Satan has a new #1

by RubyRedCase

Summary

Prompt: Fic idea where a lonely person sells their soul to Satan to be their friend. And Satan just rolls with it until he realizes at the time of their death he genuinely likes them. Since he can’t renege on the contract he takes them to Hell and puts them in a high position of power. Demons hardened by millenia of torture now have to answer to a shy, self-conscious, quiet, depressed, lonely person who has unintentionally become Satan’s #1

And it has now taken over my life. Please enjoy literal devil!peter and Stiles!!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
"Oh god." "Not quite."

Chapter Summary

Setting that scene.

I'm pretty sure I've got everything I need. Stiles checked his list one more time, just making sure. He had been over it so many times he could recite it in his sleep. The paper was worn thin with how often he had held it and gone over it, over and over again. His gaze moved over to look at his ever silent phone. The only noises it made was when there was a game notification these days and even those were rare.

He missed Scott. It was a classic tale of childhood friends growing apart. Some deity blessed Scott who grew into his own in high school. He chose to try the swimming team instead of lacrosse, at the insistence of his mother, and his asthma improved so much with the consistent exercise. He developed friendships with his swim teammates and, with his literal puppy dog appearance, he made friends easily. Over their freshman year, he ditched on hanging out with Stiles more and spent time with the swim team and their group of friends instead. It was a slow process and Stiles tried his best, but… he wasn’t enough in the end. He was still reeling over the death of his mother and Scott was just… not there anymore. With the lack of a social outcast limpet with spastic tendencies attached to him, Scott got marginally more popular until even the great Lydia Martin deigned to give him a scathing look and a makeover. With a surprisingly unironic leather jacket and a pair of well fitting jeans, he was fully assimilated, and when the new girl, who is basically a Disney princess, came into town, Scott just smiled his crooked smile and she had dimpled back and the rest was history. Scott stopped texting him as much and then… not at all. It had been 4 months and 6 days since his last text and that had just been Scott sending a damn alien emoji and nothing else.

Stiles was man enough to admit he was hurt. He stood up to a bully for Scott when he was 5 and they’d been best friends ever since. Scott was a solid presence at his side during the loss of his mother. They had grown up together. He was Stiles’ only friend until... Well. Until now.

So Stiles had had a lot of free time on his hands for the last year. He’d finally gathered his nerve and went through his mother's boxes in the attic. She had been an occult researcher, an extraordinary doctor and researcher in her field. Most of the occult community kept in touch with her research partner and neighbor, Ms. Alice Michaels, after her passing. The young woman held Stiles at the funeral when Noah Stilinski broke down at the graveside. Alice was the one to slap Noah silly when she realized he wasn’t going to climb out of the bottle himself. She was the one who Stiles begged when he wanted to be told about all the different religions and what they meant as bedtime stories. She was the one to pick up the pieces of the broken Stilinskis and get them back on track. To pick up Stiles from therapy. To get him sorted with his ADHD. She had put her life on hold to help out her pseudo-family for the last 10 years and she was a second mother to him and that was why he felt so guilty to even be considering doing this.

But she wasn’t his mother. She had her own life. Even whilst helping, she grew busier with research grants as Stiles got older and got offered a full-time job as a professor at one of the big colleges up north. The Stilinski men had been torn between wanting to beg for her to stay and letting her flourish. She is 8 years younger than Claudia Stilinski and had followed her mentor to Beacon Hills when Claudia had fallen in love with the small town boy in the class she was TA for in her final year
of studying for her doctorate. She deserved a chance to go and enrich the minds of other people and be paid for it, not stuck in a small town out of familial guilt.

So the Stilinski men gave their well wishes and off she went, both reluctant and so happy to be given the chance. Stiles, at 17 years old now, felt like he was losing his mother again, but at least this time she was only a phone call away.

But... but still, he was alone. His father wasn’t a drinker anymore (oh, the blow up Alice reaped on Noah had epic and lasting effect), but he worked. A lot. Being the Sheriff meant long hours and not a whole lot of time for family. So, Stiles being almost an adult, with no friends, finishing high school early (because what’s the point in staying for Scott when he wasn’t needed or remembered), with both of his motherly figures out of his life, felt completely and utterly abandoned.

Hence the pentagram on the floor.

*Oh god, please don’t let me screw this up.* He begged silently to every god, goddess, patron and being he could think of, as he put the final touches on the summoning circle and took a steadying breath before he started reciting the ridiculous Latin he had memorised.

About half way through he realized all the lights in the room were out and he was having trouble breathing, but he didn’t stop. He couldn’t stop the words if he tried. He felt an itching in his palms and a burning in his chest, but he couldn't look away from the circle. It started to glow eerily and the markings had smoke curling from them. *Oh god, what am I doing what am I doing what am I doing boom.* Stiles was thrown backwards, his back crashing soundly with the wall at his back. He shook his head to clear his foggy brain, tender from where it smacked the solid wall. Blinking he looked up to see... well... beauty. He looked up at the man (very definitely a very manly-oh god) smirking down at him, before he saw a blurry shift. Red skin and a tail snaking round the man's leg were crystal clear, but the image faded as quickly as it came, leaving the man behind.

Stiles gulped, wavering between wanting to jump up and woop in joy that he'd done it and curling into a ball in the corner because *oh god he had done it!* The man-being-demon in front of him who was still smirking at him, crossed his arms across his muscled chest (*oh my god, really?!*), stretching his Henley slightly across his biceps and cocking his hip, the epitome of confidence even as he was still trapped in the circle.

"Hello Mieczyslaw, you rang?" the man-being-demon drawled, his eyes flashing red, his gaze never wavering from Stiles's form still slumped at the bottom of the wall.

"Oh god," Stiles whimpered.

"Not quite," Red eyes chuckled, flashing a fanged smile.

Stiles was very definitely screwed.
Abbadon Pitkis was not one for being summoned. He usually felt the pull, but sent one of his subjects to go. This time… this time though, oh he felt the authority of power, the everfire Spark pulling at the very fiber of his being, the sheer need, almost desperation, behind the summons and he couldn’t not be drawn to it. He had expected the intoxicating tang of Magik lingering in the air. He had expected the Contract snapping into place, a collar and leash around his very being. He had not, however, expected to be landing in a teenager’s bedroom looking down at a tall, skinny man-child.

Well, this should be fun, Pitkis thought with an unruly smirk at the man-child’s whimper.

Glancing quickly downwards, he took in all the sigils scrawled along the floor in a practically perfect circle. Inexperienced, but thorough, Pitkis pondered. I’d know if he has Summoned before, though… he seems to have misread one of the sigils. His eyes flicked back to the figure still slumped on the wall. And it's a Sparkling. How quaint.

Titling his head further in an almost reptilian fashion, Pitkis stalked the rest of the distance to the very edge of the circle. In an almost submissive fashion, he bowed his head, his eyes still fastened on the man-child’s. “I am yours for your bidding until you are no more Mieczyslaw, as you have bargained your eternal soul in return.”

Stiles’ eyes widened slightly. After a moment of frozen stillness, he threw himself forwards to recheck all the runes. His eyes lit upon one, a supposedly inconsequential scribble on the tail end of the Latin and Germanic sentence and his eyes bulged when the meaning clicked in his mind. “Oh shit, oh bugger, fudge sickles, oh god—” he muttered, scrambling to his notes to double and triple check he was- oh God he was right. Oh no.

Pitkis watched with a twisted gleam in his eye, his hands folded behind his back as the Sparkling turned slowly back towards the being from the Under. Collapsing into his desk chair, the amber eyes of a Spark stared back into his own. He felt them flicker brimstone red in response to the flair of their Contract fluttering against his Magik when their eyes met.
Stiles gasped as a warmth spread through his chest when he looked into the red eyes of the creature.

Pitkis watched the emotions playing along the Sparkling's face, enjoying the torment in a way only the King of Demons could. The realisation and then panic was beautiful to see. It was such a pretty expression, Pitkis thought he might show an ounce of kindness to the man-child.

“Mieczyslaw, I am Abaddon Pitkis, King of the realm Hell. At your service, it would seem,” he said, with a small bow. He didn’t miss the way the man-child’s body twitched at his true name, nor how his mouth fell open at his title.

“K-king?!” he exclaimed, almost falling off his chair in his haste to lean forward. He glanced up at Pitkis’ head, as if a crown would suddenly be visible. Then the information clicked. “At my service?! Did I seriously summon the king of Hell as a my personal demon?!” Stiles… Stiles was not dealing well. He needed to breathe. Oh god. Oh good god.

“Questions first then?” He asked rhetorically, not even waiting for an answer. “I am the King of Hell, Abaddon Pitkis. And you, my dear boy, are a Spark.” He leaned forwards slightly, a flash of red coming over his eyes as he surveyed the uncomfortable Sparkling, as if he could see the Magik all around him. Stiles felt his arms cross unconsciously, leaning slightly away. Pitkis smirked. “You Summoned me. I am yours to command until the day you die in repayment of your soul, thanks to that nifty little sigil you scribbled right there,” he couldn’t contain the glee in his voice, as he tapped just beside the pesky markings. Stiles eyes flicked towards it again and he felt his face tighten.

“Questions first then?” He asked rhetorically, not even waiting for an answer. “I am the King of Hell, Abaddon Pitkis. And you, my dear boy, are a Spark.” He leaned forwards slightly, a flash of red coming over his eyes as he surveyed the uncomfortable Sparkling, as if he could see the Magik all around him. Stiles felt his arms cross unconsciously, leaning slightly away. Pitkis smirked. “You Summoned me. I am yours to command until the day you die in repayment of your soul, thanks to that nifty little sigil you scribbled right there,” he couldn’t contain the glee in his voice, as he tapped just beside the pesky markings. Stiles eyes flicked towards it again and he felt his face tighten.

“What do you mean, ‘repayment’? I didn’t ask for anything.” He muttered, turning his hard stare on the demon sat comfortably in his room.
Pitkis looked down slightly, as if ashamed. It was at complete contrast to the smirk still playing on his lips. “Ah, but you see that’s the beauty of it. I get the full price, your eternal soul, and you get whatever you want until you die. Most of my higher level minions won’t follow it, but the younger, more stupid ones do.” He said, waving his hand lazily as if it wasn’t his problem. It kind of wasn’t. If they wanted to spend the next however many years chained to a bumbling human, so be it on their heads. He fixed his brimstone red gaze on Stiles eyes again, suddenly serious. “But when I felt you, well, I had to come myself.”

Stiles felt himself leaning forward unconsciously, taken in by the fire in those eyes. He quickly straightened in his chair, clenching his teeth and trying to figure out this… thing in his room. It was so unlike the people he came across in his life; it was hard to figure out his angle. It was a wordsmith and it created swords.

“How could I trust you won’t just kill me?” Stiles’ said scathingly, glaring again.

“Don’t you feel it?” Pitkis asked, tapping his chest where his heart would be if he had one. “I am bound to you. I can harm you no more than I could myself. You have… what is it called? Muzzled me. Rather thoroughly I might add,” he remarked as he glanced at the runes again. They were all well researched, except for the one that would mean repayment. Otherwise, he was well and truly bound. A mostly neutered hellhound at his beck and call.

Stiles touched his own chest, feeling a barely there link flutter against his fingers, his fingertips lighting softly. Stiles gaped at his hand, both scared and intrigued, before removing his hand. I’ll think about it later, I can’t- it's too much. Deal with this first.

“I can ask for anything?” he pondered. He bounced his leg as he thought, isn’t this what I wanted? Someone to talk to? To be here for me? He considered the demon (King!) that looked like a middle aged man in the circle again. Albeit a very muscled and handsome man.

“You can ask for anything Stiles,” Pitkis’ voice took on an alluring edge, almost seductive. “I could give you the world.” He was leaning forward even more, one hand on the floor to steady himself. Stiles saw a flash of a tail thrashing behind the demons back, catlike except for the scales. “What do you want?”

“I want a friend.” Stiles whispered out, his words a jumble as he forced the words out.

Pitkis froze. “Oh.” That’s a first.
Holy water

Chapter Summary

"My mother died."

Chapter Notes

This had not been beta read. I got by inspiration and I finished this at 1am and I was I'M DONE. UPLOAD. YES. BYE. so apologies in advance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles curled into himself as soon as the words left his mouth, shame burning its way up from his stomach. He felt pitiful; those stupid words felt like a brand he’d just scorched into his skin. He was too tall to feel comfortable folded into his chair, the plastic creaking ominously from the sudden weight shift. His hands were white knuckled, tightly gripping his arms, a protective clamp around his knees, his burning face hidden in his jeans.

Pitkis was still frozen. He had felt the Contract quiver against something inside him and knew, he knew, that it was the truth. He’d been Summoned to be a friend to the Sparkling. He… never heard of this happening before. Never in his existence. And he had been aware for so many millennia.

“You… Y-you summoned a demon to be a friend.” Pitkis tried to say it without an incredulous chuckle, he really did. He failed, but he tried.

Stiles glared daggers over his knees, his cheeks still burning red. “Yes, please, mock me more, you dick,” he snapped, gripping his knees even tighter to his chest.

Pitkis just leaned back slightly, raising his eyebrow. “I’m not mocking-” Stiles’ loud snort cut across his sentence. “Okay, maybe I am. But I am rather curious now. Why would a pretty boy like you be lacking in friends?”

Stiles gulped. He really didn’t like thinking about why he was friendless, let alone discussing it. He was the Sheriff’s child, so being invited to parties weren't high priority for those who indulge in under age drinking. He had ADHD and, well, it was a small town. He was unreasonably smart and only one other teen could keep up with him, but even at their age, Lydia Martin knew she was of a better ilk that those around her. And because they all grew up together, they could remembered his run-on mouth in class and multiple disciplinary actions the school had taken against him. It was hard to find friends when they could barely understand him half the time and needed him to be quiet the rest. It was isolating at such a young age.

And then, well. His mother. She… she hadn’t gone quietly. She had had frontotemporal dementia, a shrinkage of the brain that leads to dementia. She was unlucky. Her disease progressed quickly and she was gone in just 3 years. And in those 3 years… oh God, Stiles almost whimpered as the faded memory of his kind mother warped into what she became in her illness. Raging apathy towards everything and inhibitions forgotten meant that she swung between lack of interest in her own son
and emotional outbursts that quickly turned angry. With her schooling in the occult, it wasn’t hard to imagine that as she lost her mind, she thought the devil had taken over her child. If Alice hadn’t been expecting Stiles over that day… if she hadn’t come over, Stiles would have drowned in the holy water being forced down his throat and then held under in the bath to “purify his worthless body of his Sins”. Stiles still has scars from her nails digging into his shoulders against his thrashing to live. And the scars of “holy flames purging the Sins from his hopeless eternal soul” had only faded slightly in the last 10 years. They tried to make sure she was never alone with him ever again, but they couldn’t put her away yet. She was still herself sometimes, still warm and loving. She still cleaned and cooked and spoke like she used to. It was only when she began urinating herself multiple times a day and her hoarding of useless objects made moving around the house hard, they started talking about hospitalizing her till her time came to pass away. You wouldn’t think it, but it was surprising how much damage a wheelchair bound woman could inflict on a child. When her uncontrollable repetitive movements turned into repeated life attempts on Stiles, that, no matter how restricted and monitored their interactions, more often than not still ended with Stiles bruised and broken in some way, was she moved permanently to the hospital. All Stiles knew was that his mother thought he was evil, and it didn’t matter how many times Alice and his dad tried to convince him otherwise, he still believed it.

(It was probably why he had avoided the occult so vehemently. Why the boxes remained untouched for years in the attic other than Alice verifying her copies against the original notes. Until the only person who had stood by that broken 9 year old boy had left him to be popular. Until he felt like he didn't have a reason to stay Good.)

Eventually, it all resulted in death. Everything does. She went as loudly as she could, screaming and yelling, calling Stiles a murderer and Sin and a devil child. Her voice was shrill and echoed perfectly down the hospital halls. It was the last thing he heard from his mother, that he should be purged and sentenced to death in Hell, to be sent back to where he came from. No matter how fast he ran down the corridor, it followed him. Her voice followed. Those words carved a horrible momento under his skin, making sure he never forgot.

And during all this, how was he expected to keep up with social interactions. Only Scott stuck by him, a stubborn asthmatic lonely Scott. Scott was just as broken back then. But his cracks had fused over, barely a scar in their place.

Stiles was still as broken as his mother left him, bits of him had turned into splinters, barely recognisable. He couldn't be put back together again.

Stiles didn't want to think about it. He didn't. He couldn't help it. It was always there though. He didn't want to think. Didn't mean he could escape it.

He looked up at Pitkis and said in a bland monotone voice, “My mother got sick.”

In an almost serpentine tilt of his head, Pitkis’ gaze bored into Stiles’ blank one. I can't wait to peel that story from your bones, he thought, running his tongue along his new human teeth. The man-child's amber gaze never wavered, his body frozen on the chair. It was an unnatural stillness, learnt through hard study or fear.

“Okay,” Pitkis said eventually, his body unnaturally still as well as he continued to stare at Stiles. Stiles didn't stop staring right back, his blank facade still in place. Pitkis breathed out a long curl of air, a small smile upticking his mouth. It had been a long time since someone had the balls to challenge his gaze in such a way. It was rather refreshing. Perhaps this lifetime won't be such a waste, he has fire inside him after all. “I am yours to command, and if it is a friend you wish, a friend I shall be, Sparkling,” he purred.
Stiles shuddered at the phantom fingers stroking his spine that that voice had inspired and sighed. *This is what I want. A friend. This is what I get for asking. I get exactly what I ask for.* He looked the demon up and down and couldn't help but snark. “Predator alert, much? I'm in high-school. You look like 20 years older than me;” Stiles felt better falling back into old patterns, to where he knew he was comfortable and where he stood. He logged the term ‘Sparkling’ in his brain as another thing to ask about later.

Pitkis smirked and focused some of his immense power. He felt his skin shift and tighten ever so slightly. The prickle of his hair growing in some places and pulling back in others. His muscles moving from sculpted to still strong but softer in places. He breathed out and watched Stiles’ shocked face as he forced his body to be young. After a few moments, a 17 year old version of the man sat in front of Stiles, in the exact same spot as the man at the very edge of the circle.

“It’s impressive,” Stiles couldn't help but squeak out. He coughed in embarrassment at his voice cracking slightly. Pitkis’ smirk widened further, a blood tinted smile flitted vaguely over for a millisecond, reminding Stiles of just who he was dealing with. *Abbadon Pitkis, king of Hell. Ridiculously long name. That's gonna need to be changed.* Stiles pursed his lips and crossed his arms, tapping his finger against his puckered lips. “I should take offence. My name is a Power in and of itself.” He saw Stiles’ eyebrows draw together, another question on his tongue, but he continued on before he could get any questions out. “But if you must call me something so plebeian, you may call me Peter.” A flash of inspiration and a dirty smile twisted his mouth. “Peter Hale.”

Stiles just rolled his eyes at the terrible last name. Peter. He could work with Peter. The verb Peter meant to slowly decrease and fade and he guessed that would work. He was Bonded with him till he died, which would seem like a slow paterning of his life compare to millenia. Then there was the religious aspect, being named after an apostle- *And getting off track Stiles.*

Quickly glancing at the clock, he realised that with the whole summoning ritual and their talking, almost 2 hours had passed. It was getting on 4am and he was starting to feel rather lackluster. Glancing back at Pitkis- *no, Peter* -he saw that he was still being studied. He felt like a bug under a microscope. That was about to get too close and squish him. He narrowed his eyes and felt the need to clarify. “You really can’t harm me?”

Peter smiled at him indulgently. “No, I cannot. Not in anyway that will cause you fatal harm.”

“Oh good, just non fatal then,” scoffed Stiles, changing into his sleep shirt quickly, hoping the lack of good light would hide his faded scars.

“Naturally.”

Stiles couldn’t help but huff a laugh. Of course he'd get the King of Hell that had a sense of humor. “Well, I need to sleep and I'm not letting you out of that circle till I'm fully awake and aware. If my dad walked in, would he be able to see you?” He pondered as he wandered over to his wardrobe. Grabbing a spare pillow and a blanket, he turned back to Peter. Peter had turned his body to keep looking at Stiles, contorting his body uncomfortably without moving his lower half, a slight nod in confirmation to his question. Stiles winced at the sight and chucked the pillow and blanket at the teenage-devil- *whatever,* and grabbed a pair of sweatpants to sleep in. His jeans were starting to get
extremely uncomfortable and not even in a fun way. He'd deal with the visibility to everyone thing tomorrow. He needed sleep.

Quickly getting changed, uncomfortable with leaving Peter in the room alone and uncomfortable getting changed, even just to his boxers, in front of him, he glanced up to see a calculating expression on Peter's face, his eyes going from the blankets to Stiles. It took 4 minutes and 36 seconds (yes Stiles counted) before he snapped and almost yelled “What?!” at Peter.

“You gave the King of Hell a blanket to sleep on the floor.” Peter said, disbelief colouring his tone. Stiles flushed slightly, before straightening his shoulders and sliding into his bed. “Yes. I did. Now go to sleep. And cover the damn circle with the blanket would you? If my dad saw that, he'd freak.”

And then he turned out the light, falling into an exhausted sleep.

Peter's eyes glowed red in the dark. Oh yes, this will be fun.

Chapter End Notes

If you Uh.. Are still here after reading Stiles thingie...DONT HATE ME okay love you bye

also I have twitter @rubyredcase where I post picture of my dog and will probably update shit about my writing if any of y'all cba to follow my sorry ass.
Like the good girl I am

Chapter Summary

Stiles blinked. “So I didn’t dream I summoned Satan.”

Peter smirked. “No such luck, Sparkling.”


Chapter Notes

Dont judge me for this. Bloody writers block.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles would like to imagine that he woke up and had a blissful moment of not knowing a demon was in his room. But, alas, no such luck.

Sitting groggily upright, Stiles squinted, the sun being a damn pest and lighting up the whole room to unreasonable levels. Peter was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the circle, blanket folded primly and pillow placed perfectly on top. He was staring at Stiles, a small smile gracing the corners of his lips.

Stiles blinked. “So I didn’t dream I summoned Satan.”

Peter smirked. “No such luck, Sparkling.”

Stiles blinked again. A deep breath. Blink. “Nope. Too early. Need coffee.” He slid out of bed and shambled to his closed bedroom door. He muttered “Stay,” waving a hand over his shoulder, as he disappeared downstairs. Peter listened to his steps through the house, snorting slightly at the stumble the man-child took at the bottom of the stairs. The click of the coffee pot being turn on. Cabinet opened. Packet rustled. Stiles stubbing his toe and saying a lot of swear words, some of which even Peter was impressed at. He couldn't help but chuckle at rather imaginative “arsebaggering fucktitted moronic fucking door!” Under a lot of angry muttering about rude cabinets, Peter heard the toaster go down and the click of a mug being put on a counter. He snorted out of a laugh when he heard Stiles jump at the toaster popping up and then swearing at almost spilling his coffee. When he heard Stiles’ less than graceful footsteps coming up the stairs, he smelt sugar and coffee. His hand flicked out instinctively. Looking down, he saw a rectangle of something resembling a biscuit covered in sugar.

“Pop tart,” grunted Stiles, his mouth already full of his own one. He flopped back down at the bed, somehow managing not to spill coffee all over himself. Quite a feat.

He looked back at the warm sugary abomination again. Nibbling the corner, he was pleasantly surprised by the chocolate insides, even if it was under the cardboard masquerading as a biscuit. He could forgive it as, honestly, it was practically pure sugar. Somehow, he wasn't surprised that this
was Stiles’ breakfast of choice.

He finished the pop tart in a few bites and then coughed lightly, sliding his gaze up to Stiles. “I don't actually need to eat, but thank you for the thought.”

Stiles eyes were slowly coming awake, intelligence sparking up behind those lovely eyes. The coffee was slowly working through his system, nudging synapses to respond. He was not a morning person then.

He squinted at his coffee cup and then glared pitifully at Peter. “You mean I could have eaten that myself?”

Peter shrugged elegantly. “So, what are doing today, Sparkling? Am I ever going to be released from this lovely circle?”

Stiles sniffed, rubbed his eyes and then glared balefully down at his now empty coffee cup. “Why do I get the feel I'm going to need more coffee to deal with you?”

“I'm just that fun.”

“Fun. Hah.” Stiles physically shook off the rest of his sleep addled.

He started suddenly. “Crap! What time is it?!” He lunged across his bed, scrambling for his alarm clock. 8:57am. “Oh fuck! Dad’s shift ended 30 minutes ago.” Turning back, he stared wide eyes at Peter, still sat quietly in the circle, a bemused look on his face. “What the fuck am I supposed to do about you?”

Peter cocked his head to the side. “Give me chocolate and treat me like the good girl I am?”

“Not the time for jokes Peter!” he yelled, panicked, as he went to his window to check if his dad had pulled up yet.

“Oh, but you're so pretty all riled up,” Peter couldn't help but simper.

Stiles glared turning away from the window. “I don't trust you around my dad.”

“As you shouldn't, dear boy. I'm so glad I'm not stuck with an imbecile,” he said cheerily, settling more on his haunches.

Stiles’ eye started to twitch and his hands started flailing up. “So then why would I release you, you psychopath?!” He stole a glance out the window again. He sighed deeply. “You know what, you stay there and be quiet. I'm going downstairs where I don't have to explain—” he waved his hand in Peter's direction “—you.”


“Oh for god’s sake!” Stiles cried, his hands flung out in an attempt to stop the demon from being more annoying.

A bright flash momentarily blinded his eyes. He froze and stared at the glass covering his floor, so close to where Peter had been sitting before he had flinched and jumped out of the way. His light bulb had exploded.

“W-what was that?” stammered Stiles.
“I believe, Sparkling,” Peter began, his red eyes hooded and fixed on the man-child’s terrified face, “that you might have forced your manifestation by Summoning me.”

Stiles gulped. “I-I can’t deal with this right now. My dad is coming home, he’s going to be walking through that door, like 5 minutes ago.” He gaped at his hands. They looked exactly the same. *Please don’t let me hurt my dad.* “Uh, just, stay here. I, uh, I can’t explain you right now even if you do look my age.” He grabbed the closest book to him, chucked it vaguely in the right direction and bolted out the room. His long legs clumsy as he chambered down the stairs, almost tripping multiple times. He heard the engine of his dad’s cruiser pulling into the drive, jumped over the back of the sofa and quickly flicked the TV on.

The front door clicked open, Stiles hearing the thump of the Sheriff’s work boots on the wood flooring and the click of his gun belt being undone.

“H-hey dad! How’s it hanging?” Stiles called, a big fake smile and awkward bobbing of his head directed towards his father, trying for casual.

The Sheriff just blinked at his son. A defeated expression pulled at his features, his hand coming up to wipe down his face. “Whatever it is, if it's illegal, I don't want to know. I'm going to eat bacon for my breakfast, you will go back to your room and we will ignore that you have obviously done something wrong.” And with that he walked into the kitchen and started banging around. He called back to the living room, “If you get caught, I will not bail you out!”

Stiles watched his father retreat to the kitchen. He blinked. *Yeah, no, I’ll take that.* Bolting over the top of the sofa again, he bounded upstairs, not to look a gift purposefully oblivious father in the face.

Slamming into his room, he pressed his back to door. Peter was holding last year's yearbook in his lap, lounging in the circle casually.

“Your style hasn’t changed then,” remarked Peter, not glancing up. “Who's the boy?”

Stiles stepped closer, seeing one of the only pictures of himself in that book. It was one of Stiles and Scott in the background of a lacrosse game. They looked happy, sharing a joke, the photo taken mid-laugh.

Stiles gulped. “That's Scott.”

Chapter End Notes

What up! So I have twitter where I post random shit like my dog and vague updates about my life and why I'm not writing. Check me out if ya want @RubyRedCase
Chapter Summary

The Sparkling was just so... demanding. It made a change to the simpering idiots only wanting to get close to his power. Or to kill him. But at least those were entertaining rather than irritating. The Sparkling asked for something and then expected it, no thought to just who he was asking.

Chapter Notes

Super special thanks to @merrkkat. She actually wrote a bit of this cause my brain farted and didn't want to work. Massive thanks my boo <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter watched as he saw Stiles completely brush it all off. The forced cheer in his steps was horribly fake. He let the child have his false happiness. The Contract, being his friend, tugged at his soul and there was a false sense of wanting him happy. Peter knew his own feelings well enough to know that wasn’t his own. A manufactured sense of obligation to a Sparkling’s happiness was a new sensation and entirely not his own. It felt almost plastic in his chest. But it was there.

So he let the matter of this “Scott” drop. For now.

Casually tossing the book on the bed, he settled again into his cross legged position, hands rested in his lap, looking as though he wasn’t one of the most powerful demons of the Under realm. “So.” He drawled, letting his eyes flicker red just to watch the miniscule twitch of Stiles’ face in reaction as he went to his desk, booting up his laptop. And then how could he not smile a fanged smile? Watching the man-child squirm was rather fun.

Stile was moving his notes around, occult symbols and his messy writing being shuffled into an order no one but he really understood. His laptop was bright even in the well lit bedroom. From his position, Peter could see that the multitude of windows cluttering the screen, the taskbar full with multiple applications, word documents full of coded notes, so many windows of internet research from all corners of the internet and a rather illegal one that looked police-issue and shouldn’t be in the hands of a high schooler. He saw a tiny little icon in the bottom corner, a blue circle with a white “S”, a green dot in the corner. It was so inconsequential he wouldn’t have noticed it, but Stiles had hovered over it for a second before turning to sorting out his electronic notes and internet tabs into another confusing filing system.

Without turning around, still clicking and typing away, Stiles asked, “If I asked for a way to ensure you couldn’t hurt my dad, would you tell me the truth?”

Peter scrunched his lips together in thought. He could lie and say he would, giving him free access. He could be truthful and actually give that information and start the trust that would be beneficial later on. Or he could be partially truthful, give most of the information, let Stiles figure out the rest if he really was worthy of such information, see if he was worth Abaddon Pitkis as his personal hell
“Yes. I would.” He said in a deceptively calm voice.

Stiles turned around slightly, looking at Peter over his shoulder and raised an expectant eyebrow.

Peter smiled slightly. He seemed to be doing that a lot. The Sparkling was just so... demanding. It made a change to the simpering idiots only wanting to get close to his power. Or to kill him. But at least those were entertaining rather than irritating. The Sparkling asked for something and then expected it, no thought to just who he was asking.

“You need sigils. Bound to your father, on his skin, Commanding me not to hurt him,” he practically sighed out, sounding bored. He flicked out his wrist, fiddling with his cuffs to correct the miniscule imperfection. He liked the human form. His was a manifestation of his power and was what he would look like as a human. He was one of the more powerful ones, able to create a form to host himself in, rather than crudely stealing one and possessing it. He was him, just as human. Though he did miss his tail. It was a good distractor, swaying side to side in their periphery.

Stiles had turned back to his desk, a pen sticking out his mouth, chewing slightly as he ran a hand through his hair. It stuck up in tufts, still messy from his not doing anything to it since he woke up. He was focused on the pages and pages of sigils, switching easily between writing, reading and typing easily, both hands flowing easily between paper and technology.

Peter settled in to watch. He had a feeling that getting Stiles to focus on anything else would be pointless at this point.

~

Peter had been sitting quietly for almost an hour and a half, watching Stiles go between his papers and his computers, listening to his muttering, when, suddenly, Stiles lunged forward, grabbed a piece of paper and furiously read it. He quickly started flicking through his digital notes, looking for one piece in particular. Finding it after some manic scrolling, again he read it furiously, his gaze flicking between the screen and the paper in his hand. His face scrunched up, thinking hard, before he turned around, paper still in hand. His furrowed gaze looked at Peter and he pursed his lips before asking, “I think I’ve found the sigil. I’m going to ask you about it, and you will tell the truth. Got it?” Peter felt the words *twang* against the Contract in his chest and felt it resonate, the knowledge that Stiles would *know* if he was lying a certainty.

*Clever boy*, thought Peter, pleasure and indignation curling around his stomach. He nodded elegantly at the Sparkling.

Nodding back, Stiles held out the sheet to show Peter the sigil drawn on it. “Will this protect my dad against you hurting him, possessing him and/or killing him?”

Peter couldn’t help the vicious smirk cutting his face. He felt his fangs clamping tightly against each other. “Oh yes, and every other being from my Realm if you give it enough power.” He slid his eyes up to meets Stiles’. “And we both know you’re powerful, Sparkling. But do you trust your power? That’s another thing.”

Stiles gulped, gripping the paper hard between his hands. His normal, ordinary looking hands. He looked at the glass, swept neatly at the edge of the circle, presumable by Peter whilst he was downstairs, the only evidence of that incident earlier. The pale skin of his hands really didn’t look like they could hold back enough power to shatter glass from the other side of the room. He took a shaky breath. *Spark*. Oh god, how was he supposed to handle this? *What if he hurt his dad?*
Stiles’ breathing hitched. This was too much. Too much. Too much. He could hurt his dad. He couldn’t. He couldn’t. He couldn’t hurt his dad. He would go insane. He would rather die. He was all he had. Alice was leaving. All he had left was Dad. He couldn’t. He couldn’t. His mother was dead, gone mad. All he had was Dad. He couldn’t hurt him.

“-iles.”

How was he supposed to control it? All he had was old notes. He was going to be out of control. He had no control. He already had ADHD.

“-iles. Stiles!”

He was honestly out of control. He had medical records showing it. He was going to go out of control and hurt his dad. He couldn’t hurt his dad. He was all he had left!

“Stiles!”

He flinched, automatically scurrying away from the noise, eyes darting around, panicked. His back shoved his chair, toppling it over, narrowly missing the edge from crashing into his desk. The loud din made Stiles startle all over again. His wide eyed gaze focused on Peter, on the mask so carefully crafted. But there were tiny cracks, his indifference too tense to be casual. There was a sharpness to his eyes too bright to be disinterested. This was the most emotion Peter had shown other than amusement and it was more than enough to distract Stiles from his panic.

Distracting him enough that he heard the confused and slightly hysterical voice of his father yelling his name, rushing up the stairs.

Still feeling shaky, he scrambled to his door. His dad could not come in. Occult was… a touchy subject. As in “no touchy” at all. Plus, well, Peter.

Practically slamming into the door, he grabbed the handle, flung it open, bodily blocking it from opening wider than necessary for his face and his shoulder to fit through. He made sure his body was in the way of anything his father might see.

“H-hey dad,” his voice sounded so rough and he was still hyperventilating slightly.

Noah took in his son’s face, the flushed cheeks, slightly wide-eyed panicked look and the lingering tremors in his hands. His face crumpled and he strode forwards to gather his still slightly shaking son in his arms. Stiles stepped into it, subtly hooking his fingers and pulling the door mostly closed as he stepped into his dad’s embrace. He breathed in his father's smell- their laundry detergent, gun smoke, and coffee. He felt something loosen in his chest as that homedadsafe smell filled his lungs. The strong arms around him were solid, holding him up. Even though he was a tall as his dad, his dad had the muscle.

Noah didn’t say anything. He just held his son until most of the tension faded out his son's body. Pulling back slightly, he looked down at his son’s exhausted face.

“Panic attack,” Stiles breathed out, his hands falling to his sides. He stepped back slightly.

Noah nodded slowly. The closed off look in his son’s eyes was sadly familiar. He remembered seeing it when Claudia was dying; it was horrible seeing a child’s eyes like that. His eyes slid away from his son’s. Taking a breath, he nodded slightly at Stiles.

“I’m downstairs if you want to talk.”
Stiles watched his father go down the stairs. He hated seeing his dad’s face after a panic attack. He seemed so… helpless. He hated it.

He turned back into his room. Peter had stood up, his hands clasped behind his back. The tension in his arms was causing his Henly to stretch over his muscles in a distracting manner. Stiles was not in a good place to appreciate that fully, but it was a nice view. He stepped around the circle back to his desk picking up the sigil again. He had already figured out how to attach it to his dad; there was this old spell on a really obscure Wicca site which had taken days to track down properly. It was actually made by a witch who had the innate power and wasn’t complete bullshit hippy crap. It was a tattoo spell, to put the ink into a person's skin and was *supposedly* pain free.

He just had to try it out first. He had to know he could do it before he even attempted it anywhere near his dad.

Grabbing a different rune, he turned to Peter. “This means *focus*, doesn’t it?”

Peter focused on it. “Yes, it does. Why?”

“Cause I’m about to get a tattoo.”

Chapter End Notes

So @Merrickat wrote this "His wide eyed gaze focused on Peter, on the mask so carefully crafted. But there were tiny cracks, his indifference too tense to be casual. There was a sharpness to his eyes too bright to be disinterested. This was the most emotion Peter had shown other than amusement and it was more than enough to distract Stiles from his panic." She is super amazing. Yay her. It's cause of her this is actually coming out tonight haha

Also, my twitter is @RubyRedCase where I write shit about bullshit.
Okay. Dude.

Chapter Summary

Tattoo happens and then movies happen.

Chapter Notes

Seriously. Thanks @merrkat. She's an amazing sounding board. Also apologies it's short but. Yeah. 8

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It hurt. It totally hurt. It was totally not pain-free and it really really hurt. It felt like every damn needle it would have taken to do it manually was being stabbed in his skin all at once. But there were no needles, so at least he didn't collapse as he was prone to doing. He tried not to think about why he hated needles (pale skin, prominent veins, frail voice hissing namestruthevil at him), he just tried really hard to breath through the pain.

