Blue Moon

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Summary

After accidentally biting Derek on a blue moon, Stiles starts to show some unexpected symptoms himself...

Notes

A work I've had sitting in my folder for at least a couple of years. I figured that I was never going to go anywhere with it so I might as well just post it now, as it is...

Stiles had been sitting at his computer when he heard the tell-tale sound of his window sliding open. Jeez didn’t werewolves know how to use a door? He was gonna have to have a serious conversation about pack privacy issues and knocking if they kept this up.

“You know I am seriously going to have to start…” he was cut off as he was unceremoniously hoisted out of his seat and shoved against his bedroom wall.

After checking to make sure all of his limbs were still there, Stiles opened his eyes to find himself face to face with none other than Derek Hale. Of course it was Derek. No other members of either pack seemed to have such a fascination with physically assaulting Stiles at every given opportunity.

A firm hand came across his mouth to keep him quiet as the sound of movement came from the landing. His father’s footsteps paused outside his room for a moment for they faded down the stairs.

Stiles let out a breath he didn’t know he’d been holding. If his dad found Derek in his bedroom, there would have been questions, uncomfortable questions, ones that he wasn’t really sure he wanted to answer.

Realising that Derek’s hand was still very much across his face Stiles grunted and without thinking
about it bit down, hard. The hand was quickly retracted but the other one came up to swipe Stiles across the side of the head.

“Dude, ow!” he complained rubbing his head grimly, “What the hell was that for?”

The werewolf looked at him like he was stupid, which was the default expression Derek seemed to wear around him, like all the time. “Why did you bite me?”

Stile gaped, flailing his arms in random circles, “You had me pushed up against a wall! And another thing, what is it with you and all the physical violence? In fact… you know what? Learn to look after your humans! We don’t all have super-fast healing you know. I have actually lost count of all the bruises I’ve had in the last month alone, and ‘lacrosse’ is an excuse that can be used only so many times before it starts to hurt a man’s ego. My dad thinks I suck at sports thanks to you.”

“You do suck at sports.”

“Yeah but he doesn’t need to know that!” Stiles protested whist flopping back into his chair with another exaggerated flap of the arms. Ok yes, his dad probably did know he was a terrible lacrosse player, but he didn’t need proof of how badly his son failed.

Derek rolled his eyes. The guy could probably challenge Scott for ‘master of the eye roll’ if he wanted to. “I need you to research something.”

This time is was Stiles’s turn to roll his eyes.

“Of course you do. Is that all you guys ever want? Because if that’s the only reason you keep me around than you guys suck!” he called as Derek placed a picture on his desk and stalked over to the open window.

The picture turned out to be some kind of plant. “Hey, what do you want me to find out about this…?” Stiles mumbled, turning to face him only to find his room already empty, “well, that’s just great!”

…

The next day Stiles rolled up to school at the same time as Scott. It was a breezy day, the weather forecaster had said something about a storm, but Stiles paid it no attention. He had other priorities-like informing his best friend exactly how much his werewolf pals sucked.

He came over as his Scott dismounted his death-trap (he was surprised Scott hadn’t killed himself yet on that bike, although he was also pretty damn sure werewolf senses were probably the only reason behind it). They were some of the last ones to arrive so he needn’t need to worry about being overhead for the time being… not that that usually mattered anyway. He was amazed that the whole school hadn’t found out yet. It wasn’t like they used their indoor voices a lot when discussing things like the kanima or whatever else that seemed to pop up.

“Dude, I think my life is actually hell and Derek is my eternal punishment.” Stiles began ranting to a very confused and slightly worried looking Scott who was still trying to get his helmet off, “Do you know what he did last night? He turned up at god knows what time, with a picture of some mysterious wolfs bane, without even telling me what it was and still expected me to do my thing.” he flailed his arms around in front of his friends face, “I was up all night researching and I’m not even sure if what I’ve dug up is even the right plant. Not that I want you to, but you are seriously going to have to give him the ‘Stiles is a clever human but he needs actual verbal communication’ talk because he seems to not want to listen to me, like at all.”

He’d been so busy raving on about Derek and his impossible homework that Stiles didn’t notice when Scott’s eyes went wide.

