Through thick and thin

by DeputyDylinski

Summary

Stiles abducted, because his captors want to get to Lydia. But will she find him, and will he survive?

Notes

So... This is my first fanfic, and my first story in English (I'm Dutch...). When there's something unlogical or not making sense, please comment! Thanks guys! Enjoy!
Chapter 1

Stiles throws his bag in the back of the car.

'See you tomorrow!' He hears Scott yell.

'Yeah, s'ya tomorrow!' he shouts back before he jumps in the car. He puts the keys in and tries to start the car, but it won't. 'Really?' he mumbles irritated. He turns the key again, but it still won't start. When he looks up, he sees that he is the only one there. Everyone is to the party at Jason's house, the Victory Party as Jason called it: they won the 2nd game of the year toningt. But Stiles didn't want to go. After the Nogitsune he just avoided every place where there were a lot of people.

He reaches to the backseat to grab his lacrosse stick, so he could punch the motor of Roscoe. He steps out the car and walks to the front of it. He opens the bonnet, but suddenly he hears something behind him. He turns around and squeezes his eyes, but he doesn't see anything. He turns back to his car, but again, he hears something.

'Okay, creepy stalker person, I'm here all alone, so why don't you just come out?' he yells, and in the mean time he walks to the back to grab his phone. When he dials the first three numbers of his dad's phonenumber, his feet are knocked away from beneath him. His head smacks to the ground, and everything becomes blurry. 'What the hell?' Stiles mumbles and he tries to stand up again, but someone grabs his hair and smacks his head onto the concreate. Then everything is black.

~

A head wrapped in dirty bandages floats before Stiles'. Next to the Nogitsune's head are the faces of Aiden and Allison, and behind them are all the faces of the innocent people he had killes during the Nogitsune's possesion.

'You shouldn't had let him in, Stiles!' Aiden yells. 'You shouldn't had let him in!'

'Because of you we are gone,' Allison adds, 'because of you we wil never come back, because of you...'

'Stop!' Stiles screams. 'Please stop! I know it is my fault! I know! Just let me wake up, please!' A tear is running down his face, and he squeezes his eyes shut.

'You should have let Scott killed you, Stiles,' the raspy voice of the Nogitsune says. 'He should've pushed Kira's katana in you, you should be dead!'

'I-i know! I know, okay?! Just let me wake up... Wake up... Wake up, Stiles! Wake...'

~

'...up!' A woman shouts while she pours a bucket of water over Stiles.

He opens his eyes widely and searches for air, and after like 30 seconds he finally is able to breathe properly. He wants to grab his head, but his hands are tied above him, so he just let his head lean against the cold, brick wall behind him.

'Finally. You are a hard one to wake up,' the woman says. She pets Stiles' cheeck, but stops when he jerks his head away.
'What do you want from me?' Stiles groans. 'It's not like I'm someone that is worth a million, or anything.'

'But for someone you are. What's her name again? Lydia Martin, right? The girl you love since the 3rd grade. Do you still love her, Stiles? Is she worth dying for?'

Stiles looks at the woman, who is now ripping his lacrosse shirt in pieces. 'What the hell are you doing?'

'Let me explain, pretty boy. We need that banshee of yours, ms. Martin. You two have some sort of... bond. If you get hurt, she knows that something is wrong. And if you die, she'll scream. And that's what we need.' She throws his ripped shirt on the ground, and starts ripping his shirt that he always wears under the tenue. 'Or you just tell us where she is, and we don't have to torture you. Easy as that.'

'How do you know about me? About her?' he asks, leaving a sarcastic comment aside.

'How do you think?' she asks him, and she let her eyes light up with silver irisses.

'What are you?' he hisses.

'A beautiful daydream or your worst nightmare, you just have to choose,' she says with a sweet smile.

~

Lydia wakes up from the most awful dream she'd ever had: Stiles, the boy she loves for like two years now, died in her arms. She doesn't remember what caused his death, but she knows that someday it'll happen. She wipes the tears away and heads to the bathroom. There she lets the water run from the tap, and splashes ice cold water in her face. When she's lying in her bed again, she looks on her phone to check the time, and it's almost 3 AM. She haven't had a call from Stiles, which is weird: since the Nogitsune is gone, Stiles is having even worse dreams than before and during the possesson. He says that the people he killed (she tries every time to convince him that it isn't his fault, but he whimpers it away) are hunting him in his nightmares. Even the Nogitsune is following him. But tonight he haven't called. Or yet. So she plans to call him.

'Hey, it's Stiles...' Pause. He just really likes to let people think that he is on the phone, while he is not. She smiles. '...you reached my voicemail, as you discovered by now. I'm not here, as you discovered by now aswell. Just leave a message, or don't, your choice. I'll call back. Or I don't. That's the risk of calling people, especially me.' Bleep.

She hangs up, smiling like a over-hormoned teenage lovesick girl. She'll see him tomorrow. She tries to sleep again, but every hour she wakes up. Something is wrong, she just doesn't know what yet.

~

'I won't tell you anything,' whispers Stiles. He is exhausted of all the electricity running trough his body and the bloodloss.

'But Stiles, I don't want to hurt you...'

'Than don't,' he interrupts the woman.

'But I have to if you won't tell me where she is!' She punches him in his stomach.
'I'm just wondering how you have found me, but not her. You aren't as smart as you think you are.'

'She is always around someone, but you don't. You avoid people after the Nogitsune. Don't look surprised, pretty boy, I've done some research.'

'Then why didn't you research where Lydia lives?' Stiles frowns, thinking that something is off.

'Because, pretty boy, this is way more fun!' She presses a kiss on Stiles's cheek before she makes a deep and long cut down his face.
When Stiles doesn't show up at school, Lydia knows something is wrong with him, so she and Scott try to find him.

'I haven't seen Stiles all day, do you know where he is?' Lydia asks Scott, but he shakes his head in denial.

'Me neither, do you think something's wrong?' Scott demands.

'Honestly? Yes. Stiles calls me every night since the Nogitsune is gone: he's having nightmares far worse than when he was possessed. He didn't want you to know.'

'So he didn't call last night?'

Lydia shakes her head, biting her lip.

'Then that's good, right? Then he didn't had a nightmare...'

'But why would he skip school?'

'I don't know. Shall we go look if he's home?'

'Please.' Lydia whispers, and they hurry to her car.

'Why. Don't. You. Just. Kill. Me?' With every word a man punches Stiles in the face. The woman didn't return since a couple of hours. The man brought him a glass of water, the rest of the time he was just punching Stiles. But Stiles didn't stop talking. The punches didn't mind him, he just wanted to die right now. He was missing for one day, and his body was sore of everything they had done to him. But he couldn't die. Not for the sake of Lydia.

'Are you feeling sick?' the man asks.

Stiles nods, feeling the nausea that suddenly came up becoming worse. 'The water?'

'Yeah, smartass. In about a week you'll be in such a worse state that you're really close to death, but you won't die. But close enough for that redhaired girl to scream and find you.'