He had stayed quiet during the first flare of pain by shoving a sock in his mouth, not caring if it was clean or not, clenching the pain down and keeping as silent as he could. Even though it had made him collapse to the floor, he lay still and took it. He had practice.

Peter watched the Sparkling, eyes hooded, feeling an echo of pain through the bond. He was not unfamiliar with pain, he had burned many a times in his reign and the lead up it. But even just the echo he could feel through the bond was enough to make him tense up. How the man-child was staying silent was a true testament to his resilience. A begrudging respect was starting to grow for his captor.

The pain seemed endless. Stiles’ mind was purposefully blank as he just took it, focused on his breathing. In, out. In, out. Ages passed as he kept breathing. Finally, the pain started to fade, settling down to just a prickling sensation. In, out. He sat up slowly, flinching slightly from the flare of pain from his side, and spat the now soggy sock out, not caring where it landed.

Rolling up his shirt, he looked at his right flank, just beneath his ribs to where the ink had stained his skin. The mark stood out, shockingly black against his paleness. The curves and sharp lines were harsh, curving up around the jut of his rib. The circle in the middle with the curving outer flares ending in sharp points, all fit snugly in his skin beside his bones. It looked healed already. There was a little redness, which was already fading with the rest of the pain, making it look a year old. He could feel a tendril of power flowing through it, and already his attention felt more secure, pointed. The low burn under his skin that had been there since Peter had been Summoned felt less like a match in the wind and more like a lighter, primed and ready to be sparked up. Maybe he could control it better. Maybe he wouldn't hurt his dad. Maybe, maybe, maybe.

He nodded to himself, rolling the tension out of his shoulders and pushing his shirt back down. Hard eyes looked up at Peter, taking in the hooded gaze that was fixed firmly on his and the hunch of the demons shoulders.
“You felt it.” he stated, voice blank.

Peter nodded slightly, a tilt to it that seemed almost deferential.

Stiles bit back the apology on his tongue. No use. No good. Apologies never worked. He shook his head. He had to find the specifics of a sleeping spell he had looked into as a backup plan for his dad. He couldn't release Peter until he knew he was safe and he couldn't give (brand) Noah with the protective sigil whilst he was awake. He wouldn't be able to explain the pain away.

Rolling to his feet, no pain in his side now, he leant over his desk. He felt more centered in himself. He blinked and noticed his thoughts were more centered as well. No more Adderall needed, it seemed. One less expensive medical bill to pay off. His hands shuffled through the papers to find the sleeping spell, grabbing the sheet and staring at his scribbles, lips pursed. Who knew studying Latin when he was young at his mother's knee would be so handy now. He practiced the Latin words in his head, feeling heatmagicenergy gather at his fingertips much quicker than when he was casting the focus sigil onto his skin. He released the spell. He stared at his fingers. They still looked so normal.

When did he become not normal?

Shaking the dangerous thought out of his head, he checked the time and saw it was almost 11am. His dad would have probably gone to sleep off the night shift by then, already in a deep sleep. He liked to watch the news and eat his breakfast, just to decompress after working before heading off to bed. Stiles’ panic attack couldn't have helped. Stiles winced; he hated worrying his dad like that.

Barely glancing at Peter, focused solely on his task, he crossed the hallway and stuck his head in his father's room quietly.

“Profunde dormire,” Stiles whispered, holding the thought of a deep sleep in his mind. His hand was outstretched, his tattoo sung in his skin and he watched the red string-like flow from his fingertips to his father slumbering face. He watched the lines on his father's face grow even softer, his body relaxed even further, his breathing growing deeper. Stiles breathed a sigh of relief. He hadn't fucked up.

Now for the hard part.

“Inscribo tutatio ab inferno,” he commanded, focusing on the thought no pain, desire strong in his mind, the protection sigil burning behind his eyelids. Black tendrils this time, the colour of the ink. He needed it to work. He needed his dad not to notice it. He needed it to not hurt.

Only a small grimace crossed his father’s face before he fell back into deeper sleep, safe from the pain. He saw his dad's shoulder glow ever so slightly as the black tendrils touched his skin in the dark, the black ink growing bolder and bolder before fading completely. Stiles almost panicked about it not working before he realised he could still feel the pulse of magic syncing with his father’s heartbeat. He guessed the “not noticed by his dad” meant invisible tattoo. Cool.

He licked his lips, scrounging around in his brain for the right translation. “Somnum naturaliter,” he whispered. Sleep naturally. His dad should have a normal sleep and wake refreshed. Hopefully. He promised himself he'd check in every so often, just in case. It might be the first normal sleep in a while. Stiles… wasn't an easy kid.

Going back to his room, he looked down at his hands again. It looked the same. It looked no different from yesterday. He pressed a shaking one against his tattoo, feeling a low flush of heat against his palm in response. Oh god, I just did that. I just-my dad-I need to sit down, fuck.
Collapsing into his chair, he grabbed his hair in his hands. The floor was swaying underneath him and his legs were numb. All his confidence broke under the realisation that he did it.

“Stiles?”

“Give me a minute,” he gasped out, still hiding behind his hands.

It felt like the chair was wobbling under him; how could he do that without thinking? It felt natural. It felt like warmth.

It felt like he could burn the world.

His breathing hitched. The ghost of his mother, her words carved under his skin, screamed at him.

He tried hard not to fall into panic for the second time that day. God, it was so much. So much, so much, so much.

He forced himself to take a deep breath. Panic not good. Panic not now. Peter now. King of Hell now.

He looked up, determined to not panic, finding Peter the picture of cool indifference if not for the red eyes drilling a hole into his face. His thumbs were hooked in his jeans pocket, posture relaxed yet perfectly centered.

A sardonic eyebrow rose. “Are your hysterics done now?”

Unable to help it, Stiles snorted a laugh, feeling some of his own tension fade from his shoulders. He was drained. “Yeah, show's over for today. Dad's safe from your firey ass, by the way.”

“Oh goody, am I to be released from my lovely prison then?”

Stiles bobbed yes in a vague impression of a nod, “Why yes, yes you are. But a question first, you're bound to me.” Stiles paused, unsure how to phrase it.

“If I'm not mistaken, that was not a question, Sparkling,” came the dry reply.

Stiles mouth twitched, a smile hidden. “I'm getting there. Jesus. Patience dude.”

“Don't call me dude.”


Peter let out an aggrieved sigh. “I'm literally the King of Hell.”

“Yeap, but right now, we're bound. You can't hurt me.” Peter's face tightened, knowing what was coming next. “Dude.”

He groaned. “Just wait, Sparkling. I've got millenia with you once you die,” Peter purred, fangs flashing in his coy smile.

Stiles smirked, “Yeah, but I get to have fun till I get down there. Which, coincidently leads me to my question someone rudely interrupted,” he said with a pointed glare in the demon’s direction. “How the fuck am I supposed to explain you?”

“What? Don't you usually have strange boys stuck in a circle covered in runes in your room?”
“Strangely enough, no I don’t,” Stiles snarked back.

“Hmm, pity,” Peter couldn't help but leer.

“Okay, I'm not touching that comment with a ten foot pole.” Stiles grimaced. He suddenly sighed, remembering how tired he was. The low burn under his skin was less present, but it robbed some of his energy with it. “Can we just watch a movie and pretend I can function as a teenager with friends?” he asked wearily, his shoulders falling, already expecting a no.

Peter tilted his head, taking in the tiredness of the man-child. He was slumped in his chair, face drawn. He had done some seriously powerful Magik for such a new Spark. Something tugged in his chest. It could have been the Contract. Or something else. He chose to not think on it. What he did think was that he saw no harm in watching a movie with the Sparkling. From the things he'd heard from his realm, they can be quite entertaining.

He shrugged, “Sure, why not?”

Stiles was already starting to curl in on himself and jolted when he understood what Peter said. His face brightened. “Really? Awesome, okay, cool. I'll uh, just set it up. Cool.” He had already started turning his chair towards his computer when he quickly turned back. “Oh. Yeah. Circle. Right.” His brow scrunched up in concentration trying not to think of anything about the use of more magic and he waved his hand. There was a flash of light and then. Peter was free. Ish. He was still bound, of course, but he could now move freely. He rolled his shoulders and flopped gracefully down onto the bed as Stiles set up the movie and brought the laptop over.

There was a brief moment of awkwardness where Stiles just stood there staring at the space beside where Peter had made himself comfortable against the headboard. And then it passed. With a simple order of “No funny business” Stiles climbed on, careful not to bump shoulders or touch, and settled the laptop between them.

The starting credits came on and then they just sat. Content. Stiles sat still for the first time in his life. It was nice.

It was the calmest Peter had felt in three millennia.

Chapter End Notes

Okay it might not be a perfect chapter but hey ho
Check out my twitter @rubyredcase where I update bullshit about my writing, life and dog.
"It was Hell, sir."

Chapter Summary

Peter takes a nap and gets shoved out a window.

Chapter Notes

WARNING
HEAVY INSINUATIONS OF CHILD ABUSE.

Also the sheriff is going with the Canon name of Noah where I had it as John before.
Fyi

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After the first movie, a second one didn’t seem such a stretch to watch as well. Netflix just moved onto the next one. Stiles slid progressively further down the bed, slouching more and more, his legs splaying out. He had only gotten 4 hours sleep last night, after the Summoning. Add that to the burst of Power and the pain he had gone through earlier for his tattoo, no wonder he was wiped out. Peter was still in the same position, body posture practically perfect. He didn’t know how to feel about this. From the stories he had been told, most of the Summoned demons were put to work right away; vengeance, pettiness, anger. It was never… quietly watching a movie, in a bed that smelt of warm sleep, in a room that had memories and a house that had settled around a broken family. He could hear the steady heartbeat of Stiles’ father in the other room. There was a block around him, a force, that made Peter keep a mental step back, even as he searched around the rest of the home with his senses. There was something else above them, but it was a small niggle. Nothing to be concerned about right now. He glanced at Stiles, unsettled but not surprised seeing the Sparkling asleep next to him. The amount of power he had used today, even though it’s part of him, was immense. Especially for such a newly awakened Spark, and even more so that he did it with zero training.

He couldn’t seem to look away from the young looking face, so open in sleep. He took him at his word that he could not be harmed. He made sure he couldn't harm his father, and took little regard for his own life. He was either extremely stupid or… trusted Peter not to hurt him.

What an odd creature you are , Peter couldn't help but muse, his eyes tracing the moles on the man-child’s face. The movie was left forgotten in the background.

Peter didn't need to sleep. But. He was feeling warm and content. The protectiveness that Stiles had shown to his father… It wasn't anything he’d seen in his realm. It was refreshing, to see such unforgiving loyalty. And he was bound to this man-child, who was capable of such loyalty.

Keeping an eye on Stiles so he didn't suddenly wake up, he decided to take a risk and slowly moved down the bed till he was lying on the pillow as well, the sun from the window warming his back. Taking one more deep breath of warmsleepStiles , he let himself drift off into a peaceful sleep.

It was much more comfortable than the floor at least.
Stiles ungracefully fell out his bed. Jolted out of sleep, he tried to figure out what caused him to fall and heard his dad knocking on his door again.

He almost yelled for him to come in when he saw the runes still on the floor and the sleep rumpled - *did he sleep next to me what why would he do that did he just let me sleep why did he sleep with me this is so odd okay focus on dad- demon in his bed.*

“U-uh, I'll be downstairs in just a second dad!” he yelled, panicked.

He could hear his father sigh and turn away, too used to his son’s odd behaviour. They made a deal, if Stiles kept his grades up and didn't do (or get caught doing) anything illegal, he would just deal with his weird son.

Stiles turned back to bed-headed Peter and promptly got distracted at how his Henley had ridden up his stomach and his hair was all squished to one side of his head. A surprisingly soft expression was on his face and Stiles couldn't help but stare. The softness left his expression after a moment, quickly turning to a leer.

“You look sexy just woken up, hair all tousled,” he lets his eyes wander, watching the blush redden Stiles’ cheeks. A cruel smirk cut his mouth. “Not to mention the drool on your chin.”

Stiles squawked, hands flailing and scrubbing the dried drool off. He glared at Peter as he scrambled up right, tugging at his hair to make it semi normal. It still felt a bit alien on his head. He was so used a buzz cut, something he’d had ever since his mother had gotten sick and back then it was... too dangerous to have it long. When he was really young. His mother's hands were always in it when he was growing up; brushing it into odd hairstyles for fun, combing it to make it look like he hadn't stuck a fork in a socket, petting it to soothe her hyperactive child. Those hands hadn't been so gentle once she'd gotten sick. It was Alice who had finally asked him if he wanted to start growing it out, hesitating in the kitchen, hair clippers in hand and towel round his shoulders already. He had felt like it was time, but it still felt weird sometimes. Like a ghost should be running their fingers through it.

He blinked away the memory, pushing it back as he focused on the problem of “why the crap is there another boy in your room.”

His mind flicked through ideas - *study buddy no they wouldn't be able to stay sleep over no my only friend was Scott ow bad thought okay next maybe runaway -* his mind stuttered as he got stuck on “Peter Hale runaway”. California. Almost 18. Internet correspondence. Used police resources to check up on “Peter” found that he was not from a happy home. Mildly illegal shit. Peter's here. Birthday in a week. Just let him stay and then it's not illegal anymore.

Plan hatched, he turned to Peter, who was still lounging on his bed and staring at Stiles like he was an interesting bug.

Clapping his hands, he said brusquely “Right. Out the window.”

“What.”

Flailing his hands at Peter, shooing him off the bed, he corralled Peter to the window. Talking fast, he gave Peter the bare minimum of the plan. “Dad's a cop, the sheriff. Need a reason for you. One he won't look into too hard. You're a runaway. California. Bad home. Now, out you go.” He opened the window and gestured out of it. “Knock on the front door and try to look like shit.” He looked up
and down. “Not that you need to tr-."

“Don’t say it.” Peter snapped, holding up his hand. “This is ridiculous. You know that, right?” Despite his words, he was already sliding his leg out the window.

“If it wasn’t, my dad wouldn’t believe that I did it,” Stiles muttered, keeping an eye out on the neighbours. It did have the unfortunate effect of making Stiles stand right behind Peter. He could feel Peter moving in front of him.

The drop wasn’t huge, but it was a daunting second story fall even for Stiles, who had done it multiple times when sneaking out. To Peter, it was a small hop. He gracefully fell through the air, landing on his feet with zero problem, hair slightly wind tousled, the mid-afternoon sun making the brown hair look golden at certain angles. Glancing up, he caught Stiles’ eyes. The Sparkling’s eyes narrowed and he mouthed “Show off” before ducking back inside and closing the window.

Peter snickered under his breath and made his way around the house. He listened to the inside and heard the father downstairs watching a baseball game. He listened to Stiles rummaging in his room and typing at his laptop. The muttered words “fucking paper trail” and “stupid fucking system” led him to believe he was creating his backstory.

He shook his head as he stepped up to the front door, feeling his Power curl around him as he made some changes to his appearance. *Clever, clever Spark. What will you become when you're all trained?*

Peter couldn't wait to find out. He had time though. He was chained for life after all, and it wasn't boring yet.

Stiles heard the knocking and was already halfway down the stairs by the time his dad had gotten up off the couch. Noah sent his son a confused look before going to the door. They weren’t expecting visitors this afternoon. And then he was sending the ragged, tired looked young man on his doorstep an even more confused look. His cop instincts kicked in as he took in the exhausted hypervigilance in the man’s posture and the defeated expression on the man’s face. Glancing around to make sure there was no threat immediately behind him, his hand automatically wandered to where his gun would be if he was still in uniform.

Suddenly appearing behind his shoulder, Stiles looked vaguely panicked. It wasn’t all faked, the paper trail was a quick and rushed thing and he needed to pad it out more before his dad dug deeper than he would tonight and it was also the first time he had let the demon out of his sight and he had an irrational fear he would just disappear. As soon as he caught sight of Peter, who had apparently made his clothes look dirty and well worn and himself look a bit thinner and paler, he deflated and pushed past his dad to pull him in a hug. The shock on Peter’s face was not at all faked. It was the first contact between the two of them other than the Magik that linked them and being wrapped into a warm and tight hug was not what he expected.

Stiles took a deep breath and forced a shake into his voice. He had to get this right. “Peter, thank God, you made it.” He pulled back and winked subtly at the dumbfounded look on the demon’s face. Putting a defiant expression on his own face, he turned to his father.

Quick eyes took in all the information at hand. After a moment, the Sheriff just sighed and stepped to the side to let both of the boys inside. Locking the door behind them, he jerked his head to the lounge and led both of them in. Stiles let go of Peter, but kept closer than was normally polite. He had to play the part of a protective friend.

As soon as they had both passed the lounge threshold, Noah turned and pinned his gaze on Stiles.
“Explain.”

Stiles set his jaw, looking stubborn, and put himself partially in front of Peter. Said demon, the King of Hell in fact, found this rather hilarious, but managed to keep a downtrodden face. He was a master manipulator after all. You had to be to control the masses down under.

“He’s staying.” Stiles stated.

Noah sighed and rubbed his forehead. He knew that expression, he'd seen it in his wife whenever she was about to get her way. “Right. Fine. Why?”

Stiles glanced at Peter as if asking his permission. Peter responded by lowering his gaze and hunching his shoulder as if ashamed. In the back of his mind, Stiles made a note that the King of Hell was a damn good actor. Stiles turned and stared resolutely back at his father. “He comes from a bad home.” He felt his face twitch as he thought of his mother, not faked at all. Setting his jaw again, “I couldn't have him stay if I could get him out.”

Stiles saw the shadow of Claudia cross his father's eyes and looked down himself as he remembered as well. Stiles swallowed down the guilt of using his father's shame of his wife's actions against their son when she was sick. He needed to keep Peter close. The safest place was here, in the house. If he let him loose, he couldn't be sure he wouldn't do something evil if left to his own devices. He wasn't about to make more work for this dad, he barely relaxed as it was.

Noah sighed again, running a hand down his face before planting them on his hips. “I'm assuming this is the illegal thing that I do not know about.”

Technically not lying, Stiles nodded. Some of the sites Stiles had had to get into were illegal and some of the ingredients for the Summoning chalk were very illegal to obtain as an underage minor.

“How bad a home was it? Should I expect anybody… coming after him?” Noah said, not unkindly.

Peter lifted his head, still looking like the abused young man he was playing. In a quiet, timid voice, he said “It was Hell, sir.”

Stiles pursed his lips together, digging his nails into his hands sharply as he tried so hard not to laugh at the terrible pun. Not a laughing matter! He thought furiously. He hoped the twisting of his face and clenching of his fists could be passed off as trying to contain his anger.

He coughed, drawing his dad's attention back him. “Look, he's traveled a really long way,” Stiles said, still very definitely not lying to his dad. “Can I just put him up in my room and talk about this with you later?” Stiles glanced at Peter again, and went as if to reach out for him. Peter flicked his gaze up to Stiles, too fast for his father to see, read what he needed to do from his eyes and flinched away from his hand, curling into himself. Stiles twisted his mouth again, and stared at his father again. “I'll explain everything tonight. But I want to get Peter settled first.”

Peter attempted to look even more pathetic and he saw the Goodness in Stiles’ father win. With another bone weary sigh and a small nod, he moved out of the way and watched them go upstairs.
I need a beer, Noah thought, staring after his son. Or whiskey. He added, as he stared at the defeated slope of this “Peter” person’s shoulders as he followed Stiles.

Chapter End Notes

As always, feel free to find me on twitter @rubyredcase and don’t forget to comment. It feeds my ego ❤️
Get in Loser

Chapter Summary

Story time.

Chapter Notes

This was quick. Have fun!
Also, you guys sure like puns omg haha

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As soon as the door to Stiles’ bedroom has closed behind them, Stiles burst. “It was Hell, sir?!
Really?! Of course you'd like puns!” He shook his head at the smirking King and went to his laptop,
sitting on his desk again. “And of course, I'd get stuck with the literal King of Hell who likes making
bad puns, Jesus.”

“I'll have you know, my puns are a Hell of a lot of fun.”

“Ugh!”

“So, what was that all about?” Peter mused, crowding in close to Stiles. He figured since they had
already hugged, he could stand as close as he wanted. His eyes grew hooded as he remembered
those arms around him. This boy was very odd, willingly touching a demon. It was a sensation Peter
was unfamiliar with and wanted to explore further.

Stiles barely seemed to notice, only glancing over his shoulder quickly before turning back to his
computer. Because of fast typing and the windows that were flying around the screen, Stiles
definitely didn’t have enough spare attention to explain what was going on. Peter stood close behind
him, just because he could, and he was always one to test boundaries.

After a few minutes, he decided to snoop around instead of hovering. Hands behind his back, the
picture of “I’m not gonna touch anything, promise,” he was drawn to the bookshelves. Comic books
stood proudly next to battered notebooks, meticulously dated. They stood next to obscure textbooks,
leather bound and popular copies alike. There were school books and leisure books in multiple
languages. English next to Latin, Spanish next to French, German scattered throughout, all the
languages mixed together with no thought. It was a wonderful opening into Stiles’ mind. Glancing
back at the computer engrossed man-child, he turned back and grabbed the battered notebook that
was dated most recent. Strolling over to the still mussed up bed, he settled comfortably against the
headboard once again. Flicking open to a random page, his eyes tried to take in the mass of scribbles
that covered the page. Diagrams, notes, lines connecting, annotations to other pages and about 4
languages littered the page. Turning to the next page, he saw that the rest of the pages were similar.
Words like “Wicca” and “accesito” caught his eye. “Patrimonio” had a whole page, the words a
mix of Spanish, Latin, German and English all meshing together, a sentence mixing together all the
languages to get the right feeling across. Peter was able to read most languages, it was a fun pastime
of this millennia to keep up with the changing linguistics. He considered it a hobby, to be able to
mess with people in their own languages, even if the Souls were all able to understand each other intrinsically. It was just easier to manipulate someone if you had their home language from when they were alive, a reminder of who they were before they died and ended up in Hell. His eyes passed over the sentences, getting a feel for what he was noting. He felt like he’d jumped into the middle of 6 foreign movies all playing at once and you needed them all to understand each other.

Raising his eyebrows, he went back to the beginning. He saw notes from school; boring notes, that went on tangents not relating to the first topic. Leafing through the next few pages, he watched as the Math notes got interspersed by English quotes. Science equations ended up running into Latin sentences. Bored doodles turned into runes with German definitions. It was about midway when all pretense of school notes dropped. The four languages were a mess and took over the pages, with diagrams of different runes and meanings interspersed with quotes from all of the languages. A sentence in German ended in Spanish, just to make sure the true meaning of the words wasn’t lost and the pentagram was labelled meticulously. It was the one that had been drawn on the floor.

He kept reading all the notes, “ El pentagrama es un Beschwörungs-Apparat, die von innata potest esse sedit”. Watching the languages intermingling was fascinating, it was like the Spark’s brain couldn’t contain it in one language so he just let all the languages flow. “ The pentagram is a calling device, and it had to be powered by an innate powered being. ” The next few pages were of the ingredients, why they were needed, what countermeasures had to be taken, stories that he had researched meticulously, cross referenced with other innate powered beings. Then there was a massive portion on Bestiaries and Books of Shadows and the differences of their uses.

Peter glanced up at the Spark, still typing away and creating online profiles for something or other, totally engrossed in the work. He wanted to tear his skull open and watch his brain work. Just seeing the product of his thoughts was captivating, all the messy notes in the book were just the afterthought. He wanted to dig into that organ and carve out how it worked, how it managed to sort the information.

He looked back at the notebook open in his lap. This excursion really won’t be boring. He is wonderfully not stupid. He thought back to his reaction to Scott, in his yearbook. He remembered the dull voice, “ My mother died.” Of the shadow on his father's face. He thought of how he took such intense pain that even he felt it, with barely a whimper.

He ran his eyes up and down the lanky frame, draped in ridiculous plaid. So many stories to strip from your bones. And I have time.

“Stop staring at me, you creeper.” Stiles muttered, not turning around.

Peter smirked. “Why would I, dear boy? You’re wonderfully entrancing.”

“I cannot be asked to deal with that statement right now,” groused Stiles, finishing what he was doing with a decisive click of his mouse.

With a small push, Stiles spun around on his chair. He noticed at the notebook in Peter's lap and sent a really dude? look. Peter just shrugged, completely unrepentant, thought he did close it and put it to the side.

Stiles just sighed slightly and then moved on. “So, your story. You lived in California, we met on a MMO and we got to know each-”

“What's a MMO?”

Blinking, the question made Stiles realise that Peter probably wouldn't know some things. It hadn't
occurred to him honestly, the demon seemed so omnipotent. “It's a videogame you play online and you can interact with other players in real time. You don't need to know too much about it, Dad doesn't really care all that much about video games. Anyway, so we met about a year ago, got to know each other a bit and we start playing together on the regular. I started noticing you saying some fucked up shit. So I dug into it and realised your foster parents were abusive. Like big time. He won't dig too much. It's uh,” Stiles gulped, “a sore subject.” The red flash in Peter's eyes and the tilt of his head made Stiles uncomfortable. The bug under a microscope sensation came back. He quickly pressed on. “So, uh, I asked about it, got you to open up eventually and we started planning how to get you out. I gave you some of my—” Stiles bit his lip harshly and forced the word out “inheritance. You used it to get here. I've got your fake records all set up, Peter Hale, you got your GED via a school program for gifted systems kids and a lot of lying to the school on forms. You're a week away from your 18th birthday, no licence ‘cause, hey, foster parents are assholes, they didn't care. Only child, parents are dead and no family to speak of. Sound simple enough?”

Peter took all the information in and then slowly nodded. “You've really thought this through.”

“Well yeah. I have to. Dad will dig just enough to get the ‘whole story’ and it's gotta be believable and stupid enough for him to think that I actually did it.” Stiles indicated to the black screen of his computer. “He'll find all the information in some strategically not obvious places and he'll believe it at face value for now. I'll add shit to it later, but this is all I can do for tonight.” He glanced at his phone, seeing that an hour had passed. “So now you have a reason to stay around that will hold up on basic background checks. And I have to go sell this story to my dad,” he muttered as he went to his bedroom door.

“I had a sister.” Peter's voice was so quiet he barely heard it. But he did.

“What?” He said as he turned. “Demons have siblings?”

Peter face was carefully blank. “I had a sister. Troian. Call her Talia and say she died.” A cruel smirk makes it way onto his face. “It could be a stressor. Most child abusers need a stressor to make them hurt a child to the point you seem to be writing into my so-called past. Loss of a government cheque is one I've heard too often.”

Stiles was kind of dumbfounded, but nodded slowly as he recalibrated the information into the story. If Peter was gonna volunteer information to make this work, who was he to judge. He quickly went back to his computer and started typing in a few things. A flash of inspiration caught him. “Car accident. You would still be learning 2 years ago. Hence why you don't have your licence now. Too traumatic.” Making a fake police report to add to the already over flowing system in Cali wasn't hard. Adding the bare details of a car collision that was ruled an accident on a lesser used road with siblings in the car, only one surviving. No extra details needed. A quick and quiet report, because who was gonna care about kids in the system when there was worse stuff to be dealing with in the city. He quickly filed it away in a little corner of the system. No one would notice it unless you were looking for it.

“'Kay, all done.” He snuck a glance at Peter. He was just staring with no expression down at his hands in his lap. Stiles didn't know what to do. How does one deal with a quiet demon?

He glanced at the clock again. He needed to go back downstairs and deal with the rest of his dad’s curiosity. “Uh, I'm gonna go and talk to my dad some more.”

No response. Deciding to just leave it, he went back down to the lounge. He saw his dad in the kitchen, sat at the table with an unopened beer in front of him. Sliding quietly into the chair next to him, he waited for his dad to get his thoughts into order.
“This is illegal.” Noah finally said, still staring at the unopened bottle.

“Only for another week.” Stiles said quickly.


Stiles’ voice was quiet, as if he didn’t want to tell the story. “His name is Peter Hale. I met him around a year ago playing a game online. We got along and started playing together regularly. We got to talking. He said a… few things that made me pause. So, I sorta, maybe did a police search on him.” Noah sent Stiles the stink eye at that, but Stiles plowed right on. “Turns out, he, uh, had ended up in hospital a few times too many to be a coincidence.” Stiles manfully ignored his father’s flinch when he said that. “We kept talking and he ended up opening up to me.”

He paused, as if this was hard to say. It kind of was, to be honest. A bit too close to home, as it was. “His foster parents… They were hurting him, Dad.” A quick glance at his dad’s face let him know his dad was buying it. He gulped, shoving down some of the guilt of lying about something like this that crept up his throat to choke him. “We made a plan. He got his GED early and I gave him some money to get here. I couldn’t let him stay there. And it’s not like I was using the money anyway.”

Noah knew exactly where the money had come from. Insurance and trust fund from his mother. He thought Stiles used it for small things, like going to the cinema and buying comic books, keeping his car moving, like a normal teenager would. Not helping a runaway cross the state.

He felt like he was sighing a lot today. He felt old. Drained. He knew his son would do anything for someone he considered important. He knew Stiles would always check and triple check all his facts. He’d inherited that from Claudia. And he knew there was no way around this. Stiles was about to turn 17 and he was just as stubborn as he was when he 3 and kept demanding to know why about everything.

“Can you promise me no one is going to report him missing?”

Stiles’ face brightened at the first signs of his father’s acquiescence. “I can promise that,” he not-lied. He added, “The foster family were about to lose their check anyway. They won't care.”

“I'm going to regret this.” Noah breathed, finally reaching for the bottle, only to stand and put it back in the fridge. “Get him set up in either your room or the guest room. I, uh, I know the nightmares can be hard.” He was quiet for a moment as he remembered what it was like those years before she has passed and last year… He turned back to his son who was looking at him gratefully. He coughed gruffly. “He's gonna go to school with you. We'll say he's a family friend and his parents needed him to stay with us for a while. I'm not explaining a minor out of school with all that people can look into.”

“Yeah, sure that's fine! I'll sort the paperwork out, no problem.”

“I didn't hear that.”

“No, you did not.” Stiles agreed easily.

“He didn't have a bag. Do you need money for clothes for him? School stuff?”

“Nah, I'll just use my- yeah, it won't be a problem.” Stiles got up and hugged his dad. It was just a quick thing, but all this, it meant a lot. They might be lying to him, but his dad trusted him. It was huge to Stiles. Too bad he was too good at bending the truth.

With a small smile, he bounded up the stairs again. His grin grew as Peter looked up from reading his
notebook to give a sardonic eyebrow.

He grabbed his wallet and his keys.

Swinging them around on his finger, he couldn't help himself but say, “Get in the car loser, we're going shopping.”

Chapter End Notes

Twitter is here @RubyRedCase
Feed my ego! Comments are appreciated like woah

BIG THANKS TO perhapshuman FOR CORRECTING MY LACKLUSTER LANGUAGES!
"Berufung" has nothing to do with "calling" something or someone, it's best translated as "having a calling". If you wanted to be more specific you could always use "Instrument der Beschwörung" (Instrument/device oft summoning), which I think fits rather well. Or "Beschwörungs-Apparat"

MAJOR THANKS TO THEM!
The mall was, in a word, Hell. Peter lives there. He can say that.

The loud noises, too bright lights, ghastly smell of foods, the crowds of people wandering around like sheep as they spent their Saturdays meaninglessly meandering around buying shit they didn’t need. Not to mention the shops that sprayed perfume around their store like it was needed to breath when it was very definitely not needed to breath and was much easier to breath when avoided.

Stiles was enjoying the quiet torment on Peter’s face. A borrowed jacket covered Peter’s fixed clothes, they couldn’t let Noah see his clothes were suddenly like new again (“Like Hell am I going out in these clothes.” “I hate you.”). Seeing the tension on the all-powerful demon’s face was a vindictive kind of pleasure.

Stiles clapped Peter on the shoulder. “So where to first? Hollister? New Look? Hot Topic?”

The dirty look that Peter sent his way made him burst out in loud laughter. It had been too long since he had last laughed in public.

Peter rolled his eyes, and refused to think about the flare of happiness in his chest he could feel down the bond. Deciding to just wander around, he set off, Stiles still laughing behind him. He kept his eye on what people were wearing, what was most comfortable and affordable. The way the clothes made the other people react to them. Who moved out the of the way of whom, and who was wearing what. He saw the divide between the kids, how the ones with the “better” clothes were more conceited and people moved out of the way of them as they walked. He looked at Stiles, with his worn jeans, faded graphic tee and plaid overshirt pulling too tight over muscles you wouldn’t think he had when Stiles pointed something out he thought was funny in the shop. Comfortable, not too much and affordable and too old and worn.

Spying something in a shop window, he wandered over. It was a simple, soft looking v-neck jumper. His mind flicked over what he now considered fashionable in this day and age. He mentally paired the charcoal grey jumper with a pair of dark wash jeans and a pair of leather boots.

Turning, he saw Stiles had followed behind him to the window, but was people watching instead with a cruel glint in his eyes. He wanted to dig into his brain and know what he was thinking. Instead, he nudged him, touching his arm and drawing his attention. “I found something I like.”

Stiles looked up at the jumper and then the name of the shop. “Of course you pick an expensive store, dude. You get one thing in here. Then we go to cheaper places, Jesus,” Stiles grumbled, shaking his head.

Peter's expression was deceptively mild as he wandered in the store, looking for the jumper that had
caught his eye. When he found it, he strolled over, glimpses the 90 something dollar price tag and listened to the wonderful sounds of Stiles choking on his own spit.

“Jesus, no. I am not buying that! That's way too much money for a bit of fabric!” Stiles squawked, drawing some attention from a worker. He saw his hands twitch, maybe going to grab the clothing but stopping just short of lifting them, remembering what happened last time he was emotional and lifted his hands.

“You said I could get one thing in this store,” Peter reminded him, voice gentle, side eyeing him.

“Not something almost 100 dollars!” Stiles whisper screamed, panic evident in his voice. His amber eyes were lovely and wide and he stuck his hands in his pockets.

“But I want it,” Peter pouted, turning faux puppy dog eyes to Stiles. He clutched the jumper to his chest and fluttered his eyelashes like a beggar child.

Stiles tried to hold onto his glare, but a reluctant smile won through. “You’re ridiculous.” He stated. “Put it back. We’ll go to a more reasonably priced store.”

Peter’s pout turned into a sly smile, as he placed the clothing back without looking if it was in the right place. Following Stiles out the shop, he kept just a step behind the Spark. They were almost out of the door and he was already looking into the other stores to find something similar. That was why he was barely able to react in time not to run into a frozen back. Stepping up beside Stiles smoothly, as if that was the plan all along, he took in the short redheaded teen on the arm of a fit blonde teenager. They were both impeccably dressed, noses metaphorically in the air by their demeanor, and they were both looking at Stiles as if he was the gum on the bottom of their shoes.

“Move, loser,” the blonde snapped, pushing Stiles to the side with barely a glance. The redhead’s hooded eyes had focused on Peter as he stepped beside Stiles and fixated on him until she would have had to turn her head to keep him in her sights. With a graceful hair flip, she dismissed him and continued strutting in 5 inch heels next to the beef head that had caused Stiles to slam into the door jam.

Turning back to Stiles, he saw the flash of defeat in his eyes as he slumped against the wall. The demon hated it. He hated that look. He felt the Contract constrict for a moment, and he felt it redefine “I want a friend” to “I want someone to stand with me” from what the both of them were thinking and feeling at that moment. He didn’t know who instigated the change. But he felt it.

He watched Stiles throw the defeated emotion behind a wall, straighten up and lightly brush his fingers against Peter's shoulder to get him moving alongside him. “Right, let’s get you some clothes and school stuff, so we can go home and eat takeout that my dad can’t eat.” he said, just a bit too cheerfully, striding off, his fingers flexing again as if to grab Peter’s arm as they walked.

Peter trailed slightly behind, still thinking about the Contract and the snobs from before. He didn’t really pay attention to where Stiles was leading him, just kept close and dodged the masses of people who seemed intent on walking into him.

When Stiles led him into a mid ranged priced store, he glanced around at the clothes, using what he’d gathered from observing people and what he knew from his previous trips up top. He had already picked out a style he liked from a few people wandering around and thought out some outfits in his mind. With nary a thought to Stiles, he started grabbing items and then handing them back to the man-child. Stiles grumbled quite vocally, but kept hold of everything, following along behind until his arms were full. Peter finally glanced back and couldn't hold a small snigger at the sight. Stiles just stuck his tongue out, his head just peeking out over the mountain of clothes in his arms and made the
decision for them, moved to the changing rooms, expecting Peter to follow.

Once there, he dumped it all in Peter's arms. Flopping onto a nearby seat, Stiles dug his phone out of his pocket and settled in with a mindless puzzle game. He expected to be here a while.

“What are you doing?” Peter asked, stopping right in front of Stiles’ legs.

“Playing a game. What's it look like?” Stiles muttered. “I'm just the money here, you go do the fashion thing. Bug me when you're done.” Whilst speaking, he hadn't really looked up.

“I grabbed things for you too,” Peter said slightly exasperated.

Stiles head shot up. “Nope. No. No thank you.”

Talking over the Spark’s vehement refusals, “I'm not taking no for an answer, get up. Your clothes are looking haggard and if I have to spent time around you, you'll look semi-decent at least.”

Dumping all the clothes back onto Stiles, he physically manhandled the Spark, yanking him up and dragging him to the stalls. He tried not to let the Contract fluttering in his chest bug him as he pushed him into the disabled stall. He was the King of Hell, he flaunts the laws of men and he didn't do feelings.

