No Going Back

by Stormlyht

Summary

When Stiles is cursed by a witch to be female he's told the situation is permanent. Doesn't mean he has to like it though.

Notes

So this is a story that's going to really, really deal with going from being male to being female. It's going to have fun times, dark times and messy times. I intend it to be a piece that kind of delves into the ideas of what makes a person, and how your physical presence doesn't make you what you are. I have several chapters written already and randomly go and write on it. I'll be adding tags as things come up so when you come back, please look at them because they're going to changing.

Also, this is a Sterek piece. It'll be a slow build because Stiles is going through a lot of things and relationships aren't necessarily going to be the first things on his mind.

On another note, I know for a fact that Isaac is alive, but I don't know where exactly in the timeline I'm putting this. I think I have Jackson around (can't remember right now) and if that's so then it's between Season 2 and 3 and I'm probably not going to deal with the Alpha Pack issue at all. (I don't like that arc because of the seemingly random destruction of characters.) So, figure somewhere in there. :D
“What do you mean it’s permanent?” Stiles asked, staring at Deaton with eyes so wide they bugged out of his face. “This can’t be permanent.” His hand waved down to his body and Deaton frowned.

“I’m sorry,” Deaton said. “But there’s nothing I can do. It’s not something that a simple magic trick or formula involving different herbs can just shrug off. This is high level magics created by a master in the field. I might be able to find the counter but that could take years Stiles. If it’s even possible. If the mage hadn’t been killed,” he glanced over at Isaac who was curled up in the corner of the room, the fear of having done the wrong thing wafting off of him in heavy waves. “But that’s neither here nor there. The point is that I can’t guarantee you’ll ever be who you were before.”

Stiles blinked and shook his head. “Deaton, come on dude, there’s got to be *something* you can do. SOMETHING.”

“I’m not going to give you false hope,” Deaton said.

“I’m a fucking *girl*!” Stiles hollered and Isaac whimpered.

“I’m aware of your current sex Stiles,” Deaton said calmly.

“Then you have to *do* something!” Stiles demanded and Deaton crossed his arms.

The door to the clinic opened and Derek’s eyes swept across Deaton to Isaac curled up in a tight ball. “What the hell happened? Why’s Isaac so upset?” His voice raised and fur sprouted out on his cheeks.

“Not to ruin your bad mood,” Stiles said, and his voice was higher pitched, kind of breathy and way too feminine for Stiles’ liking. “But he’s not the only one having a freak out here, okay?”

Derek’s eyes snapped to Stiles and they traveled from the pointed chin to the protrusion from his shirt and the way his pants were practically falling off of him. His nostrils flared and he took a deep breath. Then he frowned at Deaton, the facial hair disappearing. “Permanent?” he asked and Stiles lifted his hands in the air in exasperation as Isaac whimpered again.

“How could you possibly *know* that dude?” Stiles asked in a huff.

“Why is *Isaac* so upset?” Derek asked, walking over to him and placing his hands on Isaac’s shoulders.

“Because he accidentally killed the wizard that cast the spell and now Stiles might never be a boy again,” Deaton said and Isaac looked up at Derek with wide eyes.

“Were you trying to protect Stiles?” Derek asked and Isaac nodded his head. “Then it’s alright.”

Great, who’s going to comfort me?” Stiles asked dejectedly and that was when Scott came in.

“Stiles? Are you okay? Oh shit dude,” he said, skidding to a stop and looking Stiles up and down.

“Yeah, yeah, I know, permanent,” Stiles rolled his eyes.
“No, really?” Scott asked, looking over at Deaton, who nodded with a sigh.

“You were just realizing I was a girl then?” Stiles asked with a frown.

“No, dude, have you seen yourself?” Scott asked, and he shook his head. “Your dad’s going to flip.”

“Why is my dad going to flip?” Stiles asked, and he jumped off the table, which was a bad idea because his pants fell off his hips entirely. “Fuck,” he said, reaching down to grab them and pull them back up. Looking around the room he noticed everyone looking away from him with flushed faces. “What?”

“You...,” Scott strangled. “You just flashed all of us.”

“Jesus,” Stiles said, grabbing the pants and holding them up as he walked past Scott and into the bathroom. Turning on the light he looked right into the mirror and his breath hitched.

“Mom?” he whispered, reaching out to touch the glass. Of course it wasn’t his mother, he’d never seen her this young, or with such short hair, but holy shit the resemblance was uncanny. He had a more upturned nose, and the moles across his face were in exactly the same places as they had been on his male face but his jaw wasn’t so wide, and his eyebrows were now an elegant sweep across his forehead. Stiles touched his face as he stared at himself. He’d gotten his eyes from his father, not mother, and that was probably a blessing too, because it set him apart from her. He had a longer neck, and Stiles decided to pull the shirt off, staring at the scars on his stomach, same place as ever, he just had a more petite waist, skinny but strong arms, less broad shoulders, and the breasts were a decent size. They upturned a little like his nose and he wondered if that was normal. He had no idea what breasts really looked like usually, only having seen porn with them in it.

Bringing up a hand he brushed it across the underside, fingers lightly traveling across it, nipple getting caught up in the movement and he gasped out at a rush of heat that went down his stomach and right into his groin. He was pretty sure he’d be hard if he still had his dick, but it was hard to forget he didn’t have that anymore.

“Stiles?” Scott asked from the other side of the room, voice a little strangled. “Are you okay in there?”

“Um, yeah dude, just kind of taking in the plumbing, sorry.” He scrambled back into his shirt.

“Don’t take in too much, okay? You... I... don’t want to know about that stuff.”

“Sorry!” Stiles laughed, realizing that of course Scott could hear what he was doing. Probably smell it too once he opened the door. Grabbing the pants and pulling them up again, he opened the door and looked at Scott. “I look like Mom.”

“Yeah,” Scott said with a small nod of his head. “Sorry.”

“It’s...” Stiles considered that. “You know, it’s okay. I loved her, and this is kind of nice. If I have to look like someone, it’s better to look like my beautiful mother than gawky me, right?”

Scott’s brows furrowed. “There was nothing wrong with the way you looked before Stiles.”

“Right. Okay, so, I have no clothes for this, I have to hold my pants up, and according to Deaton this is permanent. How are we telling Dad?”
The last part turned out to be easier than expected. His father had rushed to the house when Scott called him to tell him that there had been a bit of an emergency and could he come home right away. When he saw Stiles, he had groaned and then pulled his son into his arms, holding him tightly.

“What happened?” he asked a long while later when they separated and were sitting on the couch. Stiles told the tale and his father nodded during the whole thing.

“So I’m stuck. Permanently. As a fucking girl,” Stiles finished and his father frowned at him.

“I certainly hope there is no fucking in your future young lady,” he said and Stiles groaned.

“Oh god Dad!” he said and he realized that suddenly his prospects for getting a date were even more limited. He missed his junk already.

“We’re going to take you to the doctors, get a thorough check up,” he said and Stiles looked at him.

“Oh no, no way. I’m not having a girlie exam already. I’ve seen what those things are like, I don’t want it, and besides, you can’t make me lose my virginity that way!” Stiles complained, and his father frowned at him.

“You’ve *seen* what those are like Stiles?” his father asked, eyebrows raised.

“It was research!” Stiles protested, face flushing. He hadn’t actually been looking at porn that time.

“Research for what?” his dad asked and Scott made a strangled noise.

“I don’t want to know!” he said quickly. “I knew about it at the time and I didn’t want to know the details, please don’t make me know more Sheriff!”

Stiles pointed at Scott. “See, he knows about it. It was a valid topic for a valid report and I learned plenty.”

“You have to see someone. How about Mrs. McCall?” he said, and Stiles sighed, nodding. His father wasn’t going to back down, so he had to make some sort of arrangement.

“No prodding down there, but okay. I’ll see her.” He didn’t like it, and he didn’t want to do it, but he would. Apparently he had to.

*

The appointment with Mrs. McCall went well. She mostly talked about the differences Stiles would experience, she took vitals but didn’t do anything overly embarrassing, and even brought Stiles over to give him some clothes that had been hers when she was younger. It was the first clothes that fit him and he was grateful for them. She offered to teach Stiles how to shave, and he hadn’t been interested, but maybe later. She had always been like a second mother to him, he thought he could stand to learn that kind of thing from her.

Derek crawled into his window that night as he was folding up clothes and replacing boxers with girlie briefs that he’d gotten from Mrs. McCall. He looked up at Derek and nodded at him.

“Hey,” he said and Derek paused, half in the room and half out of it.

“Should I go?” he asked, and Stiles raised his eyebrows.
“Why?” he asked.

“You’re… going through your clothes?”

“So?”

“Those are…” Derek choked and flushed, looking away and Stiles looked down at the cotton panties in his hands.


“Okay,” he said, coming the rest of the way in and sitting on the edge of the bed, between the boxers and the jeans.

“So what’d you want?” Stiles asked, folding the underwear up and frowning at them as he tossed them into his drawer. He wasn’t sure how much he actually cared about wrinkles anyway.

“I thought you might want to know that Isaac’s going to be okay,” Derek said hesitantly.

“Oh, that’s good,” Stiles nodded, turning to look at Derek. Derek’s eyes went wide and he looked away, a flush creeping up his cheeks.

“What now?” Stiles asked, and Derek waved at Stiles’ chest. Looking down, he realized he wasn’t wearing a top, only the ivory lace bra he’d gotten from Mrs. McCall. “It’s not like I’m *naked*!” Stiles protested, but he reached for one of his t-shirts. “There, I’m all modest now.”

Derek looked cautiously up at him and seemed to relax. “Thanks.”

“Yeah, whatever. This sucks. You know, I could be wearing nothing right now, but because I have breasts, I have to wear two fucking layers to be around civilized people. It’s stupid.”

“Sorry. I’m just not used to…” Derek made a vague wave with his hand and Stiles raised his eyebrows.

“So, in the future, I might be able to wear nothing at all on my top and it won’t bother you in the slightest?” he asked, and Derek looked away.

“No.”

“My point.” Stiles picked up his boxers and tossed them in a box. “So, Isaac is okay. That’s good man, because I may be stuck forever in the land of the girls but that doesn’t mean I hated what Isaac did. I really appreciated his stepping in for me and it was a rescue situation, he didn’t know that he was screwing me over.”

“I think he wants to apologize forever though. He said he couldn’t imagine being without his junk.”

“I miss it already, let me tell you. Shirtlessness is only one of the problems I’m having. I stood to pee at the toilet earlier and when I reached down and there was nothing to grab I was sorely disappointed.”

“I…” the corners of Derek’s lips twitched. “I can only imagine the horrors.”

“Yeah, exactly!” Stiles tossed up his hands and went over to his swivel chair, sitting down with a
sigh. ‘It’s horrible, and weird. I just…” he sighed and peeked up at Derek, through eyelashes that seemed longer now that he was female. ‘I wish it hadn’t happened. I guess I can figure out the details over time. Mrs. McCall offered to teach me to shave.” Pulling up a leg, he glanced down at the downy soft hair brushing across his skin. ‘I never even got to the point where I was shaving my face, and now I have to consider shaving my legs and my armpits? Like, it’s a ritual for girls, they do it all the time. Oh…” he glanced down at his crotch. ‘Do you think I’ll have to shave that too?’

There was a choking noise from Derek and Stiles looked up at him. His face was bright red and he was looking away from Stiles, out the window. Frowning, Stiles leaned towards him.

“Dude, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” Derek gasped. “Just… you can’t talk about that okay? Not with me.”

“Why? Because I’m a girl? Because I’m female suddenly physically, does that mean I’m a girl inside? Because I’m not.” He stood then and stalked over to Derek, putting both of his hands on Derek’s cheeks and turning his face so he was looking at Stiles. ‘I’m still *me*, understand? If you start treating me different just because of my body shape, I’m going to have Allison teach me to shoot a bow and I’m going to go to town on you, understand?” He gave an evil grin filled with teeth just to prove his point.

Derek’s face seemed much larger with Stiles’ long, thin fingers on his cheeks, and his eyes flickered across Stiles’ whole face before settling on the teeth. ‘I can’t promise anything,” he finally whispered.

“Then neither can I,” Stiles said back. Derek’s eyes lifted to stare into his eyes.

“It’s not that I think you’re weaker Stiles,” Derek said after several tense moments of silence. “My alpha was my mother, then my sister. I have no issues with strong women. It’s because you’re human, and because you’re….” he trailed off and his eyes flickered down Stiles’ throat, his body, his legs, back up to Stiles’ face. ‘It’s because you’re *you* that I’m worried. You…” He trailed off and shut his mouth, and suddenly Stiles was hot all over.

Taking several steps back, his hands leaving Derek’s face quickly, he shook his head and practically fell into his chair. “I’m what?” he gasped.

“You’re *you*. That’s all,” Derek mumbled. Then he abruptly stood and headed for the window. “I just wanted to tell you Isaac is going to be okay. Have a good evening.”

Then he was gone, before Stiles could complain any more, or protest the rapid exit, or even attempt to get more information out of Derek. He was *him* was he? What did that even mean?
Chapter 2 - Like it's the First Day of School All Over Again

Chapter Summary

Stiles has to go to school. As a girl. He isn't sure what's worse, the school, or Lydia's sudden interest in him.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Two! Whoop, whoop! I've read this over and over again and determine I consider it done.

Also, I've kind of put this between season 2 and 3a. Apparently I have Jackson sticking around, and no mentions of the Alpha Pack. That's fine with me, we'll just pretend there's no Alpha Pack stuff and Jackson didn't get sent off to London. So, yeah, we're there. Somewhere. hahaha *sweatdrops*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After much debate and long discussions, and Stiles spending a whole hell of a lot of time on the internet, they decided on Stina as his girl name. He still had school, and his father wasn't letting him stay home, no matter how badly he had begged. They were using the incredibly weak excuse that he was Stiles' cousin. From out of state. A family exchange that no one would believe but they were going to pretend was the truth.

As if anyone would believe that Stiles had gotten turned into a girl.

For two whole days Scott and his father had tried to get used to calling him Stina, and finally it was time. Time to brave classes. As a girl. In pants because Stiles just wasn’t ready for the shaving thing yet.

“You’re sure everyone who needs to know, knows?” Stiles asked for the millionth time.

“Yes already Stina,” Scott said, nudging him with his elbow. “Allison, Lydia and Jackson all have been told. It’s fine. It’s good. All good.”

“I don’t know about that all good part,” Stiles muttered, but he rolled his eyes and got out of his jeep. His baby, which he wasn’t willing to let go even though his father had argued against him using it. On this point, Stiles had been firm.

Mostly he landed on his feet, but like usual he fumbled and flailed a little, hands going out and clutching at the door frame for a few seconds. He kept forgetting that he’d lost an inch in height and the ground was much further away because of it.

“You okay?” a guy asked, and when Stiles turned to look at him, the guy offered him a hand. “You looked like you were having some trouble there.”

Looking down at the hand like it was the strangest thing in the world to see, because for Stiles it
was, he shook his head. “No, I’m good dude,” he said, looking up at the guy in question with a frown. “Happens all the time.”

“Okay,” he said with a shrug, and it looked like he was a little put off. “You new here?” Not put off enough.

“Yeah,” Stiles nodded and Scott came around the jeep. “You could say that.”

“Stiles’ cousin,” Scott said, and there was a very sharp tone to his voice. “Stina.”

Stiles shut the door and put his bag over his shoulder. “Yep. So, nice to meet you, I’ll see you later.”

“Oh, is that how it is? You dating her already McCall?” the guy asked, and Stiles wracked his brain trying to figure out who the guy was as Scott choked and coughed a few times.

“No!” Scott practically screamed. “She’s like a sister to me, god no.”

Thanks for that, Stiles thought to himself, wondering if the guy would back off or be a problem. Which of course was when the face finally clicked. “Nathan!” Stiles said loudly. “That’s right, you’re Nathan and you gave my cousin swirlies for a year.” He smiled sweetly at the boy, trying to get a feel for being feminine as he did so. “I remember now.”

Nathan’s face got a little colorful then and he shrugged. “I guess I’ll see you around,” he said, then he took off, leaving Stiles feeling very smug.

“You never told me he gave you swirlies,” Scott said, watching him go.

“Yes I did. I said I got wet in the bathroom and when you pressed, I said there were other people there too,” Stiles said, as he crossed his arms.

“Stiles,” Scott groaned.

“Stina, remember?” Stiles pointed out. “Stina.”

“Stina is it?” Lydia’s voice came from behind him and he flailed as he turned around to face her. Even now it was a bit strange to have her talking to him. “Good choice I suppose. From Christina?”

“From names that begin with Sti,” Stiles said. “That was startling.”

Lydia’s eyes traveled all down Stiles and her face formed a full pout. “I don’t like it,” she said.

Stiles looked down at his body. “Neither do I, but I’m told I’m stuck.”

“No, you dumbass,” Jackson said. Stiles looked up at him as he came over and slipped an arm around Lydia’s waist. “The clothes. She doesn’t like the clothes.”


“I don’t have money for clothes,” Stiles said as he tried to find the best way to say no to Lydia.

“I do. It’s fine. And the hair,” she made a vague gesture towards Stiles’ head. “No.”

“I’m fine,” Stiles said. He was, he’d be fine.

“If you’re a girl, you need to dress like a girl. If you’re a girl, you need to look like a girl. End of
story.” She lightly patted his arm. “Welcome to school Stina.”

Suddenly it was like the pit of his stomach dropped, and when Jackson smirked at him, he felt even worse. Looking over at Scott for help, he got none, just a shrug and a mouthed, ‘It’s Lydia, what can you do?’ which was of course worse than no help. Stiles didn’t think he could win out against Lydia when it came to all kinds of things. He just wasn’t sure he was ready to wear the clothes she would determine were okay.

* 

For all the worry he’d had about going to his school, he didn’t really have a lot to worry about. His grades were the same as, well, his grades, so he was more or less shuffled back into his same classes, minus the after school activity of lacrosse of course. It was hard to decide if he was upset about that or not. The last time he’d been excited over lacrosse he’d been tied up and beaten by an old man, so… maybe it was better that he couldn’t play?

Harder than classes and everything else was dealing with being called Stina. He hadn’t realized how used to his offbeat name he was until he was trying to answer to a different one. This one was close, but not so close that he didn’t sometimes ignore the person speaking to him entirely. Possibly because inside he was still Stiles, while outside he was this girl, Stina. Since everyone could see his outside but him, it was more difficult to remember the change.

He’d made some guy choke on his gum when he’d scratched at a breast that itched during class. Trying to think about it yielded the fact that he’d never seen a girl scratch a boob, and that made him wonder how they didn’t when the nipples itched so badly sometimes. If he still had a male body, it wouldn’t be odd to do so. Why was it for a girl?

True to her word, Lydia found him right after classes as he was putting his things away in his locker. Even though the school had given him his “own” locker, he was bound and determined to use the one given to Stiles. It was his. He wasn’t giving it up. How she knew to find him right there, he didn’t know, but she did.

“Ready for shopping Stina?” she asked, and Stiles wondered how it was so easy for her to remember his new name when he couldn’t even do that.

“Sure, like death,” he said, and there was Allison, right behind Lydia, a small smile on her face.

Stiles hadn’t run into Allison all day. Possibly because she and Scott still weren’t really talking to each other and he definitely was talking to Scott. There was a feeling of uncertainty between how all of them should act together, and Stiles wasn’t sure if it was a good idea that she’d be there or a bad one.

“Hey Stile-” Allison cleared her throat. “Stina.” There was a little blush and Stiles gave her a wave.

“Hey Allison. How are things?” he asked with a smile.

“Better than they are for you,” she said. “You doing okay so far?”

“No. Not really,” he admitted, and why was it so easy to admit that to her?

“Which is why the shopping,” Lydia said. “Trust me, you’ll feel better when you’re wearing clothes that make you feel like a woman. Instead of…” she trailed off and brushed her hair over her shoulder as she looked down at Stiles. “Well.”

“I don’t think it’s that easy,” Stiles said, and Allison at least seemed to get it.
“It’ll help.” Then Lydia was linking arms with him and walking them down the hallway. “Trust me. It’ll help.”

*

Contrary to what he expected, clothes shopping wasn’t horrible. Maybe because Lydia already knew what she wanted Stiles to try on. She had flat out refused to let him stay in his current bra, getting him one that was much more stylish and sexy than he had ever intended on wearing in his life, and forcing him into it before it was even purchased.

“As long as I keep the tags and pay for it, it’s no big deal,” she said, and she put the tags on top of the clothes pile.

He had tried to keep her out of the dressing room, his crush not having gone away just because he was in a girl’s body, but she had insisted, making sure he was dressed properly before showing him off to Allison. It was like a mini fashion show just for the benefit of getting Stiles in and out of different clothes again and again, but for some reason it was fun too. By the end of things he was striking poses and the smile on Allison’s face was genuine, instead of forced.

There were three huge bags of clothes before they left to look at shoes, and those were more of a problem than Stiles had ever expected. On the plus side, Lydia didn’t seem interested in killing him.

“You have to learn to walk in heels before you can run Stina,” she had said, rolling her eyes. “Try this one on.” By the time they left there were six pairs of shoes in total. He had tennis shoes, a pair of nice flats, two pairs of different colored low heels and a pair of wedges. The only reason he remembered the names was because she kept telling him them again and again.

“Memorization is the key Stina,” she said. “Memorization.”

There had been no comment about nylons, but there were ten pairs of tights because Lydia thought he had to start out small. He wasn’t sure why tights were small, but he figured she knew what she was talking about. Then there was accessories, and by the time they were sitting down for a snack he was so exhausted he thought he was going to die.

“The next step is the salon,” Lydia said as she began eating some fruity parfait. It looked good, Stiles wished he had gotten that instead of his ice cream, which was melting fast because he was too tired to eat it quickly enough. “Hair, nails, make up. Mostly you just sit there Stina, so you’ll be fine.”

Stiles groaned at her and ate a few spoons of ice cream.

“It’s true,” Allison said with a smile bright enough that her dimples showed. Stiles had never appreciated the dimples before. He thought maybe he could see what Scott had seen in her. “You can just relax.”

“I was going to try to get a massage, but my girl’s not available until the weekend. I think we’ll do it then,” Lydia nodded. “So we have to discuss your pain threshold. I think you can handle quite a bit, can’t you Stina?”

Looking over at her with a small frown, Stiles said, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You’ve been shoved around your whole life. Kicked and beaten, and you’ve come out on top, right?” He didn’t like where this was going.
“Um… yes? Why?” he asked cautiously.

“I’m thinking wax. It’s the best way for you.”

“Oh,” Allison said, eyes widening a little. “Are you sure? That seems like… well, um…”

“Yes. I think so,” Lydia said. “We can do it at my house.”

“What can we do at your house?” Stiles asked, and when he looked between Allison and Lydia he got no reply. Allison suddenly seemed very focused on her drink, and Lydia seemed smug. “What?”

“We have to deal with the hair Stina,” Lydia said.

“No, no, I determined to keep it. I’m a feminist. We don’t shave,” Stiles said, shaking his head. This was getting too out of hand. He wouldn’t be able to deal. He knew it.

“Trust me,” Lydia reached out a hand and lightly touched one of his. Her voice became gentle and that was freaking him out a little more. “Why won’t you ever trust me? You’ll be so happy when it’s done.”

He wanted to believe her, he did. It was just hard to when she was so good at being manipulative. Like Stiles was, they shared that in common. “…” He looked into her eyes though, and something flashed through them that made his heart ache. Understanding, sadness, loss. Stiles couldn’t imagine what it was that made her feel that way, but he did see it, and for some reason, realized she really was trying to help him. Maybe… maybe he could give in a little? Just a little, just enough that she could feel better.

“Fine,” he said with a sigh, and she grinned. Maybe it was all a ruse?

