“No. Mo - mom called for me. But she didn’t - she didn’t recognize me.” Scott turned to see the woman, frail, brown hair matted out and falling, skinny as bones and asleep, like she was most of the time now. He knew why Stiles had been too excited if she called for him, and how heart broken he must be if she didn’t recognize him.

As a matter of fact, he could see Stiles’ tears creasing through the dark circles of his eyes. Scott knew Stiles didn’t sleep much since his mom had been admitted. He kept saying that -

Notes

Basically what I wanted to see when we went inside Stiles mind - what the nogitsune had done to turn him into his vessel.

Warning for Rape - we don’t see the rape, but it’s pointed out that it happens.

See the end of the work for more notes

Scott heard the door close behind him, but when he turned around there was no door.

He was standing in the middle of a dirt road, trees on one edge, asphalt on the other. The sky was
overcast, and a chill crept under his shirt, even if it was a long sleeve. In order to keep the cold at bay he hugged himself and started walking.

Not even twenty steps lated he noticed a boy on the side of the road, a stick in his hands, poking at something.

And Scott remembered.

“Stiles?”

“Who are you?”

Stiles had turned and Scott felt bad - Scott had been walking with him! Why would Stiles say that? And then the boy remembered that Stiles’ mom sometimes forgot his name and maybe Stiles had forgotten Scott for a second.

It still hurt.

“Stiles, don’t do that.”

“Why not?” Stiles kept poking at the bird, barely moving. Scott saw (knew) that its wing was broken, and the thing kept chirping angrily at Stiles.

“We don’t do that.”

“And why should I listen to you?” Scott frowned at him - his friend was being mean, and he didn’t like it. He knew Stiles was like that - rough at the edges, and since he was told he had ADD - whatever that was - he tended to snap more at him. Scott usually just shrugged it, the same way he had shrugged that Stiles had ruined his sandcastle, but this time it hurt. Scott didn’t know why but it hurt.

The same way the bird hurt when Stiles poked a little bit too hard, and broke its neck.

“Stiles!”

But Stiles wouldn’t listen. Stiles wouldn’t look at him. And the werewolf looked up and saw Stiles’ shadow, the thing he was supposed to be looking for and killing, smile at him like he was pitying him - or maybe enjoying that he was a mouse trapped by the cat. Fighting a fight lost before it had begun.

Scott was standing in the hallway of the school, blent in the sea of students. Ninth grade, and everybody was in a circle around the fighters. Scott had just come back from the nurse’s office - he had had another attack in the middle of Algebra, and even though he hadn’t forgotten his inhaler, the teacher had still sent him to Mrs. Tse. The chorus around him informed him that one of the fighters was Jackson, and the figure below him, skinny, gangly -

“Stiles!”

He tried to push everyone away, to open way to reach them, to stop them, but nobody paid attention to him, entranced by the way Jackson kept hitting Stiles, like he had been provoked, but Stiles fought back, with more energy, with more anger, with more passion, and Scott knew it was Jackson who had provoked Stiles.
It hadn’t been six months yet. Scott knew perfectly what Jackson mocked Stiles about.

He knew he had to stop them before he did anything stupid. But it was as if he wasn’t there, as if nobody could see him, hear him, help him.

He noticed that the blue of the lockers was faded, when it should’ve been electric blue. He noticed that the floor was dark and grimy, when he remembered it a clean grey. He heard the rain outside, when the werewolf remembered it being a sweltering blue.

“Stiles!”

But the boy didn’t listen. Nobody listened. Scott knew that he had stopped them before Danny had even moved, but now he was seeing Danny break the circle and approach his best friend with the intention to stop him.

They hadn’t seen Stiles hand grabbing the pen. When he stuck it in Jackson’s eye the gasp was collective, and Jackson’s screams could be heard all over the school. Scott just stood there, unsure of what he could do.

The shadow on the floor turned to him, smiling that wicked smile the demon had used to taunt him for the past week.