Stiles glared petulantly, his arms still full of clothes, hangers hanging out at odd angles. Peter couldn't help but snort at the sight, which only made Stiles' glare ramp up a notch.

Grabbing some of the hangers, he started organising them. The ones for Peter going on the right peg and the few bits that he had grabbed for Stiles went on the left.

When Stiles saw that what Peter had picked out for him were basically a better version of his own clothes, he let his glare soften slightly. Side eyeing the demon, he ignored the self satisfied smile on his face as he stepped up to touch the cotton of a plaid over shirt. It was pretty much the same but would fit across his shoulders better. He'd always been kinda lanky, but over the past year, managed to fill out a bit. His dad had finally agreed to self defence classes (obviously with other police cadets, he is the Sheriff, he can pull those strings) and that, coupled with lacrosse, caused him to lose the rest of his baby fat and gain some muscle. Didn't mean he made any friends in the course or on the team. Most of the cadets were from Beacon Hills High School and knew of Stiles and his mother, so they didn’t really want to get involved. They were just more subtle about their snubbing of Stiles as his dad was about to be their boss. Stiles tried not to mind. He still got to beat the shit out of the cadets either way.

Shooting a quick glance at Peter just to make sure he was engrossed in his own clothing (seriously, a leather fighter bomber jacket?), he quickly shucked his ragged overshirt and tugged on the new one. It was… nice. Comfortable. The cotton was soft and fit his shoulders better. He would look less like a plaid sack of potatoes and more like he had some form to his body. He gazed at the jeans. The ones he was wearing were a few years old now and a bit worse for wear, holes starting to appear. He checked the tag of the one hanging up, not even surprised it was exactly his size. Checking Peter hadn't turned around again (okay, no the jacket suited him, even with his stupid fur collar), he shimmied out of his jeans and pulled on the new ones as quickly as he could. He had perfected only being out of his clothes for a few seconds before he was back in the other ones. Bullies had no issues about making fun of his scars.

Even though the new jeans were kinda stiff, they were comfortable enough that he could tell they would be nice to wear even after being washed a few times. Rolling his shoulders, he felt the clothes settle around him, just as comfortable as his usual ones but better fitting. He fiddled with the plaid.
cuffs, loving how soft the cotton was.

He couldn’t help the small smile and he twisted his lips in an attempt to dissuade it. Shuffling his feet, he mumbled “Thanks, Peter.”

Peter was scrutinizing his reflection, wearing a deep red v-neck (which was thankfully much cheaper than the jumper he had found before), dark jeans and an army jacket. He had even managed to find some dark leather boots to pair it all off. He looked comfortable. He looked good. And he was just looking at himself in the mirror. He gave a bland once over of Stiles new outfit. “Well, it fits better now at least. People might actually believe I would hang out with you.”

The insult actually put Stiles back onto equal footing. He rolled his eyes and started going through the t-shirts and other overshirts Peter had grabbed. There were enough graphic tees that he didn’t begrudge the normal plain v-necks that were snuck in as well, even if they weren’t his usually grey and dark blue ones. The orange would clash wonderfully with a new overshirt that was a brilliant green and red checks. A few Superhero tees, about 4 new overshirts, a new pair of jeans and some plain t-shirts as well. Nothing he couldn’t contest without better reason.

Instead, he changed back into his own clothes and then settled into the chair provided by the store. He didn’t even give two shits about the fact they had taken over the disabled stall. He should, but he didn’t. Grabbing his phone again, he settled in for Peter the Peacock (emphasis on cock) to finish. He got distracted by something brushing against his skin. His head flew up just in time to see some black mist-like shadows curling away from Peter and the clothes on the hanger. The clothes that were there before had been changed to a different outfit.

“Okay, how did I not notice you doing that before?”

“Because my choice of your new clothes was so spectacular that you didn’t sense it,” remarked Peter. He was looking at how the army jacket fell off his shoulders. The shoes had even changed! Loafers of a brown leather matched the lighter pair of jeans and the green-brown of the jacket.

Stiles raised an eyebrow at that comment and then he looked at the amount of clothes Peter seemed to be liking and raised the other. He didn’t even want to think how much this would have cost in the other store. Heck, he didn’t want to think about what it’d cost in this store.

Going back to the puzzle game on his phone, he ignored the second brush of something and just waited for Peter to be finished.

He had passed a few levels and was trying to figure out a tricky riddle to get to the next level, when Peter finally gathered all the clothes together and passed him. He fell into easy step behind him, still fiddling with his phone. And even though he then put it away, his mind had decided it was a brilliant time to keep thinking about that damn riddle. He barely noticed that they were at the cash register, the beeps of the clothes going though and then packed away.

Peter found watching Stiles’ face while he thought fascinating and couldn't help taking quick glances as his and Stiles’ clothes were rung up. His amber eyes were hooded and focused internally, his eyebrows scrunching up every so often as he thought through a difficult bit. The boy’s face was so open. So damn easy to read.

He turned back to the cashier when they gave the total, totalling around 300 something dollars. Peter glanced at the Spark again, saw he was still thinking hard about something and hadn't noticed that they needed to pay.

The King of Hell decided he would try being nice. By being evil.
Flexing his Magik, he reached in his pocket and felt the paper of a few hundred dollar bills against his fingers. The same few hundred dollars that were once in someone else's pocket. But that someone else was also a dickhead and liked kids a bit too much. He didn't need the extra cash lying around.

With a satisfied grin, he handed over the cash. Of course, it was at that point Stiles focused back on the physical world, and his quick eyes took in the sight of the cash that Peter didn't have earlier. He didn’t say anything, he wasn't stupid, but he did shoot the demon a suspicious look.

As they left the store with their two bags of clothes, Stiles couldn’t help but mutter, “Where did that money come from?”

“Well, you seemed preoccupied, I figured I could pay for these,” Peter said, not breaking his stride. He had seen a store that held practically everything and underwear was something that was needed in this day and age.

Stiles thought through what Peter said. He had zero guilt about a pedophile being stolen from. He just wondered about the demon not bothering him. Is that what the Contract meant when it was “Be a friend”?

Following Peter into Target, he looked at the young human-body of Abbadon Pitkis. King of Hell. Summoned and bound by a Contract. Magically powerful. And really fucking confusing. At least he had a while to figure him out. He just hoped Peter didn’t fuck with him too bad in the meantime.

In Target, they also grabbed the bare necessities for school, notebooks, backpack, pencil case. Stiles couldn’t help but try to get Peter to buy My Little Pony stuff; the bitch face was totally worth the scathing comments about his intelligence. Stiles also grabbed some new notebooks, as most of his old ones were now almost full. They even wandered through the video game area on the way to get Peter a phone, where Stiles explained some of the consoles and what they did, as on his last trip up top they were not quite as advanced.

Of course, when Peter realised Stiles’ phone was two years out of date, he reappropriated a bit more money and bought Stiles a new phone as well. His excuse was “Appearances matter and someone of my calibre wouldn’t be hanging around someone with that brick”. Stiles didn’t really care, his phone wasn’t all the important. He only used it to look stuff up when he wasn’t at home, play games to pass the time and check in with his dad. But whatever, he wasn’t paying for it. He’s not gonna turn down free stuff.

Leaving the mall with a few bags of stuff, new clothes and a new phone, Stiles realised that they’d been hanging out. Like normal teenagers. At the mall, for god's sake. Could it get more cliche?

Something warm bloomed in Stiles stomach as they dumped in their bags in the trunk of his blue jeep. It had been… nice.

Chapter End Notes

Aight, this was a bit of a filler, but it does matter.

Plus. School tomorrow.
“Rise and shine, Satan summoner!”

A grumble came from the lump under the duvet. “That is not funny.” Stiles’ hair was a mess as he stuck his head out from under the blanket. He glared blearily at the impeccably dressed and stupidly chipper morning-demon at the end of his bed. “What time is it?”

“Time to get up!” Peter chirruped, as he grabbed the duvet and pulled. Stiles pawed at it feebly as it got dragged off his body. It only got half way before something stopped it. “Accidental Magik is against the rules, Spark.” Peter scolded, not unkindly.

“What rules?!” griped Stiles. “There are no rules with this! You’re stealing my duvet to wake me up at an ungodly hour to make me go to a living hell.”

“Now I’m really interested in high school,” remarked Peter, raising an eyebrow. He dropped the duvet and just stood at the end of the bed, looking impassively at the disgruntled Sparkling who was still glaring flatly at him. “It’s 7am, school starts in an hour.”

Stiles sighed and felt the release of the heatpowermagic let go of the duvet as the air left his lungs. He stretched out like a cat and he couldn’t help letting out a weird screeching yawning noise. Peter stared at him oddly. His eyes got drawn to watching his shirt ride up and stomach flex. He let himself leer obviously as Stiles looked at him again, making the Spark splutter. He watched Stiles basically fall out of bed (same as yesterday, seemed to be a thing) as he hurried to get away from the faux flirtatiousness of the demon. He was muttering rather rude things about demons and morning and fucking high-school on his way to the bathroom.

Peter’s eyes followed him out the room and, once alone, looked around at what had been his prison for a day. He saw the bags on the floor and remembered the warmth he felt along the bond when the Spark realised he had grabbed Stiles’ clothes as well. Pursing his lips, he decided to be a good friend. Flexing his Magik, he was able to grab everything Stiles needed to wear for the day: his school bag, his new phone, fully charged and set up, and one of the fresh notebooks, all laid out on the bed. His smokemagicdarkness made sure that all the new clothes were clean, as if they’d been washed as soon as they got back to the house. Which they should have done, but instead Stiles showed Peter the delights of takeaway Chinese, what red vines are, and the wonders of video games after setting up their phones. He only had two contacts; Stiles and the Sheriff, who had been both brusk and tentative in his handling of Peter when they got home, before he went off to the night shift.
Hearing Stiles coming back to his room, he checked over the outfit once more and then moved to settle in on the wheely chair by the desk. This gave him the perfect view of the confused happiness on Stiles’ face. He determinedly ignored the something dancing in his chest when he entered; must be the bond.

“Why did you do this?” Stiles asked, flabbergasted. All of his stuff was right where he needed it. Being cared for like this was new; even Alice, who had tried so hard, never did anything like this.

“Because I saw you eyeing up the orange shirt and green plaid and I could not let that happen.”

Stiles was quiet for a bit, just looking at the stuff laid out on his bed. “Thanks,” he finally said, uncharacteristically subdued.

Peter looked at the softness shown on the man-child's face and decided it was too much emotion. He brusquely said, “Welcome. Now get ready. I'll go make coffee cause obviously you're lacking the necessary brain functions this early.” And with that, he sauntered out the room without a look at the man-child still standing by the bed. His goodwill allowance was almost tapped out for today.

He couldn't be bothered to try and find a thermos in the cupboards, he was sure the style would have changed since he last saw them. He remembered using them when he was last Uptop for a small jaunt to kill someone that was headed down to his domain anyway and was needed a bit earlier than planned to try some new torture techniques. He had stuck around Uptop for a while and looked about. The 1960s were a fun place to play in. So much sin behind closed doors.

Flexing his magical muscles, he summoned the modern day equivalent of a thermos and was pleasantly surprised that it hadn't changed all that much. Just brighter colours. Apparently his shadows had seen fit to grab a bright red one and a deep purple one. Whatever, they would work. He set about making coffee for the both of them.

By the time Stiles had Bambi’d his way down the stairs, Peter stood with his backpack slung over his shoulder, two thermoses in his hands and was waiting at the door for him looking like something out of a magazine with his well fitted jeans and fur-lined bomber jacket. He blinked. Stiles then decided the last 2 days had been hella weird and he needed coffee before he even began to think about any of the shit that's happening this morning. School was going to be hard enough anyway. He palmed his keys, grabbed the proffered red thermos and went to his baby. The blue jeep had been his mother's before she had gotten sick. He remembered just going for drives with her, windows open and enjoying the music and the road. He tried to remember that version of his mum.

The drive to school was quiet, Stiles and Peter both drinking their coffee in peace. The demon was mapping the lay of the land to school, his shadows dancing at the edges of the morning light, feeling out the odds and ends of the lay lines. He noted a peculiarity at one side of town and made a mental note to ask the Sparkling later. From the fluttering he felt from the bond, waves of anxiety and dread, the forceful indifference that wasn't really helping in trying to slow the growing panic Stiles felt the closer they got to the school, now wasn’t a good time to try and make conversation.

Peter kept a sharp eye on Stiles out the corner of his eye as he sipped his chai latte. He didn’t see any signs of anxiety on his face or body gestures. He just drove with his focus on the road and his hands at ten and two.

Pulling into the car park, the only outward sign of emotion Stiles showed was a shaky inhale. Smoothly stopping in the closest open car space, the parking spots filling up quickly, Stiles just sat for a moment. His knuckles turned white from how tight he was gripping the steering wheel. He breathed out forcefully and let go of the leathery wheel quickly, grabbing his backpack and thermos of unfinished coffee and slid out the cab of the car all in one force movement of a man who did not
want to do something that he was forced to. Peter was already beside his car door, a steady presence at his side as they began heading to the office. Stiles didn’t realise how much he’d missed walking next to someone into school.

The whispers and looks didn’t start immediately, but by the time the two of them had reached the office, there was a constant weight of eyes on their backs. Peter kept his steps casual and sauntered beside the Spark, keeping their shoulders just shy of brushing at every step. Everytime he felt the flare of anxiety across the bond, he’d shift slightly and nudge their shoulders together. It seemed to settle Stiles, but the more they got stared at, the faster his long legs walked.

In the office, the secretary, Mrs. Nowak, looked pleasantly surprised at the new student. They didn't get very many, especially not near the end of the year.

“Hello, how can I help you today?” She asked.

Stiles stepped up the desk, drumming his fingers against the faux wood. “New student, Mrs Nowak, his transfer scripts should be here.”

“Witam, Mieczysławie, co u ciebie i twojego ojca?” The elderly woman asked, flicking through the sheets on her desk after sending a warm smile at the young man. The nurse's office was right next door as were the extra classrooms for external exams, and the boy was always polite to her on his way past. Plus, she missed speaking Polish with people and he did speak it so well.

“Wszystko dobrze, dziękuję. A co u pani i pani męża?” Stiles answered, slipping into the other language easily. She always asked after himself and his father, they were the only other Polish speakers in town. She always made sure to say hello to both of them when she saw them out and about.

“Oboje jesteśmy starzy i szczęśliwi, młody człowieku,” she replied, with a happy smile. “Ah, here it is!” With a flourish, she grabbed the new student packet from its hiding spot underneath the accounts files. She stared at Peter over her glasses, looking him up and down. “Peter Hale?”

“Tak proszę pani,” Peter said, with a small controlled smile. “Jestem przyjacielem rodziny Stilinskich.”

Mrs. Nowak’s face brightened considerably at hearing another Polish speaker. “Cóż, jestem pewna, że Mieczysław może cię oprowadzić.” Peter just smiled again, reaching for the folder she was offering. He flicked it open as she turned back to Stiles. “Nie zapomnij się pokazać, jak dostaniesz wyniki, Mieczysław!”

Stiles smiled at her fondly, calling a goodbye as he walked towards his first class with Peter at his side. He had rigged it so they had all the same classes anyway, no point having Peter close if he couldn’t keep an eye on him.

“What results?” Peter asked, as they made their slow way through the mostly empty hallways. Some people were rushing about and as they sped past, staring at the new kid walking casually with the loner like the final bell wasn’t about to go off. Stiles didn’t really like English class, it was too long winded for him to pay attention to the whole time. He was taking the long way to class.

“You never told me you could speak Polish.”

Peter shot a glance at Stiles. He’d push for an answer later. “It’s a hobby, I like to learn languages. They change every few hundred years. Keeps things interesting.”

Stiles hmm’d. “Yeah, I guess it does change a lot.”
“Not to mention, the demonic and creature languages and how they change through generations,” Peter mused, as he flipped through the rest of the papers and juggled his thermos in his hands. Skipping past all the general information, he saw the rule booklet and raised his eyebrow. “Do they really expect the students to read this?”

Stiles had perked up slightly at the prospect of picking Peters brain about that later. Laughing at his sardonic question about the rule booklet, he responded, “Yeah, they do. I only read it to see what I could get away with when I started.” Stiles snickered, sipping his black coffee. “It’s gotten thicker since then.”

“I’m going to assume your doing?”

“I shall neither confirm nor deny,” Stiles smirked, a small spring back in his step.

They were coming up to their English classroom. Stiles pointed out the transfer slip just behind the timetable as they walked to the door.

“Mr. Stilinski, you’re late.” The teacher called, as the door opened. All the students were already seated and had out their books. Every single one of them looked up at the two of them. He hadn’t thought about all the students looking at them when he took the slow route to class. He hadn’t thought about the fact that both Lydia and Scott were in this class. The zing of panic along the bond caused Peter to take the initiative to step forward, slightly in front of the frozen Spark.

“My fault, Sir. I’m new and Stiles helped me make my way around,” Peter said smoothly, holding out his transfer slip to the teacher.

“Hm, right, well Mr. Hale, you’ve moved at a hard time. I’m assuming you’ve read The Great Gatsby?” The teacher said, as he quickly signed and passed the slip back.

Peter had in fact met Fitzgerald when he was writing the book and had offered a few helpful hints. And then met him again, downstairs in his Realm. Good conversationalist. Dreadful ego. Peter smiled a small smile and just said, “Yes, I have read it.”

Decisively, the teacher nodded, gesturing at them to take their seats. He ignored them and picked up on his lecture as if he hadn’t been interrupted. The two of them had seats beside each other, thankfully on the other side of the classroom to Scott. Peter didn’t even bothering to take out writing stuff, just watched the other students and sipped the last of his latte. Stiles put his phone in his lap, on silent, and grabbed a new notebook and began doodling whatever came to mind, decidedly not looking up and seeing the confused puppy look he could feel on the side of his head. Most of the students had turned back to the teacher and were paying attention, but every so often one of them would turn around and glance at the two of them. Every time he caught one, Peter leered at them making them flush and turn around if they were a girl, and even some of the boys as well.

He felt a heavy gaze from someone to his left and lazily stretched his head round, slouching further down in his chair in the process. He caught the redhead from the mall staring at him like he was a new toy she hadn’t figured out just yet. A slow cruel smile curled the edges of his mouth causing her to squint confusedly. He just winked before turning back around, dismissing her. There was a tingle around her that he remembered from somewhere before. He just couldn’t remember right at the moment. He would at some point. He’d ruminate on it for a bit.

As he turned, he saw the boy that had been in the picture laughing with Stiles. Scott then. He flicked his gaze up and down. He didn’t seem all that special.

Turning his attention back to the teacher at the front, he found that he was making a vaguely fun
book to read utterly boring to hear about. Glancing over at Stiles’ desk, he saw that the page was completely covered in a doodle of a rather grim tree. There were runes and symbols hanging from the branches and a dark liquid flowing from the roots. It didn’t even seem like Stiles had noticed what he’d drawn, his pen just flowing back and forth.

“Mr. Stilinski.”

Stiles head flew up, his hand jerking, leaving a jagged line to the edge of the paper, cutting through a rune he had almost finished. “Uh, yes Sir?”

“Seeing as you don’t need to turn up on time, or pay attention, I assume you know the answer?”

Stiles gulped as he felt people staring at him again. He kept his eyes locked on the teacher. “To what, Mr. Maddock?” he asked.

“What rumors have been told about Gatsby and why were they not told as facts?” Mr. Maddock asked, crossing his arms across his chest as he stared at Stiles.

Stiles couldn’t help but glance around him. The rest of the students were looking at him. His eyes purposefully skipped over the corner he knew Scott and Allison were sitting in. He couldn’t help but slump a bit in his seat. Peter caught his eye and the flicker of brimstone red was actually slightly comforting. The tug on the something in his chest, also made him sit up slightly. Looking back at Mr. Maddock, he cleared his throat. “Uh, the rumors. Right. Um. Well, they say that he’s killed a guy and, um, that he's a German spy. I think they said he was a relative to something or other in Germany, as well. And that he was a bootlegger. And, um, most seemed to say he was a great war hero as well.”

Mr. Maddock was nodding along, agreeing with his answer. “Kaiser. They said he was a related to the Kaiser. Why?”

“Why was he related to the Kaiser?” Stiles asked, confused.

“No, why did the author say all these rumors?” Mr. Maddock asked, snorting.

“Cause they want Gatsby to be an enigma,” Stiles answered quickly. “They want him to be a mystery to both Nick and the readers.”

“Correct.” He continued on with his lecture, moving on from torturing Stiles. Stiles just slumped back into his chair, glancing over at Peter who was looking at him appreciatively. With a tiny nod his way, the demon turned back to the teacher, a bored look back on his face and he listened to him talk. Stiles couldn’t help the smile the pulled at his lips.

By the end of the class, Stiles had managed to avoid all eye contact with Scott and ignored his phone vibrating in his lap. He had instead finished his doodle to the point there was barely any white space left on the page. Runes, inscriptions and liquid he could only guess at coming from the bottom of the tree covered the page. He hadn’t really thought about what he was drawing, but as he was looking back over it, he was a bit disconcerted about how dark it was.

Peter had managed to surreptitiously keep watch in the corner of the room where the redhead sat with her muscled jerk of a boyfriend. There was an itch in the back of his mind, he just couldn’t place the feel of the buzz around her.

When the bell went off, he scooped up his backpack, thermos and stood waiting for Stiles to gather his stuff. They had just stepped out into the hallway before they heard a male voice yell out “Stiles!”
Witam, Mieczysławie, co u ciebie i twojego ojca? - Hello, Mieczysław, how are you and your father?
Wszystko dobrze, dziękuję. A co u pani i pani męża? - All good. How are you and your husband?
Oboje jesteśmy starzy i szczęśliwi, młody człowieku - We are old and happy, young man.
Tak proszę panic - Yes maam
Jestem przyjacielem rodziny Stilinskich. - I'm a family friend of the Stilinskis
Cóż, jestem pewna, że Mieczysław może cię oprowadzić. - Well, I'm sure that Mieczysław can show you around.
Nie zapomnij się pokazać, jak dostaniesz wyniki, Mieczysław! - Don't forget to show up when you get the results Mieczysław!

Thanks for reading! Again, massive thanks to merrkkat and jujukitty for being betas to this story! Also, I'll be editing the previous chapters as soon as they're all beta'd by the amazing people mentioned above. Just grammar and repeated words, no major story changes don't worry!
Stiles didn't want to stop. He didn't. He didn't want to know that Scott only spoke to him for the first time in months because he showed up with a new person. He really didn't want to believe that that was the only reason his childhood friend spoke to him.

He stopped.

Abbadon Pitkis stood right behind him.

Maybe Peter was responding to what he was feeling. Maybe he was just following the Contract. Maybe he just wanted to scare teenagers. But he stood, his arm pressed lightly against his shoulder blade, a solid dark weight beside him.

Scott stuttered to a stop in front of them, daunted by the blank stare on the stranger's face. Allison and Lydia were a ways behind him, unsubtle about staring at them. Jackson was leaning against a near locker, looking completely uninterested in everything.

Stiles was under the impression he would at least get to lunch before being ambushed and that the middle of a hallway was a horrible place to do this.

“Scott, I really don't feel like doing this,” said Stiles, voice so bitter and tired he barely sounded like himself.

“Doing what?” Scott asked, genuinely confused.

Stiles sighed, feeling Pitkis at his shoulder. “I didn’t want to believe you would be this petty or obtuse,” Stiles said, his eyes tired as he looked at the genuine emotions on his once best friend’s face. “Go back to ignoring me, I won’t be a novelty for long.”

Scott spluttered. “Wha-I haven’t been ignoring you!” He went to take a step closer, but something about the way the stranger's head titled suddenly at his movement stopped him.

Stiles couldn't help the harsh bark of laughter. “Oh, that's rich! You didn't even realise!” Shaking his head incredulously, he rocked back on his heels, shoving a hand through his hair viciously. He bumped against the solid mass which was Peter. The rush of darkshadowsmagic he felt through the contact lit a fire behind his eyes. At that moment, he didn't care if his eyes were glowing, he was glaring too much for people to see his flashing iris’ properly anyway. “You son of a-” He didn't know where he was going to go with that sentence, but the late bell cut him off before he could
finish it. Shaking his head again, he just sighed hard through his nose, teeth clenched.

Turning away from Scott, he shoved his hands in his pocket. “Let's get to class, Peter,” he mumbled, suddenly tired again.

The demon turned and kept in step with the Spark. And just as he turned, he caught the speculative gleam in the redhead’s eye.

The next class passed in the same way; Stiles doodled while the teacher explained Parametric Derivative Formulas; Peter watched the other students and the students watched them back. Lydia was in class with them again. Her steady gaze was scrutinizing Peter again. He still couldn’t place the buzz he felt around her, but the weight of her staring was starting to grate on his originally small patience.

Finally grabbing his tastefully plain notebooks and pen out of his bag for the first time that day, he flipped to a clean page and scribbled down a small note. Running the tip of his finger down the edge of the paper with a brush of shadowMagikpower, the paper splitting noiselessly. If he had ripped the page out, it would have made so much noise. He couldn’t be bothered to deal with that. Sliding the sheet over to Stiles’ desk, he kept an eye on the teacher to make sure he didn’t notice.

Stiles couldn’t help but notice the sheet suddenly covering his the corner of his notebook. Sliding it closer, he was pleasantly surprised at how neat the demons handwriting was.

What's the deal with the redhead?

Stiles couldn’t help turning and glancing at Lydia. She didn’t turn away from scrutinizing Peter, not noticing Stiles at all. As per usual.

I'll tell you during free period, Stiles quickly scribbled, shaking his head as he passed the note back.

He had college work to do during free, it was due this evening, but if Lydia did this all day, Peter was going to be too curious to leave it alone. He could give him the cliff notes version.

The rest of class dragged. Stiles couldn’t focus on the maths or his doodles, the vibrant red hair drawing his attention in the corner of his eye.

When the bell finally rang, his stuff was already packed and he was standing and ready to go immediately. Peter stood just as quickly, all packed with their now empty thermos tucked in his bag. They left the classroom quickly, keeping stride with one another. Stiles didn’t want to give Scott another option to ambush him and, although Lydia was fast, she couldn’t have followed them that quickly. Making their way to a quieter area of the school, full of study rooms for individual students. It was near the library, but you had to book them in advance. As soon as Stiles received confirmation he could start his college ungrad courses this year with the local community college, he moved forward with them as soon as he could and was able to book a study room for the whole year. He was doing what they called “remote learning”, which was actually just online courses. They had been impressed by his perseverance after the end of last year, and as his 10th grade SAT scores had reached the upper 10th percentile, they had decided to make exceptions to allow him to begin his undergraduate courses while he finished high school. As he was on track to graduate this year, as long as he kept up with his assignments, both the college and high school were happy to allow it.

The study rooms were small, just big enough to fit a four seat table and chairs, with a window. Outlets for computers were strategically placed for ease of use right next to the table. After Stiles had unlocked the door with the key given to him when he booked it, Peter glanced outside while Stiles
set up his laptop. There was a good view taking in the lacrosse field all the way to the forest behind.

“Decent view,” he remarked, turning around and settling in the chair opposite Stiles.

“Hmm,” came the noncommittal reply. Stiles was grabbing a notebook from his bag and a pen, in case he had something to note down. It was normal for him to be focusing on something and to suddenly get an idea for something else. He’d learnt that if he didn’t write it down or make some sort of note about it, he would get dragged down that path instead of focusing on the work he actually had to do.

Thunk. Stiles was startled up from reading his assignment brief through again by Peter’s feet landing on the table. The demon had settled comfortably with feet up on the table, hands crossed on his stomach and was slouch down his chair, looking innocently at Stiles. The Spark just blinked slowly at him, a bland expression on his face. Peter cracked a grin first, Stiles snorting a laugh close behind and shaking his head at the ridiculousness of it all. Peter was the first person he had had with him in his study room. If Peter counted as a person.

“So,” Peter trailed off, looking at Stiles expectantly.

The smile on Stiles face turned sour. “She’s Lydia Martin.” Peter just kept the expectant face. Stiles sighed, lowering his laptop screen. “She’s brilliantly smart, beautiful and can out manoeuvre the brightest of people. I used to consider myself in love with her, before I realised the tits weren’t doing it for me and I was more interested in her math equations than her luscious body.”

Peter’s gaze didn’t falter. “There’s something else.”

Stiles looked away first. “Something happened with her boyfriend. And I don’t know if she knows or not, but if she does, I can never forgive her.”

The demon let it drop, the bond aching in time with the hurt Stiles felt. He decided not to tell the Spark about her strange buzzing just yet. Moving onto a safer topic, he asked, “So. What are you working on?”

Something brightened in the Spark’s face, but there were still shadows under the mask. “I got accepted into college for Linguistics 100 and Religious Studies 90A. I have assignments due today and I’ve got to finish them.”

“Aren’t you just a high school student?” Peter asked, head tilted inquisitively.

Stiles couldn’t help the small proud smile creeping onto to his lips. “I got early acceptance, cause I’m graduating early and my results were good enough.”

Peter made an impressed noise. “Sounds like you’ve been busy.”

“And I’m busy now, so,” Stiles snarked back, opening his laptop fully again and getting back to work. The intro classes were fairly simple, but doing a double major whilst doing AP classes meant he actually had to focus and get work done when he could. He had missed a whole weekend of work and had to catch up as soon as he could or he would be overwhelmed quickly. Stiles was just happy he was able to drop Chemistry after last year. Harris was an ass and he was so glad to be rid of him.

Peter settled in to alternate watching the PE class on the lacrosse field and Stiles chewing whatever was in reach. No pen was safe.

The sun was well and truly up by this point in the day, but it seemed to fill up the room in a warm
glow as the free period carried on. Peter always enjoyed the feel of the sun on his human skin. Contrary to popular culture, the Hell realm wasn’t all brimstone and fire. It was mostly cold and lit by torches. Most demons didn’t feel the frigidity in the air, but the unlucky souls did, adding to their suffering. Peter had always enjoyed the warmth the Upper world had. People took it for granted and didn’t notice it enough.

Without really realising, an hour had passed and Stiles was just wrapping his assignments as the bell rang. Sighing heavily, Stiles packed away his laptop and notebook. There were a few random notes on it, some about runes he could tattoo to help with some stuff, warding to research into, medical terms he needed to remember to look into that he had heard during his hospital stay. Thankfully he had managed to stay on track with the assignments and had gotten the bulk of it done, just needed to be proofread before sending it to his professors tonight.

“Do you want some more coffee?” Peter asked, sliding his feet off the table from where he had been lounging like a cat in the sun the whole hour.

“Nah, I’ll grab some at lunch instead,” Stiles replied. “We have history now. Scott’s in that class.” He muttered shortly.

Peter couldn’t help but smirk. “He doesn’t seem to like me much.”

Stiles snorted. “Well, you are kind of terrifying when you want to be.”

Stepping closer, he leant into the Spark’s face and purred, “As are you, dear boy.”

Stiles kept his gaze of Peter’s, impassive. He blinked and then breathed out slowly, controlled. Without saying a word, he stepped around Peter and headed to the door. Peter smirked and followed, always just a step behind.
Smoke and Mirrors

Chapter Summary

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

Chapter Notes

I know I know, I had a flash of inspiration. Enjoy an upload so close to the previous one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

History sucked.

Scott was being persistently annoying, trying to get his attention. His phone was shoved in his bag during free because he did not want to deal with anything that might come through. He had access to his laptop then as well and, subsequently, the digital police scanner that was constantly in the bottom right hand corner. It let him focus on the stuff he needed to do, but also periodically check in on what his dad was doing. It was a few home calls about neighbors feuding mostly. But during lessons, he found it hard to concentrate without it in his pocket, just incase someone called about his dad. The school knew about it; the one time they tried to take his phone he ended up in the hospital from the epic panic attack that had resulted. It was just Scott didn’t know when to fucking quit. He had come in, sat down with Peter and very thoroughly not looked in Scott's direction. Since sitting down, every few minutes, his pocket buzzed quietly. Every time it buzzed, something tightened further at the base of Stiles’ spine. He wanted to throw the fucking thing out the window. About half way through the lesson with Stiles progressively getting tenser and tenser, he was almost at the point of almost breaking the pen in his hand from how taught he was wound when he felt a rush of colddarkmagik rush over his spine. Whipping his head around, he caught Peter's eyes burning red, a devilish smirk on his face. Peter didn't move as he slouched in his seat, the picture of nonchalance, like he didn't just flex a rush of power and flash his scary freaking eyes in the middle of class.

Bang!

At the sudden noise, everyone in the class turned around the stare at Scott. A plume of black smoke was rising from the phone in his hand, his face was lightly covered in soot and in a wonderfully shocked expression just staring at the now totally broken piece of electronics he held. It was something Stiles wished he could take a photo of surreptitiously to treasure forever. He was glad he wasn’t the only one sniggering at the sight, because he couldn’t not laugh.

He turned to smile at Peter’s self satisfied face taking in the perfect picture of “what the fuck just happened” Scott was showcasing. He was still smiling when he turned to Stiles and raised an eyebrow. Stiles couldn’t stop his smile as he scoffed and rolled his eyes.

The teacher was doing a poor job of trying to get control of the class and figure out what was going on. Most of the other students had grabbed their own phones and snapped a photo, already sending it around the school. Stiles made a mental note to find that online later.
Both Stiles and Peter turned back in their seats facing the front again. The rest of the class was pretty much a waste, as they only had another 15 minutes and no one was really paying attention. The teacher took Scott out to go to the nurse to get checked up and had told them to read quietly. Meaning everyone just turned to their friends and started gossiping about what just happened, their own phones in their hands.

The irony of their phones being glued to their hands was not lost on Stiles.

“You didn’t have to do that,” Stiles murmured, not looking over at the demon. He felt ashamed he had to be “saved” by him again.

“It was starting to irritate me too,” Peter said, nonchalantly, lazily shrugging one shoulder. “His muttering under his breath didn’t help either.”

“You could hear that?” Stiles asked, forgetting his embarrassment in his intrigue and turning towards Peter.

“Just as I can smell that the girl two rows behind us is a few seconds away from having a seizure,” he muttered in an undertone, subtly tilting his head indicating which girl he meant.

Something in Stiles froze before he burst into movement. He slipped slightly getting up, but didn’t let that slow him from rushing to Erica Reyes side. She looked so confused for a second before she swayed in her seat, her arm slamming out to the side, making a scary cracking noise as it collided with the wall beside her. Stiles caught her just as she was sliding from her seat, quickly cradling around her shoulders and lowering her to ground as she started convulsing. Stiles had taken his first aid certification when he did the hand to hand alongside the recruits. It was supposed to teach them to heal or some shit. All Stiles cared about right then was getting Erica in the recovery position and make sure she didn’t smack her head.

Bang! Stiles glanced up to see quickly another person phone had imploded, courtesy of Peter. They looked like they had been about to take a video of Erica’s collapse. Stiles only just kept the sneer off his face, going back to focusing on the shaking girl on the floor.

Sliding his phone out of his pocket, he swiped past all the unread texts from Scott, calling the direct dispatcher at the station.

“Beacon Hill’s police station dispatcher, what is your emergency?” Came the calm intonation of Lucy. She used to babysit Stiles when Alice was busy and his dad had to go in. She had helped him learn the police codes.

“Luce, ambulance needed—”

“Stiles?!”

“-Seizure at the high school, classroom 26B. Patient is Erica Reyes, history of seizures. Started almost a minute ago. Possible broken arm.”

“Okay, Stiles. Ambulance is on their way. You have her in the recovery position?”

“Yeah,”

“Good, keep an eye on her and let me know if anything changes,” Lucy instructed. “Stay on the line and I’ll let you know when the EMTs get there.”

“Thanks,” Stiles said quietly, still looking down at Erica, his hand hovering just beside her head in
case her convulsion caused her to smack her head, ready to slip his hand beneath to cushion the hard
tile.

“Alright Stiles, EMTs pulling up to school in less than 2 minutes. Her status?”

“Still convulsing.”

“Okay, you’re doing a good job kid.”

“Thanks,” Stiles said quietly, still looking down at Erica, his hand hovering just above her head
incase her convulsion caused her to smack her head, ready to slip his hand beneath the cushion the
hard tile.

Quickly glancing up, he caught eyes with Peter, who was stood calmly at Ericas feet, blocking
people from coming up to her from that side. And as she had been sat besides the wall and Stiles was
curled around her head, blocking it from that side, no-one could get a decent picture. No-one really
wanted to, not after the second phone explosion in this classroom. For once, most people had put
them away, not wanting to risk their phones going up in smoke too.

Remembering that they were near the back of the school, he figured the EMTs wouldn’t know
where to go. Glancing round at the rest of the class doing nothing but stare, he yelled sharply,
“Someone go to the front of the school to guide the EMTs.” At least 3 people jumped at his voice,
racing to door, the rest were staring at Stiles and the weird new boy helping the sick girl. Just as the
students slipped out the classroom, the teacher came back in from leaving Scott at the nurse’s office.
He stood gaping at the scene in front of him, for a few moments, before finally shutting his mouth
and calling for the other students to leave, sending them to an early lunch.

They heard the hurried feet of students and the EMTs rushing down the hall. Stiles confirmed with
Lucy that they were here, promised to text her later and then he got the hell out of the way of the
professionals and their equipment after briefing them quickly. Erica was still seizing, as Stiles had
once overheard her saying she didn’t usually have small seizures. He would rather call the
ambulance and have them say it was just a broken arm, than not call and have her end up seriously
injured. No-one else was going to be injured if he could help it.

