendly rivalry with one another. ‘How on earth they had talked Derek into actually ‘playing’ with them was beyond me, but I was glad they did.’ It was good for Derek to loosen up and embrace some of the teenage boy left in him. I left the boys to their gaming before going upstairs to check on Layla. I was guessing she was taking a nap since she was no where to be found with them; finding my guess was right as I walked in to find her passed out like a light. I checked to make sure everything was alright before heading back downstairs to make the guys some food. I decided on pigs in a blanket as I begun to wrap them up nice and neat when Derek padded into the room, wrapped his arms around my waist and drug me in for a kiss. I wrapped my arms around his neck as I took the time to enjoy the slow greeting kiss; realizing that while it was nice to go out and have girl time, I still missed my mate like crazy. “I missed you.” Derek stated before pushing his tongue back into my mouth.

“I missed you too.” I offered when we broke away for air. A low growl rumbled in his chest when I felt his hands grasping my butt and lifting me up onto the counter top. “Derek?”

“Hmm?” He hummed while trailing kisses down my neck and sucking on my pulse point. “Derek…..I think…..I think I’m going to……mmmm......no.” I pushed at his shoulders, forcing myself to stop from giving into him. “I need to finish these up.” I stated and slid off the counter; ignoring his slightly pained and questioning expression.

“June?” He asked and wrapped his arms around my waist, spinning me around to face him again. “What’s wrong?” He asked while smoothing his thumb over my cheek. I stared up into those gorgeous greens and sighed. My body was a light with a growing arousal and the need to just give into him; but I had to stand my ground if I were to ever get what I wanted from him. “June.”

“Derek, I have to stand my ground. I talked to my friend Janice today and she thinks I’ve been giving it away too much.” I stated.

“You told Janice? What the hell did you tell her exactly?” He asked with a slight bite.

“I didn’t say anything bad Derek and no I didn’t tell her what we are, I’m smarter than that. All I said is that we hadn’t gone all the way yet; that we’ve just been messing around. I didn’t go into details, I promise.” I offered; hoping that he would understand that I wasn’t trying to embarrass him or that I was putting our personal life out there. I was just talking to my friend and I didn’t want him to be mad at me for that.

“June…..I’m not mad. I just…..”

“Derek, I know. I was just fuming to someone who thinks like I do. If it helps, I actually bragged on you a lot. And I mean a lot!” I explained, a small grin tugging at his lips. “But I do think she has a point. I’ve sort of been a slut for you and I think it’s about time I stand my ground. I want sex, like ‘real’ sex, and I’m not going to settle for anything less.” I offered. A smug look crossed his face and I could tell he didn’t believe me. “I’m serious Derek.”

“You’re going to with hold sex? From me? Now this I’ve got to see.” He said.

“Why is this so hard for you to believe?” I asked as he wrapped his arms around me tighter and leaned in close.

“Because you’re horny and I’m sexy,” ‘and I know it.’ I sung in my head, “I don’t think you’ll be
able to last.” He said all too confidently.
“You’d be surprised. And I may be horny but I now have ways to tame that. Besides, it’ll be you who won’t be able to resist this sweet ass.” I teased. “Or these.” I offered while grazing my breasts across his chest. “And you know you’ll miss this.” I whispered sensually as I slid my hand down to cup over his crotch as I rubbed; feeling the hard press against my hand as I continued to rub. He ground his hips against my stroking touch with a low growl before I withdrew completely and went over to the sink. He growled again, this time out of frustration. I shook my butt teasingly while I washed my hands.
“What did you mean just now; when you said you now have ‘ways’?” He asked as I walked back over to the counter to finish rolling the pigs in a blanket. I smiled to myself before holding up a finger and mouthing the word ‘wait’ as I ran into the foyer where I dropped my bags; grabbing what I was looking for and rushing back into the kitchen.
“Janice and I stopped on the way out at Spencers. She bought herself something and well I bought this.” I said and handed Derek the bag. “I was going to save it for when I seduced you tonight; but seeing as how I’m with holding sex, I guess I’ll just test it for myself tonight.” I stated with a sly smile. I watched as Derek held the small silver bullet in his hand and observed it carefully; a look settling over his face that made me laugh. If I had to describe it; it resembled something of intrigue, yet in the ‘you are now my worst enemy’ kind of way. He sort of glared at it with raised eyebrows, his mouth caught somewhere between a scowl and amusement. “Did I mention it’s also water proof?” I asked sweetly. “Means I can take showers alone.” I watched as his face fell into a disapproving scowl before he shoved it back into the bag and left the kitchen. He was none too happy about it; and I didn’t know if I had hurt his feelings, which would make me feel really bad. But I figured I’d let him stew until I got the pigs in a blanket going before I’d go in search to find and make up to him. ‘No sex, unless it’s the real deal.’
I finished up and shoved the piggys in the oven to cook before going in search of my stewing mate. I followed the distinct beat of Derek’s heart that I had grown so accustomed to, to the back porch where he had stripped all his cloths and was sitting in the hot tub. I walked up behind him and massaged his shoulders, “I’m sorry. I didn’t think about how that sounded.” I whispered in his ear and kissed his cheek.

“Why are you really doing this June?” He asked, staring strait ahead. “Are you really doing this to get your way or is there something deeper?” I stood up strait in disbelief before going around to the front of the hot tub so he was forced to look at me and placed my hands on the tub.
“I have no other reason for doing what I’m doing. I’m with holding any sexual act because you said you want it to be special. If we keep from doing oral or anal, maybe then it’ll be more special to ‘you’. I wanted to go all the way with ‘you’. But you’re the one who keeps saying no. It’s not because I don’t love you, because I do. It’s not because I don’t love what we’re doing or how you make me feel, because I do! It’s because you keep making me promises or telling me it’ll happen when it happens; how do you think that makes me feel Derek? Huh? It makes me feel like you don’t want me. Like you don’t really want to go all the way with me because you don’t really want to bind with me. I’m not stupid, I do remember what you told me about what happens when mates bind. The more dominant partner gets aggressive and I’m pretty sure that’s why you’re holding back. But you have got to stop! If you hurt me, I’ll heal. But what ever you do, don’t sit there and blame my with holding sex on a ‘deeper’ reason when you’re actually doing the same thing!” I screamed. I hadn’t realized that I went into rant mode until I shut the hell up and watched as Derek’s face remained sour. He clearly wasn’t happy with my explanation, but FUCK HIM! It was the truth and if he didn’t like it, well then he would just have to deal with it.
I stormed back inside the house; anger boiling deep inside the more I thought about his little remark. ‘How could he think that!’ I even tried to apologize and that clearly hadn’t been good enough either. I grabbed Stiles’ jeep keys off the hook before stomping out and yelling back, “Derek’s being a dick! I’ll be home in a little while, your foods in the oven, don’t burn it! Take care of Layla!” I slammed the door, listening to the boys yelling as they hustled out of the living room; which told me they heard me and that’s all that mattered. I backed out of the drive in a rush
before speeding off down the street. I saw Derek in my rear view as he ran down the drive, holding his pants up with one hand and yelling. It would have been comical if I weren’t so damn mad. I was probably over reacting, but I felt the stepping back feeling and knew I was too far gone. I drove to Derek’s house, speeding down the drive as the jeep bounced with the uneven ground before slamming it into park and hopping out. Daylight was fading fast and the moon had started it’s new cycle; I could feel it’s weak hold on me as I ran into the woods. In no time, I would be going through my first full moon and God only knows how that would go. But I couldn’t think about that right now. I felt my wolf strengthen the angrier I got; my claws slicing into my palm as I bawled my fist. My eyes burned and I tasted blood as my canines cut my lip. There was a heavy tug on my tail bone as my tail protruded from under my skirt and brushed against the backs of my knees. ‘GREAT! I have a fucking tail again!’ I rolled my eyes as I ran faster; dodging the trees and jumping over fallen logs with ease. I didn’t know where I was going until it came in sight; causing me to slow my pace as I eased up to the one place where I hadn’t been in forever. ‘Derek’s family cemetery.’ All his family was buried here; or well, what was left of them. It expanded all the way back to his great great great great grandparents and every great relative in between.

The cemetery stood alone in an open spot with one huge old oak tree in the center. Hale family members lie in neat rows all around it. Head stones came in all forms; angels, hearts, crosses, rounded, and squared. Each one with their own saying as quoted by the member who died. I always visited the same ones first. His dad Isaac and his mom Jennie. They were always like my own mother and father; it only seemed right that I should visit them first. I sat down in front of the head stones, my tail lying off to the side, and traced my fingers over the carvings. Jennie’s headstone was a half heart, Isaac’s the other half. Their sayings were written in a different language that I didn’t speak as I traced my fingers over the swirling letters. I felt tears well up in my eyes as I traced the sayings over and over before speaking without really thinking. “I miss you guys so much.” I sobbed, “I wish you could be here now. You’d be so proud of Derek, even though he’s being a butt right now.” I offered a small laugh between sobs, “He’s saved my life three times and he’s an alpha. He takes really good care of me and my little sister. I think he loves her you know. And he even watches over Scott and Stiles; you don’t know them, but they’re great kids. You would have loved them both.” I offered before talking became too painful and I begun to cry harder. I heard the sound of crunching leaves off to my right before looking over to find a large brown wolf sitting in front of a grave. I jumped backwards, going into defense mode, when I recognized the wolf from a few weeks ago. It was the one who helped saved my life. “Hello?” I called out to it. It didn’t look away from the grave marker; only seemed to drop its head lower. I cautiously walked over to it and stopped; following its gaze to the lone headstone in the shape of a howling wolf. ‘That wasn’t here before.’ I thought before plopping down beside the other wolf who didn’t move. I scanned the marker for a name, finding none, but instead a locket hung loosely around the neck. I moved cautiously towards it, making sure that I wasn’t offending the strange wolf sitting beside me, before opening it up. My heart stopped beating momentarily and I sat stock still. Inside were two pictures; the first was of Laura with her dad and mom standing in front of their house. The second, was of Laura standing in the middle of Derek and I. I stared at the old pictures for a long time, trying to register what exactly I was looking at. I felt a nudge to my shoulder before collapsing to the ground in shock.

Tears streamed uncontrollably as I realized whose grave I was sitting at. ‘Laura’s.’ My head spun and my stomach churned. ‘Laura.’ I kept repeating her name in my head, as if it were all just a dream. I felt another nudge to the back of my shoulder as the wolf stood. I couldn’t control my action as I sat up abruptly and hugged my arms around it’s neck and cried uncontrollably as I buried my face into it’s soft fur. I felt it lean its head on my shoulder; as if to help console me as I let loose. ‘Laura was dead? How? She couldn’t be dead. She was Laura. Fun, vibrant, and full of life Laura. She had been my best friend. She wasn’t dead. She couldn’t be dead.’ Everything seemed to click at once. Derek suddenly appearing back here and living in his old burnt down house. The way he shied away from talking about Laura. I pulled away from the wolf’s embrace and sat in front of him; drying my tears off on the back of my sleeve. “You knew Laura?” I asked
through sniffles as I sucked up my tears and tried to get a hold on the situation. The wolf inclined its head as if to say yes. I stared into its brown eyes; knowing that I’d seen them before but couldn’t think of where. “Werewolf?” I asked just to make sure I hadn’t become the wolf whisperer and again it inclined its head. I looked back to the head stone in the shape of a wolf howling and felt the tears well up again. There was so much unsaid between Laura and I. So much bad blood. I still wanted to scream and cuss her out. I still wanted to tell her everything and wrap my arms around my best friend. I still wanted Laura.

I watched as the wolf bounded off suddenly and disappeared into the woods. I continued to sit there in front of Laura’s grave as tears became useless; and there were no more to cry. My eyes burned and felt heavy from fatigue as I pushed myself off the ground to a standing position. I would just sleep in Derek’s house tonight; I knew he would be coming for me anyway, so there was no reason in worrying. It would give me some time to get my thoughts in order and hopefully to keep from breaking down when I asked Derek about Laura. I turned to leave but was cut off in my tracks by a beautiful blonde standing ten feet away. It took me a minute to realize it was Allie dressed in an all black outfit. “Allie?” I asked questioningly. “What are you doing here? Aren’t you off Holloway territory?” I asked with a little more recognition to my voice.

“She’s dead.” She stated simply before lunging at me with claws outstretched. ‘Should have seen that one coming.’ We went tumbling head over heels backwards with her claws sunk into me deep before I used my legs to shove her off. I jumped up, wolfed out, and crouched down defensively like I had seen Derek do so many times. I scented the air and found the same ‘revenge’ scent that Scott had had when we practiced. Which meant she wasn’t thinking clearly. I used it to my advantage when she lunged at me again and I dodged left, catching her by her hair before she face planted into the ground and tugging her backwards, throwing her into a tree. She hit with a loud thud and slumped to the ground. She clearly hadn’t been expecting to be flung as she tried to catch her breath.

“I know the old you isn’t dead Allie. You’re angry and hurt. But fighting like this isn’t going to solve anything.” I reasoned.

“No, but killing you will.” She growled again before getting up and lunging again. This time I wasn’t able to dodge her as her claws sliced across my stomach and around my right side. I yelped in pain but recovered quickly as my anger drove my wolf harder; pushing the pain down and whipping around in time to back hand her as she lunged again. I hit her hard enough to hear her jaw dislocate as she went tumbling backwards. All reason had slipped away as my wolf took over fully and I was driven by rage; my own and hers, as I poised myself above her, drawing my fist back and smashing it into her face. Her nose broke with an awful crack as her jaw relocated and I bit down
onto her shoulder; the taste of blood sweet in my mouth. I heard her scream as she struggled against me, but I held her clawing arms down and bit down harder, my canines lengthening that much more as they touched bone. I felt the crush of her shoulder under my powerful jaw strength which caused her to scream louder. “Juuuunnne….juuuu…nnne…..p-please…..ahhhhh….oh gawwwwd……please. I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” She begged as she eased up fighting me. I felt power growing inside me as her blood flooded my mouth and pinned her harder to the ground; proving my dominance over her. ‘How dare she insult me and my mate? She thought I was weak. I’d show her just weak I was. She wanted to kill me. I’d kill her first.’ My bite on her shoulder tightened impossibly tighter as I begun to rip away a chunk. “AHHHHHHHHHHH…..OHHhhhh GAAAAAWWwwwwwd! JUNE! PLEASE!”

“JUNE!” I heard the gruff voice of Derek as he rushed over to me and tried to pry me off, but my hold on Allie was too strong. “June! Let her go! I’ll deal with her. You don’t want her blood on your hands!” He reasoned, but I was too far gone to listen to reason. “June, as your maker, your mate, and your alpha, I order you to let her go.” He stated in a deep serious tone with a growl. My wolf recognized the order and recoiled reluctantly as I loosened my hold on her shoulder. I moved away cautiously, but kept her pinned.

“I wanted to make things right Allie. But if you ever insult my mate again or try to kill me, there will be no stopping me next time. I will kill you and show you just how wrong you are about me. Got it?” I asked with a growl. She nodded her head, refusing to meet my gaze, as she bared her neck. I smiled and licked my lips, thinking about finishing her off anyways.

“She submitted June. Now back off.” Derek ordered with a hand on my shoulder as he drug me backwards off of her. He smiled down at me and I was taken a back. I thought for sure he would be pissed and glaring at me. He kissed my forehead and hugged me into his chest. “I’m not pissed. I’m proud.” He whispered and kissed the top of my head as I sunk into his warm strength and let go as tears begun again. I couldn’t even remember what I was mad at him for; just glad that I had his strength to hold onto again.

“Thank you for sa….” Allie was cut off as I removed my face from Derek’s chest and growled; inserting myself between her and my mate as she had tried to ease closer. Her nose had healed; but her neck would take some time as blood ran freely down her shoulder and drenched her cloths. “Don’t even think about it.” I growled and bared my lengthening canines.

“You heard her bitch. You better get back to your own territory before June finishes you off. And this time I won’t stop her.” Derek warned with his own growl. Allie’s face settled on shock and pain before she eventually slunk away into the woods, heading back to her side of the werewolf spectrum. As soon as she disappeared I wrapped my arms around Derek’s waist and clung tight as I buried my face into his chest. All I wanted to do was stay in his arms and never come out. “You can stay as long you want. I won’t let you go or let you fall.” Derek bit and stepped forward so that we were side by side. I smirked as Allie’s face settled on shock and pain before she eventually slunk away into the woods, heading back to her side of the werewolf spectrum. As soon as she disappeared I wrapped my arms around Derek’s waist and clung tight as I buried my face into his chest. All I wanted to do was stay in his arms and never come out. “You can stay as long you want. I won’t let you go or let you fall.” Derek whispered into my hair and hugged me tighter to him. I cried quietly into him as the days events overwhelmed me. “Let’s go back to my house and get some rest. It’s been a long day. I’ll tell you about Laura tomorrow.” He informed. ‘How did he know that I knew about Laura?’ You know what, not important. He knew and that was all that mattered. We would talk about it tomorrow; but for now, I was exhausted and just wanted my mates comfort. Tomorrow was another day. I felt the ground slip out from under my feet as Derek picked me up and carried me close to his chest. I buried my face into the warmth of his neck and cuddled closer as the cold made me shiver. It hadn’t been a problem before when I was angry; but now it felt like it was freezing.

I can’t remember when I fell asleep; only that it was sometime on the walk back to the house. I was awakened when I felt the press of a soft surface to my back and briefly panicked that Derek had
left. “Shhh….I’m here. I was getting the sleeping bag. Go back to sleep.” He whispered as he lied back down beside me and drug me into his side, pulling the sleeping bag over top of us. I molded myself to him as I sought his warmth and closed my eyes again. “I’ll make you a cup of coffee in the morning and we’ll talk then.” He promised.
“I love you.” I whispered into his chest.
“I love you, June. And don’t ever forget that.”

Chapter End Notes

Song: Universe; by Kids of 88
I listened to the bitter wind blowing through the shell of Derek’s house and huddled under the sleeping bag even further. Dark gray clouds loomed overhead outside; threatening to spill their tears on the day. I could hear Derek shuffling about downstairs and the strong smell of coffee wafted into my nose, but I couldn’t pry myself from the warmth and comfort of the make shift bed. I didn’t dream last night; which was weird, but I welcomed the dull blackness none the less. I didn’t want to dream about Allie or Laura and especially didn’t want to dream the wretched nightmare about Derek. (Which I was going to have to tell him about soon.) I slid under the covers as I listened to Derek’s sturdy heartbeat and closed my eyes. I didn’t know where to begin; only that my eyes burned with a dry sob. I had no more tears to cry; only a lump in my throat that I couldn’t swallow down as proof that last night really happened. My body felt heavy and my mind too from the stress of yesterday. I was tired and everything in my body told me to give up. I was done fighting with wolves and worrying about watching my ass. I was done fighting against a force stronger than myself. I was done with everything.

“June….don’t.” Derek’s voice broke the bitter air.

“Don’t what?” I asked from under the covers; not bothering to poke my head out.

“Give up.” He replied simply. I heard the sound of two cups clinking against the floor as Derek sat them down before tugging the cover back. “You mind?” He asked as he slid in. I worked my way to sit in between his legs and used his chest to lean against as I drew the sleeping bag up around us. I breathed in Derek’s comforting scent and reclined into his warmth that felt good against my aching back. He offered me the cup and I took it graciously before taking a sip of the wonderful caffeinated bliss and pressing further into him. I felt a strong arm snake around me as he kept me pulled tight to him like an anchor. “I’m sorry for being a dick.” He whispered.

