Ways to Say Goodbye

by Noyz

Summary

And sometimes, late at night when his father would come home around midnight, Stiles would pretend that his mother would be greeting the man, her soft voice carrying up the stairs. Past Mpreg, John/Harry Sterek

Notes

Harry was born in 1974, so push all the events in Harry Potter back 6 years. Stiles was born in 1996, so he's like 16-17 in the story. Sheriff John Stilinski was born in 1969 and is 43-44 (Yeah Stiles has young parents). Harry will be mostly referred as a woman named Harley Stilinski nee Evans in this… makes more sense once you begin reading.

This is my first story posted on AO3, haha so please tell me what you think. This is posted on FFN also.

This chapter is filled with two chapters just so you guys know.
Stiles never talked about his mother. He didn't talk about her with Scott, and Scott knew the woman once. It was painful for him to drag up the memories of her and share them with anyone; well there was his father that he shared the memories with. They would spend a week at home, the week that his mother had died, and talk about her. It was mostly a very painful time for Stiles, bringing up those memories, and having to talk about them, when it was clear that Stiles could barely remember the woman. And even during the time, the two Stilinski men would barely speak.

Sometimes Stiles would catch his dad staring off into space, an almost peaceful look on his face, and knew the man was thinking about her. Sometimes his father would drink, and he would mumble to himself, and Stiles knew the man was blaming him – Stiles – for the lost woman's death.

And sometimes, late at night when his father would come home around midnight, Stiles would pretend that his mother would be greeting the man, her soft voice carrying up the stairs. Stiles would lay in bed and strain to hear everything his father did, and when the sheriff finally made it to the kitchen, Stiles would pretend that his mother was the one that made the meal, and the sound of silverware scraping on dishware would become two. And when his dad finally made it up the stairs and stopped to poke his head in Stiles' room, Stiles could faintly hear his mother whisper-yelling at the man not to wake Stiles up, before the man finally went to his room.

It had become habit to do this after his mother had died, and Stiles didn't have time to do it with all the werewolf craziness that followed his friend. It was actually nice to do. And he hoped his friend could keep himself alive for the next week, it was the week that he took off from the real world to mourn his mother – off handily he wonder if Derek ever did this – and tonight was the last night his father was working and his deputy would be taking over the rest of the week.

Stiles stared at the ceiling making sure he got everything ready for this year; he'd gotten enough mountain ashes to surround their whole house so that no werewolf would be able to disturb them, and had enough food to last the week, though they barely ate during this time.

With a sigh, Stiles rolled over to his side, and buried himself deeper into his warm blankets. In the background he could hear his father's snores as the man fell into an uneasy sleep.

He knew Mrs. McCall would be coming by to check on them, and he could already feel the disdain about this bubbling in his stomach. It's not as if he had anything against the woman, it was that it seemed as if she was trying to take the place of his mother, and that didn't seem right to Stiles, not when he saw how much in love his father was with his mother. He knew this wasn't true or at least hoped it wasn't true.

When he is finally able to close his eyes and sleep, his dreams are dominated by the spilling of blood, and a scream that sounds like it came from his mother. He tosses and turns trying to stop whatever is happening, he screams for his mother, but when she turns her green – green – eyes onto him, she spits up blood reaching out for him. Red eyes are gleaming from over her shoulders looking directly at him.

He awakes with a gasp. Eyes wide, trying to get away from whatever was there in his dream. He rubs his eyes, but as much as he tries he can't seem to be able to remember the dream, except for the smell of death.

"Are you okay?" Stiles did not in fact squeal at the sound of his father's voice.
Stiles turned and saw his father leaning in his doorway, an odd look across his face, and decked out all in his pajamas.

"Uh… what? …" Stiles said his voice hoarse from screaming.

John enters the room, and sits on the edge of Stiles' bed. He reaches out and gently places it on Stiles' arm. "You were screaming pretty loudly, woke me up actually."

Stiles turns his face away, "S-sorry about that." He mumbles.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Stiles shook his head, he didn't even know what had cause his nightmare, and "It's alright, your mother use to be the same way." John says as an afterthought. "She didn't know how to talk about it, and didn't want to burden anyone."

Stiles looked wide eyed at his father that was the first time he had heard anything like that. He could tell from his father's tone that the man really wanted to get that off his chest. Stiles shifted and glanced away from his father. "W-what time is it?" He asked instead. He wondered what had made his mother so scared that she would have nightmares from it.

"Around seven." John stood up, and ruffled Stiles' hair, "Go back to sleep. Melissa will be here soon."

Stiles nodded and did as his father asked.

++++++

He was running, he didn't know from what, but his mother had told him to run. Over his harsh breath he could hear the sound of footsteps getting closer, and closer. It wasn't his mother, no matter how much he wished it to be, it wasn't his mother's voice taunting him, talking about how his intestines would look like on the ground of the forest. Tears ran down his face and he wished his mother was there to help him. He screamed as he was tackled from behind, and his mother's scream sounding behind him. He cried into the soil beneath him, gasping for air, a hand was raised, claws extended ready to rip him apart. As it came down, pain erupted on his back, and his mother screamed again.

++++++

Stiles sat up in bed, gasping for air, again. A glance at the clock beside him told him it was only noon, and faintly he could hear Mrs. McCall and his father talking downstairs.

John Stilinski rarely talked about his wife. It was hard to drag up those memories of her, but mostly it had to do with the fact that every time he talked about her, he was lying to someone. He mostly found himself lying to his son about her. The major one was that Harley Stilinski wasn't even a woman, but a man.