“Dude,” his best friend yelped, almost tumbling off his bike, nostrils flaring.

He nodded obliviously, “I know, I mean how am I supposed to help if the guy’s not even going to give me anything useful to start with? Sometimes I swear I’m talking to… Scott, you alright there buddy?”

Scott was openly gawking. He reached out and grabbed Stiles's wrist to bring it to his face, sniffing the skin just below his sleeve.

“Dude!” Stiles yelped, jumping back and crashing into whoever happened to be walking behind him
at the time… of course that had to be the twins.
Ethan (or was it Aiden? He could never tell) growled low, pushing him away roughly. Stiles tumbled forwards into Scott. He turned as soon as he got his balance, glaring at Ethan/Aiden with as much annoyance as he could muster, which wasn’t much.
To his surprise the alpha actually stopped dead, eyes every bit as wide as Scott’s has been just as second ago. Then he smiled evilly (Stiles had a very perceptive eye for evil), shared a glance with his twin and raised his hands in mock surrender.
“Never knew you had it in you Stilinski.” He smirked and then wandered inside, looking back over his shoulder with another, just as evil, smirk.

Turning back to Scott, totally confused, Stiles frowned. “The hell was that about?”

“Stiles!” Scott gasped dragging him away from the school and across the parking lot. He could feel the stares of the twins on their backs as they wound through the parked cars.
Something needed to be done about those two.

“Scott what the hell?” he struggled out of his friend’s grasp just as they reached his jeep, “The hell is going on with you man? And what’s with the twins? What were they talking about?”

Without answering Scott kind of gaped for a second before grabbing the mirror on the jeep and twisting it sharply in his direction.
What Stiles saw made the wind rush out of him.

Two glowing gold eyes stared back at him.

And just then the bell decided to go off. Stiles almost doubled over as he shielded his ears from the sudden screeching.
When had everything gotten so loud? He took a deep breath to steady himself and was bombarded with the scent of exhaust fumes and the bark of the tree they were currently standing by. He could smell everything; the fresh paint on the welcome sign, the coffee someone had spilt as they made their way to class… and why was his heart beat so loud all of a sudden? Unless that was Scott’s heartbeat, in which case he could totally see why you shouldn’t even try to lie to anything supernatural.
And then it all came down on him like a ton of bricks.

He was a werewolf.

He’d been too obsessed with Derek’s absurd and rather impossible request that he hadn’t noticed the things that were changing. Usually Stiles could think a mile a minute but the lack of sleep, and also decent caffeine for that matter, had left his mind struggling to catch up.
He hadn’t noticed that he was becoming a frickin werewolf! Or whatever the hell he was… what did a hyperactive teenage boy with serious insomnia and a slight coffee addiction turn into anyway?
His head hurt.
Scott grabbed his shoulders. “Stiles, you need to calm down. Get a grip!”

“That’s easy for you to say!” he snapped pulling away a little too sharply and leaving a sizable dent in his baby. And that was when he realised that he was in fact a lot stronger than he’d previously though.

“Come on,” Scott muttered taking his keys off of him with a slight struggle and wrenching open the passenger’s side door, “I’m taking you to Deaton. He’ll be able to help.”

The drive over to the animal clinic was a tedious one. He was pretty sure his jeep had never seemed so loud in his life and she seemed to be moving almost agonisingly slow- no wonder Derek had a Camaro and Scott had that stupid bike. Fast vehicles were probably a must have, when you yourself could move at a similar speed.
Oh god. He could probably run like that now.
Stiles was just starting to panic again when they pulled into the parking lot and Scott gave him a
nervous glance. “It was Derek that bit you wasn’t it?”
Stile’s head snapped round almost comically fast. “Dude no one bit me! That’s why I’m so frickin
confused right now because I have no idea how this could have happened.”
There was a startled look of confusion before Scott managed to open his door and climb out.
“Deaton will know what to do…”
“I seriously hope so, Scotty. Because a lacrosse ball to the balls is not something I’m looking forward
to…”

