

Peeping Stiles

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Peeping Stiles

by [literaryoblivion](#)

Summary

Stiles finds himself outside Derek's house because he just can't seem to stay away.

UPDATE: So, this originally started out as a ficlet, but because of comments it turned into a full-fledged fic (that took a while, sorry). So for those hesitant to read because of the summary/tags, please know that the tags at the beginning (unrequited etc.) apply to the original ficlet (chapter 1), but the subsequent tags apply to the later chapters/fic as a whole.

Notes

This was written to fill a prompt for [tsuminubiaru](#) on tumblr: "in the forest by the Hale house, unrequited from Stiles side, Sterek PLS <3"

This was cross-posted on Tumblr [here](#)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Stiles doesn't mean to go out there, isn't even sure why he thought it was such a good idea to go into the preserve alone, especially so close to the Hale house. There's literally no reason for him to be there other than the fact that he can't help himself, that he's so drawn to Derek and wants him so badly it hurts, like if he can't see him, even if it's only a glimpse, every day he might die.

Maybe he realizes that's a bit dramatic, but it's how he feels and he's tried so hard to ignore it, to press on, to act as if he still hates Derek, finds him annoying and frustrating enough to suggest killing him to others, but none of it is true. Every time he has to act flippant or nonchalant in regards to Derek he feels a pang of guilt, hopes to god the werewolves around him don't hear the tick of a lie in his heart every time he says he hates Derek. No one's ever said anything (because no one knows this ~~crush infatuation~~ obsession he has over Derek, not even Derek, and god he thinks he would die if Derek did find out).

A part of Stiles thinks it's because it's not entirely a lie. He does hate Derek, hates how much he gives up for other people, hates how willing he is to sacrifice himself for the safety of those around him, hates how perfect his ass looks in those jeans that are so tight Stiles swears he must paint them on, hates how chiseled his abs are and how often Derek winds up shirtless either by choice or circumstance, hates what he does to Stiles by making him want him so much that Stiles is willing to creep up to his house just to be a peeping tom into his window for a brief view of him.

He thinks about all the things he should be doing, how normal teenagers would be out with their friends, playing video games, doing homework, watching TV. But he is subtly looking into the kitchen window to see Derek washing dishes in his newly remodeled kitchen, the music turned up loud enough that Stiles can hear (a relief since it means Derek probably can't hear him outside).

He doesn't stay there for long, doesn't want to get caught or have Derek know that he is all Stiles can think about, that he's all Stiles wants but won't let himself have, can't even bring himself to hint at it let alone ask outright. The view of Derek being domestic in his home is enough for Stiles for tonight, enough to quench the thirst he has for Derek.

For tonight anyway.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Ummm I blame this continuing on [Tsumi](#) and [devilscut](#)'s comment on the 1st part. I decided to write more... And I possibly might write another part from Derek's POV. We'll see.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Stiles can't exactly pinpoint the moment when it happened, when his slight fascination turned into an obsession.

He's always been one to go over something over and over in his head from every possible angle and every imaginable outcome, and this is no different. He's thought about how he got from researching werewolves and magic, how it relates to Derek, his family, his past, to trying to find out what he likes, what things he used to do, what he does now when he's alone when no one is watching, when there's no impending threat. He went from doing some preliminary research, satisfying his curiosity, to spending every waking and sleeping moment he had on Derek, either in thought or action. And he didn't know what it was that lead him down this spiral. It was getting out of control at this point. It was only a matter of time before he was caught by someone. His dad would only believe him so many times that he was going to study at Scott's when he really was just going to stake a spot in the woods to watch Derek work on his car or paint his house.

He thought about maybe volunteering his time and labor to Derek, who was still in the process of cleaning up and remodeling his house. But he was too afraid Derek would tell him no, that he didn't want him or need him, which would have been painful even if it wasn't the context Stiles sometimes pictured Derek saying those things. So instead, he snuck around the preserve near the Hale house, where he could count on seeing Derek. He knew Derek didn't actually sleep there, not on purpose anyway. Derek had a loft across town, and if he could, Stiles would have taken his voyeuristic ways there as well, but there was no way he could manage it. The loft was too secure, too high up, and more importantly quiet. Derek would hear him approaching, breathing heavily, heart pounding as he tried to hide himself in the shadows of the fire escape. He would have been caught out long ago if he had gone that route, and maybe he should have. It would have ended things before it had gotten to this level.

But, Stiles is too smart for that. And besides, Derek doesn't spend much time at the loft anyway, a fact Stiles has picked up thanks to his stalking. In which case, Stiles sneaks out at night and on the weekends to the Hale house, peering around trees and bushes to see Derek's shoulders as he tears off rotting wood, his ass as he bends over the hood of his car. Here, it's safer for Stiles. Because Derek usually has music playing while he works, the volume up

loud enough that Stiles thinks it would cover the sounds he lets out involuntarily while he watches.

He knows it's insane what he's doing, knows that he should stop or possibly turn himself in to his dad because spying on someone through shrubbery on their private property is *not right*. He *knows* he is taking this too far, that the mystery of Derek Hale that had started this has lead him down a road where he is doing blatantly illegal things just to know more, to solve the mystery.

Because Derek *is* a mystery.

Derek's actions and words are so dichotomist that Stiles doesn't know what's real and true and what's part of Derek's façade. Derek seems put off by him, by Scott, like he can't believe he has to deal with teenagers, but then he'll bite more to join his pack. It seems like he's doing it for power, but Stiles knows that the bite Derek gave has helped every single one of them in some way. Derek acts as if Stiles is a nuisance and yet will risk his own life to save him time and time again. Derek portrays someone that doesn't want anyone around, doesn't need anyone and wants to be alone with his demeanor, his words, his attitude. And yet...

And yet, he did everything he could to have Scott join his pack, bit other teenagers so he would have one, and although everyone else might not notice, Stiles can see the slight relaxation of his shoulders when he's with someone he knows, can hear his tiny sigh of almost fondness when Stiles makes a sarcastic remark, can feel the warmth of his hand on the small of his back when he shows Stiles and everyone else out after a meeting.

Really, maybe that's where it started, Stiles thinks. The tiny touches that Derek gives everyone, but mainly Stiles, that to any other normal person would seem like nothing out of the ordinary. But Stiles knows it's a big deal coming from Derek. Stiles has learned enough about Derek and watched him enough to recognize that Derek craves affection and company but doesn't let himself have any. Whether it's out of punishment or self-preservation, Stiles doesn't know. What he does know is that with every touch, Derek's allowing it for himself, this one tiny thing that he does because he's starting to get comfortable around them, around Stiles, enough to let his guard down for one brief moment, letting his own true nature break through the carefully constructed mask he's built for himself.

And that's why Stiles can't bring himself to stop trying to see more of it. To see more of Derek when he doesn't feel the need to keep up the false bravado and tough-guy attitude. He wishes desperately that he didn't have to lay in wait to see it, wishes that Derek could be this way all the time, with him. He wishes that it was him that made Derek's lips curl up in a smile and not the new light fixture he installed in the living room. He wishes it was him that made Derek snort in amusement and not the dumb joke on the radio. He wishes it was him curled up next to Derek, wrapped up in his arms, on the sofa while they watched TV and not the throw pillow Derek cuddles as he nods off.

But maybe he and Derek are alike in more ways than he thought because it's self-preservation on Stiles's part that has kept him in the shadows and the darkness waiting to see the snapshots of life Derek keeps to himself.

And he's not sure when, if ever, he'll let himself step into the light.

Chapter End Notes

[Come say hi](#)

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

This is from Derek's POV. And I have already started the next part (which will be back to Stiles's POV). Who knew this tiny ficlet would turn into this???? Anyway, hope you like things from Derek's perspective. :)

Also... rating has definitely gone up.

The bright morning rays of the sun shine through the windows, warming Derek where he lay on the couch in his house. He'd fallen asleep there again instead of making the drive back to the loft last night. It's become a habit, and as much as it is sometimes painful sleeping on the worn out couch, he feels more at home there than he ever has in the decidedly more comfortable bed of his loft.

He stands and stretches his back, rolls his shoulders and his neck to work out the kinks and stiffness he has from falling asleep in a less than ideal position. He thinks about what he can work on today as he pads to the kitchen, scratching at his stomach idly while he turns on the coffeemaker. His kitchen is the only thing that's complete and how he likes it in the house. The phrase "the kitchen is the heart of the home" springs to mind as the reason as to why it was the first thing he completed. That might be true, but it's also because the kitchen was the only room he could remember vividly from how it once was. Not even his childhood bedroom stands out in his mind.

He had tried his best to get it to match what he pictured it being in his memories, but the tile design they had isn't made anymore, and his mom had always complained about updating it anyway. He couldn't resist the sleek black granite countertops at the store and chose them over the faux wood linoleum he remembers the kitchen having. He got modern, updated appliances, stainless steel sink, gas stove, and the ending result was actually nothing like how the kitchen used to be before the fire. But for some reason he thinks his family would have liked this version better. *He* does at least. And it's his kitchen now, his alone, and he tries not to dwell on that thought.

The kitchen is the only place in the house that has running water, and he thinks maybe that's what he'll do today. Fix the pipes in all the bathrooms or at least one of them, so he won't have to urinate in the woods. He brushes his teeth at the kitchen sink, and when the coffee's finished brewing, he pours himself a cup. He glances at his charging phone on the counter as he sips to check the time. It's still early, 6:30am on a Saturday, and he's glad he hadn't slept any later. He likes having a full day to work on the house, using as much as the daylight as he can. It usually means he can at least finish one project by the end of the day, and it makes him feel more accomplished, like he's actually getting somewhere, like he's actually repairing the damage to his heart with every update to the house.