The relationship he had with Harley Stilinski was one built on lies, and continuing those lies. His wife had never been willing to share things about his past. It seemed every time Harley's past came up, he would smile sadly at John, but never spoke of it. But despite those lies and unspoken words, John and Harley had been happy. John had resigned to never having a child until one day that Harley came to him telling him he was pregnant. It had taken a while to believe Harley, but he couldn't deny the truth as Harley's stomach seemed to grow each day. And then Stiles was born, neither Harley nor John could be happier. Eight years after Stiles' birth was live in complete bliss, John and Harley rarely speaking of the past, but that was ok.

But that life had been ripped apart when Harley's past had decided it was done hiding, and both John and Stiles had lost Harley. John could still remember the scene he had come upon, the amount of
blood, and a body so torn up – John had been able to lie to himself for a while that it wasn't his wife, until the DNA test came back. There was no denying it then, his wife was dead, and he hadn't been able to protect him. When the funeral happened, the body was so destroyed that there wasn't a chance at having a viewing.

Today nearing the eight anniversary of Harley's death, he found himself staring at the one of a few pictures he had of his late wife. The picture that sat on his desk top was taken only a month before his wife died. Harley was holding seven year old – turning eight – Genim "call me Stiles", both were smiling wide. Sitting next to the picture was a newer one of his son, Stiles. With gentle fingers, he picked up the picture of his wife and son, running his finger over the man. Tears were already burning his eyes, and this was without alcohol. John sighed before placing the picture face down on his desk. Standing John gathered all his things from the desk, and went to say good bye to Gracie who had been trying to get John out of the office all day.

"Well I'm heading home Gracie." John said.

Gracie looked up from some paper work, a glare firmly in place on her face. "Well go one, and get some rest. Melissa will tell me if you're not sleeping well. And frankly you would not want me to come by your place." The woman then turned her back on the Sheriff.

John shook his head at the woman, a small smile twitching his lips. At times Gracie seemed to sound a lot like the late Harley Stilinski. She also had a habit of showing her concern for people through anger, and any threat she made when she made them she up held. And as much as he was touched at the concern Gracie showed, he rather not be ganged up by both Melissa McCall and Gracie Sabin, it would be torture to deal with.

As he approached his cruiser, he saw an envelope on his windshield. He reached out and took it, feeling the heavy parchment, the stuff that Harley had used to write letters to his old friends back in England. Looking around, John quickly got into his cruiser, and threw the envelope to the passenger side. He drove home quickly, refusing to look at the envelope.

++++++

As he pulled into the drive way, he saw Stiles' jeep parked there, and all the lights off in the two story building. Stiles was already in bed most likely. John rubbed his face before glancing once again at the envelope that seemed to sit so innocently beside him. With trembling hands he reached over and picked it up. Before he could decide against it he ripped it open and pulled out the letter out of it. The letter had also been written on parchment, and he already knew what it would contain. He could never let Stiles see this.

His hands shaking badly he unfolded the letter, and in writing that resembled chicken scratch came the words "You could have saved me" over and over again, looking to be written in blood. It was written all over the parchment, sometimes over lapping itself multiple times. John felt the urge to throw up, as he always did when it slowly dawned on him that the letter – if it could be called that – was writing in Harley's hand writing. When the first letter had appeared eight years ago, he had a handwriting expert come and determine if the letters had been written by Harley – and there had been no denying that all letters that appeared at the same time every year was done in Harley's hand writing. John crumpled the letter and rested his head on the steering wheel trying not to cry. He wanted to know who continued to torture him with this.

John sighed before exiting the cruiser, determined not to let the letter mess with him this time. He locked the car before heading to the house. He entered as quietly as he could, and locked the door behind him. He could almost imagine Harley waiting for him, with a big lecture about how he shouldn't be taking the late shifts unless he needed to. He shook his head, determined not to think
about that right now. He quietly ate the dinner Stiles had set out for him, and then went upstairs to make sure he was asleep. As he poked his head into the room and saw that Stiles was lying on his side, his back to the door, and even breathing, John smiled a little bit glad to know that his son was safe. The last few months' craziness had him worrying about his son – especially when it seemed Stiles, Scott and Derek Hale seemed to be right in the middle of it. With the knowledge that his son was sound asleep, John went to bed.

++++++

He didn't dream that night, too tired to dream after pulling a double shift. He woke up to the sound of screaming, and rushed out of bed, running down to his sons' room. He threw open the door at the same moment Stiles sat up in bed.

"Are you okay?" John asked, and his son squealed slightly.

Stiles turned and saw his father leaning in his doorway, an odd look across his face, and decked out all in his pajamas.

"Uh… what? …" Stiles said his voice hoarse from screaming.

John entered the room, and sat on the edge of Stiles' bed. He reached out and gently placed it on Stiles' arm. "You were screaming pretty loudly, woke me up actually."

Stiles turned his face away from John, missing the slight frown that crossed John's face, "S-sorry about that." He mumbled.

"Do you want to talk about it?" When Stiles shook his head, John gave a soft sigh and said "It's alright, your mother use to be the same way. She didn't know how to talk about it, and didn't want to burden anyone." He hated how he lied to his son.

Stiles looked wide eyed at his father that was the first time he had heard anything like that. John could see the disbelief at the fact that John had shared something with him about his wife. "W-what time is it?" He asked instead. John glanced at his watch that was still on his wrist.

"Around seven." John stood up, and ruffled Stiles' hair, "Go back to sleep. Melissa will be here soon."

John left his son's room and headed down stairs to get started on the coffee. He wasn't lying when he said that Melissa would be there soon. John rubbed his face tiredly, not ready to face the day.
Alrighty here is the next chapter. LOL Thank you all for the Kudos, and the Bookmarking.

I will try to update this story once a week, though it maybe hard since I have a job, and am currently looking for my own place. :)

So please Read and Review.

There were secrets that he kept to himself about his dead wife. John couldn't stand to say it to Stiles. He didn't want to see the dark glare or the confused looks he would get from him. So it was only logical that John wouldn't say anything to Stiles or anyone about them.