“Derek, I can’t even remember what we were arguing about. As far as I’m concerned; it’s done and over with. I’m sorry too, because no doubt, I was probably being the female equivalent to a dick. I guess that would make me twat.” I added in hopes of making things light hearted between us again. Derek’s chuckle vibrated against my back before quiet settled the space between us again. I listened to the steady beat of Derek’s heart mixed with the rumble of thunder in the distance; gradually working its way closer. The weather seemed to fit my mood perfectly.

I realized that I was putting off the inevitable, before deciding to spin around so that my legs wrapped around Derek’s waist and I could meet him eye to eye. Finding it easier to talk when I was mesmerized by those gorgeous greens, I inhaled a deep breath as I sorted through my list of questions and settling for the easiest. “How?” I asked; knowing that I didn’t need to say anymore.

Derek dropped his gaze from mine and took a deep breath, before coming back up to stare at me with total seriousness.

“She took the shot that Dr. Lawrence offered to you. She was on it for two years before she decided to get off and have a pup to pass on the Hale name.” His jaw tensed and nostrils flared as he looked away and out the window. “She had managed to carry for eight months before she begun to have problems with the pregnancy. She had come back to Beacon Hills for testing by Lawrence. But she went into early labor, had a miscarriage, before…..” his voice trailed off and I watched as he fought against tears; my own threatening to spill over again as I imagined what Laura would have been like pregnant. She would have made a great mom; there was no doubt about it, but I was trying to picture the Laura I knew, skinny and fabulous, to the Laura Derek knew and seen pregnant. The image brought a smile to my face, but quickly fell away as I realized I’d never get to see Laura that way.

Derek was still looking out the window; lost in thoughts and memories, making me long for a
glimpse at his own. I watched as a stray tear made its way down his cheek; the only thing giving away his true feelings as he wore a stone mask. I wanted so badly to comfort him with a hug; but feared to, learning from my mistake before and settling for placing my hand over his heart and kissing his cheek. He turned to meet my gaze and I felt the weight of his sadness immediately, causing the all too familiar ache in my heart again when he buried his face into my chest. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and tangled a hand through his hair as he gently let loose, his tears running down over my collar bone and down between my breasts. I realized then how much he had kept bottled up this whole time; the weight he felt everyday from keeping it all tucked away from the world. “I would have been an uncle.” He whispered softly and the realization of his words made tears well up in my own eyes. He would have been a great uncle. “You would have been a great aunt.” He whispered again and pulled away to stare down at me. I felt confused by his words as I already had so much going through my head. “Testing wasn’t the only reason she came back June. She wanted to mend things with you and deem us godparents. She was going to make us all pack.” His voice didn’t waver as he gathered himself and I felt light headed from this new revelation.

‘Laura wanted to make things right with me?’ Tears rained down my cheeks as I repeated the question over and over in my head; regret filling me from head to toe as I thought about all the resentment I had harbored towards her all these years. Then I realized that ever since Derek had come back into my life; I had begun to remember all the good times I had had with Laura. For the past three weeks, I had begun to resent Laura less and less. I sobbed even harder as Derek drug me into his chest and hated myself for not asking about Laura sooner; realizing I sounded like a cold hearted bitch this whole time. “June, don’t think that. I don’t. You’ve been overwhelmed….”

“But she was my best friend Derek. How could I have been so….”

“You weren’t. You’ve had your hands full and I didn’t expect you to question about Laura. I knew what you felt towards her and it was only right. June, you’re not a horrible person or a cold hearted bitch, you’re a new born werewolf with a lot on your mind and a jack ass for a mate.” He explained as he pulled me away from his chest. He gave me a half hearted smile at the end as he tried his own attempt of making the conversation light hearted. I gave a weak smile as I felt admiration for my mate and became lost in the sea of green; a feeling of a calming strength washing through me and knew that it was Derek’s doing as I was fixed in his trance. I took a deep breath and made a conscious choice that would help us both.

“I’m tired. What do you say we take this conversation in steps? That way it’s not so much strain on us.” I asked hopeful. I had seen the hurt and lack of will power in his eyes to explain any further; knowing that this conversation had taken its toll on him too. We had covered the ‘how’ part which was the most pain staking and covered the ‘why’ part too. I thought it only fair to give each other time to recuperate before trying to cover another question.

“I’d like that.” He gave me another small smile before pressing his lips to mine in a deep greedy ‘thankful’ kiss. We sat there for a while in quiet; wrapped in each other’s arms as we listened to the storm brewing over head before Derek’s cell rang. He fished it out of his pocket, not bothering to unwrap himself from me, and answered. From the sounds, it was Scott and Stiles on the other end, screaming about how we didn’t come home last night and they wanted to know when the hell we were coming back. Derek sighed before answering, “soon” and hung up the phone. I was exhausted from the happenings of the past 24 hours, but hunger soon over rode it. “You up for a training lesson this morning?” Derek asked. I pulled away from his chest to stare up at him with a ‘you’ve got to be kidding me’ look. “I didn’t think so. Though you’re going to have to try again at some point.”

“At some point.” I mocked. “But for now, pancakes, sausage, bacon, eggs, and toast smothered in honey sounds pretty damn good.” I offered in return. He gave me a kiss before nodding and dragging me up with him. We decided to have breakfast just the two of us and bring something back for the boys. I’d no doubt have to make up to Layla too; but figured a new stuffed animal would do the trick. It didn’t seem right that she clung to a stupid stuffed rabbit (or that fucking duck that drove me up a wall) while living amongst wolves; a wrong I was going to right. ‘Maybe
I’ll find a wolf that howls? Surely that would be less annoying than the damn duck.’

Derek and I sat in quiet as we ate breakfast together. I picked through my food, combining a piece of egg, pancake, and sausage together before shoving it in my mouth. “Derek?” I asked around a mouthful.

“Hmm?” He hummed back.

“Theres something I need to tell you.” I whispered in a barely there voice. I was afraid to speak the words aloud; but I couldn’t take it take anymore. I couldn’t keep it bottled up any longer.

“June, what’s wrong? Tell me. I won’t get mad.” Concern laced through his tone as he forgot about eating and took my hand. I gave him a weak smile and took a deep breath, trying to gather the courage to tell him.

“Derek…..” I started and glanced up at him. He gave me an encouraging nod as I went on, “ever since you’ve turned me……I’ve been having this dream. It starts out good, but soon it turns into a nightmare.” I paused and closed my eyes; images from the nightmare playing behind my lids. I opened my eyes again to stare at Derek who was watching me intently. “I talked to Dr. Lawrence about it and he said that it was normal for turned wolves……to have a reoccurring dream I mean. But this…..” I trailed off, searching for the words, before trying a different angle. “That night I went bat shit crazy…..I had the same dream.” I paused and groaned; deciding to just get it out as Derek gave my hand an encouraging squeeze. “Derek, in these dreams, you die. But it’s not just you. Scott and Stiles…….their dead too. Derek, every time I have it, it just gets more intense. And the last time I had it……I……” I trailed off as I let the dream flash through my head. With each flash, Derek’s grip tightened, before falling away completely. “I’m sorry Derek.” I apologized as his face went blank and he shook his head.

“Don’t worry about it. It’s just a dream.” He assured after a few minutes of sitting in silence. Though I doubted he actually believed it. He gave me a small reassuring smile.

“Der…”

“June. Drop it! Ok?” He snapped; causing me to jump back and instantly regret telling him. I felt the tiny flame of anger begin to rise in my stomach, deciding that it was time to leave before I really lost it. “June.” I ignored his plea as I rose from the booth, putting my hand up dismissively, before walking out of the diner and standing by his car. I waited patiently as I tamped down my growing anger; not wanting a repeat of last night. “I’m sorry.” Derek stated as he reached the car and tried to pull me into his chest. I backed away, holding my hand up.

“Derek…..I know, but let’s deal with this when we get home. Give me some time to cool down that way we can actually talk because I don’t want a repeat of last night.” I reasoned. I watched as he squared his shoulders and straitened his stance; his jaw tensing as he nodded before going around to his side.

I tried to cool down on the way home; focusing on his heartbeat that would skip occasionally, but something inside of me stirred. A force that I wasn’t quit acquainted with. It felt more powerful, more alive. ‘Power?’ I questioned. I remembered something last night; a feeling that washed over me when I bit Allie. A feeling of becoming more powerful when I bit down on her harder.

“She’s an alpha June.” Derek informed. I turned to face him for the first time since we had gotten in the car, with a questioning look. He sighed and his grip on the wheel tightened. “She was mated to an alpha. Remember when I told you that when you mate with me, you become alpha too?” I nodded my head. “That’s what happened to her. When a wolf mates with an alpha, they only get some of the alpha’s strength. But that strength increases over time. Last night when you bit her you were swallowing some her blood; therefore some of her power was transferred to you.” He explained. I sat quietly as I digested the information; looking out the window to the passing trees.

“Derek, I’m sorry. I’m not mad anymore.” I apologized finally once we had pulled into my driveway; grasping his hand in mine and pressing my lips to his knuckles. He smiled and tugged me into a kiss; setting my body a light with want as I craved more, easing overtop of the armrest and crawling into his lap. It seemed like forever since we had last messed around and I was slowly giving in as I traced my hands over his biceps, down his chest, and under his shirt; his hands tracing up my sides and down to cup my ass. I reached a hand between the seat and door, grasping
the lever, and let the seat back.
“Mmmmm……I thought you said……”
“Fuck what I said! You win! I don’t care anymore. Just let me……mmmmmmmm……oh gawwwd!” I moaned as he dipped his fingers beneath my skirt and started stroking my aching wet need through my panties. I ground my hips down onto the accusing fingers as Derek sucked on my pulse point. My orgasm hit without warning; causing a blinding light as I came. “Deeeeerreek!” I screamed before collapsing against him. I listened to his deep throaty chuckle as I fought for air before pulling myself away to stare at him. “Don’t you dare say it. I know what you’re thinking.” I warned.

“Ohhh you do, do you?” He said teasingly. I grinned before giving him a kiss and working my way down. I climbed back over to my seat so that I was able to go lower, scrunching up his shirt and tracing my tongue over his happy trail as I undid his belt. He lifted his hips; allowing me to pull down his pants, freeing his erection as it slapped against his belly. I traced my tongue along the bulging vein on the underside of his cock before taking him into my mouth, swirling my tongue over his plump head and taking him all the way in. “Ahhhhh……fuck June……fuck……” He groaned as I worked his cock in and out of my mouth; feeling both of his hands fist through my hair as he guided my strokes. ‘I want to taste you……all of you Derek. Fuck my mouth……’ His hips snapped forward and his breathing became more labored as he lost control; shooting his salty sweet essences down my throat. “Ahhhh…..J-Juuuuuuune!” He moaned; letting his head fall back against the head rest as his body stilled. I licked my way up his torso and straddled his lap again as I delved my tongue into his mouth; sucking on his greedily.

“JUNIPER!?” A shrill voice echoed outside of the car; causing my hackles to stand on end. There was only one person who could do that to me with just the sound of her voice; Monica!

“Fuck.” Derek muttered as I opened up the drivers door; falling out onto the concrete drive. I stood up quick, slamming the car door closed, and hustling to stand in front of the window so that Derek could pull his pants up; straitening out my cloths as I put on a fake smile.

“JUNIPER HAWTHORNE! Wha……go inside the house this instance!” Monica ordered as she stood with her hands planted firmly on her hips.

“Monica.” My dad tried to intervene. ‘At least someone’s on my side.’

“Now June!” She ordered again. I felt the bump of the car door against my ass as Derek tried to open the door. I moved aside as he joined me; wrapping an arm around my waist and dragging me into his side with a wicked smirk. ‘I thought for sure he’d be upset for getting caught with his pants down again.’

“We’ll talk about it later.” He warned as he led me to the house; my mom and dad following on our tail. I listened to two racing heart beats and the sound of shuffling around in the kitchen as Stiles and Scott rushed to clean it up. ‘Thank Gawwwd Scott was listening in.’

“Hi guys……and June’s parents.” Stiles greeted as he clumsily leaned against the counter; almost missing, and giving a half wave with a doofy smile.

“Hi!” Scott greeted and looked around nervously with a dumb founded smile while balancing Layla on one hip.

“H-Hi!” Scott greeted and looked around nervously with a dumb founded smile while balancing Layla on one hip.

“And what are theeeeeeese hooligans doing here? And with my daughter!?” Monica announced as she stepped into the kitchen and looked Scott and Stiles up and down.

“They’re my friends.” I bit. “Don’t take your snide attitude out on them.” I warned. She gapped at me and I smiled in satisfaction before she composed herself.

“And you……” she turned a pointed look on me while shaking a finger in my direction, “doing….vulgar things with…..him! In daylight! And in my drive way! You should be ashamed of yourself. What if someone had saw you with him?” She was in full on rant mode. I was getting really pissed as she insulted my mate; instead, I stared past Monica too my dad, (‘trying to focus on something else to keep from loosing it’) sitting down at the kitchen table and pinching the bridge of his nose. ‘Sometimes I wondered what he’d been like if he had never met Monica?’

“JUNIPER!”

“Oh shut up mother! I’m not ashamed of myself! If it were up to me, I’d fuck him stupid in the
middle of the drive and scream to the top of my lungs for everyone to know that I got it on with DEREK FREAKING HALE! I’m sick of your prim and proper world! I’m sick of your high and mighty attitude and your fakeness! You know, I’m pretty sure at one time you weren’t so proper yourself. I’ve seen the pictures from when you were young in the attic. I’d kind of like…..no I would DEFITANTELY like to know that fun and ambitious women you were, before the cold hearted, stuck up, snobby bitch took over!” I screamed back. The room had grown still and silent; no one dared to make a move as Monica and I stood our ground in the middle of the kitchen. I felt myself begin to grow further away as my wolf threatened to take hold, wanting in on the action. I shoved it back down; this was no time to let it take over. The human side of me had waited a much longer time for this grand moment, the moment where my mother faltered and stumbled, to give it up. Derek had moved to stand in front of Stiles and Scott, defending his pack; a light colored red tinted his cheeks as he smirked sinfully at my mother. ‘Awwww….I think I embarrassed the big bad wolf.’ I muttered. He shot me a death glare, but the smirk never ceased.

“Dillon! Are you going to just sit there? She’s your daughter too.” Monica asked; turning to my dad who stared up at her, sighing, before rising from the table and placing a hand on my shoulder.

“Sweetie…..be safe.” He gave me a wink and kissed my forehead. ‘I was beginning to have a whole new appreciation for my dad.’

“ARE YOU KIDDING ME?” Monica screeched.

“No…..I’m not. She’s 22. She’s an adult. While I’m not excited that she’s ‘active’, I can’t tell her what to do. And Hale here seems like a fine young man.” He turned towards Derek and slapped him on the back. The look of shock on Derek’s face; priceless. “Take care of my daughter or I’ll hunt you down and neuter you yourself.” He added with a chuckle. I seriously thought Derek was going to go into epileptic shock as he gave a slight nod.

“That’s all….”

“MONICA!” He shouted. It was the first time I had ever heard my dad raise his voice with my mother. “Stop being a prudish bitch and let June have her fun. You know I agree with our daughter…..I’d like to know what happened to the fun and ambitious women I married. I liked that Monica.” He turned away from my mom and back towards me; dragging me over to stand beside Derek as he glanced back and forth between the two of us. “You two have my blessing for when the time comes.” He kissed my forehead before slapping a hand to Derek’s face; priceless. “Take care of your pack.” I felt my eyes go wide and my mouth gape open as I stared up at my dad who just winked with a smile and turned back towards my mom. “Monica…..lets leave the kids alone to have their fun. We need to talk.” I watched as my mom was about to protest when my dad cut her off, “NOW MONICA.” He ordered before leading my mom out of the kitchen. “Oh, before I go, you’re taking Layla trick or treating still?”

“Yes sir.” Derek spoke up before I could fully register the question; my mind still stuck on ‘take care of your pack.’

“Good. If she gets to be too much, just bring her back. I know you kids want to have fun. But I also know she likes spending time with you pups.” ‘THERE IT WAS AGAIN!’ I was ready to burst with questions; getting ready to chase after him, when Derek caught my arm and kept me planted. The kitchen fell silent as we all stood stock still; shock weighing heavy on us all. Stiles, the chatter box he was, didn’t even make a peep.

We stood there for a good five minutes, no one moved, no one uttered a word, before Layla begun to whine; pulling us out of our shell shocked state. Scott reacted quick; running out of the kitchen with Layla in tow for a diaper change. Stiles following hot on his heels. “He knows?” I breathed out and leaned against the counter for support; looking to Derek for confirmation. He didn’t look at me, but nodded his head in agreement. “How?” Again, Derek slightly shook his head, lost in thought as he tried to piece it together. I had a feeling that my dad and I were long over due for a ‘father daughter talk.’
Song: Prehistoric; by Now Now
I stared at my reflection in the mirror; happy with the results as I touched up my bright pink lips, double checked to make sure my smoky eye remained un-smudged, and adding a little extra hairspray to hold my curls in place that were separated into two pig tails with a little white ribbon tied around each. I adjusted my breasts one final time so that they were lifted to the hilt and practically sitting under my chin, bound by the corset, and inhaled a deep breath before turning to Layla who was chewing on the ear to her lamb costume. She giggled as I dotted her cheeks with two round pink circles and gave her a black tipped nose.

“I hate you, you know that right?” Stiles muttered as he wondered into the bathroom wearing the poofy white bottoms and nothing else.

“You love me and you know it.” I stated smugly as I bounced over to him and placed a black dot on the tip of his nose before he could reject. “Try not to scratch your nose.” I informed.

“You suck.” He insulted.

“I know……just ask Derek how much I ‘suck’.” I stated and giggled as he crinkled his nose.

“Too much info! I’m already scared enough from you two.”

“Oh stop whining. Here, hold Layla while I go find Scott to black his nose.” I informed and shoved Layla into Stiles arms before bounding up the steps to find Scott standing in the upstairs bedroom, staring at his reflection with pure loath, before turning to me with his own form of the ‘Derek Death Glare.’ I tackled him before he could protest and placed a black spot on the tip of his nose.

“JUNE! NO…..seriously?” He asked as he looked back to the mirror. “Isn’t it bad enough you’re making us wear these ridiculous costumes?”

“Nope!” I stated before giving him a quick peck on the cheek and bounding back down stairs. I was pumped to be taking Layla trick or treating tonight; looking forward to having a little fun after all the drama. “Derek! Are you ready?” I asked and tapped on the bedroom door.

“June…..I don’t think this is such a good idea.” He stated before opening the door. My jaw dropped as I took in the sexy beast standing in front of me; causing his lips to draw back into a smile, producing two razor sharp canines. Derek’s eyes were red; letting his alpha-ness show through, hair perfectly gelled, with the never ceasing five o’clock shadow that highlighted his strong jaw. He was dressed in a crisp black shirt that clung to his body perfectly; outlining his muscles. Tight black jeans clung to his hips and highlighted his package and tight ass. A pair of black steel toe biker boots paired with his freshly washed leather jacket tied the whole sexy badass werewolf costume together; and really, I guess it wasn’t that much different from his everyday look, except that he was slightly wolfed out.

“I think it’s a wonderful idea.” I stated before tugging him close to me and standing on my tippy toes so that I could trace my tongue over the sharp points of his canines. He growled approvingly as I nibbled on his lip and he brought his hands to trace up under my skimpy costume skirt bottom; kneading my ass cheeks as he backed me against the doorframe.

“Seriously you two! Can’t you wait till later?” Stiles screeched as he came out of the kitchen. “I mean come on……there’s a little kid in the room.”