* 

He looked like a pixie. His hair hadn’t grown out much, so it was still way too short, but now it looked cute around his face, not spiked up on top anymore. The manicure had been pleasant, and his makeup made him look like a girl. Not just a female version of him. It was weird. Now they were in Lydia’s bedroom and there was a strip of wax on his leg and Lydia looked considering.

“Are you ready?” she finally asked, and Stiles clenched at Allison’s hand.

“Dude, *can* you be ready to lose all your leg hair at once?” he asked, and she raised her eyebrows, hand moving so quickly he almost didn’t register the sudden ripping noise.

A little belatedly he felt the pain and a sudden scream was ripped from him. “Oh god!” he cried out. “You have *got* to be joking me!”

Lydia was already slathering more goop on his leg and he wanted to flail and get out of her way, but then he’d have a long strip of no hair surrounded by tons of hair and shit, he didn’t know what to do about that.

He wished he could scream manly screams, or bellows, but by the time she was finished with one leg and reaching for the next he was whimpering. Trying in vain to get the leg away from her, he almost fell onto the ground. She was quick though, he had to give her that, and then the pain wasn’t just on one leg, but both. There was no way, no way, he was letting her do that to his underarms.
“There you go,” she said finally, rubbing something into his legs which made them feel better. Maybe it was just that they were being soothed, he didn’t know.

“Oh my god,” he moaned, turning a little so he was pressing Allison’s hand into his face. “How do you do this all the time?”

“It’s worse the first time,” Allison said, and after a moment, her other hand came over and started lightly patting his head.

“And with longer hair,” Lydia chirped up. “It’ll be easier from now on.”

“No, no more, never again,” Stiles said, shaking his head. Maybe it was just how long of a day it had been, maybe it was everything, but he felt the pin prick of tears forming in his eyes. Oh god, no, he wasn’t going to cry.

“We still have your underarms to do,” Lydia said and that was it, the tears fell in earnest.

He tried to hide them, turning his face away from Allison’s hand, pressing his eyes closed tightly, attempting not to hiccup like he did when he really got going. It was all in vain though, because Allison’s hand stopped patting and started stroking at his hair.

“Is she crying?” Lydia asked, hands pausing and Stiles was able to curl his legs up so he could form a ball. That was the easiest way to deal with the crying, right?

“I think so?” Allison’s voice seemed gentle and sort of soft.

“I wasn’t trying to make her cry. Stina, it’s going to feel fine in a little while,” Lydia said, reaching for one of Stiles’ legs.

“No,” Stiles said, lightly kicking out and moving away from her. “Just…” he didn’t know what to say. He hated crying, hated it. Why was he doing it now?

There was silence, then Allison’s hands were pulling him closer to her and she managed to wrap her arms around him in a big hug. Which was awkward because he was still curled up, so he could feel her breasts on his head. Even so, the gesture was comforting and the sobs that he’d been fighting died down.

“Sorry,” he sniffled, and Allison backed away so he could uncurl. “I… I don’t know what the fuck just happened.”

There was a tissue being offered to him from Lydia, and when he took it, she went back to his legs. Heaving a sigh and using the tissue, he let her do what she was doing and figured he’d just deal. Some of the stress seemed to be gone, and he just felt drained now.

“It’s called hormones,” Lydia finally said. “You have a different body chemistry than you had as a man. Trying to get all of that regulated is going to take time.” She looked up at him and he didn’t see any hate or frustration. “Just like men get hard over carrots, women get emotional over lockers. Something triggers you, it happens. It’s probably going to be worse at first because your body needs to figure itself out, and inside, you’re still Stiles, right?”

He blinked at her and wiped away the rest of the tears. “Yeah,” he croaked. “That’s the worst of it all. I’m still. I’m still Stiles, still think and act and speak just like me, but outside…” he waved a hand at his body. “I’m not.”

“It’s going to take time,” Allison said gently, one hand lightly rubbing his back. “But it’s okay. You have… you have good friends now, they’ll help you through it all.” Then she looked away,
flushing before whispering. “I can help too.”

Stiles thought about all the friends he had. Scott, his father, sometimes Lydia, never trusting Jackson, sometimes Derek and well, the uncertainty that was Allison. His life had revolved around Scott and his mother, plus his own father, and now he had more friends. People who he could talk to, but most of them were guys. “Yeah,” he said, reaching out and touching her arm. “Yeah, I’d… I think I’d really like that. Female friends. It’s weird, but…” he cleared his throat. “You know.”

“You know you’re stuck with me too,” Lydia said, and he turned an easy grin on her.

“If I’d known all it would take was becoming a girl to get your attention, I’d have probably looked for a spell a long time ago.”

She rolled her eyes at him. “Don’t press your luck. You aren’t my type.”

“Why? Because I’m a girl?” he asked, dramatically clutching his chest.

“No,” she gave him a feral grin. “Because you aren’t weak.”

That… that was interesting, and frightening, and disturbing as well. He blinked at her and sat up fully. “Really? You like Jackson because you think of him as weak?”

“Physically no, mentally?” She arched her eyebrows at him. “He’s mine, and I tell him what to do.”

“I didn’t have a chance with you because I was strong willed?”

“You were a nerd, never came on the radar, but once you did,” she shrugged. “Uncontrollable.”

That made him feel kind of good. In a strange way. “Oh. But we can be friends, right? I’d like to stay your friend.”

“As I said,” she tossed her hair over her shoulder again and leaned back. “You’re stuck with me now.”

*

After getting himself home, after dinner and dishes and homework, Stiles lay on his bed exhausted and considered never moving again. Of course the first thing he did when he could was touch his silky smooth, hairless, lovely legs.

Chapter End Notes

I should mention that I have not tried to wax my legs since I was a teenager. It was too painful for me (I’m a total wuss,) so that bit was created after research, vague memories of my past, and talking to my best guy friend who went to hair school. Any actual mistakes regarding the process is mine entirely because yeah, no, not doing that again. Like. Ever.
This Strange Body of Mine

Chapter Summary

Stiles wakes up in the middle of the night sick. Which leads to him exploring his body, and his body yelling at him angrily in the morning.

Chapter Notes

First of all I know I should be updating TTTLM, but I've been working like crazy, been stuck in my glasses for a week so I couldn't drive and could hardly read anything, and I'm just getting back into the swing of things. So I edited instead of writing. I'd apologize but honestly I'm amazed I could edit even. I think my intelligence goes down significantly when I'm in my glasses. Therefore you get an update here and I hope I have time to update TTTLM later this week.

Now comes the warnings. As I said this has been an exploration fic, seeing the differences between male and female and such. In this chapter we deal with some of the physical things that means. Which includes masturbation (probably the least sexy kind in the world.) and periods. I also have little bits that are things most of us probably do but rarely does anyone speak about it. I've been very nervous to post this particular chapter because of some of the things I have written, but in order to go further I must get through this so... on with the show! If you are afraid of the graphic nature of this chapter, please see my end notes where I give a brief outline of what happens.

I have edited this, so if there are glaring errors, please mention so I can clean up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles woke up in the middle of the night sick to his stomach. Scrambling out of bed, he rushed to the bathroom and threw up. Mind whirling quickly through the last three things he ate, he couldn’t come up with a single thing that would have made him sick.

Flushing the toilet he crawled up to the sink, splashing water on his face before looking at the mirror. Backing away quickly, he gasped at the figure he saw. It was still unnerving and disconcerting to see a woman in the glass instead of himself. He’d been avoiding looking at anything reflective for the last few days because of this very thing. It wasn’t right to see a girl. He wasn’t a girl.

Blinking at himself, herself?, he returned to the sink to rinse out his mouth. Drying his face with a towel he saw all the products splayed out on the counter. They didn’t feel right scattered across the surface that used to house only hair gel, a razor and some toothbrushes.

“Take your makeup off every evening, wash your face, put on some cream. You’ll get in the hang of it more you do it.” Lydia’s voice echoed in his mind. He had a feeling her voice was going to be a regular visitor in his head now.
Looking back up at himself he leaned forward to stare a little harder. His face was pale and he felt sticky. One hand pat down his body and there was sweat sticking to his back and thighs. Fine, he was up he may as well take a bath. He usually preferred the quickness of a shower over the drawn out bath, but between being hot he was also achy, so with a flick of his wrist he turned on the hot tap. If he was going to do this, he may as well do this right.

It wasn’t even half full before he was tugging his nightgown off and sinking into the heat. The sides of the tub were excruciatingly cold, and he waited until the water crept up the sides before leaning back. He let the water become almost unbearably hot before turning off the water. Closing his eyes, he felt the tension in his body drain away little by little.

Water was strange he realized. It slipped across mounds of flesh he hadn’t had before, making his breasts bob when he moved. Not to mention the way it crept through the folds of skin between his legs, which was not at all what happened with a dick. He’d washed down there, sort of, the day before, but the sensation was not the same as hot water slipping in to settle around his hole.

Quickly he tried to pull the folds closed, the heat too much too fast. Only it seemed that once the area had been opened, the water knew it’s way back in there. His fingers twitched up and down a few times trying to get overly sensitive skin used to very hot water, which was when one finger swiped across something that created another rush of heat, this one entirely different from the water.

“Holy,” he gasped as he closed his eyes and stilled his hand. He hadn’t explored much down there, still a little uncomfortable with the change in plumbing. All things considered he could totally do this now. It was the middle of the night, he was in the bath, and there was soap nearby. His finger touched that place again tentatively, and felt a little wash of pleasure.

Opening his eyes, he glanced at the closed bathroom door and took a deep breath. He was going to do this. Yeah, he had a body he didn’t know very well, and he’d known his other body really well so he owed it to himself to figure out how this worked. It would be a bad idea if he didn’t, someone could surprise him with weird touching or something.

Now that he knew he was doing this, he was giving himself every excuse to move forward, so he just settled back into the water and let a breath out. There was no need to justify it, it was his body, he could do what he wanted with it.

He licked water off his lips and lifted a hand to lightly cup a breast, making the water move against him again. Playing with nipples had always been fun before, but when he brushed his fingers across one, pleasure rushed through him and it got hard instantly. Doing it again made him moan, pinching it lightly almost made him flail out of the water. That was way more sensitive than he’d expected. Less pressure, he decided as he settled in the water again and touched his breast once more.

After a little experimenting he found he liked to squeeze his breast with fingers on each side of the nipple, allowing it to get caught between the fingers. If he put too much pressure on them it hurt, so he did everything slowly. Touching each breast alternately, he thought the right one might be a little bigger than the left one. It fit more fully into his hand so maybe one hand was bigger.

It was ridiculously easy to rile himself up just from playing with his breasts. He’d read that some women could come from that alone but he wasn’t willing to take the time right now to test the theory. Instead he let one hand travel down his chest and abdomen, fingers lightly stroking the hair before spreading his legs. He let the hand slip down and along his hip, fingers brushing his upper thigh and then returning home. They dipped in to where he felt wetness that was more slick than water.
One fingertip traced the edge of his skin, pressed towards his hole, then up. He knew the name for what sparked pleasure through him, but having never felt one under his finger before he took his time to trace the skin around the bump, feeling how it seemed to be put together. A part of him wanted to see what it looked like. Looking over to the mirror he promised himself a more in-depth study of his lady parts. Pictures on the internet and random porn wasn’t the same as having the parts and seeing what he looked like.

He clenched his hand in time to a stroke of finger and he moaned out again. There was no question he was getting wet but the water washed it away when he tried to use it. Each dip of his fingers further down just made him less slippery and more sticky. Too much friction mixed with not enough and he was frustrated with himself ridiculously quickly. If it was this difficult to get a girl off it was no wonder women were pent up all the time.

In the end though, it was agony, a drawn out pain fest that was going on his never to do again list. The water kept washing the soap away and it dropped out of his hand three times before he was anywhere near coming. He stopped playing with the one breast and began playing with the other because his nipple was sore. Both arms were burning and he cursed as he got close for the fourth time but couldn’t quite reach orgasm.

With a sigh, he closed his eyes and thought for a few moments. There weren’t many, but some girls weren’t big fans of clit manipulation, they prefered penetration. He didn’t think all those stories were completely false. It would be just his luck if he was one of those. Pulling the bar of soap out of the water he studied it. It wasn’t really the right shape, but maybe he could just kind of swirl it around the hole. Eyes traveled around the room but he couldn’t imagine anything else being useful. Digging his fingers into the bar he put it back into the water and let it slid down. His body clenched as it got near but he forced himself to relax, letting the bar slide up and down.

It felt good, but not good enough and he took a breath before putting his other hand down there. It found his clit easily and slowly touched it. Some soap was still there so he was able to begin swirling around it. With a gasp he let the bar slip a little harder against himself. Usually he didn’t imagine anything when he was masturbating, but this had been so difficult he figured it wouldn’t hurt.

First he pulled up a picture of Lydia, red hair flowing around her face, glistening lips looking up at him from his cock… No, he didn’t have one of those so it had to be from his clit. Or something. Shaking his head in irritation he moved his fantasy somewhere else. If he was playing with his hole it had to be a guy then. Someone who could actually push inside him. This wasn’t the first time a guy had been a figure in his fantasies, but it was the first time he wasn’t playing with his ass at the same time.

Derek’s face appeared instantly in his mind, arms on each side of Stiles, skin slick with sweat, drops slipping from his chin onto Stiles’ chest. This time though, Stiles had breasts and Derek’s head dipped down to suck a nipple into his mouth. Gasping from the image, Stiles felt his nipple harden again and his finger twisted a little sharply on his clit.

“You’re beautiful,” he could almost hear Derek say. Stiles arched against Derek, pressing the soap a little inside of himself as he imagined Derek pressing slowly inside of him. With a chuckle, Derek kissed up Stiles’ body and licked a stripe along Stiles’ neck. Stiles had a particularly sensitive neck and Derek’s stubble scraped lightly against the skin. With a gasp, Stiles’ hand sped
up, no longer soap slick against his clit, but he wasn’t really touching it perfectly anymore.

He gasped out, “Derek, please.” Pulling the soap out of himself and then back in, he saw Derek move his hips in time to Stiles’ hand. It would be hot, Stiles’ hands straining against his own body as Derek picked a pace both deep and steady.

“Yeah Stiles,” Derek said breathlessly. Boy or girl, Stiles was Stiles and if he was going to be having sex, no one was calling him Stina. “Yeah, that’s right, you feel so good.”

“Yeah,” Stiles whispered. “You too, god Derek, I’m so close.” His hand was moving frantically, sometimes touching his clit so sparks laced up his body, sometimes just brushing it enough to keep him on edge. Holding the soap carefully, Stiles felt his wrist start to cramp up but he kept going.

“Me too,” Derek moaned. He thrust harder, again and again, and then Stiles was coming, knees hitting the sides of the tub as he did. Water splashed out of the tub as his body relaxed fully in a rush. If he’d been on the bed he would be drenched in sweat.

Gasping for several long moments, he finally pulled the soap out, tugging his nails out of the bar before slipping fingers very carefully in his body, just enough to make sure he cleaned himself out. Then he let his arms float, eyes closing as he tucked his head into the corner of the tub. He was asleep in seconds.

*

When he woke, the water was cold and he felt sick again. Not as bad as before, more a general queasiness that had settled in the pit of his stomach and made him wake with a groan.

He stretched out the kinks in his body from sleeping funny and unplugged the tub, rinsing off as he did. One hand ran through his short hair and he sighed. Turning on the taps again, he set the water right for a shower. He’d return to bed right after.

Standing up was tricky, the water was really slimy from the soap and he had to move the water around a lot to wash the soap residue off. As he crouched to swish the water with his hand, he realized he needed to pee. Fairly badly. With a shrug, he did so, washing it down the drain with the rest of the water.

Only it stung. He stung… down there. He splashed himself a few times with water straight from the tap, hand slipping up to slide along his slit. There was no blood, so he hadn’t scratched himself. With a rinse, he put his fingers where the hole was again and gently pressed one inside, putting it out quickly because it was incredibly uncomfortable. Still no blood. Looking at the bar of soap he frowned. He wasn’t ever doing that again.

Pulling the shower curtain closed, he flicked the switch so the water would come out of the showerhead and he sank into very hot water. He washed his hair and body quickly, having little hair to worry about and a mostly clean body already. He didn’t do anything to his… well, cunt, but figured he should make absolutely sure it was clean, so he lifted a leg and let the water spray across it for a while. Surely that would handle the issue. The sting was over, but he could still feel the lingering sensation of his fingers inside himself.

Carefully getting out, he dried himself and wrapped the towel around his whole body. Grabbing the nightgown in one hand he walked into his bedroom. The window was open, cool night air wafting in and he felt exhausted again. If women were tired and achy like this all the time he could completely understand why they’d be cranky with people. If anyone bothered him right now he might very well yell at them just for being around. Possibly even Scott.
He put a towel over the pillow and didn’t even bother to put the nightgown back on before closing his eyes and falling back to sleep.

* He didn’t want to listen to the alarm when it went off, one hand flopping like a fish as he whacked at the electronic thing that wouldn’t shut up. Groaning, he cracked open his eyes and peered around the room. Same old room. Same old him, only his stomach hurt, cramping like a muscle was overworked, and he placed a hand to his abdomen, lightly rubbing at it.

Swinging his feet over the edge of his bed, he frowned when he felt something wet slip down his leg. Looking down he saw blood. Blood. There was... oh god, there was blood, and it was coming from him. Quickly he began to assess the damage, had he been attacked, was there a gaping wound somewhere, because that amount of blood couldn’t be good.

Which was when one hand went down and slipped between his legs and he just knew. He *knew*, with the clarity of the damned, what was going on.

“Holy Fucking Shit,” he muttered, lying back down on the bed and closing his eyes. The very action of moving his hand out of the slick wetness between his legs made his stomach clench and hurt even more. It all made sense now, the vomiting, the sensitive skin, the cramps. He was having... no, there was no way, he wasn’t saying that dreaded “P” word. It wasn’t him. He was just dying, from some wound, and he would just stay here to bleed out. That was fine.

A knock on his door had him scurrying for the sheets, covering himself the best he could, leaving a streak of blood across his bedspread. “Stiles,” his father’s voice called. “Get up, it’s breakfast time.”

The groan that came from him then was loud and Stiles curled into the fetal position and placed his head in his pillow. No, no, he wasn’t hungry, food was bad, he knew if he ate, he’d just give it back to the porcelain gods and they didn’t need it. “No,” he mumbled. “Not coming out.” He didn’t want to deal with this.

“What?” his father’s voice came and Stiles took a deep breath.

“I’m sick. Staying home today,” he managed to call out, but even that hurt, and as he spoke loudly, he felt something push between his legs and the hot wetness spread. Fuck, his sheets were probably ruined, and all of his dignity was going quickly with them.

“Stiles, being a female does not equal sick. You’re going into to school.”

He didn’t answer and after a few moments, the door opened and his father peered in. “Stiles,” he started, sounding exasperated, but then his voice hitched. “Stiles? Is that... are you...” he trailed off. Maybe he was looking at the bloody handprint, or the drops that had fallen onto the carpet. Christ, Stiles was never going to want to see his father’s face again.

Stiles hid further under the pillow. He felt entirely mortified and he hadn’t prepared for this, not yet. How could he have, he hadn’t expected it, he’d only been a girl for like, five days, surely it was too soon for this to be happening? “Go away,” he mumbled.

“Stiles,” his father said gently, walking into the room and sitting on the far side of the bed. “You need to take some advil for the pain, there’s pain right?” When Stiles nodded his head, his father went on. “Then a shower I think, and... there might be something in the house you can use until I get back from the store. I know what to get, can you just give me a little while? I’ll call you off school and go in late today to help you out.”
Why was his father so fucking good to him? Moving his pillow, he stared at his father, hair going every which way and he wanted to hug him, to thank him, to do anything to make it clear how much he appreciated this. “Dad,” he managed before his father’s arms were wrapping around him and holding him tight.

Stiles clung to the warm body, feeling the tears and this time, not caring as they fell. How was he going to get through this being female thing? How did females get through this female thing? It was like his body was hot all over, he was sweating, and bleeding and hurting and all he wanted to do was curl up in his father’s arms and let his dad take care of him. Only his father couldn’t take care of everything anymore. It just wasn’t the same.

“It’s okay son,” he whispered, holding Stiles close. “Your mother did it every month, and I know it hit her bad each time, but she lived, you will too. Just… let me get you started on the right path, okay? I’m here, even if… through anything, I’m here for you.”

Nodding and wiping his wet eyes on his father’s shoulder several times as he did so, Stiles refused to let go of the comfort and he cried for a long time. Finally though, his father wrapped him up in the top sheet and towel from last night, and carried him into the bathroom.

It was going to be okay, it was going to be okay, it was going to be okay. Stiles thought that maybe if he said it enough times, he might begin to believe it.

*  

After school, Allison dropped by. Her footfall was unmistakable because it was so soft. Stiles almost missed it. He was curled up with his laptop on his bed, heating pad tucked at the small of his back and not on for the moment, but the controls were close by. Clean sheets, clean person and drugs had done a wonder on his self respect and he was doing serious research on… the “p” word.

“Hey there,” she said as she stood in the doorway. “How are you feeling?”

“Like I could eat advil like candy just to keep the pain in check, how about you?” Stiles asked with a grin.

“Sorry,” she said, coming in and sitting in his swivel chair. “I know how much it sucks.”

“Yeah. I didn’t. It wasn’t like I had ever thought you girls had it easy, but shit, I would wish this only on my worst enemy.” Stiles untucked his legs from under him and winced as he felt the becoming familiar rush of wet come out of him. “So, what’s the skinny?”

Allison giggled, her nose crinkling as she did so. “No one says that anymore. I just wanted to check up on you, see if I can help you with anything.”

“Nope. I don’t think so, although you girls could have warned me about making sure I had pads or tampons or something around the house for when this happened. Seriously weird, knowing my dad bought all the supplies.” Yet his father hadn’t batted an eye at doing so, and Stiles was very grateful for that.

“Sorry. I didn’t think… if I had…” She shrugged. “But you’re handling it okay?”

“Hadn’t this morning, but I think I’m growing up. Does this really last five to seven days? Wouldn’t your body like… die from that much blood loss?” he asked, navigating to another page. He’d never learned so many things about the female reproductive organs before in his life.

“Well, I mean, it slows down,” she said, wincing as she said it. “Eventually. The first three days
“You never seem any different.” Stiles said, realizing that he couldn’t picture a single time when she might have been on her… on the “p”.

“I fake it,” she laughed. “I have to. As girls, we aren’t expected to be any different, even when we’re in excruciating pain. We have to go to class, we have to seem happy, it’s just how we’re expected to act.”

“It’s bull shit. I feel like someone is stabbing my gut and there’s stuff flowing out of me at a rate that has to be unhealthy and I’m supposed to go through this every month and act like nothing’s wrong? Bull fucking shit!” Stiles said, tossing his hands up in the air. “No way. This is horrible, and every guy should have to deal with knowing that. We aren’t frail little creatures, we’re women, and if this is how we work men need to stop complaining.”

Allison smiled and reached out to take one of his hands. “Stiles? I’ve always really liked you. The more time I spend with you, the more fond I get. Don’t change please? It’d be great if you never forgot that you were a boy once, because you, just as you are, is so much more important than what you look like.”

Stiles didn’t know why that struck him so powerfully, but he began crying again. Maybe it was the “p” thing once more acting up? He had done the research, he knew things now. Of course, it could also be that his body was going through a major chemical change and everything was wired wrong right now. As the tears slipped down his cheeks, he reached for Allison, his laptop falling to the side as he pulled her into his arms.

“Thanks,” he said. “You’re pretty awesome yourself.”

*

That night he slept uncomfortably with two pads on just in case and in the morning he didn’t need to take a full on shower. That was nice. He even went to school the next day, but he was very careful to make sure everyone knew he was in pain, and that he wasn’t happy about it. What he didn’t say to anyone was that he had a dream where Derek was touching his arm and leaching his pain away.