The secret of Harley Stilinski being a man was one that John held close to his chest, in a near mock gesture of love to protect the dead man. There were more of course, like how Harley wasn't even the man's real name, but John didn't know it. And the one time John did question Harley about it, Harley just looked at John with his green eyes – a sad air to them – and just replied, "That was apart of my past, and now this is my new name, for my future." It was the end of the conversation.

The only one secret that John hated keeping to himself was that when Harley was killed, Harley had been nine months pregnant. It had been a shock, John hadn't known, Harley had never told him. He'd remember standing in the morgue shocked as the medical examiner told him about it. Apparently it was a silent pregnancy, and Harley probably didn't know about it, but what made that worse was the the murderer had ripped the unborn child out of Harley's womb while Harley was still alive. The body of the baby was never found.

And as John stood in the kitchen eight years after Harley died, he could feel the weight of all the lies that had built over the years weighing him down. He wanted to tell Stiles about them all, to tell him about his true mother – not the one of nearly suppressed memories Stiles had. But the thought of what Stiles would say to him always seemed to stop it.

John was startled out of his thoughts at the sound of knocking on the front door. John looked at the clock showed that it was eleven thirty. Damn over four hours were spent thinking about Harley. John sighed, and turned off the coffee machine that had probably been beeping at him for the four hours. Running a hand threw his hair, John made his way to the front door.

"Hello Melissa." He greeted the woman.

Melissa McCall was a beautiful woman entering her forties. There were faint wrinkles that were appearing around her mouth, frown and laughing lines that were easily covered up with makeup. And barely there crows feet appearing at the corners of her eyes. With dark curly hair and dark eyes, John was never ashamed to say she was beautiful.

Melissa gave him a smile, gentle and kind with and understanding look in her eyes as if she knew what he had been thinking about moments before opening the door. "Hello John."
She took in his appearance and raised an eyebrow at him. John felt a little heat on his cheeks, he was still dressed in his pajamas. "Wont you come in?" He asked her. John stepped out of the way and let her in, and he noted that she was dressed in scrubs but was too cheerful for her to have just gotten of a shift so she must have dropped by just before one. He closed the door behind her.

"How are you and Stiles doing so far?" She asked as they made their way to the kitchen.

John shrugged, "Stiles had a nightmare last night." He said, pouring them cups of coffee. "I think it was bad, screamed himself hoarse."

Melissa blinked as she sat down at the kitchen table, a worried look crossing over her face. "Do you think he's remembering?" She asked softly, saying a soft thank you as John handed her her cup.

John stared down into his black coffee. "I don't know. I hope not." He said. Angrily he rubbed his hand over his face.

Melissa shifted in her seat, taking a sip of coffee. "It is a matter of time before he remembers."

John glared down at his coffee, a scowl was already forming on his face. "It would be best that he doesn't remember."

Melissa sighed, and jumped a little when Stiles appeared around the corner, rubbing his eyes as if beating off sleep. "Remember what?" Stiles asked. John already was turning around and refilling his coffee, and making one for Stiles.

"Did you take your medicine this morning?" John asked, deflecting the question.

Stiles stared at John like he lost his head. Stiles always remembered to take his medicine, after all his mother always stressed the importance of Stiles taking his medicine. "You didn't answer my question." John stared back at Stiles. "And you didn't answer mine."

Melissa watched silently as the two Stilinski men stared each other down, before Stiles sighed and took a large gulp of coffee, and winced at the sharp bitter taste. "Yeah I took it this morning." Stiles went around his father and went to the fridge and grabbed the milk and went to the cabinet to grab the sugar. John looked on with a disapproving gaze.

Melissa glanced at the clock, "Well John, Stiles I'll be heading out now." She gave Stiles a hug and patted John on the arm, giving him a look that clearly told him to talk with Stiles.

After Melissa left, silence fell over them. John finished off his coffee and placed it in the sink. The older man then made his way around the kitchen making something for them to eat. Stiles watched him carefully, wondering when the perfect time to ask about their – as in Melissa and his father's conversation would be. John already had toast cooking and was working on the eggs.

Stiles stared at his light brown coffee. "What were you and Mrs. McCall talking about?" He asked.

John looked at Stiles, "Nothing important. Just stuff."

Stiles looked at his father, "Stuff... huh..."

John looked away from Stiles. "Drop it Genim." He said, his voice holding a warning tone in it.

His son gave a frustrated sigh before John handed him a plate with two nicely toasted bread, and three eggs. John went back to the stove to begin cooking some eggs for himself. The pair fell into an awkward silence.
John turns the conversation that he had with Melissa over inside his head as he eats, it's true though, he doesn't want Stiles to remember. He doesn't want Stiles to remember the day that his mother was killed. He also doesn't want Stiles to remember that he was there, that he watched his mother get ripped apart by some animal and somehow survived.

++++++

The rest of the week pasted in tense silence between Stiles and his father. Stiles had thought about getting his father drunk in order to find out what his father had been hiding from him, though Stiles knew he couldn't not after the last time that he had done that. He had just stayed silent and tried asking his father what he and Mrs. McCall had been talking about earlier in the week, but his father stubbornly stayed silent on the subject.

When Monday came and Stiles was forced to go back to school, he was nearly weeping with joy. The house had been tense, and Stiles' felt like he had been walking on egg shells the whole week. It had painfully reminded him of the time when his mother had died. Monday morning he quickly dressed in multiple layers, trying to shield himself from the raw painful feelings that still lingered inside of him. He sent a quick test to Scott ordering him to be ready by the time Stiles pulled into his drive way or else he could find another ride.

He had ignored the texts from the week prior and deleted before going to his jeep. Just as he was about to shut the door, his father appeared from the kitchen, wearing a bathrobe and pajama bottoms. His father spotted him and made a bee line towards him.