“Then look away.” Derek insinuated as he traced his lips down the column of my throat and begun to suck on the spot of his choice.

“We’ll explain how the birds and the bees work later.” I added with a giggle as Stiles groaned.

“WOLVES!” He chided as he left us alone and took Layla back to the kitchen with him. My phone vibrated between my breasts; causing me to jerk away as I tried to fish it out. Derek watched amused as I produced the stupid thing and pressed it to my ear.
“Hello?” I answered as Derek went back to creating hickey's over my neck and collar bone before nipping at the top of my breasts that were bound tight in the corset and causing me moan.

“Hey sweetie…..” My dad greeted, ignoring the uncontrollable needy sounds I was making. “I just wanted to tell you that your mother and I will be home in plenty of time for you to drop off Layla so that you can go to the party, alright?” My dad explained. I still had a million and one questions for him; but hadn’t been able to ask since my dad and Monica decided to work things out in the privacy of a rented cabin at the ‘B&H Campground’, allowing Derek and I, plus my pack, to stay in the house one last night.

“Yea Dad.” I agreed.

“Alright sweetie, I just wanted to let you know. Is everything alright?”

“Yep, but I think you and I need to have a long talk.” I stated.

“We will…..soon June. I love you. Have fun and be careful.” He hung up the phone before I was able to protest as I shoved my worries back down. I wasn’t going to think about all that had happened tonight. Tonight was going to be fun and I wasn’t about to let the drama from the past three weeks ruin it. I moaned as Derek licked between my breasts before he moved to the next one and nibbled; his canines scraping against the tender soft flesh and sending an aching want between my legs. He pulled away and attacked my lips in a heat passion filled kiss as he ground his growing erection against my pelvis.

“It’s getting dark! Can we just get this miserable embarrassing hell over with?!” Scott announced as he came down the stairs. “Get a room.” He mumbled; noticing Derek and I making out in the doorway before going to join Stiles in the kitchen. I smiled as Derek pulled out of the breathless kiss and he chuckled as I tried to smudge my lipstick back into place; his eyes burning an even in tenser red than before. I felt something different between us; stronger, a pull so tight that made me want to crawl inside his skin and never leave. I stared up into the swirling ruby red of his eyes and saw the same powerful force dancing inside him. “DEREK! JUNE! Can we go already?!” Scott and Stiles pleaded as they entered the room; but I was too caught up in the unknown feeling to look at them. Layla squealed, loud and obnoxious as she begun to grow impatient; squirming against Stiles hold.

“We better go. Someone’s getting irritable.” Derek said as he broke away from my eyes and pulled me into another deep kiss.

Derek and I held hands as we pushed Layla in her stroller down through the neighborhood next to mine. ‘The rich snobs in my neighborhood didn’t believe in passing out candy or decorating their yards and I wanted Layla to get the full blown experience.’ Scott and Stiles lagged behind with their pillow cases of candy slung over their shoulders and heads hung down. Derek carried our candy with his free hand. I watched as kids ran up and down the street; rushing from one house to the next, laughing and playing. My mind traced back to a conversation I had had with Derek after I became sane again; pups. I thought about taking ‘our’ kids trick or treating one day, how nice that would be. Derek tugged me closer into his side and kissed the top of my head as we walked before strolling up the next drive where we abandoned Layla’s stroller and as a group went up to the front porch. An elderly gentlemen dressed as a scarecrow, hot apple cider in one hand, passed out candy from a chair that looked like skeleton bones. “And who do we have here?” He said in way of greeting. Layla smiled before playing the bashful card and tucking her head under my chin. The guy chuckled as he took in my sister’s sudden shyness before turning his attention back to my pack; taking in our outfits and smiling a sweet smile, only to be replaced with a thoughtful one as he eyed Derek. “Werewolf?” He questioned. Derek groaned. “Her idea.” He stated and rubbed my shoulder.

“You look really cool son. Those have got to be the neatest contacts I’ve ever seen.” He complimented. Derek gave a slight chuckle. “Ah….I get your theme!” He exclaimed suddenly as it finally clicked. “Little Bo Peep and I take it the two of you are her sheep, plus the little one.” Scott and Stiles nodded embarrassed. “And the big bad wolf. Very clever, I like the modern twist of the costumes.”

“Thank You.” I chimed in. “Their not too excited about it…..” I said gesturing to the other three,
“But I thought it was brilliant.” I added with a chuckle.

“That it is.” He said still smiling before turning his attention back to my sister, getting up slowly from his chair and slowly made his way over. “I remember when my kids where as small as you. Loooooord that was a long time ago.” He stated before handing her a green sucker. She wrapped her tiny fists around it before burying her face back under my chin. “You must be a mommy gal.” He said with a chuckle. I watched as three heads turned towards me with grins and slight mortification; deciding to just let it slide. After all, I was the one taking her out and she did resemble me, so I could see the mistake.

“She’s spoiled.” Derek chimed in to break the silence. “Have a Happy Halloween sir.” He led the guy back to his chair on the porch when the guy held onto his hand and placed the other one over top of it.

“You’ve got two wonderful ladies there son. You’re one lucky man.” The man said and smiled up at Derek from under his bushy white brows.

“That I am.” Derek said agreeing as he shook the old man’s hand before turning back towards us. I felt my heart melt as my knees went weak before Derek caught me with an arm around my waist and kept me pinned against him for support.

By the time eleven o’clock rolled around, everyone had had their share of trick or treating. Layla was snuggled against Derek’s chest, passed out like a light, as she sucked on her binky. Stiles and Scott had taken off the poofy pant legs and replaced it with jeans while I removed the white high heeled shoes and placed them in Layla’s stroller with her bag of candy; which Derek and I would indulge ourselves in later. I loosened my corset so that I was able to breath again as we walked back to the snobby side; yards bare with no sign of life except for the random backyard dog.

We made it to my house by eleven-thirty. I could see the low glow of the living room lamp light as we walked up the front porch before entering the house. My dad greeted us with arms outstretched as Derek handed Layla over. She squalled once before drifting back to sleep as my dad hummed to her. “Hey pumpkin. How was trick or treating? Layla wasn’t too much was she?” Dad asked as he wrapped an arm around my shoulder.

“It was good. We got lots of candy.” I replied as I leaned against him.

“Good good.” He replied simply. Derek watched my dad and I before nodding and dragging Stiles and Scott to the guest bedroom with him.

“Dad?”

“Yea pumpkin.” I waited till we had made it up the steps and to Layla’s nursery before continuing. “Dad…..how do you……or do you……” I trailed off with a sigh.

“Know about werewolves?” He filled in. I felt my eyes go big as he confirmed my suspicions. He chuckled as he placed Layla in her crib before continuing. “It runs in the family June.” He said as he placed a blanket over Layla and handed her, her little wolf that I had bought her. I stared at him, not knowing what to say, when he stood strait and placed an arm around my shoulder. “Honey, why do you think you got along with the Hales so well? Why you were so close to them?” I shook my head. “It’s because wolf blood ran through your veins long before Derek bit you. Honey, I’m a werewolf. Not much of one any more. I’ve gotten too old and too fat to change. I like to think that my wolf and I retired.” I looked at him in shock and disbelief when he flashed his eyes hazel to prove his point. ‘But why…’ “Just because you have a werewolf parent; doesn’t always mean that you will always have a werewolf child. You were born human, but my wolf blood still pumped through your veins; it was just dormant till Derek helped it along. Sweetheart, the Hales knew you were special. They knew that you and Derek were destine to be mates. That’s why they kept such a close eye on you two. I haven’t been able to change for a very long time June, but the Hales were because they were pure bloods. That’s why you connected so well with them. I should have told you a long time ago, and I’m sorry, but after the Hale fire, honey I couldn’t bare the thought of weighing you down with something else.” He explained. He gave me a minute to digest everything in silence. “Are you upset?” He asked. I shook my head as I straitened out my thoughts.

“Dad, I’m not mad. I’m actually really glad to know. But geez……it’s a lot to take in.”

“I know. That’s why I was going to wait till tomorrow.” He rubbed my shoulder and pulled me into
a hug.
“Dad?”
“Yes June?”
“You said you can’t change anymore.” I stated.
“Yes.”
“So I'm guessing that means you’re not the brown wolf I’ve been seeing?” He chuckled and pulled me away from his chest.
“No honey……I can’t say it is. You may want to try someone else though.” He said; again I got the feeling that he knew something I didn’t, but I also knew he wasn’t going to tell me by the look in his eyes. “I think you better go get ready for the next party.” He stated as he led me out the door.
“And this old wolf is going to bed.”
“Mom?”
“Doesn’t know.” He filled in. “And she never will.” He said sternly. I nodded my head.
“Where is Mom?”
He sighed before answering. “Still in the cabin…..fuming. You know your mother. She’ll pout and make her point, but she’ll come back. That’s the power of being a wolf.” He stated. “Now go get ready and get the hell out of here.” He said teasingly before going into his room and shutting the door, signaling that this conversation was officially over. I knew I should be pounding down his door, asking a million more questions, but strangely, I had none and instead felt really happy and refreshed. I skipped down the steps, feeling as though a big piece of my life had just fell into place, before crashing through the bedroom door and going over to Derek; wrapping my arms around his neck and tugging him down into a kiss.
“You heard all of that right? So I don’t have to rehash the conversation.” I asked when I finally pulled away. He nodded before I tugged him back down into a kiss.
I stepped out of Derek’s camero as we parked behind an insane amount of cars. The Halloween party was taking place way out in the country in an old farm house decorated with the typical décor. I breathed in the fresh bitter air as I adjusted the pink and white cheer top that was really no more than a skimpy bra. I had personalized it to say ‘Derek’s’ on my right breast and ‘#1’ on my left so that it read ‘Derek’s #1.’ The skirt was short and stopped right bellow my ass cheeks. I undone my hair and pulled it back into a half up half down do before reaching inside the car and pulling out the palm palms.
Scott and Stiles had been less than creative as they found the easiest costumes ever. Scott was dressed as an old time gangster with the pin strip suit while Stiles decided to just go as a cop. ‘I wondered if he’d loan me that costume or at least the handcuffs, when he was done. Ohhhhhhh……the naughty fantasies I had about Derek dressed as a cop.’ And speaking of, Derek was still sitting in the car, hands firmly wrapped around the wheel as he debated on weather he was actually going to go in or not. I motioned for Scott and Stiles to go ahead before walking around to Derek’s side and pulling open the door. “Welllllll…..are you coming or not?” I asked with a smirk. He glared up at me which only made me smile. ‘He was so cute wearing my nerd glasses.’
“Do we have to?” He asked.
“Yes.” I answered before pulling him out of the car. I stared at him in pure desire as I took in an unbelievably adorable Derek. He was dressed in a blue and white plaid shirt tucked into a pair of faded blue wash out jeans and tan loafers. A solid light blue bow clung to his neck. I had managed to mess up his hair some to make him look a little less intimidating and placed a pen in the front pocket of his shirt. Needless to say, he wasn’t too happy with me. I gave him an encouraging kiss, “you are the sexiest nerd I have ever seen.” He rolled his eyes as I gave him another peck before dragging him into the party.
The party was in full swing; people dressed in an array of costumes flooded the entire house as the smell of booze and pizza wafted heavily in the air; music blaring through the speakers. I drug Derek through the crowd and over to the table set up in the far corner where a guy dressed as a condom poured drinks from the keg. “And hello there sexy.” He greeted.
“Two please.” I ordered as I drug Derek into my side.
“I feel ridiculous June.” He whispered.

“Derek, no one cares what you look like. He’s dressed as a flipping condom! You look sexy, so stop worrying.” I reasoned as I took the plastic red cups, handing one to Derek who downed it with little thought before handing it back for a refill. I looked out into the dance floor and spotted Stiles dancing with some blonde; horribly, but he was dancing. I spotted Scott standing off in a far corner, nursing a beer, as he talked to the red head dressed as a nurse. “Do you wanna dance?” I asked as Derek joined my side again. He gave me that, ‘You’ve got to be kidding me’ look and I decided to rephrase my question. “Fine. Dance with me.” I ordered as I tugged him out into the middle of the dance floor. I recognized the song to be ‘Dead Man’s Bones, Loose your Soul’ as I started to twist my hips with the music. Derek on the other hand remained froze in his place as he looked around the crowd with a scowl.

I spun so that my back pressed against his chest as I ground my ass against his crotch, wrapping his free hand around my middle as I forced him to move. He begun to lighten up as he downed his second beer, throwing the cup away, and ground his hips back against me. He nibbled on my ear as I leaned my head back and continued our dirty dancing. “June.” He whispered. “Hmm.” I hummed back, loosing myself in the feel of his grinding and the sound of the music. He thrust his hips hard against me, making me feel his erection, as he lapped at my neck.

“I’m loosing it June.” He breathed out. “I-I need you.” He said through gritted teeth. I felt the sudden sharpness digging into my hips as he let out a low pained groan. ‘Oh shit.’ I thought as I spun around to face him. He removed the glasses and I seen the swirling red of his eyes as he fought to keep control when the sound of snapping breached my ears.

“Derek?” I asked as I tried to soothe him before I was being drug out of the party in a flash. Within seconds I was standing outside as Derek hunched over and let out a yell in pain as his bones snapped again.

“June.” He huffed out as I rushed to kneel down next to him. “I n-need to…..ahhhhh……fuck!” He yelped.

“Derek, what do you need?” I asked concerned as I tried to figure out what he wanted; what was causing his change again.

“M-mate you.” He stuttered through gritted teeth as he let loose another pained cry. I was panicking with a million thoughts racing through my head before it finally dawned on me. “M-make my wolf earn you.” He ordered again.

“You have earned me.” I reasoned as butterflies fluttered through my stomach.

“Run!” He ordered with a growl; turning to face me as his eyes burned ruby red and his canines extended. My wolf recognized the order as I shuffled to my feet and took off into the tree line; excitement fueling my fire as a deep desire burned through me. ‘It’s a game.’ My conscious whispered as I felt that invisible tug again from earlier. I wound in and out of the trees, my heart racing, as a howl echoed behind me; a smile forming on my lips as the excitement of the chase spurred me faster. I felt Derek running beside me as he teased and tested me when I veered left; his deep throaty chuckle filtering through my ears as he kept pace before suddenly he was standing in front of me. I smacked into him, trying to come to a skidding stop, as we went tumbling backwards together; my back smacking into the ground hard, but the pain faded fast as the smell of his lust consumed me and I felt my wolf press closer to the surface as my eyes burned and my claws sharpened. I decided to challenge him as I used my strength and flipped him over onto his back before trying to dart off again, only to be caught and pressed back to the ground, Derek pinning my wrists above my head as he smirked.

His claws slashed at my top, scoring my breasts, before he pulled a nipple into his mouth and sucked. I moaned as pleasure pain singed my body and arched up into his mouth as he alternated between sucking and nipping before he worked his way lower; nipping at my stomach as he ripped away my skirt bottom. I screamed as he clamped down on the inside of my thigh; the pain disappearing as quick as it happened when he flicked his tongue over my clit before delving it deep inside me. “Ohhhhh…..D-derek.” I moaned as he worked me with his tongue until I was on the brink of orgasm before he worked his way back up my body and captured my lips in his. Our
canines clashed as he dominated the kiss and nipped at my bottom lip. My hands working frantically to get the fly of his jeans undone as I shoved them down his hips and ripped his shirt off. His muscles strained as he tried to keep some kind of control and lined his erection with my hole; the tip pressing against my virgin entrance.

“I don’t want to hurt you.” He managed through gritted teeth as he held back.

“I’ll heal…..please……I need you inside me.” I pleaded and bared my neck.

“Oh shit…..June…..I’m loosing it.”

“Then loose it.” I ordered as I nipped at his bicep and drug my claws over his shoulder; urging him on as I wrapped my legs around his waist. I felt the press of his cock as he begun to ease himself inside me; causing a slow burn before a lightening pain erupted through my lower half as he broke through my barrier. “Ahhhh…..shit…….” I screamed.

“June.” He gasped as he stilled.

“Move Derek….I need you to thrust…..to fill me…..gahhhh don’t stop!” I pleaded as I thrust my hips up.

“Ohhhh fuck June…..you’re so fucking tight…..” He moaned as he fully sheathed himself before pulling out and slamming back in. I felt the white hot burn of pain as he pulled back out and slammed back in again; his control slowly slipping as he dug his claws into my wrist. The smell of his lust consumed me; the feeling of his need filling me as the pain subsided and I begun to meet him thrust for thrust when he clamped down on my neck. He removed one of his hands from my wrist as he traced his claws down my side, hooking his arm under my leg as he spread me wider.

“Ahhhhhh DEERRRREK…..you f-feel so f-fucking gooooood.” I moaned as he thrusted all the way up into me; sweat beginning to slick our bodies and making it easier to glide against one another. He growled against my throat; keeping his teeth firmly sunk into my shoulder. I felt the fire pool low in my belly as I grew closer to the edge and to hold off; not wanting this to end.

“Cum June….” He ordered as he slammed back into me; driving his order home as I let out a scream of pleasure as it blazed through my body and danced off every nerve. My body shook, my mind zinged, and every thing seemed to be tilting as Derek threw his head back and howled; his cum filling me up before collapsing on top of me. I felt a renewed aching want as his dick was still firmly planted inside of me; a maddening need to milk him dry, to make him ‘mine’ before I flipped him over so that I straddled his hips. “J-June…..too sooooooooon…..” He moaned as he begun to grind my hips down onto his hardening length; feeling it grow inside of me as each roll of my hips as I pressed my palms flat against his chest and used him for support. He had made his shift back to human as he gritted his teeth from the pleasure pain coursing through his hardening cock from just coming. I leaned down and pressed my breasts against his chest; my nipples rasping along his smooth skin as I tugged at his hair and dipped my tongue into his mouth before nipping at his chin. “June…..fuck…..I don’t know….”

“Shhhhh.” I soothed with a smile as I begun to bounce my hips up and down on his cock; riding his hard length and scraping my nails down his chest as he let out a low pleasurable growl. I knew he was close to the edge and I wanted to please him, wanted him to cum hard for me. I wanted to know that he was mine, all mine, as something primal took hold. I felt my canines lengthening again as I tugged his head back; exposing the tender flesh of his neck before biting down, the taste of his blood flooded my mouth and seemed to bridge that ‘something’ together between us that I had felt missing. I felt something that felt like a knot forming in his penis; making him feel extra tight inside of me. “Derek…..you feel…..so fucking goood…..inside me…..so tight…..ohhh gawwwwd Derek!” I howled as the knot seemed to thicken that much more and lapped at the other side of his neck before biting down.

“Ahhhh……f-fuck…..I can’t……JUUUUUUUUUNE!” He screamed; his claws biting down into my hips while the other scraped down the back of my shoulder. The feeling of the hot stream of his cum, the essence of his arousal, and the powerful bite on my neck, all mixed with the feeling of being complete with him inside me spun me into another orgasm as I rode him through his; before collapsing against him in a breathless heap on the ground. I couldn’t roll off to his side as the knot seemed to keep us connected and he winced when I tried. “We’re connected June.” He breathed out
before lapping at the bite mark on my neck. Again, his licks seemed to soothe me as fatigue tugged heavily on my limp body. Muscles I didn’t know I had, hurt. “Sleep. We need to sleep.” He informed as went back to licking my wounds. ‘Sleep…..sleep sounded really good.’ I buried my face into his neck and lapped at the bite marks I had left as I listened to sound of his heartbeat combined with the sound of music echoing through the woods from the party; and couldn’t help but to smile as I listened to the song that couldn’t have fit the moment better before falling into a deep blissful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Song: Flest; by Simon Curtis

Comment please......
I groaned as I stretched my aching (but in a very good way) body against Derek, before curling back up on his chest and burying my cold little nose against his neck. My body was spent and I was beyond content with that; actually, for the first time in a long while, I was content and happy. I felt full and connected with my mate; I felt whole. “So do I June.” Derek whispered as he stroked my hair and twirled a ringlet around his finger.