Chapter End Notes

Stiles wakes sick and vomits in the middle of the night. He takes a bath and explores masturbation that leads to him using soap as lubricant. Then he falls asleep in the tub and in several hours he takes a shower and suffers the consequences of using soap as lubricant when he pees. He goes to bed and in the morning he's bleeding all over the place. Sheriff goes for supplies, calls him off school and Stiles stays home. Allison comes over after school to offer help/comfort. That night, he dreams of Derek leaching pain from him and goes to school the next day, not hiding the fact that he is on his period.
Not Really a Physical

Chapter Summary

Still dealing with the "p" word, Stiles tries to figure out if something is wrong with him. Well, you know, besides the whole female thing.

Chapter Notes

Happy Easter! I have writing to do on TTTLM, which I will be doing sometime in the next few days, but for the holiday I thought I would update this. Because editing is so much easier when you've already done it once before. :P Enjoy, and if there are glaring errors or if I've made some stupid mistake in the position of people (I tried to fix it all), please let me know so I can fix it! Thank you!

Also, plot sneaks in! Whoooo! Some of this should be confusing, I hope it's confusing, that was part of the point. Anyway, yes, there should be some confusion and some curiosities.

And in relation to people's comments about Isaac. One of the things I hated about the show was how they gave him this great background, and then only played with it sometimes. I know that many people who are actually in abusive relationships don't necessarily go from being abused to being super confident then back to super frightened and such. With season 2, they made Isaac really strong willed and stubborn and certain of himself. I kind of saw it as him embracing the wolf inside him and allowing it to give him the strength he didn't have to face up to his father. Then season 3A did weird things, bringing back his insecurities and kind of making him more weak seeming and uncertain about all kinds of things. Then we had 3B and I don't even want to go there because.... now he's gone and I'm actually sad. I love the character of Isaac and when I started this I was playing on his insecurities and desire to do the right thing and failing. That being said, there is a *reason* for him to feel so incredibly overwhelmed and I hope this chapter sheds some light on that. (only a tiny light, there's so much more to come.) I do have plans and plots and stuff related to Isaac and why he has been behaving the way he has. :D So enjoy and have a great holiday!

“No, really Deaton, something has to be wrong,” Stiles said, sitting on the examining table as though that's where he belonged, swinging his thin legs and trying not to admire how good they looked peaking out from the edge of his skirt.

“I've checked everything I can think of Stiles, but I don't see anything wrong with you,” Deaton said. He crossed his arms and leaned back against the counter. “You're a perfectly healthy female.”

“Magical female,” Stiles said as he pointed one perfectly manicured nail at him. “Because I used to be a boy. I haven't been a girl for a full week and I'm having the "p" word? That can't be
normal. Not only can it not be normal but I’m bleeding like a motherfucker. Even Lydia agrees it’s a lot, but she says maybe it’s because it’s the first one I’m having. She seemed to not want to talk about it at all, which I can’t honestly blame her for because yuck, blood coming out of my body from a really private area.” Stiles shivered. He’d come to realize that this was a thing, a thing he had to deal with, but he certainly didn’t have to like it.

“Yes Stiles, I understand perfectly well what a period is, thank you,” Deaton said with a sigh and Stiles shivered at the word being used. It wasn’t supposed to be used around him, even Lydia had started calling it Aunt Flow instead of creeping Stiles out.

“Then you see why this is especially bad.”

“No.” Deaton raised his eyebrows at Stiles. “I don’t know. All I know is that you were magically altered and it’s something I can’t reverse. I don’t know that what you’re going through isn’t normal, nor do I know how things will progress in the future.”

“Then do another exam,” Stiles said. “I’m begging you.” He’d do anything, subject his body to any kind of exam if it would figure out what was wrong.

“I’m a vet,” Deaton laughed lightly, shaking his head. “I can’t do an exam on you and know what’s going on Stiles. All I know about are animals and werecreatures. Not humans. Go to the doctor if you think something is wrong.”

Stiles rolled his eyes. “Really? You don’t think that would raise questions no one could answer?”

“Stiles,” Deaton said as he pushed off the counter and walked towards Stiles. His hands came up to rest on Stiles’ shoulders. “Stiles, please, please don’t ask me to look into something I can’t help you with. I’ve done all I can for you. You have to figure out how to live this way, on your own.”

Stiles stared into Deaton’s rich brown gaze for a long time before sighing and looking down at his knees. Maybe it was the hormones but he really felt like he’d just been dumped. “You’re no help,” he muttered. “No one’s any help. I hate being female. Half the time I don’t even feel like I’m in my own body and the other half I’m trying to use parts that don’t exist anymore.”

There were no further words from Deaton, but he suddenly came close enough to pull Stiles into an impromptu hug. A hug that Stiles returned quickly, fervently, clinging to Deaton as a wave of emotion ran through him. He didn’t know why he needed the hug so badly, needed to have someone hold him and rub his back, but it felt so good, so nice and right, that Stiles sank into it and closed his eyes, breathing in the smell of the clinic and Deaton’s own, earthy scent.

*  

Before he left he had to change his pad again and he was beginning to wonder why women didn’t go to the bathroom all the time when they were on this… thing. Half the time he went he didn’t even know if he needed to pee, he just felt like he wanted to sit on the toilet for a few and not have to think.

He had given up on the idea of taking a shower, instead he’d got these cleansing wipe things and just kind of washed what he could in the morning and considered it good enough. After the first shower he took where he bled all over the towel and then had to spend twenty minutes trying to get red out of Batman’s feet, he’d given the bathing thing no more thought. Lydia had told him about the wipes, and he’d bought two boxes before coming home from school that afternoon. She’d also told him about Whisk, which made getting blood out of things so much easier. A good thing since he seemed to be having to change his underwear all the time.
It was day four now when he’d finally broken down and gone to Deaton, even though both Allison and Lydia had said he was probably fine. One couldn’t trust females, they were weird, and took this whole “p” thing way too calmly. Stiles was fairly certain someone had cursed women way back when because this thing they went through couldn’t be normal. He’d had to buy a big bottle of Advil when he’d gotten the wipes, and he considered himself fairly tolerant of pain.

Getting into the Jeep was interesting and frustrating but he was learning how to do it without jarring his body too much, which he supposed was a lesson he could use for the rest of his life. Driving wasn’t horrible, but he had pretty bad road rage these days that Lydia promised him would go away again. Stiles wasn’t sure he believed her.

Derek was sitting on his bed when Stiles came in and Stiles paused in the doorway, raising his eyebrows at him. “Yes, tall, dark and browy?” he asked.

Looking up at Stiles, Derek frowned. “What kind of word is browy?”

Stiles shrugged and went all the way in, closing the door behind himself. “I don’t know, I just made it up.”

“How are you feeling?” Derek asked, and Stiles sat in his swivel chair gingerly. He had to do it just right or it felt weird.

“Peachy and not keen,” Stiles said as he crossed his arms. “How do you think I would be feeling right now? This is so not supposed to be happening to me.”

“I know,” Derek nodded. “I’m sorry.”

“How is this your fault again?” Stiles asked with a frown. He hadn’t expected Derek to apologize.

“It’s not, exactly. I’m just sorry it’s happening to you. I can’t imagine what this feels like.” He looked down to Stiles’ legs and tilted his head to one side. “Did you decide to shave?”

“No, Lydia decided to wax my legs,” Stiles said, and Derek winced. “They feel nice though, wanna feel?” he asked, extending a leg towards Derek.

A faint flush crept across Derek’s cheeks as he stared from the leg to Stiles. “You want me to… touch your leg?”

“What? You don’t want to? They’re the only part of me I’m proud of right now, and I went through significant pain to get them to this point.” Stiles really did feel proud of his legs, and he wiggled it in front of Derek some more.

It took several more seconds before Derek reached out and lightly ran his hand up Stiles’ leg. The fingers were smooth on Stiles’ skin, and having someone else touch him like that was so nice that Stiles leaned back, closing his eyes as a soft moan came from him. “Dude, I had no idea that would feel so good,” he whispered.

Derek’s hand paused, then began moving away and Stiles opened his eyes quickly. “No, no, one more swipe?” he asked, and Derek lifted an eyebrow at him. “Please?”

The hand returned to Stiles’ leg and Derek’s fingers lightly ran up his skin once more. Stiles sighed, closed his eyes, and just *felt*, felt his body, Derek’s touch, and the pounding of his heart. It was a rush, something different than he was used to, and it went right through him. He didn’t want those fingers to ever stop touching him, but when they moved away again, Stiles didn’t complain. It wouldn’t be okay for him to do that. Even though he wanted to.
“So,” Derek said, clearing his throat, and Stiles opened his eyes to look over at him. “I was wondering if you could go over what happened to you with me.”

For a brief moment Stiles wondered what Derek meant, but when he got it, he uncrossed his arms and waved vaguely. “Couldn’t you just ask Isaac? He was the one who saw most of what was going on.”

“I think his description of the circumstances are a little askew,” Derek said. “There are… holes to his memory, not to mention the fact that he was so emotionally compromised that by the end of things he wasn’t even aware of what he was doing. You are… were, outside of the events. I’d like to know how the two stories mesh.”

He didn’t answer Derek for a few moments, and when he did he clipped his words. “We went, I knocked on the door, it opened, the wizard smiled at me, touched my arm, I started feeling pain, Isaac rushed in and tore his head off, the end.”

Derek’s brows furrowed together. “That’s it?”

“That’s it. You need more?” Stiles didn’t want to think about that situation, didn’t want to dwell. Things had happened and now he was never going to be the same.

“Interesting.” Then he fell all the way back on Stiles’ bed and stared at the ceiling.

“How is that interesting?” Stiles demanded, debating standing up and going over to Derek to shake him. The benefits didn’t seem worth the effort required though.

“It just isn’t exactly right. Isaac said you went and knocked on the door. Then he said a woman answered and she looked you up and down. Her voice was low, but he distinctly remembers her saying you looked beautiful and she wanted you to be perfect. Then you told her that of course you were beautiful and perfect already and did she happen to be an evil, blood drawing bitch, because if she was then you had a few other questions to ask her.”

As Stiles listened to the words he saw the actions, as if he was remembering a dream, or maybe a movie he’d watched when he was little. “Yeah, that… sounds possible.” Certainly the words sounded like him. “But it was definitely an old man, and I’m sure I called him a bastard.”

Okay,” Derek nodded. “Isaac says that next she reached out and touched you. Grabbed your arm and leaned in very close. He heard words he didn’t understand. I made him write them out and we’re giving them to Lydia to see if she can translate them, and then you started screaming.”

Derek paused and lifted himself to look over at Stiles, who could hear her words in his head. His words, not hers, it wasn’t a woman, it was a man. He shook his head and closed his eyes, seeing bright red lights flicker behind his lids. ‘Oh sweetie, no. Not even hardly,’ a soft voice said in his mind.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Stiles finally said, standing up suddenly, opening his eyes and flickering his gaze around the room. It was spinning wildly in his vision and when he took a step towards the bed he swayed alarmingly.

“Hey!” Derek said and he was there, arms holding him up, stubbly face swimming in Stiles’ vision. “Stiles?” he asked, not letting him go. “Are you okay?”

“Fine,” he whispered, feeling another rush of liquid squirt out of his body. “Just fucking peachy.” His voice wasn’t his voice though, it sounded wrong, alien, so unlike him he thought maybe it was someone else speaking.
The concern on Derek’s face didn’t ease up and he carefully pulled Stiles to the bed, laying him down on the comforter and propping him up with pillows. “Do you need the heating pad? Or some Advil? Or… something else?”

“Sure,” Stiles nodded as the room continued to spin. “I’ll take all three. And a barf bag before you give me the Advil okay? I think I’d like to keep the drugs down. How the hell do women *do* this every month?” he complained. The words were his, he could feel the rightness of them even though he wasn’t fully aware of speaking. Was he floating? It was like he wasn’t quite attached to his body, the words and movements far away.

“…” Derek flushed slightly and sat down next to him. He reached for one of Stiles’ hands and Stiles could see black lines traveling up Derek’s arm.

He rushed back to his body so fast he thought whiplash was a possibility. The room came back into focus and he blinked several times before looking at Derek in surprise. “What the hell?” he asked.

“You’re resistant to pain Stiles, you probably didn’t even know you were in such bad shape,” Derek said. He kept pulling pain until Stiles felt completely seated in his body, and when he pulled away he kept his hand on Stiles’ knee. “You were just a little dizzy. I’ll come by later to ask you about this again, okay? Do you still want the heating pad and Advil and stuff?”

“No,” Stiles shook his head. “Yes. Yes, the heating pad, please?” He didn’t feel like he was in any pain, but he wasn’t sure how long the good feelings would last. “And…” he started when Derek dragged the heating pad out from under the bed. “Could you… just… hang out for a while? It’s got to suck with your nose and all, but… just… for a little?” He sounded needy. Stiles didn’t like to sound needy, and his voice was higher pitched and pleading and he hated it. “No, you know, never mind,” he said with a wave of his hand. He didn’t want to tie Derek to him in any way, especially not when he was pretty sure he was just being grabby.

“Yeah,” Derek said as he stood up and walked over to the other side of the bed. He pulled out a book from between the mattress and box spring, and how or when had that gotten there anyway?, and then slipped onto the bed, right next to Stiles, close enough that Stiles could lean in if he wanted to, but he could also just be there.

They could just be there. Together, separate, Stiles not alone, and not needing to fill the silence. He leaned back in the bed, turned the heating pad on and put it on his lower stomach, and didn’t even realize when he fell asleep.
So, I know a bunch of people have been waiting for this story to continue! Welcome back. I struggled and struggled with this chapter, but I think I'm done with it now.

This story, hands down, won the contest for which story to write and complete next. Congratulations! There will be more girl!Stiles. I'm working hard on completing this while I also finish editing the first of my mermen stories. That means that I have no set posting schedule at all. I'm going to do my best to get at least one post a week, but I can't promise anything. I do love this universe and will do my best to do it justice.

It wasn’t that Stiles thought he was crazy. Well, not much. Well, he suspected something was wrong but didn’t want to talk about it. Ever. To anyone. Because the voice in his head, it didn’t sound like him, and it didn’t sound like anyone he knew, and he thought maybe he was crazy.

Who the ever loving fuck knew why he was going to Deaton though. The guy never helped. He was always just cryptic and strange and mumbled and rarely said anything useful. Okay, sometimes he said useful things. Rarely were they very useful though. Or they made sense. Now that he was thinking about it, he wasn’t sure he wanted to go in that door. Into the vet. To see the crazy man with his thin lips and calm voice.

Stiles turned around and was about to move away when the door opened behind him. “Oh, hey Stina,” a familiar voice said, and Stiles turned to look over at the guy.

It was Nathan. He was uglier now that Stiles remembered who he was. And was looking at him. His gaze traveled across the face, stopped to eye the neck and shoulders, long on the neck, broad on the shoulders, but Derek had him beat for muscle tone, before he made eye contact again. “What?” he asked.

“Just saying hello,” Nathan said as he walked closer to Stiles. No, it wasn’t a walk, it was a saunter, and he was wiggling his hips. Really? Did this brute think Stiles was interested in him? At all?

“Well you can say hello to someone else,” Stiles said, turning and walking to his jeep. Forget this venture, he didn’t need to ask Deaton anything. And he didn’t want to be around Nathan anymore.

“I wanted to say hello to you. You know, you’re kind of pretty.” When Stiles reached for his door, Nathan pulled it open. Stiles paused and turned to look at Nathan.

“Well you’re kind of ugly,” Stiles said. He wondered briefly if he was wearing stilleto’s, would he be able to hurt the guy just by stepping on his toes.

Nathan’s face twisted as he looked at Stiles and his hand clutched at the door. “I don’t know what I did to offend you…” he started, but Stiles interrupted him.

“Did you forget my mentioning of you giving my cousin swirlies?” Stiles asked, raising his eyebrows. “That kinda puts a damper on our potential non relationship. You know, since I know
already that you’re an asshole.”

“You have no idea what he did to deserve that!” Nathan snarled. Stiles laughed.

“You’re kidding right? You’re going to play he hit me first? Stiles is my *cousin* for fucks sake. Family. Close, close family. You cannot imagine how close. Now back the fuck up and walk away Nathan.” Stiles crossed his arms, which made them slip under his boobs, that was a weird feeling, and Nathan reached for him, grabbing his keys and wrenching them out of his hand. They were twisted so badly that Stiles’ fingers got caught and the ring came off leaving a scratch behind. Not to mention pain.

“No, I don’t think so,” Nathan said as he shook his head. “It’s way past time I taught you a lesson, bitch!”

When the hand hit him, Stiles found he was both flabbergasted and pissed off. He hadn’t done anything this time! He hadn’t even led the guy on, he’d been perfectly firm with his intentions, and his lack of interest. What was Nathan’s fucking problem?

He probably would have had more to think about, except Nathan was on the ground a moment later and Stiles was touching his cheek, tasting blood in his mouth, as Scott stood over Nathan.

“Apologize,” Scott said.

“The little cunt deserved it!” Nathan said and Stiles snorted.

“No one deserves to get their face hit because some asshole can’t take no for an answer!” Stiles said, and he spit blood out of his mouth and onto Nathan’s shoes. His lip was throbbing, his cheek hurt and every time he closed his mouth blood swam into it.

“I said, apologize!” Scott’s voice raised and Nathan was looking over at him like he was a monster. Was Scott wolfing out? No way.


“Nothing is cool!” Scott snapped, looking at Stiles then, gold eyes flashing. “He *hurt* you!”

“I’m fine,” Stiles laughed a little, but then pointed at Nathan. “Look, your fuzzy face scared the little boy, you can stop now. It’s kinda freaking me out.”

Scott’s eyes went wide and he shifted back to full human in an instant. “Shit,” he mumbled, looking back over at Nathan, who hadn’t wet himself yet but that was actually a little bit of a surprise. “You need to leave Stina alone.”

“Yeah,” Nathan agreed, nodding his head so hard and fast that he looked kinda funny. “Right, okay.”

“Get out of here,” Stiles sighed. He waved his hand at Nathan, who scrambled up and almost ran for his car. “You realize that was incredibly dangerous, right?” he asked as he looked back over at Scott.

“Dude,” Scott breathed. “I didn’t even think. I just… you were hurt and I lost it!” He sounded almost in awe of his new protective urges.

“Yeah, I saw that.” Stiles grinned at Scott. “It was kinda funny. But also, thanks. For at least getting him away from me.”
“I kind of want to like, hug you and maybe leech your pain, and possibly feed you dinner?” Scott frowned and blinked. “I don’t know why.”

“It’s pack protective urges,” Deaton said from the door of the clinic. “Why don’t you come in, and we can talk about it. There are some things that are changing with both of you that I think we need to discuss.”

Stiles groaned then and shook his head. “Why?” he asked and Deaton raised his eyebrows.

“Why were you even here Stiles?” he asked. “Did you have a vet question that Scott didn’t know the answer to?” His dark eyes seemed to almost bore into Stiles and he wanted to back away slowly.

“No, um, I was just…” Stiles started, but then he noticed the frown on Scott’s face.

“Yeah, um, why are you here?” Scott finally asked.

“You know what, it doesn’t matter,” Stiles laughed, but he didn’t feel any humor in the situation. He was feeling a little panicky. “I’ve just… gotta go.” He grabbed his keys from the ground and rushed for his jeep.

“Stiles?” Scott asked. “What’s going on?”

“Nothing!” he called as he closed the door behind himself and tried to start the engine. “Nothing at all.” Of course the engine didn’t start and Scott just stared at him with his eyebrows raised. “Fuck,” Stiles whispered, trying a few more times and then pressing his head to the steering wheel. “Really?”

“Why don’t you come inside,” Deaton said gently. “Have some tea, talk to us for a minute. Then maybe it will start.”

“Why do you have to be weirdly creepy as fuck?” Stiles snapped out. He blinked and then stared at Deaton. Why had he said that? He’d thought it a few times, sure, but that was nothing like actually saying it out loud. Taking in a deep breath, he stared into Deaton’s calm, rich eyes, and nodded. “Okay.”
First Glimpse at the Past

Chapter Notes

Plot! Sort of. :P

So I've looked this over and over and I'm declaring it done. I hope I didn't miss a bunch of typos or errors, let me know if I have and I'll fix them.

Stiles sighed as he followed Deaton and Scott into the vet office. No one else was inside, and Deaton led them back into one of the examination rooms. When he closed the door behind them Stiles began to feel a little claustrophobic.

He paced around and ran a finger over the table and then stared at a poster on the wall that discussed the flea life cycle. Gross. Wait, why was that gross? Stiles already knew the flea life cycle, he'd read all about it when Scott had first been bitten and he'd wondered what kinds of parasites Scott might get if he ran around the woods too much. He knew more about fleas and ticks and leeches than anyone else he knew. Well, except maybe Deaton. Deaton dealt with this shit all the time, he probably knew more about it than Stiles.

“You seem distracted,” were the first words out of anyone’s mouth, and they came from Deaton. Stiles looked over at him, but he had his back to them, one hand organizing boxes on a shelf.

“How can you tell?” Stiles snarked.

“Are you okay?” Scott asked, stepping forward and putting a hand on Stiles’ arm. “You seem kinda…”

“Snippy?” Stiles asked. The hand felt warm and comforting, but that wasn’t what Stiles wanted, so he shrugged it off and stepped away from Scott.

“Yeah. I don’t know.”

“You came here for a reason Stiles.” Deaton finally turned to look at him. “Could you at least tell me that?”

“I wanted to ask your advice on what to wear to the formal,” Stiles said. He lifted his chin in a challenge, staring Deaton firmly in the eyes. ‘Druids,’ that voice in his mind snorted.

“I think that Lydia or Allison would be a better judge on what to wear to a dance than I would be.” That gaze never wavered from Stiles, and he leaned back against the counter. “I think that there’s something else. Did you want to ask me something else medical? Or was it something relating to the magic done to you?”

“Yes, fine, I need to know how long it will take you to find a cure.” Stiles’ head felt a little fuzzy. He blinked as the room spun and Scott’s arm was slipping around his waist.

“Hey, Stiles, are you okay?” Scott’s voice was coming from far away, echoing across his head, spots of light bouncing in his vision.

“Rip her out,” Stiles mumbled. He could feel the words, could hear them being spoken, but he had no idea where they came from. Closing his eyes, he fell into blackness.
“Mom!” a little girl called out to him, and he turned with a smile.

“What is it sweetie?” he asked, crouching down, his skirt flaring around him.

“Look, look, I made a birdie!” His daughter held out a little figure made of wood, with feathers glued to the side of it and a glass eye.

“That’s beautiful darling,” he said, his voice pleased as he took the figure. “Shall we hang it in your room?”

“Yes Mama! Yes please!” The little girl bounced, gold ringlets dancing up and down around her face.

“Okay then!” She stood and picked the girl up, tucking her on her hip. “Let’s find some string.”

They walked across a large backyard and into a barn, a few cows mooing at them as they went. The little girl talked to the cows as they passed, and she headed right past them, opening a box on a table in the back. There were several different types of string, and she pulled a thin cord out.

“This should do it.”

The barn door opened with a slam. “Gwendolyn Abrams? You are being charged with witchcraft!” a loud voice boomed. She turned and stared at the man.

“What are you doing here?” she asked, voice trembling. She put her daughter down on the ground and stood in front of her, shielding her with her body.

“We have an order here to take you in to be questioned. Don’t resist.” Three large men were walking towards her, and all she could think was that she had to protect her daughter.

“Don’t come any further,” she said, taking a step back, one hand twisted around her back to hold her daughter close. “Don’t!”

“We have the Lord on our side, we will not fail.” She could feel the power rising inside of herself. There would be no control, she had to be careful or everything she’d done would be lost.

A hand was wrapping around her neck and squeezing tightly. “You are to come with us, witch,” the man said, face close. In an instant she panicked, and everything faded into shades of grey.