Stiles licked his lips nervously, "H-hey dad."

John gave him a look, clearly trying to look for some sign that Stiles was truly ready to leave and join the rest of the population of Beacon Hills. When his father didn't say anything, Stiles shifted under the hard look his father had, then the man sighed. "Stiles." John then paused obviously looking for the right words to say. John sighed again. He reached into the pocket of the bathrobe and pulled out something. "This was your mothers. I found it."

Stiles held out his hand to receive the gift, shocked that his father was giving him something of his mother's. A large thick ring fell into his awaiting hands. The gold metal was faded slightly, and the stone imbedded in it was dark and shown ominously. "T-this was mom's?" he asked nervously, wondering why his mother had such intimidating jewelry – then he wondered to himself how jewelry could be remotely scary.

"Yeah, it was a family heirloom," John said, "It didn't seem right if I wore it."

Stiles nodded and slowly slipped the ring onto his middle finger, surprised how well it fit. "Well thanks dad..." Stiles shifted, "Well I've got to go now, have to pick up Scott."

"Well be safe kiddo." John said as Stiles raced out of the house.

++++++

When John had meet Harley, he had gone threw a horrible break up with the woman he thought he was going to marry only to find out she had cheated on him with his best friend. John had thought moving to a whole new state would help his heart break. He'd been living in Beacon Hills for a only month, still getting use to the work place in the small town's police station, it was a big difference, when Harley stepped into his life.

Harley had come to the police station, at the age of seventeen, wide eyed and scared. 'She'd' been
lead in by two other police officers, the kind that mostly abused their position, hand cuffs digging in Harley's small thin wrists. John had been shocked, it was clear that the 'woman' was out of place, after all Harley was wearing a robe for gods sake. Thick and made clearly for winter time. John had immediately gone up to Officer Jones – one of the officers that had brought in Harley and asked what was wrong.

Jones gave the 'woman' a dark glare, then said, "This woman was found trespassing on the Hale property."

John blinked. "Really?" Everyone in Beacon Hills had an odd respect for the Hale family, and knew that strangers weren't allowed on their property.

The woman didn't hesitate to throw a glare at Jones' back, and John had to quickly hid the smile that came to his face at the action. Then the "woman's" green eyes meet his, and John gave a tentative smile, hoping to calm her down. Harley gave a timid one back, and John realized, then, that even though the 'woman' was covered head to toe in mud, and the strange robe, that 'she' was quite beautiful. Breath taking beautiful in fact. Harley had then been taken away to the holding cells, and John couldn't get the woman off of his mind after that.

++++++

Stiles had pulled into the McCall driveway just as Scott was running out the front door, with Mrs. McCall right on his tail. Stiles raised his eyebrow at the scene. Scott quickly opened the passenger side door and climbed right in. "Gogogogogogogogogogo!" Scott said.

Stiles laughed silently as he did, throwing the car into reverse quickly and then driving off quickly.

"Oh thank god." Scott said, slumping forward resting his head on the dashboard of the jeep.

"What was that all about?" Stiles asked.

Scott groaned, "Mom found a half empty box of condoms in my room and an empty bottle of lube." From the corner of his eye, Stiles could see how bright red Scott's face was. "And then on top of that-" Scott cut himself off. "What's that?" He asked, a strange tone in his voice.

"What's what?" Stiles asked.

"That god awful ring." Scott said, the strange tone still in his voice.

"Oh!...That..." Stiles looked at the ring, "It belonged to my mother, dad found it sometime this week and just decided 'Hey lets give this ring to Stiles!', and that's why the sky's blue."

Scott sent him a funny look, but Stiles ignored it as he was to busy silently beating himself up for forgetting to take his medicine this morning. Already he could feel the excess energy itching underneath his skin, and he shifted behind the steering wheel.

"Well just to let you know, its creepy as hell. No offense." Stiles nodded his understanding, he to thought the ring was creepy, just like Peter was. The totally suppose to be dead Peter, that was some how alive. Alive and living with Derek. Derek who had green eyes, not as green as his mother's eyes. They weren't as wide as his mother's also. Not as wide as those green eyes that shone with fear, not those green eyes that begged for mercy but never got it. A scream sounded throw his head making Stiles wince and slam on the breaks.

"HEY!" Scott shouted, and Stiles looked at him, seeing the scared face that he had.
"What?" Stiles asked.

"Lights green." Scott said, Stiles blinked and then looked up at the lights to see that they were indeed green.

"Oh.." Stiles started driving again. "Sorry forgot to take my medicine this morning."

Scott nodded, and in no time they were at school, and Stiles was no longer driving, allowing his thoughts to race once again.

++++++

John was just about to step out of the house when the knock came. John stared at the door then slowly made his way towards it, the feeling of apprehension taking over him. The knock came louder this time, and the door vibrated underneath the force. John fingered the gun oh his hip before slowly making his way over to the front door.

A man stood in the door way, a feral grin on his face. The man was large, larger than John and took up most of the door way, vicious-looking man with matted gray hair and whiskers. His teeth had a yellow tint to them. His clothes looked uncomfortably tight, stretched tight over his chest looking ready to rip at the slightest movement.

Dread filled John at the sight of the man, but John pushed down his fear, "Hello. Can I help you?"

The man's grin turned even more feral if possible. "Yes, yes you can." The deep harsh voice sent shivers of fear down John's back, and in the back of his mind John was glad that Stiles was at school safe. The man examined John – clearly trying to see how much of a fight that John would put, then met John's blue eyes. A heavy hand came up to rest on John's shoulder
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Haha Sorry for the late update =.= my dad is sick and he just got to go to the hospital. Don't know how long he'll be in... :( but he'll get better

So please read and enjoy~!