“Mmmm.” I hummed back as I flicked my tongue against his neck and over his adams apple. I giggled as he traced his fingers up my spine and around my ribs; causing me to squirm as he tickled me, before rolling off onto the ground as he followed me. I tugged him down into a kiss, causing the tickling to stop, as I wrapped my legs around his waist; feeling the hard press of his erection against me.

“June….it’s too soon. I don’t want to hurt you; you need time to…. I cut him off as I placed my fingers over his lips.

“Well you don’t dare say heal….because I thought my being a werewolf and all meant I healed faster. Besides, I’m horny and now that you’ve finally caved into giving it up, I’m not about to let an opportunity, such as this one, to get it on, go to waste.” I reasoned as I slid a hand between our bodies and lined his cock with my entrance. “Now fuck me.” I ordered in a husky tone before nipping his bottom lip and thrusting my hips so that the tip of his cock entered me before he thrust the rest of the way in. I gasped at the feeling of him filling me again, connecting our bodies in the most intimate of ways.

“I think I’ve created a monster.” He whispered teasingly as he pulled out and thrust back in; long, slow strokes this time as our bodies slid against one another and he slipped his tongue into my mouth, meshing them together in perfect sync with his thrusts. I tangled my fingers through his hair as I gently rolled my hips back against him as he thrust into me; one of his hands supporting my bottom while the other twined through my free hand, pinning it to the ground. Tiny moans of pleasure escaped my lips as he kissed down my neck and sucked on my pulse point and nipped. My orgasm begun to build slowly as I felt the pressure building in my abdomen, a tiny flame that was just enough to make my entire body course with a warm soothing pulse before an electric zing of pleasure rippled through my lower half as his thrusting cock slid against a tiny bundle of nerves.

“Ohhh….Derrrek.” I moaned as he hit my G-spot again. He nipped at my neck a little harder as he continued to stroke my magic spot when it all became too much; my body begun to hum as the need to cum became overwhelming, just waiting for that final button to be pushed. And pushed it was. I came undone in flying colors as my body shook and my mind went blank; pulse after pulse of pleasure coursing through my body as Derek rode me through it and suckled my breast.

“Derrrrrrrrrek!” I moaned as I clung onto him for dear life. Derek continued to thrust into me slowly as he followed me over the edge with a strangled moan; the feeling of his cum pulsing into me was beyond anything I could describe. It was the most erotic and wonderful feeling ever. He collapsed against me in a boneless heap as his body pinned me firmly to the ground. I found his weight comforting as I gladly snuggled myself as far under him as I could describe. It was the most erotic and wonderful feeling ever. He had no freaking clue of what time it was when I finally woke; but judging by the moon, I’d say it was still pretty early. Probably around 3am. I was still lying under Derek; using his body like the worlds sexiest snuggie as he buried his face into the crook of my neck and snored lightly. I didn’t have the heart to wake him and really, I didn’t want to because he was just so warm. Instead, I listened to the music that was still echoing through the woods from the house. The party had died down considerably as more and more people begun to pass out from alcohol; but I could still hear...
voices that slurred and were muffled by the cranked up music. I listened more intently, sorting through the voices and music, and could hear moans of pleasure as people started to hook up since the party was dying down. “Mmmm.” Derek hummed against my neck as he begun to shift his weight. “Why aren’t you sleeping?” He asked. ‘How the hell did he….’ “Because I can still hear your thoughts as I sleep.” He grumbled. ‘Great!’ My thoughts weren’t even safe when he was asleep. He groaned and grunted as he forced himself off of me and onto the cold hard ground beside me. I shivered at the loss of his body heat against the chilly night air as I quickly snuggled against him as close as I could get. Derek chuckled as he wrapped his arms around me and kissed the top of my head.

“Derek?” I whispered.

“Yes June?” He questioned back.

“This isn’t going to work. I’m cold and the ground is hard. Besides, I’m not tired anymore.”

“Is that so?” He asked before rolling me over on top of his chest and kissed me.

“Mmmmm.” I hummed when he pulled away with a smile. I was captivated by that smile; it was different than the other smiles I had seen from him. This was sweet, pure and content, all teeth and it seemed to reach all the way to his eyes as those gorgeous greens seemed to glimmer.

“Do you want to go back to the party?” He asked; and I got the feeling he was actually kind of hoping that I’d say yes. I nodded my head, too caught up in the beautiful swirling green of his eyes to actually answer, as he chuckled again before tugging me down into another kiss.

Derek and I walked back to the party; making a slow trek as we were in no big hurry to get there. His arm coiled around my waist and mine around his as we fell into step together. I breathed in the scent that was his as I pulled his plaid shirt tighter around me. I had been able to salvage the spanks from my cheer costume and not much else. I wondered how Derek was doing it; walking through the bitter cold in only his jeans, though I can’t really complain because he was really fucking sexy. His chuckle vibrated against my ear as I leaned my head on his shoulder as we approached the house; Derek recoiling his arm as he grabbed the door and opened it, motioning for me to step inside. I gave him a gracious nod and giggled at his new found gentlemen ways before he wrapped his arms around my waist and lifted me up into a kiss; nipping at my lips and growling playfully as he backed against the wall. “You know….” I whispered against his lips, “If I had known that you were going to act this way after getting laid, I would have just rapped you.” I said teasingly.

“Mmmm…..would you have lured me with candy?” He asked teasingly and I giggled.

“June!” A woman’s voice screeched my name; forcing my attention away from Derek, though he still kept my feet from touching ground as he ignored who ever it was calling for me and placed kisses over my neck. “Hey! You’re still here! I thought you two had left already.” Janice explained; ignoring the fact that Derek and I were in the middle of something.

“Yea.” I managed as I tried to keep from moaning.

“And this is…..”

“Derek. Derek, meet Janice.” I introduced. Derek pulled away from my neck long enough to give her a short introductory smile before smashing his lips to mine. I groaned against his lips as I sucked on his tongue greedily; wrapping my arms around his neck tighter as I ran a hand through his hair.

“Oh….umm….it was nice meeting you Derek. I’ll just leave you guys alone now.” She whispered before finally leaving us alone. My ‘Ok’ was muffled as Derek and I continued to play kissy face before he finally sat me down on my feet again. I couldn’t help but to giggle at how playful he had become as I tugged at his hand and towards the dance floor; snagging a bottle of Jack from a passed out zombie and handing it to Derek who tilted it back and downed a good portion of it. ‘Cannibal’ by ‘Kesha’ was blaring through the speakers as Derek and I made our way into the middle of the crowd through the thinning crowd before I took the bottle back and downed the rest. Derek tugged me close to him as he ground his hips into mine and we begun to dance; the alcohol helping to loosen us up a bit as we danced horribly. I didn’t know what had gotten into my mate all of a sudden; but I liked it, as he spun me around before lifting me up and practically tossing me into the air, catching me with ease before snagging me in another playful kiss. I squealed and
wrapped my arms around him tighter as he spun again. When he pulled away, I had to do a double take to make sure I was seeing right, and stared up at the almost kid like smile on his face. I had never seen Derek so happy before. “I am happy June. I’m happy because you’re my mate…..because we’re binded. You make me feel this way; and I can’t control it.” He whispered before sitting me down and tugging me off of the dance floor and into the old kitchen strung in orange and clear Christmas lights. “You remember feeling my knot…..when we binded?” He asked now that we were in the privacy of our own company. I nodded my head; remembering the feeling of being connected to him. “June, that only happens when our wolves bind. When our souls bind.” He stated. “It means that we are true mates. That you were meant for me and I you.” I stared up into his eyes; watching them glimmer as I let what he had just said sink in. I smiled as I thought about it; my heart fluttered and butterflies danced in my stomach as I tugged him down into a kiss and sugared his face. ‘I was his ‘true’ mate. I was ‘meant’ for him.’ I kept repeating the words in my head as Derek allowed me to give him sloppy sugars. It wasn’t till the doors to the kitchen swung open and banged into the walls as Scott stumbled in, that I stopped my attack on Derek’s face.

“Scott?” Derek and I both questioned as we noted the look on Scott’s face. It was somewhere between ‘I’m drunk and tired and seriously feel like tossing it all back up after just having the best orgasm of my life.’ It was quite comical. Scott pushed past Derek and I and over to the sink filled with melting ice and a few beers; before grabbing one, popping the top with his claw, and taking a long swig. I noted the smell of sex on him as he shuffled past and to the kitchen bench where he plopped down with a satisfied smirk. “Scott? Did you….?” I trailed off as he briefly nodded his head and took another long sip of his beer; an ear to ear grin gracing his face. Derek slapped him on the back, causing him to jump, before gripping his shoulder and shaking him in a brotherly manor. I couldn’t help but to sit back and admire the two as Derek leaned down, “So, how was your first time pup?” He asked smugly.

Scott’s smile got even wider, if possible, as he nodded and slurred, “Awwwwwesome. She was…..” He trailed off as he searched for the appropriate words, “Awwwwwwwesome.” He breathed out again; clearly coming up with no other way to describe it. “Derek…..she was a pirate….a reaaaally Hawt pirate.” Scott whispered; still in a daze. Derek chuckled as he clapped Scott on the back again.

“You didn’t bite her did you?” Derek asked. Scott shook his head, “Good. Did you get her name?” He asked. I leaned against the counter as I just listened to them ‘bonding’ and smiled in admiration. “Elizabeth Swan.” Scott replied with furrowed brows; realizing that the name sounded all too familiar. Derek and I chuckled as I popped the top on two beers; handing him one as we let Scott ponder what we were laughing at. “Why does that name sound familiar?” Scott asked; more to himself than anyone. Derek and I exchanged a look before deciding that it would be more fun to just let Scott figure it out for himself. ‘Oh, I was so going to help him out tomorrow.’

“Where’s Stiles?” Derek said, breaking the silence.

“Upstairs with a slutty nun.” Scott replied absent mindedly as he continued to ponder on his one night stand’s name.

“Scott, why don’t you go out to my car and we’ll be out in a few minutes.” Derek offered.

“But….what about Elizabeth?” Scott asked.

“She’ll be fine. Go out to my car.” Derek ordered again; this time Scott obliged as he pouted out of the kitchen. Derek turned towards me and wrapped his arms around my waist; placing a kiss to my forehead before tipping my chin up to meet his amused gaze. “So, should we go see if we can pry Stiles away from the naughty nun?” Derek asked with a smirk.

“I don’t see why not. What’s the worst that could happen right? We get an eye full of something we don’t want to see? Maybe have to scratch out our eyes afterwards and avoid all contact with him for at least five years?” I said teasingly as Derek smiled before giving me a quick kiss and tugging me out and up the stairs. ‘I’d just let him go in first.’

Thirty minutes later we were on the road at 4:30 in the fricken morning. Scott was passed out in the backseat with the look of bliss on his face with Stiles leaning against him; the same look gracing
his sleeping form. ‘Thank God when Derek and I had knocked before walking in, Stiles was already passed out with a very naked, very un-nun-ish woman lying beside him.’ As it turned out, we all seemed to have had a fun night. Three of us managed to get our cherry’s popped while the other just needed a good fuck to bring him out his crabby mood. Derek smiled that sinful smile beside me as he tightened his grip on my hand and we made our way back to my house. Tomorrow….well later today…..we would pack up our stuff and head back to Derek’s. I dreaded having to leave Layla; the thought killed me as I forced my thoughts in a different direction. ‘It wasn’t like I would never get to see her again.’ It was just the fact that I wouldn’t ‘have’ her ‘with’ me all day. ‘That and the fact that I didn’t want Monica to rub off on her.’ Derek squeezed my hand; drawing my thoughts away from Monica and Layla as I glanced in the passenger side mirror, to the two sleeping idigts in the back. It sucked that they would be going back to school here soon; their vacation almost up. I was getting used to having their company around and feared that they would start to grow apart from Derek and I.

“They wont June. They’re bonded to us. We’ve taken them in as our pack and our wolves have connected with them. Weather they like it or not, they’re stuck with us.” Derek assured. I smiled at him before placing a kiss on his cheek.

“Good.” I whispered; before leaning back in my seat and staring up at the stars through the passenger window, the feeling of being whole and content consuming me, as I drifted off to sleep. “Mmmmm.” I hummed as the smell of something mouth watering drifted through my senses. My stomach growled as I forced my eyes open; a steady stream of morning sunlight shining in through the bedroom window and warming my aching body. My legs felt like jell-o and my arms were heavy as I attempted to stretch on the soft mattress.

“Gaar…” Someone grumbled as I tried to shift; realizing that it was Stiles as he laid half on, half off of me. I felt another warm body pressed against my back as it attempted to snuggle closer. I recognized the body as Scotts; the smell of his cologne and lack of tingling in my spine telling me so.

I decided to just lie in bed for another few minutes as I let last night’s events play through my head; causing a warm and heart melting feeling to wash through me. We had finally made it home at 5 am this morning; Derek and I stumbling in the door and to the bedroom where we managed to sneak in another quickie. ‘The look in his eyes as he lay beside me, propped up on one elbow, as he stared down at me. I traced my fingers along the stubble of his strong jaw, down his neck and over the bite marks that still remained, over his chest and down his wash board abs; enjoying my exploration of his body under my touch. The smile on his lips and the ruffled mess of his hair. I remembered just watching him, watching his eyes, as they swirled with desire, admiration, joy, strength, and love. Love for me. Love for his mate.’ I couldn’t help but to smile as my heart strings tugged at the thought; the knowledge that he ‘loved’ me. ‘It was enough to make a girl turn to goo, I tell you.’

Deciding I couldn’t take it any more; as the rumbling in my stomach persisted, I begun to snake my way out from underneath the sleeping teens who groaned sleepily. I realized that I was naked, but decided to say the hell with it, as they didn’t even budge or miss a beat in snoring, before climbing out of the bed and wondering over to the dresser that held all of our clothing. ‘And I do say ‘our’, because Derek, Stiles, Scott, and I each had our own drawer.’ I snagged a pair of lacy panties before hitting up Derek’s drawer for one of his long sleeved black shirts, ‘I didn’t think he’d mind’, before creeping out of the bedroom and padding sleepily to the kitchen; my bare feet scraping lazily across the cold wooden floor.

I stopped in the doorway as I took in the sight before me. A topless and mmmm so delicious Derek was cutting up pieces of peppers and onions, throwing them into the skillet with the hash browns to cook as my Dad worked on grilling slices of steaks. Layla was bouncing in her high chair to the music playing in the background; that was sitting at the end of the island between the chefs as she made a growling noise and gurgled. ‘Damn it. I wish I had my phone to snap a picture of this.’ I settled for leaning against the doorway as I pushed back my curls and watched as they worked. Derek seemed at ease as he finished up cutting the peppers and laughed as my Dad rambled on
with a story from his childhood.

“Would you like to join us Pumpkin?” My Dad asked as he stopped mid story; allowing Derek to walk away as he rushed over and gathered me into his arms as he planted a kiss to my lips. I relished the feeling of his tongue gliding against mine and feeling of his body surrounding me.

“Morning.” Derek greeted once he pulled away. “Sleep well?” He asked.

“Mmmm.....I slept wonderful. Though I would have loved to have waken up with my mate beside me.....or on top of me.” I offered before giving him a peck.

“I’m sorry.” He apologized with a smirk. “What can I do to make it up to you?” I pretend to think for a minute before answering.

“Make me a cup of ‘your’ coffee and join me in the shower after breakfast and we should be good.” I said as I ran my hands down his chest and hooked them in the waist band of his jeans; tugging him closer to me.

“Mmmm, your offer is high, but I think I can manage that.” He replied before smashing our lips together. I heard my Dad groan loud and obnoxiously.

“Pleeeease....you’re still my daughter. My little girl. Don’t scare me anymore than you two already have.” He pleaded jokingly. “I’m making a new rule; you’re not allowed to date till I’m dead.” He whispered to Layla who giggled. Derek and I managed to pull away from each other as he went over to the counter and begun to make the coffee as I wondered over to the island and hopped on top; letting my legs dangle off the edge as I poked at Layla who grabbed my fingers and tried to pop it in her mouth. “Excuse me little lady, ass off counter. They were made for glasses not little girls asses.” My Dad chided. I rolled my eyes before hoping off and grabbing Layla as we headed towards the table.

“Better?” I asked as I took a seat on the chair. He nodded when I decided to have a little fun with him.

“Juuune.” Derek warned as he shot me a look over his shoulder that said, ‘I know what you’re thinking and don’t you even dare.’

‘I dared.’ “I don’t see what the big deal is. I mean, I did give Derek a....” My words were cut off by a hand over my mouth as Derek shot me the death glare. I played innocent and batted my eyes.

“I know.” Dad stated simply; causing Derek to glare at me harder with a slightly embarrassed look.

“How?” I asked as I removed Derek’s hand from my mouth.

“June, regardless of what you may think, I’m not ignorant. The counter top is cracked and the smell of....”

“OK! I got it.” I said cutting him off. I found it just a little to gross that he could ‘smell’ that. Derek handed me my coffee before taking Layla from my arms and going back over to the counter as he pulled out a jar of baby food and begun to feed her. I sipped on my coffee as the kitchen grew silent with the exception of the low music and Layla’s gurgles. “Hey Dad?” I asked questioningly as I got up from my seat and went over to stand beside Derek; rubbing my hand over his back soothingly in way of apology.

“Hmm?”

“Are you and Mom still.....together?” I asked as I realized that Monica still hadn’t come home. I felt a tug of worry in my stomach and hated the thought that I would be the cause of my parents divorce. Dad sat his spatula down with a serious look as he came around the counter and pulled me away from Derek and into his embrace.

“Yes June, we are still together. No matter what, we always be together. Weather she knows the truth or not, she’s my mate and will always be my mate. But things will be different June. For years I have stood back and tried to give her everything she desired; but that’s going to change. Your mother and I had a long talk about things and its time for them to change. Starting with the way she treats you. Pumpkin, you have to understand that she only wants what’s best for you. She means well. But unfortunately, its not always the best way to go about it. June...” He tugged my face away from his chest, “you two are going to have to find a way to work things out. It’s going to be a lot of work and a lot of patience, but you need to find common ground with her.” I stared up into his pleading eyes. I didn’t have the heart to argue my side; because really, he was already standing
on it. Instead, I hugged him tighter.

“Ok.” I whispered into his chest. “I’ll try.”

“I know you will June. I know you will.” He whispered into my hair before pulling away. “Now, let’s finish breakfast.” He stated. I nodded my head before turning back to Derek who gave me a smile before dragging me into his arms. ‘I was getting hugged a lot today.’ But I didn’t mind.

“Mmmmm…..what smells so good?” A sleepy Stiles asked as he padded into the kitchen in nothing but his jeans, Scott following behind in the same state that Stiles was in.

“Dude, don’t talk so loud.” Scott ordered as he took a seat next to Stiles at the table.

“It seems that everyone had fun last night.” My dad said as he observed the two idjits suffering from hangovers.

“It was basically one big ‘Cherry Pop’ last night.” I said without really thinking it through. Derek groaned and shook his head before returning to Layla and grabbing her from her high chair.