'Strawberry blonde,' Stiles mumbles.
'What?'

'It's not red, it's strawberry blonde.' After Stiles had said that, everything went black.

~

'Stiles, why do you want to protect her?' The Nogitsune's voice invades Stiles' mind. 'You couldn't even protect yourself against me. How do you want to protect her when you're tied up and weak?'

'Just go away.' Stiles isn't even trying to convince him, he knows that it is himself; he is blaming himself, he deserves to be punished like this.

'If you just let me in again, I can protect her, Stiles...'

'No, no! Go away! Just go away!' He is screaming now, desperate to overpower the voice of the Nogitsune.

'Why should I? You know that I feed of chaos, strife and pain. Everything that you are experiencing lately, is all I can ask for! I love this Stiles! I'm hungry, and I'm insatiable!'

~

'How many times do you plan to black out? I like you more awake, so I can look in those with pain filled, golden eyes.' The woman is back, her hand on Stiles's cheek, her thumb drawing circles on his cheekbone. 'You know why I chose you, right?'

Stiles is feeling numb of the fever that is taking control of his body. So he just nods with his eyes closed.

'But there's another reason, you know.'

Stiles' eyes slowly open.

'I love how humble you are...'

Stiles snorts.

The woman lays a finger on his lips. 'Just let me talk, pretty boy. You will sacrifice everything for the one's you love, you will die for them, and still you don't think that you're a hero.'

'Because I'm not,' he whispers against her finger. 'I killed a lot of people, even the best friend and boyfriend of Lydia, the girl I love! I'm a murderer. Nothing but a pathetic loser. I should've killed myself when I had the chance.'

'I'm glad you didn't, pretty boy. Now I've got you for myself, and Lydia will join as not long from now. That poison is working fast, isn't it? You feel weak and vulnerable, like you're dying. But don't worry, Stiles. I won't let that happen.' She presses a kiss against his collarbone while she runs a hand over his bare chest an abdomen.

~

'Hi, mr. Stilinski, is Stiles home?' Lydia and Scott are standing in the dooropening.

'No. I thought he was making homework at the library. Wasn't he in school today?'

'No... Is it okay if we take a look in his room?'
'Yeah, sure. Do you think it has something to do with that evil spirit thing?'

'We don't know for sure,' Lydia answers. 'I'm sorry.'

'Don't worry, Lydia. I ask at the station if they saw his car. I have to go. Please call me when you find him.'

'Of course. I promise we'll find him,' Scott says.

The sheriff nods, and mumbles a 'thanks, Scott' before he walks out the door.

Scott and Lydia are walking up the stairs when Lydia gets a phone call. She quickly grabs it and looks on the screen, only to be disappointed when she sees Kira's name.

'Hey Lydia. Scott isn't answering his phone, so I thought I'd try you. You were looking for Stiles, right?'

'Yes! Have you found him?'

'No, but I found his jeep at the lacrosse field, his stick and phone are lying on the ground, next to a puddle of blood. I don't know if that's his, but...'

'We're coming!' Scott yells at the phone, before grabbing Lydia's hand and pulling her after him.

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'It's his, isn't it?' Lydia whispers, glancing towards Scott, waiting for an obvious answer.

Scott nods, digging his nails in his palms in anger. The urge to shift is on its highest level.

'Can you track his scent?' Kira says, her voice slightly calming Scott down.

'I think so,' he says, turning to the woods. Then he starts running, his fangs coming out and his eyes turning red.

'Scott!' He hears the girls yell, but he ignores them. The only thing that's on his mind is finding Stiles.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

The pack, Deaton and the sheriff are trying to find Stiles, but the way they do it never worked before...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

'Oh come on, pretty boy! Why don't you just stay sick? Are you immune?' the woman asks.

After two days of feeling sick, Stiles felt suddenly better. The nausea was gone, but his headache stayed all the time.

'How should I know? It's not like I've been poisoned before!' Stiles says, trying to burn her while he stares madly at her.

'It's been two weeks and still... nothing!' She grabs him by his throat, closing his trachea. 'And that banshee-bitch is still searching.'

Stiles' eyes are filled with anger when she calles Lydia that name. But he can't say anything. His head feels like exploding, and his lungs need air, right now! But he feels he's going to black out. He stops fighting the feeling and closes his eyes, hoping that Lydia doesn't sense that he's close to death.

~

Lydia falls to her knees, covering her ears with her hands, trying to convince the voices in her head to stop whispering and screaming Stiles' name. After five minutes, the feeling of death is suddenly gone, leaving a empty feeling in her heart.

'Lydia? What happened?' Scott is running towards her, helping her up.

'Stiles...' she whispers with a raspy voice. 'The voices...'

'Did they tell that... Is he...' Scott says panicking, not able to finish the sentence.

'I-I don't thinks so. Suddenly they stopped, just out of nowhere. I didn't scream.'

'Scott? Lydia? Is everything okay?' Derek demands. 'I could here your heartbeat...' he stops when he sees the tears on Lydia's cheeks. 'It's Stiles... Is he...'

Lydia shakes her head. 'I didn't scream. But what they're doing to him... We need to find him!'

Two weeks ago Scott ran into the woods, following Stiles' scent. But suddenly he couldn't smell it anymore. He and Derek searched day and night, but didn't find anything. The police are still looking, but not that thorough; it is long gone the 48 hours rule. Two weeks have passed, and the only thing (or the only one) that made them believe Stiles was still alive, was Lydia. When the abductors were hurting Stiles, Lydia could feel it in her heart.
Now they were at Derek's place, trying to make up a plan. Even Deaton is invited, he was on his way.

'I know, Lyds, and we will,' Scott says, hugging the little, strawberry blonde girl.

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The man is back, but the woman never left Stiles side.

'What an honour to earn the presence of both of you,' Stiles smirks. His head is pounding, and his whole body is hurting. He can't feel his hands and arms anymore, but his shoulders are on fire.

'Shut up, you little piece of shit,' the man barks angrily in Stiles' face.

'That's not very nice of you. Maybe you should brush your teeth. I'm sure I'm not smelling... great, but I can't help it. Ough!'

The man punches Stiles on his jaw, causing blood to collect in his mouth. Stiles spit in on the floor, coughing when more blood is collecting in his mouth.

'Stiles, just shut up,' the woman says tiredly. She's sitting on the bed in front of Stiles. She is leaning with her back against the wall, her knees like a shield against her chest, her arms wrapped around them.

'So they're making a plan?' she asks the man now. 'That's progress.'

'Yeah. But I know how we can make sure the banshee finds us: when you did something to him, she knew he was dying...'

'That's why we gave him that poison! This doesn't help, Kyle!'

'Kyle, huh? Pretty cool name for a pussy.' Stiles blurts out, regretting it immediately.

'Shut the fuck up!' Kyle screams, grabbing a roll of tape from the bed. He rips a piece of the tape and puts it over Stiles' mouth.

Stiles just raises his eyebrows, disappointed that he can't smile.