Scott was in the sidelines, everybody dancing off. He could see Allison dancing with Jackson, and Danny with a boy he’d never seen before. He could see Lydia sitting down and everybody looking at her like she was a goddess.

Scott noticed the eyepatch Jackson was wearing. He managed to look more intimidating with it, rather than diminished by it.

All the sophomore class was in the room, Winter Formal being the excuse. He could even spot Coach chaperoning them, behind the drinks table, eyes darting to a dark corner of the room. Scott followed his eyes, and found Stiles, lurking, dressed in a white suit Scott didn’t know, evaluating the floor in front of him.

Scott ran to him.

“Stiles?”

But he wasn’t there, and Stiles couldn’t see him, hear him, talk to him. Stiles just walked forwards, and walked through him.

Scott felt like he didn’t know him, and he probably didn’t. The eyes of this Stiles were dead, the jaw was set, a predator having located a victim he was willing to devour.

Scott went after him, and found him standing in the hallway. The balloons were everywhere, covering the floor, limiting his movements - he may not be real to Stiles, but Stiles and his environment was real to him. He saw Stiles walking with purpose towards a small figure in a salmon dress and Scott’s eyes widened in terror.

“Stiles! No!”

But this was not Stiles. This was the shadow, the shadow that Stiles had always carried, and Scott knew that this had always been Stiles, and he needed to stop him, to fight him, to push him away...
and let Stiles come out - but wasn’t this Stiles? The one that had been his friend? The one that -
no.

“Lydia, what a darling to see you here.”

“Stand back, freak.”

“Oh, Lydia, you are hurting me.”

“I’m calling the cops, Stilinski. You know your own father would not fear to arrest you - again.”

“Ah, pops. Thing is, the Police Department may be a little bit busy tonight, with the strange
bonfires happening in the woods tonight.” And Scott, the werewolf, could hear the howls of the
wolves and the cries of the animals and if he looked out of the window he could see an orange tint
in the distance. Fire.

And blood in the hallway.

Stiles had reached Lydia by the hair and was pushing her towards a classroom - their history
classroom. Scott stood there, unable to do anything, unable to touch, to scream, to stop them, to
stop him and he saw Stiles throw Lydia towards the desk and turn around to smile at him and
close the door and Scott heard the lock and through the frosted glass he could see the shadow of
his best friend approaching the desk and he could hear Lydia’s muffled screams because he knew
a hand was over her mouth but it wasn’t enough to his werewolf senses, and he heard the sobs,
and he heard the tears, and he heard the zipper of Stiles’ pants come undone and…

Scott was trembling in his chair. He didn’t know where he was, in what memory he was, and he
didn’t want to know. He could feel the cold again, that unnatural chill that had been following him
inside Stiles - no, inside the demon’s mind - and he couldn’t bear to see what else had the demon
done. Had Stiles’ done.

When his hands finally came down and he opened his eyes, he saw he was sitting across a
hospital doorway. He saw the file next to it - Claudia Stilinski. Tears falling down his cheek Scott
stood up, because he knew now the where, and his mind had already started going through the
possibilities of how this moment had been destroyed.

The ten year old undid the latch and walked in.

“Stiles?”

He could hear the other boy sobbing, the beep beep beep of the monitor, and even the soft
breathes of Stiles’ mom, asleep now.

“Scott? What are you doing here?”

“You weren’t at school.”

“No. Mo - mom called for me. But she didn’t - she didn’t recognize me.” Scott turned to see the
woman, frail, brown hair matted out and falling, skinny as bones and asleep, like she was most of
the time now. He knew why Stiles had been too excited if she called for him, and how heart
broken he must be if she didn’t recognize him.

As a matter of fact, he could see Stiles’ tears creasing through the dark circles of his eyes. Scott
knew Stiles didn’t sleep much since his mom had been admitted. He kept saying that -

“Stiles, you need to sleep. Let’s go home - we can have another sleep over.”

“No, Scott.”