Derek walked around his property. His skin itching, something was here on his property, and he didn't know it was or where it was. It was beginning to piss him off. He growled deep in his throat as he felt the air shift. Narrowing his eyes, Derek tried finding whatever had disturbed the peace of his forest. It was worse than when his uncle came back from being dead, and when two of his four betas disappeared. The change in the air suddenly stopped.

It took a moment, but he soon recognized where he was, it was the place where he and his older sister had come across a dead Harley Stilinski and a barely alive, Stiles Stilinski.

No one of the pack had really come here after that. Harley had been friends with his parents, and even most of the adults. He knew of Harley being a man, everyone of the Hale pack did. He'd remember his mother over obsessing with it, the Alpha of the Hale pack always wanting to know of Harley's past, though the man wouldn't say a word about it. Derek could still remember the man's eyes losing brightness every time he was asked of his past. He wondered what the man could have done in order for such a haunted look to come across his face.

Everyone of the Pack had forgiven Harley for stepping on their property, and found he'd even had Derek's curiosity peaked around the man. Harley had been a humble man, who'd married John Stilinski. It was strange, most people had believed that Harley would have married into the Hale family, but of course, as Harley told him, John had just swept him off his feet ever since they first meet.

Derek sometimes wondered if things would have been different if Harley hadn't been killed. He wondered if he would have still gone out with Kate if the fire would have happened. But of course Harley died, and things happened the way they did.

He was pulled from his thoughts as he saw his uncle appear in the clearing he was at. Peter was looking at him, with a strange glint in his eyes. Derek scowled at him, "What!" He snapped out.

Peter raised an eyebrow at him, a bitter smile twitching at his lips, "It sure has been long since I've been here." Peter placed a hand on a tree, his eyes going blank at the memories that surfaced. "Sometimes I wish I could have done more to save them."

Derek tensed. Barely anyone in the Hale family talked about what had happened that day, about how no one was near the family house, all except the humans of the Hale family. All the werewolves had gone out to help in another territory with a pack still growing, and that was being attacked by something.

"There was nothing we could do to change it." Derek grounded out. His glare hardened at Peter, "Now why don't you say what you really want to say?"
Peter nodded, "The Stilinski house has been attacked."

Derek's blood froze for a second, "What?"

"Don't worry nobody was hurt – much, the Sheriff will have some nasty bruises come sometime soon." Peter said as if he was talking about the weather. He picked at the tree bark with a finger nail, observing his nephew. "And don't worry Stiles was at school, safe from harm."

Derek released a breath he didn't know he was holding, but said nothing else, keeping his face expressionless. He needed to know why they would attack the Stilinski house, there wouldn't be any reason unless there was something there important.

"I stopped by there, after hearing of the attack of course. And you wouldn't guess who's scent I came across." Peter said, he took his hand off the tree and examined his nails, but didn't say anything else.

"And that was?" Derek asked, he was in no mood for Peter's mind games.

Peter eyes meet Derek's. "I don't know who it belongs to, but it was the same scent that was all over Harley when he died."

++++++

He moved slowly, in a world filled with shadows, and grays. No one could see him, and those that could avoided him, and while at first that had bothered him, he had eventually grown numb to the pain of loneliness. There was little holding him in the world to anyone else, after all how could a simple ring, piece of wood and cloak keep him him tied to the world. But to him they weren't just that; the simple ring held the Resurrection Stone, which held his soul on this plane, the piece of wood was the Elder Wand, it gave him more power than he'd ever had before, and the cloak was the Cloak of Invisibility, which once hid him from view from everyone else.

He had once wore the Resurrection Stone before sending it to the human world, where his living son now possess. He though still wore the Cloak of Invisibility, it trailed a bit behind him, and the Elder Wand was tucked into a pocket of his jeans. He walked around barefooted unable to feel the leaves that most likely crunched underneath his feet.

He moved slowly, though with purpose. He had seen a death, and knew he had to stop it. He had every right being the Master of Death. He could still see in his mind eye the death he had to stop. He often wondered if he truly had the right to push the death onto someone else, but he could stop this one, if it meant keeping his son safe.

He soon came upon the place he had died, the place was almost the same, the only difference was there was no blood staining the ground. He was some what shocked that there were two men standing there, one's death he was stopping the other someone that vaguely looked familiar. He watched as their lips move, having a conversation he couldn't hear.

He moved over to the man's life he was going to safe, in a sick twisted way, and reached out to touch the life line – a small string like substanced that held his whole life, up until the man died – but just as he was going to touch it, a voice stopped him.

"Do you truly think this is wise, Harry?" Only one voice could reach him, and that was Death's. Today it had taken on the voice – and probably body of a young girl, maybe one nearing nine years old.

Death was often cruel and showed him what his daughter looked like, and even what she sounded like. Other times Death would take on the form of Gemin or John.
Turning around, Harry took in the sight of his daughter – or Death in his daughter form – and couldn't stop his heart from breaking a bit. Vibrant red hair fell around thin bird like shoulders, and sharp blue eyes gazed at Harry. "I don't know. But I will do anything to protect my son and my daughter." He replied.

Death's blue eyes flashed in anger, "Even at the cost of your beloved's life?" Death said in a mocking tone.

Harry looked around the mockery of the human world as if it held the answer, wishing there were more colors here, or even his secret desire to have his family here. But even he couldn't do that to his family. Glancing back at the man that he was going to save, could it result in the death of his living husband? His husband who even after Harry's death, kept his vows, and never took another lover? Harry sighed. "I will protect my living family." Harry answered.

Death scowled at him, twisting Harry's daughter's features to something ugly. "That's not an answer! Do you even know that John has been contacted by Fenrir?"

That had solidified what Harry was doing. "He's an alpha, he'll keep my children and husband safe." Harry said, motioning to the man's death he was going to erase.

Death made to stop him, but Harry's word was law and final here.