During the week, he can only get to the house in the evenings, and he's so tired by then that he usually can't do anything but install a light fixture or prep a room to paint later. His pack doesn't know, but he actually has a job he goes to while the rest of them are at school. It's flexible and he can come in when he wants, but he keeps the same hours every day because he likes routine. Having a set schedule is his one steady constant in his life, the one thing he can control, and it makes everything else a little easier to deal with. It's nothing fancy, a data entry type position, although he's ended up doing other odds and ends because there are so few employees. He's not planning on moving up or on for the time being, but he's happy to help. It's a job, and it helps having extra expendable cash on hand to subsidize the insurance money that he only uses on the house (or on occasion for emergencies).

He had a contractor and construction crew come work on the important structural parts of the house, but everything else he's done himself. Not really to save money, necessarily, but because he felt like it should be him. The house is for all intents and purposes livable, but it's not pretty. It has drywall in most of the rooms, and as of last weekend there's electrical outlets in all of them, too. Most everything he's figured out how to take care of himself, the wiring, the piping, etc. One of his coworkers knows an inspector, and Derek's had him come out to check every once in a while to make sure he's doing things up to code. After the bathrooms are taken care of, which might take a few weeks, the house will be finished. He still needs to paint and buy furniture etc., but just knowing that he's almost through rebuilding his house from the ground up is both satisfying and awful. Because what will he do when it's done? It had always been something that seemed so impossible, a task that would take forever, and while Derek took his time, the end is in sight and he's scared.

Part of him has delayed projects, purposefully taken longer to finish them because of this reason. Because he didn't want to be done rebuilding, repairing, and erasing what was once here and replacing it. But he tries to remind himself that he isn't erasing the memories he had, or replacing his family. He is only adding to it, adding the memories of his past with those of his present, adding the names of his new pack to the list of names of his family, his old pack. The rebuild is a good thing both for him and his pack, and he knows it's not the completion of it he's scared of but rather the unknown of what will happen after it's complete.

The other reason he may have delayed projects, a reason he doesn't like to admit, is because of a certain visitor who always seems to show up while he's working on them. It's somewhat selfish and he feels guilty about it. Knows that he's being an enabler by continuing to work and pretending he isn't aware that Stiles comes to watch. He knows he shouldn't feel anything but violated and intruded upon when he hears Stiles in the trees, feels his gaze boring holes into him, but it's the opposite of what he feels. He gets a sick, twisted satisfaction and pleasure knowing that he can rile Stiles up if he bends a certain way, can increase the teen's heart beat if he stretches to take his shirt off, can force ungodly sounds from Stiles if he decides to hose himself off outside after a long day.

It's not healthy for either of them to keep this up. When he'd first noticed Stiles, he'd gotten angry and had almost grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and threw him off his property. What had stopped him he's not quite sure (although it may have had to do with the phone call from Isaac he had to take before he could approach Stiles). When Stiles had shown up again, he was too tired to run him off. It was Stiles, so he knew he wasn't in any real danger with just the smart-mouthed teenager. But when Stiles came around again and again, he kept

pretending not to notice, turned his music up or on to keep up the act. Because when his music wasn't on, Stiles stayed away.

And Derek was curious. Why did Stiles keep coming around? Why did he always hide? It wasn't like Stiles, Derek thought, to not come up and approach him with a question. He had always been blunt and forward with Derek when in the company of the pack, so why would he be any different when they were alone? Derek couldn't quite figure out why Stiles was so interested in him. They were past the werewolf mystery and thinly veiled threats, and although they remained snarky and sarcastic towards one another, Derek saw it more friendly than anything.

Which... was a weird thought in itself, thinking of Stiles as a friend and not a nuisance or an enemy. Maybe friend wasn't the right term. They were more than acquaintances though, but not friends, because friends wouldn't sneak outside your house to spy on you. Or maybe they did. Derek doesn't have much experience with friends.

Whatever the case, Stiles clearly didn't see Derek as a friend. At first, to Derek, the stalking made him feel like he was a specimen, a fish in a tank, viewed as entertainment. It should have made him livid and threatened, but after that initial flair of anger, he couldn't force himself to feel that way anymore. He almost felt cared about in a way. While Stiles's visits were consistent in their frequency and duration, whenever something bad had happened, at a pack meeting or some crisis nearly averted, Stiles came almost immediately afterward and stayed far longer than he should.

Derek had never had someone care about him so much to check on him and make sure he was okay. It was always him that did that for his pack but never the other way around, and having Stiles do that for him felt significant. Special. That was probably another reason why he didn't approach the teen about stalking him.

He'd fantasized about approaching him though. Played out various scenarios in his head about what he might do. He imagined faking an injury of some kind to see Stiles jump out of his hiding spot to come help him. But, Stiles would see through it, no matter how badly he could injure himself, Stiles would know he could heal and be fine, wouldn't reveal himself for something that dumb.

He thought about going around a corner enough that Stiles would have to leave his spot, the temptation of watching Derek too great to stay hidden. He pictured Stiles slowly tiptoeing out of the brush to see if he could get a better view, leaving the security of the shadows because the pull of Derek was too great for him to resist. He imagined sneaking up behind Stiles once he was out in the open, silently getting closer till he was pressed up against him, his hand around Stiles's mouth to keep him from screaming out. He'd keep his hand there until he was sure Stiles would remain quiet, let his breath ghost over the shell of his ear, his neck, whisper that he knew what Stiles was doing, knew he came out here to watch.

He'd feel the gasp of surprise from Stiles, smell the fear and arousal coming off of him. He'd whisper for Stiles to be quiet before he let his hand travel from Stiles' mouth down his neck and chest, slip his fingertips underneath the hem of Stiles's shirt, feel the muscles tremble beneath his touch. *He'd* watch this time as Stiles came apart beneath him, wince as Stiles

gripped his forearm too tightly as he moved his hand inside Stiles's pants to rub his already hard and leaking bulge.

He'd relish the sounds and moans that would escape Stiles's lips as he wrapped his hand around Stiles's cock, twisted his wrist, slid his hand up and down Stiles's length. He'd find pleasure in the way his name would sound when he pulled it out of Stiles with each gratifying movement, enjoy the way Stiles would lean back against him and hold on to him because Derek would be the only thing keeping him upright. He'd lick and bite at Stiles's ear lobe, his neck, his shoulder, loving the taste of Stiles's skin on his tongue.

He'd nip playfully at Stiles when Stiles got too loud, remind him that he was supposed to be quiet, and all Stiles would be able to do would nod because he was too far gone to vocalize any actual words besides "*god*" and "*Derek*" amidst his breathy moans.

He'd come far too quickly than Derek would like, and Stiles would apologize, say he was sorry for not lasting, for invading his privacy, for watching him. And Derek would kiss him quiet, let his tongue silence his words and thoughts. He'd pull back and tell him he'd really give Stiles something to see, lead him back into the house and force Stiles to sit opposite him and not move while Derek stripped off his clothes and sat back on the couch with his legs splayed as he stroked himself to climax. He'd remark about how Stiles owed him a show, how it was only fair after he let Stiles watch for months.

But he couldn't ever bring himself to live out his fantasy. He could never be sure that that's how Stiles would react to being found out. Stiles would probably run or fight him off. It would ruin the shaky acquaintanceship, almost-friendship they had, and Derek would never be able to recover. Sometimes that shaky relationship with Stiles was the only thing he clung to, and half of it he was sure he'd made up or assumed because of Stiles's stalking habits.

There was probably nothing actually there from Stiles's side. The caring and protectiveness he thought was the reason Stiles came so often was probably false. The gasps that came from Stiles when he bent or moved a certain way were probably involuntary, Stiles's teenage, hormone-addled body reacting in a way Stiles couldn't control or thought he didn't need to since he thought he was well hidden. Stiles didn't actually care about him; he really was just a specimen and Stiles was doing his scientific duty.

And whether Derek believed that deep down or not didn't matter. He'd never find out either way, too afraid to upset the delicate balance he and Stiles had between them.

He would remain the observed and Stiles the observer, and nothing would change that.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Oh man who knew that one little prompt fill/ficlet would become so much more? This is back to Stiles's POV. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The thing that Stiles had learned and perfected early on was that he would stay put when he watched Derek.

Even though Derek usually had music on or his power tools were loud enough to cover the sound of his breathing, Stiles could never be sure that it was enough. Derek never acted like he could hear Stiles, and after all this time, surely he would have done something if he had. Sometimes he'd notice Derek twitch or move a certain way when he approached, and it would make Stiles freeze and hold his breath in fear that he'd been caught. But then Derek would go back to his work and Stiles would let out his breath slowly in relief.

On the weekends, when the weather was nice, Derek would spend most of the day working outside, often shirtless, which Stiles didn't mind in the slightest. Stiles loved Saturdays the best because he often didn't have any other plans besides sit in the forest and watch Derek for several uninterrupted hours. He'd arrive after lunch, when the sun was at it's highest, making every drop of sweat on Derek's body glisten. He had a particular spot, nestled in the trees and brush that gave him a perfect view of Derek from almost every angle.

Occasionally, Derek would move to the side of the house, the one spot that was obscured from Stiles's vantage point. But he was never invisible long enough for Stiles to feel like he had to get a better seat. The last thing he wanted was to move closer only to have Derek turn back around at that exact moment to spot him. He didn't even want to think about how mortified he'd be if that were to happen. Would Derek stare? Would he yell? Would he growl and shift and chase after him in anger? And what would happen after that initial shock of spotting him? Would Derek ignore him forever, not even deign to make eye contact with him after that?

It's a terrifying, devastating thought.