“June….seriously…..” Stiles offered as he grabbed the whole milk jug from the center of the table and took a swig before passing it to Scott.

“Good thing I don’t drink milk.” Dad said as he finished up the last of breakfast. I helped set the food at the table as Derek sat down with Layla and begun to dish the food out. I couldn’t help but to smile as I took a seat next to Derek; glancing around the table at my family, my pack. My dad smiled back with a wink as he begun to dig into his omelet. ‘This, this I could get used to.’ I thought as Derek snagged a piece of my bacon playfully.

I groaned as Scott, Stiles, and Derek cracked up around the table and planted my face into my palm in embarrassment. “She came out of the hospital with this huge black and blue bruise on her ass. After that she sat on ice for a week.” My dad finished up as the men in the room gasped for air from laughing so hard.

“He has massive power of persuasion skills!” I defended as I motioned towards Stiles who held his hands up in defense; but I couldn’t help but to smile as I imagined what I looked like, flying off of Stiles roof in a sled, and landing in the tree.

“Dude, you should have seen your face. It was so worth it.” Stiles explained.

“How did you let an eight year old boy talk you into sledding off of a roof top? With no snow.” Derek asked as he was finally able to breathe again.

“Just you wait.” I warned. “Just you wait. One of these days, he’ll talk you into doing something completely stupid and then you’ll say, ‘Oh, that’s how.’ And then you’ll owe me an apology.” I teased and glanced towards my dad who had grown quiet as he stared past me. Derek’s hand wrapped around mine in a tight grip as he turned to face what ever it was my Dad was staring at; before I spun around in my seat to find Monica standing in the doorway and looking like four kinds of hell. I took a minute to look my mom over; never had I seen her so……undone…..as I did now. She was dressed in grey sweat pants with a black tank top underneath of a Nike jacket. Her hair fell around her face in wavy strands. Eyes blood shot and underlined with dark circles as she hugged her middle.

“Mom?” I questioned; afraid that something was wrong with her as I slipped my hand away from Derek’s and stood, approaching her carefully. She glanced up at me from under her locks as tears filled her eyes; before enveloping me in a tight embrace.

“June….I’m so sorry.” She apologized. I felt off kilter by her sudden apology as I hesitated on what to do. “I love you June…..so much. I never meant to hurt you.” She continued between sobs.

“Mom.” I tried as a lump formed in my throat. It had been a long time since I had felt my Mom’s arms wrapped around me and heard those three little words that every daughter wanted to hear from their moms. “I know……m-me too.” I offered as I hugged her back gently. I heard the sound of four chairs scrapping across the floor, trying to be as quiet as they could; aiming to let my Mom and I have some privacy.

“Please. Stay.” She offered over my shoulder before pulling away. I watched as she stepped around me as she reached out a hand to Derek, grasping his arm. “I owe you an apology as well. I’m sorry……” she trailed off as she chocked back against another sob, “I’m sorry that I judged you. You seem like a fine young man and I’m sure that you make my Juniper happy…..and that’s all
that matters.” I was so beyond stunned at this point as I gaped at her sudden turn around. ‘I wonder what my dad said to her that made her come around?’
“Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne.” Derek managed and inclined his head.
“Please, call me Monica.” She offered and Derek just nodded before she moved past him and to my Dad who wrapped his arms around her. I felt Derek’s arm wrap around my middle as he drug me into his side before dragging me out of the kitchen to leave my parents in peace, and still completely dumbfounded. ‘Maybe things really were getting better?’

Chapter End Notes

Song: Wolf; by Now Now
I wrapped my arms tighter around Derek’s shoulders as I locked my ankles behind his back; pulling him closer to me as he thrusted up, drawing a gasp from my throat as he slid in and out of my slick heat. The steam from the shower creating a sensual setting as water rained down over our bodies; providing us with the lube needed to glide against one another with ease as I let my head fall back against the tiled shower, exposing the tender flesh of my throat. Derek gladly took the invitation as he sucked and nipped; grinding his hard length into me. “June….look at me.” He gasped out and I was forced to open my eyes; meeting his deep swirling reds as he drove his cock, hard, into me. I gasped and bit at my lip to keep from screaming as he kept our gazes locked; connecting our wolves, I realized as I felt my eyes burn and my claws lengthen. He was drawing ‘her’ out as he slowly shifted under me. His claws dug into my thighs and ass, his canines lengthening into razor sharp points, and his ears begun to point as hair shadowed his face.

I felt my body react to his as I watched his wolf take over; my own canines protruding as the gentle tug on my tail bone begun. ‘Oh great. Here comes the dreaded tail. How sexy is that?’ I thought and suddenly became self conscious.

“Sexy, June. Let it out.” Derek ordered as he rolled his hips; causing his cock to glide against that wonderful spot. I lost all control as I moaned and threw my head back; the tugging on my tail bone intensified to it’s greatest weight as my tail emerged to its full potential. I still felt silly with it, but at the moment, I couldn’t think of why it made me feel silly as Derek pulled out and thrusted back; rolling his hips each time so that he hit that magic button.

“D-derrek….ohhhh gawwwd….” I moaned as I clawed at his shoulders for support. I felt like a runaway train as pleasure raked through my body; getting ready to go off the rails and impact into a massive explosion. “Ride me June……fuck yourself on my dick until you scream.” He ground out before biting down onto my neck; blood running down my shoulder and my chest, mixing with the water as I rolled my hips, meeting his thrusts. I felt the snap of my rib as he pressed his body harder to mine; the cracking of tiles echoing through the room as he drove his cock harder into me. My claws bit down into his shoulders as I begun to come undone; heat twisting through my insides as the seams unraveled one by one. The sound of bodies slapping mixed in the air with moans and growls as we lost control, meshing ourselves impossibly closer to one another. As Derek pulled out I tightened my inner muscles around his cock; my body threatening to spasm in delicious ecstasy at any moment. “Fuuuuck….do that again.” Derek groaned as he pumped his hard length back into me and I repeated; pulling a deep rumbling growl from his throat as he attacked my lips.

“Derrrrrrek….” I screamed as I came undone; a white light blinding my sight as I clung to his body for dear life, Derek riding me through my orgasm and the feeling of his knot connecting our bodies. I heard the tiny ‘pop’ and felt the ‘ping’ as the condom broke before Derek lost it.

“F-fuck…..Junnnne!” He howled as his body stilled inside of me. I kept my legs wrapped around his waist as he pinned me tighter to the shower wall; leaning his body against mine as we tried to catch our breath. My body felt like rubber as I forced myself to keep a tight hold on him, afraid to move because of the knot that still kept our bodies binded. I felt Derek shift under me as he lowered us to the floor of the shower; the warm water raining down on us as we waited for the knot to soften. A deep part of me felt unsatisfied, unable to have felt that erotic feeling of being filled with Derek’s seed. ‘Damn him and his new condom rule’ my wolf growled. I heard Derek chuckle under me as I forced myself away from his shoulder so that I could look at him. “June, we’ve already taken a huge risk. I don’t want to ‘give’ you anything that we aren’t prepared for.” ‘Ok, so he did have a point, but that didn’t mean I had to like it.’ Derek grunted and winced as I attempted
to shift so that my legs were more comfortable before finally stilling. I gave him an apologetic
smile before deciding to kill two birds with one stone; trying my best to reach up for the bottle of
body wash when Derek growled. “If you don’t stop moving, I’m going to swat you.”
“Do you promise?” I asked teasingly as I ground my hips; the aching wet need returning.
“Too soon. Now would you hold still?” He pleaded. I rolled my eyes before catching his lips in a
slow kiss. ‘We’d just see about that.’
I popped another piece of candy into my mouth; relishing the taste of the sweet chocolaty goodness
as I rolled it around my tongue. Derek and I had called dibs on our favorite candy, each with our
own stack. Turned out, he was more of the Reese’s Peanut Butter Cup type of guy versus my mad
love for Hershey Bars. Both Crunch Bars and Kit Kats were neutral ground; along with all hard
candy.
I folded the last bit of my cloths and placed them neatly in the duffle with Derek’s as the boys
threw theirs into a garbage bag. I made sure to double check all the rooms to make sure I hadn’t
forgotten anything before joining Derek by the front door; giving my childhood home one last look as
I tried to remember everything. I smiled, feeling better than I had in years, as I begun to put the past
behind me. This house that had once been the battle grounds between my family and I, finally had
some good memories in it too. I felt like crying as I forced myself to leave Layla sleeping in her
crib. I wanted to take her with me; she was my pack, mine. “June.” Derek whispered as he wrapped
his arms around me, drawing me into his chest as tears begun to stream down my cheek. “We’ll be
back for her. But you know for the next couple of days, she’ll be safer here.” He assured. ‘Damn
the full moon.’ Derek had informed me that tomorrow night was the full moon; the big day for
me…..and Scott. I felt nervous and strangely excited about it. I had no clue what was going to
happen; only that tomorrow night, I’d finally see what the ‘whole’ wolfed out version of me looked
like.
The sound of a bed squeaking and scraping across the floor pulled my thoughts away from the full
moon and Layla; as the disgusting realization that my parents were ‘making up’ echoed through the
house. “I’m ready!” I yelped as I grabbed a bag and headed out the door and drying my tears;
Derek and the boys hot on my heels as I hopped into the front seat of Derek’s camero. Scott and
Stiles were taking Stile’s jeep.
My nostrils flared as I took a deep breath; the bitter cold stinging my sinuses as I breathed in the
fresh air mixed with autumn leaves. ‘I’m home.’ I thought as I took in a sight for sore eyes. The
shell of the Hale home was practically calling my name. I felt a strong arm wrap around my
shoulder as Derek kissed the top of my head and we admired the place that was ‘home’ to us;
leaning against the hood of his car as Scott and Stiles joined us. I wiggled myself in front of him so
that I could lean against his chest for support and warmth as he wrapped his arms around me and
rested his chin on top of my head. He sighed, “June?” I hummed back in acknowledgment. “Do
you really want to stay here?” He asked. ‘That was an easy answer.’
“Yea. Derek, I find it comforting here. The house don’t have to be complete because…..I’m
complete. I have you and my pack. We’re binded and the house is just the icing on the cake. It may
not be much, but it’s still home.” I explained; feeling rather proud of myself that I was able to do so
without chocking.
“What if we rebuilt it?” He breathed out after a long moment of silence. I spun in his arms so that I
could meet his eyes; making sure that he had actually said it.
“Ohhh Derek!” I squeaked as I wrapped my arms around him in a strangled embrace. “Really?” He
chuckled as he pried my arms from around his waist before stroking a soothing thumb over my
cheek. I felt tears well up in my eyes again from happiness as something deep stirred in his.
“Really.” He said before capturing my lips in his. He melted into him like putty as Scott and Stiles
groaned. ‘I love you.’ His voice echoed through my head as he tugged me closer to him. ‘I love
you.’
“UMPH! ARRRRGHHH!” I screamed in annoyance as I was pinned against the tree again. ‘Fuck!
He did it again!’
“Focus June. Again.” Derek ordered as he released his hold on me and I wondered back over to my
starting point. ‘I was really beginning to hate werewolf training.’ I huffed out a deep breath as I crouched low to the ground; trying to calm the anxious feeling that was knotting in my stomach. I felt my claws sharpen and my canines lengthen as I summoned my wolf; glancing over to Scott who was crouched by his post in the same form. We exchanged nods before bolting opposite directions in lightening speed, flipping over barrels that Derek had laid out strategically, as we attempted to catch our alpha off guard again. I watched as Scott went flying through the air, Derek catching him easily, and tossing him way off to the side. I took my chance as I rushed towards him, instead of lunging like I had done the first seven times, and clipped him by his legs. I skidded to a stop and watched as Derek went tumbling head over heels before catching himself and gathering his posture. ‘AMAZING!’ I yelped as he rushed towards me; ducking low to the ground and scurrying underneath of him as his arms clasped air. ‘HAHAHA!’ I cheered before digging toes to ground as I attempted another get-a-way……and failing. I felt Derek’s strong arm wrap around my waist, spinning me in his hold, as he drug me closer to his chest and pinning me. He caught my blow with one hand as he chuckled in amusement. “Is that the best you can do?” He taunted. “I told you to ‘hurt’ me, June. Break. Me. I promise I wont get…MaaaaD!” He squealed as I kneed him in the nuts with a satisfied smirk as he crumbled to the ground and grunted in pain.

“Did I break something Derek?” I taunted back as I kneeled down next to him. Scott and Stiles were laughing their asses off as they watched Derek roll around on the ground.

“Dude! She showed you!” Scott yelled.

“Leave it to a woman to bring the big bad wolf down to his knees!” Stiles added.

“EEEP!” I squeaked as Derek grabbed my arm and drug me down on top of his chest.

“That was a cheap shot.” He said; ignoring Stiles and Scott.

“But it worked none the less?” I shot back. “Isn’t that what you wanted? For me to Break. You.”

“Mmmm. True. But as your mate, I can’t allow you to get away with hurting the goods darling.” He purred as he pulled me closer to him. “Guess who’s not getting laid tonight.”

“You wouldn’t.”

“I wouldn’t?” He mocked with that sexy smirk that said he was being a douche and he knew it. I glared at him and he only chuckled before giving me a quick peck and standing; though a little awkwardly, as he kept his legs spread a little wider than normal.

“AGAIN!” He ordered. “And this time, no cheap shots.” He added as he offered me a hand up with an amused smile. I groaned dramatically before standing up on my own. Derek turned to go back to his post and I shot Scott and Stiles a mischievous look. They nodded with a smile.

“CHARGE!” I screamed as the three of us chased after Derek. He turned in time for the three of us to smack into his chest, knocking him to the ground, as we rolled on top of him playfully.

“Hey!” He yelled, but chuckled as we wooled him to death.

“Quick! Grab something of his!” I shouted playfully as I dove for his shoes, untying them, and grabbing them off of his feet. “RUN!” I ordered as we all took off in opposite directions. I couldn’t help but to laugh as I glanced back to Derek who was deciding which one of us to tackle first. He was shoeless, shirtless, and beltless…..and I’m pretty sure someone snagged his watch too. I heard the yelp of Stiles as Derek tackled him first; followed by his ‘NO FAIR!’ I could hear Derek’s chuckle in reply.

“HEY!” Scott yelped as he joined me in a breathless heap; smile on his face and I knew he was having fun now. I noticed Derek’s shirt in his hands as he slung it over his shoulder before a growl erupted from behind us.

“SPLIT!” We both shouted as we darted off again. I giggled as Derek caught air again before heading for Scott. It wasn’t long till I heard Scott squawk as he was caught and Derek slapped him on the back of the head. ‘Now all that was left was me.’ I felt a rush of excitement as I continued to run before deciding I’d try my hand at climbing trees. ‘Hey, Derek could do it! Why can’t I?’ I tied his shoe laces together and slung them over my shoulder as I gave myself a big pep talk. ‘I can do this. How hard could it be?’ I leapt off the ground as I hugged the tree. ‘Ohhh I could only imagine what I looked like.’ How I prayed Scott was keeping Derek’s attention for a bit. I felt myself start to slip as hard bark begun to scrap up the inside of my thighs. ‘I WAS NOT! NOT….turned on
I dug my claws into the tree as I wrapped my legs tighter and pulled myself up. ‘YEA! I was making progress!’ I cheered as I continued to work my way up the tree. By the time I had made it to the first low hanging branch, my arms felt like jell-o. I took a minute to bask in the glow of my accomplishment when I heard the sound of Derek’s rapid heartbeat coming closer. I stood on shaky legs, hoping that they didn’t give out, before I took the plunge to the next branch higher up. I continued to ease myself higher into the huge old oak as I sought cover in the dwindling leaves. I couldn’t help but to give myself a big pat on the back as I felt like super ninja.

I held my breath as I watched Derek pass underneath the tree and forced myself to control my racing heart. Derek scented the air as he cocked his head and listened carefully before darting off in the opposite direction. I blew out my breath as I stifled a laugh. I was having a blast; though I knew Derek would catch me sooner or later. I leaned back against the tree trunk as I slung my legs over either side of the branch I was perched on. I was proud of all that I had accomplished in the few days. ‘Derek popping my cherry, establishing a better relationship with my dad, getting onto sturdier ground with my mom, and now, I had learned how to climb a tree!’ I was on a roll.

“Yes, you are. Now can I have my shoes back?” Derek’s gruff voice echoed closely to my ear. I jumped, loosing my balance, and yelped as I begun to tumble off of the branch. I felt his strong hands grab onto my bicep as he hauled me back up on the branch and steadied me out. My heart was in my throat as I gasped for air; almost having taken the plunge to my death. “I’ve got you.” Derek whispered as he tugged me closer to him. It took me a minute to realize that he was standing on the branch, leaning back against the tree trunk, as he hugged me to his chest.

I wrapped my arms tighter around him as I took a minute to try to calm my racing heart and swallowed around the lump in my throat. “Guess this means I’m caught, huh?” I asked. “It was a good try.” He offered with a chuckle. “And very entertaining. I’ve got to say, that was one way to climb a tree.”

“Damn it! You saw me? But I thought….” I trailed off as his laugh rumbled against my ear. “Yep. You were more ‘monkey’ than ‘werewolf.’” He teased. “Now what do you say I help you get out of the tree?” He asked. I nodded against his chest before we begun the gradual decent down.

It was five o’clock by the time we got done with the werewolf training that completely and totally KICKED. MY. ASS. Derek had drove us to the school so that we could get a quick shower; which turned into a groping fest between him and I. ‘I was beginning to realize that my showers were never really ‘clean’ ones anymore.’ Not that I’m bitching about it, because I’m totally not. I blew out a breath as I sat patiently at the table; my nerves seeming to grind against one another as I felt anxious and wound too tight. I felt bitchy and contained; and by the looks of it, Scott was too as he fidgeted in his seat and tried to tune out Stiles’ endless jabber by concentrating on his glass of water. I couldn’t help but to glare at Stiles as he continued to ramble on about werewolves before finally snapping. “STILES! Shut the fuck up for one damn minute!” I ordered as I racked my nails through my scalp; tugging at my hair lightly as though it might stop the throbbing headache. I felt Derek coil his arm tighter around me as he drug me into his side.

“Scott, let’s go. We’ll meet you out at the car.” Derek ordered softly. I forced my eyes open to see Stiles looking flushed and picked up on his speeding heartbeat. His eyes were wide as he licked his lips self-consciously and nodded quickly. “Derek, I’m fine. We don’t have to leave.” I lied as my body grew tighter. “No, you’re not.” Derek justified. “And neither is Scott. We need to leave. Stiles, Go.”

“Stiles!” I yelped before he could rush off. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to snap at you. I’m just….” “I know.” He said cutting me off and giving me a half smile before leaving.