Stiles gasped and sat up so fast his head connected with someone else’s head. Pain flared out from his temple and he lifted a hand to it as he said, “Ow!” He was lying down on one of the examination tables and Deaton was off next to the counter, glancing over at them. To his left was Scott, who was also rubbing at his head.

“Dude, that hurt,” Scott said and Stiles glared at him.

“You think it didn’t hurt me too?” he asked. He looked down at his body, still soft and lumpy in weird places, and tried to remember what he had been dreaming of. Maybe it was a past life? A hand traveled to his throat, still feeling the phantom fingers holding him tight, lifting him in the air.

“What happened?”

“You passed out,” Deaton said as he came over. “Scott caught you as you fell, and we’re not sure
what happened. It might still be that your body is acclimating to it’s changes, making it more difficult for you to settle in. How have you been feeling?”

“ Weird, all the time. I mean, come on, first I’m a girl then I have the, the, the thing from hell, and now I’m just kinda unsettled all the time. It’s super weird.” Stiles swallowed and it wasn’t hard to do, so he glanced at Scott. “Can I have a glass of water?”

“Sure, yeah, let me get it.” Scott dashed out of the room and Stiles could hear the sink running.

“ Look, Deaton, this is weird, and I’m going to say it really fast, but I think that something is going on inside me.” He blinked. That wasn’t what he was trying to say. “I mean internally.” Neither was that. He frowned. What the hell? He’d tried to say mentally, not internally. “I think I’m going to be sick.” No, that wasn’t right either. Going crazy, not sick. Damnit. He growled in frustration. “I don’t understand.”

Deaton was frowning at him and he turned on a small light, flashing it into one of Stiles’ eyes. “ Look up, look down, okay, to the left, right.” He did a few other things and then backed away. “You seem healthy, so unless you can tell me more about what is bothering you, I’m afraid I can’t help you.”

Scott returned with the water and Stiles drank from it eagerly. His throat was dry and he still felt a little shaky from that dream. Scott gave him a look, and then reached out to touch Stiles’ arm. “You seem, kinda, off,” Scott finally said and Stiles narrowed his eyes at his best friend. “Thanks, you know, it might be the girl’s body that’s making me seem that way.” For some reason, Stiles was pissed now. He slammed the water glass down and tossed his legs over the edge of the table. “You try being suddenly shoved into a girl’s body, see what you think of it.”

“I didn’t…” Scott said, eyes widening, taking a step back.

“ Yeah, you didn’t mean that, you just… You know what, I wanna get out of here.” Stiles tossed himself down, but lost his balance instantly and started falling, arms flailing out to try to counter the shift in position. He knocked over the glass, the rest of the water splashing across him and the floor, and Scott caught him, helping him straighten up.

“You shouldn’t go just yet,” Deaton said. “I meant it about the pack instincts, you should know what’s going to happen.”

Stiles pushed away from Scott, earning himself a hurt puppy look, and turned to Deaton. “Explain,” he said as he crossed his arms again. His breasts got in the way, so he lifted his arms to rest on top of them. Somehow it didn’t feel intimidating at all.

“Scott has always had pack instincts when it comes to you. You’re his best friend. Since you’re human, his wolf understands that you are more easily damaged and it wants to keep you out of harms way.” Deaton looked at Scott then. “But it’s been worse, hasn’t it? Since the change.”

“Yeah,” Scott said with a nod. He frowned. “But it’s not like he’s really changed any. Male or female, he’s still just as strong as he was before so why am I so aggravated when people get rough around him?”

“I believe it’s related to body chemistry. He doesn’t smell the same, he’s not exactly Stiles, so I think what’s going on is that your wolf sees Stiles like a new pack member. It doesn’t know him, and it doesn’t know what he’s capable of. Until your wolf knows that Stiles can take care of himself, you’re not going to feel completely settled around him. Let’s be honest, there are times when a female is more vulnerable than a male is, for instance when they’re pregnant.”
“I’m not planning children anytime soon!” Stiles protested, the very idea sending shocks of terror through him. He could hear the word echoing through his mind, a little girl’s voice calling out to her mother.

“I wouldn’t recommend that path either,” Deaton said and there was a small smile on his face. “However, the fact remains that Scott doesn’t know how strong you are in this body. I would suggest the two of you spend some time together, like you used to. Play video games, maybe take up hand to hand fighting with Allison, have sleepovers, that sort of thing. There’s nothing wrong with the urges, but Scott has to learn how to control them and you have to learn how to protect yourself. Don’t forget Stiles, this body doesn’t move the same way your male body did. You’ve gotten used to walking, but wielding a baseball bat like you did is going to feel different.”

“I’ll give you a shirt,” Stiles said. He uncrossed his arms and smoothed his clothes down, one hand clutching at the edge of his skirt. Deaton wasn’t joking, this body still felt incredibly weird. He wasn’t used to the bouncing across his chest, or the gap between his thighs, the wedges on his feet, or the smooth legs. Every time he was in the bathroom, it took three times as long to get done and get out. Honestly, he just wished he could be a boy again.

“I could come over for dinner tonight, or you could come over?” Scott said hopefully and Stiles shook his head. Those puppy eyes wouldn’t win him over right now. He wasn’t feeling very cuddly.

“I just… I just want to be alone tonight, okay?” Stiles caught and held Scott’s eyes for a moment and there was a soft thrill when Scott looked away sadly.

“Why do I want to make him dinner?” Scott asked Deaton, a plaintive little whine to his voice.

“That’s the need to provide for your pack. I’m not sure why they’re getting so *much* stronger, but I’ve been seeing the way you two act around each other. It’s become apparent that you’re suffering from an increase of those urges. Try to remember that this is Stiles, and not actually a new pack member.”

“I’ll try.” Scott sounded doubtful though and Stiles looked over at Deaton.

“Do you think my car will start now?” he asked, narrowing his eyes at the vet. He gave Stiles a calm smile and a nod.

“I suspect it will be just fine,” Stiles wanted to smack him, but he knew better than to try. The way Deaton spoke made it abundantly clear that he’d done something to keep Stiles there and Stiles didn’t like it.

“Good. Scott, I’ll see you later. I have to go.” He turned and flounced away. There was no other word for what his body was doing. A hop to his step, his hips were swaying, and he brushed his hair out of his eyes as he went. There shouldn’t even be enough hair for him to do that. Was he gaining some of Lydia’s habits somehow?

“Yeah, later,” Scott’s voice carried as he walked away. Whatever. He wasn’t the one with the new urges. It was all Scott.
In an effort to get this to you I haven't edited all of it. In fact, I just finished writing it. Sorry for errors or mistakes, those are all mine, I hope you enjoy this anyway.

It wasn’t all Scott. Stiles had some new urges himself. It was starting to piss him off. First there was the urge to punch someone. Or something. It was overwhelming enough that he hit the wall. Broke open the skin on his knuckles, made him swear, and then he punched the wall again in frustration. Now he had bandaids on three fingers and was sitting in front of his laptop with a mountain dew watching The Avengers.

The next urge came after the movie. The flirting between Steve Rogers and Tony Stark had gotten to him, weirdly enough, and he was horny. So he turned off his laptop, closed and locked his bedroom door, and started rooting around his nightstand.

The first masturbation exploration hadn’t gone well and he was determined to do it better this time. He’d bought a dildo last year and hadn’t really used it so he figured he would now. If only he could find it. He found condoms, still in the box, he found lube, unopened, more lube, opened, more lube, empty but still in his nightstand, and tissues. So many tissues. Not really a lot of tissues, more like, a lot of empty boxes. Jesus, when was the last time he’d cleaned out his nightstand?

Which meant that the third thing he did was get irritated, unlock his bedroom door, head downstairs for a trash bag and start cleaning up his room. He was on his third trash bag when he realized that he wasn’t even horny anymore. Some part of him thought he should have realized that sooner, but he hadn’t. He couldn’t care less if he found the damned dildo. In fact, he couldn’t remember if he had actually purchased it or if he had just bookmarked it on his laptop. However, his projects were all neat and in his filing cabinet, there were no more empty boxes, the science experiment he had been working on two years ago that had gotten tucked under his bed was disposed of, that thing was nasty, and all his DVD’s were stacked appropriately on his bookshelf. The room looked awesome.

He closed up the bags, took them downstairs and then out of the house to the trash cans, and went back inside for a snack. The fridge offered up little options, so he made a quick grocery list, and headed to the store. He was leaving about two hours later with enough food to last over a week. It better last over a week. Also, he wasn’t hungry anymore. Which might have been because he had tried about six different kinds of meat and three different cheeses at the deli before settling on what he wanted to take home.

It was a trial to get the things into the fridge before he fell onto the couch in exhaustion. Half the bags were still packed with nonperishables and he wanted to just fall asleep for a little while. What he didn’t want was to see anyone so when the doorbell rang fifteen minutes later, he growled at it and got up with extreme prejudice.

“What?” he snarled as he opened the door. Allison was on the other side, a frown on her face.

“Sorry, um,” she said, shifting from one foot to the other. “I didn’t mean to bother you.”

“What do you want?” His eyes were narrowed, he suspected Scott was involved somehow, but he
didn’t know why he thought that.

“I… well, I was wondering if you wanted some company.” Allison gave him a small smile.

“Why would I want company? I specifically told Scott I wanted to be alone.”

Her face flushed. “Oh, I didn’t know. I mean, I didn’t know you wanted to be alone. I’ll just… I’ll go.” She nodded at him and then took a step backwards.

There was something there, something in the way she said it, in the way her eyes looked away from Stiles, that made him stand back a little and settle. “Wait,” he said as he frowned. “You didn’t talk to Scott?”

“What? No.” Shaking her head, she gave him one of her cheerful smiles, dimples peaking out adorably on her cheeks. Honestly, if she hadn’t so quickly been placed into the friend category of his mind, because Scott was interested in her, then she would be a super cute girlfriend. “I shouldn’t have bothered you like this. I’m sorry.”

“No.” Stiles took a step back and opened his door wider. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to snap at you. I’ve had a really long day is all. Come on in. Do you want a sandwich? I’ve got so many fixings it’s ridiculous.”

“You wanted to be alone,” she stared, but Stiles waved his hand at her.

“I was being an asshole. I’m sorry.” Now he really wanted to know what had brought her here to him.

“If you’re sure?” she asked, and Stiles nodded.

“I’m sure. Come in.”

“Okay.” She stepped carefully into the house and looked around. “Oh, you were shopping? Could I help you put things away?”

“You’re a guest,” Stiles said as he closed the door and headed in himself. “I’ll put things away. Did you want something to eat? Or Coke?”

“Water is fine. And I’d be okay with a small sandwich.” She went over to the barstools and sat down. “You don’t have to make it for me, I could do the work.”

“Okay.” He pulled out everything, meat, cheese, condiments, extras like lettuce and tomato and pickles, then tossed three different loaves of bread on the counter. “Have at it,” he said once he put a plate and knife down for her.

“Wow, you weren’t kidding, were you?” She laughed and began constructing her food.

“No. And my feet are killing me. I don’t know what the hell was going through my mind when I decided to do all this work today, but maybe cleaning in wedges was a bad idea?” He looked down at his feet and considered taking his shoes off.

“Oh. Yeah, that was. You should have something more comfortable for working in.” She gave him an apologetic smile. “Your calves are going to ache tomorrow. Also, your thighs.”

“Ugh,” he said as he began putting away the rest of the food. “So what brings you here?”

“I was wondering how you were doing?” she said, but the way she phrased it as a question made
him feel like that was not the reason.

“Try again,” he said, raising his eyebrows at her.

With a sigh, she placed another pickle on her bread and licked her fingers off. That was… Stiles looked away. Shit, that was not something he should have found erotic.

“I’m just kinda frustrated I guess. There’s, there’s this thing happening, and I kinda want to pursue it, but I’m kinda worried that if I do it’ll be a huge deal to Scott.” Stiles looked over at her and she was staring at her bread like it held the secrets of the universe.

“Scott?” he encouraged. Or, at least, tried to make the word sound encouraging, only it kinda came out like a growl.

“Yeah.” She finally looked up at him and her face flushed. “Scott. I wanted to ask your advice because you’re his friend.”

“I am that, it’s true.” Admittedly, at the moment, he felt like Scott was somewhere in another hemisphere from the word “friend”. Oddly he didn’t exactly know why he was so irritated with Scott, but he didn’t particularly care.

“So maybe you can help me.” She pulled a strip of cheese off a slice and popped it in her mouth.

In order to encourage her to speak her mind, Stiles leaned down and took off his shoes. Fuck that hurt. His toes were aching, the balls of his feet were throbbing and even his heel felt like someone was stabbing it. Why did people wear these shoes again? Why was *he* wearing the shoes?

“It’s just, you know we decided to take a break, right?” she began tentatively.

“If you mean the great Allison break up, I know of it, yes. He wouldn’t speak about anything else for so long I began to think he was going to pine himself into a grave.” For some reason that didn’t really bother Stiles.

“Right.” She swallowed and then finally took a bite of the sandwich she’d constructed. He stretched up and began putting things away. “Well, I’ve kinda started liking this guy.”

“Hah,” Stiles snorted, looking at her after putting away the crackers. “You want to know if Scott is gonna be that asshole ex-boyfriend who’ll tell off every single guy you are interested in.”

A flush spread out across her cheeks. “Maybe?” she asked and Stiles practically melted. She was so cute.

“Nah, not Scotty. He broke up with you and yet some part of him is certain you’ll get back together. In order for that to happen he has to let you date other people and realize how perfect you two are for each other. He wouldn’t sabotage that.”

“So, wait, you’re saying that he won’t be that asshole because he wants me after I’ve dated all the boys?” she asked, brows furrowing.

“Yup.” Stiles came over and leaned against the counter. “Except me. I can’t date you because I’m the best friend and that is so taboo. Has been from the moment he noticed you were alive.”

“You can’t date me? Because I dated him?” She lifted her eyebrows. “What if I *wanted* to date you?”

“Nope, you’re a friend, destined to always be one. Sorry, this bod’s only for other people.” He
grinned at her and she laughed.

“Well, not that I have anything against your bod,” she said with a wink. “But I still think it’s stupid that you wouldn’t be allowed to date me if I wanted to date you.”

“Okay, but what if Scott dated Lydia?” he asked and she raised her eyebrows at him. Then he remembered Scott and Lydia. He remembered Scott betraying him on the full moon. The way he’d made out with Lydia, even though Scott knew how much Stiles liked her. Now he was angry at Scott again. Damn, he just wanted to hit something all over again.

“Stiles?” Allison’s voice cut through the haze of anger and he turned to her, eyes narrowed and feeling particularly vicious. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing!” he snapped. “Do you know, he made out with Lydia? I mean, he was still learning control, but really, he should have known better than to do anything like that to *me*! I’m his Best Friend. There’s a label for me! I have a label! There are just things that are out of bounds. Making out with your best friends crush of six years counts as out of bounds, even if your wolly self is in control. Jesus, what the hell was he thinking?” His voice had started normal, but now it was raised so loudly that he was shouting.

“What?” she asked, eyes wide. “When did he ever make out with Lydia?”

“And you know what? I shouldn’t care,” he went on, barely even recognizing that Allison was talking. “I mean, I should be more upset that she made out with him, right? I think she was trying to make Jackson jealous, she was still playing total air head at the time, but it doesn’t even matter. She never noticed me, even if I had become the big star she wouldn’t have wanted to be with me. But apparently for a brief amount of time, Scott was totally worth cheating on Jackson for. What does that make me? I was the lowest of the low, she never noticed I existed. I shouldn’t be upset with Scott, I should be upset with Lydia. Jesus, what was she thinking?”

“Stiles?” Allison asked gently, and then there was a hand on his arm, and he realized he had been flinging his arms around, gesticulating wildly with a loaf of french bread he didn’t even remember picking up. He turned to her and blinked through a haze of blur and water slipped down his cheeks.

“What?” he snapped.

“Stiles what’s wrong?” She stood up and walked closer to him and he took in a shuddering breath.

“I don’t know,” he whispered. “I don’t fucking know.” Her arms wrapped around him and he began to sob, clutching onto her with all his might. “I just feel weird. My body isn’t right, I’ve got voices in my head and Deaton is an ass. Nathan from school wants in my pants and I haven’t even gotten to properly explore down there, so no one else gets to, much less his dumb face because he’s an asshole. Scott wolfed out on him because he’s having dumb protective urges when it comes to me because I smell different, and he hit me! I just want to be a guy again so I don’t have to wear all these stupid clothes and look like my mom!”

“Oh Stiles,” she said softly, running a hand up and down his back gently. “I’m so sorry this has been so hard. I can’t imagine what it’s like for you.”

“Of course you can’t,” Stiles said as he sniffled and then pressed closer to her. She smelled really nice. “You’re a girl inside and out.”

“You know, there’s surgeries, if you really hate it, you could probably get something closer to your original body.” He knew she was trying to make him feel better but it just made him more
annoyed.

“That’s ridiculous. Why should I have to spend money to do what magic fucked up? Magic should have the answer. I’m not giving up on that yet.”

“Okay.” He was still crying, so she was still holding him and he was okay with that. If he was fully honest with himself, he wanted to just crawl into those arms and stay there forever, surely it would be better than having to pretend to be someone he wasn’t. “But I’m going to hit Scott.”

It took him a few moments to figure out what she had said, and he sniffed. “Why?”

“Because he hit you! That’s not okay.” She sounded honestly disgusted.

“He didn’t hit me,” Stiles said in confusion.

“You said Scott wolfed out and hit you.” She pulled away enough to look at him.

“What? No I…” he thought about what he’d all said and then sniffed again. Damn, he needed some of those kleenex he’d tossed out. Well, maybe not one of those, but something like that. Were there kleenex downstairs? “That was a bad sentence. Nathan hit me and Scott wolfed out because of it.”

“Oh. Well that’s okay then.” Then her eyes crinkled in mischief. “Except that Nathan has to pay instead. Want me to teach you a few self defense tricks?”

Stiles wiped at his face and tried to stop crying. “Yes,” he said firmly. He wanted all the self defense.

“Okay.” She grinned at him. “He’s gonna be sad he ever fucked with you.”
I would like to apologize for my lack of an update last week. Unfortunately money has been ridiculously tight since we moved and we were without internet for a week. It was traumatizing. I may have cried at one point. So here you go, late, but a fairly decently sized chapter. Enjoy!

As an aside, I actually attempted to edit this so I hope it's in pretty good shape.

Erica

“Stilinski,” the voice said from behind Stiles, and he almost flailed himself to the ground in surprise. It wasn’t like he didn’t talk to Erica it was just…. No, actually, that was totally it. Ever since the summer, when he helped Derek find Erica and Boyd, he’d basically heard nothing from them, and even when he was around Derek and his pack, Erica ignored him completely. Her voice was frightening in that it knew who he was, still.

“Erica,” he gasped out as he turned around, reaching out a hand to grasp the wall in support. He almost twisted his ankles. There was no way he was ever going to be ready to wear heels if he had this many problems in wedges.

She stared at him, eyes traveling down and then back up slowly. Stiles glanced down at his clothes, a sundress that ended just above the knees in light yellow with pink and blue flowers across it, pink tights, and the wedges he was beginning to wear out because he wore them all the time. What, he liked the height they gave him.

“You’re looking good,” she finally purred and his face flushed.

“That’s… um, nice?” he asked. There was no reason for her to be talking to him, and he wanted lunch. Walking around and avoiding people was exhausting work.

“It is. I don’t care if you’re a girl, you’re still yummy.” The flush got deeper and he took a cautious step back.

“Great, well, um, I gotta…” but he was grabbed before he could walk any further away.

“We gotta talk Stilinski,” she said, and now the flirting was gone and there was nothing but seriousness left on her face.

“I don’t see about what?” he asked, glancing down at her hand on his arm. It was tight, a little tighter than he expected, but she wasn’t actually hurting him so he didn’t know if it was appropriate to ask her to let him go or not.

“It’s about the pack.” Her fingers loosened and he looked back up at her with a frown.

“The pack,” he said flatly. It was a question, even though he hadn’t phrased it as one, because which pack was she talking about? Hers? Scott’s?
“Yes. The pack. Like, the way that Derek keeps avoiding us, and how he hardly speaks to us at all.” She frowned and bit her lip. “I know we made a mistake, but…”

Ah, he was on even footing here, he knew what she was talking about. “It’s not about the mistake,” he said firmly. Standing so he wasn’t leaning on the wall or trying to escape, he crossed his arms and stared at her. “It’s about the fact that you’ve never apologized and never really told him you were back in his pack for good.”

“But we did,” she protested. “I mean, we totally did when you guys found us.”

“No, you said thank you, and swore your life to him or something like that, but you never said, ‘Derek, we’re sorry for running out on you and making you feel like a terrible Alpha. We were wrong to ignore your warnings and we want to be a part of your pack again. Will you accept us back?’ Which is kinda important, don’t you think?”

“He knows we were wrong, and he knows we didn’t mean to make him feel back,” she scoffed and Stiles rolled his eyes.

“You know what? Communication is a great thing, it helps everyone know what everyone is thinking. Isaac and Derek already had this conversation, and there were honest to gods tears involved. I don’t want to remember it, it was too sappy. If there aren’t tears, and he’s not holding you so tightly that you can’t breathed, then you did it wrong.” Stiles nodded his head firmly. He’d wished he was anywhere but around Isaac and Derek that day, but now that he’d witnessed it, he felt kinda… well, glad? There had been a lot of emotion, and if that was what Derek was used to dealing with in a pack, then this pack needed work.

“But…” she started. Stiles held up his hands to stop her from saying anything else.

“Look, I’m starving, and I desperately need to sit down. I’ve told you everything I know, so either listen to my advice or don’t, but I’m gone.” He turned around and started walking towards the cafeteria again.

“Stiles!” she called out and Stiles ignored her.

Technically his name in school was Stina, so she obviously wasn’t talking to him.

*

Boyd

“I missed my bus, can you give me a ride home?” the rich, deep voice asked Stiles just as he reached his jeep. He didn’t flail, he didn’t even let out a squeak of surprise. Admittedly he didn’t fall on his ass because Boyd grabbed hold of him and helped him stay steady, but he’d like to pretend that wasn’t how things went.

“I’m gonna buy all of you matching collars with bells on them,” Stiles said as he caught his breath.

“Sorry?” Boyd said, lifting his eyebrows at Stiles.

“Whatever, sure, get in.” He waved at the passenger side of the jeep and climbed up himself, tossing his book bag into the back before settling. “Do I even know where you live?”

“I don’t know, do you?” Boyd asked, and Stiles’ face screwed up weird as he looked at Boyd.

“Was that a joke? I didn’t know you made jokes,” he said. Boyd shrugged.
“How do you know I wasn’t being completely serious?”

“Because sarcasm is my jam, I am well versed in it. Apparently you are a passing student as well.” Stiles started up the jeep and began pulling out. “So, where am I going?”

“Head to the loft,” Boyd said.

“I’m certain you don’t live there.” Stiles glanced at Boyd.

“I don’t, but since I missed the bus, and you’re giving me a ride, you may as well take me where I want to go.”

After a moment of thought, Stiles shrugged and nodded. “Okay, fine.”

Silence reigned in the jeep for a while as Stiles drove. Boyd wasn’t known for being overly talkative, but it started to get a little uncomfortable. Stiles didn’t know if it was him, or because of him, or if it was Boyd or what. He didn’t use to get uncomfortable in silence. Fingers tapped to music in his head, then his left leg got caught up in the rhythm and when Boyd’s hand touched his arm he almost drove off the side of the road.

“Shit, shit,” he swore as he settled back on the road properly. “I forgot you were there.”

“Really?” Boyd asked, raising his eyebrows. “Can you not do the tapping thing though? It’s annoying.”

“Well sorry,” Stiles grumbled. “It just kinda happens, you know?”

“Well, I was gonna ask you a question, if I manage to do that, would it distract you enough?”