On the corner of his eye Scott could see the lights dimming out. He stepped closer.

“Stiles, your dad said -”

“Well, my dad isn’t here, is he?”

“My mom said too -”

“Well, she’s not my mom!”

Scott flinched back, feeling cold in his chest. He could feel the shadows beneath him grow darker, and he could feel himself fade into the background, like he didn’t matter anymore.

“Stiles…”

The boy had started sobbing again, looking at his mom.

He wouldn’t apologize. Scott knew that. But he could not let that get in between them. He approached him again, a hand on his friend’s shoulder.

“What if I go to sleep, and when I wake up she’s gone? What if I go to sleep, and she’s not there anymore? I need to be here for her, I can’t leave her alone, I can’t let her go, I can’t…” His words delved into sobs and he was crying again, head on her lap, the woman oblivious to her son, and Scott could feel the darkness surrounding them again, and in the background that cruel laugh that meant the demon was going to win because Stiles had no one to comfort him and he would grow up cold and alone and empty and -

“Todos me dicen el negro, Llorona, negro pero cariñoso. Todos me dicen el negro, Llorona, negro pero cariñoso. Yo soy como el chile verde, Llorona, picante pero sabroso. Yo soy como el chile verde, Llorona, picante pero sabroso.”

Stiles looked back at him, incredulous. “Scott, we’re not five anymore, we don’t need lullabies - and I said I don’t -” he kept sobbing, but Scott just kept hugging him, ten years old pressed against ten years old, trying to comfort him as much as he could. he kept singing, his own sobs interrupting the melody, but at least his friend’s breathing was calming down and the lights were shining again, if just a bit more strongly.

“Ay de mi, Llorona, llevame al rio. Ay de mi, Llorona, Llorona, Llorona, llevame al rio. Tapame con tu rebozo, Llorona, que muero de frio. Tapame con tu rebozo, Llorona, porque muero de frio.”

The werewolf knew he was on his knees, his right hand caressing the hair of his best friend, who had finally fallen asleep in his arms. He could feel the soft and warm breath on his chest, and his left hand kept moving in circles up and down Stiles’ back, looking for that heartbeat that belonged to his best friend, trying to soothe him from the outside, trying to lull him with that old song Scott’s mom used to sing to both of them when they were scared of thunderstorms at night.

“A un santocristo de hierro, Llorona, mis penas le conte yo. A un santocristo de hierro, Llorona, mis penas le conte yo.
“Cuales no serian mis penas, Llorona, que el santocristo lloro. Cuales no serian mis penas, Llorona, que el santocristo lloro!”

Scott heard the voice and couldn’t believe it. It had sung with him, an accompaniment that had answered his pleas.

“Mrs. S?”

“Scott McCall.”

Scott opened his eyes. He and Stiles were seventeen again, in the floor of a white room, and Scott looked up to -

There was no other word to describe her. She was standing, her brown hair flowing and shining like it did whenever she took them to the pack, brown eyes glinting the same way Stiles did when he was about to commit a particularly elaborate prank, smile shining through whatever shadows the demon had managed to introduce in this memory, banishing them, dispelling them.

A small tear sliding down her cheek.

“I’m so sorry, Mrs. S. I tried - I’m trying, and I can’t - I can’t win. I can’t find Stiles, I can’t bring him out - I’m sorry I can’t win, I’m sorry I’m such a failure - I tried Mrs. S, I tried!”

The woman just stepped closer to him - to them and crouched down. She kept smiling and Scott couldn’t bear to look at that smile when he couldn’t save her son.

“Scott. Little Scott, who would bring an injured bird just so we’d take it to the vet. Little Scott, who couldn’t run and because of it my son had to stop to wait for you. Little Scott, who instead of fighting back at my son when he peed on your sandcastle, you asked him if he wanted to help you build a new one. Scott McCall, thank you.”

“What?”

