Summary

“she always told me that when the sun went down, you could wipe the slate clean, everything in the world got a chance to start over before the sun came back up again, so why shouldn’t we?”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

She loved sunsets you know; my mum” Stiles said staring at the ball of gas as it descended into the horizon. “she always told me that when the sun went down, you could wipe the slate clean, everything in the world got a chance to start over before the sun came back up again, so why shouldn’t we?” he smiled fondly at the headstone, running his fingers over the smooth edges.

“I used to think she was crazy, you know because how could any one person change anything in one night, let alone their entire lives right?” he laughed because it was comical- So many of the events in his life had happened in one night. He had gone to bed and woken up with an entirely new world around him, like the sun’s absence alone had been enough to allow anything to change.

The night she died; it was sudden, to him and his father at least. The doctors said she was dying of cancer for over a year. Refusing to accept any medicine, or treatments, avoiding staying in the hospital regardless of her symptoms. Worst of all, she hadn’t told her family. She hadn’t wanted to worry any of them. Didn’t want her last months to be filled with pity and sadness. She had left him a letter, to explain. But that letter would never replace the chance he would have had to say goodbye.
The night had been the first night he had understood what she meant. For a while, he couldn’t sleep. He was afraid that the night would go and do something horrible. That it would change on him the moment he closed his eyes and he would be left, alone in the world.

“You know so many things can change in just one night” he muttered. He wasn’t even really sure which one of the three he was talking to.

He had all the proof he needed, the night Scott was bitten. Nighttime. one night, could turn his life upside-down. Scott’s too. But this time Stiles wasn’t sure how to feel about it all. Go to sleep and his best friend is a regular, dorky, run of the mill asthmatic. Wake up and, well he is a scary, furry, claw wielding creature of the night.

Stiles thought it was pretty cool.

It had been the first time that he had thought, maybe, his mother hadn’t meant it as a bad thing. Maybe he had meant that every night. They had a chance to write themselves a new future, and every morning they had a chance to live it.

“She was right you know, that we can change our lives all in one night.” They had done it after all, well Derek had changed it for them rather. He had gone to sleep, curled in his bed and had woken up with a solid form pressed to his back. He hadn’t questioned it, just curled back into him and gone to sleep. Because it was a new day, and if this is what was planned for him. He didn’t mind it so much.

“She would have liked you I think.” He said taking his eyes off his mother’s grave and settling them on his husband. “Thanks for doing this with me.” He said, smiling as the last of the sun disappeared behind the horizon. Anything could happen now, and he intended to let it.

End Notes

This is Un-Beta'd all mistakes belong to me, this is a one shot. I mean it this time, i dont think i could write anything like this again if i tried.

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