One Stiles pushes aside when he gets ready Saturday morning. His dad is already at work, won't be back till late that night, and Stiles is mad at himself for sleeping as late as he had. Derek will probably already be outside, working, sweating, adding to Stiles's fantasies, and he's missing it because he slept in like a normal teenager.

It's a little after noon, which is when Derek usually comes back outside from eating lunch (and Stiles refuses to think about how creepy it is that he knows that), and it will take Stiles

another fifteen minutes to drive out there. After lunch on Saturdays, Derek doesn't usually work that much longer, having already worked since early that morning. But maybe today Derek started late like he did, Stiles thinks, as he makes a quick sandwich to take with him to eat on the drive to the preserve.

In his attempts to hide, Stiles usually drives until the paved road ends and turns into gravel. He doesn't want to risk driving any further because Derek would hear the jeep. He pulls off to the side in his usual spot, grabbing his backpack of various things (because sometimes he needs snacks during his watching sessions) before hiking the rest of the way to Derek's house.

He follows the gravel path until the Hale house comes into view, and then he sneaks into the forest, going the long way up to the house using the trees and surrounding brush as cover. When he gets to his usual hiding spot, Derek is outside, drenched in sweat, sawing pipes with the radio loud to be heard over the saw.

Stiles lets out a satisfied sigh at the sight. Derek's back muscles flinch, but Stiles thinks there must be a bug nearby because Derek goes back to work as if nothing was out of the ordinary. Stiles leans against the tree trunk he's peeking around to watch Derek's body move as he works. He's not quite sure what Derek is working on right now, what today's project is, but he hopes those pipes mean it's the bathrooms he's renovating. The last time Derek came out in the woods to relieve himself, Stiles almost had a heart attack because Derek had come so close to his hiding spot. He had walked right by him, mere feet away, and Stiles had been shocked that Derek hadn't heard his thunderous heart beat giving himself away in his hiding spot behind the trees.

He contemplates sitting down in the grass and relaxing as he enjoys the view, but before he can clear a spot of rocks and various debris, he sees Derek stand bolt upright and turn off the saw.

Stiles freezes, his breath held and caught in his throat because, shit is he in trouble. He thought for sure he was being quiet, but maybe he was getting too careless, too comfortable and not on guard like he should have been. He waits, not even daring to breathe, while Derek cocks his head to the side. Stiles feels his stomach drop when Derek turns to look back over his shoulder, and Stiles knows that he's done for. There's no way Derek hasn't seen him; he's very clearly in Derek's line of sight, and he shuts his eyes waiting for Derek to yank him out of the bushes and yell and scream and inflict whatever punishment he deems necessary for Stiles spying on him.

But after a space of time, long enough for Derek to come over to him, he slowly opens one eyelid just enough to see why Derek isn't reaming him out. He opens it just in time to see Derek's frame slip around the side of the house in the one blind spot of Stiles's view.

Stiles lets out his held breath and takes a few slow inhaleds to try to calm his hammering heart. He's not sure what to do, why Derek suddenly stopped working if it wasn't because of Stiles. Whatever it had been had set Derek on edge, enough to go investigate whatever it was he had heard. Maybe Stiles should just cut his losses and run, make his exit now when there's no chance of Derek catching him. He was lucky enough this time, and maybe this was it, his sign that this had to end.

Maybe, though, it was something else. Something dangerous.

Should he finally come out from the shadows to look? Make sure Derek was all right before running away in guilt and shame? Maybe Derek was playing him? All those flinches and head tilts were because Stiles hadn't been fooling him at all, and he'd known the whole time that Stiles had been watching him. He was setting him up somehow, and after luring Stiles out, he was going to do something to embarrass him, make him feel humiliated. Maybe the rest of the pack was waiting there behind the house for him too, waiting to make fun of him while he stood mortified and caught in the act.

That didn't really sound like something Derek would do, though. Sometimes Derek could be mean, but he didn't think Derek could be capable of something that cruel.

He should just go though. Derek still hadn't come back around. It had been a good chunk of time, five minutes maybe, and Derek usually came back into view sooner than that.

And *that* was worrisome. Why hadn't Derek come back yet? Even though the saw was off, the radio was still on, his water bottle open on the ground next to it. Surely, Derek wouldn't have called it a day without cleaning everything up and putting things away. Maybe something was wrong.

Okay, Stiles was just going to take a peek around the house then. He was only going to get close enough to hear or see Derek to make sure he was fine and then he was out of there. Perhaps if he ran fast enough away, Derek wouldn't see him.

Quietly, Stiles stepped out from behind the tree, careful to avoid any twigs so as to keep as quiet as possible. He tiptoed out of the trees and into the open area in front of the Hale house. This was it. Nothing to hide behind now. He was exposed and terrified by it. He crept closer, breathing as quietly as he could as he inched toward the side of the house where Derek had disappeared.

He couldn't see anything or hear anything either save for the radio. He thinks he probably should have turned it off, but if this is all some sick joke, the music is his only cover while he sneaks nearer to the house.

When he's about to round the corner, all of the blood drains from his face when he hears Derek yell,

"Stiles! RUN!"

But it's too late, and he's already around the corner to see why Derek is telling him to run.

Derek is being held up against the side of the house by an unseen force, and just behind him is a tall long-haired woman, her hand out in front of her. She's beautiful with a long dark robe around her shoulders and long, blood red nails. With every twist of her perfectly manicured hand, Derek winces and cries out, and how had Stiles not heard that earlier?

"Stiles, get out of here!" Derek yells again, and when Stiles turns to take his advice, there's another woman behind him in a similar outfit as the one holding Derek. She's shorter than the

other one, but just as gorgeous and intimidating. She smiles and lifts her hand to throw Stiles up against the house next to Derek.

“Why, hello there,” she says as she walks closer to Stiles, stroking a long, slender finger along his cheek, her nail catching just a little on a mole. He can’t even twist his head away from it because he can’t move a single muscle.

He tries to pull away from the house, ball his fist to punch her, but it’s like every part of him has been super glued down. Out of the corner of his eye, he can see Derek trying to do the same, faring a little better than he is what with his werewolf super strength, but still not able to fight the force they have over them.

Both women walk closer to them and smile at each other, like they’ve made some grand achievement by pinning Stiles and Derek against a wall.

“I like this one,” Stiles’s captor, says, licking her lips as her eyes travel the length of Stiles’s body. He feels repulsed at the gesture and even though he doesn’t know what the two of them want or what they are or how they are holding him down, he doesn’t want either of them touching any part of him or Derek.

“Let him go. You have me; you don’t need him,” Derek says, forcing out between grunts and groans as the woman does something to cause pain in Derek. At least Stiles’s chick is only holding him down and not torturing him in some way.

“That’s where you’re wrong,” the woman in front of Derek sneers. “We need you both, and it’s just so convenient that this one has been hanging around so much,” she says flicking her head in Stiles’s direction.

Stiles flushes red. He realizes then that Derek’s known he’s been there lurking and so have these two evil women. How else would Derek have known to yell for Stiles to run if he hadn’t known Stiles was there? God, he’s an idiot. An idiot who is now trapped by some supernatural force by two scary evil females.

“What are you? What do you want?” Stiles says, addressing the woman in front of him. She did say she liked him, so maybe he has some leeway with her to get some answers.

She smirks. “Let’s just say you both have something we need, and we’re very powerful, which I think you can guess for yourselves.”

“What are you, witches or something?”

“If you must label us, I suppose that’s one that fits,” the other says, rolling her eyes like Stiles is so unoriginal.

“And why do you need both of us?” Stiles tries his luck again because maybe if he can figure out their motivation, he can outsmart them somehow or at least find a way to get he and Derek out of this situation.

His witch laughs. “Like we’re going to tell you just like that? And here I thought you were smart.” She shakes her head like she’s disappointed, like she’s regretting saying she liked Stiles.

Derek’s witch twists her hand and Derek lets out a cry, or tries to anyway, but no sound escapes his lips. “Enough chit chat, Elsa. We have them both; let’s go. Scarlet probably has everything ready by now.”

Stiles’s witch, Elsa, sighs. She too twists her hand and this time Stiles opens his mouth to scream but nothing comes out. He looks with wide, panicked eyes over to Derek, whose eyes match his in fear. They are so screwed. Stiles tries to think of some way they aren’t, if they can get out of this some how, if there’s some way he can get a hold of Scott or hope that his dad comes home early from work to find him missing and worry enough to look for him.

But before Stiles can formulate any type of plan, he blacks out.

Chapter End Notes

Don't hate me for the cliffhanger!!! I'm sorry. I do have one more chapter I'm working on right now and then it'll be done, and resolved, and happy. I promise.

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There's a distinct musty, earthy smell in his nostrils when Stiles wakes up. He opens his eyes and all he can see are wooden slats. It must be some kind of cabin. He turns his head to look around and immediately stops because of the blinding pain that kicks in. He moans, and an answering moan from Derek echoes behind him. Even though common sense and instinct tells him not to move again, he ignores it and twists around. It doesn't hurt quite as bad as the first time; his body is almost numb to the pain surging in him.

He's surprised to find that he's not restrained in anyway. No ropes, or handcuffs, not even duct tape. Either that's a huge relief or a huge worry, because it might mean that the witches didn't feel the need to use them for some reason, and Stiles doesn't want to think of why that might be. Not that he can think; the pounding in his head blocks out any other thoughts.

After what seems like forever, he staggers to a standing position and stumbles over to Derek. The man is naked except for his underwear, and he looks as bad as Stiles feels, maybe worse. He is hunched in on himself, and although it's not quite bright enough in their small prison to be sure, he thinks Derek is wolfed out, with what light there is glinting off claws.

"Derek?" he calls out, but Derek doesn't lift his head. He calls out again, and this time Derek manages to let out a low groan. Derek doesn't seem to be tied up in any way either, which is worrying Stiles more.