Harry reached out again, and grabbed the man's life line – memories over took him, ones that had happened and ones that had yet to happen. As the memories were taking him to the man's death, Harry pushed his magic into the life line, and altering multiple people's lives, erased the death.

Harry was barely prepared for the pain that came with erasing someone's death, he experienced it instead. Harry screamed loudly, body curling in on itself as pain raced through his body. Death stood over Harry watching the process happen, it had happened only once before, and that was when Harry saved his son's life the day he died.

Death knew that if Harry hadn't taken on Gemin's injuries, Harry would have survived, but of course Harry cared little of that. Harry had chosen to die in his son's place if only to protect Gemin for a little while longer. Death knew that Harry had yet to learn his family was going to die one day, whether it was natural or unnatural. Death continued to watch over Harry as his body grew still, and the men left none the wiser about what had just happened. Not knowing that Harry, the Master of Death, had just taken Derek Hale's own death from him.

++++++

Stiles was sitting in Economics when there was a knock at the door. Coach shot a glare at it, and through the small window, Stiles could see a police officer standing there. Stiles wasn't able to tell who it was, but it didn't stop his heart from nearly stopping. Oh god please don't be for him. Please not him

Coach opened the door, and said a few words to the officer. Oh god please don't be for him. Please.

Scott who was sitting next to him shot him a glance that was full of horror and something else that Stiles couldn't place. Oh God no. Oh God no. Oh god no... Please God no.

Coach turned back to the class, somehow his attitude changed, a morose air surrounded him. "Stilinski." OH GOD. Stiles couldn't even be glad about the fact that Coach said his last name right.

Shakingly Stiles stood. Scott was there at his elbow helping him walk to the officer. Closer now, Stiles could see that it was Deputy Sabin. She glanced at Stiles with an unreadable look on her face.
One Stiles has seen many times when she or his dad were on a crime, or that one time when she was the one to tell Stiles about his mother's death... OH God no.

When he was close enough, Deputy Sabin reached out and took a hold of Stiles.

"Stiles, there was an attack at your home.-" And that was all he heard before he fainted.

++++++

John woke up to a pounding headache, and the bright lights weren't helping it. He'd been sent to the hospital enough to know what it smelt like and even more to know what the lighting system was like. Squinting his eyes, John tried getting use to them, it was a slow process. He slowly remembered what had happened to him.

A soft coughing sound turned his attention away from his thoughts. Gracie Sabin stood next to his bedside, and her thin lips disappeared as she pressed them into a line. Gracie was once beautiful, with high cheek bones, and a sharp chin. Now though, her skin had soften slightly giving way to old age.

"You're really a piece of work, Sheriff." She said, "When you didn't show up for work, Paul went to pick you up. Imagine his surprise finding you beaten up in your own house." She sighed. "Stiles found out, and now he's waiting for you to wake up in the waiting room. But I can't let him see you until you tell me what happened."

"I-I don't remember what happened." John said. "Just please, let me see Stiles." He could barely remember what happened that morning. All he knew was that he saw Stiles off.

Gracie sighed. "Fine." She turned on her heel, "You'll be staying the night. And a guard will be posted at your door, and several of the boys will watch over your house. For now you're no longer the Sheriff, and they have asked me to stand in for you until this blows over."

John's throat thickened. "I understand."

Gracie nodded and before she could leave, John call out to her. "And thank you Gracie."

She didn't reply but left the room in silence to get Stiles.

When Stiles came running in, John was struck by how close he resembled Harley at that moment. His heart stopped. Stiles was at his side in an instant, tears in his eyes threatening to fall and his mouth pushed in a thin line. Stiles' hands were at his sides, trembling.

"Stiles." John said.

"I-.. I was worried you had been killed." Stiles said, avoiding eye contact. "I didn't know what to think when Gracie picked me up at school." Stiles' voice trembled, but managed to stay strong, even though he was whispering. "I... I thought I had lost you just like I had lost mom."

John didn't know what to think. Slowly he opened his arms, hoping that Stiles would willingly hug him after scaring him that badly. How close had he been to death that Stiles couldn't even be picked up by a police officer at the school? Even on that they had known for a long time.

It took a while, but Stiles climbed into the bed and hugged him tightly. And John held onto Stiles just as tightly.

++++++
John had met Harley again. This time not at the police station. Rumors had it that the Hale's didn't press charges against Harley, and had instead invited her to stay with them. The mysterious woman wasn't seen again for the next month.

John was doing patrol, that day was clear in his mind. It was raining, hard, the kind of rain that made it hard to see even a foot past your car. John was driving carefully through it, barely going over 15 mph and that even felt to fast. John had just spilled coffee on himself, and was whipping it off, barely paying attention to the road. John had barely glanced up at the road before he slammed on his brakes. Through it all, he'd spilled more coffee on himself. "FUCK." The man shouted.

The car stalled and John cussed some more, before stepping out of the car to see what he had nearly run into. He squinted through the rain and was surprised to see the huddling figure of a human a few feet from his police car. Somehow it seemed he had barely missed the person.

"HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD?" he shouted.

"SORRY! MY GLASSES BROKE!" An accented voice sounded, it sounded like it was from England.

John turned and reached into the car, quickly finding his flashlight. Turning around, John was quickly able to spot who spoken, it was the strange new comer. She was sitting in the middle of the road, hands placed on her head, as she kneeled on the ground. As the flashlight continued shining at her, the woman stood up.

"God damn. What are you doing in this kind of rain?" John asked.

"Ah... Sorry, it's just that some plants like to be picked at this time." The woman replied. She slowly made her way over to him.

John quickly walked to her side, and gripped her arm, steering her towards the passenger's side. He noticed how thin the woman was in his grip and how badly she shook. She was probably dripping wet. When the got to the car, John opened the door, and she sat in the seat with a nearly silent 'thank-you.'