Scott rushed out of the booth and to the car. “June, I think you should sit in the back with Scott.” I looked to him with questioning eyes as I felt a tiny flame of anger begin to burn inside of me. ‘He was choosing Stiles over me?’ “No!” He screeched. “But I think it’ll be safer if Stiles
rides up front with me. Scott’s about ready to choke him and so are you. It’s not safe for him to be pinned in the back with a werewolf on the verge of committing murder if he so much as breaths wrong.” Derek reasoned. I wanted to retort to that; to rise and bitch him out, but I knew he was thinking of the best for everyone. What was left of my rational brain registering as much. I stopped in front of the car as I turned to face Derek with a worried look. I knew I was being bitchy; but I couldn’t stop it. “Derek, what’s wrong with me?” I asked as I tried to make sense out of the two clashing sides of my brain. ‘My brain felt like a Denver Scramble.’ “The full moon, June. It’s your and Scott’s first. It makes us moody.” Derek explained as he rubbed his hands over my shoulders soothingly. “Then why aren’t you looking at the padded room right now? Because that’s seriously what I feel like.” “Because I’m a born Were. I’ve had more time to learn control over my wolf; even on the full moon.” “So you’re not going to turn?” I asked panicky. ‘What if he wasn’t going to turn with me?’ He was my mate! “June, I promise I will turn with you. I’ll be there with you and Scott every step of the way.” He assured as he tilted my chin to look him in the eye with a small smile. I felt myself slipping away into his gaze as I begun to feel calmer; wrapping my arms around his ribs as I buried my face into his chest. I felt a little better as I soaked up his strength and had a deep loathing of getting back into the car where I couldn’t draw in his soothing. “Scott?” Derek’s gruff voice echoed through his chest; a smile gracing my face as I remembered just how much I loved that sound. “Whaaaat?” Scott grumbled. “Can you ride in the front seat without killing Stiles?” I was about to pull away from his chest to stare up at him questioningly, but couldn’t pry myself away from his warmth. “Sure.” Scott grumbled as he climbed out of the car and waited for Derek and I to get in. “Here! You’re driving.” Derek announced as Stiles joined the party with his hands full of bagged food. “Really!?” Stiles yelped with a doofy expression as he took Derek’s keys. I smiled at him from behind Derek’s bicep as I kept myself plastered to Derek. “Yes. Just don’t…..” Derek trailed off through gritted teeth. “Just don’t get us killed.” He said after a moment. “Dude, I do drive and….OK! Shutting up! So Totally Shutting Up!” Stiles screeched as Derek growled. “Damn grumpy werewolves.” Stiles muttered as he placed the bags of food in the trunk before hopping in the drivers seat. I waited as Derek climbed in the back first; taking the time to admire his fine ass as I kept myself plastered to Derek. “Yes. Just don’t…..” Derek trailed off through gritted teeth. “Just don’t get us killed.” He said after a moment. “Mmmm…..we are. I guess I should work you guys harder then?” Derek teased as he rested his head against mine; the rough stubble over his jaw, scraping against my cheek as I nuzzled my nose closer to his neck. “No no. Lazy is good.” I defended. “Lazy is awesome.” “That’s what I thought.” He whispered. “Now sleep. It’ll help everyone.” “MmmmKay.” I hummed back as I yawned; the sound of his heartbeat drumming me to sleep. I felt giddy as I ran through the dark woods. The moon was full and I felt free as my bare feet crunched the dry leaves. My heart soared as I looked to the sky to see a crow cawing as it flew above me. I answered its ‘caw’ with a musical howl as I danced in and out of the trees; the moonlight making my body feel electrical. Another lone howl answered in the distance as I sped
towards the cry of my mate. Derek wasn’t far. I howled again and waited for his answer when
another howl joined in. ‘That wasn’t Derek’s.’
I pushed harder; feeling another presence that scared the hell out of me, before I saw Derek
standing in a clearing in front of his house. My heart beat faster as I rushed to him before being
enveloped in his warm embrace. He was dressed in his usual black attire, but his features were
wolfed out. ‘Beauty and the Beast.’ I thought, forgetting that I too was a beast.
“No. You are beauty.” Derek whispered into my ear. A menacing growl erupted behind me and I
turned to face the huge black snarling beast. Its eyes bled red, massive head and body, and looked
like a wolf in every sense. It lunged and I shut my eyes. I didn’t feel or hear anything; but the smell
of blood filled my senses. I opened my eyes to see the wolf had disappeared before checking over
myself. My hands tracing frantically up and down my body. Blood splattered all over my white
summer dress; covering my arms and legs. I licked my lips and found the taste of the putrid liquid.
‘It’s not mine.’ I thought before spinning on my heels to find Derek lying on the ground with his
throat torn out.
“DEREK!” I shrieked and slumped down beside him. “Derek? Derek, no! No.” I cried as I placed a
hand over his neck trying to stop the bleeding. I stared into the lifeless green eyes and begged him
to come back to me. I couldn’t figure out what happened. Why? Why was Derek dead? I tried to fit
the pieces together but couldn’t.
“June. June. June!” Someone called out. I glanced over to my right to find Scott lying face down,
choking on his blood, as the light left his eyes.
“Scott!” I yelped trying to scurry over to him only to hear my name once more.
“June.” It whispered. I spun on my heels to face Stiles lying in the same position, his side ripped
open, as the light faded from his eyes. I stood in the circle of the lifeless blood soaked bodies
before sinking to the ground and screaming as the crow sent out another caw. My chest heaved and
I begun wheezing as I collapsed to the ground; my hands covering my face as I screamed before
there was a snapping pain inside me. I hunched over, digging my claws into the ground, as bones
contorted in my body. I stared at Derek’s lifeless body; my heart aching for the loss of my mate as I
let out another pained scream; screaming for Derek. Finally the pain subsided…..the cracking
ceased and the air drew quit again as I stood on four legs and faced the ‘thing’ I had become;
staring at the sheer black wolf in the broken window when another black wolf crept beside me in
the reflection. I searched around me for the second wolf but couldn’t find any before glancing back
into the busted window to find it standing beside me. I watched the reflection as the other wolf
begun to fade into me; rage filling my veins before a howl erupted from my throat.
“June.” Derek’s voice whispered through my ear as he nuzzled closer. “June, wake up. I’m here.”
He assured. My eyes fluttered open as a tear rolled down my cheek and I snuggled closer to Derek;
brurying my face into his chest, a sickening feeling taking hold of me. “You had the nightmare
again…..didn’t you?” Derek asked and I nodded into his chest.
“I’m afraid.” I admitted honestly. “Derek.” I whispered as I leaned up on one elbow (‘I had long
since stopped questioning how he managed to move me from place to place without disturbing
me’) to stare down at him. I swallowed around the lump in my throat as he soothed his thumb over
my cheek, wiping away the tears. “I don’t think that…..I don’t think…….You and Scott can’t be
around me tomorrow.”
“I’m not leaving you a lone and that’s final.” He stated firmly.
“Derek, I don’t think you have a choice. Something bad is going to happen. I can feel it.”
“I don’t care. If something is going to happen; I’m going to be there. No matter the consequences
June. I won’t leave you to change a lone on your first full moon. You’re my mate and I will never
leave you. Now push the notion out of your head.”
“But…”
“NO! Now drop it.” He ordered with a growl; setting his words into stone, as he held my gaze. I
dropped my eyes away from his; realizing that he was proving his dominance over me before
drooping down onto his chest. I didn’t bother to hold back my tears, (I couldn’t if I tried) as they
pooled on Derek’s chest. He wrapped me into a tight embrace as he drug me on top of him so that I
could bury my face into the crook of his neck. “June, I promise I won’t let anything bad happen to you.” He whispered calmly and I just sobbed harder.
“I’m not worried about me Derek. I’m worried about you and the boys. I’m scared…..for you…..for them. I can’t loose any of you. Especially you. I love you too much Derek.”
“I love you too June.” He said as he pulled me away from his chest; meeting my tear ridden eyes with his softer greens. I felt instantly soothed as a deep fuzzy feeling took hold. “I promise you June; I won’t let anything happen to any of us. I promise.”
I sighed and forced a smile; knowing that there was little more that I could do. Derek was done talking about the subject and I could tell by the look in his eyes that it was final. Instead, I settled for resting my head against his chest and wrapping my arms around him tight as fatigue tugged at me once again. Falling back into the blackness with the nagging feeling that Derek would break his promise.

Chapter End Notes

Song: HO Hey; by The Lumineers

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE COMMENT! I BEG YOU!
“YOU FUCKING DUMB ASS!” I roared before shoving Scott backwards. “You’re the dumbass!” He shot back before shoving me. “Oh, it was on!” I grabbed him by the shoulders as we went rolling through the dirt; roaring our rage and snapping our teeth at each other.

“Hit her again! OH OH! SLUG HIM JUNE! YEA! IN THE NUTS, IN THE NUTS! DUDE! YOU’RE GETTING YOUR ASS KICKED BY A GIRL!” Stiles instigated from the sidelines. “Who’s side are you on?!” We screeched at the same time as we continued to fight; I delivered a blow to his side before grunting as he returned the favor to mine. The sound of a loud angry roar stopping us mid blow as we shuffled backwards in the opposite direction of each other. “What the fuck is going on here?!” Derek demanded as he inserted himself between the two of us. I blinked up at him from the ground before averting my eyes as he gave me a stern demanding gaze. “He started it.” I answered meekly; knowing that it sounded childish, but it was the only answer I could form right now.

“What?! I did not! You’re the one who fucked up! I had the deer….” “No! I told you that I had it and you got in the way!” I shot back as my hackles raised on end in defense.

“Enough!” Derek ordered. “What are you guys talking about?” I sighed before being tugged up to face Derek as he dusted me off, giving me a questioning look as he waited for me to answer. “Scott and I wanted to surprise you this morning and we didn’t want to wake you. We were both feeling itchy in our own skin and hungry as hell. So we decided to try and hunt…….but as you can see, we failed yet again.” I said; truly saddened by the loss. I was really hoping to have caught the damn thing. ‘I want to prove to Derek that I can do this……be a real werewolf like him.’ I felt Derek wrap his arms around me tight as he kissed the top of my head. “We wouldn’t have if you just stayed out of the way.” Scott mumbled as he stood and dusted himself off.

“I told you I had him! You were the one who got in my way.” I shot back; peeking over Derek’s bicep to see Scott sticking his tongue out at me, returning the favor by sticking mine out at him. “How old are you two?” Derek mocked with a sigh as he pulled away to stare down at me. “Look, the both of you need to cut it out. We were both feeling itchy in our own skin and hungry as hell. So we decided to try and hunt……but as you can see, we failed yet again.” I said; truly saddened by the loss. I was really hoping to have caught the damn thing. ‘I want to prove to Derek that I can do this……be a real werewolf like him.’ I felt Derek wrap his arms around me tight as he kissed the top of my head.

“We wouldn’t have if you just stayed out of the way.” Scott mumbled as he stood and dusted himself off.

“I told you I had him! You were the one who got in my way.” I shot back; peeking over Derek’s bicep to see Scott sticking his tongue out at me, returning the favor by sticking mine out at him. “How old are you two?” Derek mocked with a sigh as he pulled away to stare down at me. “Look, the both of you need to cut it out. I’m sure it was neither of your faults; but your wolves are on edge today and it won’t do any good for the two of you to go at each other’s throats.”

“Why are you staring at me? Tell him.” I snapped and tried to pull away from him; but he wasn’t having that as he kept me firmly planted in my spot.

“I am. But you’re an alpha and I want you to keep in mind that you’re the more responsible one.” He reasoned as he tugged me back to him. Just to be a pain in the ass, I stuck my tongue out at him. He moved quickly, snagging my mouth with his as he sucked my tongue between his teeth and nipped lightly.

“Not that I don’t find your eating each other’s faces off interesting, buuuuut I’m still hungry and the deer is long gone.” Scott said. So, to be a pain in the ass, I pulled Derek closer as I wrapped my legs around his waist and sucked him deeper into my mouth, before pulling away and resting my head against Derek’s.
“I think I found my breakfast.” I hummed and nipped at his chin.

“Oh FOR THE LOVE…..”

“Stiles, go get breakfast. Scott, get lost until he comes back.” Derek ordered with a growl as he dug his hands into my ass.

“Why can’t I go with Stiles?”

“Because you’ll kill him.”

“No I won’t!”

“Scott.” Derek said impatiently. “Go with Stiles, I don’t fucking care. But if you hurt him, I’ll have to kill you.”

“Favorite much?” Scott shot back and Stiles smiled a doofy grin; slapping Scott on the shoulder.

“Awww…..don’t take it the wrong way buddy. I’m just extremely likable.”

“No! He’s a human, that’s why. If you hurt a human, then I have to kill you.” Derek said; ignoring Stiles.

“Huh?”

“OH FUCK IT! Just go with Stiles and if anything happens, I’ll kill you both!” I screeched. They exchanged a glance before Derek growled warningly; sending them shuffling off, grumbling about how Derek and I do nothing but fuck. I was about to retort to that when Derek cut me off with a kiss, lying me down on the ground before ripping off my cloths in a mad rush. ‘Well well, someone’s impatient.’

“You weren’t there when I woke up to get my morning fuck.”

“Hey, I was hunting for you buddy. Slaving away out here in the woods so that you would have food on the table when you woke up. And what do I get? Bitched at! You should be a little more….OW! What was that for?” I asked; rubbing my shoulder where he bit me.

“For being a pain in the ass. Now if the next words out of your mouth aren’t ‘FUCK ME HARDER’, my next bite goes on your ass.” He warned as he flipped me over, spreading my legs and seating himself between my thighs.

“That could be…..OW! Now you’re just being a…..OWW! Would you stop do……OWWWW!”

‘FUCK!’ He actually bit my ass three times! ‘Dick.’ “OWWW! What was that for? OWWWWWW! FINE! Just fuck me!” He growled in satisfaction as he lined his cock with my entrance before slamming into me. “Ahh…..f-fuck.” I felt a stinging strike on my ass, a loud ‘SLAP’ echoing through the woods, as Derek spanked me.

“What did I say?” He growled in my ear; leaning over my back and slamming into me again. I buckled to my elbows, digging my claws into the ground, and moaned in response when I felt another slap delivered to my ass. “What did I say?” He growled again and delivered another swat as he buried his cock balls deep into me; holding his position and swatting me again. I yelped as heat begun to flare through my bottom in a pain pleasure sensation.

“FUCK me Derek! P-Please, fuck me harder.” I begged; finally sensing what he was trying to convey, his dominance. He wanted to dominate me. I felt the rush of excitement at being dominated by him; actually enjoying the pain pleasure that he delivered with each smack and bite to my neck. He pulled out before slamming back in, repeating in quick strokes. I couldn’t move; he kept my hips pinned between his hands, as he thrusted into me violently. I felt myself begin to lose control; tipping dangerously close to that wonderful edge, when he flipped me over suddenly so that I was on my back and his hands pinning mine above my head. I wrapped my legs around his waist and angled my hips when he slammed into me again, sliding across that magic button that had me writhing underneath of him. “Ahhh…..D-Derek……p-please…..” I begged. He rolled his hips, pulling out slowly, before thrusting back in hard; sending a sharp spike of pleasure through me. I felt the beginning of his knot forming with each thrust; forcing my eyes open to see Derek purged above me, shaking and covered in a light sweat, canines bared and glowing red eyes, trying to hold back his wolf. “Derrrek….d-don’t……hold back. P-please.” He growled in response before losing control and plowing balls deep into me. My head spun from the sheer force and I felt a snapping pain in my wrist that he held pinned to the ground; the pain subsiding almost immediately as he
repeated his frantic thrusts. “DEEEEERRRRRRREK!” I cried as the fire in my stomach erupted into an explosion; burning through my veins red hot as I came. My body hummed as Derek thrusted once before growling my name; falling atop of me as he gasped for air, his knot keeping our bodies bonded.

“Fuck……that was……” He trailed off; trying to find the right words between panting breaths. “Fucking Great!” I filled in for him and wrapped my arms around him tighter. He chuckled and nipped at my throat and I couldn’t help but to wonder what had gotten him sooo…..dominant.

“The full moon.” He answered simply before licking at the bite wounds on my neck. I hummed approvingly as I enjoyed the after-glow; but I was unable to stop the sinking feeling in my stomach that the full moon was going to bring a lot more than hot dominant sex. Something that I didn’t want to think about it.

Two hours later, Derek and I finally emerged from the woods. It had taken an hour for his knot to shrink, thirty minutes of hashing out the ‘we did it again without protection’ fight, and another thirty giving him a blowjob to get his mind off of the ‘we did it again without protection’ fight. I could smell the scent of bacon and pancakes on the breeze coming from the house; my stomach growled in anticipation, causing me to walk a little faster as I drug a slightly worn Derek behind me.

“Look who it is! You two could finally pull away from sucking face long enough to actually eat food?” Stiles said in way of greeting; quirking an eyebrow snidely as he shoved a piece of bacon in his mouth.

“That’s not exactly what I was sucking.” I mumbled as I plopped down on the porch and grabbed some pancakes, rolling them up and relishing the delicious taste. I couldn’t help but to smile as the guys groaned at my choice of words.

“So what is the plan for tonight?” Scott asked around a mouth full. The three of us turned to stare at Derek who stopped mid bite before placing the pancake down with a sigh.

“So far……..for everyone to stay alive.” He said darkly. I felt the sickening twist in my gut again; realizing that he was just as worried about tonight as I was.

“You know, that’s not really reassuring.” Stiles chimed in. Derek sighed again, running a hand through his hair, before turning to stare at me. I couldn’t read his expression; but I saw the doubt swirling deep in his eyes. He gave me a small smile, meant to be reassuring, (it wasn’t) before turning his attention back to Stiles.

“You have to leave tonight Stiles.”

“Whaaa?”

“It’s just until I can teach Scott and June how to control themselves on the full moon. You can come back in the morning.” Derek assured.

“What the hell am I supposed to do all night?!” Stiles squealed.

“Whatever you want. Just as long as it’s far away from here.”

I couldn’t help but to feel bad for Stiles; the hurt look in his face making me want to tell him he could stay. That he wasn’t being left out. I knew that that was what he was feeling. ‘Left out.’ I watched as the hurt turned more aggravated as he screwed his face up, tossing his pancake down on the plate, before standing and practically stomping off of the porch. Derek sighed beside me and shook his head as he watched Stiles hop in his jeep angrily before spinning tires to get out of the drive.

“Stiles!” Scott yelled after his best friend as he chased after the jeep; failing to keep up with Stiles as he slumped over in the middle of the drive in defeat.

“He’s hurt.” I said.

“He’s temperamental; like the rest of us.” Derek added dryly. I gave him a questioning look. “We accepted him as pack, June. He’s got three wolves around him all the time. Our wolves have connected to him the same as they have to Layla. It’s only natural that we’ve rubbed off on him. He’s feeling the effects of the moon the same as us; not quite as strongly as we do, but he feels it none the less. Give him some time……he’ll cool off.” He assured as he resumed eating. I was about to question him further when the sound of angered steps stomped up the porch behind me followed
by a low snarl.
“Way to go you prick! You hurt his feelings!” Scott growled; casting an agitated glare towards Derek, claws beginning to grow as his eyes shifted to glowing hazel.

Derek stood, dragging me up with him as he shuffled me behind his back. “Derek!” I screeched as I grasped at his bicep; trying to pull him back out of his defense mode. ‘Scott and I fighting was one thing; but fighting with Derek was another.’ He growled menacingly, shooting me a glare over his shoulder as he curled his lips back over his razor sharp canines. I felt my wolf curl in on itself as I took a step back and drew my hand to my chest like it had been burned; the red of Derek’s eyes, forcing me to cast mine down. I could feel the power rolling off of him in waves; the danger that he could be to anyone who dared disobey him today. It was like a whole-other side of Derek that I’d never saw before. One that I don’t particularly care if I ever see again. ‘This is so not good.’

“Back down Scott.” He ordered in a voice that wasn’t quite his; this was way deeper and held an edge of danger to it. I glared past Derek’s shoulder to Scott; giving him a worried look that was also meant to bring him back to a rational state of mind.

“Fuck you Derek!” Scott yelled; ignoring me completely as he charged towards Derek. I yelped and barely stepped out of the way as the two crashed through the side of the house. ‘FUCK!’ I cursed as I took in the newest gaping hole in the shelled house. ‘Now we were going to have to fix that!’ FUCKING WOLVES!