Stiles moves to help him up, but an invisible barrier stops him from moving any further. He looks down to find Derek surrounded by what appears to be mountain ash, but that's weird. Why would it be keeping Stiles out, too?

"Derek? Are you okay? I... can't really see how you're doing, so you're going to have to give me something other than incoherent mumbling."

Slowly, Derek manages to roll over enough for Stiles to have a better view, and Stiles almost wishes he didn't have that view. Derek is on his back, but he's still curled in on himself. His chest is all marked up, streaks of black and drying blood cover his front, and it makes Stiles want to throw up. He can't tell any kind of pattern, but he thinks he can rule out it being Derek clawing at his own chest.

"Stiles?"

It's barely audible, but Stiles is pressed in as close as the invisible barrier will allow.

"Derek, I'm here. God, Derek... I'm so sorry. I'll figure out how to get you out. I promise..." Stiles stands up, spinning around to try to find something that will be useful.

There's a broken wooden chair in the corner, what looks like a rug (or what used to be one) in front of the door.

"I'll be right back," Stiles tells Derek because if he can't find anything in their room, maybe he can go out... or not. He doesn't know why he thought he could just walk out, but at least he knows for sure they really are trapped in there.

There's a tiny window on the opposite side of the room, close to the ceiling. Stiles contemplates using the broken chair in the corner as a stool, but decides he can jump high enough to catch the ledge to look out. He can only make out a dirt floor, so they must still be in the forest, but it's too dark outside to make out the shadows. If the window is that close to the ground, they must be inside some kind of cellar or basement.

He quickly checks his pockets, but he already knows they're empty. He walks back to where Derek is on the ground. He's not as curled up as he'd been, his arms at his sides. His claws and fangs are still out, but his face is slowly going back to human. Stiles, with nothing else to do, checks around the room again. No cracks, no hidden cubbies, just dust and debris.

He checks again.

And again.

He goes in circles around the room and around Derek because he has to find some way to get them out, to get Derek out. If he hadn't been so focused on ogling Derek, he would have... well no, if he hadn't been there, no one would have known Derek had been taken.

But no one knows he's been taken either because no one knows that he goes off to the woods to brush up on his stalking skills.

And shit. Apparently his stalking skills aren't even that great (which why would he even want them to be... he is so fucked up) because Derek had known he was there. Fuck, maybe he'd always known.

"Stiles!"

Stiles freezes in his tracks and looks down at Derek, who looks mostly recovered now aside from the drying black goo and blood.

"You're making my headache worse with all the circling."

Oh. "Sorry," Stiles says with a wince.

He steps forward, his hand out, but again, he can't get any closer. Derek gradually sits up, and Stiles plops down on the floor in front of him. They stare at each other for a moment, and Stiles can't really read the emotion that's on Derek's face.

"I can't get through," Stiles says, holding his hand up, trying to push through to show Derek. Derek puts his hand up and mirrors Stiles, not able to break the barrier either. And not for the first time since being there, Stiles longs to touch Derek and not have something between them preventing them.

“Why is it stopping me? Shouldn’t it not affect me?”

“It must be a spell mixed in with the mountain ash. Some kind of magic that repels anyone, not just werewolves.”

“I tried the door. I mean I didn’t try to break it down or anything, but something tells me it wouldn’t matter.”

Derek shakes his head. “It wouldn’t. There’s a spell trapping you here, too, not just keeping you from me. I heard them.”

“What do they want?”

“Power. Me. You. I don’t know. I was in and out while they...”

Derek looks down at his chest, now healed, but Stiles is sure he remembers the wounds and gashes that had been there minutes before.

“What are we going to do?” Stiles asks, unable to keep the terror out of his voice. It’s finally catching up to him that with no way out and no hope of a miraculous rescue, he and Derek might die there, and he can’t even take his hand for comfort.

Derek shrugs, resigned, which Stiles hates so much because Derek’s already given up. “There’s not anything we can do, Stiles. Unless you’ve got some brilliant plan you’d like to share with me?”

“We can’t just do nothing, Derek!” Stiles shouts, but his anger quickly melts away when he sees the look on Derek’s face. He looks sad and regretful, like he would do anything if he could, but he’s so used to nothing working out for him, so why bother?

“If I could, I’d do something, Stiles. I would. You know that.”

Stiles nods because he does. Because that’s one thing he knows all too well about Derek. The thing about Derek is that if he had to save himself, he wouldn’t, but if he had to save *someone else*, he would do everything in his power, including sacrificing himself, to save that other person.

“I’m sorry,” Derek says. “This is my fault. It’s my fault you got caught, too.”

“What? No, Derek. It’s my own fault for snooping around somewhere I shouldn’t, which... I’m... sorry. Derek, I’m so sorry. I just... I couldn’t keep myself away... and I’m--”

“Stiles, it’s alright. If it had been bothering me, I would have done something about it. Maybe I should have... then you wouldn’t be caught up in this with me.”

“I’d rather be here with you than you be alone.”

Derek looks up, his eyes fixed on Stiles’s, and he looks so vulnerable and young, like he’s not used to people saying things like that to him. And truth be told, he’s probably not.

“I’m--” Derek starts and shakes his head. “I’m glad I’m not alone,” he finally says, voice just barely above a whisper.

And god, Stiles wishes so badly he could break the barrier and hug Derek. But he can’t, so instead he nods and gives Derek what he hopes is an encouraging smile. Derek returns it, although it turns into a scowl, like he’s heard something--the witches.

“Can you hear them, the witches I mean, now? Outside?” Stiles asks, voice quiet. If Derek can hear them, maybe he can hear more of their plans and Stiles can figure out how to get out.

Derek nods. “Just barely. It’s muffled though; they must be blocking the sound somehow.”

“You said you heard them earlier... were they in here?”

“Upstairs, after they...” he waves his hand down at his bloody shirt. “I caught bits and pieces, but I don’t remember much of it before I passed out. Just something about power and us.”

“Us... like they need both of us? They seemed to imply that when they caught us at your house earlier. But why us? I don’t see how I fit in with the whole power thing. You’re the supernatural werewolf here--not that I’m saying you deserve this more or anything--I just... I’m human?”

Derek doesn’t seem to hear his rant, though, his head tilted up. “I think they’re coming. The muffled talking is getting louder.”

“Still muffled though?” Stiles asks, and Derek replies with a nod. Stiles rolls his eyes; great, they can obscure the words but not the volume. Although, knowing them, they probably could do that too but *want* Derek to hear them approach.

They’re close enough now that even Stiles can hear their voices, and he can’t make out any words either. He and Derek sit and wait, since it’s all they can do, until the witches finally come down to where they are.

When they do finally arrive, Stiles can feel a force around him, a similar one to Derek’s, although this one is tighter and he can barely breathe, let alone move around. The door opens, and Elsa, the one that had liked Stiles, steps into the room first, her hands held up in front of her; she must be the one that’s holding Stiles down. The tall witch who had held Derek steps out behind her, smiling as if she’s seeing an old friend, or more like her next victim...

Stiles remembers hearing them mention a third witch, Scarlet, but so far it’s only the two that step into the room. He knows one of them mentioned this Scarlet getting things ready, ready for what he’s not sure, probably whatever spell they need Derek and Stiles for. He’s not happy about still not meeting this third witch, know thy enemy and all that, but maybe if she’s not here it means they’re not ready yet and it gives him and Derek some more time to figure out an escape.

“Ahhh, I see you’re all healed up now,” the taller witch says, eying Derek’s chest. “A bit slower than I was hoping, but maybe the magic didn’t react well to you. It can almost be like an allergy for some people.”

Elsa rolls her eyes. “I’m sure they don’t want a magic 101 class, Lilith.”

Lilith, the taller witch, huffs. “I was just sayin’,” she mumbles before moving closer to Derek and Stiles.

Try as he might, Stiles can’t move a muscle. It doesn’t stop him from continuing to wiggle as much as he can get away with though.

“You sure are fidgety,” Elsa says with a laugh. “You’re only making it harder on yourself, love.”

“What do you want with us? Land? Money? I’m sure whatever it is, we can discuss this like civilized folks,” Stiles says, thankful he still has the ability to speak, for now. He’s been known to talk his way out of most sticky situations, and he’s definitely going to use it here.

Both witches chuckle, and Lilith shakes her head. “Do you really think you’d still be here alive if we wanted either of those things?” Lilith asks condescendingly, stepping up closer to Stiles and running her hand along Stiles’s cheek. He wants to flinch away, but he can’t. Derek, though, starts growling at the action.

“Don’t you touch him,” Derek says around fangs, already pressed up against the barrier like he can break free from it and knock her back.

Lilith laughs at Derek’s show of intimidation. “Ah, little wolf being protective of his mate. How sweet.” Her voice is full of condescension, and it makes Stiles angry more so than his confusion from her term of *mate*. Derek is still growling, although he can’t move to be closer to Stiles.

“Your display only confirms our suspicions we have the right person, *wolf*. Now... shut up,” the witch says before waving her hand toward Derek. As soon as it happens, there is silence, Derek’s growling no longer audible, though Stiles can see out of the corner of his eye Derek’s mouth open like he’s yelling, but there’s no sound.

Stiles decides he’s got to find out what they want with them, what they meant by mate, now before they silence him like they did Derek. He starts with the question they will be more likely to answer.

“What do you mean, ‘mate’? That some kind of metaphor or something?” Stiles tries to make it sound flippant, like he couldn’t care less what the answer was.

Lilith, her hand still near his throat, chuckles, but the other witch, holding him still with her magic, frowns.

“Does he not know?” Elsa asks, a quick glance at Derek who is still trying his best to be heard. Lilith waves a dismissive hand to her companion.