'Of course it helps! When you were strangling him, she felt it. She almost screamed, but when you stopped, the voices did too. We just need to do it again and again, until she finds him here.'

'I rather just try to improve the poison. She will feel him dying, slowly. She will feel it a long time, not just sometimes. It doesn't help.'

'Maybe we should just give him more.'

'Yeah, and in the mean time we will try to improve the recipe,' she says while she walks over to Stiles. She rips the tape of his lips, petting his cheek lovingly.

'Maybe you should give me some food, a sandwich each three days doesn't work for me. Or you want me to die of starvation.'

'Just drink this,' Kyle says when he puts a litre bottle of poisoned water at Stiles' mouth, while the woman squeezes his nose shut. When his mouth is full, Kyle presses his giant hand on Stiles' lips, waiting for him to swallow. They repeat it several times, then they place a new piece of tape over his mouth, leaving him in his cold, dark cell.

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'I'm not feeling well,' Lydia mumbles and she brings her fingers to her temples.

'Because you are not feeling well, or because Stiles isn't feeling well?' Derek asks.

'I-I don't know. I think that Stiles is ill. I don't know for sure.'

'Well, that's a sign he is still alive,' a familiar voice let the three turn around. Deaton.

'Finally,' Scott sighs when Deaton walks into Derek's loft, followed by Kira and the sheriff.

'I'm sorry,' Deaton apologises, 'I was held up.'

'By what?' Lydia demands angrily. What is more important than an abducted, dying Stiles?

'I had to get a twig of the Nematon, and you know how difficult it is to find it,' he simply explains.

'Why do you need it anyway?' Lydia asks, still not satisfied with the reason.

'We need to know where Stiles is, and the only way is using the tether between the two of you.'

'And than we find him?' Scott asks hopeful.

'Maybe. It never worked before, but it's worth trying, isn't it?'

Chapter End Notes

End of Chapter 3! Sorry if it was a short one, but the other chapters before this one weren't really long either...
Please give feedback! Than I know if I should continue or that I just leave it...
Thanks for reading!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

We still don't know if Lydia is going to find Stiles, and it isn't helping that she can feel that Stiles is hurt...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Why can't we use the icebaths?' Lydia asks, looking terrified when Deaton took a knife from the kitchen. 'Scott, Stiles and Allison did it when...'

'But they needed to find the Nemeton,' Deaton interrupts.

'And Isaac...'

'Needed to remember something, and you don't.'

'Why can't I do it? I'll heal,' Scott says, looking at Deaton.

'Because she and Stiles have an emotional tether, and she's a banshee. It works better when she does it.'

'I'm right here...' Lydia mumbles.

'Can we just start?' the sheriff demands. 'My son is out there, feeling sick, maybe dying! I can't loose my wife and my son! He's everything I have!'

'Maybe we should go outside,' Derek says, walking towards the sheriff, guarding him outside.

'Yeah,' the sheriff mumbles, his eyes towards the ground.

'We stay here, Lydia. Nothing can happen to you,' Kira tries to comfort her.

'Okay,' she takes the knife, holding it above her wrist. But when she wants to cut, she falls to her knees, her hands covering her ears. 'No! Please Stiles!' she yells. 'Please...'

'Lydia! What's wrong?' Kira asks, running towards her friend.

'The voices... Stiles is dying!' The urge to scream is overwhelming. 'I know where he is... I just...'

'Need to scream,' Scott finishing her sentence. 'Then scream, Lydia. Scream!'

And she does. Letting her frustration, anger, sadness resound in her voice. When she stops, she knows she is going to find Stiles. The only thing is; will she find him alive?

~

A couple of days ago, Kyle and Eddi (the woman's name, Stiles found out after a rage from Kyle) injected him with the poison. He could feel the thick, burning liquid traveling trough his veins. He
still does.

'It's finally working! I'm so sorry, pretty boy...'

Stiles interupts Eddi with a snort. Then he coughs, feeling like he is coughing his lungs out.

'I am sorry. But it is what it is. And Kyle called me a few minutes ago, saying that she screamed, now knowing where you are. Where we are.' She pets his cheek, gives him a kiss on his forehead, and leaves him alone.

'Fuck,' Stiles mumbles, pulling his restraints. The chains make a lot of noice, making his head feel like it explodes. His wrists are bleeding again, just like the cuts that are on his back.

He found out that Kyle is really artistic: he made the Nemeton on his back, using a scalpel.

'Lydia's drawing, right?' he asked Stiles, holding the black frame with the drawing before Stiles' face. 'For Lydia,' Kyle read. 'She's really good. Unfortunatly for you, I'm pretty good aswell.'

Stiles groans, squeezes his eyes shut, trying to hold back the tears. 'Please don't find me,' he whispers before he passes out.

~

'Go away, noggy,' Stiles mumbles exhausted.

'Only if you figure out this riddle,' the nogitsune says.

'I don't want to, okay? I just want to sleep and never wake up, and I don't want you to be there. I just...'

'What is broken, every time it's spoken?'

'I don't know. I'm not playing this game again.'

'One word, Stiles. One answer and you're done.'

'I-I told you, I don't know.'

'What is broken, every time it's spoken?' The nogitsune's voice is harder, demanding.

'I don't know!' Stiles screams, a tear running down his face.

'What is broken, every time it's spoken?! What is broken, every time it's spoken?! What is broken, every time it's spoken?! ANSWER ME, STILES!'

'I-I don't...' Stiles begins, but he doesn't finish his sentence. He knows the answer, but still he stays quite.

'You know it, right Stiles? You know the answer to my riddle.'

Stiles shut his eyes and nods. 'It is silence. You can't speek silence; then you'll break it.'

'I'm impressed, Stiles. I'll think of another one when you're awake.'

~

'Stiles? Stiles!' Lydia yells, not caring if anyone hears her. She wandering with Scott and Derek through a giant house, looking for one of her best friends. Well, he is something more to her than
just a friend.

After Lydia had screamed, she ran to her car, followed by Derek and Scott. Kira, Deaton and the sheriff were left behind; Kira and Deaton would alarm Melissa, while the sheriff would alarm the station.
Lydia, Scott and Derek stopped at the edge of the forest, and they walked for hours, maybe in circles. But suddenly Lydia stopped, looking to her right. Then they saw it: a house in the middle of the woods. That had to be it.

'Stiles!' Scott and Derek yell, taking Lydia out of her thoughts. But they both suddenly stop, looking at each other.

'A heartbeat, pretty weak,' Derek explains to Lydia.

'Where,' she asks worried, looking around her.

'In the basement, I think,' Scott says, running back to the hall. There he descends the stairs, half running, half stumbling. The door is locked, so he kicks it in. His eyes turn to red, so he can see in the dark. 'Stiles!' he scream when he sees his best friend tied up, unconscious. He runs towards him, shocked when he sees Stiles bleeding all over.

'Stiles?' He hears behind him. Derek and Lydia are running towards them.

'Stiles? Oh my God! He looks...' Lydia starts, placing her hands on Stiles' cheeks.