Inside the clinic it smelt of animals (no duh) and chemicals that burned Stile’s nose. He scrunched his
face up into a grimace as he crossed over the threshold and into what seemed to be an abandoned
waiting room- although he could hear Deaton speaking quietly to a pet owner about her cat’s feeding
habits so he knew they weren’t alone.
They waited patiently until the lady and her cat, whose name was apparently Mr Twiddles, breezed
past them.
The vet came out a second later, seeming surprised to see them there. “I believe today is a school
day. I was not expecting to see you until this evening Scott.”
“Stiles needs your help.” His friend said gesturing in his general direction.
Deaton cast his eyes over him and Stiles couldn’t help feeling a little self-conscious. Deaton was
always like that. The guy was practically a mystery, wrapped up in another mystery, wrapped up in a
conspiracy.
Without saying another word the barrier was opened and they made their way into the back room
which really should have had a sign by now that read ‘werewolf treatment zone’. Scott had been
joking about getting him one for Christmas but the idea had never lead to anything real.
It was a shame. The dull white room could use something to cheer it up a bit.
“So what can I do for you Mr Stilinski?”
Stiles fumbled for a moment, not really sure how to proceed. “I, uh… have a problem.”
“Would you care to elaborate further?” Deaton said with a raise of those stoic eyebrows. Seriously
did this guy ever show any real emotion?
He rubbed the back of his neck, “Yeah well the thing is…”
“Stiles is a werewolf.” Scott cut in simply.
“Stiles needs your help.” His friend said gesturing in his general direction.
Another eyebrow raise. “And you came to me why? I’m sure Derek would be more than suitable to
give advice on a freshly bitten beta. I’m assuming he was the one that bit you Stiles, am I correct?
Not one of the alpha pack?”
“That’s the thing, I wasn’t bitten.” Stiles explained, putting emphasis on the ‘wasn’t’ and the ‘bitten’
parts.

Ok, that seemed to spark Deaton’s attention.

Stiles was made to recount the entire previous day along with a detailed description of his encounter
with Derek the night before.
“You bit Derek Hale? Hard enough to draw blood?” Deaton asked rather sceptically as if he did
think Stiles was capable, which was rather insulting, “Why would you do that?”
Ok, he was not going to stand there and have his morals questioned. “The guy had me pinned
against a wall with his hand over my mouth! I had every right to bite. And yes there may have been a
little blood.” He paused to let that sink in, “Oh, god. Do you think that’s what did it?”
The vet nodded. “It is possible to turn someone through blood. It’s rarer in were-creatures but it can
happen on a blue moon, like it was last night.”
“Wait,” Scott said, the cogs clearly turning in his head, “is it just blood and saliva or can…”
“Yes any bodily fluid may cause a transformation under the right circumstances. And yes that
includes seamen.” Deaton announced with a pointed look at his assistant, “So make sure you always
use protection.”
Scott probably couldn’t have looked more mortified than he did in that moment.
After a moment to let Scott deal with this new information, Stiles decided it was time to deal with the matter at hand.

“So… I’m apparently a werewolf now? Well hopefully, I don’t think I could manage any freaky stuff, especially after Jackson.” A shiver went down his spine at the memory.

“You are a werewolf Stiles. There is no question about that. Although… I’ve never met one that wasn’t bitten or born, so this should be interesting transition to observe.” The vet hummed to himself. Then almost as an afterthought he raised a finger, “I would suggest taking a few days from school while you get used to the change. From what I’ve heard, blood-turned wolves turn slightly differently than those who are bitten, so you should try and stay away from humans until I can accumulate enough information. Also maybe try to contact Derek? You’re his beta now, Stiles.”

Stiles began to panic, again. Jeez being a werewolf really wasn’t good for his anxiety. He tried to take in a deep breath but it didn’t do anything. What was his dad going to think? The sheriff had no clue what was going on in Beacon Hills and Stiles really didn’t think he could cope if his dad reacted in the same way as Mellissa. Shuddering he felt a sharp pain in the base of his skull and suddenly the room had taken on a gold hue- the same one he’d failed to pick up on in the parking lot.

He shook his head, trying to concentrate on keeping his breathing steady but failing completely. His body shook almost violently as another wave of panic took him over. At the edge of his consciousness he vaguely heard Scott’s startled stumble backwards into a table.