John shut the door then walked to the driver's seat, slamming the door shut. He rubbed his arms trying to warm himself up.

"I-I don't think we properly meet," He turned at the sound of the woman's voice. "I'm Harley Evans." She reached over and offered her hand.

John blinked then took the offered hand. "I'm John Stilinski."

"Nice to meet you John." Harley said. Harley then smiled, she smiled different from the day at the police station, this one seemed to reach her eyes, and had the power to make John's heart race.

"Likewise."

++++++
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait!!! I lost someone close to me, and then moved..... So yeah....

PLEASE NOTE THAT A PAIRING WAS ADDED!!!!

Please enjoy~~!!!

NOTE THAT I HAVE UPDATED/EDITED THIS AS OF 10/26/13

Teddy Lupin lived most of his life without his godfather, with letters between the two every other week. He had only visited a few times to America to see his godfather, and his family. It wasn’t until his last visit that he realized that he couldn’t be apart of Harry’s life as he had wanted. Teddy had come to the hard realization that he could never have been apart of Harry, or rather, Harley Stilinski’s life. He could never fault his godfather for that.

He had only been 13 when he lost his godfather completely. He’d remember the disbelief building in his mind and then the feelings of lost. He’d never really experienced death, so it was hard to wrap his mind around the fact his godfather was never going to be there again. Though he wasn’t the only one to take it hard, his aunt and uncle were taking it even harder. It was probably the first and only time he saw his Uncle Ron cry. It was only at that, that Teddy knew that what everyone was saying was true.

Life had continued after Harry's death, and by the age of 19, Teddy had already became an Auror. He’d pushed himself hard about it, knowing that Harry had once upon a time wanted to become one. He took up any mission that came to him, nearly losing his life because of it.

And as he stood in front of the Head of Auror's office, Teddy wondered if at the age of 21, he was already going to be laid off. His body held many scars. He didn’t even dare hold the notion of becoming an Unspeakable, as even he knew that would be to much.

He knocked on the door, and the Head of Auror called him in.

Stiles sighed for the umpteenth time that day. It was barely noon and already he was feeling drained. After the attack on his father, both Scott and Derek decided it might be time to work together.

Though right now they seemed to be butting heads, though Stiles didn’t know about what this time - they maybe talking about the still missing Erica and Boyd, but with those two, who knew.

Isaac Lahey watched on, looking somewhat worried for his Alpha, while Peter Hale - the creepy uncle who's ass should have stayed dead - watched on with amusement. Right now though, Stiles wanted to curl up and sleep. He didn’t care about the two idiots fighting. It was getting harder and harder to sleep at night, with his dreams being filled with screams and blood, along with his father’s new restlessness, and him bringing out the alcohol.
Stiles rubbed his temples feeling a headache already start. His dad was upset about being taken off of Sheriff duty once again with in the last six months. But Stiles believed Gracie was right in taking over as the Sheriff for however long again, his father had been attack in their home - and by a werewolf also. Stiles made it his job to make sure mountain ash was now always around his house. Of course, Derek and Scott had been upset about this, but there was not chance that Stiles was going to even let another werewolf near his house.

Stiles twisted the old ring on his middle finger again and again, his thoughts circling his mother. He wished he could see her once again, she would probably know what to do right now. She'd always seemed to know a lot of strange stuff. A soft chuckle to his side dragged him away from his thoughts.

He turned his head to his right sharply, and gasped. None of the werewolves noticed that anything was wrong. How was no one noticing this?

His eyes greedily took in the sight that was there in front of his eyes. His mother gazed at the two fighting males, an amused look in her green eyes. Her dark messy black hair was pulled into a short ponytail, while a few bangs escaped and rested against her lightening bolt scar. She sat with her ankles crossed and her hands braced behind her. She seemed so real and at the same time not.

Stiles choked on the words that wanted to come out, but when she looked at him, the died in his throat.

"My how have you've grown." She said, her voice soft and everything Stiles remembered it to be. She stood up, and gazed down at him with warm green eyes. "Look at you, so close to being a man." She smiled gently at Stiles. She reached out and cupped his face in her hands, he could feel the pressure of hands on his face, but there was no warmth in her hands, leaving the touch feeling hollow.

"I'm sorry." She whispered, her green eyes holding a pained look to them. "I'm so sorry I failed you."

"Mom." Stiles managed to squeeze out.

He didn't notice that the werewolves were now watching him. Stiles stood also, and noticed that he now stood at his mother's height. She cast her gaze to the werewolves that were standing about. It was oddly silent over by them, but Stiles didn’t care, his mother was here, standing in front of him.

"STILES!" Derek snapped out, the tone sounding like he had been trying to gain Stiles attention for a while.

Stiles turned to look at the Alpha, and as he wasn't paying attention, the ring that was somewhat loose on his middle finger, slipped from his finger and his mother disappeared from view. It was then that Stiles noticed everyone looking at him. Scott looked worried, Isaac looked like Stiles was going crazy, Peter looked shocked and Stiles couldn't read Derek's face.

"W-what?" Stiles said, "My mom-" Stiles turned to where his mother was previously standing only to see her gone. ",was here."

A pained look crossed Derek's face. "I think we're done here for today."

Stiles nodded, and didn't fight it when Scott offered to drive him home. His thoughts were in churning, and he didn’t even notice he’d left without the ring.
Hermione Granger could have once been called beautiful, but that was before a Auror mission involving Vampires. Now she carried a large scar that ran down the left side of her face, going from her eyebrow to the corner of her mouth. There was another that started on her right temple that crossed across her nose. Even with the scars on her face, she was a sight to see behind the large desk of the Head of Auror. She had worked hard, and at the age of 39, became the youngest Head of Auror ever.