Standing to the side with Peter, without thinking, he leaned his shoulder against the demon’s. The
rush of darkenergycalm that brushed against his spine made him settle more against Peter’s side.

Stiles watched quietly as the teacher panicked quietly. The EMTs were injecting something in
Erica’s arm and she soon stopped seizing. They carefully transferred the tired girl to the gurney, less
rushed now. They instructed the harried teacher to call her parents immediately and to let them know
to meet them at the hospital. Apparently, there was a hairline fracture along her arm, from where she
had broken it before and had re-broken it when she smacked her arm against the wall. Stiles winced
guiltily when he heard that. Peter felt the sourness along the bond, and nudged him, sending some
more shadowdarkcalm his way. He, of course, only did it because the sourness would ruin his food.
He was craving a good burger and the emotions would ruin the meat. That was the only reason.
Really.

When they were the last two people in the room, still stood shoulder to shoulder, Stiles sighed gustily
and cracked his neck loudly. The crack sounded horrible in the empty classroom.

“At least no one filmed it this time,” Stiles muttered, disgusted at the memory of people laughing
over the video last year. He finally moved away from the darkly comforting presence Peter gave off
and started gather all his stuff together.
“There’s no class or grace doing that,” Peter said, sounding like a mildly disapproving parent. “You can’t even use that kind of video for blackmail.”

“Is that why you blew up that girl’s phone?” Stiles asked, not feeling an ounce of guilt for the destroyed property. He started walking out the door.

“But of course,” Peter smoothly replied, shouldering his backpack and following Stiles out the classroom. The hall was mostly empty now as the bell hadn’t rung yet.

Stiles sighed, for what felt like the millionth time today. He really didn’t feel like going to the cafeteria. His steps faltered as he realised he didn’t know where to go. He wasn’t allowed off campus for lunch, but he really didn’t wanna go to where the much needed food was.

Peter took the decision out of his hands. Black smoke surrounded them both and there was a yank pulling at Stiles, before suddenly there weren’t in the school anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks as always to @merrkkat and @jujukitty for betaing!!
Come annoy me and read my bullshit life on twitter @RubyRedCase
COMMENTS GIVE ME LIFE.

Thanks to @Black_Juju for helping me understand epilepsy and how to help when someone has a seizure!
Burgers and fries and soda, oh my

Chapter Summary

They get some real good food, meet an old family friend and banter.

Chapter Notes

IM SORRY OKAY I HAD WRITERS BLOCK
but for real, i did not expect this to take this long to write and I am sorry. So. Please enjoy!!
also, HOLY CRUD MONKEYS HOW MANY PEOPLE LIKE THIS PIECE OF SH-welp, thanks for enjoying it! You guys are awesome!!
The epic people who beta this bullshit: @merrkat & @jujukitty

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What the hell was that Peter?!” Stiles panted as soon he felt as though he could breathe. He was hunched over his knees, trying to force his lungs to drag in air. His vision was fading in and out as he tried to focus in his shoes. He just hoped he didn't hurl on them.

“I wanted a burger,” Peter remarked flippantly from beside him.

“And what does that have to do with fracking teleporting ?!” Stiles wheezed out.

“I could smell what they were trying to pass off as food from across the school, and I refuse to eat that. Even demons have some standards,” Peter said offhandedly, barely glancing at the Spark, still doubled over. He was glad he had transported them to an offshoot off the main road, so no one noticed two teenagers, one bent over in front of the other in an alley. They might get the wrong idea.

“Then give me a warning next time, you dick.” Stiles glared as he finally straightened up.

“Where would be the fun in that?”

Stiles also seemed finally to notice how they had both been standing in an alley and gave Peter a supremely unimpressed look before sidestepping around the demon and heading for the entrance of the alley. When he saw they were on the highstreet in the middle of town, he did a mental calculation and they’d traveled at least halfway across town in less than a second. That would make things easier if they got into a bad sitch.

“Alright, you wanted a burger? I know just the place.” And with that he set off, a confident gait, sure that the demon would keep up. He was right, his personal Devil stayed just to the side of him.

“Where are we off to, oh fearless leader?” Peter drawled, his irises rimmed red as he lazily kept an eye on everyone around them. Humans were so fascinating as they went about their lives. So damn oblivious.
“This little diner I used to go with my mom,” Stiles said, trying hard to think about all the memories attached to it. His dad refused to go back after she had gotten ill, but Stiles, he needed to be reminded of all the good stuff that happened before all the bad stuff. He needed to remember he had a mother before he had a monster.

Peter chose not to touch the melancholy waves flowing his way. He thought about how he wasn’t even needing to tune into their bond to feel his captor’s emotions and how that really wasn’t normal for their short amount of time being bound. Side-eyeing the Spark, he pondered as to why. It really wasn’t normal for a demon to have such a strong bond so quickly with their captor, it was something that took years to get build. Maybe considering how strong the Spark was?

It took another few minutes of, admittedly fast paced, walking to get to the diner. As they pushed the old doors open, an elderly lady started her usual spiel before looking up to see who walked in. “-welcome to Moira’s Din- Stiles Stilinski, as I live ‘n’ breathe! Boy, get over here and give me a hug, I ain’t seen ya in all yer glory for ages!” She grabbed Stiles around the shoulder, yanking his much taller frame into her 5 foot nothing arms. Her southern twang was noticeable as they were very much not in the south and her accent was a strong as if she’d left her hometown in Texas yesterday.

Pushing back a smiling Stiles by his shoulders, getting a good look at him, she continued talking, the teen not even bothering to try and get a word in edgeways. “You’re as skinny as a twig, boy. I felt like I was hugging a halloween skel-a-teen. You best get yo’ be-hind seated in that booth and be ready for some food. I am not lettin’ you leave here till I know there are 10 more pounds on that body.”

Seeing that Stiles had company, a bemused Peter who was standing and watching the Spark being manhandled by a women at least a foot shorter than him, Moira beamed. She stepped forward with her arms outstretched, gripping the demons upper arms in a friendly manner.“Well, here now, you’ve got company!” She suddenly froze and peered deeply into his eyes with shockingly piercing eyes. Her hands clamped down harshly, a blank glaze coming over her blue eyes. “You got the Devil in you, boy.” Her voice was terrifying, a deep, guttural thing all of a sudden. Her southern twang rang somewhere deep in their bones. Then her eyes cleared and she gave Peter a slightly dazed and confused smile. “Uh, well, y’all both sit down and I’ll bring over some drinks.” She turned back to Stiles, her smile becoming more genuine. “A diet Pepsi still yer preference, boy?”

She didn’t even let Stiles reply before she went off behind the counter. Stiles had a bemused contemplative smile on his face as he watched the diner owner walk off as she hadn’t just done something vaguely disturbing. Looking back at Peter who was always watching the woman walk off with a speculative look in his eye, they caught each other's eyes. They both gave a slight dismissive shrug and made their way over to the booth. They were here for a good burger and they had less than an hour to eat before they had to get back. Least the whole teleporting thing would come in handy with the whole crossing town in a blink of an eye.

Speaking of. “So, you can apparate HP style?” Stiles asked, as he settled more comfortably on the vinyl bench seat, bag dumped on the seat at his side.

Peter shook his head incredulously. “Excuse you, I have been doing that many millennia before good ol’ JK thought to write it down on paper, thank you very much.”

Stiles snorted at the indignation on the demon's face. “Okay, okay, chill. My god, you sound like a three year old who had the toy first.”

“I can assure you, I am much older than three years old.” Peter remarked dryly, moving to slouch artfully on the back of his seat bench.

“I can totally tell,” Stiles snorted, unable to not poke fun. “You’ve got wrinkles.”
The indignation on the demon’s face caused the Spark to burst out into laughter. It was this scene that Moira walked over with 2 tall glasses of soda. She paused, watching the boys interact. It had been a long while since she’d seen Stiles looking so happy. Stiles had brought round his dark haired friend a few times over the years, and they seemed to get along, but around a year ago, they stopped coming as often and then only Stiles would wander in alone occasionally. She watched as Stiles looked at his friend and burst out into loud laughter again, head thrown back, missing the pleased smirk come onto his friend’s face. She smiled a happy grandmotherly smile as she finished going over to the table and put the sodas down.

“So what can I get y’all?” she asked, grabbing her order pad from the little apron around her waist. Stiles settled to just chuckling and looked over at the woman. He saw the smile creases around her eyes and, for just a second, he imagined what his mother would look like if she had gotten the chance to grow older. He pushed the thought away, putting a smile that had fallen slightly back on his face and looked up at Moira’s expectant face once again.

“Two cheeseburgers with everything you’ll give me and curly fries and don’t skimp on that salty goodness, I only get it when dad isn’t here,” Stiles ordered for both of them, not even thinking about it. Peter didn’t need to eat and if he didn’t like it, Stiles would definitely be happy to eat the extra curly fries.

Moira finished noting it all down before leaving off with a “A’right, it’ll be ready soon, boys. Holler if you need anything, now” before going off into the kitchen.

When Stiles turned back to Peter, he was greeted by a raised eyebrow. “Who said you could order for me?”

“Me, cause you know jackshit about the burgers from here,” Stiles replied, a shit eating grin on his face. This was the most fun he’d had out with a friend in about a year. Even if the friend was a demon. Who he’d sold his soul to. Whatever, semantics. He was having a good time.

Peter let the subject drop. He thought back to the blonde girl on the floor and the phone call Stiles had. “Didn’t you say you would text that lady?”

Confused for a moment, Stiles made a questioning noise, before figuring out what Peter was talking about. “Oh shit!” Stiles gasped as her took his phone out of his back pocket, hips thrusting forwards, his thighs colliding painfully with the table. Wincing in pain, he rubbed his thigh with one hand, trying to soothe the pain as he typed a text one handed to Lucy’s personal mobile.

It only took a moment before his phone beeped with a reply. *Erica @ hospital. She’ll be okay. You did good.*

Stiles couldn’t help his relieved smile. The stories of Erica’s collapsing and the video taken was horrible last year. Even though he was being bullied himself, he went out of his way online to find a way to destroy the video wherever it got uploaded. It had taken a week but he realised that Danny Māhealani was also ruining the video circulation as best he could. It almost made up for what he didn’t do.

Shaking his head away from unpleasant thoughts, he sent off a quick *im glad* to Lucy before grimacing as he looked at his inbox. All the unopened messages from Scott were still clogging up his notifications. Biting the bullet, he opened the thread and scrolled up to when the lesson began.

*Scott (11:14): stiles man cumon*

*Scott (11:16): just tel me wht i did*
Scott (11:17): were frends
Scott (11:18): stop ignorin me
Scott (11:20): stiles
Scott (11:21): stiles
Scott (11:22): stiles
Scott (11:23): stiiiiiiiles
Scott (11:25): tell me what i did!
Scott (11:25): dude weve been frends for years, ur being petty ignoring me
Scott (11:28): stiles man seriously tell me
Scott (11:29): talk to me dude
Scott (11:31): talk
Scott (11:31): to
Scott (11:32): me
Scott (11:32): STILES
Scott (11:34): i will keep txting u
Scott (11:35): until u reply
Scott (11:36): to me
Scott (11:37): u no i will
Scott (11:39): stiles 4 real just tlk to me
Scott (11:42): stiles cumon on!
Scott (11:43): u jus gotta tel me wht i did rong

Stiles read them all, an incredulous look growing on his face the whole time. He shouldn’t be surprised anymore by what Scott did these days, but he was. He really was. And he was really, really sick of it. Just shaking his head, he deleted the whole thread, not even bothering to keep any of the old messages from before. No point.

Throwing his phone on top of his bag, he looked up to see Peter watching him, a reptilian tilt to his head, face completely blank as he stared. Slightly taken aback, he blurted out “Woah, okay, creepy, tone back to the snake eyes dude.”

Pitkis blinked and his expression cracked into his human visage of its usually sarcastic little smile. They both turned at the footsteps of Moira holding two plates and two almost overflowing baskets of curly fries. Stiles forgot to be freaked out by his lunch partner as he practically drooled over the beauty that were these fries. Digging in straight away, he absently thanked Moira as he scrounged around for the more tightly wound ones. Everyone knew they were the best after all. Moira just
smiled and turned away, noting that they didn’t need refills and that she could do her crossword for a bit. Peter just watched the carnage play out in front of him, as Stiles slurped his drink, shoveled fries into his mouth and then proceeded to take a huge bite out of his burger. It was a disaster, but somehow he didn’t spill a drop or choke on the ridiculous amount of food in his mouth.

Looking down away from the trainwreck in front of him, he decided to see what the fuss was about. Bringing one golden crispy fry to his mouth, he nibbled the end of it. Surprised wonder crossed his face as he tasted the gloriously unhealthy potato. Salt and pepper with a slight spicy flavor burst on his tongue as he shoved the rest of the fry into his mouth. Taking a sip of his drink, the bubbles popped along his tongue, somehow making the fat from the fry taste better as it mixed with the sugariness of the soda. Deciding to try his burger next, he gathered the overfull buns and took a sizeable bite. He… he couldn’t describe it. It was awesome. The juice of the meat patty contrasting the clean crunch of the lettuce and then the fatty outer shell of the onion rings contrasting that, not to mention the cooked sweet onions inside, all mixed with the succulent of the tomato slices and the melted cheese, oh good god, it was almost heaven. He had eaten burgers before on his trips up top, but this, it was something else.

“Yeap,” Stiles smirked, his mouth full of curly fries as he smiled at the incredulous demon having a foodgasm across from him, uncaring at how undignified he looked. Peter just smiled stupidly back and dived back into his food.

It was just eating for the next 15 minutes, both enjoying the food in front of them. Moira kept an eye on their drinks and refilled them as necessary, but left them to their own devices and enjoyed her puzzle.

Finally, both Stiles and Peter were finished and slouched back on their benches, stuffed full of wonderful food. Moira came back over, taking their dirty plates and giving them one last refill.

“I’m coming back here,” Peter decided, still a bit shocked at how good the burger was. He didn’t need the food, but he wasn’t above a bit of gluttony. It was a sin after all.

“Duh,” Stiles said, so full. He whined pathetically, patting his stomach. “I want the chocolate fudge sundae, but I don’t know if I’ll puke or not.”

“Boy, I don’t want none of your puke on this floor,” Moira chastised as she walked back. She stood at the end of the table hands on hips, a fond smile on her face.

“Sorry Moira, but it would so so worth it,” Stiles said cheekily, grinning up at the woman.

“Y’all know that if you eat it, you’da hate yourself later, son,” She replied, shaking her head.

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” Stiles said as he stretched. He sighed as he remembered they had to get back to school. He had to grab a book from the library before their next class. “What do I owe you, Moira?”

Before Moira could rattle of the total, Peter reached into his pocket and drew out a $50 note and handing it to her. “Keep the change, that was some amazing food.” Not even letting her reply, he scooted to the end making her move out of the way, swinging his bag onto his back.

Stiles was a bit surprised, but just went with it, sliding out after the demon. A hurried kiss on Moira cheek and a yelled goodbye before leaving the door, he jogged to catch up the demon. They both set off round the corner of the street, out of sight and ducked into the mouth of an ally.

“You totally overpaid her, you sap,” Stiles teased, not even hiding he was pleased at the tip they just
gave the woman. Stiles couldn’t really afford to do that when he went, even though he wouldn’t mind doing it on some other guy’s dime.

“I pay my debts,” Peter sniffed. “And that food was the best I’ve had in millennia.” He turned to face Stiles as soon as they were far enough in the alley. All Stiles saw was the demon’s evil smirk and red eyes before the black smoke covered them again.

Chapter End Notes

Aight, you know the drill, comments give life, bother me on twitter @rubyredcase blah
bLAH BLAH
But for real, how many of you people actually read this bit
“Stiles, when are you going to talk to me again?” Peter huffed under his breath. He really wasn’t used to being ignored and this had been going on for almost an hour now. There were only 7 students in AP Spanish and, as the demon had gotten them back with time to spare, they had gotten comfortable seats at the back, away from everyone else. Even with the time Stiles spent puking.

Stiles just ignored the demon King and focused on re-reading the Spanish book they had to do a report on. They were finishing their practice essays today and Stiles was just tweaking his as he’d finished it at home. Plus, it gave a great excuse to ignore the asshole next to him, even though he was the only one around because of their little bubble of empty space.

Most of the school had heard about what had happened with Erica and, although it wasn’t uncommon for Stiles to be loud, he usually didn’t yell at other students. That, combined with the slightly scary new kid not leaving his side, there were a few seats between the two of them and the other students.

“It’s not my fault humans have such weak stomachs,” Peter grouched under his breath, slouching even further in his seat. He had read this book when it was released over 200 years ago and had already conjured up a finished report. It was technically his own work, it was his thoughts on the book, like he was going to actually do the whole writing thing when he could just make it appear. It was annoying that he couldn’t just leave when he was bored, and even more annoying that his bonded wasn’t actually talking to him to alleviate at least some of the boredom.

Peter sighed again. It was times like these that he remembered why he didn’t do contracts anymore. There was so much downtime.

He was quiet for a bit, sat in the almost silent classroom full of student’s pens scratching the paper, their keyboards tap-tapping on their laptops and the rustle of pages turning as they read. Peter sighed again and stared out the window, lamenting the lack of view.

When over half the lesson had passed, Stiles gave up the pretence of checking his work. He had finished it the other night, he just wanted to stop Señora Cátala from coming and asking him about the book. He had made the mistake of letting her know he was fluent, not just passable like the other students. She liked to be able to talk to him about the books they read and he really wasn't in the mood to do the talky-talk today. Finally putting his papers to the side, he decided to doodle. He didn't
want to make a whole caffuflle of getting out his laptop and doing his college work. He had made good progress in his free and he could finish the last bit off at home before the deadline easily. His hands were burning slightly and he had this compulsion to put a pencil to the page and he was just tired enough not to question it.

Peter’s attention was drawn back to the Spark as his bonded heatMagik flared up suddenly, a wave of petrichor making him think of the forests after rain. As Stiles drew, he watched the flow of Magik through the man-child’s veins. The gold rush was lighting up Stiles from the inside, all flowing down to his palms, his fingers cradling the pencil as it made its marks on the paper. The Spark didn’t seem to be thinking, just letting his hand move, the lead of the pencil creating a darker mark on the paper with each unthinking pass. A long tailed Y with four diagonal bisecting lines along the vertical line was stark against the rest of the white page. It was a harsh sigil with strong endings. Peter recognised the Celtic origins, the Ogham language creating the sigil for Blackthorn. A blasting mark. A way to control the flow of Power. Also, ridiculously powerful when used correctly.

Looking at the dazed, almost blank look in the Spark’s glowing eyes, he tried to grasp just how smart the man-child would need to be to have these things just flow out of him without thinking. The grasp on languages and sigils and how to use them would need to be immense, plus the ways to use the different elements to create even stronger runes. Pitkis Abbadon looked at his Contract holder and didn’t regret answering the call to this fascinating human.

It was less than 5 minutes, but when Stiles seemed to come back to himself, he looked shaken. No one around had even noticed something monumental had just happened. A Spark just had the innate power inside him Create something. And Peter got to watch it happen.

The tendrils of growing panic jumping through their bond to Peter made the demon fully take in Stiles’ expression. Wide eyes and shivering jaw, panic was starting to set in as the man-child stared at the rune under his quivering fingers.

“P-Peter, what just happened?” Stiles breathed, trying to stay quiet in the still almost silent classroom.

Throwing out his own Magik, Peter tossed up a silencing circle. “Stiles,” Peter said in a normal volume. The Spark flailed before realised no one was turning around or glaring at them for making noise. Seeing the dark shimmery circle around them, he put the pieces together and just went straight back to panicking. Peter spoke over Stiles suddenly loud breathing. “Stiles, it’s just your manifestation. You are going to have outbursts sometimes until you can control it.”

The frightened panicked looked Stiles threw the Demon almost made him want to chuckle, if not for the increased panic he could feel down their bond. It was starting to make him twitchy as well. “Stiles, you need to calm down.” Pitkis’ eyes flashed red as he leaned forward to place his hand on Stiles’ arm. He had noticed the flush of warmth when they had touched earlier and it had seemed to help calm Stiles down. Might as well try again. The shocked look on Stiles’ face almost made the Demon go into a panic himself and backtrack, the instinct to move his hand away almost getting the better of him. Just before he was about to take his hand away, he felt Stiles’ muscles relax slightly and the man-child breath out harshly. He was still panicked, the sharp smell of sweetly rotten fruit clogging Peter’s nose. It completely covered the smell of petrichor from before. He both enjoyed and hated that his sense of smell was getting stronger the longer he was in his human body, especially when his nose was full of the sickly sweet stench of panic.

Checking to make sure the teacher hadn’t noticed anything awry yet, Peter moved his chair to sit next to Stiles, right next to the Spark. He felt the almost static electricity pushing against his human skin the closer he got to the man-child. The jittery energy the Spark was giving off had manifested as a prickly electric shield. It would have been uncomfortable if Peter were human.
When he could sit with his hand on his bonded arm, shoulders pressed together and his new leather boot nudging the less classy sneaker, he finally felt the last tendrils of panic fade from their bond. Even as the Sparkling calmed, his voice shook slightly as he asked again, “Peter, what just happened?”

“Your Spark is intuitive. I’ve heard stories of Magik users where the Magik is an almost sentient part of them, helping them create and understand only by using the host bodies to go through with the action.” The Sparkling eyes widened in renewed panic and a choked sound escaped his frozen throat. Peter hurried on saying, “But I can’t sense the sentience in your Magik, it’s just newly manifested. It’s just like a, uh what do you call it these days, fizzy soda? A carbonated infused drink that’s been shaken up and opened a bit too early before it could fully settle. Your Magik needs flow out to release the pressure bit by bit after being released so suddenly before it had was completely ready.” Peter really tried not to think about the need to calm the Sparkling down and the emotions he himself was feeling at the moment when he thought of Stiles in distress. The Spark was his Contract holder. That was all.

There was around 10 minutes left of the lesson. The silencing circle was still strong around their little area. When Stiles had processed all their information, he seemed to settle slightly better back into his seat and, consequently, against Peter. Peter realised how much they were touching and tried to compute it. It had… it had really been a long time since someone other than Stiles had willingly stayed in contact with the King of Demons. He didn’t know what to make of the warmth in the bottom of his gut.

After a few minutes of watching the oblivious students and teacher carrying on with their work, Stiles spoke up. “Am I going to hurt someone?” He asked.

“I don’t know,” Peter replied, the truth coming out unthinking as he was still having a bit of sensory overload at the amount of contact.

Stiles was quiet again. He looked down at the rune on the page in front of him, sifting through the runes he knew and languages he had studied when preparing to summon a demon. It felt longer than just a few weeks since he had Summoned Pitkis Abaddon. He had spent weeks researching and re-researching everything, almost a month of his life he had dedicated to understanding the occult, a subject he had avoided as much as he could when his mother… After his mother grew sicker. He recognised the celtic origin and scrambled around in his brain for the meaning. It suddenly clicked. **Blackthorn**, a possible blasting rune. Maybe… Maybe it would help him control his outbursts, or, at the very least, be able to direct them a bit better. No more exploding light bulbs would be a good start.

Checking the clock at the front of the classroom, he saw there were less than 3 minutes left. Reluctantly, Stiles pulled away from the demon to start packing up his stuff. Peter seemed to shake himself slightly when the Spark removed his forearm from under his hand. The demon moved his chair back to his desk and, after making sure he had scrawled his name on his paper, also started packing up his stuff. He did it physically rather than using his shadows, needing to do something with his hands.

The both of them had stood and walked through the now broken silencing circle by the time the bell rang, book reports in hand to drop on the edge of the professora’s desk on their way out. They ignored the looks of the other students, the muttering of their classmates about them.

“One more lesson till we can go home, right?” Peter asked, not even thinking about the use of the word *home*.

Stiles didn’t pick up on it. “Yeah, two more blocks, but we’ve got a free last period.” Stiles kept his
pace steady, avoiding people's gazes. He was just so fucking tired of their shit lately. So he helped out Erica. So he shouted. So he didn’t fucking spaz out anymore. So fucking what. “I’m so glad no-one else is in this class,” he muttered pushing his way in. He was so ready to go home.

Chapter End Notes

Massive thanks to @merrkat and @chrisnightly. Meerkat is my beta and Chris is my lovely go to occult guy!

So, this is again, a bit of a filler but it was getting a bit long when I tried to fit what happens NEXT chap into this one too sooooo

As always, @rubyredcase is my twitter and comments give me life!
The next 2 days were quiet. Most people avoided interacting with Stiles as usual, Lydia kept staring, Scott kept trying to get Stiles attention and Jackson went out of his way to get into Stiles way. Both the Sparks and the Demons patience was wearing thin. They had both taken to going to the Moiras dinner for lunch, thankfully waiting a bit longer after eating so Stiles got to keep the food inside him. Sadly, that wasn’t enough. It all came to ahead on Thursday.

“English language next, right?” Peter asked, keeping pace with Stiles. The younger of the two seemed to be deep in thought and just hummed an affirmative as they walked fast down the hallway. He seemed to be keeping an eye out for their stalker. Thankfully the halls were clear, because Stiles’ dad had gone to an armed robbery earlier today and his nerves were shot.

Being vaguely on time, the two of them slipped into their seats. Stiles was still in thought, but Peter could see the amber liquid Magik pulsing through his system as he worked through something. Which is probably why Peter saw the expensive shoes hooking the leg of Stiles chair but Stiles didn’t. With a strong yank ending with Stiles smacking his shoulder into the edge of his desk as he fell from his chair to the floor in a flail. The students that were in the class chittered out a laugh, while Peter just watch his bonded fall. Peter couldn’t have saved him without his Shadows and he couldn’t have guaranteed that none of the other students wouldn’t have seen on such short notice. The pain flowing through the bond was enough to set the demon’s teeth on edge, but Stiles stayed silent as he gathered himself. Peter caught a whiff of petrichor and saw the ominous flow of heat

All the light bulbs in the room exploded, a phone went up in smoke and the teacher's computer caught fire on his desk.

All in all, Peter thought it could have gone worse. No one died.
Stiles was frozen on the floor, not even breathing as he kept his still glowing eyes to the floor. The other students were panicking about the exploded glass that had rained down on them and the growing fire that was once the teacher’s computer. Stiles didn’t see the teacher’s panicked turning in circle trying to find the fire extinguisher. But he did hear the fire alarm blaring. That was what finally made him jump into action.

Pushing back onto his feet, he grabbed his backpack and, while making sure that his personal demon was at his back, legged it out of the school. He was done. He was so fucking done with today. He just wanted to go home. Fuck this shit.

As he crossed the parking lot, he skirted the teachers trying to rally all the people into the proper orderly shit that they had only practiced 4 times a year. Shooting off a quick text to his dad saying he was skipping his last two periods 'cause of an unexpected fire and no reason to stay for his last period cause it was a free, he hopped into his jeep. After tossing his backpack into the back, he heard his passenger door close too, and didn’t waste any time speeding out the parking lot.

He hadn’t noticed the shrewd eyes of Lydia Martin focused on his the whole time.

When they both got home, after a practically silent and tense drive, Stiles marched into the house, straight up to his room, before promptly collapsing into a heap on his floor, breathing jagged.

Peter stood in the doorway looking at his Bonded and feeling all the shit the Spark was going through. Quietly putting his backpack down, he did something he wouldn’t have done before. He slowly moved around to the front of Stiles and knelt down in front of the boy. When their eyes met, Ptikis’ eyes flashed their brimstone red as the Sparks’ eyes responded in their blazing amber.

“I could have kill them,” Stiles breathed, barely able to make the words pass his throat. The only thing that moved was his lips.

“Yes,” Pitkis quietly affirmed, still steadily staring at his Bonded.

Stiles drew in a quivering breath at the blunt confirmation he could have unintentionally become a murderer today. Stiles eyes flashed amber. “Help me,” He commanded in a shaky voice.

Feeling the Contract hum along with the command, Pitkis bowed his head in acquiescence. Slowly, as to not spook the Sparkling, Peter reached out to help his Bonded to rise from his slumped position on the hard floor. “We’re going to go into the woods.” Seeing the small nod okay, Peter set about gathering everything they would need. His shadows helped gather everything as he grabbed his backpack and tipped it out onto the bed. Stiles just stood as he watched the demon reaching out into the shadows and grabbing bits and pieces: his magical herbs in their wooden container, his notebooks, pens and pencils, his water bottle and phone were all neatly stored into the backpack. Then came other bits that he’d never seen before, taken from the shadows hanging around Peter and put into the backpack beside everything else. When there wasn’t anymore room in the bag, Peter casually slung it over his shoulder and, seemingly without thinking, put his arm around Stiles’ back and guided him out of his bedroom, down the stairs and into the back yard. With a simple wave of his hand, Pitkis made the fence lining the yard shimmer and fade as they walked through it, into the woods lining the outer edge of the house’s bounds. As soon as he stepped onto the forest floor, something loosened in the Spark’s shoulders and he could breath the woodsy air.

They walked quietly for half an hour. Neither Stiles nor Peter wanted to disturb the peaceful quiet of an afternoon stroll in the forest, but as soon as they reached wherever Peter wanted to be, the demon dropped his arm from Stiles’ back and stepped in front of the man-child to face him full on.

“You need control,” Peter said matter of fact. “You need to either fully complete your manifestation,
which will hurt like hot poker up your ass, or find a way to deal with your magical puberty outbursts.”

“And how do I do that?” Stiles asked, mellowed by the flow of Magik all around him. Which was exactly what Peter intended when he had dragged Stiles to one of the most prominent Ley lines in Beacon Hills.

“Well, you know that rune you made when you spaced in Spanish? That’s a blasting rune that will help you control the direction of outbursts.” As he was saying this, Peter swung his backpack off and crouched, beginning to dig through it. Dragging out the box of herbs, the notebook and a strangely shaped glass contained of black ashes, he placed them on the leaf covered floor. “It might be time for another tattoo, Sparkling.”

“Why do you call me a Spark?” Stiles finally asked.

“Because that’s what you are.”

“But what is it?” Stiles pressed.

Peter contemplated how to answer that in a way that wouldn’t send his Bonded into one of his panic attacks. Realising this could be a long conversation, he conjured a cushion to be able to sit down onto the dirt and settled crossed legged. Lazily waving his hand again, he conjured a second cushion across from him, the magical paraphernalia between them. Taking the hint, Stiles sat down before turning his attention back to Peter.

“You are a rare and ridiculously powerful being,” Peter started. “A Spark is a hereditary status passed down and revered in the Magikal realms. It can lie dormant in the blood for centuries before manifesting in a person. You managed to force your manifestation, though.”

“W-wait,” Stiles let out an incredulous laugh. “You mean, I wasn’t supposed to explode stuff?”

“No, you were, just not now,” Peter said, all blase. “Something must have made it more likely to manifest early, like say, early exposure to the Magik, training from a young age or—” Now his eyes shone slightly red, focusing shrewdly on the Spark. “—abuse.” Watching the minute flinch play on Stiles face, he got his answer. Abuse. The demon King continued speaking as if he didn’t see it. “When you Summoned me, it opened the floodgate on your Magikal potential. And now we have to put a nozzle on it to control the flow.”

Stiles was quiet for a moment, eyes clouded. Information overload was competing with the calm surroundings. Peter knew it was just a waiting game for the Spark to take in all the information and then plow ahead again.

It was a matter of minutes before the haze cleared in the Spark’s amber eyes. He looked down at the magical paraphernalia between them and back up to the demon. “Okay. How are we going to nozzle this shit?”

Peter smirked and indicated to the notebook lying innocuous between them. “Your Spark has already figured that out.”

Stiles forehead scrunched in confusion. “The rune from earlier? What will that do to help?”

“Well, considering you were the one to actually draw it, why don’t you tell me?” Peter couldn’t help but drawl. At Stiles scowl, the demon chuckled. “Don’t get all pissy, Sparkling.” Opening up the notebook to the rune page, he started to explain. “You created a blackthorne rune. It’s proto-Celtic Ogham. Its symbolic for the stirrings of fate, which makes sense ‘cause you weren’t supposed to
manifest this early.” The demon gave a fanged smile. “You fucked with fate. Congrats.”

The unamused look on Stiles face was unintentionally amusing. Not the point of being out here, but amusing to say the least. “Okay, get to the point, why all the stuff?” He asked, pointing, again, to all this stuff between us.

“Well, to maximize the Power of the rune, you’re going to use blackthorn ash as the ink for your new tattoo,” Peter explained, as he got out the strange glass vial full of black fine grains and placed it on top of the notebook. “Your Spark should know what it needs to do. Just think about it as you say the words and it’ll happen.” The demon paused and then shrugged, nonchalantly saying, “Or you could blow us all up. It’s an either or thing.”

Stiles released an aggrieved sigh. Rolling his head, making his neck crack horribly, he stared with dead unamused eyes between the demon, the rune and the ashes. Suddenly throwing his hands up, Stiles grouched, “Fuck it.” Swiping the ashes and leaning back onto his cushion, the Spark looked back at the demon calmly watching him.

“Your Spark will know what it needs to do,” The demon repeated.

Sighing again, Stiles looked around for a stick to clamp down on. He remembered the pain from last time and didn’t feel like biting his tongue. He had done that before and wasn’t eager to repeat that experience. After finding a suitable one that wasn’t completely covered in dirt, he laid down and shook his head in disbelief. If he died, he was haunting Peter’s ass.

“Pingo in cinere,” Stiles said firmly, unstoppering the bottle of blackthorn ashes. Control through ashes. As quickly as he could, he shoved the stick into his mouth, dropping the glass bottle onto the leaves beside him.

Just in time. Holy mother of all that is red, it hurt! Forcing his eyes open, that he hadn’t even realised he’d shut, he saw the ashes flowing up onto his arm and settling around his right wrist. In a daze from the pain, he watched as his wrist was raised off the ground and surrounded by the ash particles. It was like a mini cyclone around and around his wrist, dizzying in its speed. He was already dizzy with the pain and when he started to feel slightly nauseous with squinting at the rapidly moving ash, he flopped back into a prone position, scrunching his eyes closed. It was a good thing too, because just as he closed his eyes a fresh wave of pain clawed down his arm. It felt like his blood was on fire. Every time his heart beat, another burst of burning pain washed through his body again. He could only ride it out.

Peter watched, feeling the phantom pains as he felt his Bonded heart beat through the bond. With red eyes and a frozen stare, he watched as the Spark forcefully relaxed his body into the pain, to ride it out. Again, the same as last time, Stiles made no sound as he endured the pain. Peter knew this time was worse, as the ash would be ripping into his flesh as if it had those 10 foot long thorns detailed in the gruesome fairytale of Briar Rose. It would hurt and burn and bruise. Anyone else would have been writhing on the floor. And yet, the man-child was lying prone, muscles relaxed and jaw clamped shut, teeth cutting into the stick shoved in his mouth as he drew in measured and strained breaths.

It felt like an eternity to Stiles, but in actuality was only a few minutes, before the pain subsided. Drawing in a shaky breath, Stiles levered upright, body aching with the movement. Looking at the rune now inscribed on his skin, he saw his skin was raw and red, scratch marks barely healing as he watched, the dark red lines of almost-blood slowly closing. It looked like he had fought a rose bush and lost spectacularly.

Taking in a deep breath as the last of the wounds healed and he was just left with a red sore wrist,
Stiles finally looked up to the demon. “Well, that hurt,” he said, deadpan.

Pitkis tilted his head harshly to the side, face blank as he took in the Sparks defiant expression. Such… perseverance. It was a new thing to see from a creature who lived in Hell for the majority of his life and mostly ended up dealing with cowards. After a few moments just staring at each other, Peter let his eyes fade from their red and he gave a sharp toothed smirk. “Well, yes, it usually does.”

Looking back down at the new mark, Stiles saw his new tattoo running 2 inches down the inside of his right forearm from just under the wrist bone. A Y with four diagonal lines bisecting the long tail, in the dark grey of the ashes the ink once was. Running his fingers along it, he winced at the tenderness, but at his touch, the skin seemed to calm and all the redness faded away.

“Let’s see if this works.”

Not moving from their cross legged positions, Peter watched as Stiles squared his shoulders and raised his hand, finger outstretched towards a small patch of ground. Nothing seemed to move for a moment before there was a sudden whoosh as the leaves in that patch burst into flame. Flailing in panic, Stiles jumped up and, grabbing the cushion he had been sat on, starting patting down the flames. Peter just raised an eyebrow and watched, bemused at the Spark jumping around like a mad man, swearing profusely.

Once Stiles was just stood, staring at the once leaf strewn area that was now just ashes, cushion charred in his limp hand, Peter pursed his lips and said, “Were you aiming to do that?”

“K-kinda,” Stiles replied, shrugging his shoulders. Turning on his heel to look at the demon sitting serenely on his non-charred cushion, he gave a sheepish grin. “Didn’t expect it to actually work.”

Peter snorted and shook his head. “That’s another thing we have to work on,” he said as he grabbed the herb box and a few other things from the backpack, placing them next to the notebook and empty glass ash bottle. “Your confidence.”

Chapter End Notes

Aight, don't kill me, I'm working on it, it'll all be fine, he didn't kill jackson, it's all good.