“It doesn’t matter if they know or not. The spell doesn’t stipulate that. It’s obvious they’re mates though. I mean, look at him,” she turns and gestures towards Derek. “A wolf wouldn’t act like that for just anyone.”

Stiles almost interjects with “well, we’re pack,” like that’s the most obvious logical answer, not the mates one, but he, luckily, stops himself from saying a word. The two witches are talking to each other, revealing their plans--some kind of spell that requires mates--as if Stiles and Derek aren’t there. If he lets them continue, they might let something slip that could help Stiles figure out how to get he and Derek out of this mess.

“But Scarlet said the spell states it has to be a mate willing--” Elsa starts but stops immediately when Lilith raises her hand, her eyes piercing as she narrows them at Elsa.

“Now is not the time to discuss such details,” Lilith says, her eyes flicking to Stiles, and quickly Elsa realizes her mistake and sheepishly bows her head.

“Right, of course. I’m sorry,” Elsa replies, voice small and quiet.

With a sigh, Lilith rolls her eyes. “Let’s just get what we came here for. Scarlet just needs these last few ingredients and then we’ll be ready for them to finish.”

Elsa nods and hands Lilith a small pouch, which Lilith opens to reveal a small knife and a few glass vials. Before Stiles can even try to move away, which he can’t, not with Elsa holding him in place, Lilith lifts his arm and cuts a small slice in his forearm, the vial open beneath to catch the dripping blood from the wound.

Once the first vial is full, she drops Stiles’s bleeding arm to put a stopper in the full vial and places it back in the pouch. She turns her head to look at Derek, who is no longer trying to scream, but is still pressed against the barrier like he could break it if he continued to try.

“We got what we needed from the wolf last time, didn’t we?” Lilith asks, turning back to Elsa. Elsa nods, but points back to Stiles’s head.

“Oh, of course,” Lilith says and takes the knife and chops off a small lock of hair from Stiles’s head, putting the strands in the other vial. She stops it up and puts it and the knife back in the pouch. “I’m so glad we don’t need to get *other* body fluids.” Her eyes flick down to Stiles’s crotch, and Stiles wholeheartedly agrees with her, thankful she won’t go poking around in his pants.

Elsa snickers and says, nodding, “It’d be very messy.”

Lilith looks like she wants to roll her eyes, but she refrains, turning her back on Stiles and Derek, walking back to the door. “We’ll see you boys soon!” she calls behind her, holding the door open just long enough for Elsa to follow her out.

As soon as the door shuts, the spell holding Stiles in place breaks, and Stiles sags to the ground. The spell keeping Derek silent must also end because he lets out a pained whine and then a growl when he can’t break through the barrier to get to Stiles.

“It’s... okay, Derek. I’m okay,” Stiles says, hoping Derek can’t hear the slight blip in his heartbeat that indicates it’s a lie. He’s completely exhausted; every muscle in his body aches, and he can barely sit up. In his mind he knows he should at least take care of the still-bleeding cut on his arm, but he can’t seem to muster up the strength to tear a piece of his shirt to wrap around it. He can feel himself shutting his eyes like he can just curl up and go to sleep right now.

“Stiles. Stiles, you need to put pressure on the wound. Stiles, come on, get up!” Derek shouts at him.

It’s enough to at least wake Stiles from his daze. Since he can’t tear his shirt, he takes it off entirely and presses it to the wound. It wasn’t a very big or deep cut, so he shouldn’t have to keep pressure on it for too long.

“God, why am I so tired?” Stiles asks, more rhetorical than anything, but Derek answers.

“It’s their magic. I felt the same way afterwards. It’s like your body tries to resist the magic the entire time, but it’s no use. And then when the magic finally leaves, all your energy leaves you too, your body too tired from fighting the whole time.”

Stiles nods. It makes sense. He could feel his muscles tense the whole time he was held, and even he tried to consciously move even though he couldn’t. Maybe the magic took part of one’s energy when it left too, like it feeds off of it during the spell. He didn’t have much experience with magic himself, but it was an intriguing notion, one he’d have to research later.

“What’d they mean by mates?” He asks it as a way of thinking out loud. He looks over at Derek, who suddenly looks at the ground in front of him, his face sullen.

“You know what it means, don’t you? Is it a werewolf thing?” He waits but Derek is still silent. “Derek,” he says, voice growing angrier, “for the love of-- if you know what it is, you better start talking because I’m pretty sure we’re going to be sacrificed here pretty soon.”

Derek sighs. “It’s... you know how wolves will choose a mate to mate and breed with and they usually stay with that one for life?” Stiles shrugs, unsure what this has to do with them. Derek continues, “It’s a little more... magical, special, for werewolves. For wolves, they choose whichever is the best partner for them. Werewolves, it’s more like a feeling... of knowing when you meet your mate.”

“Like a soulmate?”

Derek shrugs, his face reddening. “I guess it’s sort of like that. Once your wolf recognizes that one person, no one else feels right, even if you try to make it work with someone else. I never... I’ve only heard stories. I never thought it’d happen.”

“So, you’re saying you knew? Already? You could already tell I’m your,” Stiles waves his hand in the air, “mate? You didn’t think it might have been important to tell me this before being captured by witches who wanted to use us for their gain?!”

Stiles thinks he should be more angry and confused about this mate thing, about what exactly it means, but he can't help but be upset that Derek knew what this was, knew that he was Derek's mate and never told him.

"You're too young. I didn't want to... it's very complex and complicated, and I thought it'd be better to wait... until..."

"Until what, Derek?" Stiles waits for Derek to answer, but he can already guess what Derek was waiting for. "You weren't ever going to tell me, were you?"

At the question, Derek's shoulders slump. "I don't really understand it, but it's overwhelming and too much--"

"So you thought it'd be better to carry that overwhelming burden yourself?!"

"I didn't want you to feel obligated to be with me forever!" Derek shouts, eyes flaring. He sighs. "Being mates is pretty serious, it means no one else will ever compare to you for me. I didn't want to tell you about it because I didn't want you to feel like I was pushing you. You could do a lot better than me anyway."

"You're an idiot," Stiles says, because he feels like it should be said. Derek's head bows at the words like he knows Stiles is right. Though tired and aching, Stiles drags himself closer to Derek so he's sitting right next to him, leaning on the barrier separating them.

"You know how I feel about you," Stiles says. "You ever think that maybe I felt this mates bond thing, too?" Derek finally looks at him then, a question in his eyes. "Maybe that's why I kept coming by even though I knew how stupid it was to do, how creepy and stalkerish it was. I couldn't stop. I kept being drawn to you, kept coming back. Maybe it wasn't because of my stupidity. And you're wrong, you know."

Derek's brow furrows in confusion. "About what?"

"That I could do better than you. I happen to think you're pretty amazing, actually. Although, not when you keep things from me or make decisions for me." Derek has the decency to look sheepish at Stiles's words. "Those things aside, I'd consider myself lucky to have you as a mate."

Derek's lips quirk up and he shakes his head slightly. "I'd be the lucky one."

Stiles grins. "God, that was cheesy. You're such a sap," he says with a chuckle. "When we get out of here, I'm kissing the hell out of you."

"Okay," Derek replies, smiling. Then it's replaced quickly with a frown. "How are we going to get out?"

Stiles runs a hand over his face. "Not sure yet. Okay, they need us for some spell that requires mates. And they must need us alive or else they would have just killed us and taken whatever they wanted from us already."

Derek nods. "The one said something about us being willing."

“Yeah, and we’re clearly not, so not sure how they’re going to pull that off.”

“They must have some way or else their spell would be ruined.”

Stiles’s eyes widen and snap to Derek. “That’s it. We need to figure out some way to ruin the spell, or have it backfire on them.”

“We don’t even know what the spell is. We can’t ruin what we don’t know.”

“We’ll figure it out. They were loose-lipped earlier with us, maybe one of them will let something slip again.”

“I don’t feel very confident with a maybe.”

Stiles rolls his eyes. “We’ve worked on less. Okay, so they have to take us from here to wherever the other witch is setting things up for the spell. Do you think you could roar to have Scott or someone hear you when we get outside?”

“I could try, but what if she silences me again?”

“Good point. Well, at least try, and maybe it’ll be enough of a distraction for me to find the spell or get some kind of weapon or something. It’ll have to be at the right moment though.”

Derek nods and then freezes mid-nod. “I think they’re coming back.”

“Okay.” Stiles says it more as a reassurance to himself because he honestly has no idea how they’re going to get out of this mess. They don’t even have half of a plan; if anything they have an inkling of a hope and a prayer, and he’s not sure it’ll be enough this time. But, they have to do something. If he and Derek are mates and have both acknowledged it and their mutual feelings and attraction, then surely the universe wouldn’t be so cruel to deny them more time to cement this magical bond.

And if it does, then Stiles is going to be bashing some heads in the afterlife.

“Stiles, if we don’t... I just wanted to say that...”

Stiles holds up his hand and looks sternly at Derek. “Don’t say it. We don’t need more things against us. We have enough as it is. *We’re* getting out of this, Derek. We are, and you’re going to have to promise me that you’re going to believe that and you’re going to believe it hard with everything you’ve got, okay?”

Derek’s mouth twitches, smiling slight enough for Stiles to recognize it. “Okay. I trust you.” His eyes lock onto Stiles’s, and the words almost take Stiles’s breath away. It’s as good as a confession of love for Derek; he remembers when Derek told him explicitly he didn’t trust him at all, and now he’s willingly going with Stiles’s lack of a plan and putting his trust in him.

And that’s motivation enough for Stiles to do everything he can to figure out a way for him and Derek to escape because he wants to kiss and hug the hell out of Derek, and no idiotic witches are going to keep him from doing that.