My attention was drawn back to the current situation as loud angry growls echoed through the house; the sound of things crashing ringing through the woods. ‘Great. This was just fucking wonderful.’ I hurried inside the new entrance, following the sound of angry wolves, before coming to a screeching halt as I took in the site. Derek had Scott by the throat, suspended in mid-air, before throwing him half way across the room; sending him crashing into the wall as an old dilapidated beam fell from the ceiling atop of Scott.

“STOP!” I screeched; finally finding my voice and courage again as I stopped Derek’s progression towards Scott, rushing past him, as I pushed the fallen beam off of his back. Scott groaned before wincing as he tried to move. “Oh My God Scott! Are you alright? Jesus.” Scott groaned again before glaring past me and curling his lips back over his canines again. I spun to find Derek stalking towards us; still wolfed out. “NO!” I ordered as I stood up again; blocking Derek from Scott.

“Get out of my way! He challenged me!” Derek ordered as he attempted to crowd me and stare me down. I knew I should step down; the sudden tightening in my throat and shudder down my spine telling me so. But I couldn’t let Derek harm Scott anymore. He was pack and I’m alpha female. I had to bring Derek back.

“And you proved your dominance Derek! Now let it go.” I ordered back as I held my ground and stared up at him. I watched as his nostrils flared in anger; his eyes boring into mine and glowing so red, I felt like I was about to cry.

“Move June.” He growled low in his throat.

“No.” I said around the lump in my throat; my voice lightly trembling.

“Juuuuune.” He growled again.

“Derek.”

“I don’t want to hurt you.” His voice wavered slightly and I could see the visible signs that he was trying hard to reel in his anger. The smell of blood permeated my senses. I glanced down to find a steady stream of blood running from the palm of his hand and landing on the floor.

“You won’t.” I said surly as I turned a softer gaze up to him and bared my neck; daring to take his hand in mine as I wedged my fingers underneath of his so that he wasn’t digging his claws into his palm anymore. “But Derek, you can’t hurt Scott anymore.”

“June.” He said through a sigh; clenching his teeth as he tried to create another form of pain to bring himself back.

“Derek, you’ve shown him whose boss. Now lets’ let it go.” I reasoned as I forced down the rest of my fear as I reached up my free hand to his face; soothing my fingers over the rough stubble on his
cheek before trailing it down to the back of his neck and messing with his hair. I stepped closer to
him and wrapped his arm around my waist so that I could trace loving strokes over his jaw. I
smiled when I felt the tension begin to leave his body as he slowly morphed back to my non-crazed
mate before giving him a quick peck on the tip of his nose.
Scott groaned from the floor behind me as he tried to pick himself off of the floor. I pulled away
from Derek, but kept my hand firmly latched with his, as I turned back to Scott and wrapped my
free hand around his bicep to tug him up.
“Scott……you ok?” I asked as I steadied him with one hand.
“I’m fine.” He bit. “I’m just fucking fine…..Ahhh.”
“Here” Derek offered as he dropped my hand and went around to Scott’s other side; lending him his
shoulder for support. “We’ll get you upstairs.” Scott only grumped for a moment before giving in
and putting his weight on us as we begun the slow trek up the stairs and to the bedroom. We
lowered him to the makeshift bed before he dropped off into a nap.
I let out a sigh of relief; getting ready to plop down next to Scott and join in for a nap when Derek
cought me. He drug me into his chest and held me tight. “I want you to myself for a little while.”
He whispered when I felt the ground slip from under my feet as he carried me back down the steps,
out the door, and to his car. I slid in the back first, Derek following behind, before crawling into his
lap as I rested my head on his shoulder. He hummed in contentment as he slid his hand under the
back of my shirt and rubbed. ‘And oh gah! If felt so good.’ He chuckled as he worked out a knot in
the middle of my back. “June?”
“Hmm?” I hummed back as I arched into his touch. ‘Mmmmm. So good.’
“I’m proud of you.” He stated simply.
“For what?” I asked through a lazy gasp; my mind too boggled with pleasure from his pampering.
‘Gah the man had magic hands.’
“For what you did back there. Standing up to me and pulling me back.”
“Mmmmm…….that’s what mates are for, right? I mean, ohhhhhhhhh……..” I hummed as he hit
another knot and begun to work it out, “you’re always pulling me back from the edge of insanity.” I
reasoned as I arched into his touch before nipping at his jaw. “Now let’s forget that it ever
happened. Hmm?”
“June, it’s not that……”
“Don’t you dare say easy; because the last time I checked, nothing since being bitten has been
easy…….well except me.” I said with a playful smile. Derek grinned down at me before placing a
kiss to the tip of my nose. “So? What do you say? Let’s forget that it happened and sleep.” He
hummed agreeing before lying back; dragging me down with him as I rested my head in the
crevise of his neck and dropping off into nothing.
It was 3pm by the time I stirred from my nap; feeling restless and antsy once again as I fidgeted
against Derek who was already awake. It didn’t take long before we were both stripped of clothing
and fucking the excess energy out of our bodies. ‘But one could only screw so many times before
eventually getting fucked numb, quite literally.’ Four hours of nothing but pure, raw, unbridled sex
and I’m pretty sure you’d be putty too.
I traced my fingers in a heart-shaped motion across Derek’s chest as he lye completely still;
humming in contentment as I placed a kiss to his shoulder. Our bodies were glued together with
sweat, a light sheen glistening against our skin as day light begun to fade outside of the car. Hand
prints, (I had tried to do my best imitation of Titanic……..and failed miserably) covered the fogged
windows. But that was the least of his cars problems. Thanks to some heavy thrusting; the front
passenger seat was now broke and lying against the dash. The back of the driver’s seat, along with
the whole backseat itself, had some pretty impressive claw marks. Stuffing littered the floor like
snow and stuck to our bodies.
“Derek?” I whispered.
“What?” He grumbled.
“My body feels tight again.” I informed as I fidgeted uncomfortably; trying to ease the growing
discomfort. He sighed and groaned as he forced himself into a semi sitting position.
“I can go down on you again.” He offered with a small smile.
“For once, I can honestly say, that if you go near that part of me, I will kill you. I’m not even sure if I’ll be able to walk tonight.” I warned and he chuckled; but I couldn’t help to notice the tiny hint of disappointment that gleamed in his eyes before he sighed and tucked my head under his chin.
“Derek?” I questioned again.
“Huh June?”
“I feel funny.”
“How?” His voice had dropped to the low serious tone again and I felt myself shudder.
“Like my body is on fire and I feel sort of light headed.” I whispered and pulled away from Derek; leaning over the driver’s seat and shoving the door open in a frenzy to try to get some cool air. I felt Derek’s hand soothing over my back before flinching away and hanging even further over the seat.
“It’s starting.”
“It is? But it’s not even night fall yet!” I screeched suddenly alarmed as I looked to sky that seemed to grow further away. ‘Aw fuck! Here comes the damn tunnel vision again!’ Gah!
“It doesn’t matter. The moon’s presence is close enough to begin the change.” He informed. I heard him pulling on his pants before feeling queasy as he rocked the car.
“Ugh…..stop rocking the car. I’m gonna be sick.” I informed as I covered a hand over my mouth to try to keep from chucking before hustling over the seat and out of the car completely; falling to the ground and proceeding to dry heave.
“June, it’s only going to get worse.” He assured as he held my hair back.
“Ohhhhh the joy……..vwuck!” I grumbled through another dry heave. “Did this happen to you?” I asked as I tried to focus on something, anything other than heaving.
“No. I was born a werewolf, remember? My body was used to the wolf that I held caged in. It’s worse for you because you used to be human, June. You’re body wasn’t made for a change that’s so powerful.”
“That’s real re-assuring. You couldn’t just lie to me this once?” I grumbled before I felt an odd rippling sensation running up my spine and giving me goose bumps. ‘Huh, that probably wasn’t a good sign.’
“AHHHHHH-Uhh-ahhhahaha!”
My attention snapped up to the bedroom window where Scott’s cry echoed out; another pained cry following the first. I tried to jump, to lunge myself towards the house so that I could help Scott, but crumbled to the ground instead; unable to stand strait as I tried again. It was as if my body had locked up. I felt Derek’s arm curling around my middle as he tried to pull me to his chest; but my body just wouldn’t move.
“D-derek……go help Scott-h.” ‘Did I just lisp? What the fuck?’ I traced my tongue down the long pointy canines that had started to protrude before licking across the sharp jagged ends of my other teeth.
“I don’t want to…..”
“Go help Thott-h!” I ordered as another pained cry rung out from the house. He hesitated for a moment before growling in agitation as he darted into the house. I felt the heavy tug on my tailbone as my tail begun to grow and tickled the backs of my knees; my claws digging further into the ground beneath me as I felt another ripple up my spine before letting out a cry as I felt a snapping pain in my ribs. My body begun to shake as ripple after ripple of pain racked through me; my senses becoming painfully alert.
I could hear the pounding of my heart in my ears; feel it beating painfully in my chest. I could smell blood and taste it as I bit down on my tongue. I was beginning to regret my decision to have Derek help Scott as I grunted in pain again before feeling a powerful tug. It felt like something was calling me to the forest, inviting me to run to it. And then I saw it; the first tiny glint of the moon shining from just behind the tree-line. Suddenly, the world faded into the background. I heard no noise except for the powerful surge of blood pumping as I took off into the woods; my wolf finally free from her confines.
Chapter End Notes

Please Comment.
Scotts’ cries grew further away as I pushed myself further into the woods; leaving behind my pack as I hurried towards the glorious orb in the sky. It’s tug on me, stronger, calling me to it like a drug I was desperately craving. My body shook with the excitement and I could practically taste it’s silvery glow; the power that it held over me. Goose bumps prickled against my skin each time I would run through a stray stream of light and I couldn’t help but to giggle. For the first time, I felt free; truly free. I couldn’t stop the race of my heart or the adrenaline that coursed through me with each step that brought me closer to its power.

Branches scratched my naked body; twigs barely snapping under the feather light steps of my feet as I seemed to glide naturally through the thick underbrush. ‘Why had I never done this in the past?’ I briefly wondered before coming to a halt. I had reached the end; staying hidden in the trees as I gazed out to the open cliff before me. The moon hung high in the sky just at the edge and I could feel the warming strength that gathered there. Energy surged, pulsed, and welcomed me to the clearing as I slowly stepped out from the tree line. The bright glow bathing one leg at a time as I eased into it; relishing the feel against my skin that felt strangely like satin wrapping around me and pebbling my nipples even harder.

Reaching the edge, I watched the city in the valley beneath. Everything seemed to be blanketed in a soft sheen of pulsing red. I could hear the sound of several car alarms going off; along with the low hum of different chatter, the scent of wood-smoke carrying heavily on the breeze. Tilting my head, I turned to stare at the thing that had drawn me here. But instead of being casted in red, it glowed a low dim blue. ‘Interesting.’

Suddenly, I felt butterflies, a kneading fire that burned low in my belly before working its way to my chest. My throat begun to itch and tickle with the strange new sensation before tilting my head back and letting out an earsplitting howl that lasted a good minute; before slumping over to the ground and catching my breath, chuckles rumbling between.

It wasn’t long ‘til I heard my answer; my mates much stronger howl echoing through the woods. Peeling back my lips over my razor sharp teeth, I smiled; a primal animalistic need taking control of me once more before taking off back towards the house. I howled again; this time for exact location when I heard Scotts’ low howl as he headed towards me. It wasn’t long when I felt Scott running beside me; flashing teeth in a wicked smile as he returned it. I couldn’t help to notice he was also naked, but like me, he didn’t seem too bothered by it.

We yipped back and forth; words that I formed in my head coming out as whimpers and growls, unable to really vocalize human thoughts. We nudged each other out of the way playfully as we ran when we heard Derek’s beckoning howl; calling us to him. I felt a rush of excitement as I grew nearer to the house; a deep tingling running up my spine and giving me goose-bumps.

Derek’s howl echoed again before I finally saw him. A tall, chiseled, handsome black wolf standing on the porch before descending the steps to stand tall and proud in the middle of the yard. Scott blew by me as I stopped short; taking a moment to really look at my mates new form. Sure I had seen Derek completely wolfed before; but that had only been once, and when I had my attention on something else. But now, I took a moment to really admire him. The way his sleek black fur shown in the moon light and looked so soft. Or the way he stood with his chest puffed out and his paws firmly planted on the ground. The red of his eyes swirled with pride and strength. ‘He was an alpha in every since of the word.’

I couldn’t help but to glance down at my much less, unimpressive, form. I still stood on two human legs; though I had sprouted some pretty nasty looking claws on my toes. My hands held a matching set of razor like claws and I could feel the brush of softness against the backs of my knees as my
tail twitched. Glancing up to one of the broken windows, I discovered my mouth had grown quite full of pearly white sharp teeth. My eyes were glowing that eerie ice blue and if I’m not mistaking, I’m pretty sure that was the tip of my ear sticking out from beneath my curls that now extended to my butt. I felt sorely disappointed and let down. I had wanted so badly to be like Derek. I wanted to be that gorgeous creature and run with him like wolves do.

My attention turned back to Derek who let out a big heaving sigh as he shook his head. ‘What?’ I questioned defensively to which I was rewarded with an eye roll. I made the rest of the way to Derek; reaching out a hand I curled my fingers through his soft silky fur, enjoying the feel when suddenly I had the urge to pat him on the sides and ruffle it like you would a dogs’. I wasn’t surprised when I was received with a glare and a low snarl, warning me not to do what I was thinking about doing. ‘Too bad! I dos it!’ I ruffled his fur before shaking his sides; catching the way his muscles twitched when I ran my nails down his sides, I smiled to myself realizing he was actually enjoying it. ‘Ohhhhh, you’re so caught.’ His glare only deepened which made me laugh as I praised him with ‘Who’s a good boy? Derek’s a good boy! Oh you like that don’t you?!’

The next thing I knew, he was shifting beneath my touch. Bones rippling back to form a human skeleton as hair shed from his body and a growl rumbled through his chest. It wasn’t the menacing one that had scared the hell out of me today. This was the wolf purr-growl that said he was playful or horny. ‘Which really, playful always became horny now that I think about it.’ I tried to dart away when I felt his arms wrap around my waist as he hauled me into his chest.

“Huh uh! You asked for it.” He warned teasingly before covering his lips over mine. I melted into the kiss as I pressed myself against his body for warmth. ‘Ohhhh it felt like forever since I had kissed him.’ His glare only deepened which made me laugh as I praised him with ‘Who’s a good boy? Derek’s a good boy! Oh you like that don’t you?!’

Scott growled from beside us; and for a moment I thought he was growling at Derek and I until Derek abruptly pulled away and hurried me behind his back. I felt my stomach dip to my toes as a sickening feeling took hold of me. ‘All this had been too easy; too good.’

There were two continuous growls echoing from the woods; two pairs of glowing red eyes that glowed with hatred as the wolves slowly crept from the shadows. Derek tugged Scott back, away from the approaching beasts that licked their lips. The first alpha was small and black with silver streaks running through its coat; but was clearly the one leading the attack as it rounded in front of the much more impressive sized grey one.

“You’re trespassing on my territory.” Derek growled; baring his teeth. The black wolf stopped circling before standing tall and puffing out it’s chest; causing a glint from something shiny, hanging on a necklace I hadn’t noticed before. A wolfish grin tugged at its lips while the look of a killer gleamed in its eyes. It was then that I connected the dots. ‘Allie.’ I remembered that same look from my previous encounters with her.

I stepped out from behind Derek; taking my place beside him, much to his dismay, and stood my ground. “You heard my mate Allie. Get the fuck out.” I demanded. She turned her attention to me then and I watched as she begun to shift; her eyes never leaving mine. Hair fell away from her body, paws turned to hands, and her muzzle morphed to form her beautiful face.

“Well, look at you June. Not so pretty after all, are we?” She prodded; devilish grin tugging at her lips. I glared at her and when I didn’t respond, she pressed on. “What? Nothing to say. That’s because you know it’s true.”

“Stop insulting my mate, cunt.” Derek growled; hand tightening around mine. I squeezed his back.

“It’s alright.’ I soothed; knowing deep down that it wasn’t really ok. While the wolf in me said fuck her, my human side still felt wounded by the amount of rage she felt towards me.

“Are you going to talk me to death, Allie? Because I have more important things I could be doing right now.” I shot back; realizing that she had interrupted what could have been the best sex yet. ‘I mean come on, I had yet to have sex with Derek, fully wolfed out!’

“I know what you could be doing right now. If you remember, I could have had it to. But then you took him away from me.”

“He brought it on himself Allie!” I shouted because I was getting really tired of this argument. “He
was sick and fucking psychotic! I’ve apologized a hundred times for his death and I’ve tried to be reasonable. But my patience is wearing thin and I told you the last time, the next time we meet, I would kill you! Don’t make me keep that promise Allie.” I pleaded.

“You won’t have to; after I’m finished with you.” She growled before grabbing the tiny vile hooked to the chain around her neck and tossing it to my feet where it busted; a big cloud of purple sparkling dust bursting into the air. I heard Derek scream my name as I coughed; the unknown powder burning my lungs when I felt myself begin to faint.

“Derek.” I whispered before falling to the ground when there was nothing more.

Growls roared and echoed around me; causing my already pounding head to throb that much more as I tried to force my eyes open. The world spun around me but from what I was able to make out, Derek and Scott were fighting against Allie and the other wolf. I tried to stand up but my legs refused cooperate and I went tumbling back to the ground. Fuck. I groaned as I tried desperately to get up and help when there was a loud yelp; drawing my attention the wolf fight where I watched in horror as Scott dropped to the ground with his throat slashed.

“SCOTT!” I screamed as I tried to stumble over to him. Derek, who had had Allie pinned in wolf form, turned to Scotts aid when suddenly he roared in pain as Allie took advantage of the moment; her claws reaching out and catching Derek by the throat. “NOOO!” I screamed as Derek stumbled to the ground; his body slowly morphing back to that of human form. “Derek!”

I fell to the ground beside him, pulling his head into my lap, as I tried to put pressure on his throat to stop the bleeding. “Derek, no. Please.” I begged; watching the light in his eyes beginning to fade.

“June.” He whispered back before closing his eyes. I listened to his heartbeat dropping off slowly as tears streamed down my face freely.

“Derek, no. You can’t leave me. Please, come back.” I begged; hugging him tighter to me.

“June!” Stiles’s voice screamed to me, but I was too pained to look when the sound of his yelling drew my attention towards him where I watched as he threw himself on top of the grey wolf; a butchers knife in his hand that he plunged into the wolfs side.

“Stiles!” I yelled after him; noticing an odd glimmer in his eyes that were gleaming like hollow moons as he went mass butcher on the wolf before being ripped off by Allie who grabbed him in the side and dragged him to the ground. “NO!” I screeched; flinging myself through the air and on top of Allie. I welcomed my wolf to the surface when I felt the burning in my eyes and my claws begin to grow; growling and crouching down as I waited for her to make the first move. “Come on bitch.” I taunted; my voice coming out as a beastly growl.

She lunged at me and I side stepped out of her way before grabbing her by the back of the neck and wrapping my arms around her throat. I drug her backwards and pinned her to the ground; using both her rage and mine to my advantage as I let all other thoughts go and just focused on killing on her. I felt the clamp of her teeth on my arm, causing me to roar in pain, before punching her and using my claws to shred down her side when she cried.

Her body had morphed back to human form as she tried to defend herself against my throws. I saw nothing but red as my anger boiled over to the point where I wasn’t paying attention anymore and just continued to beat the hell out of her; when suddenly, everything stopped. The air grew silent around me with nothing more than the sound of my heavy breaths filling the void.