'Terrible?' Derek adds.

'Not helping! Try to untie him,' Lydia says angrily, petting Stiles' cheek. 'He is so cold. Come on, Stiles, wake up!'

'Holy shit!' Scott swears when he touches the chains around Stiles' wrists.

'What the hell?' Derek hisses at the same time.

'Liquid mountain ash,' a voice behind them says.

The three of them turn around, seeing two people standing in the doorway. One of them flips the lightswitch, so Lydia can see how the treated Stiles. He is covered in blood, cuts and bruises. He is sickeningly pale, and the layer of sweat covers his skin. If Derek hadn't told her that Stiles is breathing, she would swear he was dead.

'Get away from him,' the woman says. 'I don't want you to hurt him.'

'Are you kidding me?' Scott growls, his fangs and claws growing with his anger. Derek growls beside him.

'Get away from him, she said,' the man says, while he reaches behind his back. He pulls a gun from his waistband and points it at Lydia. 'If I were you, I would get away from him.'

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know. A really crappy end. I'm sorry, but I had a writers block...
When I finish this work, I'll just write stories with one chapter, mostly about Stydia. So if anyone knows a name for the series, please tell me!
I don't know if I will update soon: tomorrow starts school again, and wednesday is my birthday, I will celebrate it saterday. And basketball training will start this week aswell, so it is a really busy week...

Hope you guys still enjoy reading this!
'Stiles!' Lydia shouts when she hears him moan.

'Not so loud, please,' Stiles groans. But when he realizes who said his name, his eyes fly open, looking angry and sad at the strawberry blonde. 'Lydia? What are you doing here? You aren't supposed to be here!'

'Hey, buddy.' Stiles hears a familiar voice say. He looks to his left, where Scott and Derek are sitting, surrounded by a circle of mountain ash.

'Are you freaking kidding me?! I tried not to die, so you couldn't find me, and now you're here and I...'

'You didn't want us to find you? Are you serious?!' Lydia yells, not even trying to hide her anger.

'Yeah! They didn't take me because of me! I'm worth nothing!'

'Don't say that,' Scott says.

'I'm a murderer, Scott! And don't say it isn't my fault, because it is! I wasn't strong enough to keep him out! I wasn't...'

'Stop it!' Eddi interrupts Stiles, slamming the door shut behind her.

'Let them go, Eddi. There's no point keeping them here. Just let them go, and I'm all yours,' Stiles begs. He wants to throw up when he says the last words.

'Oh, don't worry, pretty boy! If the banshee screams, they're free to go...'

'We don't leave without him,' Derek says.

'Oh, just shut up, sourwolf!' Stiles hisses. 'Lydia, whatever they say or do to me, don't scream, okay? Just... don't. Please.' Stiles looks at her, determent.

'If you don't want to leave without him, you can stay here. That's not a problem for me.'

'Lydia, promise me. Lyds!' Stiles demands her to look at him.

And she does, with tears in her eyes. When she sees Stiles' amber eyes, she nods.
'Well, than I'm going to have a hard time convince you to scream. I just can kill him immediatly, so you'll scream his name. That works for me. Do you know what I did to him when you wanted to scream his name? I can show you...' Eddi says, raising her eyebrows at Lydia.

But Lydia doesn't say anything. Neither do Scott or Derek. They just look at Eddi, pissed - wait, not the right word... Extremely angry. And they're begging with their eyes.

But Eddi is blind, or just doesn't want to see it. So she put both her hands around Stiles' throat.

Lydia looks in horror, with tears running down her face. She wants to cover her ears with her hands, but they are bound to one of the balusters of the bed. The voices are screaming, demanding her to scream Stiles' name. But she can't. She promised him. Then she looks at him, at his blood covered face, now turning a purple shade. His eyes wide, watery.

She holds her breath, trying to convince the voices to shut up. She closes her eyes, making herself ready to open her mouth before screaming his name.

But suddenly the urge to scream is gone. She opens her eyes, opening her mouth for oxygen.

Stiles coughs, while searching for air. His head feels like exploding, his chest feeling tight. But he gets distracted by the lips that touches his cheek.

'I'm so sorry, I-I had to, you know? I'm sorry.' Eddi apologizes, petting his chest.

'Get away from him!' Scott yells.

'I-I...' Eddi starts, but isn't able to finish her sentence. She runs to the door, leaving to four of them alone.

'Don't ask. I'm fine,' Stiles says.

'What the hell is wrong with her?' Derek asks, still looking confused and anxious.

'Is that why you said "I'm all yours"? That's just sick. Like... creepy.' Scott shakes his head.

'She's doing that from the beginning. She even said that she has fun when she hurts me, but afterwards she says she's sorry...'

'And then she kisses you,' Lydia says.

'And then she kisses me. But I don't complain; I'm a teenage boy that gets kissed by a hot woman. I mean, isn't that every boy's dream? Kissing an older woman?'

'Shit up, Stiles,' Lydia complains, but Scott snorts, and Derek says 'Oh my God'.

An awkward silence settles in the room. Stiles cough every five minutes, sometimes spitting some blood on the ground.

'When was the last time you ate something?' Derek asks, getting irritated from the sounds of Stiles' stomach growling.

'I dunno, three days ago? But they give me water and an injection every day. I would litterly kill someone for a burger and curly fries,' he answeres, grinning like he made the best joke in the world.

Scott and Lydia chuckle, Derek frowns.

'An injection? What kind of injection?'
'A poison of some sort, to make me sick. After they give it to me, I pass out for a while, getting nightmares, nothing new. Then I wake up, they beat me to pulp or they cut me, trying to make me talk. After a few days I get better. So every two days they give me more of that shit.'

After a while of silence, Stiles speaks again: 'Don't look at me like that! I'm not dead yet! I'm fine.'

'Can you please stop saying that you're fine when you are not! You're hanging there, tortured, sick, dying! I can hear your heartbeat, dude! It's so slow I almost can't hear it! You've been here more than a month, and...'

'More than a month?' Stiles whispers confused.

'Yeah, dude! And we couldn't find you. Your scent just... stopped after a few miles. Derek and I were looking every night, your dad and Lydia researched every lead when the police stopped looking thoroughly. We were so worried! We only held hope because Lydia never screamed your name... I thought that I lost you when we couldn't find you. I thought I lost my best friend, I thought I lost my brother.'

'That's so sweet! I almost threw up,' a voice says from a dark corner.

'Fuck off, Kyle,' Stiles mumbles, knowing that it doesn't work. He knows why Kyle's here.

'Shut your mouth, Stilinski. Just stay still, and I'll be gone before you notice.'

'What are you gonna do to him?' Lydia whispers worried.

'It's my daily vitamin shot, Lyds. Nothing to worry about,' Stiles sighs. He stiffens when Kyle puts the needle in his neck. His eyes roll back and his knees go weak.

Scott hears Stiles' heart goes slower, and he hopes that this dose won't kill him. And he knows that if he doesn't get Stiles out of here, he will lose his brother soon.
'We have to get him out of here! I think... I think that the next shot will kill him,' Lydia says with a sob in her voice.