“He’s shifting! He shouldn’t be able to do that until the next full moon…”

Deaton took a moment to answer and Stiles was pretty sure the vet was giving Scott a look of disappointment, “Last night was a full moon, in case you’d forgotten. Stiles was simply too preoccupied to take notice of his transformation, although I’m not exactly sure how that happened. The change is usually inevitable and quite painful for werewolves on their first full moon, as you can probably remember.”

Listening to the two of them was starting to calm Stiles ever so slightly, he focused on the vet’s steady heartbeat and let himself block out everything else. Slowly he opened his eyes to find Scott’s dark brown ones staring back from across the room.

“How is he doing that? It took me weeks to get that kind of control.” His best friend whined.

Stiles watched Deaton bring a hand up to rub his chin, “The reason newly turned werewolves have trouble controlling the change is that it’s too much to take in in such a short period of time. Their minds can’t keep up the flow of information and therefore they either panic or get frustrated and lose control. Mr Stilinski here has always had the ability to process thoughts and ideas quickly and I believe that this could be a possible reason for his abnormal control.”

“Well at least my ADHD is good for something.” Stiles snorted from the examination table he’d found himself sat on, “that’s always a plus I guess.”

From across the room Scott shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, “We should probably go back to yours and grab a bag. Even if you’re mostly in control I don’t think you should be around your dad for a couple of days, you could flash your eyes or something…”

Even though it pained him to admit it, his friend had a point. Stiles didn’t even what to think about what would happen if his claws came out at the wrong time and his dad got hurt somehow. “Yeah, okay,” He turned to the vet, “and thanks, for you know, helping I guess?”

Deaton nodded, “Anytime, Stiles. I’m fascinated as to how your change will progress.”

They pulled into Stiles’s driveway to find his dad’s cruiser gone. Of course it was gone. The sheriff was at work and probably thought that Stiles was still at school.

Once inside they headed straight for the stairs. Just before they got there Stiles turned to Scott with a questioning look on his face, “Did Deaton seem off too you? I’m fairly certain that that was more than I’ve ever heard him speak, like, ever.”

His friend shrugged, looking slightly jealous if you ask Stiles. “He likes you. It’s freaky dude.”

“Hmm… Are you sure there’s no way out of this whole werewolf thing?”

“No… unless you’re planning on…” Scott’s eyes went wide, “dude, you’re not going to kill Derek!”
Stiles almost fell face first up the stairs, “What?! No of course not! I actually value my life you know. And I think going after Derek would be a very, very bad idea, like, of gigantic proportions.”

“Good.”

They both froze at the sight of Derek Hale leaning in Stiles’s bedroom doorway, watching them, or more specifically Stiles, intensely. The alpha seemed more confused than angry though, so Stiles figured he just might survive this encounter.

“Oh hey Derek,” he waved as cheerfully as he could manage, “what brings you here?”

Derek looked between them seriously. “I came to pick up the research you did.” He gestured to the stack of paper he had in his hand, and then gestured back to Stiles. No doubt he’d already caught Stiles’s new scent. Stiles could very much smell Derek. “Do I wanna know how this happened?”

Scott froze, the look of horror on his face made Stiles think his best friend was about to have a coronary.

He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly, “Yeah you remember last night, and how I kinda got a bit toothy? Well apparently I have the worst timing. Deaton said something about a blue moon? Any of that ring a bell?”

For a moment Derek’s expression was as blank as usual but then he frowned and turned to go back into stile’s room. The two teens followed nervously behind him.

Once the three of them were all in a rough triangle inside his room, Stiles collapsed into his desk chair. “Look Derek I’m sorry ok? If I’d know this would happen there would have been no biting. Of any kind- not even the kinky stuff. I mean having superpowers is great and all but that’s just not who am you know?” Stiles took a deep breath and instantly regretted it. He really needed to do his laundry. Why had Scott not bugged him about it before? It smelled like a… well he didn’t rally wanna know what it smelled like. “So, what happens now?”

Derek sighed. He looked like he was having some serious second thoughts about surrounding himself with teenagers. “It means that you’re part of my pack, or at least until you find another one.”