I've been sick! And had family over, for like, way too long. They're just so... high energy *shudders*

Anywho! Hope you enjoyed the chap, the next is... yeah, I aint gunna lie, I've got ideas but lesbereal I have 0 idea when I'm gunna get shit down on paper

THANKS CHRISNIGHTLY AND MERRKAT CAUSE THEY KICK MY ASS AND REMIND ME EVERYDAY

plus chris is my latin and occult guru and merrkat is just da bomb. for real, thank those dudes for his actually continuing and making sense

Be kind to your writers, feed them comments to live ~omnom bitch~ (I'm almost 21 years old why do i still say omnom fuck)

bug me on twitter, i find it funny people actually care! I do have tumblr again, but fuck if i actually use it but heres a link for all you stalkers out there
http://rubyredcase.tumblr.com/
They spent the next hour or so blowing things up. Peter had scoffed at Stiles request that he conjure a fire extinguisher and made sure that every time the flames grew too tall, making Stiles freak out and was then unable to control them himself, the shadows dampened the flames down again. Peter progressively had less and less to do as the hour went on. As Stiles grew more and more confident, he was able to control the flames energy. He made it grow as high as the bottom branches of the trees around them to then make them shrink to barely an ember only to then make them flame back into roaring life.

“Now you’re just showing off,” Peter remarked with a small smile, watching as his Bonded made the flames dance, throw sparks up into the air and whirl around itself.

Stiles let his hand fall slowly back into his lap, the flames dying to just a bit of smoke that lingered for a few moments. Once it was fully out, Stiles turned to face the demon with the biggest grin. Peter couldn't help grinning back as he felt the burst of happiness along their leash.

“Now to add the herbs,” Peter instructed, tossing a few dried herbs into the air. Without a thought, Stiles threw out his hand, a blaze leaving his fingers and catching the dried leaves aflame. Purple sparks flew up into the air, sounding like a sparkler fizzing away on the 4th of July, as the lights dotted out slowly, fading into the sunlight.

Stiles watched as these purple sparks went out of sight, mouth wide and eyes open in wonder. After the last of the lights faded, he turned to Peter. The demon had watched as childlike wonder played across the teenagers face, the first truly childlike mannerisms showing unbidden by learnt pain.

“Lavender,” Peter answered before Stiles could ask. “A healing herb.”

“But why the sparks? They looked…”

“There’s healing in ashes as well as destruction, Sparkling.” Peter’s eyes flashed red as he smirked viciously. “I just prefer to watch it destroy.”

“You would,” snorted Stiles, who was beginning to look through the rest of the herbs and sniffing a
few of the more interesting ones.

The two of them spend the few hours going over the different uses of the herbs and relaxing in the woods. Stiles felt almost high from the Magik around this place. After asking Peter why, he then watched in fascination as Peter drew a rough map of Beacon Hills in the dirt, showing Stiles where all the Ley lines crossed and spanned out from some part of the forest, deep in the south west of the preserve. He had lived here his whole life, explored this woods so many times (against his father’s wishes, but that’s neither here nor there) and not once had he been so deep into the woods in the south west. He’d been down to the lake, to the Point in the north, heck, he’d even walked the whole preserve once on a particularly bad day. But… He doesn’t remember ever going to the focal point in the Ley Lines. He wondered why.

It wasn’t long before the light started fading, and although Stiles had set a few small controlled fires, it also meant it was getting cold, despite the flames around them. In the end, it was Peter who started packing everything up, ignoring Stiles protests that he “was fine! We can continue practicing!” even as he was shivering in just his overshirt.

It was only 30 minutes till they were back at the house, the windows dark and unwelcoming.

“Dad’s not finished then,” Stiles sighed, walking through the translucent fence without a thought. He probably should be more bothered by the shadows curling around him, but couldn’t find it in him at the end of his long day.

After dumping their stuff in the lounge, Peter trailed after Stiles to the kitchen, watching as the teen starting preparing the food without preamble. Gathering the meat and the perverse vegetarian mimick from the freezer, the veg from the fridge and the pasta from a cupboard, Stiles, with his easy movements, was the main cook in the house.

“I hope you like spaghetti cause I’m not in the mood to cook anything more difficult and this will keep for Dad until he gets home,” Stiles said, already chopping up all the ingredients, meat and vegetarian quorn mixed together and browning already in the pan and pasta softening in boiling water.

“Well, it’s not the souls of unborn children, but I’m sure I’ll deal,” mused Peter as he settled at the kitchen table to watch the Spark work.

It was almost like spellmaking, the demon thought, watching the Spark taste and change the recipe to suit his preferences. No two spells were the same, no potions made the exact same way and no magical signature that was left on the end product was the same for each user. Each had their own flare of the creator, marking it as their own. Watching as Stiles tossed the pasta into the red sauce, chock full of vegetables and minced meat and pseudo-meat, a waft of garlic, spices and herbs covering the healthiness of the meal, Peter could see how all the skills could be transferred for more… nefarious purposes in the magical spectrum.

Stiles plated and set the table for the two people in the house, grabbing a soda from the fridge after placing the third plate of food in the microwave for easy reheating. “Enjoy,” he said without much fanfare, already digging into his own.

Peter took his first bite, perfectly poised as if he were proper gentleman of many years ago. The flavours were exquisite and, even with his enhanced taste buds, couldn’t tell that all the mince wasn’t from an animal. Side eyeing the blank faced man-child across from his, he ate at a steady pace, enjoying the burst of flavor every so often. He could tell that Stiles wasn’t used to eating dinner with anyone else, as every so often he’d look slightly startled at seeing Peter sat next to him.
By some careful eating, they both finished at the same time. Without a thought, Stiles stood and gathered all the dishes to put in the dishwasher alongside the utensils he'd used before. It was only once he’d turned and saw the demon waiting patiently leaning against the kitchen table, arms crossed, that Stiles stumbled, unsure.

“Uh,” Stiles stuttered, hands flexing at his sides. This was usually when he went and finished his course work, but he also usually didn’t have guests.

Peter snorted and shook his head. “Go do your homework. I’ll keep myself entertained.”

With narrowed eyes, Stiles starting leaving to go to his room, keeping his eyes on the demon. “No killing, maiming or harming anyone,” he ordered.

“Well, there goes my night plans.”

“Har har, I’m serious.”

“I know, Sparkling. I was planning on reading some of your books.”

Stiles stopped just as he stepping on the first stair, looking over his shoulder at his shadow companion just behind him. “Really?”

“Really really,” Peter said with overly innocent eyes. He had gathered the rest of their stuff from the lounge, following Stiles upstairs.

“D-did you just quote Shrek at me?” Spluttered Stiles, unable to not laugh as he continued upstairs.

“Hell gets boring, you know,” said Peter, voice bland.

“The King of Hell just Shreked me,” muttered Stiles, as he sat down at his desk, shaking his head. “No-one will ever believe me.”

“No,” Peter said, as he let his shadows take all their stuff to put away. Elegantly flopping onto Stiles bed, he summoned another of Stiles notebooks to read. “They won’t.”

Chapter End Notes

So yeah, no joke, I was in hospital A&E twice this week, and am now on some strong ass meds. Hence the late upload, shitty writing and lack of anything meaty to chew on this chap. I have some ideas for next chapter, but as of right now, I'm shaking in bed, hoping to fall asleep some point soon, cause man do I feel like shit. I've been napping like twice a day and sleeping for 11 hours at night as well. Hence.. yeah.. this. Kidney infections are no joke apparently.
ANYWHO, I tried. Sorry again. I hope you've enjoyed it enough to actually stay around for the next chap. later losers
The next week at school was...an experience.

Lydia was everywhere. As was Scott. By extension, the whole popular crowd was everywhere. It was like, behind every corner was an annoying person intent on driving Stiles mad. Peter had settled into his classes as if he had always been there and Stiles was just grateful that he was there.

Once upon a time, Stiles would have been ecstatic that the great Lydia Martin was bothering to notice him, but he knew it was only because of Peter. Ridiculously handsome Peter who, in the eyes of the school hierarchy, had abnormal loyalty to the freak. Lydia's piercing eyes and shrewd expression was starting the grate the Sparks patience and he was glad that he gets to spend the free period in his study room, even if it meant that their shared AP classes were uncomfortable with her unrelenting gaze boring in the back of his head.

Some part of Peter enjoyed the torment happening to his Bonded, a remnant of his life in Hell, but mostly he was getting irritated by the subtle and unsubtle pestering as well. A whole week of these not so subtle stares and he was fighting the urge to flash his fangs by the He found that he had to keep his true form more under wraps that usual, no eye flashes and sharp teeth. Something was unsettling about the hazel eyes of the redheaded girl. Her... signature was making him want to itch, it was so damn familiar.

Things came to head on Friday during 3rd period. Economics was a class Stiles had tried desperately to drop, but it was a requirement for graduating and no matter how much he argued against how useless Coach Finstock was at teaching it, he was still in the class and he was still dealing with the crazy man.

To make matters worse, Scott had finally gathered up his courage and tried to ambush him again on the way to class. Stiles palms had burned in a way he was rather familiar with thanks to night in the woods and his small practicing in his backyard throughout the week. The rune on his wrist, hidden by the cuffs of his overshirt buttoned tight to make sure there were no accidental sneak peeks, warmed. Gritting his teeth, Stiles felt like the thorns were burrowing into his bones, the pain so intense, before he was able to breathe deeply and calm down enough not to set his childhood friends stupid floppy hair on fire. Peter's coldness was brushing against his shoulder, a welcome counterpoint the burning inside him.

“No.”

“Stiles, pleas-”

“No,” Stiles repeated firmly, brushing past Scott and Allison to the door of the Econ class. He tried not to listen in on their muttered conversation, but neither Scott nor Allison were any good at
“-don’t know why he won't even look at me.”

“What happened last year?” Allison asked softly, leaning over to her boyfriends desk as they sat in their seats, not far enough away according to Stiles.

“W-well, there was this thing, but I totally made that up to hi-” Stiles couldn’t help but scoffing softly at hearing that. Scott had done fuck all to make up for it. Stiles had done everything he could to get Scott to make it up, kinda being counter productive in the whole process.

Deciding to give up on this class all together, he turned out the rest of Scott's lies and rooted around in his backpack for his headphones. Slipping the jack down his shirt, he hooked up his phone, shoving one headphone in the ear facing away from the front and to the wall in an awful effort not to get caught. He really didn’t care at this point and some dark part of him thought that arguing with Coach could let off some steam. Choosing to play some gentle piano music, he didn’t feel too much like a loser about his choice. It was calm video game music. It was geeky, okay?

Peter felt the flux of anger along the bond and then the low burning temper thrumming harshly inside his chest. Looking from the tight face of the Spark to the crooked jaw of his so-called childhood friend, Peter filed away the useful information he had gathered, a vindictive part of him already with half made plans to get it out of the man-child. The pain was still fresh and he could almost taste it on his teeth.

Keeping his eyes in check, he controlled himself. Now was not the time. Later was not the time. This was a life contract and there were rules. He had even made some of the rules, for Hades sake. He just had to be patient.

Suddenly, a brash shouty man slammed open the door, causing most of the students to jump in their seats.

“Greenberg, shut up!” he yelled, slamming the door closed behind him. “Alright, books out, head down and listen to what I've got to say.”

Peter stared at the loud man at the front of the room in disbelief. Surely he wasn't the teacher?

“-don’t want to repeat myself, so you teens will actually pay attention this time.”

Stiles sipped his coffee, gazing out the window. Peter had made them both coffee again this morning, with the red and purple thermoses were apparently here to stay. Although Stiles had finished his coffee in first period, Peter had been feeling kind and refilled his thermos without saying a word. It was useful to have a chained demon able to ply you with coffee with just a wave of his hand.

Peter saw the loud man at the front notice that Stiles was actively not paying attention and a horrible sad expression crossed his face before he turned away. He continued talking loudly like it hadn’t happened, but Peter was sure he had seen it. He felt his teeth elongate behind his closed lips; the story Stiles was avoiding was so tempting to rip from his throat.

So that was how the lesson went, Coach Finstock yelling sporadically in between actually teaching, Stiles not pay any attention, sipping his coffee and Peter watching the other students.

It was a mostly uneventful lesson, except every so often Coach would look at Stiles and sadness would flash across his face, before he turned away. He never yelled at Stiles for obviously not listening, writing anything down and very blatantly listening to music. Even as he yelled at another student for being on their phone, he just left Stiles to his own devices.
Making Peter even more curious about what happened last year.

Finally, the class ended. As Stiles hadn't unpacked any of his stuff, he just grabbed his bag and left, Peter a step behind instantly.

He heard the shuffle of the students behind them even as they were walking fast down the hall. Striding into the computer science lab, Stiles ignored the one other student already sat there, making his way straight to the two person desk situated at the back. Unlike most of the other desks, this one didn't have desktop computers set up on it. Meaning that Stiles could set up his laptop happily. Peter took as this in and, with a bit of sneaky shadows, pulled his own identical laptop out of his backpack. Stiles side eyed Peter, who just smiled innocently whilst going about setting it up. As people began to filter into the classroom, Stiles tried not to look up as a certain young man walked him. Danny Māhealani avoided even looking in Stiles direction so obviously that a blind squirrel couldn't have missed it. Curiouser and curiouser, Peter couldn't help but think.

With only a few stumbling blocks, Peter had his laptop all set up in time for class. A classically nerdy looking teacher walked in, dumped his laptop from under his arm onto the desk and looked around the small class. He spotted Peter and all he said was “Just complete the assignment. Anything else you do, well, don't get caught.” And with that he opened up the computer and got to typing, just like everyone else.

Bemused, Peter turned to Stiles and make a questioning noise. Stiles smirked slightly and just nodded, before handing Peter the weekly assignment they had to complete and going back to his work. Peter read through the assignment brief and quickly realised he knew next to nothing about computers and that this would be practically impossible for him to figure out on his own. So he did what anyone would do when they couldn't do their work; He went on the Internet.

After reading through some pages explaining basic computer functions and how to make shit go ping, the demon couldn't help but search himself. Peter sifted through some pages of Christian rantings (boring) until he became totally engrossed with some faux occultists’ ridiculous account of meeting “Satan”. It was only when Stiles started packing his laptop away, that he noticed an hour had passed. Bookmarking the page to come back to when he needed a good laugh, he stored his laptop away in his back, which now had a specially padded area for safekeeping.

It was time for lunch, and even though they were quick at getting out of the class without being held up, Lydia Martin was stood outside, hand on hip, purse in the crook of her arm and an impatient, expectant expression on her face. As soon as Stiles stepped out the class, a red nailed hand lashed out and grabbed his arm in a vice grip. Her perfectly nails were filed to a sharp point and we're digging a warning not to pull away. Pitiks’ eyes flashed and he couldn’t help but snarl at the insolence this woman was showing. Stiles, feeling the flash of protective rage down their bond, immediately reached back to hold the demon wrist. As soon as their skin touched, a rush of colddarkwarmth soothed both Spark and Satan alike.

Keeping a steady defensive gaze on Lydia Martin, a hand on Pitiks and an eye out for anyone else who could possibly jump out next, Stiles did something he usually wasn't very good at.

He waited.

Chapter End Notes

Yikes! So! First a kidney infection and then after recovering, I have worked everyday.
I'm even working today but thankfully it's a quiet dogsitting job and I've been ordered by the family to sunbathe, relax, enjoy their pool and RELAX. So a small filler chapter and I'M ALREADY WRITING THE NEXT BIT AND I'M GOING TO BE BLOODY WELL FINISH IT ASAP
I'm so sorry for the long delay, life yano?? Anyhow, enjoy
As ever, comments are life, my twitter is RubyRedCase and today I uploaded an amazing photo of me in a pool with the most amazing view. I love living here haha ANYWHO LATER THANK YOU FOR BEING PATIENT
“Let's go somewhere and talk,” demanded Lydia. Her grip was so tight, but Stiles didn’t let her tug move him.

“I'm not going anywhere with you.”

Lydia tilted her head in a way so similar to Pitkis when he was trying to figure out what was going in Stiles head. It was a disconcerting similarity.

“Strange things are happening, and they started when you came back to school in better clothes and your new… Friend in tow,” Lydia mused, as she turned her shrewd gaze to the dark faced Pitkis at Stiles shoulder.

“You never noticed me before, why would I care about what you have to say now?" Stiles asked quietly, keeping a firm grip on Pitkis’ wrist. He could feel the demons control slipping, the burning anger scorching the bond in his chest. He couldn't afford to deal with the demon exploding, possibly literally.

“You weren't interesting before. You played by their rules,” Lydia sniffed before she tightened her grip. Her nails were starting to pierce the skin, a sharp pain that made Stiles take a deep slow breath. “We should talk. I want to know what changed.”

Something inside Stiles snapped. He was just so fucking tired. He just wanted to pass out of high school and leave. He had less than one semester left. 17 weeks. He had been so damn close to not getting undue attention. He almost passed out of this Hell as invisible as the Sheriff's son could be. His right wrist burned as he let the flames burn under his skin. Pitkis looked sharply at the Spark to see his eyes burning ever so slightly amber with barely restrained rage. The hand holding Peter’s wrist gripped harder until, if Peter were human, he would have broken bones. The heat coming off Stiles palm was starting to burn the skin it was clamped around. The backlash in the bond was making it even harder for Pitkis to control his eyes and teeth.

With a voice most demons would be proud of, Stiles almost growled. “It’s not me you should be asking, Lydia Rose Martin.” At her full name, something faltered inside her and she took a faltering step back. It was almost an afterthought to loosen her grip she had on Stiles. The Spark continued to glare at the girl, unmoved by her growing scared expression. “Why don’t you ask your precious Jackson?” he continued, even as she started spluttering out a pitiful defence of her boyfriend. “Or
Danny? Or, fuck, even the select hospital staff who cared for me.” Taking a single step forwards, invading her space completely, the barely restrained Power making him seem so much larger than one would with with his skinny frame, his height making him much more intimidating. “But don’t you dare pretend you don’t know what happened, even a bit, Little Miss Genius. You can fool everyone else with your strawberry blonde princess bullshit, but we both scored in the top 10 percentile and I won't be one of your pawns. Not anymore.”

Ripping his arm out of her lax grip, Stiles slid his other hand down Peter's wrist, interlacing their fingers without a thought before stalking down the hall. He hadn't noticed to crowd that had stayed in the hall to watch Lydia talk to Stiles, the two of them in a heated argument was bound to draw a crowd. They weren’t stupid enough to get close enough to hear and then be accidentally dragged into it. Stiles had been known to get into some really heated arguments that would last almost an hour with some of the more easily wound up teachers.

As Stiles stalked away from the frozen Lydia, he finally noticed the unnatural empty circle of space around them and how quickly people walked and turned away from him. A sneer curled his lip. Everyone was interested in drama, but no one would have stepped in if something bad was happening. They never step in. The fucking cowards.

It was only when they’d reached his study room, that Stiles noticed that he was still holding Peter's hand and was practically dragging the demon along.

“S-sorry,” Stiles stuttered, hastily dropping his hold and scrabbling for the study rooms key.

“What's there to be sorry for?” Peter asked, as he slipped in the room behind Stiles. He was fascinated by the blush darkening the back of the Sparks neck. “I can keep up.”

“People will talk,” Stiles sneered, slumping down into his seat.

“People always talk,” snorted Peter, settling into the seat opposite.

Stiles sighed. “That doesn't make it easier.” They both sat silently for a moment, Stiles staring at his own hands that still felt like they were burning even though there was no outward sign of the flames trapped beneath his skin.

“... I don't have any food on me.” They were supposed to go to the cafeteria today.

Pursing his lips, Peter debated with himself. It would come under the contract, wouldn’t it? It wouldn’t mean he was going soft if it was fulfilling the contract. Looking the Sparks despondent face once more and remember the burn as his skin slowly healed itself, he made up his mind. Calling on his Shadows, he ordered them to collect some pizza and drinks. It was a matter of moments before they swarmed back into the room, laden with 2 large pepperoni pizzas and 2 cold cans of soda.

“Not that I'm complaining, but why?” spluttered Stiles, even as he leant forwards and opened the large box in front of him.

“You looked so pathetic,” Peter said in way of answer. Stiles was too busy eating to take offence.

Even in the small room, locked away from the rest of the school, Stiles didn’t relax at all. He was only marginally less tense, but the residual tautness was still knotted in his shoulders. With a shrewd gaze, the Demon took all this in and decided to leave his questions till home. Even if he was almost at the limit of his patience, his curiosity to the point of wanting to rip it from his vocal chords with his teeth.

It didn’t feel like an hour had passed, but as all the pizza had been eaten, the soda drank and the
doodle notebook back out and being scrawled on, when the bell came, it was like all the tension Stiles had managed to contain and manage came to suffocate him again.

“17 weeks,” he muttered under his breath and he put away his notebook and sluggishly pulled his rucksack on.

Peter waved away the rubbish with his Shadows and followed suit in donning his bag. “What’s in 17 weeks?”

“I get out of here.”

Walking into the AP Psychology class, Stiles felt like a prisoner on route to death row. Lydia Martín was in this class with him, and he had already heard whispers as he walked through the halls about what had happened between them being overblown and fucked with as it went through the rumor mill. Unwanted pregnancy and death threats were but a few of the new made up bullshit that had been spread about them in less than hour. It was impressive really, how wrong they could get it.

When Stiles and Peter walked in… nothing. Lydia did nothing. She didn’t look at them, she didn’t even do the “I’m not looking” look. Not even a dismissive hair flip.

Thank god for small mercies. This should be a quiet class then.

It wasn’t.

Stiles was brimming with his Spark, it ended up overflowing and was currently spilling out of his hands to his notebook, page after page full of the same dark image of the tree from earlier. The exact same, one page ayer another and another. Runes and monsters were sporadic in their taking over of the few clear spaces in the tree covered pages.

Peter wasn’t fairing much better. There was a distinct Magik scent in the air and he couldn’t figure it out. It was driving him mad. Along with the power influx he was feeling from his Bonded, he was hiding teeth under his lips. It smelt of overly sweet lavender flowers that had been plucked and left in the sun, it felt like freshly dug grave dirt was being dumped over his body.

It was only when Peter did his usually gaze around at the students around him, that he managed to pinpoint where the Magik was leaking from.

Well, shit. Peter cut his eyes to his Bonded’s glazed over expression, runes and darkness flowing from his pen without a conscious thought. This will complicate matters.

It was only when the bell went and, like sheep, everyone packed up that Stiles dazed gaze cleared up and saw his black filled pages. Quietly, the Spark breathed out a long controlled breath. With a slow inhale, he gathered up his stuff and ignored the thorns digging into his bones in his wrist. Now was not the time to have a freak out about his loss of control again.

Looking up to the demon stood at his desk, waiting for him, he saw strawberry hair out of the corner of his eye. Turning towards Lydia, Stiles almost flinched when he saw she was staring right at him. After a moment, she pursed her lips and walked off, but not without Stiles noticing how sad she looked.

As both Demon King and Spark started walking towards to the locker rooms, the demon said in a casually happy voice, “So what do you know of the Old Irish creature called bean síde?”

With another slow breath and an even slower blink, Stiles slowed to a stop as he processed this. He watched the red headed, high heeled girl strutting off down the hall to the locker rooms, a path
naturally forming as the other students got out her way. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

Looking chipper as ever, Peter shook his head gleefully and said “Nope!” with a giant smile.

“Banshees exist?” Spark asked quietly, exasperated but still aware of the trickle of students around them.

“Yeap!”

“And Lydia, the same Lydia who I watched grow up, is a Banshee?”

“Oh, yes. The whole smell of grave dirt and burnt lavender gave it away.” Peter said, rocking back and forth on his heels, still smiling, a little cruelly now.

“... You bastard.” Stiles sighed. “We’re discussing this later. We’ve got enough shit to deal with first.” As he started stalk off towards their next class as well, Peter could hear Stiles swear under his breath. “Fucking banshees, are you fucking kidding me.”

Chapter End Notes

The reason is, I'm tired and it works. Expect a new chap soon! I honestly can't believe how much kudos, comments, views, all that this fic has gotten. We've broken 2000 and I feel blessed beyond belief. Thank you x
Loose shoelaces

Chapter Summary

Burnt lavender, casts and gym class.

Chapter Notes

Not hugely happy with this chapter. Next one will actually had a bit of plot, I hope. It's extremely wordy and I don't really know how I wanted it to be. I've been sitting on this for a week and I just want it gone so I move past to the next bit haha
So try and enjoy haha

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Needless to say, the Spark was a little distracted the next few days. Over the weekend, he had scrounged around on the internet and in his mother's notes for all the information on Banshees. He was cross referencing it to what he knew of Lydia and it was turning out correct. He didn't know how to feel about it. Especially as she was still staring at them all throughout their classes that Monday.

He was still a bit spaced out, his Spark had been on a low simmer the whole day. Their last period that day was a double gym. He wasn't looking forward to it, he was feeling a bit too out of it. He hadn't been taking his meds, he had hoped the tattoo would be enough. He was beginning to get that it might not be enough. He went to get changed in the corner of the locker room he usually occupied. As he went to open “his” locker, Stiles felt a sharp tug at his sides. Still lost in thought, he flinched, elbow coming up instinctively to gut punch whoever had grabbed him. It was only as his elbow connected with a solid stomach and a pained huff brushed his neck, that he felt the colddarkMagik pulsing against his hips. Peter had flexed out the shadows to subtly push the glitter explosion he had previously been stood right in front of. With the subtle play of Peter yanking him out the way and the unnoticeable shadows pushing the floating fragments, it exploded on the people next to them.

Everything seemed to stop as people just stared at the minor explosion of glittering shit slowly falling down to the ground.

“First of all, ow.” Peter muttered quietly into Stiles ear, holding Stiles flush against his front. “Second of all, what the fuck?”

Stiles just sighed, making no move to move away from the cold hands still gripping his hips. He looked around at the people staring at them, the obnoxiously loud bang having drawn their attention. Spotting Danny glaring at Jackson, and Jackson was glaring at Stiles decidedly glitter free persons, he muttered to Peter, making no attempt to hide who he was talking about, “Because people don’t get when a joke was never a joke and when to stop beating a dead horse before it decides to bite him back.”

Peter followed Stiles gaze, seeing the blonde, once again, at fault. The second hand fury that was burning in his chest was a pleasantly warming sensation. With a small flash of red in his eyes and a
cruel twist of his mouth, he decided it was payback time.

With a sigh, Stiles finally stepped away to the glitter warzone. He moved over to the next free locker and started getting changed. He was making extra sure that no one saw his scars as people were still occasionally turning to stare at him and Peter. His undershirt was barely lifted up before his long sleeve sports shirt was pulled on, barely a second between the two. His shorts were a bit more difficult to change as fast, but it was only a second or two more, and thankfully by that time, most of the locker room had turned back to getting changed themselves. It was only his upper thighs that had the lingering scars from his childhood, the ones on his lower legs faded and were easily dismissed as childhood tomfoolery.

Peter saw them all. The dark red, long healed laceration from his shoulder blade to his lower back. The 10 shiny white half moon scars around on his shoulders, barely there, but still visible. The burn scar on his left pectoral, right where his heart would be was still mottled and harsh against the rest of the mole ridden skin. When Stiles was wearing his sports shorts, Peter could pick out the faded scars from a wheelchair ramming into him. He had also noticed the burn scars on his left upper thigh, wrapping all the way round to create a gruesome garter belt.

He took all this in within the few seconds Stiles was getting changed, turning away and in the process getting changed himself before Stiles had a chance to notice his inventory check over his skin. Peter took a moment to gather his thoughts, ideas and speculations racing in his mind. By the time that Stiles was ready, a sweat band being pulled into place on his right wrist, just to make sure his sleeve didn’t slip up and let everyone see his blackthorn tattoo, Peter was ready, dressed in his own sports clothes he procured from somewhere. The clothes were much the same as Stiles’, but with short sleeves and all black, not the dark red shorts and dark grey shirt the Spark wore.

Coach Finstock burst into the room, hollering at them to get running out to the basketball courts. Most of the boys started running, shoulders bumping in friendly competition. Jackson, of course, was first, his lacrosse training making him fast and his popularity making most of the other people stay out of his way. Well, he was first, until his shoelace somehow came undone and he somehow managed to step on it and trip himself up, landing ungracefully face first onto the rough outdoor tarmac. Even coach couldn't help his bark of laughter at the shocked expression on the lacrosse captains face. Well, he did laugh until he saw the bleeding nose and soon to be scabbed up cheek, the whole cheek grazed and sore. Coach ordered two of the other lacrosse team members to take him to the nurse, before he began hustling everyone who had stopped to watch Jackson fall on his face.

“You didn’t have to do that.” Stiles muttered, as they watched Jackson pass them back into the locker room.

“Do what?” Peter watched the trio from behind Stiles, an angelic smile on his face, leaning forward rest his chin on Stiles shoulder as he looked innocently, his red irises flickering between each owl like blink.

Stiles snorted and shrugged the demon off his shoulder. “Stop looking so Good. We both know you're not.”

“Well, I am decended from Angels.”

“Yeah, Lucifer.”

“He was still technically an Angel.”

“Semantics.”
It was out on the courts that the boys saw the girls on the other basketball court. Lydia was, of course, fashionable with her long red hair pinned into an elegant high ponytail and perfectly fitting sports clothes. She wasn’t all there though, her usual haughty expression was not there as she stood a faint frown on her face. Allison was beside her, a faint frown of her own on her face as she worriedly about her friend. She was dressed in comfortable and well worn sports clothes of her own, her hair braided and slung over her shoulder with ease. Her short sleeves made it easy to see her faint scars from her early archery training on her left inside arm. She must have done a number on the skin there to get those faint scars, the string twanging and taking enough skin away to leave a mark.

Stiles spotted a flash of blonde curls near the back of the group, hastily pulled up into a messy bun. Seeing Stiles looking her way, Erica gave a shy smile and a timid wave with her arm in a cast. Stiles smiled back and gave her a small nod, his hands stuffed in his pockets still. Erica looked at Peter as well and, after biting her lip in consideration, she smiled at him too and gave him a small wave as well.

She turned away before Peter could do anything. “D-did she just wave at me?” he asked, incredulous.

“Yeap. Next time, smile back.” Stiles said, turning his attention back to Coach as he shouted at people to make teams. When Coach got to Stiles name, he paused and looked at the student in question. A small imperceptible shake of Stiles head and his long fingers grasping onto Peter's wrist and Coach skipped both their names, going back to yelling at the boys to get into their groups.

As everyone scattered and regrouped to start playing, Stiles kept his hand around Peter's wrist as he moved to the sidelines and sat against the fence. It was only when they'd settled against the chain link metal that Stiles let go of Peter. The demon felt something along the bond, but he couldn’t really put a name to it. He couldn’t tell from his expression either, it was as blank as a pane of glass as Stiles watched the other students bouncing the ball and yelling at each other. Over on the female court, Erica was also sitting out on the opposite fence. Her broken arm made dribbling the ball a bit too difficult. She smiled at both of them again, before going back to her book.

“She smells better,” Peter mused, staring at the blonde girl across from them.

Stiles was still oddly quiet, but hummed quietly in reply. Pitkis was having trouble trying to get a reading on the feedback through their bond, no matter how unnaturally strong it was this early on. He was also slightly confused as to why, with a simple head shake, he and Stiles was excused from gym class. So many mysteries wrapped up in his pretty little Spark. And so much time to figure them out.

He hadn’t survived as the King of Hell by being unable to tell when patience was required. So he settled more comfortably against the metal fence, legs out straight, thigh and shoulder pressed against Stiles, seeping the Sparks innate warmth. He didn’t mind Stiles jigging leg, he didn’t mind that every so often Stiles twitching foot bumped his or that he could feel his bicep muscles contracting occasionally as his hands moved and twitched. It was oddly soothing, Stiles constant movement. It gave him something to follow along, the irregular Twitches that even the focus rune couldn’t negate from his ADHD.

It was almost the end of the first half of a double period, when Stiles finally seemed to come alive again. It was subtle, a minute shifting under his skin, different from his previous fidgeting. Peter didn’t know how he knew it was different, but it felt like something was unfurling under the Sparks skin. Peter turned his attention fully from lazily watching the kids running back and forth after the orange bouncing ball back to his man-child. Stiles looked back at his demon.

“Why did you come to me?”
As always, massive thanks to all of you who comment, read and kudos. I'm amazed at how much notice this lil story has gotten. Love ya
Tumblr and Twitter are the same handle @rubyredcase
Laters
“Sparkling, why wouldn't I come to you?”
“Don’t be cute.”
“Can't help it, it's in my nature.”
“I'm not going to get anywhere with this, am I?” Stiles sighed.

“Whatever gave you that idea?” Peter purred, though he started to pay more attention to the Sparks blank face. It completely contradicted what he was getting in relay from the man-child.

Stiles kept his gaze focused on the people on the courts, even as Peter's gaze seemed to burn a hole in his cheek. He refused to look at Peter beside him. “You said before it was about power. Am I truly so powerful that I was able to lure the king of hell to me?” Stiles lowered his voice, to where it was almost inaudible. “Why the fuck am I so special?”

Suddenly reaching out and grasping Stiles face to make him face him, Peter stared hard into the sparklings eyes. “Mieczysław, dlaczego pytasz?”

“Ty ciągle... pomagasz mi,” Stiles replied, switching easily to Polish. “You keep... Helping me. “Nie rozumiem czemu.” I don't understand why. He didn’t try and remove his chin from the demon's grasp, just rested there, eyes painfully open and confused as he stared right back at Peter. It almost hurt to look at them, that raw human emotion. Especially when he could feel the growing helplessness in his chest like it was his own.

“Oh, Sparkling,” Peter breathed, unable to do anything but stare into the pain in Stiles eyes. “I'm Bonded, under Contract. I’m bound to you. Why wouldn’t I help you?”

Stiles didn’t reply, just kept staring into the Demon’ eyes, even when they flashed red at another burst of barely comprehensive jumbled human emotions. Pel

ter felt like he was drowning in it.

“Jestem Królem Piekła. To ja zdecydowałem się przyjść do ciebie.” Peter switched back to Polish, aware of the eyes and ears that had suddenly become interested in the two of them. Nosy children, just because someone was touching someone else's face. He lowered his voice and repeated himself. “I am King. I choose to come to you. I might not be a Seer, but it felt like the right path.” He suddenly felt like his soul had been stripped bare, the words too close to truth. Well, if he had a soul, it would have felt like this. All these damn feelings. Damn feedback of the Bond, getting him all mushy. Ugh. Deciding to put those leaking feelings back where they belong, he blinked slowly and let a lecherous grin spread across his face as he purred, lightly stroking Stiles cheek. "And besides, you look so cute
and innocent, who would give up the chance to corrupt a pretty thing like you?"

Stiles was frozen for a moment before he huffed out an involuntary laugh. Shaking his head and leaning back comfortably against the fence again caused Peter’s hand to slip off his face. Pitkis sighed softly in relief as the torrent of unfettered human emotions calmed back down, a tsunami to a tidal wave. At some point soon, he’d need to do some research on their abnormally strong bond especially as it had only been a few days since the Summoning.

They spent the rest of the school day watching the kids running back and forth. 10 minutes before the final bell was to go off, Stiles, Peter and Erica wandered off back to the locker rooms. This time, when Erica smiled and waved at the boys, both the Demon and the Spark smiled and waved back.

By the time they were both back in their normal clothes, the rest of the class filtered in. They caught the tail of a conversation as they were heading out to leave.

“-e’s gone home, he sent me a text. Apparently he broke his nose.”

“What’s going on with him lately?”

“I don’t know, but I’m getting really sick of it.” Danny said, yanking his t-shirt over his head with more force than was needed.

Stiles subtly slowed his steps, and then slipped behind the lockers next to Danny’s. He knelt down fluidly to pretend to tie his laces.

“Why don’t you just talk to him?”

“Talk to Jackson? Are you kidding?” Danny scoffed. “Like he would actually listen. Especially now. It’s like he’s… obsessed or something. And it’s getting stupid now. He barely scraped out of trouble last year, he can’t keep pushing this.”

Stiles had given up the whole pretense for tying his shoes, his face was completely void of any emotion. Peter felt the tsunami returning and stepped closer, pressing his knee into the man-child’s shoulder. At the touch, a burning heat scorched the demon’s veins. He hissed and almost pulled away, before realising it wasn’t harming him, just… it was just an intense sensation.

“Sparkling…” Peter breathed, the power thrumming through him making him slightly breathless. Oh, the raw, unfiltered power, completely untrained power that Stiles was keeping barely contained was immense.

“Let’s go.” Stiles growled, surging to his feet and straight out the door. He didn't slow his pace as he marched through the corridors, barely noticing the other students moving out his way. Peter, of course, kept pace. He didn't even calm down as he drove out the parking lot, a squeal of tires announcing his departure.

His bad mood continued into the house as well, slamming doors and throwing his bag down on the sofa. He was so worked up, he was just pacing, back and forth through the lounge.

Pitkis just watched. It felt like a storm of static electricity was pulsing in the room. It felt like someone had tried to cage lighting. It felt like an explosion waiting to happen.

Suddenly a memory came to the forefront of his mind. His nephew and niece, sparring after a long and difficult day in political bullshit talks, all black magic and fists, raw energy thrown around. Walls had crumbled, room destroyed, clothing in tatters with scorched hair and manic grins. But he also remember how they used to stalk into the sparing room, looking for blood, and then walk, refreshed
and tired back out, arm in arm.

Watching Stiles pacing like a caged lion, it reminded him of those days in the sparring room. And that gave him the perfect idea to help his Bonded.