'Are the voices...' Derek starts, but stops when he sees that Lydia nods.

'They're not screaming yet, but they're yelling so loud... I'm losing my sanity here if they don't stop soon.'

Scott suddenly jumps to his feet, changing to his wolf-form.

'Scott, what the hell are you doing?' Derek demands.

'I broke through a cirkle of mountain ash before, I should be able to do it again. I have to do it again!' He is growling now, putting his hands against the invisible wall. The first couple of times his hands bounce back, or he falls. But then his hands lay against it, and he pushes. He pushes and growls and his eyes turn more red than ever before. *I have to save him*, Scott tells himself. *I have to break through it. I have to save him!*

And when they all think he's going to do it, he's going to break the cirkle of mountain ash, they suddenly hear a loud bang. Scott flys through the air, bouncing back from the other invisible wall.

'Next time it is going to be a bullet of wolfsbane,' Kyle says with a smirk on his face. He turns his eyes to Stiles, who is still unconsious. 'It is finally working, isn't it, Lydia? Can you hear the voices scream his name? Soon you will join them, you know. When he's awake, I'm going to give him the highest dose we will ever give him, and I'm sure that he won't survive that one. So you can scream now, banshee, or you have to wait until he is dead.'

'Don't listen to him, Lydia,' Derek says. 'Think of what you promised Stiles. We will get out of here, we will save him.'

She just nods, blinking tears away.

~

'You are dying, Stiles,' the raspy voice of the dark kitsune says.

'I am aware of that.'

'But you can't die! Allison's voice is suddenly there. 'You can't do that to them!''

'Last time you and Aiden were convincing me that I...'

'I know! But think of Scott, your dad! Lydia...'

'I'm exhausted, Ally. I can't take it much longer,' Stiles says.
'You can't give up, Stiles! Your dad won't have anyone anymore. Scott loses his brother, and Lydia will be heartbroken.'

'Afetr all the things I've done, I don't think they'll care.'

'Shut up, Stiles! Scott just said they were extremely worried about you when you were gone. He said he was afraid he'd lost you. Don't say they don't care, because they do! You're the one who holds the pack together. Without you they wouldn't know what to do. You're the one that always figures it out, Stiles. Without you they would be lost.'

'Don't listen to her, Stiles,' the nogitsune says. 'You don't deserve to live. You let me in, you killed their friends...' He moves closer to Stiles, his mouth next to Stiles' ear.

Stiles doesn't move. He squeezes his eyes shut, holds his breath, tries to shut the heavy, raspy voice out.

But then a hand closes around his throat. He opens his eyes wide, and looks right at the dirty bandages of the nogitsune.

The dark spirit opens his mouth, and lets out a dark, full laugh. Blood runs out of his mouth, the red liquid decorating his silver, sharp teeth.

It is the last thing Stiles sees before he wakes up.

~

Stiles opens his eyes wide, trying to catch breath. But it feels like the nogitsune's hand is still pressing his throat shut. He exhales short, and inhales even shorter, just like a panic attack.

'Stiles! Stiles, look at me!' Lydia says.

Stiles searches the emerald eyes, and looks his with Lydia's when he finds them.

'Okay, now think of what we did last year when you had a panic attack.' Lydia blushes when she thinks of the kiss, of his soft lips on her. 'You remember?'

Stiles (also blushing) nods.

'What did I told you then? You have to hold your breath.'

Stiles nods again. He closes his eyes, supressing the feeling of suffocating. After a few failed attemps, he finally is able to hold his breath.

'Good. Now take a deep breath, and exhale slowly,' Lydia instructs.

And he does. The feel of the hand around his throat is gone.

Sweat runs down his face and torso, and mixes with the dried blood on his skin.

'You okay?' Scott asks worried.

'Yeah, 'm fine. Well, no, actually. I think that I don't have much longer. I think I'm going to die soon.'
'You guys told them where you were going, right?' Stiles ask, but he knows the answer already. Lydia shakes her head, just like Scott and Derek.

'Fuck,' Stiles curses.

Another day had passed, without a visit of Eddi or Kyle. That was a good thing: Stiles didn't get another injection. But it was also a pretty bad thing: it meant that neither of them had something to eat or drink, and for Stiles' sake, it could be life-threatening. Derek managed to get the bullet out of Scott's chest, and Lydia almost broke free of the ropes around her wrist. But when Stiles passed out again, she got distracted by looking at him. She saw the muscles that he had gained by the possession (which was scary, but it suits him), but she also saw the weight he lost by being locked away for almost a month and a half. She saw the pain on his face while he was asleep, and it troubled her knowing she couldn't do anything to help him, that she couldn't do anything to save him. She looked at his injuries, the dried blood on his skin, the long cut on his face that bled again because of the faces he made in his sleep. She saw the tear that was running down his face.

But then he woke up, acting like everything was fine. And she knew without being able to hear his heartbeat that he wasn't telling the truth.

Again she wiggles her wrists, trying to free them. 'Ugh,' she mumbles frustrated, but the restrains loosen up a bit.

'You can do it, Lyds,' Stiles whispers. 'Just a little more, and you'll be free.'

'If I just had claws...'

Stiles and Scott chuckle, Derek frowns as if it was an insult.

But then he speaks up: 'Lydia, stop. Kyle is coming. Try to hide your wrists.'

A few moments later Kyle opens the door. He looks stressed and hurt, even a bit sad.

'You,' he points at Stiles.

'Me?'

'Yeah, you! Since you are here, you've been making our lives miserable! Especially mine!'

'Wait, since I've been here? Maybe my memory isn't up to date, but I recall you taking me here...'

'Shut the fuck up, Stilinski!' Kyle yells, puching Stiles in his stomach.

'Hey! Calm down, Kyle!' Scott says. 'Just tell us what's wrong,' he tries to distract Kyle.

'It's all his fault! Eddi and I were together untill she saw him...'

'How old is she?' Lydia, knowing that Eddi is way older than Stiles.

'Twenty-three,' he answers, looking confused.
'That's so weird,' Stiles mumbles.

'Stiles, shut up,' Lydia says.

'Kyle, just go on. She saw him, and what happened next?' Derek asks.

'Well, she saw him, and she just lost it! She couldn't stop talking about him! It was her idea of taking him, saying that the banshee would find him, but then it took so long, and I found out that she masked his scent so you couldn't find him...'

'Kyle, just calm down. We are here now, right? So there's no need to...'

'No need to what? Get angry? Because I am angry!' Kyle screams with a low and hard voice, like an Alpha's howl. He turns to Stiles again, poking him in his chest with his vingers. 'And the thing I still don't get, is that you love someone else...'

Lydia's heart skips a few beats when she hears those words. Is he still in love with her?

'...and Eddi knows that! And she doesn't care! She simply doesn't care... ' Suddenly he turns around, getting on his knees and reaches under the bed where Lydia sits. He stands up again, and throws a broken photo frame next to Lydia.