“Thank you, Scott, for being there. For being there when I couldn’t be. For helping my husband raise my son, for growing up with him, for giving him reasons to stop, to think. To live. To enjoy life. To not think about me all the time, to not blame me for leaving him so soon. I’m sorry you and your mom and John had to go through it without me, but most of it, thank you Scott. Thank you so much.”

“No - Mrs. S, I didn’t do anything!”

“But you did, Scott. You held my son’s hand in the darkness, and became his light, and guided him back to the right path. Why do you think this demon, this fox focused on erasing you from his memories? Because you are what makes him Stiles. You are what he needed, and you are what he needs.”

“But I can’t, Mrs. S. I tried, I tried and it’s winning - the nogitsune’s winning.”

“Oh, Scott - of course he’s winning. You are letting him win.”

“What? Why?”

“Remember, Scott. Remember who you are…”

“Who… who am I?”
The woman - the angel - smiled at him, encouragingly, and he understood. He felt the red seep through his eyes, and nodded.

“Stiles?”

The boy kept picking at the bird, who chirped uselessly.

“Stiles, stop! We don’t do that!”

With the words from the eight year old, the cold seemed to disperse, and the clouds above seemed thinner. Scott walked and grabbed Stiles’ wrist, stopping the stick.

“Why not?”

“Because the bird is injured, and we don’t hurt injured things. Only idiots like Jackson do that! Do you want to be an idiot like Jackson?”

“No…” the boy answered gloomily.

“Then don’t. Come on, help me take it back - your mom can call someone.” Scott kneeled and grabbed the bird carefully, trying not to scare it much. He noticed how Stiles looked at him, like something had been challenged within him, and he felt the warmth of the sun again.

“Stiles, no!”

He knew he had to be seen, he had to be heard - but Stiles wouldn’t, so he tried a new approach.

“Jackson, back off!” And with all the strength he had when he was eleven he managed to stop the jock - maybe the fact that Danny Mahealani had helped him was what did the trick.

“Stiles. Stiles, why?” Stiles coughed a little blood, but smiled at him, toothily.

“He had insulted you, Scottie, I wouldn’t let him do that.”

Scott could feel the blue of the sky on his back.

“Stiles!”

He was again in the hallway, and he could see Stiles - no, the demon - reach for Lydia’s hair. He ran after them, but he was still a chimera and could do nothing.

Stiles wasn’t listening. Someone else had to.

“Lydia!”

The girl stopped fighting like she had heard him, and Scott wanted to growl but he couldn’t. So he kept screaming her name until she looked at him in the eye.
“Scott.”

And instead of fighting helplessly like the demon intended her to, she stuck her heel in the
demon’s feet and hit his jaw and he let her go because he was inside Stiles’ body and could feel
human pain and when she turned her nails scratched him and he fell and on the floor he was no
longer Stiles but the demon with all the bandages and that aviator jacket and that smell of fire and
burnt skin and Lydia ran to Scott and he hugged her and she told him he was fine and the demon
rose and started taunting them because they were still trapped in his nightmares and they couldn’t
do anything about it and Lydia kept whispering against it to shut up shut up shut up and the last
time she whispered shut up she didn’t whisper it but she screamed it and Scott felt the rush of
power in Lydia’s scream and hugged her closer and closed his eyes.

“Scott?”

Scott opened his eyes. They were in a room so impossibly white, he thought he was back with
Mrs. S. But the pillars he remembered, and he knew they were back at the Nemeton.

“Scott, where are we? What the hell are you wearing?”

Scott stepped back and looked at her. She was in a gorgeous green dress, gold sandals wrapping
her feet and jewelry adorning her fingers and arms. He couldn’t help but notice two gold
armbands, in the same position as his tattoo. And a golden circlet on her head, signaling the queen
she truly was.

“Speak for yourself”

He let her inspect herself while he looked down. His hands under black leather and iron gauntlets,
his torso beneath a black leather and gold buttons coat, his legs protected by dark leather breeches,
his feet encased by black leather and silver buckled boots. A sword on his hip, the hilt of it the
head of a gray and white lion with red rubies for eyes. Something on his head, encircling it. He
was about to take it off to inspect it when he noticed a shape in the background.