Stepping into the Sparks stalking path in the lounge, he bore the glare he garnered. “You know, you’re going to have to tell me happened at some point,” Peter said, ignoring how Stiles eyes flashed that golden amber as his glare racked up notch. “But not right now. How do you feel about sparring?”

Curiosity won out over anger. “... Sparring?”

“Sparring,” Peter said, turning towards the back garden, certain that the man-child would follow.

Once outside, he ordered his shadows to create a wall around the garden so that any nosy neighbours would only see an empty garden. A black shimmery dome went up around the fence, leaving the grassy area inside. Moving to the middle of the garden, he turned and face Stiles, who had, as expected, followed Peter.

“Have you trained?” the demon asked, hands shoved in his pockets, deceptively harmless.

“... I’ve spent a few years with the police, training with the rookies mostly,” Stiles said, shoving his hands in his own pockets, mimicking Peter's stance. “Dad said if I'm gunna get in trouble, might as well learn to get myself out of it.”

Peter snorted out a laugh. “Sound advice.” Stiles copied Peter taking his hands out his pockets, his feet moving into a more grounded stance.

“Ready?” the Demon asked.

“Do I get a choice?” the Spark asked.

“No.”

Chapter End Notes

Can I just thank every single one of you who give kudos, comment and keep coming back to this lil story of mine? I love and read every. Single. Comment. And it's what makes me push through all writers blocks and just... Thank you x

Also, I know this is kinda short, but I can promise, the next bit is already half written... It's just, as you might tell, slightly harder to get right haha

Many thanks to the amazing IgnisFelicis who took my Google translate polish and made it legible. She is a wonderful person who took the time to write out the correct translations, seriously she's amazing and I just wanna formally apologise to her for butchering the polish language haha
They stepped towards each other. Stiles had his hands up and facing facing outwards, Peter with his hands up and curled into fists. The demon’s first punch was deflected, slapped away. The second one almost landed on Stiles shoulder, before he went with the movement, his shoulder flowing back, his left foot stepping back, right hand coming up to grasp Peter's arm, pulling him round and over his hip. The demon landed and continued the momentum, rolling back up to his feet.

“No bad,” he praised, as they started circling each other.

“Thanks,” Stiles asked, watchful eyes locked on the Demon, even as a hint of a smile broke through.

Peter feigned left, then quickly swung right. Stiles blocked again, stepped back with the force and used the power behind the blow to knock Peter off balance again. Just as he was about to do something about it, Peter shifted his weight to his back foot and kicked up, aiming for Stiles inside knee. Rolling his weight onto the knee that was going to be hit, he collapsed and rolled away, absorbing the energy, even as he limped slightly.

“But you’re on the defensive,” Pitkis taunted, prowling slightly closer again. “Are you scared?”

Any smile Stiles had whilst sparring faded immediately as he glared, feeling the flare on his blackthorne tattoo burning lightly. Surging forward quickly, he aimed a flurry of punches at the infuriating demon, each one blocked or deflected. Growing more frustrated, he catalogued the demons stance, he made a quick calculation, he aimed a kick at Peter's side. It was supposed to wind him, the kidney being a soft point, but Peter was quicker. The demon stepped back just in time and grasped the Sparks calf, yanking him forward and off balance. Hopping forward on his free leg, Stiles quickly took in Peter's stance again; legs slightly bent, hands holding his left leg mostly to stop is going up. A split second decision, he slammed his leg down with all the force he could from that angle, right on the side of his knee, pleased when he connected and Peter's joint made an awful cracking sound as it twisted in the wrong direction. Peter's shocked cry as the pain registered was almost music to Stiles ears. With a bloodthirsty grin, Stiles reclaimed his now-free leg and stepped forward onto it whilst ducking down, his right leg sweeping round to take Peter's feet out from under him. With a solid “Oof” Peter landed on his back, winded and looking up at the sky.

The demon stayed down, partly to see what the Spark would do next, the other because it had hurt, dammit. Bone mending hurt, no matter how quickly said broken bone could be fixed. Jesus, it had been a long time since someone had properly landed his ass in the dirt. As he got his breath back, faster than any human would, his knee straightened out, he looked up to see the smirking Sparks face leaning over him.

“You were saying?” Stiles laughed, kicking Peter's stomach playfully.
Peter just flashed a smirk of his own and moved quicker than anybody who’d just been winded had any right to, snagging Stiles ankles. He saw the flash of panicked understanding a fraction of a second before he yanked, the Sparks legs flying up as he gave a startled yelped, before landing in a heap, groaning parallel to the demon.

“Okay, I deserved that,” Stiles grouched, coughing as he got his breath back. He was feeling petty, so he kicked out his foot, feeling it connect with Peter's stomach again, slightly satisfied when he heard him grunt. “Should have known demon’s fought dirty.”

“How do you think I stayed King of Hell?” Peter said, shoving Stiles foot off him as he sat up.

“With your charming personality?” the man-child snarked, shifting to rest on his elbows.

Peter just raised an eyebrow at him, not deigning to answer that.

It was quiet for a moment, until Stiles started jigging his leg. He still had so much pent up energy. Peter, still feeling the destructive need to hurt something radiating off Stiles, stood and offered his hand.

Stiles looked from Peter's hand to the demons arrogant smirk. A sharp smile cut across his face as he let himself be pulled up, both moving straight into their fighting stances.

Peter let Stiles start this bout; a floor sweep again. Peter stepped out of the range, quickly stepping back in to grab Stiles while he was off balance from rising back to standing. Dropping back to the floor as soon as he saw Peter's hand closing in, used the momentum to front roll past the demon. Peter huffed, amused, as he turned to face the now standing Spark again. He decided to up the anti and stop playing as much.

Stiles was watching closely for Peter's next move when he saw the shadows convulsing at the demons back, drawing his attention. That second of distraction was enough for Peter to sneak forward and get within Stiles defences. A swift uppercut to the man-childs jaw, followed by a grasping his arm and dragging the off balance Spark closer. Just as Stiles stumbled close enough to be thrown over Peter's hip, ready to follow him down to put him into a choke hold, Stiles sidestepped to the right, just enough that the maneuver didn't work as planned. Instead, Stiles had just enough leverage to pop his hip own out and knock Peter off kilter. Turning his hands in the demon’s grip, getting a good enough hold of one the cold forearms to pull and draw the demon flush against his back. The cool burn of Peter flush against him was only a moment before he slammed his head backwards, straight into Peter's nose. The profusive Latin swear words were imaginary, causing Stiles to laugh as he quickly stepped away and faced the bleeding demon. One of the first things Stiles had learnt in Latin was how to swear, and he was getting a refresher course listening to Peter.

“Did you have to break my nose?” Peter asked, once the bleeding had stopped and he could breath without it aching enough to make him want to eviscerate small child. He wiped his shockingly dark almost black blood on his shirt, not caring about adding to the already ruined shirt.

“Are you ever going to stop going easy on me?” Stiles returned, blunt and still in a fighting stance. He was finally getting there was no rules in demon sparring and was wary of being caught off guard again.

Peter grinned, a gruesome sight when he had dried blood in and around his mouth. “How’d you figure I’m going easy?”
“You’re an all powerful demon king.” Stiles scoffed without taking his eyes off Pitkis. “You’re healing all your injuries in a fraction of the time. You have super senses and it's not a huge jump to assume that you are much stronger than me. Honestly, I shouldn't be able to land a hit.”

Peter pursed his lips, before suddenly bowing slightly, a reminder of a past time. Again, a bloody smile graced his face. “All truth, my dear Sparkling. Shall I play on my level then?”

Stiles watched the shadows dancing behind Pitkis. He felt his Spark flare up inside him, answering the cold call of Pitkis’ Magik. Stiles didn’t reel it back, he let it bounce between his fingers. He watched the bright red sparks dancing between his fingers for a moment. Peter let him play with it, feeling the waves of fascination through the bond. The smell of petrichor and electricity invaded their space.

“Much better,” Peter purred, letting some of his power play with the shadows behind him again. “Let's have some fun on my level then.”

And with that, Peter moved faster than he had before, smoothly moving into Stiles space. Moving too fast for the Spark to follow, he gut punched him, and as he folded forward, he let his shadows curls around Stiles’ feet locking them in place, causing him to trip as he stepped back instinctively. Just as Stiles threw his hands out to break his fall, Peter grabbed one of his forearms and yanked viciously. It was with a sickening pop that Stiles then jolted forward, right onto a pillow of shadows.

It was a few minutes where Stiles just laid there trying to get his breath back. Peter stood to the side, hands in pockets, the perfect picture of disinterest as he kept his gaze on his Bonded. He didn't feel any pain in their bond that would indicate he needed to think about healing Magik. He just had to wait for the man-child's brain to catch up with those few seconds of being thrown about.

“... Ow,” Stiles finally groaned, flopping onto his back. He glared balefully at the demon standing over him. “I take it back, go easy on me. I'm not an all powerful being.” Stiles winced as he felt the pulled muscles in his should. “ Fuck , that wasn't fun.”

“Not yet,” Peter said.

“Not yet what? Make sense, my brain hurts as much as my dignity.”

“You're not an all powerful being yet.”

Stiles stared at Peter. Peter stared at Stiles.

“Why you always gotta be cryptic, you ass,” Stiles finally groushe.

Peter shrugged and smirked. “More fun.”

“Whatever,” Stiles said, throwing his hand out towards the demon. “Help me up.”

Peter's smirk grew as he slid his hand into the prickling heat of Stiles, the Sparks from earlier coming back to play along his skin. Petrichor and electricity still hung heavy in the air.

“I promise to go easy.” At Stiles half hearted glare, he amended. “-not as hard as I could, if you wanted to continue sparring.”
As an answer, when Stiles was upright, he immediately balanced on his feet and hands up and with tiny flames dancing around his fingers. They both shared a bloodthirsty smile as they stepped into each other again.

Right fist aimed at Stiles face, blocked. Left leg stamped forward towards insole, dodged. Shadows playing around Stiles peripheral vision, so he sends a bolt of flames towards it, scattering the shadows for a moment. There was no time to stop and think, both Peter and Stiles aiming to incapacitate the other, both by physical or magical means. An opening not easily won with a flurry of embers thrown into Pitkis' eyes. A quickly dodged punch followed by an elbow, Peter folding slightly, taking the blow to the side of his face.

He was enjoying the visceral pain that the hits brought as well as the fact that Stiles didn't hold back. He didn't have to. He was Bonded and Contracted and Stiles had zero reason not to put all his weight behind his punches and Peter loved it. There was no demur, petty fights, fearing to punch their King in the face. Even Laura and Derek did it, to an extent. It was refreshing to just take the hits cause someone wasn't afraid to dole them out.

Stiles body was right up near his after elbowing him in the head. Quickly, he pulled the Spark flush against his front as he side-stepped around the man-child, hands moving quickly up to put his arm around Stiles neck in a chokehold. He barely put any pressure behind it, just let it be a solid presence that would stay there till the Spark said Uncle. He felt his shadows starting to dance up Stiles legs, leaving a deadly cold behind as they climbed slowly higher. Instinctively, Stiles reached up to try and pull the arm away from his neck, kicking out with his feet at the thing constricting them.

“Stop holding back, Spark.” Peter growled as he tightened his hold a miniscule amount. He could feel the potential, it just had to-

Flames danced along Peter skin, burning him, reaching deep within and scorching they're way through him. It felt like his blood in his arm was on fire. The shadows reluctantly slithered back down the Spark, away from the golden bright flames searing the skin of their master. Peter bore them for a full minute before even he couldn't stand it. Growling as he finally released Stiles, he stared at the hand shaped burns on his arms, even as they started to heal and fade.

“I-uh… I-I'm sor-” Stiles started to say, hands flapping as he panicked at how bad the burn was.

“Well done Stiles,” Peter cut him off, looking up from the healing burns. He smiled sharply at his Bonded. “But you can do better. Let's go again.”

Cautious acceptance spread across Stiles face, but even so, it took Stiles another bout where he blew an ecstatic Peter off his feet by blowing up the ground beneath him that Stiles seemed get it and to let loose even more.

Peter smiled as he watched the Spark let the flames play under his skin. He seemed to glow slightly, an amber light that was barely there; you wouldn't notice unless you were looking for it. The scent of petrichor was almost overpowering. Peter relished in it.

Stiles waited for Peter to step his right foot forward and, when he did, quick as he could, grabbed Peter's shirt as he hooked his foot around Peter's, swiping it out of position and pushing at the demon's shoulders. Peter instinctively grabbed the Spark as he dropped his weight down onto the leg he still had, dragging him down with him. As soon as he could free his right leg, he planted it in Stiles stomach and used the momentum to push Stiles over his head and crashing to the floor. As he flew over Peter's head, Stiles released a burst of fire along where he was holding Peter's shirt, setting
it on fire and burning his neck in the process. This gave Stiles precious few seconds to regain his
breath enough to be standing by the time Peter had put out the fire on his t-shirt. Ignoring the mild
burns, already healing, Peter pressed his advantage on the out of breath Spark. Rushing forward,
Peter grabbed Stiles hand and twisted it behind his back in an extremely painful hold. His other arm
was wound around the Spark's neck to keep him close, so he couldn't get the leverage to free himself.
Well. It worked, for a minute until Stiles was able to hook his foot around one of Peter's. Stiles
yanked the foot forward, causing the demon to fall to have to let go of his prize and catch himself or
he would have ended up with a well aimed elbow straight to his privates. He fell to one knee, feeling
his thigh muscles pull from being yanked forwarded. Stiles followed through by turning and kneeling
Peter in the face, stepping away as dark red blood spurted out of the demons broken nose again,
covering the grass and his already ruined shirt as he fell back.

Stiles took the momentary reprieve to check his arm, the twinging pain causing his to sharply breath
in as he rolled his shoulder. It would do, it would just hurt for a bit, no lasting damage done.

The Spark felt the colddark shadows curling around his feet again. Without thinking, he set the
ground around his feet on fire, instinctively knowing his fires wouldn't harm him this time. The
fireheatbright chased the darkcoldblack away. Just in time to brace himself for the next flurry of
attacks from Peter. The demon's hands and feet were shrouded in shadows, the darkness convulsing
as it hit Stiles skin, little dots of darkest night landing and latching onto him. It took a few minutes, it
was only when Stiles started stuttering in his defences and retaliation, when he began to think
something was inhibiting him. Peter didn't give him anytime to think, he was too busy stopping the
demon from getting too close again. He was starting to get sleepy, but not natural sleep, it felt like
someone was slowly turning down the lights in his mind whilst he was wide awake and screaming.

Panicked, he felt his inner Spark respond. Within a few second, he was lit up, glowing, burning from
the inside out. Shocked, Peter stumbled a few steps away, staring at his Bonded. A small smile
started to break across his face as he took in the sheer amount of power that little stunt took in the
early stages of manifestation. With a bigger grin, sheer delight at knowing he didn't have to hold
back as much, he stepped back in to kick the still glowing Spark in the stomach. Before his foot
connected, a burning hand grasped his ankle, fire dancing along his skin as the fingers contracted
around the brittle bones. Peter beamed, letting his shadows cowl around, giving his strength. Stiles
seemed to be in shock, still as a statue and immovable, as he processed the new power in his control
and almost overwhelming him. Peter kept his blood covered grin as he jumped up on Stiles braced
knee, twisting his still burning leg in the Spark's now broken grip. With the extra height, he was able
to wrap his leg around Stiles shoulders, legs either side of his neck, using his weight by leaning back
to drag the Spark down with him, continuing with the flow to move round the frozen neck to land on
Stiles chest as he fell back. It ended with a slowly going out Spark sprawled underneath a smirking
demon sitting on the younger stomach, hands pinned beneath knees to stop him from moving and
legs immovable by well placed feet trapping them, both panting as they settled.

“That… was a lot of fun.” Stiles panted, finally releasing all excess tension trapped under the
demon's body.

Peter's smile had a satisfied edge as he settled more comfortably on top of the Spark. “Are you
feeling better now?”

Stiles took stock. He was aching, bruises making themselves known and he was magically spent, not
even able to make a tiny ember dance in his hand. He was dead tired, he felt like he could sleep for
days and he was pinned underneath a ridiculously powerful demon. Overall, he was… completely
relaxed. All of his excess energy spent and all of his frustrations and anger beaten into his sparring
partner and out of him.
“Yeah, much,” Stiles finally said. He wiggled his arms in Peter's grip. “Gunna let me up now?”

“Oh, I don't know. I quite like you like this,” Peter purred, unable not to take such a golden opportunity when it was handed to him on a silver platter. “You look all… helped and vulnerable.”

Stiles gave the demon a sardonic glare, causing Peter to laugh and heave himself upright. He put his hand out to help his Bonded up as well, anticipating the dizziness that made Stiles sway as soon as he was standing. Stiles grimaced as he felt his stomach lurch and had no problems using Pitkis has a support until his mind stopped feeling like he was on a merry-go-round.

As they started walking back into the house to let Stiles rest, they took in the damage of the garden. Peter was vividly reminded of the aftermath of his niece and nephews bouts. Some of the grass was still on fire, others were just bald spots that were still smoking slightly. Some of the shadows had taken chunks out of the ground of their own accord, driven by the joyful destruction thriving in their master. Their clothes were ruined as well; covered in dirt, grass and blood.

“I have no idea how to explain this to my dad,” Stiles finally said, still leaning heavily on Peter as they walked, even when his head was better. He was just epically tired now.

“You won't need to,” Peter replied. And he clicked his fingers, shadows converged across the lawn, leaving it just as it was in just a few milliseconds. Stiles shivered as the shadows flowed over the two of them and the darkcoldblack Magik broke over them. When Stiles opened his a second later, his clothes were as clean as before the fights, as was Peter's. No more dark red demon blood stained Peter's v-neck, turning the soft grey to a more horrific colour. The scorch marks had disappeared and the burn away cloth had reappeared, no worse for wear.

“You think you’re so impressive.”

“I know I’m so impressive.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay! So! It's my 21st birthday in 2 days so I thought I'd treat yall to an extra long chapter (for me atleast)! Consider it a birthday gift from me to you! I wanna give a shout out to Chris Nightly who inspired this chapter, he knows what he did haha

Comments are life, just so you know.
Ding dong, you should have ditched

Chapter Summary

Buffy, pizza and father-son time. What more could you ask for?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They spent the rest of the afternoon curled up on the sofa, watching Buffy. Mainly because Peter had never seen it ( “What do you mean you’ve never seen buffy?! You can quote shrek but you’ve never seen buffy?! What is wrong with you?! Get your ass on the sofa, we’re rectifying this right now!” ). Stiles was exhausted, magically and physically and didn’t want to even think about his course work. He’d do it later when he wasn’t so exhausted. He was sprawled out on the sofa and he wasn’t going to move until dinner, thank you very much. He’d flopped onto the sofa, legs sprawled out almost covering all the seats. Peter watched the man-child sprawl out and rolled his eyes. After a slight pause, the demon moved forward and lifted Stiles’ feet, before plopping down in the chair and letting the feet land back in his lap.

Stiles was frozen for a moment before deciding he was too fucking tired to deal with anything more than Buffy Summers kicking vampire ass. They both relaxed into the cushions as Buffy started her new life in Sunnydale.

It was a few hours later, a few bowls of popcorn and a bottle of soda when the Sheriff came home to his passed out son flopped over his stowaway, with the TV light flickering in the dark room, volume so low down he thought it was muted for a moment. He would have thought Peter was asleep as well were it not for the fact that as soon as he stepped into the room, he had two eyes staring at him. Nothing else about the boy moved, his arm was loose around his son's shoulders, legs lazy out in front of him, slouched into the couch cushions. The only thing about it that seemed alert was his gaze. For a moment, Noah could have sworn Peter’s eyes were red, but it passed a second later, a flicker of imagination. It’s not like his eyes were really red. Definitely not.

“Hey,” Noah whispered, wary of waking his son. He knew he didn’t sleep well most of the time, could hear him fumbling around in his room in the middle of the night. “You guys eaten?”

“Not yet,” Peter whispered back, still staring at him. Stiles was still curled up against him. Noah watched as his son snuffled quietly, shifting before settling even more against Peter.

It had been a long time since he had seen his son sleep peacefully without meds. It had been a long time since he’d sat down with his son for food as well. “I’ll order takeout. Any preferences?”

“Not especially.”

“Pizza it is,” Noah quipped as he walked out the room to go get changed out of his uniform and call the delivery place. At least his kid was actually sleeping.

Peter stayed where he was, unwillingly basking in the warmth Stiles was throwing out. His bonded was somehow curled up and sprawled out. Over the last few hours, Stiles had slowly moved closer. At first it was for the popcorn, and then cause he got really into the show and forgot to move away,
and then he was too tired to sit upright so he had slumped back, slowly moving onto Peter. It had resulted in how they were now; Stiles had nuzzled under his shoulder, ending under his arm, Peter had slouched to accommodate the Spark curling up to him, slightly perturbed about the head resting on his chest. Peter had Summoned the coffee table closer so he could prop his legs up and Stiles long legs had splayed out, one of the sofa, one had fallen and was flung out on the floor.

It was very confusing! Casual touch was not something that was given the King of Hell! And there was now this warm man-child trusting him enough to sleep on him! His own family barely touched him, every since the whole incident when their Queen died.

Peter felt Noah come back, standing in the doorway. He didn’t let the man know he was aware of his presence. Noah just stood, watching them for a few minutes. His son still deeply asleep, he watched as their fugitive held his son tenderly. He held in his pained laugh as he finally took in Peters facial expression; surprised, kinda freaked out and deeply happy. It was like a kicked puppy being unused to kind touch. With Peter coming from an abusive household, it made sense that he wouldn’t be used to kind touch and a sense of happiness. It made Noah want to hug the young man and then go and bring the whole force of the law down on his parents. It also made him want to go back and punch himself in the face. He failed his son too many times when he was younger. He was so lucky that his son survived last year. He had almost lost his son so many times when he was younger and to almost lose him less than a year ago when he thought his son was safe… It was unbearable.

_Ding dong._

Turning away from his slowly waking son, snuffling into their refugee, he went to get the pizza.

His polite smile fell flat when he opened the door and saw Scott on their porch.

“What do you want, Scott?” Noah demanded, crossing his arms across his chest. He heard the thump of Stiles falling off the couch behind him, but didn’t take his eyes off his son’s former best friend.


“Why?”

“U-uh, what do you mean ‘why’?”

“Why do you want to speak to Stiles now?” Sheriff Stilinski asked, staying firmly in the way of the front door. He could hear two sets of footsteps coming up behind him now.

“Cause he’s my best friend!” Scott stated, looking at Noah like he was going crazy.

“Best friends visit their friends in hospital.”

Scott flinched, his eyes darting to Stiles and Peter behind his shoulder. “I-I meant to! I swear, I meant to visit you.”

“But you didn’t.” Stiles voice was devoid of any emotion. “I was there for 3 months, and I never saw you once.”

“I-it’s just, I was there in the beginning! But there was stuff was going on, I got first line and Alliso-.”

“Go away, Scott.”

“But Stile-”
“He said to leave.” Peter’s voice made even Noah shiver, the barely veiled threat sending something cold down his spine.

“Stiles, please just talk to m-”

“I think it’s time for you to leave.” Sheriff interjected, moving to block any view of Stiles. Scott tried to catch Stiles eyes again. When he finally realised he was ridiculously unwelcome here. Gulping as he finally registered the hateful glares, he stepped down off the porch and almost ran to his bike in their drive.

As they listened to the bikes engine roar away, the pizza delivery guys scooter rocked up. The poor teenager had a shock when he looked up and saw the foreboding faces of three men blocking the front door.

“Uh, pizza for Stilinski?” the boy asked, unsure of his welcome.

“Yeah,” Noah said, relaxing his stance and coming forward to grab the food. He fished out a 20 for the kid, waving away the change.

Peter stayed close to Stiles, hounding his steps as they all moved into the kitchen to grab their drinks and sit at the table.

They were all quiet for a few minutes. A few slices of pizza later, Noah finally broke the silence. “Your prescription is due for a refill. I check the bottle. Have you been taking your meds?”

Stiles didn’t look up.

Noah sighed. “Stiles, you know you have to take your meds. Have you been going to see Cait?”

Again, Stiles just kept eating and didn’t look up.

“Stiles.” Noah was disheartened. He had to go every week. He had to or he couldn’t stay in school. That was the deal.

“I couldn’t. I moved the appointments,” Stiles finally said, still focusing on his food. He was studiously avoiding looking over at Peter. He could practically feel the side of his face burning under the demon's gaze.

“To when?”

“Friday,” Stiles replied.

“And when are you seeing Joseph?” Noah asked, taking a bite of his pizza, peering at his son. He remembered the fighting and screaming matches when Stiles first got out of the hospital to go see the physical therapist. He did not to have to repeat that, especially when they have been doing so well recently.

“Tomorrow,” Stiles sighed, finally looking up at his dad. The defeated slump in his shoulders told the whole story of how he was feeling towards the appointment.

Peter kept quiet. He watched the dynamic play out, felt the despondency and low level hatred reaching him through the bond. It was just a simmering feeling, not directed per say, just… there. It piqued Peters interest, that's for sure. His Bonded wouldn’t turn his way, the flush of shame making it clear why he was avoiding Peter’s gaze. It just made the demon all the more curious.
“Okay, well let me know if you need a ride,” Noah continued, wantonly ignoring their refugees interest as if it were nothing abnormal. “I know how tired you get.”

“I’ll get Peter to drive me,” Stiles muttered, hunching over again. “You’ve got a double shift, remember.”

Noah grimaced. “Damn, yeah I do. Okay, but you’ve got to text me.”

“Yeah yeah,” Stiles said as he stuffed his mouth with the last of his pizza, quickly chugging his drink straight after. “Well, I’ve got coursework. See you later, Dad.” Standing, he grabbed his and his demon’s plates, amber eyes catching red and flinching away. Looks like he couldn’t avoid it anymore. “Peter, come on.”

Noah watched his son walk away. He didn’t know how to talk to him anymore. He missed Alice, they both did. They needed to let her go be a Professor, even if it was hours away. He missed Claudia, even with who she became near the end. He missed his son, who used to curl up in his lap when he was sleepy but didn’t want to go to bed. As his son’s broad back disappeared upstairs, he thought of how it looked dwarfed in the hospital bed.

He looked down at his pizza, the taste turning to ash in his mouth. He couldn’t stand it if he had to watch his only family left disappear into the damned hospital doors. He hoped he didn’t have to.

He sighed and checked the time on his watch. He had to get to bed soon if he was going to be functional tomorrow. He prayed for a dreamless sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I literally don't know how to thank every single person who comments and kudos this fic. I'M ON THE SECOND GODDAMN PAGE IF YOU SORT BY KUDOS WHAT??!!!?!?!?
Also, thanks for all the birthday wishes as well!
Thank you guys for continuing to read this little fic, thanks for every comment and just... thanks.
Hello everyone!

First off, thank you all so much for all the comments, kudos and love you are giving this story. Would you believe I'm actually planning to turn this into a book after I'm done? Obviously changing the people and settings, but the general premise is going to be (hopefully) turned into an actual book. Isn't that exciting!

Secondly, I don't like how I've paced this. I don't like how it all happens within a few days. SO! Now on to the tricky bit. I have changed and fiddles and now the story timeline has changed from 5 days to almost 3 weeks.

Nothing extra happens, perhaps a few extra sentences of information, but nothing major. Just the time between some events has lengthened. I'll give a brief overview of the timeline now, so that those of you who don't want to go re-read the whole thing 44-thousand and something words has a general idea of the changes.

Chapter 1-3 - Week 1, Friday night/Saturday early morning
Chapter 4-6 - Week 1, Saturday
Chapter 7-9 - Week 1, Saturday Afternoon
Chapter 10-14 - Week 1, Monday
Chapter 15-16 - Week 1, Thursday
Chapter 17-18 - Week 2, Friday
Chapter 19-22 - Week 3, Monday

I hope this makes sense. Only little bit of information has been added, nothing major, just enough to keep the flow going and make it a bit more legible.
Peter was practically vibrating with curiosity. In the 2 weeks he’d been bound by to his human, there had been a few secrets that had been burning a hole in his mind. There were so many secrets wrapped up in the Sparklings skin, that he was glad he had a whole lifetime to peel them out. But for now, maybe he’d get at least one piece of the puzzle that was Mieczyslaw.

Stiles, on the other hand, was dreading this conversation. It has been nice to spend time with someone who didn’t have preconceptions of him. He was just Stiles, the Sparkling who didn’t know he was a Spark. He wasn’t the child in nursery who wouldn’t stop talking. He wasn’t someone who missed the last month of his junior year and spent most of his 3 months of summer in hospital. He wasn’t someone who still had to go for physical checkup to make sure he didn’t mess up his spinal chord and and potentially end up with seizures. He hated his bi-monthly therapy appointment. He hated that he couldn’t forget what they did to him. He had enjoyed that Peter hadn’t known. That was over now.

When they got to Stiles room, Peter went and sat on the bed quietly, his heavy scrutiny weighing on his Spark. Stiles took the desk chair and hunched over, elbows on his knees, staring at his tightly clasped hands.

“Should we not have sparred?” Peter finally asked, after too much silence.

That finally got Stiles to look up from his hands. “It’s not that, I’ve been doing light sparring since.”

He paused. "Since I got out of the hospital."

Peter didn’t say anything, just kept a steady gaze on Stiles. His irises had a ring of red, but other than that he was completely impassive. He had spent the last two weeks of being patient, he could wait those few moments more for his Spark to open up willingly. They had a lifetime together. He could afford a bit of tolerance for the Sparks growing trust in him.

Stiles took a deep breath. He could feel Peter’s curiosity burning in his chest like it was his own. It almost counteracted the deep dread he was feeling. He was grateful that the demon was giving him the time to swallow down the nausea at least. It had taken him almost a month of daily therapy sessions after he’d finally woken up to actually tell his dad what had happened in full.

He wasn’t even sure he wanted to tell Peter at all. He knew too many people who had broken his trust; his mother by getting sick and deciding he was Evil, Alice by moving across state, his father by willfully ignoring the wrongs, then turning to drinking and then working so much, Scott by being an ass. There was a deep rooted and completely logical reasoning for his not wanting to tell Peter anything. But… they were Bonded, an intrinsic part of him was connected to the Demon. He could feel him, feel his curiosity, his darkness by the chain linking them together. He understood and would be understood by his chained companion. Some part of him knew that he trusted Peter. It just getting the rest to follow.

Slowly, looking back down at his hands, he started to talk.
“I… it was the last few weeks before summer, last year. Scott wasn’t around as much anymore. His asthma cleared up, he had gotten First Line in lacrosse, Allison had just moved into town. I was feeling… abandoned, I guess. He barely hung out anymore, he pretty much always ditched me for Allison, or extra Lacrosse practice or some other shit. I… I was so fucking angry. He was pretty much my only friend and he bounced after 10 years friends friendship like it was fucking nothing!” Stiles paused to take a deep breath. Getting worked up helped no one. “Jackson, you know the asshole you tripped? It was in Gym class. He… decided to mention my mom.”

Peter felt the wave of RageDespairHate as Stiles remembered Jackson mentioning his mom. It made his eyes flash their brimstone red, his temples briefly shadowed by his horns before they faded again. He let his teeth sink down a bit, it was just his Bonded here, he could let go. Besides, the backlash of emotions was wreaking havoc on his self control.

“He said she was retarded. In fact, his exact words were ‘Don’t be so retarded, you don’t want to be like Stiles mom.’ I didn’t take it well. I hadn’t slept the night before and… I guess, I just snapped. I’ve always had dirt on Jackson. I always dug into the people’s background who thought I was an easy target. I just… dug too deep at one point, found something out his dad had tried to hide. I said some snide things back. Things I shouldn’t have said at that point in time.” Stiles sighed, drawing in his bottom lip as he looked up to the ceiling in askance. He felt the prod of curiosity from Pitkis again, urging him to carry on. “His dad, he’s this big attorney, he hid a minor felony. Buried it under so much paperwork and pulled some favors so that his precious son didn’t get landed with a smear on his record. I hinted that I knew what he had done. Oh boy, did he not like that.” Stiles sighed again and looked back at Peter, face hard. “He tried to threaten me, grabbed me. I twisted his arm so hard, I dislocated his shoulder.” Peter nodded, that was completely to be expected. You don’t grab someone and expect them to be passive. “He couldn’t play this big match, Scott ended up doing this amazing job in the game and got promoted to co-captain.” A hint of a proud smile broke through on Stiles face before it faded and his face shuttered down all emotions again. “Let’s just say Jackson was less than pleased.”

Pitkis waited, still sat poised at the end of the bed. The pure, unadulterated fury that slammed into him took his breath away. He literally could not breath from the overwhelming hatred burning through their bond. When he finally could, Pitkis sucked in a breath, staring wide eyed at his Spark. Stiles was still in the same position, elbows on knees, head hung. But there was tautness in his muscles and the way he held himself, it spoke of the hostility ignited inside him. All Peter could do was wait, always waiting, for Stiles to finish speaking.

“… He managed to convince some of the other lacrosse players to jump me after lacrosse practice. Scott had already left, Alisson had texted and he wouldn’t wait for me to get changed. There were five of them.” Stiles seemed to have gone off to a different place and time, his eyes no longer there. “They grabbed me, breaking my fingers when I tried to fight back. They almost broke my ankle too. And then out came Jackson with this jumbo pack of cellophane. They stripped me down to my underwear, cutting my clothes off me. I was terrified that they’d slip and end up stabbing with the scissors… And then they started spinning me round and round and round until I puked, wrapping me in the fucking plastic wrap. I couldn’t move. I almost couldn’t breathe, there was puke blocking the hole they graciously gave me to fucking breath.”

Peter didn’t notice the blood now dripping from his lower lip from where his fangs had sunk into the soft flesh. He only noticed the fury coming from his Spark. He could only listen as the stoic human told him in cold words what had happened.

“They dragged me to the bathrooms. Every time I fell down, they would stamp on my back and then drag me back up to continue. Ever been swirlied? You can’t breath. The water is rushing in your mouth and up your nose and all you can think is ‘People take shits in this water’ as you choke on it.
You almost drown so many times, but they just grab you the hair, drag you out just to hear you gag and cry. I could barely move. They’d covered every damn inch of me in fucking cellophane.” Stiles paused and took a deep breath, still not looking up at Peter, staring at his shoes this time. “I was lucky, I guess. The plastic wrap got water inside and started to loosen. I managed to get enough leverage to rip my hand out. I broke one of their noses before they could grab me again. I got my legs free. One of the guys will never have kids, I kicked him so hard. Can’t say I’m sorry about it.”

The Spark seemed to have trouble swallowing past the lump in his throat. His chin started to wobble. “This… this is where I lose my memory a bit. I remember running out into the hallway, fucking terrified they were gonna catch me before I found someone. I remember bursting into a classroom. I remember… being shoved. And…” Stiles trailed off, blinking back the tears in his eyes. He hated that he couldn’t remember himself. He fucking hated it! He knew what medical shit happened after, but he couldn’t remember why.

Suddenly, there was voice from the doorway behind Peter. Pitkis froze, taking extreme care to angle himself away from the Sheriff. “You had been pushed into a desk, throat first, causing your windpipe to collapse.” Stiles was frozen as well, a look of, I don’t to hear my father saying this plastered over his face as he stared at his father despair ridden features. “Your coach had heard all the noise and had followed. He called an ambulance as soon as he could. The boys… they were just stood there, laughing, while you were dying. You did die, at one point. You were actually dead for almost 5 minutes before the EMTs were able to revive you. They didn’t think you’d make it at all, least of all without some kind of lingering issue. They called it a miracle that you escaped with no lasting damage.”

Stiles watched as his father cried silent tears as he spoke, his gravely voice shaking on the word dead. “You were in a coma for a month. You had to have an emergency tracheotomy, because the amount of damage they had done to your throat.” At this, Stiles lightly touched a pale white line on his neck, right where the tube had sat. It had been sore and painful for weeks after he had woken up. “You had 4 broken fingers, a torn ankle ligament, a dislocated shoulder, damaged spinal chord, 3 broken ribs and your lungs had water in them. You almost died another two times.” Noah choked on his next breath. “I could have lost you.” At this, Stiles surged to his feet and launched himself across the room. Noah caught his son in his arms. They both took comfort in the fact that they were both here, together and very much alive. Peter was reeling from the emotional backlash. He felt like he was burning to death and being frozen alive, the contradictory feelings making it hard for him to process.

The moment was broken by the shrill sound of Noah's phone. They pulled apart, Noah immediately going for his phone. The immediate apologetic chagrin on the sheriff's face just made Stiles sigh and wave him on. His dad clapped him on the shoulder with one last apologetic smile, before he turned away answering the call.

“Sheriff here. Yeah, I’m home. Drunk driver? On my way, send me the address- seriously, they did this two streets over? Right, I’m coming, send Michaels and Thoma…” His voice faded as he walked down the stairs to put his uniform back on.

When Stiles couldn’t hear his father anymore, he slumped slightly and returned back to his desk chair. Peter, again extremely patient and taking the time to wade through the flood from the bond, waiting quietly to hear what Stiles had to say next. And by extremely patient, he meant not-very-but-good-at-waiting-for-the-long-game.

Stiles was quiet again for a few moments. His father's anguished face never got easier to see. Especially as he was the one who was putting it there... No. He didn’t put it there. Jackson did.