'It says for Lydia, so here you go. You are really artistic, just like me. Maybe you will see it one time,' he says. He walks to the door and slams it shut behind him.

'What is this, Stiles?' Lydia asks, looking at the frame, then looking at Stiles. 'What did he mean with "Maybe you will see it one time"?'

'It's nothing...'

'Stiles!' she demands now.

'You know the Nematon drawing? I uh...'

But she remembers that one time in Stiles' bedroom with Aidan, when Stiles was missing. Aidan picked it up, showed it to Lydia, saying something like "He still likes you, doesn't he?".

Stiles' tired voice pulls her out of the memory. '...I kept one of them, to give it to you one day.' He looks away.

'What did he mean with the last sentence?'

'Lyds...'

'What, Stiles?'

'He cut it in my back, okay? He thought it was fun to draw it in my skin! Happy now?'

'Oh my God,' Scott whispers. He is just shocked by how sick these people are.

'Stiles, why didn't you say that before?' Derek asks.

'Because I'm tired of this, tired of being the human that ruins everything for everyone...'

'Stiles,' Lydia tries to shut him up. Tears are starting to fill her eyes, almost escaping them.
'... and I don't need your pity,' he speaks further, like Lydia didn't even said anything. 'I killed dozens of innocent people, because I let that son of a bitch in my mind. I was exhausted of fighting him, of keeping him out. Just like I'm exhausted now...'

'Don't you dare giving up!' Lydia suddenly yells, crying. 'Why can't you see that we all need you? That I need you? We don't care that you had your weak moment, because we all had one or two, some of us even more than that! We love you, Stiles.' *I love you*, she wants to add, but the words don't come. She refuses to tell him that when he is hanging there.

Stiles' face looks like it just got slapped, his eyes wide.

'She's right, you know,' Scott adds. 'If we lost you, we won't survive that as pack. We would go out of our freaking minds. And think of your dad! He almost lost it when he you were gone over a week! He wouldn't survive that either, and you know that! Even my mom would be devastated!'

'Just don't be so selfish, Stiles. We know that you just want to... you know... But you can't do that to us,' Derek says a bit awkwardly.

'Wow, didn't think you could be that emotional, sourwolf,' Stiles laughs, but it doesn't reach his eyes. 'I-I didn't think of that, honestly. I'm sorry. But I'm just so tired...'

'Just keep your eyes open, okay?' Lydia says to him, looking him in in the eye.

He nods, before his expression turns into that Stiles-got-an-brilliant-idea-expression. 'Lydia, I know how you can break free.'

Chapter End Notes

The next one is the last one... So prepare yourselves!
So... Not the last chapter, but it's certainly coming to an end...

Lydia somehow managed to break the glass of the frame even more, so she could cut the rope - but don't ask her to do it again.

Now she moving the piece of glass against the rope. She cuts herself, and curses 'Shit,' before returning to her duty. 'Stiles, keep your eyes open,' she says when she glance at him for a second. 'I'm almost done, then we can get you out of here.'

Stiles nods weakly, really trying to stay awake. He knows that if he passes out now, he won't wake up again.

'Hey Stiles?' Scott gets his atention.

'Hmm?'

'Tell me something.'

'Like what?'

'I don't know. But when you're talking, maybe you don't think about how tired you are.'

'But I don't know what I can talk about. It's not like I know some funny anekdote of the last month...'

'I don't care. Just tell me something, a joke. Or a riddle maybe.'

Stiles winces when he hears the word riddle.

'What's wrong?' Derek asks when he notices this.

'The nogitsune would tell me riddles. I...' Stiles doesn't want to talk about it, but he knows that when they saw him sleeping, they heard him mumble in his sleep. 'I still have nightmares, you know? I dream of all the people I've killed. Of Aiden and Allison, of noggy...'

Even though this isn't a light subject, Scott chuckles at the name Stiles has given the evil spirit that possessed him.

'Yeah, it makes him a little less scary. But even now my mind is tricking me, like he's still inside my head. In my dreams he gives me riddles, and I can't wake up untill I solved them. My own mind is torturing me, and I don't know how to stop it.'

Then there's silence. Even Lydia stopped with cutting the ropes. She looks at him with wide eyes. 'Maybe when you believe it isn't your fault, that he did it, and not you, you'll stop dreaming of them,' she whispers.
'Well, that's going to be a little hard,' he whispers, and he shuts his eyes.

'Stiles, I'm almost done!' Lydia panicks when she can't see his amber-colored irises anymore.

'I'm awake, but everything hurts. I just...' He whimpers, but he gets interrupted by a victourious sound from Lydia.

'I got it! Oh my God, that freaking hurts,' she winces when she rubs her wrists. They bleed a little, but it's not that bad.
She stands up quikly, almost running to Scott and Derek to break the circle of mountain ash. When she does that, she runs over to Stiles, cupping his face in her hands. 'We're getting you out of here, just hold on a little longer.'

'I was right,' he says, smiling weakly.

'You were right about what,' she asks confused.

'That you can do everything. You were able to free yourself in no-time.'

'Shit up, Stilinski,' she says giggling.

'Lyds?' Scott demands her to move, shoving her aside. He reaches to the chains that are around Stiles' wrists, but he pulls back when his hands touch the wolfsbane-metal. But he tries it again, with luck this time: the chains bend and break and Stiles is finally free of his restrains.

He falls in Scott's arms, his legs tired of standing for days.
'I'm okay. I can walk, just wait a minute,' he groans.

'Scott,' Derek says, his voice stern, but concerned. 'They're coming. I can hear them open the front door.'

'Fuck,' Scott mumbles. He let Stiles lean against the wall before taking his sweater of that he'd been wearing, giving it to Stiles. 'Here,' he says before pulling his T-shirt straight that he'd been wearing underneath.
Then he growls, almost insync with Derek, and they both transform in their wolf-form.

Slowly and as silent as possible they walk up the stairs, Stiles leaning on Lydia.

They all had a déjà-vu when Lydia walked over to Stiles, draping his arm around her shoulders, holding him tight. It was just like the night they were going to try to kill the nogitsune at the school, when Stiles could barely walk, or even stand on his own.
They all ignored it, untill Stiles couldn't take it much longer and said: 'Well, I hope that they didn't bring a scary, evil doppelgänger of me.'
All four grinned nervously, moving towards the door.

The first thing they hear when they're upstairs, is a stunned 'What the fuck...' from their right. Eddi.

Derek runs to her, slamming her head against the wall beside her. She falls like a ragdoll to the ground.

'Well, it looks like your friends are going to die, banshee,' a voice behind them says threatingly. Kyle is standing there, his eyes silver.

She can feel Stiles standing more up straight, slowly pulling her behind him when he hears that Kyle is talking to her.
'I can make it easy for them if you just scream,' Kyle continous.

'Why?' she asks.

'Well, since I'm going to kill all of you, I can tell you. With your scream I can free every monster locked up in Eichen House. I'll have my own pack of murderous, evil, strong...'