“Stiles!”

Lydia turned to where he was seeing and they both started running towards him - them. He could
see him, ragged and weak, skin cracking like a porcelain doll, fingers trembling as if he was
soaked wet and cold, trying to put a white stone on the board where he seemed to be playing a
game against the demon, whose attention was on the board, and not on the steps of his boots
running as fast as possible.

But they couldn’t reach them.

“Stiles! Stiles, please!”

“He’s not hearing us. He doesn’t know we are here.”

“Wait. He’s pack.”

“What? Of course!”

“And how do wolves signal their location to other members of the pack?”

“They howl.”
Scott knew what he had to do then, but he was not going to do it alone. Lydia looked at his hand, opened next to hers.

“What are you waiting for? Howl!”

“Beau geste. When two wolves -”

“I know what beau geste is! But I am not a wolf!”

“Neither is Stiles.”

Lydia looked at him, and she understood. Smiling, she nodded, and they both looked at Stiles. And just as he felt his eyes turn red and the howl leave his throat he felt Lydia’s wail ringing in his ears, and he could feel his notes multiply with hers, echoing throughout the space where they were, bouncing off each pillar, resonating against each wall, reaching.

Reaching.

Melissa had backed against the wall. Her son was impossibly still, and she had fought tooth and claw against Peter Hale, who insisted on killing Scott as soon as they saw a little bit of silver cloud his red eyes. But now that she saw the blood trickling down her son’s face, the hematohidrosis and the haemolacria only proof that her son was going through the greatest stress there could be only tightened her stomach.

Looking for comfort she turned to the cracked picture, barely any of its subjects recognizable under the lines the glass had acquired when it fell back when Scott had pounced the walls, trying to keep his wolf in check.

“I’m sorry Claudia. I don’t know what else we could do.”

But suddenly, as if she had been heard, she could hear something in the air. In the room. Inside of her, pulling at her heart, a warm feeling of home and family and it’s alright. She closed her eyes, trying to focus on it, but she knew where it came from.

It came from Scott.

“Do you guys hear that?”

“Hear what, Melissa?” Alan Deaton answered.

She opened her eyes and saw both men back away from her. She saw the picture fix itself, showing Claudia, herself, and Scott and Stiles smiling after a particularly fruitful Halloween night. She saw herself reflected in it, eyes as red as rubies in her face.

“Howls.”

Chris’ hand was tembling. He truly didn’t want to kill Derek, but he had gone berserk. Something had reduced him to the most basal creature he could be - a wolf consumed in revenge.

Something echoed in the apartment - a wolf’s howl. Chris wasn’t sure if he could hear it in the
apartment or inside him, but it was there, a symphony, a siren’s song that wanted to make him turn away from Derek and look where it came from. And in surprise he saw Derek’s eyes change from Ice Blue to Ruby Red and he felt a surge of power within himself and both men turned to the window.

To the McCall house.

Inside he knew that everything would be alright. That they would make it out alive.

He felt something thick and slimy fall on his hands. He looked again and he could see the black goo coming from Derek’s nostrils, and the werewolf falling, whatever that had had control of him finally defeated.

Rafael McCall shut up when he saw Stilinski’s eyes turn red and the man look at the window. He saw his expression go from tense to relaxed, as if suddenly his problems had vanished, or a solution had presented itself to him. Wondering what he was seeing, he tried to get the man’s attention but was completely ignored.

“Allison?” Kira looked at the girl, who seemed as entranced as Isaac by something only they could hear, their eyes shining red suddenly. All the wolves had stopped dead on their feet, but only Isaac looked in the same direction as Allison - the twins were actually covering their ears, like the noise that was outside her hearing range was driving them mad. Black goo started pouring out and then all the wolves were on the floor, unconscious. “Allison?”