It wasn't always in her plans to become an Auror, and after a year of trying to become a politician, Hermione found it wasn't for her. She'd rather be out in the world fighting and stopping the bad guys. She then moved to become an Auror, even against her at the time boyfriend's wishes.

Her relationship with Ronald Weasley had died out after she found that their feelings weren't what they once were. Ron and her had luckily separated as friends, before feelings would have prevented from being friends.

Eventually, Luna Lovegood once again walked into her life when she was only 23, her relationship with Ron already dead. At the age of 22, Luna had grown to be quite beautiful, and she seemed to already know what she wanted. Hermione never stood a chance when Luna started seducing the older woman. Though rumor had it between her friends, that Hermione didn’t really stop Luna’s advances.

As she looked at Luna sit in the chair in front of the large desk, Hermione was struck by how much she loved Luna. How much she wished that she could protect Luna from. It made the mission she had for the two Aurors who were soon going to be crowding her office, and then her to be joining in the mission, that much harder.

Harry and Luna had always shared this strange bond, one that Hermione never could understand. Luna was also the last person to see Harry off when Harry had disappeared to America, and Luna knowing. Hermione had of course been upset, and wondering why Luna never spoke up about where Harry had managed to disappear too. But after speaking personally with Harry, Hermione had seen how much the war had changed Harry. Gone was the sweet kind hearted boy, and a new man took the place of the child, Harry had started to hate magic, and wanted nothing to do with it. Of course, it didn’t stop the Weasleys, Hermione, Neville or even Luna from stop speaking to Harry. So everyone was surprised when Harry had named Luna the Godmother of Harry's only child. Now for the American Ministry to be calling them in on a mission, she knew that Luna's sixth sense whenever it came to Harry must be going off.

"You worry too much." Luna's voice cut her from her thoughts.

Hermione glanced up at Luna, who wasn't really looking at her, but rather the air above Hermione. "I always worry." She joked lightly.

Luna looked in her eyes, a slight pout on her lips. She soon schooled her features. "Does this have something to do with Harry?" She asked. And Hermione once again was proven right.

"You know I can't tell you anything." Hermione reminded. Luna nodded, but that told her all that she needed to know.

Luna stood and gave Hermione a parting smile just as a knock sounded on the door. Hermione called for whoever knocked to enter, and young Teddy entered. Luna said her goodbyes and left the two alone.
"Is there a reason you called me?" Teddy asked.

Hermione leaned back in her chair. "Yes, all we are waiting for is Ronald."

It didn't take long for the older man to join them. Hermione immediately went to business. "The three of us are going to America for a mission. This is going to be hard on all of us, not just physically but emotionally and mentally. I have chosen you two as the one's to come with me, as there would be no one better for the mission." Hermione said. She moved two files across her desk for Ron and Teddy to pick up and look through. "The Ministers of both America and Britain asked for us to do this. Kingsley wants us to quickly finish it."

"What kind of bullshit are you pulling 'Mione!" Ron snapped out. He waved the file around,

"How can any of this be true? How would they even manage to pull this off?! It's impossible!"

Ron threw the file on her desk, his face as red as his hair.

Teddy even looked like he didn't believe what he had quickly skimmed.

Hermione sighed, and ran a hand through her short hair. "It's true because someone managed to make a horcrux, Ron. And they plan on using it."

"But why?" Teddy asked. "Why bring him back to life?"

Hermione shrugged. "I don't know. But if the rumors are true then we must stop it at all costs."

Teddy nodded, and Ron looked grim.

"This wont go well with the family." Ron stated.

"That's why they won't know."

"Why not?"

"Because Ron," Here Hermione's voice held a slight annoyance tone to it. "They can't, they will get in the way of our work. Now then, do you both accept?"

Teddy nodded. "Yes."

"Fine." Ron accepted.

"Good, then we must stop who ever is trying to bring Harry back to life."

Eight year old Stiles looked around the pure white platform, wondering where his mother was. She was normally always within reach of him, except when he went to school. "Mommy?" He called out. "MOMMY?" He called again.

"Stiles..." Stiles turned and grinned at seeing his mother only a few feet away from him.

"MOMMY!" He shouted and ran towards her. When she was in range, he threw himself at her, wrapping his skinny arms around her small waist. "Mommy where are we?" he asked.

His mother cupped his face tilting it so his eyes meet hers. He saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "Mommy?"
“Stiles....” She said, her voice full of sadness. “You aren't meant to be here.”

Stiles looked at her face, his confusion showing.

She hugged him close. “I'm sorry I failed you.” She held him as close as she could. His mother pushed him away a little bit and kneel in front of him. “Do you see that door over there?” She asked pointing behind him.

Stile turned and saw a pure black door, he wondered how he could have missed it. "Yeah."

"Your daddy's waiting on the other side. I need you to walk through it and go to him."

"What about you Mommy?" Stiles questioned.

His mother chuckled a bit, "I can't go through that door. I can't go back with you.... I'm sorry."

She stood and took his hand. "Let me walk you there."

Stiles let his mother lead him to the door, and when they stopped in front of it, he decided he didn't want to go back without his mother.

"Stiles, it's time to go."

"No." Stiles said stubbornly.

His mother blinked, surprised. "Don't you want to see Daddy?"

"Not without mommy!" The boy refused.

She smiled, "I understand. But mommy has to do something first. So you need to meet up with Daddy first ok?"

"Okay." The boy pouted. "But you'll come soon right?" At his mother's nod, Stiles reached for the door, and left the white platform, with his mother waving goodbye to him.

When the door closed behind Stiles, a dark look over came Harley's face.

"Already regretting your decision, Harry Potter?" Death question from behind the man.

Harry turned to him, "No, never." He looked at the dark door once again. "I just wish I could have joined him." Harry gazed at the door longingly, and watched as it faded from sight.

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