I felt myself begin to slowly fade back to human as the red disappeared and was replaced with normal vision as I stared down at the shocked expression on Allies face; blood spewing from her mouth as tiny gargles rumbled through her throat. My eyes fell to her chest when I gasped at my hand as it was plunged through her; my fist and claws dug deep into the dying heart that I held before brutally ripping it from her chest with a roar. It was one of vengeance and pain as I held it above my head and felt the warm blood dripping down my arm as a feeling of power soaked into my body. Releasing my hold from around her throat, her body thudded against the ground, as blood
ran freely from her open chest. I killed her. My best friend. The realization made me cry; but not because I was sad she was dead, but because she had died in anger. It should never have been this way. I thought. I heard the growl from behind me; turning in time to embrace myself for impact from the grey wolf lunging at me, but none came. Instead, the grey wolf went tumbling to the ground as the brown wolf from Laura’s grave pinned him before ripping out his throat.

I watched as he took a step back and dropped his head; the muddy brown fur starting to fall away from his body as his bones reshaped to settle human. My jaw dropped in disbelief as I realized who the wolf was. Peter. He stood on two legs, slowly straightening out his body to reveal the burn scars that still covered most of his right side. While one half of his face was almost unrecognizable, it was the other half that I remembered him by. “Peter?” I questioned; a small smile tugged at his lips before he stumbled over to me, using one hand to tug me up to stand in front of him. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and sobbed. “Oh thank God Peter, it’s you!” I bellowed when he tugged me away. His head sort of flopped to the side and it was the none burned side that he used to hold up my hand that still held Allies heart and gave it a light shake; staring at it intensely before looking back to me. “What?” I questioned, sensing he was trying to tell me something when he stumbled and drug me with him towards Derek. “Derek.” I whispered and fell to his side; Peter falling down beside me as he guided the heart and my hand over Derek’s throat. I watched as blood dripped down into the wound; the same faint glowing red that had faded into him that night he became alpha, fading into him again now. “What’s happening?” I asked and looked to Peter for an answer, but he just watched as the wound in Derek’s neck healed before tugging my hand back.

“Saaaaame wiith Scoooott.” He slurred before looking back to Derek and up to me; holding a finger to his lips. “Ouuuur Seeeecret.” And with that, he turned away and I watched as his body morphed back to the wolf I had come to know. He nodded, before running off back into the woods.

“I-June.” Derek’s voice was rough as he coughed; forcing my attention back down to where he looked up at me in questioning.

“DEREK!” I squealed and hugged my arms around him; causing him to wince, as he wrapped an arm around my shoulder and held me close. I took a moment to just hold him; crying over his shoulder in joy before pulling away as I realized I had two others to take care of. “Derek, I have to help Scott and Stiles. I’ll be back.” I said and hustled away; over to Scott first, where I held the heart above his throat and watched as it begun to heal in the same fashion as Derek’s. A part of me felt disgusted that I was passing around Allie’s dead heart like the magic cure; but I pushed it away and focused on the positive sides. Scott coughed and groaned; giving me the sign he was okay before rushing over to Stiles who was gripping his side.

“Did I get him?” Stiles asked from the ground; a tiny line of blood dripping down his chin. “You did.” I confirmed; trying hard not to cry but failing miserably.

“Good. At least I can say I helped you dumb ass wolves with something.” He replied with a grin.

“Oooh god Stiles! You saved my life.” I pulled him into a tight hug before pulling him away and lifting his hand to assess the wound.

“Let me guess, it’s healing?” He questioned; and I just stared at the wound.

“Actually, No.”

“Fuck.” He groaned before sighing. I chuckled at his disappointment before removing his jacket and ripping it in half; wrapping it around his middle to stop the bleeding before helping him up.

“Good thing I’m in agonizing pain or this would be another embarrassing situation. Ahhh.” He winced and noted my nakedness. I rolled my eyes but smiled at anyway as I led him over to Scott who was slowly standing on wobbly legs.

“Support each other for a moment.” I ordered and wrapped their arms around each other.

“Stiles? What are you doing here?” Scott croaked around a hoarse voice.

“Clearly saving your wolfy ass.” Stiles shot back. I smiled, listening to the two of them bickering like they had just got done playing a video game; instead of fighting against werewolves in a battle to the death.

An even bigger smile ceased my face as I walked towards Derek who was trying to balance
himself out, when tears begun to stream down my face and I started to run; flinging myself into his arms and collapsing to the ground.

“Ow, mmm” He grunted and winced before I captured his lips with mine and kissed him until my toes curled.

“Don’t you ever scare me like that again. Ever!” I warned; pulling away for only a moment before kissing him again. “EVER!”

“Mmm….that’s a promise I don’t mind keeping.” He hummed, a grin forming on his lips before tugging me back down into a kiss and wrapping his arms around me tight.

“Hey! While you guys may be healed, I’m still just a human who is bleeding to death over here!” Stiles screeched and Derek and I chuckled.

We’re back and everything is going to be just fine. I thought; feeling a wash of peace coming over me that I hadn’t felt since I had been turned.

“We’re going to be fine.” Derek justified and smiled before growling playfully and tugging me up with him. Together, we all made it to Stiles’ jeep since Derek’s car wasn’t drivable anymore, and I drove us to the hospital.

Chapter End Notes

Please Please Please Leave a Comment! Thank you.
Chapter Summary

As all good things must, this story has to end and it saddens me to say that this is my last chapter. Thank you all for reading and reviewing. But on a better note, there will be a sequel. :D

By two am everyone was exhausted as we waited for a disgruntled Stiles to get stitched up; calling in yet another favor from my Dad who wasn’t thrilled having to drag his ass out bed. Especially since he had just gotten Layla to settle down. Apparently our wolves had rubbed off on her too,(the same way they had with Stiles, aka, the key to the crazed look in his eye), keeping my mom and dad awake all night howling. Dad had thrust her into my arms the moment I had successfully gotten dressed before hauling Stiles into the ER while I dished out the rest of the clothing to Derek and Scott. Clearly rational thinking had escaped us since we didn’t think to put on clothing before hopping into the jeep. Talk about an awkward ride. Not to mention Stiles wasn’t too thrilled at the idea of Derek, Scott, and I being bear assed in his jeep. “The three of you are totally sanitizing my jeep in the morning” Stiles bitched the entire ride to the hospital.

A half hour later Stiles and my Dad wondered out into the waiting room where Scott, Derek, and I waited patiently (and honestly, we pretty much asleep.) I couldn’t help but smile as I noticed the goofy grin on Stiles’ face along with his dilated pupils. He was high as a mother fucker. Curtsey of my Dad who gave him a little extra hit of pain meds to shut him the hell up about not being able to reap the benefits of having a chunk taken out of his side. Yea, my Dad was sly that way. Especially when he was lacking on sleep with an 8am shift. Pff…and they wanted ME to become a doctor. I’ve rarely made it up before noon in the past month. Not to mention I was getting used to nap time.

I.E. That was now.

Scott and Stiles were passed out on the floor; sprawled out on a massive pile of comforters and pillows that they had collected from all the rooms in my house for such occasion. Monica was none too happy right now. ‘If the sound of her bitching as she wondered from one room to the next, trying to locate pillows, was anything to go by.’

Derek snored lightly into the one pillow he was able to snag away from the boys as he laid on his stomach with a pretty content Layla curled up between his shoulder blades. It didn’t seem comfortable to me but eh, whatever worked for him. But unfortunately what was working for him wasn’t quit working for me as I flipped over on my side uncomfortably; sighing tiredly as I tried to find a position that would be of some comfort. Which coincidentally would involve Derek, on his back, naked, and hard as hell. Lust licked at my lady bits as I peeked over the bed to the two teens conked out with no hope of rising any time soon with anything less than a Zombie Apocalypse and a box of Marshmallow Crunch to wake them. Smiling, I turned my attention to Layla who was pretty much in the same state as the boys as I stealthily slid her from Derek’s back and placed her between the two idiots who instinctually placed a hand on her belly.

I crawled back into the bed as I smiled devilishly before nipping Derek on the shoulder; rousing a low groan before going back to sleep. And really I knew I should leave him alone like any good mate would. He was tired and he had had a long night. The man deserved to sleep. But I also deserved to be pleasured after the fiasco of last night and really, I was being a good mate. I mean, who wouldn’t want to be roused from sleep so that they could get their groove on? That’s what I thought.
I nibbled on his ear and lightly tugged as he groaned again before burying his face into the pillow and grumbling, “It’s impossible to sleep with you.”

I giggled before straddling his back with my butt resting perfectly against his and soothed my fingers over the bunched muscles between his shoulders; lightly tracing over the Celtic tattoo that lay there. “What does your tattoo mean?” I asked; leaning down and placing a kiss to it before lightly nipping at the back of his neck.

“Mmm..Alpha, Beta, Omega.”

“Huh?”

Sighing, he shoved the pillow away from his face as I continued to work out his kinks. “It’s a reminder that we can all rise or fall to a different position. Alpha, Beta, Omega.” He grumbled and I couldn’t help the purvey thought that popped into my head as my lady bits begun to ache with a need for my mate.

“I’d like to move to a different position if you know what I mean.” I whispered coyly; going back to nibbling on his ear before moving down to his neck and sucking on the spot of choice. I growled playfully when he rolled suddenly and I was pinned beneath him. Yep, I liked this position. It was a good position. Derek rolled his eyes and dropped a lazy kiss to my lips as his hands worked my sweats down my hips before sliding his hand between my thighs. I gasped as heat to flared through me and ground my pelvis against his fingers as he sucked on my pulse.

“I wouldn’t trade you for the world.” He hummed; kissing me gently as he kept stroking me rhythmically.

“Thank God. I only worked.…mmmmm……my entire life to get you. It’d be a shame to…Oh Gawd….” I moaned as he worked me closer to that delicious edge. “Derek…I want you….inside of me….I want to….ohhh fuck…..I want you to come…..with me.” I panted; grinding against his hand so close to shattering when he stopped before rolling us over so that I was on top. I practically ripped at his sweats in my frantic rush to reach my prize; taking a split moment to admire it once it was free when I heard him chuckle. “What?”

“Nothing. I just realized another thing about you I love.” He commented and I was truly intrigued as I crawled up his lap; raking my nails down his chest teasingly. And what’s that ‘oh hung one’?

He chuckled and rolled his eyes before answering, “You’re always truly infatuated with my junk. It makes me feel good.”

I smiled before leaning down and placing a kiss to his lips; slowly trailing them lower until I came to my favorite treat. “What else do I do that makes you feel good?” I taunted; dragging my tongue up the hard length of his cock while watching as he threw his head back.

“You’re a pain in my ass and a tease.” He insulted half-heartedly as I continued my slow torture.

“Mmm…I’ll take that as a compliment. But on that note…” I added before reaching around and pinching his ass cheek; causing his hips to jolt. Ha! How does he like being pinched on the ass? I mused as I sucked on his hard length greedily-enjoying the way he tasted against my tongue while thrusting his cock into my mouth. I loved pleasuring him. Even more, I loved him.

“June…” Derek sighed before tugging me up his body and capturing my lips while he thrusted his hips in one swift motion; seating himself inside of me as I moaned against his lips. My world spun and tilted off its axis as pleasure raked my body and I rocked my hips gently against his-my claws digging into his shoulders as he dropped his mouth to my breast. His tongue swirled around the ridged peak as he drug it between his lips and lightly nipped. And oh god that felt so good. He angled his hips with another thrust and I was seeing stars as he slid across the magic spot that had me whining, needy. “Oh god Derek…that’s so good…..I’m so close…..” My fingers tangled through his hair tugging him closer to me still, the closer I got.

“Come for me, June.” He whispered; swallowing my scream as I shattered with a red hot flame sweeping through me from head to toe-Derek’s thrusts quickened before he buried his face into the crook of my neck and growled as he came.

I wrapped my arms around him tighter as Derek leaned back against the headboard and I felt the weight of fatigue tugging at me now that I had been satisfied in the most intimate of ways. I nipped lightly at this throat and shoulder as I settled into him with his knot slowly softening. “Sleep.”
Derek ordered and I was more than happy to oblige.

“Gahhhh, Derek I can’t do this.” I groaned tiredly while leaning against the tree.

“Yes, you can. You just have to focus and find your center.” Derek directed as he smoothed a curl from my face.

“I found my center. It’s directly between my legs.” I shot back; watching as a grin tugged at his lips and he shook his head. “In fact, you could stroke my center right now.” I coaxed with a feral grin as my hands trailed up beneath his shirt.

“Mmm…you tempt me. But remember what we discussed earlier.” He warned and I pouted. Damn Heat! It seemed like I had just gone through this shit not long ago. By next week I would be in miserable cramping hell. And what a perfect time to embarrass Derek again. I smiled innocently when he glared down at me before pushing past him; seeing as how he wasn’t going to ease my discomfort I went back to focusing on finding my center. Whatever that may be. “Close your eyes.”

Derek directed and I sighed, having done this exact same thing now four different times. “Just do it.” He ordered again, giving me that in command look.

Groaning, I threw my head back and did as he directed when I felt his arms wrapping around me as he tugged me closer; pressing my ear to his chest so that I could focus on his heartbeat.

“Now, go back to last night.” He coaxed and I hesitated. I didn’t want to go back. I had done my very best to ignore what happened last night and I really wanted no part of it. “I know, June. But it’s the only way. You have to go back and relive it before you can move forward.” I listened to the words rumble through his chest and shook my head.

“We don’t even know if it actually happened to me the way it did you. Maybe I’m just going to be the lame ass alpha female who can’t shift into an actual wolf. I’m good with that.” Though the sex may be a little awkward if I can’t match Derek’s form and Damn it! I wanted that experience. His chuckle vibrated through my ear and I hugged him tighter, “You’re a bad liar.” He teased before getting serious; his arms wrapping around me tighter. “I know you don’t want to relive it and I wish you didn’t have to. But it’s the only way you’re going to shift, June.”

“Does it have to be now, though? Why can’t I take a month to digest everything?” I pleaded. “Because the moon’s still strong and in a month if you haven’t shifted the power may have weakened. It’s better you do it now and give it strength. I have confidence in you.”

Sighing, I knew he was right. Drawing from his strength, I closed my eyes and let the steady rhythm of his heart calm my racing mind as I forced myself back to last night; tears stinging my eyes as I relived the fight over again and the awful feeling I had when I cradled Derek’s body in my arms. “Don’t focus on that. Focus on the part where you fought Allie.”

“I can’t.”

“Yes, you can. See the part where you grasped her heart.”

“No, I can’t. Derek, I blacked out. One minute I was punching her and the next my hand was plunged through her chest.” I pleaded as tears streamed freely down my face.

“Look deeper, June.”

Grasping Derek tighter, I squeezed my eyes shut and tried to push past the black blockade that Derek believed held my inner wolf; but all I saw was the before and the after, no in-between, just black.

“Feel it, June. Remember the rage you felt and harbor it.”

I did as I was told; remembering the hazy shade of red I saw when I taunted Allie before punching her. That feeling of hopelessness for my pack, for my mate and how all I wanted to do was kill her; give her back what she had taken away from me. My life. I felt the coil begin to tighten in my stomach as warmth spread to my limbs and tingled in my fingertips. I clung to the feeling; focusing on the look I saw in Allie’s eyes when she took Derek’s life, pushing the pain back and brining the anger forward. My spine grew heavy with the weight of my tail and my nails ached with the growing claws as my mouth grew painfully full with the razor sharp points of my teeth.

“That’s it, June. Feed your rage.” Derek coached; taking a step back but still holding me.

I remembered the way she attacked Stiles, willing to kill him too, in order to hurt me; before
lunging at her. The feeling of her struggle beneath me and screaming cries when I would hit her again. My skin rippled and shuddered when I collapsed to the ground with a loud wail. “Focus June. Push through the pain and hold onto the rage.” Derek’s voice whispered through my ear as he eased me onto my back and soothed my hair.

I clung desperately to the anger as pain singed my body and my bones snapped; heat piercing me so hot it felt as though my skin was melting. “Ohhhhh God!” I screamed; finding my anger rapidly fading as the pain became unbearable.

“It’s almost over June. You’re so close. Focus, find the rage again.” Derek cheered me on and I could feel the heavy weight of his hand on my shoulder. Digging deep with the help of his strength I focused back to last night; the feeling of blackness slowly lifting from my memory as I remembered Allie’s fight beneath me. Even when she was struggling that gleam of a killer never faded from her eyes. She was determined to kill me, but not before she wounded me emotionally. That was the point of the wolfsbane in the bottle. To take me out long enough to take away everything that ever mattered to me.

A ground quaking growl shattered the air around me as I screamed my rage and the blackness that fogged me, lifted. I saw that moment my hand plunged through her chest; heard her one last scream followed by my name whispered on her dying breath. It wasn’t a plea or an apology but rather her last attempt to hurt me. I felt that shift in power as my hand squeezed her heart still in her chest and suddenly my body convulsed with one last snap and I laid still. I could hear Derek’s rapid heartbeat behind me when suddenly I felt a nudge against my neck.

My eyes blurred when I tried to open them; blinking away the tears, I let the spinning earth settle before opening them again. This time, my breath caught as I was greeted with a different world entirely. Colors were more vibrant and I could see the speck of a bug on the trees around me. The moon’s light was casted in a suddel glow but it was as though I could see every ray.

Look at your feet. Derek’s voice whispered through my head and for the first time, I looked up to see the handsome black wolf he had become.

I can hear you. It was absolutely amazing. His chuckle vibrated through my head and he shook his head.

My thoughts are no longer safe from you in this form. It’s how we communicate.

Yea, this was going to take some getting used to. Wait, how are we going to communicate with Scott and Stiles?

June, look at your damn feet. We can talk about this later. But now, I want you to see what you tried so hard to become…and have.

I scoffed at him mentally before doing as I was told and felt a roll of anxiety. OH MY GOD! Did I….am I……I’M A WOLF!!! I screeched as I stared down at the foreign limbs that had turned into paws.

You are. Derek nudged me lovingly with his nose, try standing. My body felt odd and weird as I tried to learn how to coordinate my feet so that I wouldn’t tumble back to the ground; using Derek’s burly body to steady me as my muscles stretched. I felt all caddy-wompous trying to walk when suddenly I froze; facing the broken glass window of Derek’s house as I stared at two black wolves. In the reflection I could see my coat, streaked with brown and a white tip tail, but I was a wolf.

My heart drummed in my chest that squeezed tight and I felt like crying with joy as I stared at the two of us; finally I felt good, confidante even and above all else…I felt like me. A rush of excitement jolted down my spine and tingled in my toes as I itched to see what my new form could do.

Then let’s find out. Derek urged; turning towards the steps of the porch and looking out. A howl sounded from the trees. Scott, calling to us, when Derek answered his howl and looked at me. Lifting my snout to the sky I mocked my mate. Shall we?

Turning to Derek, I grinned (or so I thought), before giving him a lick across the chops and rushing off of the porch to where Scott called to us from the cliff; Stiles, standing by his side with Layla in his arms. She squealed as Derek and I traipsed up to them and squirmed from Stiles’ embrace;
setting her down on the ground between us and giggled when Derek and I nuzzled her. We were together, pack, and if I’ve learned anything this past month, we were stronger this way. I still had a lot of learning to do but with Derek’s help, I would get there. But most importantly, I finally had a family again, found my true self and managed to snag Derek Hale. And if that’s not accomplishment, then I don’t know what is.

End Notes

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