“Scott…”

Stiles was looking at the board. He still wasn't sure if he understood the game or who was winning or what was going on but he knew that the board was his own mind, and the more pieces the creature in front of him put on it the less he had control of it.

He was about to put a new piece when the stones rattled. And rattled. And rattled, like wind was blowing onto them, but it was not wind. It was a wave. A sound wave.

A sound wave that sounded a bit too much like a howl.

Stiles turned to see where it came from - even if he knew he shouldn't take his eyes from the board, lest the fox would play foul and take control of his mind when he wasn't looking. But he couldn't help it - the howl was calling him. Beckoning.

Comforting him.

"Scott?"

In the distance he could see them. Lydia, dressed like the queen she had always been. Scott, dressed like the king he had become.

They were there, inside his mind. They’d come all the way through his nightmares just to reach
him. To help him.

He was not alone - the fox had kept telling him that he was, that the only way he could survive would be if he managed to win the game. A game with no rules, with no clear goal in mind, with no end in sight.

If there were no rules, there was no way to win. But also there was no way to cheat.

So he swept his hands over the board, sending the stones flying. That angered the fox but he was not afraid anymore. Not even when the fox grabbed him by the throat, choking him.

Scott woke up and his claws immediately retreated.

“Did it work?” He was running towards the front of the couch, where Lydia moved groggily. Stiles didn’t. “Stiles?”

But when he looked at his friends face, all he saw was darkness in those eyes.

The demon punched Scott in the face, sending him across the wall. He backflipped out of the couch and pushed it aside, effectively knocking down the druid, the omega and - what was she? An alpha now?

“Did you really think your parlor trick would work? Did you really think you could bring back Stiles? I am Stiles now, I’ve taken over his body, his mind and his soul and you’d do well in trying to understand that!”

Scott was up and they were engaged in fisticuffs, the japanese demon moving with the grace of a fox, the american teenager moving with the confidence of a wolf. Blows were exchanged, kicks were placed, but none of them seemed to have an evident advantage - the wolf’s eyes red throughout the battle, feeding the rage that kept him fighting.

“Give it up, Scott, you are done. You couldn’t rescue your friend because you couldn’t get to him. I’ve won.”

Scott didn’t give up. What he did was to engage in a lock with the nogitsune, neither of them willing to break it to keep fighting.

Scott looked into the demon’s eyes, and whispered.

“Sczesny Stiles Stilinski. Remember who you are.”

The lock broke and both of them jumped back, the wolf snarling, the fox laughing. But the laugh broke.

Suddenly, the body of the fox convulsed violently, each spasm sending a wave of energy across the room, destroying windows, cracking floors, ripping walls.

The fox fell on its knees, and started puking. A series of bandages came out of its mouth, filthy, slimy, oily, fluids soaking them as it kept puking and puking and puking until it seemed he had puked himself out in bandages. The fox fell back, and for the first time they saw the fox was scared.

A bandaged hand rose from the bandages. And another one. And an arm coated with an aviator
jacket. Slowly a humanoid figure with all the shape and form of the nogitsune’s human form had crawled from in between the bandages, like it had been formed out of thin air. Scott crouched to it and helped it remove the bandages from its head, seeing as it trashed wildly trying to take them off. Underneath the bandages Stiles head appeared, and when it looked at Scott, eyes shining red, Scott smiled at him, and hugged him, his Stiles finally home.

“Scott?”

The werewolf just shushed him in a low growl, letting his beta bask in his touch. But it looked at the demon, who no longer had human eyes - now a cloud of silver, wild and furious.

“Ϊe, soreha dekimasen!”

Nobody understood the demon but they all knew what he had said. The fox dissolved in black smoke, only to reappear next to Lydia and grab her by the hair, taking her wherever he went. Scott roared for her, but couldn’t bring himself to move away from Stiles.

“Lydia!”

End Notes

You can find me in tumblr at alan713ch.tumblr.com

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