'Yeah, we get it now,' Stiles says. 'You want to take over the town, and after that the world? Just pathetic how cliché that is, don't you think?'

'You really need to learn to shut your fucking mouth, Stilinski,' Kyle says with clenched teeth before he pulls a knife from behind his back. Within a second he throws it, and within the same second Stiles feels a hot pain spreading through his stomach.

He looks down, and sees that Scott's grey sweater is turning red around the knife that sticks out of his body.

'Motherfucker,' he mumbles before he collapses to the ground.

Derek rushes to Kyle, and his claws dig in Kyle's chest. In his anger he pulls his claws back, and slashes them over Kyle's body.

Scott hurries to his best friend, who is lying in Lydia's lap. She pulled of her cardigan and is currently pressing it around the knife.

'Stiles?' Scott cries out, grabbing his hand. He tries to concentrate, to take Stiles' pain, but Stiles pulls his hand away.

'The pain is keeping me awake, Scotty,' Stiles says. His eyes aren't his usual amber/gold, but are this kind of dark chocolate color.

'I don't think he hit an artery,' he says to Lydia. 'You can pull it out.'

Lydia looks at him with her eyes wide, filled with tears. She shakes her head, knowing that she can't bring herself to do that.

Stiles looks back to Scott now, nodding his head towards the knife. But Scott looks in shock. He is still holding Stiles' hand, like that is the one thing that can save him.

'Fine,' Stiles sighs, removing his hand from Scott's. He reaches down at the knife, and winces when he pulls it out. He throws it aside, and groans when he let his hand fall down.

'Hey, Derek? Maybe you should help them getting out of shock? I think I need to go to the hospital. Like, right now.'

Derek nods. He walks over to the three friends, and he pulls Stiles to his feet. Lydia moves with them, keeping the pressure on Stiles' wound, but Scott still sits on the ground.

'Wait,' Stiles says to Derek, and let him turn so he can look at Scott.

'Hey, Scott?'

Scott gets pulled out of his trance, and looks at Stiles with his cheeks wet of falling tears.

'I promiss I will survive this, okay? I'll get through this, we'll get through this. Hell, I survived a nogitsune posession, so I won't die like this. Or I'll kill myself. But we have to move, okay? We need to call your mother, and my dad. Maybe Kira and Deaton aswell. But we have to go, now.'

Scott nods, and he steadies himself against the wall. After a few moments he walks over to the
other three, determined to get Stiles out of here.

~

Eddi and Kyle left the keys in Lydia's car, just like her phone. Scott dialed his mom's number, but remembers that she's at work, so he dials the emergency line.

'Beacon Hills Memorial Hospital, emergency. What is...'

'Mom?'

'Scott? Om my God! Are you okay?'

'Yeah, I'm okay. But Stiles isn't...'

'You found Stiles?'

'Yes, but he is really sick and he got stabbed. He is dying.'

'Oh, sweetheart...'

'We're on the move right now. We should be there in 10 minutes or so.'

'Okay, I'll make sure...'

'Thanks, mom. I have to call his dad. I'll see you soon, okay?'

'I love you, Scott. See you in 10.'

'Love you too.'

They're driving already. Scott in the passenger seat, Derek's driving (way over the speed limit, by the way), and Lydia and Stiles in the back.

Lydia is sitting up straight, with Stiles' head in her lap. With one hand she is stroking his hair, and with the other she is pressing her now with blood soaked cardigan against Stiles' stomach.

'Please don't bleed out in my car. I sacrificed my favorite cardigan, already. And I can't wash blood out of... Stiles? Oh my God, he isn't breathing! Stiles!'

Chapter End Notes

I know, I'm horrible...
'Feel his pulse. Can you feel...' Derek says.

'Yeah, but it's very weak. What do I...' 

'Give him mouth to mouth, Lydia.'

Lydia nods. She pinches Stiles' nose, and grabs his chin with the other. She tilts his head a little, and she takes a deep breath. Then she places her lips on his and she breathes out. She does it again. And again. And again. And then she feels warm air brush her lips when she pulls away. 'Oh, thank God...'

'The first time you... wanted me to stop breathing, now... you wanted me to ...breath again, next time I... want to breath properly... before you kiss... me again,' Stiles whispers with pauses in between the words, and he winces at every breath he takes.

'You asshole! You scared the fuck out of me!' She laughs and cries at the same time. Then she bends over to him and kisses his forehead. A teardrop lands on his cheekbone.

'You're beautiful... when you cry,' Stiles whispers. 'But I... hate it that you're... crying for me.'

'Sheriff? It's Scott... Yeah, I'm okay... We found him, we found Stiles... He's... We are heading to the hospital now... He got stabbed and he is really sick... I'm sorry... Yeah, they tortured him... I'm sorry... Okay, we'll see you soon.' Scott says with tears in his eyes.

Stiles hears the sob in his voice, and he rolls his eyes. 'Derek?'

'Hm?'

'Please... don't start crying, too.'

Even though they are in this bizarre situation, Stiles is dying (literally wasn't breathing like 2 minutes ago), and they just escaped from two psychos, they laugh. They laugh out loud, like nothing happened, like everything is fine.

Stiles smiles weakly. He looks at Lydia, who is still giggling, but when she stares in his eyes, she holds her breath. She knows what is coming, and her tears start to flow.

'Guys... you know I... love you, right?' Stiles whispers. It takes a lot of his energy. His last, remaining energy. 'Just tell my... dad that I... that I'm sorry... and say goodbye... to your mom, Scotty.' He finally closes his eyes, sighing.

'No, Stiles! We're almost there!' Scott cries out.

'I never... stopped... loving you, Lyds,' Stiles mumbles as he ignores Scott. 'I just... wanted to die...
knowing... that you knew that.'

'I know, Stiles. I love you too,' she whispers against his forehead, but he didn't hear any of that.

When they stop at the entrance of the hospital, Lydia finally screams.

~

'White male, 17 years, AB positive. OR 2, now!' Melissa yells at the doctors around the stretcher. She sits on top of Stiles, giving him CPR while they get rolled to the OR. 'Get the defibrillator ready, Joey!'

Scott and Lydia just stand there, watching Melissa and Stiles, all those doctors and nurses turn around a corner. When they're gone, Scott and Lydia fall in eachother's arms, shaking and crying and falling to the ground.

*He is dead*, Scott says in his head, trying to convince himself of his best friend's death. *He is dead.* He repeats it again and again: he is trying to extinguish the flame of hope in his gut, trying not to picture Stiles walking around the corner like nothing had happened. His goofy grin on his face, dressed in the plaid he always wears... *Used to wear...*

'Scott, Lydia?' A concerned voice yells from the other end of the corridor.

They both look behind them, and they see the Sheriff rushes towards them. They both stand up, but they still hold eachother tightly, afraid of falling when they let go.

'Where is he? Is he okay?'

'He is in the OR right now, but...' Scott isn't able to finish his sentence.