Peter couldn’t help but to ask, “Why didn’t they get arrested?”
Stiles snorted. “They did. Jackson's dad pulled more strings. They only got suspended; they had to write me a letter of apology and they got community service.” An ugly laugh. “They murder me and they get fucking community service!”

Peter blood ran cold. He was in disbelief. Deeds were punished in his realm, usually with extreme prejudice. It was almost a personal affront to all he stands for, for those cretins to get away with such light sentences. It made the part of him that had grown fond of his Spark rear up raging and screaming at the injustice.

Stiles must have seen something in his face, because he smiled sharply. “I know. I felt the same way too. After waking up, I finally heard what they got and flipped out. My dad’s hands were tied. But mine weren’t.” An evil glint entered his eye. Peter admired the flash of amber that well accompanied it. “You want to know why Jackson is so adamant about ‘getting me back’?”

Peter gave a slight incline of his head, a cruel grin starting to twist at his mouth.

“I didn’t like how they were handled so I got my hands on a computer. I found a tiny little file on his dad's computer. Jackson found out that he was adopted by the entire population of the school posting it online.”

Peter gave a low whistle. That was cruel. And a wonderful payback.

“Yeah,” Stiles chuckled, shaking his head. “Let’s just say that he was not best pleased with the fact that his whole sense of self was screwed over by one post. Admittedly, it the same post repeated from over a few hundred accounts, but that’s semantics.”

“He almost murders you and gets off lightly. You act in return and ruin his sense of self. I'd say that follows Lex Talionis.” He sees Stiles quickly translate the Latin.

"Law of retaliation? I thought that was purely a biblical thing.”

Peter flashed a vulpine smile. "Where do you think they got it from?"

Stiles huffed out a laugh. "Where do you think they got it from?"

"Sparkling, you flatter me.”

“Trust me, I don’t intend to."

Peter barked out a laugh, happily surprised at the refreshing tit-a-tat. Then his humor faded, leaving the demon curling his lip, his fang flashing through. Their chain was thrumming with the lingering fury and pain. Whilst he was glad Stiles had told him, he was surprised he didn’t feel accomplished from finally learning it. He just felt angry on his Bonded behalf. “This… Mala pituita nasi still thinks he is in the right, doesn’t he?"

Stiles blinked and then burst out laughing. “D-did you just call Jackson nasty nasal droppings ?!” Peter could only watch as Stiles chortled to himself, every so often muttering nasal and pituita . Normally, Peter would be indignant at being laughed at, usually ending with the offender being blasted to lower Hell as recompense. But Pitkis could feel Stiles need to release some of his energy. His emotions were running too high and all over the place. He was like a soda again, all shaken up. He had to release some of the excess. And if being laughed at meant that the house could stay standing, well. It was a… mostly fair trade.

Once Stiles had settled down slightly, though he was still chuckling every so often, Peter asked, “So, is that why you have the appointments?”
“Yeah. I only had a very mild case of muscle atrophy, but the knock to my spinal cord caused a few minor seizures when I was in a coma. Not to mention getting stuck in therapy again,” Stiles sighed. He wanted to lie down, so he shuffled over to the bed and flopped back, Peter ending up sat by his knees. “I have to go to PT for another few months and therapy for… whenever she thinks it’s okay to release me.” The Spark didn’t seem to really be talking at Peter anymore. He was staring at the ceiling, one hand touching the scar of the tube that had been his only way of breathing for weeks. Their tether started singing with the renewed PainHurtAnger again, causing Peter to lose control of his eyes yet again.

The Demon hesitated. Humans gave comfort through touch, right? And Stiles had been liberal in his touch the last few weeks. It wouldn’t hurt to try. Right?

Pitkis slowly reached out and patted Stiles leg closest him. He saw the flash of his demon claws for a moment, before they faded back to his human fingers as he continued to pat and rest his hand there. Stiles tensed as he felt the warm hand on his knee, eyes snapping to stare at Pitkis. Brimstone red eyes stared back, an unsure squint to them. After a moment, Stiles slowly relaxed, finally shifting his leg to nudge the Demon back. Peter shuffled uneasily, before letting his Bonded rest his shin on his back.

Peter eyes caught site of the yearbook in the book shelf. “... And Scott didn’t visit once?” Peter asked, the question popping into his mind and burning on his tongue.

At this, Stiles looked so unbearably sad Peter almost regretted asking. Almost.

“He apparently came when I was unconscious and once or twice when I had just woken up. But I was messed up, I don’t really remember much the first few days. After that, there were a few texts, and I think… one flying visit where he was swinging by with lunch for his mom, but really… nothing.”

“Filius canis,” Peter hissed.

Snorting unattractively, Stiles defended Melissa. “His mom is not a bitch. She came and checked up on me every so often, but she works in A&E, not long term care. She couldn’t swing by all the time.” Stiles deflated again. He stared back up at the ceiling again, feeling the grounding coldness from Peter hands. He was drained. He was empty from the sparring, physically and magically, and now empty emotionally. He was just… done. “I’m… I’m really tired now.”

Peter both felt and saw the moment the Spark was done talking. He took the hint and let the subject drop. Holding out his other hand like a waiter in one of those fancy restaurants, Stiles laptop dropped on it in a cloud of shadows. “Buffy?”

Stupidly grateful, Stiles nodded. “Buffy.”

Chapter End Notes

Welp! Don't kill me!! I hope I did this justice, cause I think I did an okay job.

I want to give a massive shout out to my dear and darling Chris Night. He started out as just my Occult Consultant and has turned into my wonderful and
amazing cheerleader, my amazing Editor, an international buddy who pokes me with a stick when I haven't written anything, and the guy who helps frame plot points, and writes me out of artist block. He is my fantastic sounding board. He is the reason this fic is as good as it is, because he helps me make the words go and the mind make the story amazing.

Also, Please leave a comment! They make my day!
WE'RE ALMOST AT 30000 KUDOS! ISNT THAT INSANE!!
Dead Inside

Chapter Summary

A brief peek into Peters mind.

Chapter Notes

Uh, yes, hi, not dead. If you want more info, look at the end. This is short and just to get back into the flow, but, yeah, no dead!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter had watched his Spark sleep the whole night. It wasn’t peaceful, but it was deep. The Demon didn’t really have another choice but to watch the man-child. He was trapped in the bed. Stiles had grabbed his shirt when he went to slide away and he hadn’t had the heart to pry the sleeping man’s fingers off his clothes. Usually he would have drifted off himself, letting his human body recharge. But tonight, oh, tonight there was a low-burning rage deep inside him, that had stewed through the few episodes of Buffy Stiles had stayed awake for before the Spark had slumped and fell into fitful sleep. Peter hadn’t been able to settle into sleep when he was like this.

Peter had stewed on how his Spark had been treated. Something was sticking out to him, though. In all of the information, the horrid tale Stiles lived through, he couldn’t get the words “You were dead for 5 minutes”. Shrewd brimstone eyes studied his Bonded. Acting on a hunch, Peter breathed and calmed his mind. Focusing inward, following down the bond, a harsh chain full of pockmarks and burning edges, frozen shards and shadow bitten metal, he reached out for something… familiar. It took an age and a second, but he found it.

A dark, writhing mass, deep within the recesses of the Sparks heart, entwined deeply with his burning flame. It was the shadow of the time he spent not alive. It was a dark souvenir of his time spent in Pitkis’ domain. Bright red eyes opening, Peter settled in to watch over his Bonded. His Spark was a tarnished, but still burning bright. The mottled chain was a blessing and a curse that linked them meant that he got to watch no matter what happens next.

Peter couldn’t figure out if he was happy about that or not.

The next morning, Stiles felt raw. It was like someone had reached down inside him and scrapped sandpaper everywhere. He stretched and flinched when he felt something cold brush up against him. Hands instinctively starting to burn, he scrambled away and tried to figure out what was touching him.

He saw Peter’s blank face, hands raised in a show of no harm intended.

It took a moment before Stiles brain caught up with his body, and all the fight seemed to seep out of him like a sad old balloon. He slumped back down, sighing.

“Morning Sparkling,” Peter said softly, so as not to startle the man-child. He wasn’t a big fan of the
A blank look on his Bonded's face.

Stiles didn’t say anything. He stared at the Demon and just… didn’t think.

Looking up at the wall, it took Stiles too long before he realised what was wrong with the light. It was coming from the wrong angle. It was so much effort to turn his head to look at his bedside clock, but when he did, he saw that it was almost 1pm. On a Tuesday. Sighing, Stiles had the vague thought of missing something important, before turning back to stare at the wall.

Peter didn’t know what to do. He’d never been in a position to care about someone who’d shut down.

They were both silent for a while. Peter kept his breathing as steady as his bed partners, racking his brain for something to do to make his Spark bright again.

“It wasn’t enough.”

Peter looked over, the dead voice making something in him twist uncomfortably.

“It doesn’t feel like it was enough.”

Peter was silent. He looked at his Bonded’s blank eyes, recognising the internal pain. Finally replying, Pitkis said firmly, “It wasn’t.”

Stiles sighed from the bottom of his lungs and said nothing more.

It was almost another hour of silence before Peter slid off the side of the bed. Stiles didn’t react at all to the dip in the mattress.

Peter really didn’t like that his Bonded’s apathy. Revenge was to be fueled by a cold burning fire of hatred. You can’t get revenge if you didn’t have that drive.

He needed to get his Spark up. He needed to get him… alive again. He was seemingly more dead than some of the souls he had back downstairs.

Pitkis racked his brains for something to do. Humans needed sustenance right? That’s a pretty standard need. So, he’ll make food.

Stiles didn’t even notice the demon leave the room.

Going downstairs into the kitchen, seeing all the modern appliances with their buttons and their knobs and their shininess, Peter was forcibly reminded that he didn’t cook. Ever.

Peter doubted that the multiple cannibals that have passed through his domain, some even gourmet chefs (Hannibal Lecter was based on a real life person you know), would be able to help him right now. Especially, you know, what with the cannibalism.

Wait. Peter could have smacked his own forehead. He can teleport.

Without another thought, he dematerialised. Reappearing in the alley besides the diner from last week, Peter casually waltzed in.

“Welcome to Moira’s Dinner, how can we help you this fine d-? Well, hey! You’re the lad what was with my boy Stiles! How can I can you?”

Peter smiled as charmingly as possible. “Hello again Moira. I was wondering if you could box up
some food for our Stiles. He’s home sick and I’m afraid I’m a terrible cook, I just won’t compare to your wonderful burgers.”

“Oh, you’ve got a silver tongue,” Moira laughed as she went back to the kitchen. Putting in a simple order of burgers and fries, and chicken soup.

There was no odd out of body creepy voices this time around. Thankfully. Peter had enough to think about with the whole actually caring about someone thing. He had things to focus on.

It seemed like barely any time at all had passed before Peter was being shuffled out the door laden down with food bags whilst Moira fluttered and shooed him, all the while telling him to give her best to Stiles.

Bemused and a bit railroaded, the demon walked back to the alley to go back home- to the house.

He had plans to put into motion.

Chapter End Notes

So, yes, hi, not dead, as said before.

Guess who's health tanked? If you guessed me, well, you’re not wrong. I’ve thankfully not landed in hospital this time, but because of all the work I had around this wonderful time of year, I have had zero time nor motivation to do anything other than cuddle my dog and sometimes eat some chocolate. Professor Lupin is right, it does help with the bad feelings. I'm so so sorry for not updating. I just. Couldn't get the words to come out. It. It sucked. I felt empty not writing this, I felt like I abandoned Stiles and Peter and you guys. Forgive me?

This shouldn't happen again. I should be updated more regularly. I have no schedule because, well, I don't stick to them and I feel constrained, but I can say that this story has started to flow again and if it were to get stuck, I will do everything I can to keep it going.

Happy reading, my sweet readers. I will see you soon.
Not so dead

Chapter Summary

Erica is cute. Boyd is cute. Stiles and Peter are cute. THEYRE ALL CUTE OKAY.

Chapter Notes

Hi, not dead. More info down below, but uh... sorry for the 8 month break?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

In a room with pale blue walls, ugly green chairs and a suspiciously brown carpet, Peter waited outside the physical therapy office. The chairs were uncomfortable and offered no lumbar support, which was ironic as most of the other patients had back problems.

Reaching out through their chain, to check up on Stiles yet another time, he still felt off at the lack of emotions coming from his Spark. The whole car ride over, Stiles in the passenger seat, staring out the window, Peter driving (and wasn’t that an experience), the Spark had said… Not one word. Not even when Peter used magik to get him dressed so they could just leave. He had just sat, staring at the wall and moved when Peter told him to.

Even getting him into his appointment, which he is damn glad he’d texted the Sheriff for the directions for, was a bit surreal. He knew very little about medical stuff and even less about modern medical stuff. He managed to nudge and prod the information out of Stiles and they were lucky that the receptionist seemed to understand something wasn’t quite right today for them.

And now? Well, now he was just sat. Waiting.

And it was driving him mad.

How long does this usually take?! How long was he supposed to just sit there, waiting for his Spark, who he couldn't see, could barely feel anything down their bond, and listen to the vague moaning of people in pain around him. It was like being back in his domain, but he couldn't just go back to his Palace. He was stuck there.

It seemed an eternity later when Stiles walked back out, rotating his shoulder and nodding absentely to Joseph, the physical therapist.

Peter walked up and heard the ending of their conversation. “-ave fun sparring, but don’t push it too much.”

“Got it, Joe. I’ll see you in a month.” Stiles said absently. He was still really spaced out and didn’t seem to realise he was moving closer to Peter. Peter bemusedly tucked the Spark under his arm, nodded to the physiotherapist as he guided him around the oddly spaced chairs and people in stiff positions.
Stiles didn’t talk again, even as Peter shuffled him into the passenger seat and drove him. He mumbled a bit when they got in and Peter shoved food under his nose.

Once again, Peter wondered when Stiles would start speaking again. He was not known for his empathy or patience. He missed the Sparks conversation.

Feeling a vibration in his leg, he was confused for a moment before remembering his phone. Pulling it out, he saw a message from the Sheriff.

Sheriff (11:07): How’s he doing?

Peter (11:09): He’s eating. How long does the not talking usually last?

Sheriff (11:12): Can last from a few hours to a few weeks.

Sheriff (11:12): Keep me updated.

With a simple “Ok” sent in reply, Peter settled in to just stare at the boy sat on the sofa, gazing at nothing on the TV screen.

It was an unsettling silence, only broken by the actors on the screen. Stiles was usually noisy in a physical way, humming, muttering to himself and just moving. But that wasn’t happening. And it was bugging him. So neither were paying much attention to the TV, Peter couldn’t even tell you what was going on.

It was a few hours before Peter finally felt a change in the bond, like a creeping wave of feelings. And it was longer still before Peter saw the change in the Spark. It was like watching a piece of marble come alive. Slowly, but surely, the measured breathes started elongated and stuttering every so often, the twitching came back, fingers tapping, foot shaking. Fluttering of eyelashes as he starting taking in details in front of him, actually focusing on individual things.

When it snapped inside them, Peter drew a shuddering breath at the beauty of Stiles rage. It was transcendent almost, it was enticing, it was red hued and cardinal.

And then it was barely there. Pushed down, suppressed, caged. It hurt Pitkis in a way he didn’t understand, to see such rich and potent emotions subdued.

Another moment passed before Stiles shook his head, like shaking cobwebs off his brain. He turned to Peter, body open and relaxed once again, smirk firmly in place, as he said, “So, you want to order the food or am I?”

Peter pursed his lips in thought, eyes hooded. Stiles just smirked wider, eyes stills a bit too blank to be considered normal.

“I’ll let you order this time,” Peter quipped, an answering smirk on his face.

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Most of the teachers didn’t seem to mind that Stiles was missing in action yesterday. They just gave him the makeup work they’d put aside yesterday and continued on as if nothing had happened.

Scott was, once again, trying to ambush them in the hall.
Stiles was, once again, avoiding him wonderfully and getting progressively angrier at each re-route they needed to take.

Peter was finding it hilarious. And slightly worrying. But he was ignoring that second emotion. Humor at others expenses was much more familiar.

Lydia had ignored them in such a way that made it clear that she was ignoring them. Stiles just kept her in his eyeline. Hearing that she was a Bean Side, a Banshee, was just the icing on his very much not wanted cake.

During the free second period, Stiles was, once again, finishing college work. He’d remembered his pills today (technically, Peter was texted as well and then made him remembered them and made him take them, but that’s neither here nor there) and, though he did need his notebook a few times to jot a few ideas out of his brains way, he did feel stable again. He hadn’t noticed how much he was slipping. He got some good work done for his college courses, at least.

Peter, once again, just refilled their travel mugs with what was requested and stared out into the woods behind the football field. He was sending out his own shadows to feel the woods again, that niggling feeling of wrongness from the centre of it was making him pay a bit of attention. Maybe he would actually tell Stiles about it sometime soon.

Third period AP Psych and fourth period AP Physics were no better than first period that morning. Lydia was, again, ignoring them and Stiles was, again, subtling scoping her out. He didn’t feel anything coming from her at least, so no magik was involved just yet.

At the very least, they didn’t have to deal with Jackson or Scott the whole morning.

That did not, however, ring true for lunch.

Stiles had been found by Erica on his way to his study room. After a few questions about her health and how her arm was healing, she had gathered up her courage and asked them if they would like to sit with her at lunch.

Remembering seeing her usually alone, out on the football pitch or in the lunchroom, Stiles weighed up seeing Scott against… well. It was a no brainer.

Walking into the lunchroom, Stiles was immediately aware of where Scott was sat, with Allison, Lydia and Jackson at the table in the middle of the room. Unconsciously, Peter positioned himself between the two, almost blocking Stiles from their view as they were both the same height. Erica trailed a little in front of them, leading them to an empty table as far away from the middle table as they could get. Another person was already sat at the table, a tall, stocky dark skinned boy Stiles vaguely remembered from some of his classes. Stiles sent a nod his way as they sat down. The dark boy blinked before turning back to his food.

“I’ll just go grab my food, be back in a minute,” Erica said, dumping her bag in the chair opposite Peter and Stiles before heading off to get a tray of food from the lunch ladies.

Peter summoned food from the house that Stiles had prepared before school and put in the fridge; simple sandwiches, pasta salad, apple slices and a low fat yogurt in three boxes, one for Stiles, Peter and the Sheriff for a healthy lunch the next day. Peter had said to leave them in the fridge, no one liked warm yogurt, and he’d summon them for lunch and as a Bound demon, he was true to his word. Feeling the cold boxes land in his hand, hidden in his rucksack, he brought them out with a flourish that made Stiles chuckle under his breath.
A huge crash made Stiles flinch around to see what had happened.

Erica was stood, hunched into herself, her lunch tray and all her food splattered the ground in front of her. Four girls stood surrounding her and, although Stiles couldn’t hear what they were saying, whatever it was, was making Erica hunch further into herself, choppy breaths. They saw tears start to gather in her eyes.

Stiles saw red.

He barely registered standing and walking calmly over to the group, but most of the other students did.

Peter just followed, smiling.

Once they reached Erica's side, Stiles said, extremely calmly, “What is going on here?”

The two girls and one boy surrounding Erica tried to keep up their posturing. The boy replied, “Oh, nothing really. Spaz here just dropped her tray, right Spaz?”

“Yeah, just like last time, right?” One of the girls joined in, faking an over-dramatic seizure.

This gave the other girl, who was hanging back slightly the confidence to add, “Don’t piss yourself, Jan.”

Peter’s feral grin widened at the tsunami of pure rage from his Bonded. He stepped closer to the Spark as he felt the rush of molten Power, his shoulder bumping against the rage filled man. Stiles breathed and reined it in.

Erica shuddered as she felt the temperature suddenly drop in front of her. That didn’t stop her from moving closer to the new boy to try and ward off some of the stares from the other students in the cafeteria.

Stiles calm smile didn’t drop an inch. “Now, we both know you’re lying.” The jeering smiles dropped as Stiles looked each one in the eye one by one. The one girl at the back looked like she seriously re-considering her life choices as she stepped away unconsciously from the furious gaze boring into her and her friends.

“L-look man,” The boy started. “ We didn’t mean no harm-”

“‘Any harm’, ” Stiles corrected, cutting him off with ease. “If you’re going to lie, at least do the American education system the favor of using the correct grammar. Now try again and this time, the truth.”

“U-uh…” The boy was starting to looked like a little thrown out at this point. He looked at his friends for support, panicking slightly. If he was looking for some help, he didn’t get much. Both of them looked a little terrified at the grinning new boy and the calm fury of the weird kid in front of them.

Stiles kept his cold smile and eye contact with them, hands loose at his sides. He shifted his body closer to Peter when he felt the weight of the stares of the rest of the student body in the cafeteria, blocking some of them from reaching Erica. He could still hear her watery breathing behind him, but it was slowing down to a more normal pace.

Erica shuddered again at the temperature change again, as it seemed to have a suddenly strong heat coming from right beside her. And then she heard all the muttering around her and she was just glad
Stiles and Peter were there.

At the table just they just left, the large black student who she vaguely remembered from one of her classes. He wasn’t moving all that much, he seemed kinda pissed at all this happening during his lunch period, but as soon as she looked his way, he mouths ‘are you okay?’ . She just kinda shrugged. He blinked and then seemed to make up his mind.

His chair was loud as he stood up to move to stand at Erica’s back. Most of the cafeteria watched as his long legs crossed to the cluster of students. Stiles gaze followed his movements and just gave a bro-nodded the dude as he passed to stand behind them, before turning back to the three in front of him. Peter had looked him up and down as he walked up before turning it back to his Spark and the three insignificants in front of him. The black student who was now stood at Erica’s back was easily taller than the whole group and was about twice as wide as a few of them.

This did not make the ones who had knocked Erica’s tray and called her Spaz any more comfortable.

It was an uncomfortable minute while the three males surrounded Erica stared down the three not-so-confident assholes in front of them, waiting for them to say something. The one who made the piss comment was growing steadily angrier.

“You got anything else to say?” Stiles finally asked, getting tired of this bullshit.

Two shook their heads, not looking so confident now. Jan was just looking more furious.

Stiles pleasantly cold smile wasn’t so pleasant as he said, “Well, here’s an idea for what you should do. Replace her lunch that you threw on the floor, apologise to her and then fuck off.”

Jan’s face screwed up in anger and as she stepped forward and went to open her mouth, the boy grabbed her arm and yanked her back. A spluttered “Mick, what the fuc-” before the other girl also stepped in and stepped, not so accidently, on her foot. Her yelling “Eve, what the fuck is wrong with you?” was also ignored.

Mick quickly handed Erica a twenty dollar bill, cringing a bit from having to lean past Stiles and Peter and neared to the tall boy right at Erica’s back, muttered his apology and then scurried off out of the cafeteria, Eve dragging a swearing Jan behind them.

Stiles scoffed, watching them running away. “Fucking cowards.” As the assholes left his sight, he sighed, turning towards Erica. In a soft voice, he asked, “You okay?”

With a watery smile, Erica said, “Yeah, I guess.” Taking in all the noise around them, as the students started talking again and she could hear her name, she added, “Kinda wanna get out of here though.”

Stiles smirked, “Yeah, I get that.” Looking at the boy, still stood at her back, he bro-nodded again. “Ice-rink Boyd, right?”

Boyd nodded.

Taking in his protective stance, Stiles asked, “You think you could stick with Erica while she gets her food again?” Stiles asked.

Boyd nodded again.

“Aight, we’ll meet you in the hall, we can eat outside.”

Peter fell into step with his Spark as they went to grab their own lunch and bags that had been left at
their table. He was enjoying listening to the students around them.

“Mick, Jan and Eve were assholes.”

“They usually are, though, they just don’t get stopped.”

“Well, I would have but-”

“You see the weird kid and the new boy? Fuck man-”

“And who’s the black kid? Is he new?”

“Mick looked like he was about to piss himself-”

“totally expected Jan to bitch slap the weird kid.”

“He totally would have beat the shit out of them back if she started shit. Equality dude, it's a thin-”

Stiles just smiled and kept walking.

At least, until his path was blocked by someone.

Chapter End Notes

SO YEAH. Uh. Not dead. Kinda wish I was, but that's a whole other story.
Soo... so far in the last year, been diagnosed with 2 chronic pain illnesses, multiple mental health stuff, my body is fighting against me everyday, im on meds, and im waiting for an MRI to see if I have something wrong with my brain cause my legs wont work and there is a very strong chance that im going to be in pain for the rest of my life and just, that i have no control over this and that i’ll have a walking stick and maybe a wheelchair and will never be off meds.... im just................. yeah. Thats a depressing thought. which is... sucky.... so... good news my dogs okay! and cute af. hes probably on my twitter somewhere (if you can get past youtube spamming the timeline with fucking adding shit to playlists [I TURNED THAT OFF YOUTUBE])

But! Heres a new chapter cause I managed to make the words feel right! And i love every single one of the comments, whenever i get an email saying i got a comment, it makes my day just that little bit better and makes me smile. so thanks my dudes.

i have no schedule. i literally dont know when i will next upload, but i'll keep doing what ive been doing (keeping a pen and notebook on me at all times and pretty much praying my wrist holds up when i get my bITCH OF A MUSE BACK) and hopefully i can make those words work again soon

But seriously, I love you. If you're reading this. If you're reading this story. I love you. Thank you.

(also this hasnt been beta'd and im sorry please tell me if there are any mistakes)
Chapter Summary

*waves timidly* Hi, I tried guys <3

Stiles blows up (not literally), Noah is a good dad and then someone turns up.

Chapter Notes

Health update at the bottom, but I just want to thank each and everyone of you who wrote comments, leave kudos and just read this. Everytime I got a comment it made a bad day just that little bit better and easier to get through so thank you <3

Not beta'd
(as soon as I finished it I wanted to post it, cause I had the energy to do so)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Stiles, please, you wouldn’t talk to me-”

“No. Seriously. Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Stiles, bro-”

“No, really, now?” Stiles butt in again, incredulous. “Now is when you decide to do this?”

“Bro-” Scott tried again, stepping forward to reach out.

“Fuck sake, Scott!” Stiles exploded. “Do I fucking look like I want to talk to you right now?”

Allison looked uncomfortable behind Scott. She reached out to her boyfriend to pull him back. He didn’t even seem to notice. Nor did he seem to notice people had started staring again. Stiles did though. And he was getting angry. Again.


Peter and Stiles didn’t give Scott a chance to recover. They walked out, past an apologetic Allison. Lydia, Jackson, Danny and the rest of their group stayed out of the way as well.

Lydia stared after them as they left. Stiles didn’t look back. Peter did and all he did was send a cryptic smirk her way.
The rest of the day was uneventful. Lunch was enjoyable outside. Erica was a massive comic book
geek and Boyd could keep a decent conversation about knitting with Peter. They all spent break
explaining lacrosse to Peter who, whilst he could appreciate the violence of the sport, just didn’t get
the nets.

The Sheriff was home when the two of them rocked up. Stiles was driving again. Peter’s curiosity
about the thing in the west side of the town was taking up all of his attention span and Stiles really
needed to feel his baby under his hands after lunch.

As they walked into the house, Noah as sitting eating the lunch Stiles had prepared earlier.

“Hey Daddio,” Stiles said lightly as he walked in and grabbed a drink from the fridge.

“Hey son of mine,” Noah said, still focused on his food. He paused. “Hey friend of son of mine,” he
nodded Peter in greeting as well before going back to his food.

Peter smiled to himself and settled at the table opposite Noah. Stiles came to the table as well,
absently putting a soda in front of Peter too. The demon blinked at the can in front of him, the fuzzy
feelings inside making him feel a bit nauseous even whilst it pulled at the edges of his lips into a
smile.

“So, how was work?” Stiles asked, ignorant of the demons emotional road bump beside him.

Noah shrugged. “Same old, same old.” The older man shot a glance at Peter, then quickly ducked his
head to hide his smile from the boys.

“Old woman Agatha complaining about gay neighbour James stealing her gnomes again?” Stiles
jokes.

Noah groaned and nodded, hunching even further over his food, remembering the calls he had to
deal with today.

Peter laughed quietly into his drink. The way the Sheriff looked was very reminiscent of how his
sister used to look after a day of meeting advisers. She would always look so downtrodden once they
both alone again, drained from all the bullshitting they would try and get away with. Pitkis focused
back on the two Stilinski’s quickly, not wanting to dwell on his lost sister, no matter how many
millennia had passed since.

Stiles laughed at his father’s misery, making his dad begrudgingly smile too.

“How was school?” Noah changed the subject, rolling his eyes and digging into his food.

Stiles shrugged, looking away and taking a swig of his drink. “So, so.”

“Uh huh, sure,” Noah replied, disbelief in his voice. He stared at Stiles, eyes squinted lips slightly
pursed. His lips even stayed pursed as he chewed. His son was not a good liar sometimes, it was a
miracle he wasn’t always caught in the shit he got up to.

To give Stiles credit, he lasted a good 2 minutes under that stare, adamantly ignoring and playing
with his drink. Too bad his dad had perfected it in interrogation rooms and had an endless patience
after dealing with younger Stiles for years.

“I-it wasn’t anything huge,” Stiles finally stuttered out.

“Uh huh, you said the same thing when you almost set the kitchen on fire.”

Stiles grimaced, “Okay, yeah, that time was a lie, but this time it’s not!”

Peter just smiled in the background, enjoying how uncomfortable his Spark was.

Noah was nodding and pursing his lips, eyebrows raised in disbelief.

Stiles saw the look on his fathers face, coughed and then said quickly, “Some kids were bullying someone, I stepped in, then Scott tried to bother me again. We left the cafeteria and ate outside, in the sun, catching some vital vitamin D like the good children we are. Speaking of, have you been taking your multivitamins, dear father of mine? That bottle of yours doesn’t seem to need refilling?” Stiles finished, a hard glare sent his bashful fathers way.

Again, Peter sat and watched, amused.

“Yes, uh, well, I-uh,” Noah tried to say. “Okay, whatever, you didn’t do anything stupid, I’ll count that as a good day.”

“As you should,” Stiles smirked and leaned back on his chair.

Noah turned to Peter. “And how was your day? Your classes going okay?”

Pitkis blinked, caught off guard. “Uh, it was fine, sir. The classes are good. I'm learning a lot.” He wasn't learning shit from the teachers, but he didn't say that. He was still learning other things.

Noah nodded, mind back to his food.

They all sat quietly for a while, Noah finishing his food, the boys finishing their drinks. It was nice and peaceful.

Until, of course, Noah's phone went off.

Within a few minutes, the Sheriff was dumping his plate in the sink, grabbing his coat, all the while talking on the phone, nodding goodbye to the boys and heading out the door.

Stiles and Peter stayed sat for a few more minutes, both taking the last few gulps of their drinks.

BOOM!

Stiles soda went right back out of his mouth, spraying all over the table, the noise jarring him so hard that he was teetering on the side of his seat, arms flailing. Peter grabbed his Sparks shoulder, righting him without thought, as he stared at the two stunningly dark haired, smirking creatures now standing in an ash circle on the kitchen floor.

The tall leather clad beauty snorted elegantly, her bright red lips matching her glowing eyes as they curled into a cruel grin. “Really, Uncle Pitkis? This is the one who called you away so desperately?” She turned to the other gorgeously dark male creature beside her, his eyes the brightest blue you’d ever see, hidden under the meanest eyebrows. “Dearest, do you think Uncle Peter should have left us so for such a young thing?” The male didn’t really move, but his eyebrows drew even further down into a harsher scowl.
Peter sighed dramatically. He was trying to settle the emotions coming down the bond as his Spark had tried to stop choking and was now just extremely confused, panicked and even more confused. Pitkis stood and moved to stand behind his Sparks chair, hands resting on the Sparks shoulders to keep him seated.

“Darling niece and nephew,” Pitkis purred, his eyes shining brimstone red, tail lashing in the shadows and fangs flashing, his tone deceptively happy. “It’s my honour to present to you my Spark.”

Chapter End Notes

So! Again, I just want to thank, everyone who reads, kudos, comments on this. I still desperately want to make this into a novel when I'm done, and I'm always immensely grateful for every single comment.

Health update; MRI, testing, more MRIs, more testing, meds and more meds. I’m... not stable but I can work and function. Sadly that doesn’t mean I get too much time to do writing, but I always carry my notebook and try and write at least a few words a day. Even if I can’t do the actual words, I’ve planned out the next 20 chapters so I know where I’m heading and I’ll take that. I’m still in massive amount of pain and I’m actually looking at getting a wheelchair. Maybe it can match my walking stick ;) But... I’m okay. I'm working on it. I've got stupid loads of doctors appointment coming up and even more stupid amounts of meds, but I'm doing as good as I can be. Hopefully this round of testing helps clear some things up cause right now we still only have vague ideas. Here’s hoping *fingers crossed*

Thank you to every single one of the comments, I truly brightens my day, every single time I get one. And thank you for every kudos, that people are still finding this story and are reading it and enjoying it means so fluffing much to me, even when I can't update.

So thank you. See you soon!!!
Red lips and black blood.

Chapter Summary

3 demons, a spark and a bit of a temper.

Chapter Notes

Hello! Thank you for the wait! Health update at the bottom, thank you again for staying patient.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 27: Red lips and black blood

Stiles didn't think he'd ever been more uncomfortable in his life. And this was saying something as someone who's been bullied, medicated almost killed by his mother and classmates. Sat between the three demons, radiating power, it was definitely top 10 most uncomfortable moments.

“Oh, uncle,” purred the red lipped demon, taking a sauntering step closer. Peters hand on Stiles shoulder tightened infinitesimally. “A spark, you said.”

Peter nodded slightly, never taking his eyes off his niece and nephew. They were family, yes, but they were also unbound, uninvited high level demons.

All was quiet for a moment. Well, everything except the quiet popping of the soda that had come out of Stiles nose. The slow speed of it moving and sticking to table was mesmerizing to watch.

The silence was broken by the sharp click of the red lipped demons’ shoes. Heels loud on linoleum floor, she came and sat at the other side of the table. At a lazy wave of her hand, shadows swarmed forwards from her fingers, a writhing beast, moving and wriggling across the table, the soda disappearing behind it. Stiles jumped and help flinching into Peter, turning into his Bonded.

The electric blue eyes of the dark man never left the young Spark. He couldn't help narrowing his eyes at Stiles leaning into his uncle, the Crowned Satan of Hell.

“Oh, my dear Uncle,” purred the red lipped demon again. “What ever shall we do with a Spark ?”

A sharp grin cut Pitkis’ face. “You shall do nothing, dear niece.” she narrowed her eyes at this, but Peter didn't even give her the time to open her mouth. “You, darling niece, shall not touch him.” The overlight seemed to flicker at his words, making Stiles’ eyes jump about like a scared fowl, even as he leant further into the creature who was doing it.

The chain between them seemed to be thrumming with something neither Stiles nor Peter could identify, but the humming of the bond was a comfort to both.
There was an uncomfortable standoff for a moment too long, both high level demons refusing to back down and break eye contact first. Stiles jumped at the sudden clap the red lipped demon made as she broke eye contact to stare down the Spark again. Stiles heart couldn't take much more of this. The red lipped demon smirked and looked back at her Uncle and Sovereign. “Well, that’s a very serious warning, Uncle. Seems as though we should heed it as such, right brother dear?” Lazily raising her hand behind her shoulder, she never took her eyes off Pitkis and his Spark. Her brother silently moved until he could place his hand in his sisters. Drawing both hands down, she dainty placed his hand on her shoulder. Naturally, she then slid her hand out and placed it atop, to keep their hands there.

The two of them was truly a sight to admire; dark, beautiful and deliciously dangerous; the large looming statue behind the languid seductress, unified and linked. Never one without the other; both powerful in their own ways but more so together.

The connotation was not lost on Peter; united and together, the siblings and Heirs of the Hale line stood together.

The sheer power radiating from those two made Stiles bristle. He had a deep seated reflex to buck and destroy power placements, both for fun and pride.

Peter felt the rush of indignant anger mixed with fear down the bond and the shift in his Sparks shoulders. Knowing how much could be blown up when humans felt threatened, as Pitkis went to, admittedly half heartedly, try and rein in his bonded in, Stiles opened his mouth.

“Now that you’re done discussing me like a piece of meat, what are you doing in my house?”

He stared right back as the female demons gaze bore into his. Peter smirked as he watched the powerplay; many a man had backed away from that ruby glare. Stiles didn’t.

Suddenly, a self satisfied grin cut her face. “I’m impressed, Spark.” She purred, leaning further into her stoic brother.

Stiles just kept a steady stare. “You still haven’t answered my question.” A slow rising tide of now fury was building in the Spark.

“And I might not answer at all,” the she-demon giggled, all sultry confidence. Prod the bear, as she always did.

Pitkis felt how that went down with his Spark. Short answer; not well.

The air seemed to shimmer at the edge of everyone's vision as Stiles’ anger ripped free. The demons all shifted as he spoke. “You invade my home, put my father at risk and then mock me.” Peters grin was positively feral as he stared at his niece and nephews dawning realisation that they were not in Hell anymore and in the presence of humans and their pesky emotions, especially a Spark with said human emotions. “Answer me, because I don’t know what I’d do if you don’t.”

The succubus seemed to finally look at the Spark with new appreciation.

Pitkis took this moment to speak up. “Lilith, Demoniel, you might not want to taunt an awakening Spark in his own home.”

Liliths breath hissed through her teeth as she glared sharply at her Uncle. “Awakening?! Have you gone mad?!” Only her brothers hand on her shoulder kept her seated.

A frisson of unease ran through the bond from the boy to the demon. That didn’t stop the anger from
building. In fact, it made it worse.