The witches are close enough now that Stiles can hear them. Their voices aren't muffled this time, but they don't seem to be saying anything useful according to Derek's subtle head shake. Stiles scoots over slightly away from the barrier that's trapping Derek. He's not sure why he does, maybe to make one last ditch effort to pretend the witches don't have a mate pair, but he knows it won't matter.

When the witches finally appear, the third witch the other two have talked so much about finally appears with them as well. She's small and mousy-looking, but her face is just as fierce and fiery as the other two. Her long reddish-brown hair is pulled back into a ponytail, and her skin is pale. Stiles isn't quite sure what the dynamic is between the three of them, but he can guess that Scarlet must be the youngest between them. She looks to be only a few years older than Derek, while the other two appear to be in their mid-thirties at least.

"So these are our guests of honor, huh?" the new witch says, her voice warm and welcoming. It throws Stiles off since it sounds like she's greeting old friends when he knows she just wants to use them and possibly, more than likely, kill them.

"This how you treat guests?" Stiles sneers. He doesn't even bother trying to approach her or move; he felt the hold of magic on him as soon they entered the room. He can at least move his head, but his arms and legs are useless.

"Sometimes," Scarlet replies, "depends on the occasion." She smirks, and Stiles resists the urge to roll his eyes. The last thing he wants to think of is some kinky sex party going on with these witches; the mental images kind of make him gag.

"Lilith," Scarlet says, head nodding towards Stiles. Elsa must be the one better at immobilization magic since it seems she's the only one that ever holds Stiles in place. Or maybe Stiles is her favorite. Lilith approaches Stiles, and just like before, she lifts Stiles's arms up and behind him. He can feel cold metal close around his wrists, securing his hands behind his back.

"Handcuffs? Really? I was expecting something a little more... mystical."

Scarlet smiles. "Elsa can't hold you forever; she needs to conserve her energy for the main event. But, don't worry, Stiles, those are plenty mystical enough for you."

She nods to Elsa as soon as both handcuffs are tight around Stiles's wrists, and Elsa lowers her hands. Stiles can feel the magic slip away as she does, but there's still something else there, a residual hold on him. He can shrug his shoulders, but when he tries to lift his hands away from his back, he can't. They remain firmly in place, hard metal digging into his lower back. He tries to take a step forward thinking it might only be his hands or arms that are stuck, but his legs won't move either. Great.

Seemingly pleased with the results, Scarlet moves her gaze from Stiles to Derek. "Now for the wolf, which will be a little tricky, unless of course, you're willing to cooperate?" she asks Derek.

Derek snarls, fangs growing as he opens his mouth. Scarlet sighs.

“Very well. Have it your way then.” She gestures with her hand, and suddenly Derek is on the ground, back arching as if in pain.

“Stop! What are you doing?! Leave him alone!” Stiles shouts, leaning towards Derek, his torso only turning slightly against the resistance of the magic holding him back.

Scarlet lifts one eyebrow and stares at Stiles and then looks back toward Elsa. “I thought you said the wolf was the one to use for this,” she questions her companions.

“He is,” Lilith says firmly. “He is the one. He’ll be better for this than the human.” She moves closer to Derek with a similar set of handcuffs as Stiles’s, only these are wrapped in wolfsbane, and Elsa raises her hands again, this time towards Derek and not Stiles.

“If you say so,” Scarlet says, although her voice sounds incredibly skeptical. Lilith must understand her tone as well, and she turns a glare on Scarlet.

“I do say so, and if you’d stop questioning my decisions, we could get started already!” she shouts.

Scarlet holds up her hands and offers an apologetic smile. It doesn’t seem sincere, even in Stiles’s eyes, but Lilith turns and continues her walk to Derek, cuffing his hands behind him. The wolfsbane must burn against his wrists, but Derek makes no noise of pain, face more resigned than anything.

It kills Stiles to see Derek like that, but he hopes that it’s an act, that Derek is remembering Stiles’s words from earlier, that he knows Stiles is working on a solution.

One that is starting to form in his mind after the outburst from Lilith. Despite her youthful looks, it appears that Scarlet is the one calling the shots, and Lilith doesn’t seem to appreciate it. He hopes that maybe he can use that anger and distrustfulness between them to his advantage. He can’t seem to get a read on Elsa; she seems perfectly happy with taking orders from either witch, willingly helping and using her magic to aid in their plan. Maybe Stiles can use that too, the blind loyalty she seems to have. He doesn’t know how, but hopefully he can figure it out, preferably before he and Derek are trapped and their life force or magical bond or whatever is drained from them during this spell.

Lilith drags Derek up into a standing position, and it seems he is more immobilized than Stiles is by the cuffs. Derek’s back and neck are ramrod-straight. His eyes dart to Stiles, but it doesn’t seem like he can even turn his head. Part of Stiles is glad he has some limited mobility himself, it means he might have a better chance of breaking free and getting them out of there because they’re clearly underestimating Stiles. However, he still feels awful for Derek, and guilty for putting them both in this situation.

“Now that that’s done, shall we?” Scarlet says after she sees Lilith double check Derek’s restraints and breaks the magical ash barrier around him. “Elsa, will you kindly show these gentlemen out?” Scarlet adds with a wave towards the door and a smile to Stiles and Derek like they are guests in her home instead of her hostages.

With a nod, Elsa waves her hands and suddenly Stiles's legs start moving on their own accord. He glances over and Derek is moving, too. Stiles tries to resist, tries to tell his legs to stop, for his feet to remain still, but it's no use. He and Derek both file out of the door and up the steps behind Elsa, whose hand continues to wave at her side, propelling them forward, and Lilith and Scarlet trail after them.

Soon they are outside, and it is already dusk, the setting sun beyond the trees. Stiles assumes they must still be in the preserve, but he's not sure where since he hasn't really ventured much in it. He wants to ask Derek if he recognizes where they are, but he doesn't want to risk the witches doing something to him. As far as he knows, they haven't silenced Derek like they had before, and they are going to need Derek to at least produce one good howl in the hopes Scott or someone will hear him.

They slow as they start to approach a grove, and when they get to the edge, Stiles can see a few circles and lines that must be for the spell they are about to perform. The circles seem to be formed with ordinary rocks but each one glistens with something, although Stiles is unsure what exactly. The lines are made with what appears to be mountain ash. When Elsa moves forward, Stiles remains on the edge, but Derek moves past him and into the circle in the middle.

Elsa takes time to pour more mountain ash around Derek's circle, effectively trapping him. Derek remains motionless, his eyes fixed on Stiles, waiting. He's probably waiting for Stiles to give him a signal to let him know what the plan is, what he should do, only Stiles is completely at a loss.

He's tried to look around to see if there's something he could use as a weapon, but aside from the rocks, there's nothing he could do because he's still cuffed and unable to move more than his head and shoulders. Aside from the circle Derek's in, he only sees three others, which must be for the three witches. The lack of a fifth circle worries Stiles, does this mean he's to be sacrificed, that he's not needed for the final spell after all?

That can't be though because why else would he still be alive and brought along if they didn't need Stiles in some way?

"Stiles, if you would," Scarlet says, her hand out for him to move forward. She knows full well he can't do a damn thing, but she says it anyway with a smirk because she's damn evil. "Oh, I'm sorry, Elsa, please bring Stiles forward in front of our wolf friend."

Elsa rolls her eyes and waves her hand to move Stiles so he's standing facing Derek about three feet away from him. Unlike Derek though, she does not form an ash circle around Stiles, nor does she remove his cuffs, which Stiles was kind of hoping would happen. If he could move his arms and legs on his own, he could maybe come up with something.

"Places, ladies. The sun is about to set, and once it is, we may begin," Scarlet says, moving to stand in the circle behind Derek. The other two take the circles beside Stiles and begin to pull supplies out of their pockets and place them on the ground in front of them. Stiles recognizes a few them, the same vial of blood they had gotten from him earlier, a lock of what appears to be hair or fur, and a bloody claw, both of which Stiles is guessing are from Derek.

There are a few other things, a couple flowers, a small bowl, but once everything is laid out, each witch stands back up. Stiles desperately wants to say something, make some snide comment to see if one of them will approach him. He has to figure out a way to either break the magical cuffs or have them removed, and he needs to do it fast.

“Are you two ready?” Scarlet calls out, and both Elsa and Scarlet give her nods. “Good. I shall retrieve the last ingredient, and we’ll begin.” Scarlet steps out of the circle and disappears from the grove.

“She’s had all this time to prepare, and she still needs one more ingredient?” Stiles snarks.

Lilith gives him a glare, but Elsa chuckles and answers, “It’s a certain flower that has to have that night’s moonlight reflected on it.”

“Why are you telling him anything?” Lilith asks with a sneer.

Elsa shrugs. “Why not? It won’t matter. He can’t do anything.” To prove her point, she lifts up her finger, moving Stiles’s left leg so it lifts up and goes back down when Elsa lowers her finger.

“Scarlet wouldn’t like you telling him,” Lilith replies.

Stiles sees his opening. “So, is Scarlet your boss? You just do what she says?”

Lilith’s head snaps to Stiles and her eyes narrow on him. “No! I am my own person, thank you very much.” She says it too fast and her tone is angry. Stiles is positive that that anger isn’t with him though.

“I don’t know. Doesn’t really seem that way to me? I was there when she questioned your judgement. Bet she does that a lot, huh?”

Lilith opens her mouth to reply, but Elsa laughs, “All the time. You should have seen how angry she made Lilith last week.”

“Elsa! Shut up!” Lilith lifts her hand threateningly, like she’s going to cast a spell on Elsa, and Elsa immediately quiets.

“Look, I don’t want to cause any problems,” Stiles says, even though that’s exactly what he’s doing. “I was just curious. If you don’t like her bossing you around so much, why do you put up with it? She’s not actually your boss, is she?”