Frowning at him, Stiles shrugged. “I don’t know, but you could try.”

“Okay.” Silence descended again. Long silence, so much of it that Stiles finally broke it in exasperation.

“Look, if you never ask me a question, I’ll never answer it and I’ll end up getting fidgety again. So what’s on your mind?”

Boyd huffed out a sigh. “I’ve been thinking about Derek a lot lately.”

“That sounds like a personal issue that I should not be involved with,” Stiles said firmly. He was not a relationship guru.

“Not what I meant,” Boyd said and Stiles could almost hear the eye roll. “I meant, as our Alpha.”

“Huh. Well, okay, still not sure where I come into this picture.” Was it like, bother the local nerd day for Derek’s pack?

“Well, you talk to him, a lot actually, and he seems to think you’re worth dragging into all this crazy shit. So, I thought, maybe, you know, you’d have some insight.” He was hesitant about the words, but Stiles could tell that he really thought Stiles would have some answers.

“Insight into what?” he asked, glancing at Boyd. He was staring out the window at the passing trees. Sometime around the eightyeth visit to the preserve Stiles had managed to stop really seeing the space he drove through. There were a lot of trees out there.

“Into what’s bothering him.” Boyd finally looked at Stiles and met his eyes. “Something’s really bothering him and I don’t know what, and it’s not like you can just ask him because he won’t
“Okay, that’s fair,” Stiles agreed as he turned his gaze back to the road. “I don’t know why you think I’d have some magical answer to what’s on his mind though. It’s not like he lives in my pocket.” Wouldn’t it be cool if Derek could be miniaturized and stuck in a pocket? Maybe he could be pulled out and then he’d get big and fight off idiots like Nathan with a single glare. That would be *really* cool.

“He’s been spending a lot of time at your place though,” Boyd said and the confusion in his voice made Stiles glance at him. Boyd’s eyebrows were furrowed and he was licking his lips nervously. “At least, that’s what he’s been telling us. Has he not been with you?”

Stiles snapped his eyes back to the road. Tongue on lips on Boyd should not be attractive. Fuck, what was wrong with him? Did girls get horny all the time like boys did? He always thought that was some kind of myth to make guys feel better for trying to get past first base when the girl said no.

“I mean,” he said after clearing his throat. “He’s been trying to figure out what the hell happened out in the woods, and he’s been around, but not really more than usual.” But did Boyd even know how much Derek came around before he was part of Derek’s pack? There were several times when it was only Derek who kept him in the loop, and even a couple when Derek was around and Scott wasn’t. Times when Stiles had been at wits end not knowing what was going on and Derek had been there to hear him ranting at the world.

“He leaves every evening around six and says he’s going to see you. Like, every single evening.” Boyd took in a deep breath. “I know I fucked up, but I don’t know how to tell him that I’m with him, completely. I’m not going to make that mistake a second time.”

“Woah, wait, every day?” Stiles glanced at Boyd and then the rest of what he said caught up with him. “Damn, guys, just fucking use your words! Is every single one of you dense in this way?” He shook his head and pulled the jeep off the side to put it in park. Turning in his seat completely to face Boyd, he met the dark eyes and held them. “Tell Derek you’re sorry. Tell him you fucked up, say those exact words. Tell him. Don’t assume he knows, because he’s been betrayed so much in his life that he doesn’t trust assumptions or vague ideas. He’ll only trust that you mean something if you tell him you do and then back it up. Besides that, Jesus, think about what you did. You said you wanted to be like him, got yourself turned, and then when things got rough, you left. You *left*!” Stiles narrowed his eyes. “He was fighting an enemy he didn’t know how to handle, with a brand new pack he wasn’t sure how to control, and doing it all with no support structure. I mean, he went to creepy Uncle Peter in order to get advice! How fucked up is that? Peter tried to kill everyone, murdered his sister and Alpha, and then came back from the dead, but he had to trust him more than he trusted these people he’d turned! Of course he’s not sure about you, of course he isn’t.” Stiles shook his head at the wide eyes Boyd was giving him. “Didn’t think of all that, did you?”

“I mean, not exactly like that?” Boyd worried at his lip for a few moments and then nodded, looking back out the window. “Wait, why are we in the preserve? Weren’t we going to the loft?”

Stiles glanced around them at the trees and the thick branches and the webs of energy that coursed through the ground. “Fuck me,” he muttered, righting himself in the seat and looking around before getting back on the road. “I don’t even know why I’m out here.”

They were almost to the loft when Boyd said softly, “Thanks Stiles.”

“Uh huh,” he said, then was looking for a parking spot. “Wait, for what?”
“For the advice. You aren’t scared of us, and that makes it so you don’t pull your punches. I needed that.” He opened the door as Stiles turned to gape at him. “So thanks. I’ll see you around.”

“Huh,” Stiles said to the closed door as Boyd walked towards the loft. That was weird. Wasn’t that weird?

*

Isaac

“I swear to God Derek, you should come inside like a normal person using the door,” Stiles said as the window to his bedroom opened up.

“I’m not Derek,” the soft voice replied, and Stiles turned quickly to stare at Isaac.

“What? Why?” he gasped, then when Isaac blushed and looked away he realized he wasn’t wearing a shirt again and grabbed the nearest t-shirt off the ground and put it on.

“Sorry, I wanted…” Isaac said to the world outside. “Just wanted to drop by. Since it seemed like Erica and Boyd wanted to talk to Derek and that meant he wouldn’t be coming over here, I wanted to see you and maybe talk.”

“Everyone wants to talk to me today. Did I win the lottery?” Stiles pulled the shirt away from him enough to see what he’d tossed on. “I Support Single Mothers.” That seemed fair. He would totally see a strip show if he got the chance, no matter what gender he was.

“I don’t know.” Isaac huffed out a soft laugh. “Is it safe?”

“What? Oh, yeah, you can come in.” Stiles waved his hand absently even though Isaac couldn’t see him. “Have a seat, I’m just working on my closet.” Speaking of, Stiles turned back to said object and stared at the little cluster of skirts and dresses again. It was ridiculous that he wanted more.

“Okay.” Isaac came in, Stiles could hear him moving, before the tell tale creak of the desk chair signaled someone sitting in it. That was fair, the chair was awesome.

Reaching in, Stiles pulled out a couple of flannels and stared at them. He had a bunch of the things, and although he still wanted to wear them, he wasn’t sure that Lydia would let him. If he just walked into school one day in all his old clothes, what would Lydia do? Did she carry a spare outfit in her car for emergencies? Oddly, Stiles thought she might.

“So, anyway, um, I’m sorry.” Isaac stopped moving for a moment and Stiles glanced at him.

“For what?” he asked. Isaac waved a hand at Stiles, and Stiles glanced down at his body. “Oh. Yeah, well, that isn’t your fault.”

“I feel like it is.” He frowned. “I mean, if I hadn’t killed her…”

“Look, it’s done. There’s nothing we can do about it now, and really if you hadn’t killed him then who knows what else might have happened.” Stiles sighed and relaxed his body, slumping a little. “It’s okay. I mean, it’s not, but it’s not your fault.”

“Okay.” Isaac looked up at the flannel shirts. “Are you keeping all of those?”

“I don’t know? Wanna help me go through my closet?” Stiles grinned at Isaac and Isaac shrugged.
“I mean, like, what do you need help with?”

“Well, Lydia said that I should keep colors in mind and only keep things that I can make into a full outfit. So I’m going through my old stuff trying to figure out what counts as an outfit. Plus I want to weed out some stuff that doesn’t fit right. Thus the no shirt thing you came into earlier.” He shrugged. “Since I can’t be switched back I guess I need to accept the fact that this is my size and cut things out appropriately.”

“Oh. Sure, I mean, I can help if you want it.” Isaac stood up and came over. “What can I do?”

When he was close enough to touch, Stiles reached for him and grabbed his hand. Leaning in, eyes meeting Isaac’s, he said, “You will listen to everything I say, and do as I ask, won’t you?”

“Of course,” Isaac said. His eyes met Stiles’ and they unfocused.

“When I call for you, you will come running.” Stiles knew the voice wasn’t his, he knew that the words weren’t right, his body felt completely wrong, but he couldn’t stop them.

“I will run to you. I belong to you.” Isaac spoke as though he was in a trance, and Stiles felt satisfaction deep inside. Good boy.

“Good boy,” he said out loud and his other hand reached up to touch Isaac’s face. “You’ll be Mama’s good boy and protect her well. I’m so proud of you for what you’ve done already.”

“Thank you,” he breathed out, head bowing and then he leaned in to rest against Stiles’ shoulder. “I only want to do what’s best.”

“I know,” Stiles said, hand running from face to twine in Isaac’s hair. “And you will. You will.” The words left her in a soft rush, stirring the air, and Stiles struggled to the surface.

It was like wading through mud, arms flailing around, reaching for a branch just beyond him. If only he could grab hold, he could get out of this mire, but it was nearly impossible. Of course, Stiles was persistent. ‘You fool, you have no idea what’s going on. You don’t belong in this body, it doesn’t even feel right. Don’t you realize that you are never going to feel whole again?’

Even though the words felt true, Stiles fought against them. It was his body, even if it had boobs and a hole where there should be something flopping, even if lace and satin were pressed against his skin every day instead of cotton and jean material. He just had to spend some more time in it and it would be fine. Maybe. Probably anyway.

‘Stupid boy. This is not your skin anymore.’

Two things happened at once then. First, he felt himself rush to the surface, and he backed away from Isaac. Secondly, there was the sound of the bedroom door opening and his father clearing his throat.

“This isn’t what it looks like!” Stiles cried out breathlessly, feeling like he’d just run the mile in heels. Now that he’d actually worn heels, he had an idea of how terrible that would be.

“Really?” his father asked, leaning against the doorframe and raising his eyebrows at him. “Because it looks like Isaac was just getting comfort from your chest.”

“They are comfortable,” Stiles said with a nod, touching a breast and lightly squeezing it. “I have to assume since no one has ever sleep on them before.” His father sighed that long suffering sigh that he seemed to save just for Stiles.
“I…” Isaac said, shaking his head a little. He blinked several times, as though coming out of a fog, and Stiles actually felt like that was an accurate description of the truth. What had gone on between himself and Isaac at that house? Had he somehow bewitched a werewolf and he didn’t know it? That was entirely unfair if it was true, because he’d like to bewitch Derek. Dude had all the muscles and he thought it would be nice to press up against that.

“Leave the door open if you’re going to have friends over, please,” his father said, pointedly looking at the door, then at Stiles. “Capisce?”

“He came through the window, I didn’t know he was stopping over for a visit. Derek’s teaching them bad manners.” Stiles let go of his chest and crossed his arms. “Not my fault.”

“It was too difficult to walk over to the door and open it?” Those eyes again, the ones that said his father didn’t buy a single word out of Stiles’ mouth. He should buy at least two of the words. Maybe a vowel.

“I didn’t think of it?” Stiles asked with a shrug. His head was clearing, and he felt a little more like him. Him with boobs anyway.

“Think of it next time.” Then his father turned around and started down the hall. “And use condoms!”

“Dad!” Stiles sputtered out in mock rage. Or mock embarrassment, one of the two. Possibly both, yes, both, both was good.

“Oh my God, he thinks we’re having sex,” Isaac groaned.

“He’s teasing, I swear he’s just teasing.” Stiles shook his head. “I hope.”

“I should go.” Isaac licked his lips. “I’m going, bye.” Then he was out the window and gone.

“That was a quick exit! You’re fired!” Stiles called out after him, not even sure what he was saying. With a sigh, he tossed the flannel shirts on the ground and flopped on the bed. His head hurt and he just wanted to pretend to be dead for a little while.

*

Jackson

“I just want you to know that I’m not joining Scott’s pack.” Jackson stood on the other side of the door and Stiles blinked at him. It was eight in the fucking morning on a Saturday.

“I know,” Stiles said with a yawn. His hair was everywhere, his eyes were bleary and he was wearing a pair of pajamas that were short shorts and a tank top. It was a very odd outfit to be talking to Jackson in.

“No, you don’t. Because I’ve mostly been outside of everything this summer and I haven’t really bonded with anyone.” He glared and for some reason that glare didn’t seem to mean much to Stiles. Maybe it was starting to lose its effect since Stiles regularly was glared at by Derek. Derek’s glare game was ace and Stiles didn’t bow to that.

“Uh huh.” He yawned widely and didn’t even try to hide it. “Why are you telling me?”

“Duh. You’re right in the middle, so of course you need to know.”

“I mean, why me and not Derek?” He yawned again. That raiding last night had taken a lot of his
time and he had to explain why he sounded like a girl to a bunch of people who lived all over the place. They’d taken it well, considering.

“I’ll tell Derek eventually, but you have to know first. I know that much. So are we going to be okay?”

“Jackson,” Stiles said with a sigh. “Jackson it’s eight. It’s Saturday. I’ve gotten about three hours of sleep and I’m wearing booty shorts. There is literally nothing you could say to me right now that would make sense.” He blinked a few times and looked up at Jackson. His eyes flashed blue at Stiles and Stiles knew it was because Jackson was impatient but he didn’t care.

“I don’t care what you’re wearing. I had to tell you when I realized what I was doing. Are you going to cause trouble for me Stilinski, or not?”

“It’s not on my list for the day. If you turn into a murder lizard again, we might have conversations then.” Stiles nodded and turned around to go back inside.

“That’s not going to happen.” Jackson scoffed. The door was almost closed when Jackson said, “Your ass looks good in those shorts,” and Stiles had to turn to see if Jackson was being serious. There was a smirk on his face, and he waved as he got into his flashy car.

“Am I going to have to sit in the living room cleaning my shotgun all the time now?” his father’s voice came from the kitchen.

“God, no,” Stiles said as he shook his head. He slumped again and started dragging himself back to his bedroom. “I’m going back to sleep.”

“Have fun last night?”

“The best.”

*

Uncle Peter

“You do realize that your role is important to the pack, right?”

Stiles squinted at the man perched on his windowsill and it still looked like creepy Uncle Peter. “Why are you here?” he asked.

“It’s a vital role, important to the function of the pack as a whole.”

It still looked like Uncle Peter. He unsquinted his eyes then squinted them again. “I swear you’re talking to me, and I have no idea why.”

“It’s just,” the man went on, one hand elegantly tracing the air. “You probably don’t understand your role and your position and I feel as though someone ought to explain it to you.”

“I’m going to sleep now. When I wake up, I expect you won’t be here anymore.” He at least hoped he wouldn’t. Falling on his face on his mattress, Stiles absently tucked one foot under the covers. He couldn’t be bothered to do more than that.

“It’s not every day that pack hierarchies change in so drastic a way, and you really should know your place.”

“I’ll know your place one,” Stiles said, but it didn’t even make sense to him. Why was Peter still
talking?

There was a deep chuckle. “Stiles, I’m leaving a book for you. I suggest you read it. It could mean the difference between life and death.” Then there was a soft thump.

“Good bye Peter,” Stiles said to his pillow.

“You really do have a delicious ass. I wonder how long it’ll take you to want it explored.”

“Oh my God!” Stiles cried out, looking up and intending on throwing something at the man, but he was gone. The window was still open, no trace of him except for a tome on Stiles’ desk. “Creeper!” he screamed.

Several long minutes passed before he slumped back on his bed and closed his eyes. He could shut the window later, he was too tired to move anymore.
Let's talk about s- wait, what?

Chapter Notes

This chapter has been a pain in my ass for like, two weeks? Three? Anyway, I'm sorry on the delay, but it's been just as frustrating for me as for you guys, I promise. That being said, I've read this thing over so many times, and edited pieces and I just really hope it still makes sense. The worst thing is you're supposed to be at least a little confused, so I can't even ask you guys to let me know, LOL!!

So here is a mix of weird things, I hope it's still an enjoyable 5k of stuff. Also need to point out the new shiny tag that states mention of torture. It's not wildly explicit, but it is a thing that shows up here in a flashback, so be adequately warned. Without further ado, a chapter!

‘Do girls get horny all the time?’ Stiles sent the text to Allison because he figured that she was likely to reply and Lydia would probably just ignore him.

‘Um… yes?’ was Allison’s answer and it felt weird for her to say it so quickly, like of course they did, when he didn’t feel like that could possibly be true.

‘I mean, like, as a boy I can get horny just by staring into my locker for too long. Or you know, looking at the vegetables. It’s random and sometimes awkward, but normal.’ It took him forever to type that out. He was wondering if his desire to form full sentences by text was because he was a girl now instead of a boy. Normally that would have been filled with letters and shorthand and he’d have figured that she would understand it. Of course it could be because the last time he sent his father a text with numbers in it he’d been forced to text, “I will write full sentences even by text.” a hundred times to his father. As far as Stiles knew, his father still had all those texts.

‘Okay? That seems normal to me?’

‘Huh.’ He rolled over on his back and began to kick his legs in some random rhythm over the side of the bed. ‘It just seems weird?’

‘Well, we don’t talk about it much. Maybe that’s why?’

‘So like, cucumber or zucchini?’ he asked with a grin on his face.

‘Cucumber,’ she sent, and then a moment later. ‘To EAT! Stiles!’ followed by the laughing face emoticon.

He laughed.

‘What? I figure vegetables are cheaper than dildo’s.’ He was planning on doing research later that afternoon, when his father was at work. Dildo’s and vibrators, and possibly other things.

‘Those things are not supposed to go inside you.’ But there was another series of laughing emoticons and Stiles just had to reply to that.

‘You mean porn has been lying to me???’

‘Yes.’ Then there was silence for a while before she went on. ‘Also, don’t just hop into something
big. Seriously Stiles, if you need to have the real sex talk I’m good for it, because you want to be really careful or you will get hurt.’

He wondered if he needed the real sex talk. Usually he was pretty good at figuring things out, but becoming a girl had done weird things to him. He was less inclined to research things regarding his body, or at least, regarding real sexual things and his body, and he was still kinda uncertain about exploring it. It wasn’t that he didn’t seem to want sex, it was that the action of having it was still really foreign. Maybe because he couldn’t look himself in the eye in the mirror for more than a few seconds every day.

‘No, I think I’ll be good.’ It had taken him a really long time to send that, so he was surprised when she replied right away.

‘Sure? It sounds like you maybe need someone to talk to. I could be there in 10?’

He took in a deep breath and sat up. Did he want Allison in his room? Most of his stuff was put away, he was clean and clothed, and maybe it wouldn’t be bad to get the scoop from someone who he knew had had sex and wasn’t Lydia Martin. There was no way he’d be able to ask Lydia these things, her friendship was still so new and weird, and at least he’d talked to Allison a lot as a guy.

Then there was a knock on his door and he grinned and texted, ‘Or 2? That is the quickest you’ve ever made it over to my place,’’ he finished texting and sent before opening the door.

Only it wasn’t Allison on the other side. It was Scott. His grin faded and he shifted from one foot to the other.

“Hi,” Scott said as Stiles’ phone chirruped at him.

“Hi.” Stiles wasn’t sure why Scott was here. He wasn’t sure he wanted Scott in his house. It was a weird feeling, and he didn’t know how to deal with it.

“Um,” Scott blushed and shuffled his feet a few times. “Can I come in?”

He wanted to say no, and the word was almost out of his mouth before he snapped his jaws shut and nodded his head, moving out of the way so Scott could enter the house. Whatever Scott wanted, he wasn’t going to say it on that side of the door. Stiles’ phone chirruped again and he glanced down to see three texts from Allison.

‘What?’ followed by, ‘No, I’m not there.’ And lastly, ‘Stiles it’s not me! I’m coming over!’

It was ridiculously sweet of her to be so worried, but it wasn’t like Stiles had to be afraid of Scotty. At least, he didn’t think so. He closed the door behind Scott and motioned to the living room. Scott moved without another word and sat down in his customary seat on the couch. That was Scott’s place, the lumpy side with the extra pillow because if Scott sat there too long his back would start to cramp and Stiles never wanted him to stop playing video games. Plus Scott had been Stiles’ white knight by sitting there at all, Stiles hated that spot. It was stupid of him to look at Scott and where he was sitting and be so frustrated, but Stiles was, so he sat down in the armchair, as far from Scott as he could get while still being in the living room.

‘Just Scott.’ The text was sent and he tucked the phone back into his hand for a second before setting it down on the armchair. Then he looked at Scott. Who was looking back at him. They didn’t say anything for so long that Allison texted back.

‘Oh, do you want me to not come over after all? Are you okay?’
He smiled down at the text and sent one of his own. ‘Come over? Maybe we can kick him out and then have that conversation.’

‘OMW!’

“Who are you texting?” Scott finally asked, and Stiles looked up from the phone to stare at him.

“Oh. Allison. We’ve, well, we’ve been talking a lot.” That was accurate. “I think we’re really getting to be good friends.”

The blinding smile Scott gave him was almost overwhelming. “I told you she was awesome, didn’t I?” he said and Stiles nodded his head.

“Yes, you absolutely did and I was a fool for not recognizing her greatness before. The sun rises with her face and the moon guides her feet at night. She is a goddess incarnate with the delicacy of a queen and the innocence of a princess. I can’t believe I didn’t understand how the world revolved around the dimples on her cheeks before this transformation and I am having to reorganize my world views now that I am blinded by her fabulousness.”

There, the way Scott’s face was falling as Stiles spoke was a testament to how fucked up their relationship was getting. Stiles didn’t even understand why he was pushing Scott away so hard, he just felt oddly like they were going in very opposite directions at the moment.

“Most of that was sarcasm, and no fair using my past words against me. Bro code dude,” Scott mumbled.

“Bro code?” Stiles asked, irrationally irritated by those words. “I have a vagina Scott. I’m no one’s ‘bro’ anymore!”

“You’ll always be my bro!” Scott cried out, standing up and staring at Stiles. “You’ll always be my blood brother. You still remember holding me while I cried because my parents split up, right? So you’re still that person!”

“But I feel different to you,” Stiles countered, standing up just so he wouldn’t be being towered over. “Your “wolf” wants to protect me and feed me bunnies and rub against me because I’m not someone you recognize. So I’m obviously not the same.”

“Dude, you’re a girl! Like, outside and all. Of course it’s confusing!” Scott ran a hand through his hair and tugged at it a few times. It was interesting to see that he at least still had his normal habits. Stiles was gaining weird ones, like putting on lip gloss.

“You think it’s more confusing to you than it is to me?” Stiles asked. He ran a hand over his body, feeling the weird lumps that were breasts and the strange dips where his hips were. “You try suddenly bleeding from a hole that didn’t exist a week previously. Or hey, suddenly having to wear two to three layers to be out in the sun. Maybe it would be fun for you to suddenly have to *wax* your leg hair off!” His arms were gesticulating wildly and he almost knocked over a lamp. “Let’s not get into the weird sensations, and having to pee sitting down all the time. Or how incredibly annoying belts suddenly are, and how much you might like the feel of fabric swishing around your thighs when you didn’t even know that was a fucking thing!”

“I’m trying okay!” Scott snapped back, waving his arms in the air now. “I’m trying to give you space, since you seem to need it, and I’m trying to get used to you being a girl, even though it’s super weird for me too. I mean, do I tell you about the strange feelings *I’m* having? I would have done it in an instant before but now I don’t know if you want to know. You’re going through this huge traumatic life change thing and I keep feeling like sexual identity crisis’ are really a far cry from what you’re going through so I haven’t said anything! But in the mean time I
want to always be over here, and I kind of want to leave a shirt in your room, and maybe I want to steal something of yours so I can get used to the scent and I’m so fucking confused Stiles! I don’t know what to do either!”

“Ah my GOD Scott, are you crushing on me now that I’m a GIRL?” Stiles cried out and Scott’s face went bright red.

“No!” Scott yelled back and they stared at each other for a long moment before Stiles gave him the side eye.

“Are you sure?” he asked in a more reasonable tone.

“Yes,” Scott replied with a nod. “I’m not crushing on you. I’m crushing on someone else. It’s weird and I don’t know what to do about it. Also, I still want to cuddle you.”