Scott perked up suddenly, “Dude! You can be in my pack.”

“I don’t have time for this.” Derek turned back to Stiles as he approached the window, papers in hand, “are you coming?”

Stiles paled slightly, “Where?”

“You were just turned last night, I wouldn’t suggest being alone with your father.”

Luckily for Stiles, Scott seemed to be feeling brave he stepped in front of Derek and crossed his arms defiantly. “Stiles is staying with me until we figure this out.”

“Fine.” The alpha shrugged, jumping lithely through the window and down onto the lawn. As he neared the edge of the grass they heard him mutter ‘your funeral’ under his breath.

Once Derek was out of earshot Stiles sighed deeply, letting it all out in one giant puff of hot air. “Well… that was sufficiently terrifying.”

... Pulling into Scott’s drive they were greeted by the sight of Scott’s mum’s car. Apparently her shift had been moved back a few hours so she was still very much home and Stiles wasn’t sure how to react to that. They were going to have to tell her the truth. That was for sure. Melissa knew about werewolves, after have one as a son for so long she would probably spot that something was up with him as soon as she saw him.

As they neared the door Stiles breathed in the scents around him with interest. The things he smelt hadn’t changed much; they’d just been amplified by a thousand, for example he could now pick out even the smallest undertones of Scott’s warm sandalwood and honey scent. Now that he was here his mouth watered at the aroma of homemade lasagna that hung heavy around them as Scott opened the front door and they stepped inside.
Stiles heard Melissa’s heartbeat jump as they entered, she obviously wasn’t expected them. Crap… they were supposed to be at school.
She’d understand though. Probably.
There was someone else there too though. He could hear them rustling around upstairs. Stiles shot a worried look at Scott, but his best friend didn’t look concerned. He simply put a hand on Stile’s shoulder and steered him towards the kitchen where Melissa was just pulling dinner out of the oven. She turned when she heard them approach, eyeing them suspiciously.
“Do I wanna know why you two are out of school? Isaac said you two left before the bell even rang. I’m guessing you have a good reason for that?”
Wait… Isaac…

And that was when Isaac chose to come strutting round the corner, stopping as soon as he caught Stile’s scent, eyes flashing gold in surprise.
“Ok… that was unexpected.” The beta muttered edging round him to stand near Scott.
Melissa looked lost. “What was unexpected?”
“Stiles kinda got turned last night,” Scott explained slowly while watching his mother’s expression carefully, “we’re not at school because Stiles almost attacked one of the twins in the parking lot. We went to Deaton and he said that going back wasn’t a very good idea.”
Isaac seemed to brighten up a bit, “You attacked one of the twins? Nice.”
“Dude!” Stiles yelped, giving a classic Stilinski flail, “I didn’t attack anybody, Scott only thought I was going to. Why does everybody keep thinking that I’m going to attack someone?”
“Maybe because you’re a werewolf?” Isaac deadpanned.
“Boys!” Melissa barked and the three boys turned to look at her. “Ok, now Stiles why don’t you start at the beginning and explain, starting with how the hell this happened? Because I’m sure I’m not the only one who’d like to know.”
Stiles looked between Melissa and Isaac, just now realising how many times he was going to have to repeat himself.
It was going to be a long few days.
After Stiles and Scott had somehow managed to convey everything they knew in a semi calm and reasonably understandable manner, they all sat down for lunch.
Melissa made sure to feed Stiles the same as the other two now that he had the appetite to match and he was grateful for it. He hadn’t realised just how much his body had changed over the course of the day and now he was starving. I’m never going to get away with not having any meat in the house again, Stiles thought to himself sadly. His father’s diet was going to be ruined. There was no way his dad was going to be able to resist anything he brought home to chow on. Maybe he’d try just buying chicken? That was kind of healthy.
By the time Scott and Isaac had finished their second servings he was already done with his fourth, finally giving up and slumping back into his chair with a contented sigh. The others at the table gave him reassuring smiles. Two of them had been through the same experience before after all. So it was probably no surprise to them that Stiles’s eyelids began to droop as he slowly started to nod of into a deep sleep- the kind he hadn’t had in moths.
Stiles felt safe and content and that was all that mattered in that moment.

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