“No,” Elsa replies, “But...”

“We need her,” Lilith fills in. “We’re more powerful together.”

“Couldn’t you find someone else? I don’t know, it seems like Scarlet over there is just using you. How do you know she’s not going to use this spell to take your powers too?”

Both Elsa and Lilith look at each other, their eyes fearful and wary. “Could she do that?” Elsa asks, voice soft and timid.

“It’s happened before,” Lilith answers. “We did leave her alone to set everything up, she could have messed with something, tricked us...”

“She wouldn’t do that,” Elsa says, as if trying to reassure herself even though it doesn’t sound like she believes her own words. “She wouldn’t. She couldn’t.”

“What if she did though?” Stiles asked because he needs them to be distrustful of the head bitch sooner. She could be back any time.

“Lilith, I don’t... what if--”

“Elsa, stop. We’ll... if she did, we’ll fix it. We’ll figure it out. We just need...” She looks around, and her eyes land back on Stiles. “You.”

“Me?” Stiles squeaks, hoping to god he didn’t just make this worse for himself.

“You’re going to help us, or else I’ll kill you and your wolf mate myself.”

“Yeah, sure, whatever you need. I like my life,” Stiles quickly replies.

Lilith steps out of the circle and approaches Stiles. “I don’t know what she did, but once we start the spell, there’s no way for us to break it. We’ll be in a magical loop too powerful for us to stop.” She comes around behind Stiles and starts to fiddle with the cuffs. “If she starts taking our powers, we’ll know, but can’t stop her. So, you’ll have to break the loop.”

“And how am I supposed to do that?” Stiles asks. He’s willing to help because it’ll get him and Derek out of this mess, but he needs some guarantee from these two that they’re not going to turn around and kill them anyway after it’s all said and done.

“Messing with either the circles or disrupting the loop somehow would do it, I should think,” Lilith replies, stepping back and away from Stiles to face him again. He’s still wearing the cuffs, but the magic he felt around his limbs seems lesser somehow.

“Uh... did you forget something?” Stiles says turning so she can still see the cuffs around his wrists.

Lilith rolls her eyes. “I can’t take them completely off or else Scarlet would know something’s up.”

Stiles huffs. “Fine, but I need a little guarantee from you. Both of you.”

Lilith glares and Elsa bites her lip but nods finally, and Lilith huffs and waves her hand for Stiles to come out with it already.

“If I do this, break the loop, then you have to promise that you’ll leave Derek and I and all of Beacon Hills alone and never come back. All of you, including your boss.”

“She’s not our boss!” Lilith hisses. Stiles could sense she probably wanted to shout it, but with the person in question being in close proximity, that wasn’t smart for any of them.

“How can we trust him?” Elsa whispers, eying both Stiles and Derek, whose remained silent and motionless, watching Stiles.

Lilith narrows her eyes at Stiles, gaze traveling down and up his body. “He knows what we’re capable of if he betrays us. Our deal to leave you be is off if you do. You want protection for you and your mate, to live, then you’ll do as we say.”

Stiles nods in agreement to these terms. “I’d shake on it, but,” he wiggles his fingers, emphasizing his cuffs. Lilith rolls her eyes but reaches to touch Stiles’s trapped hand and giving it what could only be called a handshake in the loosest of terms. She starts to retreat back to her circle, Elsa following beside her.

“Lilith, what if, what if we’re wrong? What if--”

“We’re not. I knew we never should have trusted her in the first place,” Lilith answers, effectively cutting Elsa off.

They continue whispering to each other, but they are quiet enough and far enough away that Stiles can no longer hear them.

“That went better than I thought,” Stiles whispered to Derek.

Derek huffs. “It might not stop the loop, we might still be trapped and die.”

“Stop being such a kill-joy. I got us a way out. It’s risky and dangerous and I have no idea what might happen, but it’s better than nothing.”

Derek tilts his head, which Stiles takes as agreement. “Am I still trying to howl for Scott?”

“Yeah, you should probably try, maybe right when everything starts? I’m not sure, but I don’t exactly trust those two to keep their word.” Stiles shrugs a shoulder at the witches beside him.

“They didn’t sound like they were lying, but can never be too careful.”

Stiles looks up, the sun has finally disappeared from the sky and the moon is shining. They probably only have a few moments left before Scarlet returns and starts the spell.

“I’m getting us out of here, big guy. I promise. We’re not dying here. We still need to talk about the whole mates thing, and I’m not leaving this earth before we can go on a date.”

Derek’s cheeks pink slightly while he bites his lip to hold back a grin, but Stiles can still see it. “Okay,” Derek says, quiet, almost shy.

It makes Stiles want to kiss him, but given their predicament, he’ll have to wait until later. He sees Scarlet come out of the trees she had disappeared behind earlier carrying a small bouquet of flowers, so he doesn’t say anything else. But he locks eyes with Derek and mouths “Trust me,” to which Derek gives a subtle nod.

“Ladies,” Scarlet announces, stepping into her assigned circle, setting the flowers down at her feet. She’s far enough away that Stiles can’t quite tell what else is there beside the flowers, but he does see the same bowl the others have, as well as what he thinks may be a small knife. “Let us begin.”

Given that he’s supposed to still not be able to move so as to fool Scarlet, Stiles resists turning to see what Elsa and Lilith are doing behind him. They’re probably doing something similar to Scarlet, combining the ingredients at her feet into the bowl and smashing/mixing it all into some magical paste. He can hear murmuring, so they must be doing some spell or chant as they mix. He lifts his eyebrows at Derek, positive that he can hear the words more clearly, but Derek’s only response is a tilt of his head and the corner of his mouth pulls up slightly in a “not sure” gesture.

Scarlet is the only thing he can see besides Derek, so Stiles watches her over Derek’s shoulder. She’s still kneeling in her circle, mixing, blending and chanting, but soon her words stop, and she stops her stirring motion. She starts to smear the paste of blood and herbs and flowers over her arms.

At first it seems like random patterns, but Stiles squints and notices she’s drawing symbols. He can only assume the other two are doing the same thing, and the longer it continues, the more nervous he gets. Whatever they’re doing must be incredibly powerful so as to involve runes and some magical ingredients. They’ve demonstrated their power already, and none of it involved chants or flowers.

As soon as she’s satisfied with the symbols along her arms and chest, Scarlet sets the bowl aside and stands, holding the knife in her hand. She waits to say anything, looking beyond Derek and Stiles, presumably to see if the other two have finished their own symbols.

“Now, there’s one little thing that we need to do before we begin. Elsa, if you will,” Scarlet says, holding the knife flat in her palm. Stiles watches as the knife begins to float, probably Elsa’s doing, above Scarlet’s hand and soon starts flying closer to Stiles until it’s pressed against his neck.

He gasps in a mix of surprise and pain as the edge of the knife knicks his neck. When it happens, Derek lets out the loudest roar he’s ever heard, which if Scott can’t hear that, then he’s never going to come.

Stiles does his best not to move, the pressure of the knife against his neck making it near impossibly not to instinctively step back.

“Leave him alone! You have me already. Don’t touch him!” Derek growls. Stiles is positive that if Derek hadn’t been in immobilizing cuffs, he’d be doing his best to break down the barrier between them, even if it would be pointless and impossible.

“Well, that’s the crutch,” Scarlet sighs as if she’s in a tough predicament and regretting her choices. Stiles knows it’s all fake though. “We have to have a willing sacrifice, and well... we needed some way to get you to be willing.” She says the last part with an evil grin, and it makes Stiles want to punch her in the face.

The knife presses more into Stiles's neck, and he winces in pain as he feels a small trickle of blood run down his neck. Derek whimpers at the sight.

"So what do you say, wolf? You willing to sacrifice yourself to save your mate?"

Stiles tries to shake his head, but with the knife pressed against him, he doesn't want to risk inadvertently hurting himself more.

After a few moments, Derek grits out, "Fine. I'm willing. Just, don't hurt him.... Please." The 'please' almost breaks Stiles's heart; it's desperate and pleading. If Stiles didn't think Derek cared much about him or liked him before, he'd be convinced otherwise by the sound of that word alone, by the fact that Derek is giving up his life to protect Stiles.

"Smart choice," Scarlet says. The knife, however, stays against Stiles's neck, and he guesses it will through the entire ceremony in case Derek needs more motivation to keep his heart willing.

"Lilith, please start us off," Scarlet commands, holding her arms up and away from her body.

Lilith begins to speak, words that Stiles is positive aren't English, and soon when she begins, Stiles can hear Elsa's voice join hers, repeating the same set of words over again. A few moments later, Scarlet joins in, and as she does, she starts to wave her hands in some kind of swirling motion.

As the witches voices grow louder, more confident, the circles around them and the lines connecting them to Derek's begin to glow. Their chanting grows louder, pace of the words increasing, and the glowing gets brighter and starts turning from a faint white color to a light blue. The color gets more vibrant as the chanting increases.

Stiles tries to move, to get closer to Derek, to try to break the loop, but the knife follows him, the edge slicing him slightly as he tries to step. Great. How's he supposed to break the loop if his throat will be slashed if he moves? Maybe the witches tricked him after all, wanted to give him a false sense of hope that they might be able to get out of this.

He looks to Derek. The wolf is shifted and still not moving, but his eyes are squeezed shut as if in pain, his mouth open on a silent cry. Whatever they're doing it must be hurting Derek, sucking his lifeforce, his power, but he's unable to resist, trapped. Stiles tries to move again, to try to break Derek out of it, but he only succeeds in cutting himself deeper on the knife, a steady stream of blood running down his neck now instead of a small trickle.