Stiles frowned and then took in a deep breath. “You’ll tell me who you’re crushing on?”

“I don’t know,” Scott said. “It’s weird, I don’t know why I don’t know. I just feel… awkward.”

“Well, you’ve always been a bit awkward Scotty, you know that.” Stiles gave his side grin to Scott, and after a moment they were both laughing. It felt good. A strange release of tension that didn’t hurt at all. Then they were hugging and it was weird to feel his boobs press against Scott’s chest, but it felt too good to have Scott close to him like this for him to really care.

They stayed like that until there was a knock on the door, then they both pulled away with identical flushes to their faces. It shouldn’t have been weird to hug. Why was it weird to hug? The knock came again and Stiles realized they were just staring at each other. He began to laugh again, and Scott laughed as well and then Stiles was heading for the door.

“This’ll be Allison,” he said and Scott fumbled something. Opening the door with a flourish, Stiles stared at Allison, crossbow tucked against her leg with arrow knocked, hair pulled up into a sensible ponytail, looking ready to defend Stiles’ honor if it was needed. “You’re a goddess,” Stiles said with a nod and her brows drew together.

“Yeah?” she asked, glancing around him at the living room. “You okay?”

“I am much better than okay. Come in, de-nock the bow or whatever the term is for letting the arrow loose without shooting it, and can I get you a soda?”

“Uh huh, and it’s called “let down”,” she said as she followed him in and let down her arrow.

“Very cool.” He was smiling as Scott’s face turned a bright red, his eyes glancing at the crossbow as Allison’s fingers moved over it easily and quickly. Stiles laughed at Scott and waved a hand to get his attention. “She’s fine, you’re fine, sit back down or come back later.”

“I’m not going anywhere until we’ve at least talked about the other thing,” he said stubbornly and Stiles shrugged, pulling out drinks and bringing them over to everyone. Allison had taken his spot in the armchair so when she and Scott had their drinks he sat on the other side of the couch.

“Okay, but you’re saying it in front of Allison.” Stiles took a drink and Allison raised her eyebrows at Scott.

Sighing, Scott fiddled with the can top and then finally looked over at Stiles. “Look, we’ve… we’ve got to figure something out, for the… the scent thing. Please?” His eyes got the wide puppy look that never worked on Stiles. Well, it rarely worked on Stiles. Stiles looked away from him and stared at his own can in self defense.
“What do you mean? You wanna snuggle all up on this?” he asked flippantly and Scott’s emphatic, “Yes!” a second later made his face flush.

“I mean,” Scott went on and Stiles sighed. “I know about bad touch, and we’ve never had boundaries before, but if you want them now…” He sighed and Stiles sighed and they looked up at each other again.

“I don’t even know,” Stiles said.

“I know this isn’t my place, but can I, um, butt in a little here?” Allison asked and they both looked over at her.

“Yeah?” Stiles said with a wave of his hand. “Go for it.”

“Well, the thing here is, you two have always pretty much lived in each other’s pockets, right?” When they both nodded at her she gave a hesitant smile. “But now, it’s all different because Stiles is a girl, and Scott is a boy and so you both feel like there should be boundaries because of the difference. Right?”

“Well,” Stiles said with a shrug. “And also I smell different to Scott so his wolfy side doesn’t recognize me.”

“Really?” she asked as she turned completely towards Scott. At his nod, she frowned. “But that shouldn’t be true,” she said. “I mean, chemically you’re different because you’re female, but you’re still Stiles, so your scent shouldn’t be so completely off.” She looked at Stiles with a contemplative frown and Stiles raised his eyebrows at her.

“What?” he finally asked and she shook her head.

“Did you ask Derek if you smell different?” When he just frowned at her she rolled her eyes. “He’s a born wolf, I would have asked him if you smell that different to him or not.”

“I didn’t even think to ask.” He didn’t think to ask the other beta’s either, and they’d all been around him quite a bit. “But why would it be different for him than for Scott?”

“It shouldn’t be, but he doesn’t seem to be having any trouble with it so why is it such a big deal for Scott?” She picked up her phone and tapped out a few things on it. “I’m gonna ask him.”

“Okay, but even if that wasn’t the case, yes, there’s the boy, girl thing going on.” Stiles waved his hand vaguely in the air and she leaned back in her seat.

“I hate to say ‘I’ll show you mine if you’ll show me yours,” but this might be the kind of case here. Not in the literal sense, mind you, because I don’t think either of you want that mentally scarring picture, but in the figurative one. Each of you open up a little and confess the fears you have, now that this change has happened.” They were both staring at her with big eyes and open mouths and she started laughing.

“This isn’t funny!” Stiles cried out, waving his hands in the air. “We don’t talk about feelings!”

“It’s a rule. It’s a thing. A… a very important rock to our friendship,” Scott said, nodding his head so emphatically that it looked like it might break. Both of them were red faced.

“Well, that proves it,” she said, standing up and wiping her hands off. “Mission accomplished.”

“What?” Scott asked and Stiles would laugh at the flabbergasted sound in his voice if he wasn’t mirroring the feeling inside himself.
“Look at Stiles Scott,” she said with a wave at Stiles.

“What???” Stiles screeched, looked at Scott.

When those puppy eyes were focused on Stiles again, there was confusion that slowly became curiosity, which floated to understanding, and then Scott was up and over to Stiles, pulling him to his feet and hugging him so tightly Stiles couldn’t breathe.

“Dude, I’m so fucking sorry,” Scott said as he clutched onto Stiles. “I can’t believe what an idiot I’ve been.”

“Can’t…” Stiles gasped out, one hand patting Scott awkwardly. “Breathe.”

“Shit, sorry.” Scott let go of him and Stiles sucked air in great big breaths. “I didn’t… I mean obviously I didn’t mean to try to kill you, but sorry.”

“Sure, sure. Can you please tell me what just happened there?” Stiles felt like his head was going to explode from the way things kept happening around him but nothing seemed to make sense.

“Well, I mean, you’re still you, aren’t you?” Scott said, his voice so confident that Stiles’ irritation was tempered a little.

“Duh.” Stiles rolled his eyes.

“No, I mean… just because you’re a girl, doesn’t mean you’re not still Stiles.”

Stiles looked over at Allison and shook his head. “He’s a little slow sometimes, isn’t he?” She grinned.

“You were having trouble too, don’t tell me you weren’t,” she said with a laugh.

“Okay, maybe.” He shrugged and pat Scott on the shoulder. “Does this mean we’re cool?” Scott nodded at him and then frowned.

“But dude, seriously, can I have a shirt or something? I really just need to get used to the new scent.” Stiles rolled his eyes and shrugged.

“Fine, fine, I’ll go get something.” He headed for the stairs and barely heard Allison say Derek got back to her before they were out of earshot.

“You’re being ridiculous. This isn’t going to work, he’s going to betray you.’ Stiles didn’t even notice when his head hit the ground.

* *

“Are you okay, lady?” a soft voice asked and she gingerly opened her eyes. A young man was leaning over her, eyes a curious brown, hair in floppy golden curls about his face. Her head was throbbing and her stomach ached, but she would live. She had to.

“I’m fine,” she said, sitting up only to find the world moving around her like she was in the middle of the ocean during a storm. It only made her stomach ache more. “I think.” If she vomited now, she wondered if there was anything inside but acid. She wasn’t sure how long it had been since her last meal, and that never bode well.

“Can I get you some water?” the boy asked. When she squinted at him, well one of him for there seemed to be three, he still looked concerned, and there didn’t seem to be any malicious intent to
him. “Perhaps some bread?”

“I…” she didn’t trust anyone, that way led to death, and pain. So much pain. “No, I will be fine.”

“Let me just, let me get you some water.” He was moving away before she could say no again, and she knew she had to move. She knew it.

When next she came to, she was strapped to a chair, something thick made of leather between her teeth. She couldn’t spit it out, and when she was finally able to focus, she saw the boy staring at her with wide eyes from the other side of a glass wall. He was crying, but he was being led away, and she knew she would never see him again.

“Now, witch, there are so many things we wish to ask you,” a man said from next to her, and she focused on him, on his dark eyes and his pale face and the scars crossing his skin. “Like how you manipulate the world to do as you wish.”

Something sharp poked into her skin and she would scream, but she couldn’t. It wasn’t fire, for she couldn’t smell burning, but the agony seemed to go on forever. Tears streamed down her face and she tried to gasp in breaths but it was too difficult to do through her nose.

“Don’t worry, we let you discover the punishment first, and then we’ll let you talk. So you know what will be coming if you don’t listen to us. I’m sure you understand.” His face swam in her vision and she narrowed her eyes at him. The moment her voice was free, she was going to rain fire and hell on him. It was as if he could read that from her eyes, for he laughed and lightly pat her head. “I hope to see what power you have. I can’t wait to see it.”

Then there was pain again, and she screamed the best she could.

*

“-iles!”

She gasped in a breath, shaking her head, wondering where she was, arm in agony and vision blurry. No, no, not… wait.

“What the hell?” Stiles croaked, coughing and breathing so heavily he thought he’d pass out. Again. What had just happened to him?

“Stiles?” A hand ran down his arm and he turned to see Derek crouched on the ground next to him, arm laced with little lines of black, a frown on his face. He wasn’t looking at Stiles, but rather his arm, but when Stiles looked there was nothing there to be worried about. No injury, no pain, and then the lines ended.

“What the hell? What… I don’t… what happened?” he managed just before staring around himself wildly. Allison and Scott were nearby, both of them focused on him with twin looks of worry and confusion. He was both of those things as well.

“I don’t know,” Allison finally said. “You came up here, and then you fell to the ground, and then you were screaming. Scott tried to wake you up but you didn’t, and I called Derek. He was already on his way over so he just ran faster.”

“I was driving,” Derek growled, but Stiles could tell there was no heat behind the words.

“So I just… passed out. For no reason?” Stiles ran his hand over his face and tried to remember what he’d seen. It had been important, somehow. Useful? Maybe, he couldn’t remember enough, he just didn’t remember.
“ Seems so. Should we add it to the list of weird things that happen to you?” Allison asked, and she stepped closer, crouching next to him and putting a hand on his arm. “We were really worried.”

Scott stepped closer as well, and Stiles stared at him, eyes going wide. “You…” Stiles breathed as his heart started beating faster. “What do you want from me?”

Eyes crinkled in confusion, Scott shook his head. “To see if you need anything?”

Shaking his head, Stiles closed his eyes and took in a deep breath. “Sorry, I… I don’t know what’s going on. My head is a mess.”

“Are we not okay again?” Scott asked and Stiles felt like he’d just kicked a puppy given the way he was acting.

“No.” Stiles kept his voice firm and he opened his eyes to stare at Scott. “We’re fine. We’re bro’s, still. I don’t know what’s going on, but I’ll figure it out.”

“Okay,” Scott sighed, visibly relaxing and slumping to the ground. “Because this was tough and I’d really like to not go through it again.”

“Me too,” Allison said and Stiles gave her a grateful smile.

“I think he needs some space,” Derek said. He slipped an arm around Stiles’ waist and gently helped him to his feet. “Maybe we can have the life changing conversations tomorrow?”

“Yeah,” Scott said, waiting till Stiles was standing before moving. Stiles watched him debate leaving, he could see the uncertainty flash across Scott’s face, but then it settled into determination. “I’ll go. Just, can I borrow a shirt or something?”

“Yeah,” Stiles waved a hand in the direction of his room. “Just pick a flannel or something, so I don’t actually miss whatever it is you’re going to be sniffing.” He looked over at Derek. “He’s really gotta figure out these wolfy tendencies dude, you could have warned him.”

Derek shook his head but didn’t say anything, and when Scott came out with an undershirt, Stiles just nodded and gave him a hug, not walking Scott out, but letting him go. Allison gave him concerned face and finally said, “Do you want me to leave too? I know you wanted to talk, but maybe tomorrow?”

“Yeah, that’d be good,” Stiles said with a nod. “I wanna have that conversation with you. Just gonna lie down for a little now though. Still feel kinda woozy.”

“Okay.” She slipped into his arms and gave him a quick hug. “Take care of yourself, alright?”

“I will. Thanks for coming over to protect my virtue.” He grinned at her and she matched the grin with one of her own.

“Anytime.” Then she ruffled his hair and slipped downstairs and away.

“You gonna help me to my room big guy?” Stiles asked, looking up at Derek, who was watching him closely.

“Yeah, and then we’re going to have a little chat.”

“Oh, great, I can’t wait,” Stiles let the words fall sarcastically off his lips, walking gingerly to the bedroom and kicking off his shoes as he got inside. Then he went right over to the bed and
flopped down on it, Derek finally letting go of him as he did so. “So… what dire thing are you going to tell me?”

“First, let me know who said that your scent was going to be different.” Derek sat down in his computer chair and stared at Stiles’ face.

“Deaton. He said all these things about how I was different and Scott would need to acclimate himself to these differences and stuff. Why?”

Derek pursed his lips and looked away finally, staring out the window but not saying a word. He moved the chair a few times one way, then the other way, then back before finally saying, “Stiles, you’re scent hasn’t really changed.”

“Then your sniffer is wrong, because it’s different to Scotty,” Stiles snorted. “Are you sick, is your nose stuffed up?”

“That’s the thing though,” Derek snapped, turning to look at Stiles with a frown on his face. “It’s completely different when he’s around. When he’s not, you just smell like you, only with more feminine touches than usual.”

“Than usual?” Stiles squeaked out, eyes going wide. “I usually have feminine touches to my scent?”

“Everyone does,” Derek said with a sigh. “It’s hard to describe a scent. Each person is different, with layers and layers of meaning to each bit of it. Learning to pick through the scents and figure out what combination equals what person is the challenge, but there aren’t usually a lot of people who smell alike so that’s easy. Twins are hard, so are certain family members who spend a lot of time together, you and Scott for instance, it took a little bit to get used to which one was him and which was you.”

“Me and Scott? Seriously?” Stiles’ laughed and shook his head. “Dude we are nothing alike. Well, I mean, not really.”

“But you spent a lot of time together. Sometimes you borrowed each other’s clothes, or you just didn’t realize you were wearing something that belonged to the other. Your scents were mixed. Here, in your bedroom, your scent is heavier.” Derek stood up and began to pace. “I would spend time in his room and in yours so I could get used to which was you and which was him.”

“Creeper,” Stiles said as he watched Derek prowl around his room. It was fond though, the word, instead of being annoyed or freaked out. For some reason it was kinda nice knowing that Derek had taken the time to get to know each of them.

“My point is,” Derek said as he glanced at Stiles again. “Your scent is different, but not nearly so different as it is when he’s around. Just now, before he left, it was much more feminine, I almost didn’t realize it was you I was scenting. I don’t know what that means, but it’s incredibly unusual.”

“But isn’t scent like, a thing that a person has and it doesn’t really change like that?” Stiles asked with a frown. “I’ve done a lot of reading and asking Scott questions that would make you blush and I don’t recall ever hearing anything about scent changing completely like that. I mean, I believed Deaton because Scott has been so anxious around me so….” Deaton. Who said this was permanent. Who was certain that there was no reversing it, who always seemed to have answers. “What does it mean?”

“I don’t know,” Derek said, and suddenly he was right next to Stiles, hands cupping his face,
tilting him so they were staring into each other’s eyes. “I don’t know what it means Stiles, but I’m going to figure it out, okay?”

“Okay.” He nodded his head and took in a deep breath, cloves and coffee and mint all hitting his nose in a somewhat confusing pattern. It was comforting, like being close to Derek often was. “I believe you.” Holding Derek’s gaze, Stiles nodded his head again. “I believe you.”
Soooo, um, these chapters are not getting out as often as I'd liked, sorry about that. Fault is my own, I'm having trouble getting into the right headspace and it's been difficult for me to get from "ideas and thoughts" to "writing the thing".

This is still my main story, and the one I will be updating, as often as I can. Sorry for the delay, have a chapter.

Stiles lay down on his bed, world still a little woozy, and sighed. This day had not gone according to any plans he’d had. Not even the recent and new plans that crept up as he was going through the day. Now he was exhausted, achy, and he didn’t want to do anything. So of course when he looked over to his nightstand he noticed the book Creepy Uncle Peter had placed there.

It was an old book, worn, leather bound, fraying on the edges, each page heavy, thick. The triskelion was engraved on the front of it, no words or other identifying marks across it. Not even an authors name. His fingers ran over the front, tracing the edges of the spirals and he could almost hear the whisper of a thousand different people as he did so. Hale and hearty, alpha, beta and omega, past, present future, there were a thousand things that the symbol could represent, and all of them were linked together. This wasn’t just some random book, or some offhanded gesture, this was archaic, heirloom, private. It was a miracle that Peter had let it out of his hands.

What did it mean for that man to give such an item to Stiles? Was it possible that he trusted Stiles? No, that man didn’t trust anyone, probably not even himself. Opening the cover produced a creaking noise, the pages crackling under his fingers and a heavy musty scent lifted into the air. If it had been any thicker it would have made him cough, but instead it just made him take in a deep breath. How long had it been since this was opened?

The first page was blank, and as he turned it he could see the binding, strings holding pages together, the parchment so thick it was stiff. There was thick calligraphy that spelled out “Hale Family and Traditions” and still no author or even copyright date. Stiles felt that was a little lacking, if they were traditions there should be a commemorative date at least. On this day we’re keeping track of which traditions we like and which we don’t, or something.

There was no table of contents, there was just a drawing of three different kinds of wolfsbane on the next page and the next started with “Full Moon”. Had some ancient Hale werewolf spent their life learning how to write, only to spend a half hour on each word? Tracing the edges of it he could feel the indentation, and when he pulled it to his face, he could smell the ink, could see fingerprints of hundreds of hands that flipped through the pages. How had such a thing survived the fire even, or was it kept somewhere else, suspended in time so it didn’t crumble to dust?

Closing his eyes, Stiles could imagine this long dead werewolf, bent over the pages, writing traditions down so they would be preserved for future generations. This mysterious wolf had dark hair, glasses because all scribes must have worn glasses, eyes focused on the parchment in front of him, hand moving carefully and precisely over the page, feather occasionally brushing across his lips.

His imagination was obviously still completely intact, but that didn’t teach him anything new, so
he opened his eyes again and flipped the page. The first thing that he saw was a recipe for rabbit stew. The following page had a recipe for a hot spiced drink, the fruits suggested for each season written at the bottom. Then came a gorgeous picture drawn of a pack of wolves in the woods, several of them obviously howling, with humans scattered around them. One old man with a cane was smiling at them from a porch and there were a few young children playing off to one side, one of them obviously in beta form. He smiled as he counted and found there were a total of thirteen including both wolves and people. That was some kind of lucky number, wasn’t it?

The actual tradition started after the picture. A light dinner, a howl, games played with humans and werewolves alike, a chase, a hunt, and then a feast when the moon was starting to go down. Each member of the hunt had some kind of title, and they did certain things, including one who’s entire job seemed to be to carry dead animals to the fire so they could be cleaned and cooked for the feast. This was some next level kind of shit that Stiles had a hard time actually imagining their wolf pack doing. For one they weren’t close enough, and for another this was so well oiled it sounded like it had been done for centuries before it was ever written down. He wondered if this was what Derek was used to seeing happen during a full moon. If it was, he must be longing each month for this kind of camaraderie, and he wasn’t getting it.

With a sigh, and an idea of how he could do some of these things next week when the full moon happened, he moved on. “The Alpha” was the next section, and it detailed all the things the Alpha was in charge of. Interestingly enough, there were a ton of things that Stiles had seen Derek do that wasn’t part of his “job” according to this book. Of course, the book was assuming a full pack, and Derek had four beta’s, an uncle who’s morals were always in question, and sort of stray beta on the fringe, not including Stiles himself, who’s position in the pack Stiles couldn’t place himself. Was Lydia part of the pack as well, or was she another fringe character who’s role was undetermined?

All the questioning was annoying, and Stiles was going to forget them all if he didn’t write anything down, so he grabbed his laptop and started a Scrivener document titled “Pack Stuff”. The book was all well and good, but he had a feeling he’d want to get his hands on some of this information more easily. For now he just tossed up a file titled “Questions” and started writing them down.

1.) What is my position in the pack?
2.) With only 4 beta’s, what roles change, and should they?
3.) What is Lydia’s position in the pack, or is she not part of the pack?
4.) What happens when there’s an omega who is kind of fringe pack?
5.) What do we do about Peter?
6.) What is Peter’s role in the pack?
7.) Why did Peter give me this book anyway?

Stretching up a bit Stiles began flipping through the book, not really interested in going from beginning to end, just curious about what else was inside. Between each moon phase tradition was a named position in the pack. There was “Right Hand”, “Left Hand”, “Healer”, “Mediator”, “Defender”, “Trainor”, “Denmaker”, “Loremaster”, “Hunters”, and at the end was a couple of pages stuck together. When he pried them apart he found the last named member and for some reason, staring at it made his heart start pounding fiercely in his chest. The name alone struck him.

“Alpha’s Mate” His eyes flickered over the description, curiosity getting the better of him.

“The Alpha’s Mate will be accepted by each member of the pack. They share rank with the Alpha, and as such share their power and strength. Usually this position is held by a human, or a human bitten to become a werewolf. This seems to be a choice made by the energies of the world, a way for the wolf to always return to their senses if they were to lose their way because of sickness or loss. The Alpha and their mate share a bond that goes beyond pack, for they always know where
their mate is, and what sort of condition they are in. In extremely close cases, the power to heal wounds can be transferred even across great distances.

“This bond doesn’t come without it’s problems, as the loss of one’s mate can cripple or destroy either side of this pairing. If one side is being harmed in any way the other side may find it nearly impossible to focus on anything other than their injured half. In these cases it is up to the Left and Right Hand to take control of the pack and lead it until the pack is stable once more. Losing their mate can cause the Alpha to descend into Omega and leave the pack completely, never to be seen again. In cases where the bond is not very strong or the pack is able to bring the Alpha back to their senses, the Alpha can continue to lead the pack, and may sometimes take another mate, but rarely is that bond as strong as the first.’

Stiles closed the book and put it down on his nightstand. There was a lot of information in the book that Peter had given him, and it felt a little strange to be reading it. What was it they said, some secrets were better off not being learned? He ran his fingers over the triskelion again and wondered if these secrets were like that. What was he really to this pack that would allow him to have such an item? There was no way he had a position like Right or Left Hand, those were for senior members he was sure. He supposed he might be a mediator or a lore master, but he wasn’t sure he had enough information for either of those positions. Which would explain him getting this book he supposed.

“Ugh,” he said as he lay back on the bed and tossed his arm over his eyes. “You’re annoying Peter.” He didn’t expect the empty world to answer him, but it felt better to say that out loud than to just think it. Maybe this would all make sense some day. Today was not that day and he was ready for sleep.
OMG, I am so sorry. I had no idea when I started this thing that I was going to have chapters that seemed impossible for me to write. *bows head in shame* I also had no idea that writing masturbation was going to be so difficult. Now I know, and will have to take appropriate precautions if it happens again.

This is a short chapter, I'm sorry, but it just felt right to end it there rather than tack something else onto it. I have plans for the next chapter so it should be a decently long one. I hope this chapter isn't a horrible disappointment.

Stiles woke up gasping for breath and so horny he thought he’d go insane if he didn’t have an orgasm. His nipples were hard, sensations slipping through him as the sheet brushed against them. Sweat dripped down his sides, pooled between his breasts, and he could feel it sticking to his thighs. No, wait, when he slipped his fingers down there to scratch at itchy skin, it wasn’t sweat that was on his thighs. He was slick, so slick, it was all over, folds a mess of it, even his pubic hair was slippery at the top, which, weird, he didn’t know that was possible.