“Still here,” Stiles said lowly, the lights in the corner of everyone’s eyes seemed to grow lighter. The demons shifted again as the unstable bright light sparks danced closer to the dark-bound beings.

Lilith’s nails were now cutting into her brothers restraining hand, but a politician’s smile had crept and stayed on her face even when her brimstone eyes burned into Stiles unrelenting glare.

“Apologies, Sparkling.” Lilith said, eyes never leaving Stiles. The dark red almost black blood was paid no mind even as it dripped down her wrist. Her brothers expression never changed, even as his blood was spilled. “We didn’t realise how… fragile a situation we’d be coming into.”

“Barging into,” Stiles voice was cold even as his temperature was rising, heat starting to burn his hands.

“You have the subtlety of cerberus, niece,” Pitkis drolled, his hold tightening on the boy.

Lilith scoffed. “You and that damn dog.” But the tension finally released in her hand. The black-red blood started sizzling and evaporate in a horrible black smoke. Stiles was suitably worried about the acrid smell permeating the kitchen. Peter just waved his hand and the smoke vanished as he sent a condescending glare his nieces and nephews’ way.

“I thought you were house trained better than this,” Peter tutted. “We don’t smoke in other peoples’ houses.”

Lilith smirked again, used to her Uncles flippantness, but her nails starting digging into her brothers hand again, this time thankfully not breaking skin.

Stiles was done with this bullshit foreplay. “That's it!!” He shouted, as his hands slammed down on the table, the lights in the house starting to flicker on and off and the sparks at the edges of their vision started flashing. “Speak quickly and then get out.” Stiles voice was rumbling from deep in his chest. Pitkis’ hands slid down his Sparks tense back as Stiles stood slowly, bearing down on both the tables and the siblings.

Lilith and Demoriel were suddenly very focused on the enraged teenager. Lilith never took her red eyes off him as she spoke very quickly and calmly, “Uncle has been gone for almost 3 years in our domain and the Council were getting bold. We need his blood as proof of life so we can remain his proxy-rulers as stated in our blood oaths of the Reigning Satans.”

That… was not what Stiles was expecting. Very slowly processing as he went, he sat back down in his chair. Pitkis’ hands slid firmly back onto the teenagers shoulders, thumbs unconsciously trying to rub away some of the tension.

Again, his nephew did not miss this small detail. Peter just didn’t care enough to stop the unconscious movement.

Peter took that moment to say in a dry voice. “Let me guess, by ‘Council’, you mean ‘The Alpha’. Stupid nickname, can’t believe he tried to make that catch on.”

Lilith couldn’t help her little snigger at her Uncles dig. “You would be correct there, Uncle.”

“How is darling Dukey boy?” Peter drawled, more focused on the lights still sparking in the corners of their eyes and the thrumming through the bond.

“Demogorgon is as happy as ever,” Demoriel finally spoke, voice deep and gravely of someone who
doesn’t speak often.

Stiles felt the rush of vindictive pleasure form Peter, but was still too deep into processing what the fuck was going on to give it much thought. Hell had politics. Of course it did, where else would politicians learn from… Or go to at the end of their miserable life.

Lilith’s eyes slid back to the Spark again, seeing the sparks in their eyes corners dimming. “Sparkling, any more threats?” She asked, unable to not prod a grumbling bomb that was already on flaming and on the fritz.

Stiles looked up at the she-demon, still lounging in his house, in his kitchen as if she had the right to be there, tension barely visible in her body except her grip on her brother’s hand. Her brother as well, looked relaxed, but Stiles had been in enough self defence classes to see the slight shift in weights and the forced relaxation in the he-demons shoulders to be fooled.

His slow appraisal of the siblings didn’t help the tension, but Pitkis wasn’t worried. He felt through the bond that it was now mostly curiosity and a need to figure out how and why, rather than a need to protect his den. That didn’t completely stop the frustration coming from the boy, but it did cover it mostly.

“What is the council?” Stiles finally asked, once again leaning back into the security of his personal demon. The sparks dimmed completely, like the last flicker of a fire, dying out.

Lilith sultry look was back as she also settled back once again. “Well, it shouldn’t matter to a human, but seeing as you have some…” An unreadable glance at Pitkis’ hands still rubbing soothing circles on the teenagers shoulders. “... special circumstances, I’m sure we’d all be glad to enlighten a curious mind.” She finished with a purr, licking her lips in a way that would have a lesser man have a good reason to be thoroughly distracted.

Unfortunately for her, Stiles was a rottweiler with a bone when it came to things he didn't know and wanted to learn everything about that topic that was actually interesting at that time.

“Am I human or Spark?” Stiles groused, still thinking about the whole politics thing and if it was based off humans or humans based it off Hell.

“Or are we dancer?” Peter piped in, smug as ever.

Stiles shot Peter a dry look as soon as the pun sank in. Whilst funny, it really was not the time.

Lilith, the joke lost on her, plowed right on, still totally focused on the Spark. “The Council is what helps the reining Satan rule all 10 levels of hell—”

“Hold up,” Stiles said, raising his hand to stall the rest of the spiel. “What is the whole ‘reigning Satan’ shit is about? I thought there was only one Devil, with a capital D. You know, Satan. The fallen favourite of God, Lucifer the Lightbringer, with all his righteous glory and giant flaming sword?”

At the mention of God, all the demons gave a visible shudder. Pitkis was the one to reply.

“That was how it used to be before dear Luci got bored and buggered off a few thousand millennia ago.” Stiles went to interrupt with even more questions, but Peter continued over him. “He set the Ascensions in place and the Abbadons, the reigning Satans in his stead before he went off on his jaunt so Hell doesn't go to… well, hell.”

Buffering could be seen as Stiles tried to process this. “So… Lucifer… the lightbringer, fallen angel
doesn’t rule Hell. What are all the fucking scriptures and bibles and books about then?”

Lilith replied this time. “Well, they’re not wrong. Just horrifically out of date. Lord Lucifer hasn’t been seen for a good few hundred millennia. He pops back in to make sure we haven’t set the whole place on hell-fire, but he’s pretty hands off.”

“Right… so now, demons, soulless creatures of mayhem and torture, now run Hell as if it was a parliment?” Stiles said, processing out loud.

“What makes that any different to how your countries run? They’re just as soulless as us. In fact, more so. We have souls, they’re just not the same as what your parasitic race thinks it should be.” Lilith replied, flippantly.

Stiles rubbed his forehead, as if trying to force the information in and the building headache away, as if this wasn’t completely fucking bonkers and goes against everything he’d ever learnt of hell and demons.

“So, let me get this straight,” Stiles said slowly. “‘Lord’ Lucifer left, it is now run by a monarchy of a reigning family of demons and a council that runs all 10 levels of Hell, not the 9 like Dante and everybody fracking else speculated. And also, demons have souls.” His voice rising at the end.

Pitkis and Lilith both made a shrugged gesture, even as Peter kept rubbing soothing circles on his shoulders. “Of a sort,” Lilith replied. “We have something resembling souls, which are also manifestations of our powers and life force. Lucifers’ parting gift to upper level demons.”

“Oh, so now there are different levels of demons too,” Stiles muttered.

“Well yes,” Lilith purred, leaning forward in a way that showed off all her best assets. “How else would we be the only ones to Ascend?”

Stiles took a deep breath and his foot started tapping erratically. “Yes, of course. How could I forget the Ascension stuff. What the frack is that again?” His fingers started to twitch, unconsciously dancing on the tabletop.

Pitkis felt the confuzzlement of everything through their molted chain and dug his thumbs even further into his Sparks shoulder blades, grounding points in the sea of information. He knew his Spark well enough by now that they wouldn’t be leaving without all his questions answered and Stiles had gotten all the information, but it still didn’t make Pitkis at ease with the emotional backlash from the teenager trying to process all the new information that completely went against what he had been taught his entire life.

Lilith, either oblivious or uncaring that she was potentially overloading the Spark, blithely continued. “Every upper level demon is born or created as just a demon until a spot on the roster opens up and as we’re mostly immortal, only happens when they get bored, killed or disappear after Lord Lucifer.”

Stiles blinked. “Roster.”

“The Sacred names,” Lilith said. “I wasn’t born of this Name, but I have always been of this Name. I had a fraction of the power from this Name, but I only Ascended when the previous Lilith passed on. She was lucky, she had the choice to follow after Lord Lucifer. I inherited the Name and all that it came with. I am Lilith, 3rd of her line, Mother of Demons, the first Succubus to grace all lands, desired by all, currently Proxy Abbadon, Reigning Satan in conjunction with my brother.” She patted her brothers hand, which she went back to holding. “This is Demoriel, 4th of his line, Emperor of the Norths, Greater Duke and ruler of the lesser six hundred dukes and the Keeper of
secrets, currently Proxy Abbadon, Reigning Satan in conjunction with me.” Lilith turned her red gaze back to the bonded pair. “And the one holding onto you so tightly, is Abbadon Pitkis, reigning Satan of Hell, 3rd of his name, Master of Shadows and all things Dark and Nightly, currently bonded to an Awakening Spark barely into puberty, stuck on Earth until you meet your end and follow him down, as per your contract.”

A pause.

“...Right,” Stiles said, blinking and finally processing the influx of information like a sponge. “And you’re here because…”

“I need my darling Uncle’s blood as proof of life, of course.” Lilith smiled, brimstone eyes shining and fangs showing, white against red.

“...Right,” Stiles said again. “That… makes sense.”

Pitkis smirked behind him, hands still gentle as they gripped him tight.

“Right.” Stiles said.

Chapter End Notes

So again, thank you so much for being patient with me. My health has gotten... stable. Which I will take. My doctors have been amazing and as has my family. I hope to continue with this burst of inspiration and at least get to the chapters that I already have planned, but I hope you've enjoyed this and I hope it was worth the wait. Thank you again to everyone who left well wishes, it really did make a difference during the hard times and I loved every comment that you left. It made my day whenever someone left one and really helped rev that inspiration back into drive again. Just. Thank you again x
Breathe in

Chapter Summary

Big thanks to Chris Nightly for being my BETA for this chapter! Thank you!

Warning!!!
There's a panic attack, and lots of swearing. Mentions of attempted murder.

Chapter Notes

So I did a thing. And the thing is this. Enjoy!

Warning!!!
There's a panic attack, and lots of swearing. Mentions of attempted murder.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter 28: Breathe in

There was a puff of smoke and suddenly there was a very sharp, very threatening looking blade in Lilith's hand.

Stiles' eyes widened and his breath caught. "What the fuck is that?"

Lilith and Demoriel both looked down at the blade and then back up, unconcerned. "To get demon blood, you need something forged and created in the bowels of hell or something made of pure light." Lilith said, blithely. "I'm a demon. I don't do light. So hell-bound blade it is." As she said the blades name, she carelessly flipped it in her hand. The sharp black edges almost cut into her palm, but she didn't seem to notice, just held the handle held out to her Uncle. Neither of the demon siblings moved from their positions to pass it over, just waited. Pitkis sighed and lent over Stiles' shoulder to reach for the handle.

Nope.

Stiles jumped up, knocking Peter back, arms flailing as he tripped over the chair causing it to fall to the side. He kept pushing them both back, away from the table and the fucking knife to the other side of the kitchen.

Peter felt the surge of alarmed panic form his bonded and Stiles push him. It was endearing really. Stiles' eyes were locked on the blade and the two demons, positioned to block anything that could be thrown to the reigning Satan. Protecting him. How cute.

"Nope, no, not happening," Stiles yelled, voice raising. "What the fuck? What the actual fuck? You can’t just summon a fucking knife in my home!" He was still moving them both back until Peters
back hit the counter. Bemused, Peter let it happen and held onto the Spark to stop him from crashing into each other.

Lilith and Demoriel watched it happen, eyebrows rising in amusement.

“... It shouldn't harm his permanently,” Lilith said, a small chuckle breaking up some of her words, still holding the blade out. Even the corners of Demoriel's lips quirked up.

Stiles wide-eyed stare didn’t take his eyes off the blade, his breath hitching. Flashes of blood filled his vision. To him, it was a different knife.

“How about no harming at all?!” Stiles growled, suddenly very angry.

Peter was now less amused, but still stayed quiet; anything he could say now would not stop or help what Stiles was going through. What he was feeling, what he could be remembering. He could feel it in the relay and it wasn't pretty.

Demoriel sensed the change in the room immediately. He didn't shift visibly, but as soon as he heard the heat in the Sparks voice and saw the start of the flames flickering at the teenagers fingertips, the he-demon was suddenly giving off the aura of pure menace. More so than before, at least.

The growing flames weren’t hurting Pitikis, even as they flickered up the Sparks arm, to wrap around Peters hand where it had crepted on to hold the wrist. The lightfiresparks wasn't hurting the Reigning Satan, as if they weren’t even there.

At this show of Magic, Lilith finally clicked that if this was escalating very quickly in the wrong direction. And the only two variables that could be hurt by the Sparks protective rage were them.

With a flick of her wrist, the knife smoked out of this existence and she raised her hands slowly in a placating gesture. She spoke very low and very quickly, eyes locked on the glazed, glowing amber eyes of the unstable Spark. “Sparkling, the knife is gone. We won't hurt our Uncle. I’m... sorry we startled you, but please let's just talk this through again and we won't touch or move him without telling you.” She talked even when she knew it wasn't going through to the Spark.

Even Demoriel seemed to soften infinitesimally, slightly less threatening, eyebrows lowering with worry, brow creased. His hands were down at his side, unclenching.

Throughout this, Peters’ hand didn’t leave Stiles burning wrist and his other hand moved to rest on the Sparks shoulder, a small space left between their torsos, but still a solid presence. He hoped he could calm him down. Lucifer, he hoped he could.

Stiles couldn’t register the words the she-demon was saying, but saw the knife go away and felt Peters at his back and tried to force some of the fog clouding his thinking away. The panic inside him was ramping up and the room was moving in ways it shouldn't. Breathing felt like he was drowning underwater.

Peter kept a firm hand on his Bonded. He could feel a bit of unease over their bond, and it was making him more uncomfortable and more uneasy himself. The chain between them was singing with Pure Panic. Peter began to understand that Stiles wasn’t even here or if he was someplace else entirely. Sometime else entirely.

The fire was still burning harmlessly up Stiles arms and on Peters hand, almost reaching his shoulders now. But that didn't make it harmless to the demon siblings. And it wasn’t dimming in the slightest, but growing brighter and more sporadically flaring up.
Stiles breathing was erratic and his eyes darting back and forth through the demons and the empty spaces behind them as if he was suddenly expecting more threats to appear. Peter felt how heavy the boys breathing was becoming, as if he had run a mile flat out with a rabid bear chasing him. The chain was vibrating harshly as the panic his bonded was feeling just increased. Peter felt like he was going to start vibrating himself with the manic energy he was at the tail end of.

Pitkis didn't know what to do. He really didn't. He was so out of his depth. He would usually revel in the chaos around him, but this time he was feeling it too. He could feel it ramping up and up and he felt the genuine fear for what would happen if his Spark hit his limit and blew.

All his attention was hyper-focused on the hyperventilating teenager. He disregarded the Sparks fire, a cold whisper brushing his hands as he held on tighter as if that would help contain the manic panic rampaging between them. He only half-noticed his family when Demoriel moved very slowly to the side of his sister, hands flexing at his sides in preparation for something. Peter took his total attention off his Spark for a moment, first to minutely shake his head at his nephew. Bad idea, he tried to say with a headshake. The glowing Amber eyes of the flamed up teenager immediately locked onto the movement. Lucifer dammit. Too late.

Every demon held their breath when the Sparks breathing hitched again and his hands, and by proxy, the flames, starting twitched and raising up. Thankfully it wasn’t aimed at anyone, as he was shaking so much. But the presence of Spark Fire kept the tension high.

“Stiles,” Peter said, gripping him so hard it was going to bruise. Stiles didn't seem to notice. “Stiles, we’re safe, we’re okay. The knife is gone. They won’t hurt us.” No response, just more shaking.

Lilith hid her shock rather well at hearing her Uncle's voice so soft and emotive. The last time she’d heard that tone was aeons ago when their mother and father had just died.

“Stiles,” Peter continued, completely focused on his Spark. “Mieczysławie, listen to my voice. Feel my hands.” The subtle head tilt and twitch of his shoulders was the only answer Peter got. “We’re in the kitchen.” A hitch in breath. Bad, okay. “The knife is gone.” Hands flex. Better, but not great. “You’re scaring them, Mieczysławie.”

The last line was what finally seemed to snap something inside him and Stiles was back in the present kitchen. “Oh fuck,” came his shaky voice. He stumbled as if a huge weight suddenly slammed into him. When he looked down and saw the flames, a panicked whine crept out, a violent shudder ran over his body before he started shaking out the flames. Fingers flexed and he couldn't stop shaking.

When the flames were finally out, every demon let out a sigh of relief. Peter kept a hold on the man-child as he shook and Stiles just collapsed back into the demon. He pulled one of his hands back to desperately grip the hem of Peters t-shirt, a childish gesture that tore at something inside the demon. The weight barely moved Pitkis and, honestly, he was more worried about the teenager still hyperventilating and shaking against him.

“Stiles,” the demon breathed, moving his hand from the now extinguished wrist to Stiles stomach. He could feel the stuttering breaths. Stiles was pulling in oxygen unsteadily and way too fast. He was going to make himself dizzy.

Peter thought back to his conversations with some of the horrible pompous psychologist down in his realm. God, those people never stopped talking about their old patients and how they “saved” them with their techniques.

But finally, some of their mindless chatter that got lodged in his brain was useful. He started tapping
lightly on Stiles’ stomach. “Breath in, 2, 3, 4. Breath out, 2, 3, 4, 5.” Each syllable was a tap. “Breathe in, 2, 3, 4. And out, 2, 3, 4, 5. And again…”

Stiles could not tell you how much time has passed. He couldn't tell you how long Peter tapped and counted out his breaths for him.

Slowly, Stiles started breathing in time with Peter and his tapping, his vision still unfocused and dazed. He was going to puke if he kept his eyes open, so he didn't. He closed his eyes, forcing himself to focus on the hand on his shoulder, the tapping on his stomach, his neck where he could feel Peter's breath hit his skin and his back, which Peter had at some point pulled him tighter to the demon and closed the gap between them. He could feel Peter's ribs expanding with each breath and his voice vibrating as he kept counting and talking.

As more time passed, he was able to hear Peter clearer and clearer and feel each point of contact more vividly.

All of it finally made him focus on this moment. Right now. And what was there and actively happening. And what wasn’t there and happening.

His mother smiling in the kitchen, chopping up peppers for dinner. The knife glinting and catching her eye. The smile dropping as she kept staring at the knife for a moment too long.

Breathe in.

His mother bathing him, laughing at his bubble beard and soap Mohawk, playfully blowing bubbles at him as his child-perfect laughed echoed around the bathroom.

Breathe out.

Suddenly being pushed under the water, her nails making him bleed as he thrashed and panicked, breathing in water to try and scream.

Breathe in.

His mother wasn't drowning him.

Breathe out.

His mother wasn't making him bleed the evil in him, holding him down as he screamed.

Breathe in.

There wasn't any of his blood staining the kitchen floor.

Breathe out.

His mother wasn't alive to hurt him.

Breathe in.

His mother was dead. She was gone now.

Breathe out.

She has been sick and now she’s gone.
Breathe in.

She was gone and not here.

Breathe out.

Stiles finally opened his eyes. His knees were fucked and all he wanted to do was to crumble and curl up on the floor that he had once bled on and just try and keep breathing. Breathe and not think anymore. Both hurt, but breathing was important. He just wished he could stop fucking thinking.

Peters hand were the only things that he was keeping him upright, pinning him upright against his body. As if the reigning Satan would let such a silly thing as his whole body weight and jelly legs to stop his Bonded from standing.

Still just focusing on the tapping and the breathing, he finally looked up. There were unshed tears glistening on his eyelashes, but the dead gaze as he stared at the siblings was more unsettling.

Neither of the siblings moved.

They saw the amber still burning, banked, at the back of his eyes. A small breeze could ready to light it up. They did not want to be that whistle of wind to light it back up again.

Their quick glance at Pitkis and his glowing red eyes, just as emotionless as he held the Spark tight, didn’t comfort the siblings either.

“Get out,” said Stiles, exhaustion clear in his voice. His head shook as he spoke, like he didn’t believe they would listen, but was too tired to fight anyway.

Lilith opened her mouth to argue, but Demoriel silently placed his hand back on her shoulder. When she looked up at him, he didn’t turn his gaze away from the Spark, but he shook his head minutely to her in answer to her silent question.

Swallowing her words, Lilith turned back to the Bonded pair at the other end of the kitchen. Taking in the way they were interlocked together, both with dead eyes, one glowing bright red, one with embers ready to fire up again and blow up. The residual shaking didn’t deter from their menacing profile. And she did something out of character for her; she thought about someone else. She did something kind.

“We’re... going to leave now,” she said, her voice still pitched low and soft. “It will create ash and smoke.” She reached up to link her fingers brother. “And next time... we’ll knock.”

And with that, the demons stayed true to their word. There was just ash and smoke and no demon siblings.

Stiles body seemed to collapse into himself. He was so fucking tired and so fucking done right now. He had no energy to do anything. Peter gently lowered the both of them to the floor, placing Stiles in the vee between his legs, his back still held tight against his chest, a warm solid foundation to try and help with this roller-coaster running into a giant angry sea of emotions that was ravaging through the man-child.

And for the first time, in a very long time, Stiles completely broke down. Giant heaving sobs and broken screams as he curled into himself and just cried himself out. For the first time in a very long time, he let himself grieve.
Holy shit, two chapters so close together!
This probably wont be a common thing, but thank you for reading and sticking with my lil story!
Chapter 29: Yin and Yang

Chapter Summary

The aftermath.

Chapter Notes

Feeeeliiiiiiiiingggggggggssssssssssss

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 29: Yin and Yang

It felt like physical pain to listen to Stiles howls of tears. It was gut wrenching to turn the curled up boy into his chest and just hold him as he tried to breathe through the sobs. The hicups as he tried to breath through it pulled at Peter and the low keening whine almost made him cry too. He didn't give a shit about the snot and drool and tears covering his shirt as Stiles just let it all out, he only cared that the boy sounded broken and wouldn't stop shaking. The hands holding him back though, gripping his shirt and arm tightly, had a strength to be admired. Even through his trembling fingers, Stiles was holding onto the demon tightly. Peter paid no mind when every so often, on a particularly harsh sob, stiles hand was clenched, nails digging in and leaving behind marks. Sometimes even making him bleed. The cuts didn't matter. He could heal, he'd be fine. Right now, he didn't matter.

It took almost an hour for Stiles to finally quieten down to small hiccuping sniffles. His hands finally lost their strength and it took Pitkis a moment to realise that Stiles had fallen asleep, still crying.

Something ached in his chest, as he pulled back to see the blotchy, tear stained snot covered face of the young Spark. There were tears still leaking out every so often, even as he slept.

Lucifer, what was he going to do?

In the end, he was stuck under the boy until his sleepy sobs turned into gentle snores. Certain he wouldn't wake, Peter silently and carefully lifted the sleeping spark, cradling him under his legs and round his shoulders to his chest, trying not to jostle him as he carefully stood up. Keeping the boy close, as his pale hands found Peters shirt to hold again, Peter looked down as he cradled the boy. Decided against apparating and risking waking him, Peter walked silent as a shadow through the house, up the stairs and into the now familiar bedroom. With a blink, the bed was straightened up, covers pulled back, ready for Stiles to get some real rest. Another blink, and the cool touch of shadows, and Stiles was in sweatpants and an old police t-shirt.

As he leant down to settle the Spark on the mattress, when he went to pull away, the hands that had loosened their hold in slumber, suddenly gripped him tight again. Peter almost fell onto the boy, the hold on his neckline and shoulder, unrelenting. The boys pathetic mewls of displeasure as he tugged the demon closer made that weird feeling in Peters chest hurt again.
Giving up on leaving or doing some vengeance to blow off some steam, Pitkis gently lowered himself to the bed as well. As the Spark shifted to settle against him, hands now curled closer to him, yet still holding the hem of his t-shirt, Pitkis resigned himself to playing pillow for the next however many hours.

He chose not to think about his chest would have ached if he had left…

"_._.__

Peter had been rummaging through his laptop, summoned from his school bag when something caught his attention. He'd gotten better at navigating the thing, but still found it boggling at times.

Pitkis had heard as soon as the cruiser had rocked up in the neighborhood. Over the last few weeks, he’d become familiar with the cars distinct engine and the HeatAshMagik lingering in his protective tattoo.

He tracked Sheriff Stilinski as he trudged through the house. Hearing his feet scuff the stairs as he ascended them and walked down the hall to check on his son. If Stiles wasn't there to greet him, he was either asleep, entrenched in some obscure research and forgotten to eat and pee or he wasn't well. Noah just needed to know which one it was.

Seeing the worried crease lines on the older Stilinski's face as he looked in on them. It was clear that Stiles panicked grip had only loosened recently as he fell deeper into REM sleep. He was still curled into a tight ball, nestled into Peter's side, hands still resting where it had once been clenched tight on Peter shirt. It was wrinkled horribly, but that didn't matter.

The demon had done his best with the shadows to clean up Stiles’ face, but the blotchiness and rawness that came with a long cry was still noticeable on the pale boys face.

Noah stayed at the door, leaning against the door jam. Very quietly, he asked, “Is he okay?”

Pitkis considered. Was Stiles okay? No. He was like a baby hellhound, clinging to its mother right now. He’d had a cataclysmic breakdown that had taken hours of crying hysterically until he’d not calmed down, until he had physically exhausted himself to sleep.

“He could be better,” Peter finally replied, eyes steady on the father. He needed to know. “Why is Stiles afraid of the kitchen? Specifically, to do with knives in the kitchen.”

Noah winced, seeming to hunch into himself. He couldn’t meet Peter gaze.

“Ah,” Noah said, rubbing his face as if he could away the knowledge, the memory. “My wife… his mother… she wasn’t very well near the end.” It looked like the words were razor blades chewing up his mouth as they were forced out. “I wasn't home enough at the beginning of it. I didn't notice—” his voice suddenly choked up. Silently, he walked over to Stiles desk and crumpled down into the chair. His elbows rested on his knees as he held his face in his hands. Peter watched as he tried to compose himself.

Now looking up, Noah continued talking. “She wasn't stable. She was beautifully smart, god damn, she was like a sponge. Just like Stiles, Couldn't keep her away from something she wanted to learn.” His voice was still filled with grief as if she had died just yesterday. Part proud, wholly hurting. “She was a theologian. A Doctor and professor in her field. Her and Alice, her research partner, they always got emails asking for help, even when Claudia had stepped back to be a mother.” Noah's face pinched. “Even when she was dying. She was still the best in her field.”
He took a breath to steady himself, gathering himself to continue talking. Pitkis watched, still feeling the heat of the Spark against him.

“When she got sick, I didn't notice. I didn't notice as quickly as I should have. I knew she was having headaches and sometimes… sometimes her temper would go off, but we thought she was fine. She was fine. Until… until she wasn't.” Pitkis could almost taste the guilt. “She… she had something go wrong in her brain and sh-she started hurting him. She got confused, crossed some wires from her theological research and thought Stiles was something evil, something wrong… and she started hurting him.” If Noah had looked up, he would have seen the flash of fangs and the burning of brimstone eyes. But he didn’t. He kept looking down and kept talking. “I didn't notice. I wasn't home. I should have been home-” Words failing, Noah let out a huge breath, still holding his head as if he didn't have the strength to say these words and also sit up. “Alice was the one who finally noticed. She was the one to stop it. She came round one day to double check some research for her own Doctorate and Claudia… Claudia, she… she had Stiles- she had Stiles pinned to the floor in the kitchen. She didn't even notice anything was wrong until she was able to see them. Stiles didn't cry out. He was just quietly crying, whispering for his mum to stop. Just stop. But she didn’t. Even after Alice had pulled Claudia off him, he just lay there, in his own blood.” The look on Noah's face was one Pitkis had seen on many humans before. The gates of Hell are open, the punished are always free to leave. Yet no one ever does. They all look exactly like Noah right then.

“When dispatch finally got a hold of me, I sped the whole way home. She… she didn't remember what she was doing, she didn't remember why. But when the EMT looked over Stiles, he… he had so many recent wounds.” Noah cried quietly, silent tears running down his face. “The amount of blood on the kitchen floor… my baby boy…” He still didn't look at Peters impassive face. “Turns out she had prefrontal dementia. Permanent. Irreversible. A horrible slow way to go… Alice moved in, she helped us out. She was always a good girl, she was. I would be dead without her,” Noah laughed, humor vacant in his chuckle. “Pretty sure she would have knocked me out with the whisky bottle if I didn't climb out of it quicker. And then, when Claudia finally… well… We owe Alice alot.”

Peter said nothing. There was no sin in drinking, only in the absence of time spent drunk. He wondered how much time had been lost. “Alice stayed for… a few years. Made sure Stiles was never alone with Claudia, but sometimes… sometimes she was researching something, sometimes I was at work and Stiles…. God, my baby boy-” Again, words failed him as his throat seemed to close up. He took another steadying breath, hands moving to grip his hair tightly before smoothing them back down his face. Letting them fall limp in his lap, he stared at his fingers as he started talking again. “The stuff Claudia would say when she… god, it was horrible, hearing her scream those things, hearing her believe such things.” The far off look on the older mans face was haunted. He blinked it off after a moment, coughed and continued “Stiles, wouldn't go in the kitchen for 2 years. Took 3 before he could be around knives again.”

At that last statement, Noah finally looked up and at his son. His son, still dead asleep, curled into Peter, holding him as they watched him breathe. He was unnaturally still. Except for the movement of his chest, he could have been dead.

Peter and Noah said nothing for a few moments, just watched the gentle flow of air and movements from the Spark.

Then Peter held out an olive branch to the Sheriff; a man who took him in, very few questions asked, and gave him a place to stay, just on the word of his son. It wouldn’t absolve him, he wasn't an angel, but it was all the crowned Satan of Hell could give.

“What’s done is done. Stiles loves you, trusts you. Live with the knowledge and know that now you
are here for him. Live with your burden of the past, it's worth it to continue living on with Stiles.” Pitkis looked down at the sleeping face once again. “Besides, that’s all he cares about; you being here now.”

Noah stared at the young teenager in his sons bed. His words and inflection, that something in his eyes.. It felt like something both extremely heavy had just weighed him down and something truly uplifting had been taken off him.

Noah said nothing, looked into the demons eyes and after a moment, nodded slightly at him.

Peter could still taste the guilt, but he’d given all he could and would to the man.

Jittery energy now filled the Sheriff, filling his limbs with a need to move. Slapping his hands down onto his knees, quietly, mindful of his boy, he pushed up with an even quieter groan. In a gruff voice, he said to them, “See you in the morning.” Just as he passed the door frame, he paused. Without turning around, he said “I'll call in for both of you. Sometimes… sometimes he needs a day. Like before.” And with that he kept walking down to his own bedroom, chest heavy, but with steps that are slightly lighter than before.

Noah didn't see the brimstone red eyes following him out. He didn't see the how the shadows curled along the walls. He also didn't see how long Peters gaze burned into the wall long after he was gone.

His laptop forgotten, the demon was lost in thought, carefully holding the broken Spark in his arms.

Noah was right; Stiles was not okay to go to school the next day. It was late morning when Stiles finally woke, stiff and aching, still curled into Peter. Neither of them had moved all that much during the night. Peter had nestled down a bit, rested his eyes for a few hours, arms still supporting his Spark, but he had spent most of the night either deep in thought or using his laptop one handed.

Stiles face felt raw. Like a sandpaper had been rubbed on the inside of his skin. A puffiness that only a long cry brought out. A familiar feeling he hadn't wanted to experience again. His eyes were, ironically, dry and scratchy like sand had covered them in the night. Even his throat hurt and he was just breathing.

He didn't remember much except the knife and the two demons leaving. He didn't know how he had gotten to bed. He didn't know how he got into pajamas either. He assumed it was Peters doing. The same Peter whos' solid arm was a solid weight pressing down his shoulders, a steady cool weight. The same Peter who was still in his snot, drool and tear covered shirt and jeans from yesterday. The only thing that changed was that he wasn't wearing his shoes, his ankles crossed comfortably at the end of the bed. Stiles eyes picked out the details of his stupid matching socks with pitchforks on them. It hurt to let out the little snigger that the sight of those socks trigger.

Peter was a pretty decent pillow for Stiles head. He’d woken to the steady, slow, heartbeat and soothing sound of breathing under his ears.

Slowly, head feeling stuffed with cotton balls, Stiles sat up. He slowly stretched out his stiff and aching limbs, a quiet groan leaking out as his shoulder popped.

Peter stayed laying against the headboard and pillows, red eyes following the Sparks every move.

Stiles sat there for a moment, taking in the sunshine coming into his room. It hit the bed, just where his legs were now stretched out. But his skin didn't touch the warmth just yet.
Slowly, breathing, Stiles watched as the sun rose and moved closer and closer.

His skin warmed under the sun's glare, a soothing feeling, something kind.

Until wasn't kind.

It hurt.

Suddenly, he couldn't take the heat anymore, dragged his legs into his chest, knees tucked under his chin, staring at the spot of sun that had felt like it was burning his skin off.

He didn't notice his shoulders shaking until the cool weight of Peters arms was wrapped around them again, anchoring him against the demon once more.

Neither of them said anything.

Neither of them moved.

They were silent and unmoving as they watched the slow path of the sun across the bed covers, creeping ever closer.

Just as the sun would have hit Stiles curled up toes once again, the boy shifted.

Slowly, achingly slow, he slipped from the bed and demon to stand, steady but so not stable, small shuffling steps making their way out of the room to the bathroom.

Pitkis watched. He didn't move a muscle as he watched the boy shuffle out the room. As soon as the boy was out of sight, shadows ripped free, fangs were bared and fire burned out of his eyes. The tight control Peter usually prided himself on was nowhere to be seen. He couldn't stay laying down, his muscles we tensed and just wanted to jump up and do something. There was a swarm in the shadows, tail lashing and teeth gnashing as his talons ripped the sheets and mattress as they clenched to keep him sat. His tail left a harsh scratched as it lashed from side to side against the wooden headboard.

A menacing growl was lodged, purring in his throat, like a rumbling panther hidden right above you in the treetops.

As he tried to take some steadying breathes, their chain was just... it kept knocking the air out of him. The ringing was ridiculously loud today.

The boy was so... Lucifer dammit, he didn't know how to deal with this! He was the fucking Reing Satan and he just didn't do this feeling shit! He did vengeance, he enjoyed reveled in their pain, and this boy's pain was burning him from the inside.

The shadows were starting to manifest and scratch at the walls, leaving gashes. His tail had left so many deep gashes in the wood, it was starting to look like a pattern. The mattress foam was starting to escape. The air was getting singed from the fire burning out his eyes.

His sensitive hearing was locked onto the Stiles; he needed to know what he was doing and where he was. If he was safe. The boy was very slowly brushing his teeth, just trying to keep his breathing steady as the harsh scrape of the bristles felt like razors to his hyper-sensitive everything.

As the boy went about his other morning business, Peter turned his attention back inwards, breathing deep like his sister used to teach him when he was a young demon with control issues. Just as he was helping the Spark last night, he counted. He counted and breathed and counted and breathed and just
tried to come back to being his human form and not the demon trying to burst out from beneath.

By the time Stiles was shuffling back into the bedroom, Pitkis talons had shifted back into nails, albeit a deep black shade, and his tail had stopped slashing at the wooden headboard, and had lost its sharp edges, but was still swaying like an annoyed cat. He wasn't sure about his eyes, but the heat had faded and stopped smoking the air around them.

When the boy looked up from the floor to see the shifting, wavey form of the angry devil in his bed, his expression didn't really change from the cold disinterest that had coloured the boys face since he had woken. He didn't mind the scratches on the walls, the gouges out of his headboard, the sheets ripped under talons. He didn't seem taken aback, he didn't seem threatened. He blinked twice in the doorway, then continued his slow shuffle towards the bed and the dark tail, brimstone eyes, and talons flashing in and out of this plane, sharp, blacker than night and terrifying. He saw them, and still moved closer, crawled sluggishly back onto the bed, and behind the demon, to flop on the back of the demon. He just wanted the comfort that had helped him sleep through the night. Stiles just wanted the cool soothing feel of Peter gave him when they touched. He just wanted to hold onto his stable point right now.

Pitkis breathed, felt the weight of the Spark on his back, felt the boys heartbeat against his spine and breaths on his neck. Felt his tail stopped lashing about and curl around the boys waist, securing him to his person-body, felt his talon unclench from the mattress and curl around the boys knees, that had curled up against his rib cage, felt his eyes stop firing all heat, still blood red, but cold and softened with the touch of his Chained. Felt his fangs settled against the inside of his lip, sharp and ready to tear, but the tongue behind it could find so malice to speak.

Peters demonic features didn't leave, but they were now twisted around the Light that was curled around him.

And so they stayed, a Demon and a Spark, the boy curled around the immortal, tied at the neck, waist, knees with hands, arms and tails. The yin and yang, dark and light, Spark and Demon, taking comfort in each others’ heat and cold, curled up on the sleep mused bed, in the noon sun.

Chapter End Notes

As always, I want to thank everyone whos reading this. Thank you, thank you and thank you some more <3

End Notes

My twitter is this @RubyRedCase. Feel free to annoy me.

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