The witches are practically shouting the words now, and the glowing blue light is almost bright enough to hurt his eyes if he looks at it. Stiles needs to stop this, now, but he's not sure how to get around the knife and break the loop without killing himself in the process. The more he sees Derek's face in pain, the more desperate Stiles gets, deciding to risk the consequences. Even if the knife cuts him, maybe he'll be okay long enough to at least jump in the circle with Derek to break the spell before he bleeds out and dies.

As soon as he decides to make a jump for it, the knife falls to the ground.

Surprised, Stiles turns back to Elsa, who gives him a nod, her hands outstretched on either side of her, as if she's being pulled in both directions. He risks a glance at Lilith, who is in much the same position, only her face seems to be slack, as if she's being drained of her energy. He snaps his gaze to Scarlet, who also has her arms outstretched, her head thrown back, but the circle around her is brighter than the others. So she had tricked the others after all.

Not wanting to waste anymore time, Stiles jumps into Derek's circle, figuring that it would be the quickest and easiest way to break the loop as opposed to trying to mess with the glowing circles and lines around them all.

He collides into Derek, grateful they hadn't put the same barrier around him like they had earlier. Derek remains motionless, face twisted in pain, and Stiles tries his best to press himself closer to Derek. His hands are still cuffed behind his back, so he can't wrap his arms around Derek like he wants to, but he makes do, burying his face in Derek's neck, telling Derek in his ear that he's there, that he's not leaving him, to just hold on a little longer.

The glowing light around them increases, blinding enough that Stiles shuts his eyes and shoves his face more into Derek's neck, still seeing how bright the light is behind his eyelids. The chanting has stopped and turned into screams, but Stiles doesn't care about the witches. All he cares about is that Derek is there and breathing beside him, that he can feel his heart pounding in his chest, that they're together, and that Derek is not alone, that he's going to be okay.

It's the only thought that reverberates in his mind: Derek can't die, not here, not now. He has to make it. He has to live.

Suddenly the forest is silent, and the brightness is gone.

Slowly, Stiles lifts his head and opens his eyes. He registers that the light is gone and that the witches are lying motionless on the ground before Derek slumps to the ground. He tries to slow his descent with his body, but it's useless, and instead he follows Derek down to the ground.

"Derek? Derek! Derek, wake up! Are you okay?!" Stiles shouts, nudging him with a knee.

Derek lets out a low groan, and Stiles sighs in relief. "Thank god."

"What... what happened?" Derek gets out, his eyes slowly opening to look at Stiles.

"I don't... I don't really know."

Derek turns his head, as if he heard something, and huffs out a sigh. Stiles is about to ask what it is when he can hear shouting in the distance, one in particular he recognizes as Scott. Finally.

"Over here!" Scott shouts before Stiles sees him run over to them. "Oh my god, you guys! What the hell happened? Who are those women? Are you okay? Where have you been?!" Scott yells at them in a rush before he stops in front of them.

Stiles huffs out a laugh. “Long story,” he replies while Scott uses his strength to break the cuffs around Stiles’s wrists. He tries to do the same to Derek’s only hissing back in pain when he touches them.

“They’ve got wolfsbane in them,” Stiles says. “Just help me sit him up, and get a rock.”

Scott nods, obeying Stiles and standing to retrieve a large rock to break the cuffs around Derek’s wrists. It takes more time than Scott’s method with Stiles’s, but the cuffs finally break off. By the time Derek is free and getting up to stand, the others in the pack have found them and are cautiously approaching the scene.

Stiles finally takes the time to survey the damage around them, and Scarlet is still out cold and might even be dead. Lilith is still passed out as well, and it’s only Elsa who is slowly coming to, shaking her head slightly and trying to sit up.

At her movement, Erica immediately runs to her, claws out, ready to attack, but Stiles shouts at her, “STOP! Erica, no! She helped us.” Erica stops abruptly at Stiles’s words, and she reluctantly retracts her fangs and claws.

Trailing after the wolves of the pack are Allison and Lydia and... the Sheriff. Oh no.

“Stiles!” his dad shouts, running over to them, skidding to a stop before pulling Stiles into his arms. “Are you okay? God, don’t you ever scare me like that again. You could’ve been killed, and I had no idea where you were, and you’re okay, right?” he says in a panicked rush before pushing Stiles back to get a better look at him.

“I’m okay, Dad. I’m alive. I’m not hurt... much,” Stiles replies remembering the knife and blood on his neck.

The Sheriff rolls his eyes before pulling out a handkerchief to press against his small wound. “Let’s get you to the hospital,” the Sheriff says, already guiding Stiles forward to start the trek back to the road where his police cruiser probably is.

“Wait,” Stiles says, stopping. “Derek...” he says turning back to Derek, who’s barely standing on his own and pretending not to need the shoulder Scott is offering him to lean on.

“I’ll be okay,” Derek says, nodding his head for Stiles to go with his dad.

“I’m not leaving without you,” Stiles says, voice firm and unwavering. They stare at each other a moment, eyes locked, until finally Derek nods and gestures for Scott to help him follow Stiles.

Stiles waits until Derek is at his side for him to take his hand and link their fingers together, and they both start walking away and towards the Sheriff’s car. Once they’re both piled into the back seat, Scott in the passenger and the Sheriff driving, Stiles cuddles up against Derek’s side, Derek wrapping an arm around him to pull him closer.

Now that they’re finally over the whole ordeal, Stiles is overcome with exhaustion. The adrenaline has worn off and the magic that had held him captive for so long has drained him

of most of his energy.

He only remains conscious long enough to whisper to Derek, “I love you,” and to hear Derek echo the sentiment before he slips into blackness.

~

When Stiles wakes up, it’s to all too familiar beeps and smells, the feel of scratchy, overly bleached sheets around him, and a few tubes sticking out of his arms. He reaches for something, he doesn’t know what, but a hand clasps his. Once his eyes have finally adjusted to the harsh hospital lighting, he looks over to see Derek beside him, his hand wrapped around Stiles’s.

“Hey, big guy,” Stiles says, voice scratchy and quiet.

“Hey, yourself,” Derek replies, squeezing Stiles’s hand. Derek looks a little better than he remembers him being before he passed out. He looks like he’s cleaned up and showered and gotten a fresh pair of clothes.

“How long have I been here?”

“Just a day. Your dad was pretty worried, and the doctor wanted to observe you overnight to make sure everything was okay.”

Stiles nods. “You’ve been here the whole time?”

Derek blushes and shrugs. “Sort of. Sheriff kicked me out at first and told me to go home because if I stayed looking like I did, they’d admit me, too. I came back a few hours ago, told him to go get something to eat.”

Stiles laughs. He’s grateful Derek was looking out for his dad and making sure he wasn’t standing vigil at his bedside at the exclusion of his own health. “You feeling better?” Stiles asks.

“Yeah. You?”

“Yeah. I’m not one hundred percent, but I’ll be soon. So, um, what exactly happened? Are they...?”

“Elsa’s the only one that survived, although she’s gone now. According to her, Scarlet had already drained Lilith’s power and lifeforce too much for her to recover after you broke the spell. She said it was pure luck she even survived. She doesn’t have as much power as she did before either.”

Stiles bobs his head in understanding, and Derek continues, “She said that your actions made the spell more powerful, too powerful for Scarlet to control, and it overwhelmed her, effectively killing her.”

“More powerful? How? I thought all I was doing was breaking the loop.”

“Elsa said the spell required one mate willing to sacrifice themselves for the other. She thinks that it wasn’t meant to handle two mates sacrificing themselves for each other.” Derek blushes and ducks his head as he says it, and Stiles tugs his hand to get him to look at him.

“That makes sense to me,” Stiles says. “Because I was... willing, I mean.”

Derek’s eyes soften and a small smile grows on his face. “I’ve never--no one’s ever,” Derek starts but can’t seem to voice the emotions he’s feeling. He doesn’t need to though; Stiles understands.

To prove it, Stiles wraps his free hand around Derek’s neck and pulls him into a kiss. It’s mostly chaste and close-mouthed, but it’s perfect and wonderful and full of the promise of more. A throat clears behind them, and they break apart, Stiles unable to hide the grin on his face despite the stern look on his dad’s face.

“We’ll be discussing this,” the Sheriff says with a finger pointing to Stiles and Derek, “when we get home.”

“And when will that be?” Stiles asks, a hopeful smile on his face.

“In a few hours. Melissa’s gone to get the doctor to clear you and sign your release papers.”

Stiles nods, and there’s an awkward moment where the Sheriff stares narrowly at Derek, and Derek shifts from foot to foot, hand still holding Stiles’s. Before the standoff can continue longer, Derek finally lets go of Stiles’s hand and steps back.

“I should, um, get going, let you guys talk,” Derek says. “I’ll, um, I’ll see you later,” he says to Stiles and starts walking out of the room.

“Hey, Derek?” Stiles calls out before Derek can disappear out of the doorway.

He turns back and stares at Stiles, eyebrows slightly lifted in question. “What do you say to dinner and a movie on Friday?” He hopes his voice is bold and confident and that his nervousness to ask Derek out in front of his dad doesn’t show.

Derek smiles. “It’s a date.” He nods to the Sheriff and leaves.

Stiles doesn’t even care about the lecture the Sheriff will surely give him when he gets home about both the witches and dating Derek. All he cares about is that Derek said yes, that he is going to go on a date with Derek, that they kissed, and that they’re mates.

And honestly, Stiles thinks he can get used to this whole mate thing, especially since it’s with Derek.

Sorry this took practically forever, but hey look I finally finished it!!! Let's hope it was worth the wait. Thanks to everyone that inspired me to make this initial ficlet longer and for the people that helped me brainstorm a way out of the hole that I had written myself into (and why I was stuck on this piece and took so long to finally finish it).

End Notes

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