Slowly spreading his legs, he slid his fingers down, gently touching himself, not sure he knew how to explore safely, still remembering how much it had burned when he’d done this with the soap. Brushing against his clit, he felt a soft rush of warmth spread through him. It felt good, but endless, like he needed more, and right now. Taking in a breath, he let it out slowly as he let his finger slip over that pleasure again. Then again.

He lifted a hand to grasp his breast, lightly squeezing it as he gently stroked his clit. Last time he’d done this he’d fucked up, so he needed to go slow, be careful, and, he gasped as his fingers rolled his nipple, shocks going through him. Fuck that felt good. A groan slipped out and he spread his legs more, bending his knees to open himself so he could touch more easily. Yeah, that was better.

There was a rhythm he had to discover, just like stroking his dick, a pattern that would make him feel good. If he explored he would find the way, he knew it. That’s what had happened when he’d started jerking off, this was the same, just different parts. His breath started coming in gasps as he alternated nipple squeezes with clit rubs but it wasn’t enough. God, was it hard to get every girl off, or was it just that he hadn’t spent much time with himself yet? That’s it, vibrator was going up on the list of things he had to get sooner rather than later.

Wrist starting to cramp a little, Stiles began circling the clit, finger occasionally slipping off, but that seemed to be okay, because when he hit it just right it sent shockwaves through him. He tried to do it with index and middle finger pressed together and yeeeeeeahhh, that was better. Licking his lips, he just needed a good fantasy to sink into. Sweat was starting to form on his sides, and he kicked the sheet off. Grabbing his pillow he tossed that to the side as well, not liking the way it hurt his neck.

Fantasy Stiles, fantasy, got to stop thinking of how uncomfortable he was and start thinking of something sexy. Only it was hard to think when he was just feeling, a bead of sweat slipped between his breasts and there, a tongue licking it up went through his mind. No idea who it was, his eyes were covered and a shiver went through his body. Yeah, he liked that. Fingers brushed
hotly against his skin and as he pinched his nipple again he could imagine those fingers playing with him.

Head tossing back against the mattress he dipped his fingers down to gather more slick, because that natural stuff dried out much faster than he had expected. Moving to play with the other nipple he imagined this mystery person dragging their hands down his sides, then back up, grasping his breasts, squeezing them a little, a pinch here, a pinch there, he was getting the hang of playing with his breasts.

Hands trailed down his sides again, and this time he let his hand leave his breast to do the action, the next shiver going through him more full body than expected. He dragged his fingers up the center of his body, from belly to between his breasts, then up his neck, over his lips. Opening his mouth, he sucked two fingers into his mouth, moaning around them, licking between them and around them. He’d always wanted to suck a dick down, wondered what it would be like. The more he sucked his fingers the more he wondered what it would be like. Spit slicked, he dragged his fingers down again, pinching a nipple and God that felt good with damp fingers.

Dipping his fingers down again, he paused as he felt around the opening, slick and warm, and he did have long fingers. Was he going to… yes, yes he was. He slowly pressed one finger inside and holy god that was something else entirely. Nothing like the soap, why hadn’t he thought of this before, dear god. He was wet enough that he could press that finger in and out a few times with no worries. It was good, it was, he added a second finger and the stretch was just wonderful. ‘Yeah, you like that?’ his imaginary partner asked, and it had a male voice and sent shivers through his body. Yes he did, and as he moved them he could just hear the pleasure from the other person. ‘Show me,’ he said. ‘Show me how much you like it.’

Stiles wanted both now, and he moved his other hand down, swirling his fingers over his clit at the same time he was pushing his other fingers inside. But the hand was all wrong, so he had to switch them, tugging his fingers out of him to replace them with his other hand. Yeah, better, much better. ‘So pretty, twisting around my fingers.’ Fuck, yeah. ‘More, let me give you more.’ Stiles carefully added a third finger, but that burn wasn’t right, and he didn’t have the coordination to keep all three inside while he was playing with his clit. He went back down to two and moved them in.

Arms starting to burn, Stiles whimpered in frustration. He wanted to come, he wanted to come now. Between fingers and clit he felt so close, but everything was aching and he was having trouble keeping his breath. Should he change positions? Was that a thing that actually helped? He always figured that was just something porn did to try to appeal to as many people as they could. Fuck. He turned so he was on his knees, forehead pressed into the sheets, body curled just enough so that he could get his fingers in deeper and holy shit yes.

‘That’s right beautiful, that’s it.’ That, that was great, that was perfect, he was brushing across his clit more frantically now, sparks shooting up through him, gasping for breath as he sank down on his fingers and his whole body shook as his orgasm rushed through him. A long, needy whine left him as he continued to move on his fingers, drawing out the pleasure, fingers leaving his clit because holy Jesus that was too much, too sensitive.

Finally though he pulled his fingers out and collapsed on his bed, gasping for breath. He’d done it. Twice now, this time with no pain after he hoped. His legs were jelly, his heart was trying to beat out of his body and from belly button down to his ass was tingly, a slightly numb but pleasant sensation running through him. Yeah, he grinned, he’d just done that. And it was *good*. 
Stiles felt incredibly energetic as he took his shower, even cleaning the parts he was still getting used to, brushing his teeth, washing his face, and for the first time since he’d gotten his make up he pulled it all out and arranged it on the counter. Taking a breath he looked up into the mirror.

“You might be a girl, but you’re still a sexy beast, aren’t you?” he said to his reflection. His reflection grinned back at him. “Yeah you are,” he grinned, and that familiar side grin, smirk thing his face did was twisting his lips. For the first time in a while he felt, not normal, but okay.

Leaning back from the counter he stood up straight and took stock of himself. His hair was… well, it needed to grow out a little he thought. The long locks of all the girls he knew weren’t going to work for him, he didn’t think, but there were short styles that were cute. If he was going to have to deal with this body, for the rest of his life even, then he had to find what was comfortable. So.

Taking in a deep breath, he let it out and let his eyes travel across the high cheekbones, the cupid’s bow lips, his little upturned nose, and the large brown eyes that seemed too wide amongst all that pale skin. Lifting a hand he brushed long fingers over his eyebrows, then down his cheek, then over his lips. His lower lip caught on his finger and pulled down for a moment, mouth opening a little with the motion. Oh, that was a sexy face, he gasped and the lip moved away from his finger. His tongue swept out to wet dry lips, and his eyes followed the motion. Was he always so sexy, or was it some odd after effect of being female?

A shiver went through him and he glanced down at his chest where his nipples were pebbling. Shit, was that all it took for them to get hard? They were like penises. All it took was a thought or a shiver and immediately hard. He was incredibly grateful for the padded bra’s because that seemed to be the only reason why his nipples weren’t showing through his shirts all the time. With a sigh, he looked back up, then frowned. Wait. He was just staring at his chest in the mirror and he wasn’t completely freaking out. Was it possible that all it took was an incredibly good orgasm to start feeling comfortable in his skin?

He reached down with both hands and trailed his hands from neck down his shoulders and then down to his breasts, carefully cupping them in his hands. They were certainly a handful. With a chuckle, he nodded down at them. “Yep, you guys are…” he stopped and considered that. “Nope, you ladies are a handful.” That sounded better, that sounded right. There was an odd feeling to knowing he was male and seeing his body being female. Maybe he was just getting dead inside or something, because he was beginning to get used to it. Or at least parts of it.

Gently tugging at the towel wrapped around his waist, he let it fall to the ground and took another step back to look at the thick thatch of hair between his legs. So many curls, and they were so dark, and that area was….
Nope. Nope, this was where he was done. He grabbed the towel and wrapped it around his waist again. This was definitely a slow process. Playing with that area, wiping it and cleaning it was all well and good but he still wasn’t ready to look at it too much yet. Hands gripping the counter he leaned over and took in deep breaths. This was going to be okay, it was, one way or another. He just needed to give himself some time.

Right, right, just some time. Nodding his head, he stood up and face the mirror again. “I’m going to put on make up today,” he told his reflection. His reflection seemed to think that was okay so he grabbed the little compact with the number 1 on it. Lydia had put numbers on everything for the order he was to apply them. Plus there were notes on the bottom of containers to explain how they were to be applied, just so he could look for pointers if he needed to.

“Lydia is still a goddess,” he said as he began working. His reflection seemed to think that was true too. “Yup, goddess.”

* 

Getting dressed was still a trial because Lydia seemed to think that he should be wearing amazing clothes all the time. He just felt like it was time for jeans and a t-shirt, but he didn’t have any of the t-shirts he really wanted. Surely he could find a Captain America shield on a shirt for girls somewhere? Pulling out all his jeans he selected the dark blue pair and stuffed his phone in the pocket. Then he stood up and frowned at his waist. His phone was sticking out of the pocket. Why was his phone sticking out of the pocket?

He pulled his phone out and put it back in the other way. Still hanging out. What the hell? Playing around for a while he found out that his pocket wasn’t phone sized, and neither were any of his jeans. What the fuck? How was he supposed to carry his phone around? Even trying the back pocket, a terrible idea and he knew it, the phone was hanging out. He dug around and grabbed an old pair of jeans and tossed his phone in the pocket. Yep, fit just fine. Why they fuck did his girl pants have such small pockets? Stuffing his hands in them, he realized that his hands didn’t even fit. Jesus.

Growling something incoherent, he began fiddling with his shirts and eventually decided on a plain red thing because he was going to toss a flannel over it. Glancing through his closet, he shook his head and reached instead for his red hoodie. It didn’t look bad against the red shirt, and it had fucking pockets. Good pockets. He tossed it over his shoulders not caring that it was a little too big in the shoulders, it fit fairly well along his arms and he could zip it up.

‘Hey, you up for some shopping and girl talk?’ Stiles stared at the text for a moment before finally hitting send. Allison could say no.

‘Yes! When?’ she sent back almost immediately and he smiled.

‘Soon? I’m about to make some brunch, I could make enough for two?’ It was Sunday, but all Sunday ever meant to him was the double shift his father had.

‘I’ll be over in 15.’ She even sent a smiling emoticon and Stiles grabbed his laptop and charge cord, taking it downstairs with him. There was bound to be better clothes for girls out there, and he was determined to find some of it.

He was jamming and cooking hash browns with everything when she knocked on the door. Rushing over, he opened the door and grinned at her. “Hey there cutie,” he said as he stepped out of the way. “Come on in.”

Giving him a smile, Allison came in and glanced around. “It smells amazing in here, what are you
“Hash browns and like, everything else too. It’s Sunday leftovers day,” he said as he closed the door and padded barefoot back into the kitchen. “So I take those little bits of leftovers and just toss them in with some hash browns and have a different meal every week.”

“What did you have during the week then?” she asked and Stiles gave her a grin.

“Pot roast, among other things. It’s the pot roast you’re probably smelling though. Turns out I didn’t lose my ability to cook when I changed genders.” He opened the fridge and pulled out the milk. “What’s your poison today?”

“Milk sounds good,” she said as she went over to the hash browns and took a sniff. “Why would you stop knowing how to cook when you became a girl?”

“Well I don’t know what exactly is going on, how was I supposed to know I wouldn’t lose skills and gain different ones?” He poured the glasses of milk and tucked the gallon jug away.

“People don’t really work that way,” she laughed, turning back to him. “It’s magic Allison, who knows what magic is going to do to a person. I mean,” he swept a hand over his body. “I’m a girl. Ta-da!”

“Okay, fair point,” she said with a nod. “So where did you want to go shopping?”

“The internet,” he said with a nod at the dining room table. The laptop was set up and in the middle of the table. “We’re going to look for clothes that fit me. No offense to Lydia and her fashion sense, which is impeccable as always, but I just… you know, I need jeans with pockets, and if I have to go back to boys jeans I swear I will, but also I want some different underwear and maybe some t-shirts that, well, fit me. I’m still me, you know?” He took in a breath and stirred the pan a little. “She’s not wrong, in that my body is a little different and I need to wear things that make sense, but Allison, I’m not going to learn this fashion stuff over night. Also, I’m not going to instantly love wearing them. Also,” he turned and took in a deep breath. “Changing everything about me on the outside is not working. I’m not a girl, I don’t feel like a girl, and I feel like I’m disconnecting even more by trying to put myself into these clothes. I just want a graphic shirt and some jeans, and a pair of Converse, you know?”

Allison listened to the whole speech, the one that just seemed to come out from him like regurgitated information he didn’t even know he was storing in his mind. Then she stepped forward and pulled him into a hug. “The make up looks great, by the way,” she whispered, and he practically melted in her grip. His arms were wrapped up around her in an instant and he held on tight.

“God Allison, I just feel so disconnected, and I need this, right? I mean, I need to have some things that feel right, that feel like me,” he whispered and she nodded against his shoulder.

“I know. I do Stiles, I really do.” She squeezed him a bit and when she pulled away he let her go. “So we’ll do some searching, and we’ll order you some things, and that should help. At least, help you not lose yourself.” Allison reached up and tweaked his nose and he pulled further away with a squeak. Smiling at him so her dimples were the most prominent thing on her face, she grabbed their glasses and went to the table. “So finish that food, I have some sites to show you.”

“Yes ma’am!” he said with a salute as he began plating the food. This felt good, this felt… right. Very right. Today was a good day.
Today was not a good day. Clothes were too expensive, he wanted all the things, and it was going to be a week before his new underwear arrived. Sighing, he placed his head on his arm and wished that he had a limitless budget.

“It’s okay, they have a wishlist function. Look,” Allison said, pointing as she moved several items into a list for him. “We can email this to friends and then everyone can chip in for things. The extra awesome thing is that when they’re purchased they’ll disappear from the list so you don’t end up with twelve of the same item.”

“No one is going to be buying me stuff,” Stiles moaned, turning his head to look at her.

Reaching out a hand to pat his shoulder, Allison smiled. “I’ll send it to Derek. I’d be prepared for some packages.”

“What makes you think Derek is going to be buying me anything?” Stiles scoffed.

“Derek adores you Stiles, didn’t you know?” she asked as she continued to fiddle with his computer.

“Whatever, he just feels responsible.” Which was silly, he’d gone into the woods with his own feet of his own volition. He was just as much to blame for becoming a woman as Derek was.

“He does that too, but he’s been…” she trailed off and grinned at him. “You don’t know?” she asked.

“Know what?” he asked, brow wrinkling and lips pouting out.

“That he’s particularly fond of taking care of you. He stares at your ass when you leave a room, and he’s been doing that since forever.”

“It’s just the girl body, I have a great ass.” Stiles glanced over his shoulder at it. It was nice, even he knew that.

“He’s been watching you leave the room since you were a boy Stiles. I mean, since your body was a boy,” she finished in a rush.

“I knew what you meant,” he said as he looked back at her. “He has?”

“Oh yeah. I think he likes your bantering. He get’s this little indent in his forehead,” she reached up between her eyebrows to point the area out. “And his lip kinda twitches on one side, like he’s trying not to laugh. Plus, have you ever noticed that he only crosses his arms when you’re around and he’s trying to look all intimidating? I think he does that because you always end up staring at his arms.”

“Do I?” Stiles squeaked, sitting up straight. “I didn’t… I mean…”

“He’s got amazing arms, right? Those biceps, yeah?” Her eyes were twinkling with mischief.

“Yeaaaaaah,” Stiles breathed out, gaze going far away as he remembered said items. They were amazing, all strong and muscly and… “Wait,” he said as he snapped his gaze to Allison. “We’re doing the thing!”

“What thing?” she asked, brow furrowing.

“The girl talk thing!” he said excitedly. His hands moved up and down quickly as he talked.
“We’re totally having a girl talk moment! I’ve heard about this, I’ve read about it, but it’s still a new thing to me!”

Laughing, she nodded at him. “Yeah,” she said, reaching out to poke him in the side. “We’re having girl talk.” He giggled as her touch ticked him and he moved away from her.

“This is awesome.” The day became the best day again. Smiling he took in a breath and leaned back. “So, would it stop being okay if I asked some masturbation questions?”

“No, of course not,” she said. “I told you that you could ask me anything. I meant that.”

“Okay.” He frowned and glanced at his computer. “So, like, um, vibrators versus dildos?” he asked in a rush.

“They’re pretty much used for different things?” she said. “If you want something to really stimulate the clit, then vibrator. There are some that are made for, you know, putting inside too, and that’s fun as well, but dildo’s are just, you know, for insertion.” She took in a breath. “Start with good lube, do you have good lube?”

“ Probably not? I mean, I used to use lotion and -“

“Nope,” she said quickly, shaking her head as she interrupted him. “No, no, you are not using lotion down there, do you want to cause yourself issues? Okay, so your natural slick dries out kinda quickly and if you don’t produce a lot, and I personally don’t, then you’ll be sad super quickly. KY is fine if you just want something you can buy in the store and not get weird looks over it. If you ever use tampons you can use KY for helping with that too.”

“Tampons?” Stiles squeaked. “Are you kidding me?” He wasn’t sure he was ready to think about using tampons, the pads had been traumatizing enough.

“Nope.” She looked at him. “I’m being completely honest here. You put a little on the tip of the tampon, or on the applicator if it has one, and that eases it in without making it useless for actually absorbing the blood. But if you can,” she opened a page and a list of different lubricants appeared. “There are a few different ones that are pretty good.”

“Oh shit. Let me grab some paper,” he said as he reached for his phone. Opening notes, he took in a breath.

“That’s not paper,” she said with a frown.

“What?” He glanced down at his phone. “It’s called notes, see, it looks like a piece of paper.” Showing her the phone, she chuckled. “What?”

“I admit I was expecting an actual notebook or something. Okay, here we go.”

They spent over an hour talking lubes, which moved on to vibrators, which moved on to dildos, and before he knew it they had consumed another meal, the sky was getting dark and he had so much information he was feeling a little light headed. Once the initial embarrassment had left him he had been able to just ask her questions, which had led to more questions, and he felt amazingly knowledgeable now.

“Oh,” she finally said, looking up and blinking. “Stiles, we never moved from the table, and I think I have to get home.”

“Yeah,” he said, closing the notes and stretching. “Thanks Allison. This was,” he searched for the right word. Enlightening didn’t seem strong enough of a word. “Transcendent,” he said with a
Giggling again, she pulled him into another hug. “You’re welcome. Anytime, okay? Well, maybe not when there are werewolves around to ask a million questions, but absolutely any other time.”

He laughed as well and nodded, holding her close. “Yeah. I get that.” When he let her go he stood up. “Sometimes I wish I could ask Lydia some things, but then I think about how I’m still totally crushing on her and it feels weird, you know?”

“Yeah,” she said with a nod of her own. She got up and started gathering her things. “I mean, obviously you still feel for her, so I can get how that might be hard. It’s like, you know I really care about Scott, right? And sometimes when he’s around I’m fine, and then there are times when I just want to jump him and kiss him and tell him that I was wrong and he has to give us another try.”

“I can’t even imagine.” Stiles shook his head. “I really can’t.”

“Plus there’s this other guy I kinda like, and I don’t know if I can, you know, do anything about that. It’s a mess.” She ran a hand over the strap to her purse.

“Well, I mean, you listen to me all the time now, I could do the same for you. No judgement zone, I promise.” Smiling at her he reached out and pat her shoulder.

“Yeah? It wouldn’t feel weird talking to me about that stuff when Scott is your best friend?” she asked hesitantly.

“Dude, it would be fine. I’m not even sure where Scott and I are friendship wise. We had that thing happen, and then Derek told me some things and…” he shrugged. “Just, it’s fine, you can totally tell me things, I promise.”

“Okay.” She smiled. “Next time.”

“You bet.” They stared at each other for a moment, and it didn’t feel incredibly awkward. That was nice.

“I’ll see you in school tomorrow then. Have a good night Stiles.”

“You too,” he said as he walked her out. When she was gone he closed the door and leaned against it. He’d had girl talk. Plus a lot of other cool things had happened. That was awesome. Truly awesome. The grin that spread across his lips was not going anywhere tonight.

Chapter End Notes

Poll question: I am slowly writing the Hale Pack book. Do you want them as chapters to this, or another story that is just the Hale book? I mean I might insert some of it into the story as needed but I’m a terrible person and am kinda writing all of it (except for the recipes, gods I’m not that good.). Would you be sad to get a chapter that was all just part of the Hale Book?
OMG you guys, I'm having such a stressful time right now. Cousin's wedding is in two weeks, I have to figure out boarding for my dog, a house sitter for my cats, get the car into two different places for tires and this weird clunking noise it's making because I'm driving it 10-12 hours to the wedding and then the same amount back home, and all the packing and clothing decisions. My best friend is having her place renovated and I'm trying to help out where I can, and I'm starting to take yoga classes and my first dr. appointment since I found out I had diabetes is in two days. Plus I'm so behind on this, and I'm supposed to have my original fiction done editing and ready for general consumption by the end of October and there's no way and I'm so stressed. I'm just so stressed.

Which is why it's been so long. I'm sorry. I was in a good writing place, and now I'm just really not. I'm still trying, and I'm sorry there is delays all the time. I'm not done, and I'm not going to stop, and I'm pushing through but I felt like I needed to mention all this so you knew that things are not nearly stable enough right now for regular updates. I will do it every Tuesday I can, I promise.

If there are errors in spelling, or whatever that's totally because I just finished it and I'm putting it up because I know better than to wait to edit it. If there is continuity errors or something glaring please let me know, otherwise, I'm sorry. Have a little over 3k of word smash.

“I want your help,” Jackson said from the other side of the door and Stiles blinked at him a few times.

“What?” he asked with a shake of his head. “You want my help with what?”

“I’m not talking about it out here,” Jackson said with a frown. “Can I come in?”

“This is a very weird conversation we’re having,” Stiles said as he stepped out of the way. “In that we’re having a conversation.”

“We have conversations all the time,” Jackson said as he walked into the house. He glanced around and then turned to Stiles, crossing his arms.

“Usually there’s more…” Stiles waved his hand around in the air as he closed the front door. “You know, throwing people against the wall.”

“I’m not going to throw you against the wall,” Jackson scoffed. “You’re a girl.”

“Excuse you,” Stiles said with a glare. “Allison could wipe the floor with your douche face and you know it.”

“Whatever. I’m faster and stronger than she is. She wouldn’t beat me.”

“You’re only saying that because you aren’t actually fighting her.” Stiles shook his head.
“Whatever, what do you want?”

“You’re help, I said that,” Jackson repeated. One of his hands began to fiddle with the edge of his jacket. He had to look cool, even during the late summer and that meant he was wearing a jacket. When it was, like, 90 outside.

“With *what*?” Stiles stressed, leaning forward and staring at Jackson. “You haven’t said what you need my help for yet. Do you think since I grew boobs I also grew telepathy? Because let me tell you that would be cool, but it didn’t happen.”

“You didn’t grow anything, you were changed. Anyway, I need your help with… with…” Jackson glared, then looked away. He fidgeted some more and looked away. He mumbled a word and Stiles blinked at him.

“What? I’m not a werewolf, I have no idea what you just said.”

“Anchors,” Jackson snapped.

“Anchors? Like, sailing?” Stiles shook his head and threw his hands up into the air.

“Anchors, you idiot, anchoring myself, because I’m a werewolf, and the full moon is coming and I don’t know how to control this shit!” Jackson finally yelled at him, his eyes flashing blue, face beginning to morph. Stiles blinked.

“Stop that,” he snapped back at Jackson. His heart sped up.

“I *can’t!* That’s what I’m trying to tell you.” Jackson took a step back and closed his eyes, turning around, his hands going into fists and then back out a few times. “I’m trying, but whenever I get angry, whenever I get… stressed, or… anything like that, I just start to change. I’ve had to run away from my parents a few times, and I can’t do anything with Lydia, and…”

“You want me to help you have sex with Lydia,” Stiles said with a scoff. “Me? You know how I feel about her, I’m fairly certain everyone knows how I feel about her.” He walked into his kitchen. Not for the first time he considered taking a shot glass worth of the Jack from his dad’s store, but if he did he didn’t think he’d be able to stop, and was fairly certain that his father would notice. This conversation though, it might need alcohol.