The sheriff deserves the truth, Lydia thinks. 'He... he died in the car...' she manages to bring out, but then she starts crying again. The hollow feeling in her heart is torture. Her anchor, her first *real* love, her best friend is gone. And she might never get him back.

'No no no no no! No! He can't be... My son! I lost my wife, not my son too! Please!' John shouts, gripping his hair and pulling at it. He shuffles backwards until his knees go weak and he lands in a chair. Tears are flowing and falling on the white tiled floor. 'No no no no,' he says again.

'Scott!' Melissa yells as she runs towards him. She hugs him tightly, but then she remembers the blood on her clothes. Stiles' blood.

Scott backs away, to overwhelmed by Stiles' scent. He looks at his mom with tears in his eyes. He looks down to his own clothes, where Melissa left bloodstains.

'Melissa? How... What... Is he still...' John whispers, looking at the nurse's uniform.

'I honestly don't know. He... He didn't respond to the CPR I gave him. They sent me away because of my connection to him. But they said that he might have a chance, but it's so little... They also said that they would sent another doctor to update us when something changes.'

Lydia falls to her knees again, silently crying. She looks at her with blood soaked dress. It was the one that would make Stiles smile even more when he saw her.

'You should call Kira, asks her for some clean clothes, some real food,' Melissa's voice sounds so far away. But suddenly it is close to Lydia's ear.

'Come on, sweetheart, let's get us cleaned up.'
Lydia feels the soft hands on her shoulders. She stands up again and leans on Melissa when they walk to a free patientroom.

Kira gets to the hospital in half an hour, and she brought sweatpants, a shirt, a dress, make up, a hairbrush and the reddish hoodie of Stiles that he forgot when he once studied with Lydia at her home.

'I wasn't sure what you wanted to wear, so I brought a bag...' Kira says insecure.

'You're the best, thank you,' Lydia mumbles before she takes the bag and heads to the bathroom.

~

They're all anxious: more than three hours have passed and nobody would say anything, not even to Melissa, who changed in her normal clothes and is holding her son's and John's hands tightly. Lydia fell asleep earlier with her head on Scott's shoulder. Every now and then she mumbles something in her sleep, and sometimes Scott can hear Stiles' name slip through her lips.

Derek headed home right after he dropped Lydia, Scott and the lifeless Stiles at the hospital, and Kira also left.

'Melissa?' A doctor is walking towards them, not revealing any emotion.

Scott shakes Lydia awake, and when she sees the doctor, she sits up straight. When she looks at the doctor's face, and it's emotionless expression, she slowly panicks.

'He made it,' the doctor speaks, finally smiling.

'Oh my God,' John whispers while tears are running down his face.

The four of them fall in eachother's arms, relieved, crying, smiling.

'He is unconscious right now, you can visit him in about an hour.'

'Thank you, doctor,' Melissa says, sobbing of happiness in her son's shoulder.

~

Stiles wakes up slowly, his mind a still foggy, but it cleared pretty quickly. He looks around, and sees the four persons he loves most in the world sleeping in the chairs around his bed: Melissa's head is resting on his dad's shoulder, Scott sits on the other side of the room, mouth hanging open and he snors quietly. Lydia is sitting at his side, her hand laying on his and her head on the blue blanket where he is lying underneath. He smiles, and he reaches to pet Lydia's hair.

'Son?'

Stiles looks to his right, where his dad and Melissa are waking up. He sees tears in their eyes, and he gets a lump in his throath.

'Hey, guys.'

His dad rushes towards him. Not even noticing Lydia, he hugs his son tightly, and releases him when Stiles lets out a pained moan.

Lydia wakes up from the noises next to her, and she sees the Sheriff crying when he lets go of his
son, Melissa taking his place and pulling Stiles in a tight embrace.

Scott has woken up as well, yawning when he stands up. He stalks over to Stiles, wrapping him in his strong arms. Stiles feels small and thin in his embrace, cold and almost broken. But he knows Stiles isn't that easy to break, not even when he is locked away for more than a month, tortured and sick, almost dehydrated and starving. But he is still here, whole, and healing (slowly: he is still human).

Then it is Lydia's turn, and she has to prevent herself from attacking his mouth with hers. She hugs him, tears running down her cheeks, and they land on Stiles' shoulder. She doesn't realize that the other have left the room until she pulls back.

'Don't you dare to scare me like that again! Don't let there be an eight time!'

Stiles raises his eyebrows. 'When did I scare you before?'

'With your panic attack, when you vanished when the nogitsune was in your head, when Aiden and I found you at that parking lot, when you decided we all would be safe if you were locked away at Eichen, when you passed out in the tunnels of that God for saken hole, when you thought that killing yourself would end everything, when you fainted after the nogitsune died...'

Stiles goes still. He just stares at the wall.

'Stiles?'

'I... I'm sorry, Lyds. I...'

'Just shut up, Stilinski,' she says and she leans forward, pressing her lips on his.

He is shocked at first, his eyes open wide, but when he sees that Lydia opens her eyes as well, and rolling them before pressing her mouth harder on Stiles', he finally gives in and kisses her back.

When they're both out of breath, Lydia pulls away.

'Why did you...'

'Well, you said I only could kiss you when you were breathing properly, and you were, so...'

Stiles still looks shocked, so Lydia explains further.

'In the car, before you... You know...'

'Died?'

'Yeah. You told me that you still loved me...'

'I remember.'

'Okay, but you didn't hear that I said that I knew that, and that I love you too.'

'You do?'

'Stiles, I love you. Don't overthink, please. Just kiss me,' Lydia says before leaning towards him again.

This kiss is more hungry and violent, but it isn't a desperate one. And Lydia has to admit, Stiles is a good kisser. Maybe even better than Jackson or Aiden.
But then he pulls away, a little out of breath. He looks at her with a twinkle of admiration in his eyes, and he has a genuine smile on his lips. But then his gaze changes. 'Is that my hoodie? I thought I left it somewhere!'

'You did leave it somewhere: at my house after that study session.'

'Are you going to give it back? It's my favorite...' 

'It is my favorite too. Maybe I give it back during our next study session...' she says vaguely.

'I don't think that we're going to study during these session...' Stiles says with a grin.

'I know. And I also know what I'm going to wear during...'

'W-what are you going to wear?' Stiles interrupts her, a blush creeping up his neck to his cheeks.

Lydia bends over to his ear. 'I have a new set of lingerie. Black lace bra, black string... Black matches pretty good with this hoodie, don't you think?'

Stiles nods eagerly.

'I'll see you soon,' she whispers, and she bite his earlobe before she turns away and walks to the door.

'Lyds?'

She turns around once more, her hand on the doorknob.

'You look beautiful without make-up on.'

'Shut up, Stilinski,' Lydia says with a blush on her cheeks. Then she walks out the room. The last thing she hears is a 'Holy shit', and she knows Stiles is touching his lips.

She smiles, and she feels the butterflies in her stomach go wild.

**Einde**

Chapter End Notes

What did you guys think? I am pretty happy how it turned out, especially being my first fanfic ever, and the first one in English!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!