“You’re a girl now though. Jesus, you really have no chance anymore.” Jackson finally turned around, and his face was back to it’s smooth skin and annoying look.

“What, so because my body shape has changed you think who I like has too?” Stiles pulled out the milk instead and poured himself a tall glass. He didn’t bother to offer Jackson anything, he had half a mind to tell the other boy to leave. “You really think that I like Lydia because I just want to bone her? If that’s so then you have a really low opinion of me.”

“Obviously I have a low opinion of you,” Jackson said as he crossed his arms. “You’re a pest.”

“And that’s the way to get yourself invited out of my house,” Stiles said with a closed lip smile.

“Look, you’re not competition for me anyway, because she chose me, right? You’re getting to be her friend, which is more than you’ve ever had with her before. Consider yourself lucky.”

“Still not making me want to do you favors Jackson. In fact, I’m still thinking of telling you to get out of my house.” Stiles took a drink of his milk and stared at Jackson for several moments before Jackson sighed.
“Anyway, I don’t think Lydia really cares, and that isn’t the problem here. I don’t want to learn how to control this because of her, I need to know so I don’t have to be chained up every full moon and so I can get angry without worrying about going full wolf. It’s a problem, and I need your help.” He looked down at his hands, as though he’d find some kind of answer there.

“Well, I need about a thousand dollars for car repairs. Can you front me some of that?” Stiles asked, and Jackson looked up at him in surprise.

“You want me to *pay* for your advice?” Jackson asked with a small laugh. “Are you serious?”

“You’re not part of my pack, your not a friend, and you’ve been a general pain in my ass all my life. Hell yeah I want money. I don’t know how long it’s going to take for you to learn this, so let’s just say three hundred each time we get together to figure this out? No longer than an hour to each session.” Stiles leaned against the counter and Jackson stared at him for several moments before he shook his head.

“You’re an asshole,” Jackson said firmly.

“I tell people that, but no one listens. They all think because I’m Scott’s best friend that I must be nice too. They’re wrong. Three hundred for an hour consultation. Take it or leave it.” There was literally nothing he wanted less than to spend an hour trying to find out what thing made Jackson human. If he was going to do it though, he absolutely needed to be paid for it.

“Fine,” Jackson said with a nod. He pulled out his wallet and rifled through it for a few moments before stepping over and slapping money down on the counter. Stiles blinked and walked over, taking the cash and counting it.

“Are you fucking serious?” Stiles asked. “You have three hundred dollars on you right now?” Jesus, he really hated Jackson.

“I’m paying for my session right now,” Jackson said through clenched teeth. “Are you helping me or not?”

“Yeah,” Stiles said with a nod and a small laugh. He stuffed the money into his pocket and took in a deep breath. Glancing at the time on his phone so he knew when an hour was up, he looked back at Jackson. “This isn’t going to be pretty though, so let’s set down some ground rules. One, since you’ve asked me for my help, and this whole anchor thing is tough, anything we say to each other during these sessions stays in these sessions. Nothing I tell you or you tell me will we repeat outside of them. Got it?”

Jackson nodded and then frowned. “What kind of shit are you expecting me to talk to you about?”

“That is inconsequential. Two, I will do my best to help you with this, but you have to give back. If you intentionally refuse to work for this then I will happily milk you for all you’re worth until you finally cry to Derek or Scott for help. Capiche?”

“Whatever. I’ll do the work. The more you talk the more I want to rip your face to shreds so can we get started?”

“No, there is one more thing. Are you listening, because this is important.” He stared at Jackson until Jackson nodded his head. “Good. Three.” Stepping around the counter, Stiles got right into Jackson’s face. “As we do this, I expect that you’re going to lose control. I know, it happens, I understand. I absolutely won’t hold it against you. That doesn’t mean that you can use it as an excuse to hurt me, or punish me, or do any number of things your petty mind might come up with. I absolutely will take what you do to me into consideration as I plan each session’s work, expect
me to use everything against you, because that is exactly what I will do. Have you followed me to this conclusion Jackson?”

Jackson held Stiles’ gaze and then frowned. “Wait, you’re saying I can’t use what you do against you, but you can and will use what I do against me? That doesn’t seem fair.”

“It’s not fair,” Stiles said with a nod as he stood back and raised his eyebrows. “It doesn’t have to be fair. You want to learn control, and you’re not good with impulse control at the best of times. I’m going to need to test you, and push you, and you need to learn not to give into your desire to murder and or mutilate me. Everything I’ve stated sets or I keep your money and you walk away with nothing.”

For several moments Jackson just stared at Stiles, and Stiles could see him thinking everything over, making his decisions. He just drank some more milk and waited. This couldn’t be easy for Jackson, Stiles knew that, but he came to Stiles for help, and by God, if it meant there would be one less wild werewolf out there, then Stiles would help. Plus, money, that was always good.

“Fine,” Jackson snapped with a nod. “Fine, I agree to your terms. What do I have to do?”

Huh, admittedly Stiles hadn’t been sure that Jackson would agree to his terms. Score one for the home team. “Well, the first thing you have to do is start talking. See I could help Scott because I knew him, you I don’t know the same way.” He went to the fridge with a sigh. He had almost hoped Jackson would say no.

“What do you expect me to talk to you about?” Jackson asked.

“Well, I don’t know you, so I don’t know what kinds of things are important to you. I mean, I would never have expected a key to be the undoing of the murder lizard, but apparently it was. So let’s start there. What was the importance of that key?” Stiles pulled a coke out of the fridge and offered it to Jackson. Jackson glared at him but took the coke.

“It was nothing,” Jackson said.

“See, you’re not listening to rule number one. You have to tell me things, and I won’t tell anyone else. This is a safe zone, right here, right now. Speak Jackson.”

“It’s nothing, it’s…” he looked away and down at his drink. “It was a key to my house.”

“Right, I got that part.” Stiles walked over to the couch and sat down, crossing his legs under him. Today he was wearing jeans again, and an old shirt that sort of fit. He couldn’t be bothered to pull on tights. “But what was the significance behind the object?”

“It was just a key Stiles,” Jackson snapped. Stiles stared at him in exasperation.

“It turned you from the kanima to a werewolf Jackson. *Why*?”


“Because why?” Stiles shrugged. He watched as Jackson started to grow facial hair. “You’re changing. Stop that and tell me about the key.”

“It’s none of your business!” Jackson roared, and there was a part of Stiles mind that thought he should be running away, that he should be scared and should maybe rethink helping Jackson, but instead he felt oddly calm. Not just calm, completely and totally in control. Which was a new feeling for him.
“You’re the one who asked me for help,” Stiles said as he shrugged and took a sip of his milk. It was good, he should drink it more often.

“This isn’t help, this is… I don’t even know, some kind of joke?” Jackson advanced on him, eyes glowing bright blue.

“Oh puppy,” Stiles chuckled. His body felt light and he watched Jackson as though he was on some sort of mental cliff, like Jackson was too far away to be a danger to him. “Everything is about learning who you are, and controlling it. This is no different. You’re trying to find the answer to something that you don’t even fully have the question to. An anchor is something that quite literally anchors you to your humanity. If you can’t figure out what makes you human, then you can’t be anchored.”

“I’m not a fucking dog, I’m not your fucking dog!” Jackson snarled at him and Stiles raised an eyebrow at him. He could feel his heart pounding, he knew he was in a dangerous situation, but he didn’t move.

“Then stop acting like it. Answer my question.” Stiles stared into those glowing blue eyes, and to his surprise he watched as Jackson began to lose his facial hair, and his brows returned, and the fangs disappeared. “That’s a good boy.”

“Shut up,” Jackson snarled and he looked away. “It was a sign of our relationship for me. She… she was the first person who actually cared about me, for me. She didn’t care that I had money because she had money. She didn’t care that I was adopted, because, I don’t even know why, but she would tell me that parent’s are parent’s, and you don’t get to choose them even if you are adopted. I don’t know,” he scoffed and crossed his arms around his waist. “She made sense to me when other things didn’t.”

“But you broke up with her,” Stiles pointed out, not sure why Jackson would do that when it was obvious he felt actual feelings in relation to Lydia.

“Yeah, because I was trying to be more. I wanted some control. I didn’t want to be a werewolf because I wanted to be part of some fucking pack, I wasn’t intending on being with Derek, I wanted it so I wouldn’t have to feel…. ” He stopped and glanced at Stiles. Suddenly some things clicked for Stiles and he nodded. “Afraid.” He frowned and looked around the room, so Jackson didn’t have to know that Stiles was completely focused on him. “You were scared she’d leave you, because she was the type to just ditch someone when she felt their status wasn’t perfect. She made you feel inferior, like you had to do certain things for her, or she would walk away. Then Scott did… that Scott thing, and you thought that if you were a werewolf again you wouldn’t have to worry about losing to him. You were scared of being lesser, you needed to be the best, because you had to prove to yourself, and everyone else as well, that you were worth their time. That you were worth it at all.” He nodded as he considered that. What Jackson needed was control, but what he feared the most was being unloved, unwanted.

“How the hell did you come up with all of that?” Jackson snapped and Stiles turned to look at him. Face a bright red, Jackson was still holding his sides and looked a little like he was going to be sick.

“I’m not dumb Jackson. I’ve seen you through some seriously tough times, and to be honest you piss me off most of the time, but that hasn’t made it so I don’t see you when you’re down. Your best friend is Danny, and don’t even get me started on how weird it is that you’re so defensive about him, and you love Lydia, who I thought you didn’t have a clue was so smart but apparently you kinda do, and you’re coming to me for advice because you think I’ll help you. I mean…” Stiles shook his head. “Honestly Jackson, you a fucking mess. I don’t even know how you live
with yourself.”

“Yeah, thanks asshole.” Jackson stood up then and glared at Stiles. “Thanks a lot. Now what the fuck do I do about this?”

“Well, when you feel afraid or out of control you lose control. So we’re going to give you something you can control when you’re feeling that way, and we’re going to see about teaching you that you don’t have to be afraid. During that time we’re going to push you, and push you, and try to find that one thing that makes everything make sense.” It was probably fucking Lydia just like it was fucking Allison for Scott. Stiles was a little annoyed that it was likely a relationship that would help this other werewolf because honestly he was getting tired of all the romance in the air.

“Okay. So, what’s next?”

Stiles smiled. “Now I hit you with lacrosse balls while you try to regulate your heartbeat.”

“Wait,” Jackson shook his head. “*That’s* what you were doing?” Stiles’ smile turned to a grin filled with teeth and Jackson sighed. “Fine. I have a heart monitor app on my phone and the stuff for it. Let’s go somewhere private.”

“I am going to take great pleasure in tying your wrists together with duct tape Jackson.” Stiles said as he stood and went to the utility drawer to grab said tape. “I’d love to put it over your mouth too but I’m not sure if that’s a good idea. I’ll have to think on it.”

“Freak.”

With a laugh, Stiles slipped on his old converse shoes, not caring that they were a little too big on him now. He was waiting for packages in the mail and until they arrived he was going to just modify his old wardrobe. “You’re driving,” Stiles said as he grabbed his purse and slipped the wallet out of it, tucking it in his back pocket. It was time to unrepentantly hit Jackson with hard balls. He snickered because he was still twelve and followed Jackson out, locking the house behind him.
Hey guys! I'm just posting this as a sort of update. I'm in SW FL and we got hit by Hurricane Irma pretty badly down here. There are still several places without power, including some of the homes in my apartment complex, and I don't have reliable internet. It's been going in and out, but never in for very long, so I can't depend on it and often don't know it's on until it's turning off. Because of this I haven't been able to update this story, and for that I'm really sorry! As soon as my internet is actually working I promise an update, but until then I can't promise anything. They're hoping to have it up and running by 9-23 so fingers crossed that is the truth!
Emotional Rollercoaster

Chapter Notes

Please be aware, there are added tags because of this chapter. See the end notes for spoilers.

If it actually updates this chapter this time, then I have internet. It *looks* promising.

Also, guys, each email I got telling me your comments just made me want to cry. You all are so sweet and caring, and I appreciated every single word. It's been the most frustrating thing to be able to do some things on my phone, but not be able to do anything on my computer internet wise. (It also made me realize that I am super glad for normal DVD's and regular books still, LOL.) I did get a certain amount done on my merman story though, I'm almost halfway done with my first editing pass, which is good because I've had to at least double my word count so that's been a lot of writing. Anyway, thank you so much for your well wishes. We survived, nothing was damaged for us, and all of my people finally have power (even though there is this weird patch of apartments in my complex that is still without.). I appear to have internet, but I'm not going to trust it until it stays on for a complete day without bumping off, lol.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘We are not going to talk about this.’

“No, we aren’t,” Stiles agreed as he stared at himself in the mirror.

‘This is a minor hiccup. A blip. Nothing to worry about.’

“Nothing to worry about.” He nodded and the figure in the mirror smiled at him. He wanted to smile back but it was as though he had no control over his face.

‘Now pick up that razor.’ He did so. ‘Take it to your chest.’ That was easy, his body was completely in league with this voice in his head. ‘Cut deep, you don’t want those things on your chest anyway, do you?’

“No.” His hand moved, but he held it there, hovering over his left breast, razor not quite touching the skin. This wasn’t right. Cutting them off himself wouldn’t be the right way to do it, because there were surgeries for this sort of thing. He’d done research, he’d read and seen different pictures of those recovering from such things and he knew if he talked to his dad that they could… his hand shook, fingers clutching the razor tightly.

“I’m home!” his dad called and his hand moved suddenly, cutting across the top of his breast, the sting sharp, the wound surface but damn it was bleeding!

Something snapped, a tether to a power that wasn’t his, didn’t feel right, didn’t work with him. He grabbed a towel and pressed it to his skin, glancing around frantically. The last thing he wanted was for his father to think he was having some kind of crisis and cutting himself because of it.

“Stiles? Are you home?” There were footsteps on the stairs and then the door was flung open and
Derek’s face was looming, the sudden movement tossing Stiles back in confusion and surprise.

“What the hell?” Stiles squeaked out and Derek reached for his hands, tugging them away from his chest.

“What did you do?” Derek asked, pushing Stiles to sit down on the closed toilet seat. He started the water in the sink and wet the hand towel.

“I didn’t!” Stiles said but that wasn’t right. “I didn’t mean to!”

“Stiles?” his father asked as he peeked into the room and Stiles looked over at him just in time to see his face drain of color. “What the hell? Stiles, are you okay?”

“I’m *fine*!” he snapped, but then Derek’s hands were on his breast, gently wiping the blood away and he leaned in closer to see how bad the damage was. Stiles’ nipples pebbled under the scrutiny and wasn’t that a bitch? “I was going to be fine, I will be fine, this is… this is…” It was what exactly? He didn’t even know.

“You didn’t go too deep,” Derek breathed out in relief, and he pressed the wet towel to the skin, looking up at Stiles’ face. “Why did you do this?”

“Maybe you should be outside of this room while my son is half naked,” his father snapped and Derek glanced down at what he was doing, face flushing a bright red before he grabbed Stiles’ hand and pressed it to the towel. Then he turned around and left the bathroom.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean… I smelled the blood and I was worried. That’s all,” Derek mumbled. “I’ll be in your room.”

“Close the door,” Stiles’ father said and Stiles sighed as he glanced at what he’d done. “Son?” he asked, stepping into the room. “Is there something you’d like to tell me?”

“I don’t know why,” he whispered. Looking up at his father he took in a breath and felt his body beginning to shake. It was like the aftermath of a panic attack, or the start of one he wasn’t sure, where everything seemed to be tunneling vision wise, there was himself, his father, and this weird sting on his chest and he didn’t even know why he’d done it. “I don’t know why, I don’t know what I was thinking, it was like there was this voice telling me to and I thought it was the right thing and oh my God, was I gonna cut my breast off?” Panic rose, he might not want this body right now, but it wasn’t like he wanted to deface it. It was a nice body, it just didn’t belong with him in it.

“Oh kid,” his father said, rushing into the room and pulling Stiles into a hug. “I don’t know. I don’t know what happened, but you don’t have to hurt yourself, you know that, right?”

“I know. I didn’t mean to, I mean I totally did, but I don’t know why!” He started to hiccup, tears began to pour down his cheeks, and he wanted things to start making sense but he didn’t know why they weren’t.

“This is… this is monsters, and magic, and nothing we were ever trained for kid,” his father said, and Stiles couldn’t help the weak laugh at his father quoting a movie for Stiles’ benefit.

“I know, I know that.” He sniffed and held on, holding his father tightly. His boobs squished weird against his dad’s chest, but he didn’t care, even though the star was going to leave an imprint of itself on his right breast. “But something’s weird, and I don’t know what to do about it, and I don’t know how to stop and I don’t know what else I might do Dad. I don’t know.”

“Shh, it’s okay, it’s okay.” His dad held him tightly, lightly rocking and Stiles took in deep breaths
filled with the scent of his father’s aftershave and damn that Old Spice was comforting in a way he just couldn’t explain. It took a little while, but he finally managed to relax and then his father backed away a little to look him in the eyes. “Now, so we’re on the same page, you didn’t mean to do this, right?”

“Yeah. I mean, I knew I was going to, but I didn’t want to.” Stiles nodded his head and frowned. “That makes no sense.”

“It’s okay Stiles. You know, sometimes people do drastic things when they’re in the wrong body. I’ve been doing some reading and I think it’s perfectly normal for you to be having trouble adjusting. I just wish you would stay away from sharp objects near your body, okay? Can you try to do that for me?”

“Okay.” Stiles nodded and took a deep breath. “I’ll try. I promise dad. I didn’t mean to.”

“I know. I know.” His dad kissed his head and then reached for the towel. “Let’s take a look at that and see what it looks like, okay?”

“Yeah.” Carefully they pulled the towel away and with a few wipes they could see the damage. Luckily it wasn’t much deeper than a bad paper cut, and they put some ointment on it, then a couple bandaids because he’d made a long cut even if it hadn’t been deep. Sucker had bled though, and he gingerly put on the sports bra he’d come in here to change into originally. What had he been thinking?

“Okay, if you start feeling weird like that again, can you try to call someone?” His father squat down so he was looking at Stiles at the same eye height. “Just tell them you feel weird, and then they can come over, see how you’re feeling? Call me, call Derek, call Scott, whoever. Okay?”

“Yeah,” Stiles nodded and wiped a hand over his eyes, rubbing grit out of them. “I’ll try.” He probably could do that. ‘Isaac.’ Yeah, Isaac would be okay too.

“Okay.” His Dad kissed his head and then ruffled his hair, standing up. “So, dinner probably isn’t made?”

“Oh shit!” Stiles jumped up but a heavy hand landed on his shoulder.

“I’ll order a pizza, okay? I think we’ve both had a long day and I’d like to not worry about you hurting yourself cooking after the rollercoaster you just had.”

Stiles narrowed his eyes at his father. “Only if you promise to get as many veggies as meat toppings.”

“Fine,” he said with a nod. “I’ll go order. Go… do whatever to make Derek calm down. I can hear him pacing from here.”

“Yeah.” Stiles nodded and when his father was gone he cleaned the bathroom and tossed the towel into the laundry basket before heading to his room. “Hey,” he said as he came in and Derek was right there, nose tucking into the crook of his neck. “Woah,” he said as Derek took a deep breath in. “What the hell?”

“You smell different,” Derek said as he stood back, a frown on his face. “I noticed it as soon as I entered the bathroom. You smell mostly like you now, but you smelled mostly like that other scent when I first went in. That scent that Scott smells.”

Stiles closed the door behind him and walked to the bed, flopping down and lying back. The bandaids crinkled weird and he frowned. “That’s weird, right?” he asked.
“Yeah Stiles, it’s weird. It’s weird that you seem to have two distinct and distinctly different, scents.” Derek sat down on the ground next to the bed. He reached out a hand and lightly touched Stiles’ arm. “That makes no sense. Can you tell me what happened in there?”

“I don’t know,” he said as he turned his head and looked at Derek. “I was there to change bra’s. I felt weird when I looked at myself, and I just… I wanted to just cut it. You know? I wanted to get rid of that weird lump on my chest and I picked up the razor. Only,” he frowned as he tried to remember more clearly. “When I had it in my hand, I kinda felt like I didn’t want to? And then Dad came home and startled me and I accidentally brought it down to my skin. That’s all. It wasn’t done on purpose.”

“But you wanted it to be done, at least at one point?” Derek frowned and his fingers traced a vein on Stiles’ inner arm. “Even though you didn’t want to?”

“Yeah,” Stiles nodded. “Sorry. That doesn’t really make much sense, but it’s what I felt.”

“None of this makes sense Stiles,” he chuckled. Stiles felt a shiver slip through him as the fingers ran slowly up his arm, and then back down. “I mean, the whole situation is a little messed up. We just keep going and try to figure it out as we go, right?”

“Yeah,” Stiles agreed, getting a little breathless. He was completely focused on Derek and what his fingers were doing, a shiver of pleasure running from the arm down his body. Each brush made more of him warm up, the simple pleasure becoming all encompassing. He licked his lips, eyes following the feather light brush of nail on arm, across his inner elbow, down to his wrist. Fuck, that was hot, the way his fingers touched his wrist, like all his nerves were one and he gasped in a breath as he felt the wetness gather between his legs.

“Hmm?” Derek’s voice barely registered, but he turned his head and Stiles glanced up just in time to see his nose flare, eyes going red briefly as he registered that scent, and then he was staring right into Stiles’ eyes. The red flared brighter, the fingers ran up again, more purpose to them, brushing all the way to Stiles’ shoulder, over to his neck and he was leaning in. Breathing faster, Stiles felt his tongue flick out to wet his dry lips, and Derek’s gaze moved to that for a brief moment before locking gazes again. Inch by very slow inch they moved closer, the air heavy and charged between them.

“Pizza’s here!” his dad’s voice broke in through the fever haze, and both of them backed away. Stiles practically flailed himself off the bed and Derek stood up suddenly, turning away.

“Jesus,” Stiles breathed from the floor, looking over the top of his bed at Derek, who was standing by the door, shoulders so tense that Stiles could see it from where he was. “That was… um… intense,” he said with an audible swallow.

“I’m sorry,” Derek said softly and Stiles frowned.

“For what? Last I checked there were two people involved there.” He stood up and brushed off his pants a little to distract himself.

“I shouldn’t have done that.” Derek glanced at Stiles, lips pursed and eyebrows doing that self judgy thing they did.

“Did you not hear me when I said that there were two people involved?” Stiles asked. He stood tall and nodded his head at Derek. “You are a very attractive person, and I would have to be blind to not notice.”

“Is that what I am?” Derek asked as he turned fully to face Stiles. “I’m attractive?”
“Duh.” Stiles shook his head. “That wasn’t what fueled what just happened though, was it? It was… it was the whole caring thing.” He waved his hands in the air vaguely as Derek’s angry brows went to confused brows.

“What?” he asked, and Stiles flailed a little more.

“What, what?” He shook his head. “That, that moment was about your need to care for me, and my responding to it, and the appreciation I have for what you do for me. I mean, obviously your gorgeous, but I don’t get attracted to people because of their looks.” He scoffed and shook his head.

If anything, that seemed to confuse Derek even more, if the turned down lips were anything to go by. “You… I don’t understand you,” he finally said, but he huffed out a little laugh and shook his head, shoulders relaxing a bit.

“Yeah, no one does.” Stiles reached for the t-shirt he’d thrown over his office chair and sniffed the armpits. Not disgusting, great. He pulled it over his head and then headed for the door. “Pizza dude, let’s eat.”

It was ridiculously easy to move from almost kissing Derek Hale to eating pizza with his father and Derek, and Stiles was impressed. If he caught Derek giving him considering glances more than usual, well, Stiles wasn’t going to say anything, he was looking too.

Chapter End Notes

Stiles is compelled to hurt himself, he is starting to fight it when he gets startled and ends up accidentally cutting himself with a razor blade. This all happens at the beginning of the chapter.

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